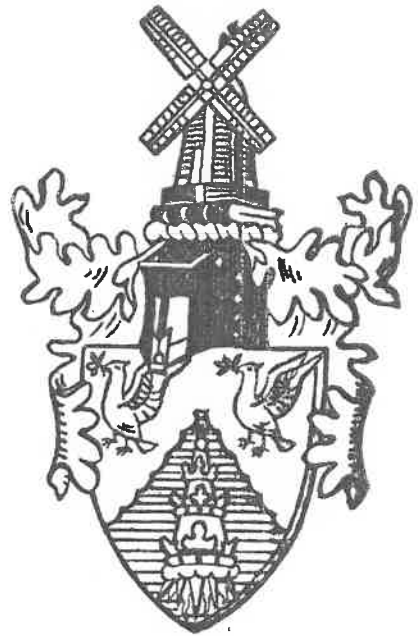


# *The Kirkhamian*



FEBRUARY, 1965

VOLUME III      NUMBER 11

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# THE KIRKHAMIAN

Volume III, No. 11.

February, 1965

## Contents

EDITORIAL	...	...	...	...	...	...	529
HOUSE REPORTS	...	...	...	...	...	...	530
SOCIETY REPORTS	...	...	...	...	...	...	536
SCHOOL PLAY	...	...	...	...	...	...	543
C.C.F. REPORT	...	...	...	...	...	...	545
R.A.F. SECTION REPORT	...	...	...	...	...	...	546
CRICKET	...	...	...	...	...	...	547
OLD BOYS' CRICKET MATCH	...	...	...	...	...	...	548
MASTERS v. SCHOOL CRICKET MATCH	...	...	...	...	...	...	549
SWIMMING	...	...	...	...	...	...	550
OLD BOYS' RUGBY MATCH	...	...	...	...	...	...	551
SPEECH DAY	...	...	...	...	...	...	552
CAROL SERVICE	...	...	...	...	...	...	553
JUNIOR PRIZE WINNING ESSAY	...	...	...	...	...	...	554
BOOK REVIEWS	...	...	...	...	...	...	555
PREFECTS' CAROL PARTY	...	...	...	...	...	...	557
CROSSWORD	...	...	...	...	...	...	571
CONTRIBUTIONS	...	...	...	...	...	...	572
PROFILE NO. 17	...	...	...	...	...	...	579
OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION	...	...	...	...	...	...	582
FRIENDS OF KIRKHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL	...	...	...	...	...	...	581

## ***Editorial***

*Chairman:* MR. H. B. WILSON.

*Vice-Chairman:* MR. G. BELLIS.

*Editor:* P. J. LAMBERT.

*Committee:* S. CARTMELL, S. E. BUCKLEY, D. A. KNOWLES, D. R. KNOWLES, E. T. REDFERN, M. E. GREENHALGH, A. P. JACKSON.

It is Winter once again, soon to be Spring, and K.G.S. still continues. There have been many changes over the years—intending scholars, many a year ago, must have sat in eager anxiety awaiting tidings of the good Queen Elizabeth I from a passing stagecoach rider, as they wrestled with the evils of Latin, and Shakespeare wrote his plays.

America had only recently been found, and was an exciting new land; Copernicus had sown the seed for a sweeping change in man's appreciation of the heavens; but the bare-footed young lads of Kirkham Grammar School still lived in a universe of wonder and fantasy.

A century later, Science obtained a foothold in our school and the sons of the local farmers groaned under the burden of Newton's *Opticks* whilst, far away, the War of the Spanish Succession raged and, at home, the great poet John Dryden had died and left to posterity his literary efforts.

The coming of the Industrial Revolution must have brought some apprehension to the minds of teachers long forgotten and, more recently, the Education Act of 1944 has set up new standards by which boys can enter our school.

Now, with our longest serving masters not looking 20 years older, nor feeling it, we encounter another change.

We have, this term, survived the rigours and the tedium of a General Election campaign. We still stand as Kirkham Grammar School — a noble building draped with ivy and surrounded in dignity — but for how much longer? Will our school live to its 450th birthday? The Comprehensive System we are seemingly faced with has the backing of sincere men in high places; do we welcome this as yet another change which may affect the life of the School?

It is up to each one of us to take measure of the value of K.G.S. in our lives and to hope that it will continue to play its part fully in the future.



# House Reports

## Ashton House

*House Master:* MR. H. B. WILSON.

*Assistant House Masters:*

MR. T. JACKMAN, MR. G. S. CHEESBOROUGH.

*House Captain:* P. E. CLARK.

*House Prefects:* M. E. GREENHALGH, G. S. WORRALL.

At the time of writing there have only been two inter-house competitions:—the Chess and the Gymnastics.

In the Chess competition we have so far played two matches, one against Preston House, and one against Lytham House, both of which we rather disappointingly lost. However, despite the fact that none of the Seniors have won yet, the Juniors have on both occasions produced good results. We look forward to the time when these Juniors can gain 4 points instead of 2.

In the Gymnastics, we ran a close second to School House. All the team produced some good gymnastics, but it is obvious that more practice is needed to produce the finishing touches necessary to topple School House from their now somewhat precarious perch at the top of the Gymnastics table.

We continue to do very well in the Work Cup, and we hope that this year our efforts will not fade at the last minute and so just lose the Cup, as happened last year.

The Senior Rugby has been postponed. Our team to play Kirkham House is rather weak, but the opposition is not very strong either, so, who knows . . . ?

P.E.C.

---

## Fylde House

*Housemaster:* MR. I. W. MCKERROW.

*Assistant House Masters:*

MR. I. J. KREMER, MR. D. H. BUTTERWORTH.

*House Captain:* R. E. H. JONES.

*House Prefects:* P. A. RICHARDS, D. ROBSON, G. T. TAYLOR.

Our best wishes go to the members of Fylde House who left at the end of the summer term.

In the preliminary round of the Senior House Rugby Competition we were heavily defeated by a very strong School House team. Although we had many of last year's team, our play was rather ragged and we did not act like a well-practised side. We look forward to a better performance from the Junior team next term.

This term our Chess team met the Kirkham House team and was narrowly beaten by 13 points to 11. This was a very creditable performance and is promising for our future matches.

In the Gymnastics Cup Competition we were placed fourth. The senior team competed well and A. D. Irvine is to be congratulated in obtaining an excellent individual total of 84. The juniors were rather weak and "Per ardua ad astra" is the only solution.

So far in the Work Cup we have been placed 5th, the number of nil-scorers has also increased. The remedy is simple, my friends, "*Work, work your thoughts and therein see . . .*" Well you know what position we **SHOULD** be.

On the whole this term has not revealed the Fylde House in the best light and we look forward to gaining much higher places in the House activities of next term.

R.E.H.J.

---

## Kirkham House

*Housemaster:* MR. H. J. REAY.

*Assistant Housemasters:* MR. L. A. REDMAN, MR. K. HANMER.

*House Captain:* R. F. CRESSWELL.

*House Prefects:* M. B. GILES, M. R. HALL, D. A. KNOWLES,  
D. R. KNOWLES.

This term has been mainly of a preparatory nature, but even so the House has been successful overall. In the Rugby Competition the senior team played Preston and won convincingly by 18-0 despite Hall's absence. The match showed up many of the team's weaknesses, however, and it is clear that we will have to practise hard if we are to win the final. The juniors have been practising hard and although Hall, S. B., is leaving, we still have talent in the form of Pemberton, Simpson and others. In the Gym Cup we were by no means as successful, being placed 5th. But West, T. S., and the captain, Almond, P. B., as well as Evenson and Smith, A., who both came in at the last minute to make up the team, are to be congratulated on fine performances.

The Chess team won its match against Fylde by 13 points to 11, and Elliott is organising chess competitions within the House to tap the potential that we have so that we can look forward to more successes in this sphere. In the Work Cup the House has dropped from its customary position of 1st down to 3rd. To regain our supremacy in the Work Cup it will be necessary for everybody to work just that little bit harder. Next term should see more success for the House, although we are sorry to have to lose M. R. Hall and his brother. We wish them good luck for the future.

R.F.C.

# Lytham House

*House Master:* MR. R. T. BENTLEY.

*Assistant House Masters:* MR. J. MURRAY, MR. J. L. VERITY,  
MR. C. W. DAY.

*House Captain:* S. CARTMELL.

*House Prefects:* T. M. SMITH, S. HEMMINGWAY, P. H. JEFFERY,  
E. T. REDFERN, W. J. ROSS.

A masked rider swings his machine into the school drive, its half a horse-power spluttering and coughing. The prefects venture forth from the tranquillity of Room 4 to meet the barrage of noise forthcoming from the House room. Another school year is under way.

We welcome Mr. Day to the House. Otherwise there has been little change among the members of the House, with most of the senior boys returning. It is hoped that this strong nucleus of senior boys will be able to draw upon the co-operation and enthusiasm of the more junior boys, and so prevent any repetition of last year's performances when only one trophy was won.

Practices have been held regularly throughout the term for the senior rugby competition, and attendances have been encouraging. Once again we are drawn against the School House, and revenge for a previous defeat is within our grasp.

The two chess matches played this term have resulted in clear victories against the School and Ashton Houses. But there is still room for improvement among the junior members of the team.

The Work Cup Competition, for so long a stumbling-block, has suddenly taken on a new look as far as this House is concerned. From 6th place to 2nd place is a great improvement, and worthy of special commendation are the marks gained by the third formers and the improvement amongst the present L.V.'s.

Perhaps the bracing air of Lytham St. Annes is inimical to the development of gymnasts, because the House occupied its customary place of 6th in the Gym Competition.

By the time the magazine is published, the school year will have had its first 100 days. Like another institution, the results of the House (the Gym Cup apart) seem to indicate a rapid and successful start to the school year — but this must not “fizzle out” but must be a sustained effort. Looking ahead, such competitions as the Cross-Country, Debating, and Senior Rugby offer excellent opportunities for this stamina to be proved.

S.C.

# Preston House

*Housemaster:* MR. S. CRANE.

*Assistant Housemasters:* MR. B. COATES, MR. M. AIREY.

*House Captain:* P. J. LAMBERT.

*House Prefects:* M. J. BRIERS, R. H. HILL, D. HARPER.

The first activity of the term gave victory to the Preston House: our Chess team decisively beat the Ashton House 17-7, all four seniors winning their matches, and one junior having to play two matches due to the absence of a team member. Unfortunately this record has not been well preserved as we were beaten 14-10 by School House in our next match. Nevertheless our chances look promising in this, one of the few activities which continue throughout the whole school year, as we lie second at the present moment.

On Wednesday, 28th October, at 2-45 p.m., the Senior Rugby team played Kirkham House in the preliminary round of the Senior Rugby contest. The House lost to Kirkham by 18 points to nil after a well-fought game. A resounding victory had not been expected and the result was a fair one. The Kirkham team were superior in weight and possibly in the organisation of their team on the field, but they were never allowed to take control of the game. All credit is due to the captain, R. H. Hill, and to the scrum captain, D. Harper, whose persistence staved off the full brunt of the Kirkham House attack.

In the Debating and Junior Rugby contests we have secured byes. Let us aspire to bring about victory in these activities. Our position in the Work Cup competition is fourth at the end of this term. It is not very long since Preston House held the Inter-House Work Cup for three years in succession; perhaps the diligence of our members will be rewarded similarly this year.

In the Inter-House Gym Competition we were placed third with 358 points against Ashton's 384 and School's 416. In particular Riding and Hough are to be praised for their superlative efforts.

Success for the House does not necessarily mean hard and unrewarded work — it arises from a united House spirit and a determination to move forward, as a body, to better things.

P.J.L.

# School House

*House Master:* MR. R. A. KNOWLES.

*Assistant House Masters:* MR. G. BELLIS, MR. S. J. COOPER,  
MR. D. E. WORTH.

*House Captain:* F. E. THOMPSON.

*House Prefects:* S. E. BUCKLEY, R. D. HARTLEY, M. A. MITCHELL.

The school year 1963-64 was a very successful one for the House. This was adequately shown on Speech Day when the House received six out of a possible thirteen trophies, namely: the Senior Cricket, Athletic Sports, Cross Country, Gym, Shooting and Work Cups. This latter trophy came into the possession of the House for the first time after an amazing recovery from sixth place at the end of the first half of the Winter term. The final victory was mainly due to good G.C.E. results by many members of the House. R. B. White, in particular, is to be congratulated on gaining two "Distinctions" at Scholarship level. Individual prizes were collected by P. M. Dawson, R. D. Hartley, R. B. White, I. K. Hague and J. R. Barrett.

Last year saw the departure of many members of the House and our good wishes go with them all. No less than three took up University places, namely J. B. Johnson, P. M. Dawson and R. B. White, while J. Bailey follows in 1965. It is to be hoped that many of their successors will follow this good example in the future.

There are signs that previous successes are likely to be repeated this year. Already our much underrated House XV has convincingly beaten a strong Fylde House XV by 15 points to 6 in one of the best house matches played at K.G.S. We are well represented in School teams. C. Bult, J. R. Howarth, L. Harrop and F. E. Thompson all play for the 1st XV as did R. D. Hartley before his unfortunate injury. In addition we supply about half of the 2nd XV. Thanks must go to J. N. S. Jones and his school of linesmen for valuable services rendered every week.

The Gym Cup, which now must be part of the House furniture, has been retained, thanks to the skill of J. S. Donald and his team of T. Pearce, A. M. Grieve, G. D. Harrop, J. R. Barrett and I. McLaren. J. S. Donald and G. D. Harrop are to be congratulated on being the highest scoring senior and junior with 86 and 80 points respectively.

Our large intake of new boys has settled down well and most are taking an active part in School and House activities. J. C. V. Haynes, J. K. Ward, B. Frankland and S. M. Wright are in the U.12 XV, captained by J. Brandon.

After finishing sixth in the first half term of the House Work Cup competition there are signs of overdue improvement. With

every boy pulling his weight we look forward to progress in the near future. The House Chess team has only been able to break even, losing their first match against the Lytham House 16-8 and beating the Preston House 14-10. It is a pity that so little interest is shown in this game by so many members of the House. We cast greedy glances at the Debating, Athletics and Music trophies due to be contested next term.

The end of the Winter Term inevitably brought the School Play and it was pleasing to see so many members of the House taking part as actors. S. E. Buckley, in particular, is to be congratulated on his excellent performance as Henry V, a particularly long and difficult part to act. Many of the House helped behind the scenes and with the serving of coffee during the intervals. The erection of the stage and the seating arrangements were also the work of the House. It is obvious that without substantial aid from the House the play would not be the success that it is. The School House kitchen staff should be remembered for providing food for the cast at short notice.

The end of term saw the departure of one of its elder statesmen, M. A. Mitchell. We wish him luck in his future career.

F.E.T.

# **The Societies**

## **Automobile Society**

*Chairman:* MR. D. H. BUTTERWORTH.

*Secretary:* E. HORNBY.

*Committee:* S. E. BUCKLEY, G. J. COOKE, I. A. A. SMITH,  
P. E. CLARK.

After the initial stages of its formation, the Auto Society has now settled down to the normal running of a school society. The list of active members is now over thirty. During the term there have been a number of lectures on various subjects, which have been quite well attended.

The highlight of the term's activities was a trip, during the half-term break, to the T.V.R. car factory at Blackpool, where the party of twenty-one boys was shown the production of the cars. This included the making of the chassis, fibre-glass body, and the final assembly. We saw several cars complete except for the engine and gear-box, which are made and installed in the U.S.A., leaving on a transporter for export. We were astounded by the figures quoted for the car's performance when fitted with the Ford V.8 engine. It was a very successful outing and we are grateful to I. A. A. Smith and T.V.R. Cars Ltd. for the trip. It is hoped that we shall have similar trips in the future.

E.H.

---

## **Badminton Club**

*Chairman:* MR. M. AIREY.

*Captain:* M. GILES.

*Secretary:* D. C. HARPER.

*Committee:* R. HILL, W. ROSS, M. H. GREGORY, D. A. KNOWLES.

Although the club lost some of its most promising members at the beginning of the season there remain several keen players, mainly among the Upper Sixth.

The team itself has not been too successful from the point of view of matches, although there have been a number of very close games.

We hope that the season will continue with a little more interest and support from the lower school.

D.C.H.

## Chess Club

*Chairman:* MR. C. W. DAY.

*Secretary and Treasurer:* J. P. BALLARD.

*Committee:* E. T. REDFERN, R. D. HARTLEY, W. J. ROSS,  
R. L. ORRELL and G. IRVING.

This year the School entered the Blackpool Schools' Chess League for the first time. There are five schools now in the league and they all play each other twice, at home and away.

Three matches have already been played and all were won:—

v. Baines G.S. (A) 4—2.

v. St. Joseph's (A) 4—2.

v. Fleetwood G.S. (A) 5-1.

Blackpool G.S. have still to be played.

A friendly match against the Prebonds 1st and 2nd teams combined was played earlier in the term at Kirkham. The result was a 7-5 win for the School.

In the Inter-House Competition five games have been played and Lytham House are the early leaders with two wins.

There were 82 entrants in the School Individual Chess Competition, and these have been reduced to 16. In the early rounds many of the results are obtained by coin tossing and disqualification, but the competition should begin in earnest now.

J.P.B.

---

## Debating Society

*Chairman:* MR. G. BELLIS.

*Secretary:* P. J. LAMBERT.

*Committee:* S. CARTMELL, S. BUCKLEY, R. F. CRESSWELL,  
E. T. REDFERN, I. K. HAGUE.

The Winter Term began well: the House and E. T. Redfern were quite convinced that The Youth of Today was not being exploited, and nothing I. K. Hague could say would alter that (30th September). It was on the eve of the election that the most successful debate took place. S. Cartmell tried unfruitfully to denounce Sir Alec's Government but his plea that "A change is as good as a rest" did not somehow penetrate. M. Greenhalgh delivered a rousing speech and was enthusiastically received. He won the debate convincingly only to see the Conservatives dwindle onto the Opposition Benches the following day.

A fortnight later R. Cresswell proposed that "The Punishment Should Fit the Crime," and almost succeeded; he held the support of the juniors with ease, but for some reason the seniors came out in favour of P. J. Lambert, and that settled the matter.



A junior debate restricted to the Lower School followed, in which Messrs. D. Platt and F. Dernie sought to deprecate the Youth of Today in his behaviour — the House was not pleased with this motion and consequently gave its support to Messrs. I. Hird and R. Little. This was perhaps unfortunate because the two proposing speakers seemed to be superior in oratorical powers.

The last debate of the term was a clash between I. A. A. Smith and T. M. Smith over the topic "A good lather is half the shave," in which the House was given a sample of a certain brand of Sixth Form humour. The motion was eventually carried, making T. M. Smith the victor.

Our thanks must go to all speakers, who, together, have brought the Debating Society back to the fore, amongst School activities.

P.J.L.

---

## Dramatic Society

*Chairman:* MR. I. J. KREMER.

*Secretary:* S. E. BUCKLEY.

*Committee:* D. A. KNOWLES, R. E. H. JONES, A. P. JACKSON,  
G. J. WARDEN, G. A. IRVING.

The activities of the Society this term have been exclusively concerned with the production of the school play "Henry V". This was performed before large audiences on four nights, those of the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th of December. This large Shakespearian production, one of the epics in historical plays, needed a larger cast and a larger stage than had hitherto been available.

The first was met by enthusiastic response by both the established acting fraternity and by a larger proportion of newly-discovered talent, who together made up the forty-one members of the cast. The second requirement, to be exact, a large forestage with two raised platforms, was constructed by Mr. Butterworth and his many hard-working assistants. The Society also expended a considerable sum of money on new lighting equipment, all of which was found to be essential to the production.

Turning to the acting part of the production, we are bound to offer a rather late welcome to Mr. Day, who as co-producer with Mr. Kremer, succeeded in placing a highly individual mark on the various scenes directed by him. Thanks are also due in this report to the innumerable scenery painters, technicians, stage hands, property managers, and to the members of the make-up team, ably directed by Mr. H. J. Reay, who gave up a great deal of spare time to assist in this way. Besides all these, there are the people not directly involved in the production, but without whose help the four evenings would not have been so enjoyable, Miss J. Etchells and Miss J. Brimslow, in particular, who provided coffee during the two intervals on each night of the play.

Looking forward to next term, it is hoped that there will be a continuation of the association formed last year with the Park School in Preston. Already tentative arrangements have been discussed for some of the immensely popular play readings such as were held last year.

S.E.B.

---

## Geographical Society

*Chairman:* MR. R. A. KNOWLES.

*Secretary:* M. J. BURKE.

*Treasurer:* G. CARTMELL.

*Committee:* J. N. S. JONES, I. R. HOWARTH, R. A. LITTLE.

During the Winter Term the Society's film shows have drawn encouraging support from all sections of the School. This success must be attributed to the widespread publicity given by our accomplished artist and by our chairman as well as to the variety and quality of the films.

It is hoped to continue this success into the following term with a similarly varied but shorter programme.

M.J.B.

---

## Gym Club

*Chairman:* MR. D. E. WORTH.

*Secretary:* D. A. IRVINE.

*Committee:* J. S. DONALD, G. IRVING, A. CROSS.

This term saw the second season of the new style Gym Competition. The attendances at the Gym Club at Wednesday dinner time and on Friday nights have been in numbers variable but have always been enthusiastic and we welcome anyone who is keen to come along.

This enthusiasm was in evidence during the Gym Competition on December 8th when the standard of gymnastics was a great deal higher than the previous year, despite the loss of several of last year's best gymnasts. Many of the juniors have greatly improved and show great promise for the future, and the difficulty of some of the activities reflects well on the determination of the boys and the patient coaching of Mr. Worth. School House, who have never lost the cup, won again by a small margin from the Ashton House. The best junior was Harrop with 80 points. Donald and Irvine in the seniors did particularly well with 86 points and 84 points respectively. Also special mention must be given to Evenson who came in as a reserve and of whose courageous performance anyone would be proud.

It has on the whole been a very satisfactory term and we hope that the School will do very well in any competitions during the coming terms.

J.S.D.

## Library Committee

*Chairman:* MR. B. COATES.

*Secretary:* D. A. KNOWLES.

*Treasurer:* S. HEMINGWAY.

*Committee:* S. E. BUCKLEY, R. F. CRESSWELL, M. E. GREENHALGH, M. R. HALL, R. H. HILL, D. R. KNOWLES, E. T. REDFERN, W. J. ROSS, I. A. A. SMITH, G. S. WORRALL.

This term has been one of mixed success. The behaviour in the Library itself has improved greatly, especially during P.S. periods when VI. formers have been able to work both in silence and in a congenial atmosphere. It is imperative that this standard be kept up.

However, there has been a serious slide in the number of books issued. The final term figure will stand at about 950 books issued. This is at least 250 less than last year and 500 less than in 1962. That this loss is mainly made up from the Junior and English sections is even more serious for these sections roughly represent the sum of what general reading there is in the Library. In 1962 367 issues were recorded from the Junior Library but there were only 135 this term.

The Sub-Committee have been active, holding several lively meetings, and during the second half of the term they have been engaged on working parties to accession the new books coming into the Library. It is to be hoped that the efficient and pleasant pattern of library life will be continued next term and also that the school as a whole will take more interest in the books offered to them.

D.A.K.

---

## Musical Society

*Chairman:* MR. J. MURRAY.

*Secretary:* W. J. ROSS.

*Treasurer:* A. D. EMERY.

The Music Society continues, amidst the chaos and excitement of school life, to try and convert the school so that it may appreciate not only "Baroque," but also Symphony, Quartet and even Overture. The Upper School may, upon application to Mr. Murray, have unveiled to them from the limited confines of grooves in plastic a wide variety of musical wonders of which they have never even dreamed. All and sundry may visit the Fine Arts section of the library (there to discover the meaning of that word BAROQUE, should this still be a mystery) and browse through the many interesting books about music and musical works.

It is widely recognised that the orchestra is flourishing, due to the able instruction of Miss Williams and Mr. Benison. Mr. Murray, as Conductor, Arranger and Director, fuses their efforts and produces an effect every Friday morning which pleases all. The choir was very successful in the Carol Service and this was due in no small part to the weekly practices in school.

W.J.R.

# Photographic Society

*Chairman:* MR. L. A. REDMAN.

*Secretary:* I. A. A. SMITH.

For this Society the term has been very eventful. A new enlarger has been brought into use, the Ciné Section has completed a film, and the weekly lectures and film shows have continued as usual. The darkroom has been put to very great use by a large part of the school. We feel that this Society has very many benefits to offer its members and that it is one of the most flourishing in the school.

The new enlarger is now being used by all competent members of the Society and is functioning excellently. (The old enlarger has been retained for teaching purposes to the younger members.) It is easy to use and a great asset to the Society, and was first employed during the taking of Sixth Form photographs for University Application Forms.

The "Crown Crisps" film has now had a sound track completed. The committee would take this opportunity to thank all those who contributed towards the making of the film. Further films are planned and with the aid of a Correspondence Course in "live" photography which is being undertaken, even better results will be obtained in future.

Lectures given with the aid of film strips purchased from Kodak were well attended. Many more exciting items are planned next term for this progressive society. I.A.A.S.

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# Scientific Society

*Chairman:* MR. J. L. VERITY.

*Secretary:* R. E. H. JONES.

*Treasurer:* P. E. CLARK.

*Committee:* P. J. LAMBERT, M. E. GREENHALGH, R. D. HARTLEY, J. B. GREEN, T. M. PEARCE, P. L. ARCHER.

This term we would like to welcome our new chairman, Mr. Verity, and we are sure that under his guidance the Society will continue to flourish. We are fortunate in retaining several of last year's committee to continue the proposed plans.

During the Winter Term we have held film-shows nearly every week and it is pleasing to report that they have been very well attended, in spite of the good weather. The films, which have ranged from "Terra Incognita," a film about the Electron Microscope, to "Hydro-electric Project Turkey," have clearly shown that Science is not "Black Magic" chanted by a small band of Boffins lurking in the dark corners of Rooms 5, 6 and 16. We express our thanks to Mr. Knowles for his continued kindness in permitting us to use Room 11.

Next term we hope to show several more films, and introduce, from the members of the Society, lectures and demonstrations on various scientific topics. It is also hoped that outside speakers will be invited.

R.E.H.J.

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## Table-Tennis Club

*Chairman:* MR. J. L. VERITY.

*Secretary:* R. H. HILL.

*Treasurer:* W. J. ROSS.

*Committee:* D. C. HARPER, P. COOPE, J. K. RAYTON.

As always the winter term has seen the admission of a new Lower Sixth to the Table Tennis Society. The result has been a feverish activity in the "hut" which is packed to capacity during the dinner hour and at night. Three "volunteers" were appointed to form a committee which has, no doubt, functioned admirably. After resorting to threats of expulsion the 1/- subscriptions were collected by the treasurer whose task was made all the more difficult by the sudden disappearance of most members whenever those fatal words "Subscriptions please" were heard. Later in the term one was sorry to note that the hut was either falling apart or someone was attempting to rob the Society . . . of a door. Nevertheless the said door was recovered and put back into its proper place, and our thanks are due to Mr. Whiteside. A mysterious notice of "No Smoking" appeared from somewhere but the gas heater failed to take the hint and still fills the hut with fumes.

A table-tennis championship has been started this term but, up to date, no champion has emerged from the "raffle". We look forward next term to even more success in the society and hope that the club will prosper as it has done this term.

R.H.H.

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## Tennis Club

*Chairman:* MR. C. DAY.

*Captain:* P. BALLARD.

*Secretary:* D. C. HARPER.

*Committee:* T. M. SMITH, T. CARA, D. WALSH, P. RICHARDS.

At length the tennis courts have been completed, although there has been little chance to play tennis, due to the oncoming winter months.

Attendances at practices have been good and are encouraging for next season. Perhaps with some coaching from Mr. Day, we will be able to produce a first-rate team.

D.C.H.

# The School Play



## Henry the Fifth



*S. E. Buckley as Henry V*

Criticism of any school play must be held in check and must not be allowed to overshadow the practical aspects of production. This year's presentation of "Henry V" must be viewed on these lines, for it was a very ambitious undertaking which had to overcome problems connected with the restrictions of the stage, the large cast (more than one tenth of the whole school), and the very length of the play with its many scenes. That these problems were overcome and that the ensuing production was warmly received and appreciated on all four nights are proof of the play's success.

The play itself is more a narration of events than other Shakespearian plays, and with a limited amount of action on the stage. The great danger is that the play will begin to drag from scene to scene and any underlying theme will be lost. The excellent continuity provided by Mr. Wood, as the chorus, went a long way to preventing this from happening, but the final test for the maintenance of interest rested with the actors themselves.

There was a lack of extremes in the play, which was conducted too much on the same monotone. The contrasts were there in the play — the rousing speeches before the battles, the mournings after the battles, the prayers for success, the rejoicings on victory—

but they were not seized upon by the action. S. E. Buckley gave a very polished performance as King Henry V but the final realistic touches which could have been gained through changes in character were neglected. The arrest of the three traitors, the compassion aroused by the death of the Duke of York, and even the famous infilling of the breach were ineffective in that they did not appear as highlights in the play.

In a similar way the associates of the two kings could have played more positive parts than they did. Although one never gained the impression of actors becoming dummies, mouthing words, only a few actors were able to break completely away from the recitation of speeches and stamp a distinct personality on the play. T. Cara as Fluellen, G. Warden as Pistol, D. R. Knowles as one of the soldiers, D. Pardey as the Archbishop, and I. K. Hague as the Dauphin must all be commended in this respect. Perhaps this lack of a more vigorous approach to the serious scenes is reflected in the success of the more humorous scenes.

The settings, the lighting and the full use of the stage cannot be faulted. But on this more practical side what can be criticised was the lack of atmosphere surrounding the Battle of Agincourt. The explosion of Welsh Nationalism from Fluellen far outdid the explosions of the battle.

The technical correctness of the speeches and the scenes, the comedy, the outstanding performances of several actors, and the realism conveyed by the lighting and the wardrobe all added up to a successful production justifying the great amount of work which had been completed beforehand. From the silent soldiers who so scrupulously undertook their tasks of hanging onto spears, and witnessing the dawn, through to the producers — all shared in a very rewarding production. Any constructive criticism can only be aimed at producing that continuity and polish which removes any possibility of monotony and loss of interest, but which can scarcely be expected in the first attempt at such an ambitious production.

S. CARTMELL.

## C.C.F. Report

*C.S.M.*: P. E. CLARK.

*S/Sergeant*: S. CARTMELL.

*Sergeants*: P. J. LAMBERT, R. F. CRESSWELL, M. GILES,  
G. S. WORRALL.

*Corporals*: R. D. HARTLEY, A. FARE, M. R. HALL, J. P. LEWIN,  
B. PIKE, T. M. SMITH.

This year has seen a large decrease in the number of N.C.O.s, as all but two of the senior N.C.O.s from last year have left. The Cadre has not yet finished its training, with the result that as yet, we have no L/Corporals. We are, however, just managing, with the occasional help of some of the senior cadre members.

During the last summer holidays a party of 4 officers, N.C.O.s and 42 cadets spent a week at a camp near Leek. For the UV and LV the programme was a three-day cross-country map-reading exercise and camp-out in the Peak District, an initiative test and some rock climbing with Mr. Kremer. The training for the UIV consisted of section leading and fieldcraft exercises on the moors around Leek, compass work and a two-day walk with an overnight bivouac camp at Edale.

The summer camp was made more enjoyable than usual as an officers' mess was made available for us every night, its facilities including a television room, darts, cards and a bar (sweets and soft drinks only!).

It is hoped that next summer's camp will be held at Cultybraggan in Scotland, the scene of some enjoyable camps in past years.

Field Day was on the 29th October. For the UV and LV it was in the Lake District, and for the UIV at Whitewell. The UV were engaged in a compass exercise (which proved quite exhausting as it took place on the side of a mountain) and a search looking for two "lost" N.C.O.s who had gained a large black cow for company. The LV were sent on a walk, which though some cadets are quite convinced was 20 miles long was, in fact, only about 12 miles long. The UIV were engaged in some interesting field-craft exercises.

This term there will be the Proficiency Exam for the UV in which we hope to maintain the high standard of last year.

P.E.C.



# R.A.F. Section Report

*Flt/Sgt.*: R. E. H. JONES.

*Sgt.*: I. A. A. SMITH.

*Cpls.*: E. HORNBY, M. J. BRIERS, S. E. BUCKLEY, P. H. JEFFERY,  
E. T. REDFERN.

It is pleasing to note that the R.A.F. Section has once again expanded, there being now between sixty and seventy cadets and N.C.O.s. It is also pleasant to record the successes of the past year.

Cpl. E. T. Redfern is to be congratulated on the award of a Flying Scholarship. He completed his training in the summer holidays at Carlisle and now holds a Civil Pilot's "B" Licence.

During the summer holidays Flt./Sgt. Jones, Sgt. Smith and Cpl. Briers attended gliding courses at R.A.F. Burtonwood (near Warrington) and all qualified for the "B" Certificate.

Last summer Sgt. Smith, Cpl. Jeffery and Cadet G. Worrell attended an Adventure Training Camp in the Lake District. The camp, with its many and varied activities, was a great success, and it is hoped that the camp will be available for our use next year.

In the R.A.F. Advanced examination six cadets gained distinctions, three gained credits and two gained passes. Those results were exceptionally good as the course was completed in about half the time usually allowed. In the Proficiency examination two cadets gained passes and one cadet obtained a credit pass.

During the term Sqdn. Ldr. Brown from H.Q. Air Cadets, R.A.F. White Waltham, visited the section. His visit was one of particular interest to K.G.S. It was a return visit for him as he is an Old Boy of the School, and was the first Flight Sergeant when the R.A.F. section was formed in 1950. He saw the various training activities of the present Section.

It is with regret that we learn that R.A.F. Weeton is completely closing down. This R.A.F. camp has supplied us with all our clothing and many teaching aids; and has always been most helpful in every respect. For their past help we are indeed grateful.

R.E.H.J.

# Cricket, 1964

Results:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1st XI .....	13	4	8	1
2nd XI .....	10	3	5	2
Uunder 14 XI .....	7	2	5	—

At the beginning of the summer term it was felt that the main problem in the 1st XI would concern the bowling and certainly in the early matches this proved to be the case. But J. MacIldowie and S. Walton improved tremendously as the season developed. The former has always been very steady and dependable, but it was Walton who made the more progress and by the end of the term had become quite a fast and accurate bowler, particularly in the opening overs. To support these two were D. Brownbill, rather inconsistent in length and direction but sometimes effective, and S. Cartmell, who always seemed likely to take a wicket with his innocuous looking leg-breaks. These four were backed up by fielding, especially in the taking of catches, which was a great improvement on that of the previous season. But it was the batting which turned out to be the main weakness of the team. It never looked convincing; there were too many technical weaknesses, a lack of enterprise and above all a general reluctance to hit the ball hard. This timidity in the batting resulted in at least two narrow defeats in games that looked as good as won. It is only fair to say, however, that the batsmen did gain a little in confidence towards the end of the season, and 130 for 6 wickets against the Old Boys was a very creditable performance. J. Johnson and M. Benson usually gave the side an adequate if rather slow start. D. Simmonds, the captain, played a few good innings, but F. Rigby had for him a very disappointing season. Possibly the best batting came from S. Cartmell, the one member of the team who was prepared to play attacking shots.

Much the same is true of the 2nd XI. An adequate attack, of which the medium-paced bowling of R. Hartley and I. Hague has been the mainstay, was well-managed by the captain, D. Barnes, but was not supported by batting at any time dependable or aggressive. But as expected there has been plenty of aggression in the Junior cricket of the school. The Under 14 XI, under the astute captain I. Hird, has shown considerable promise for the future. There have been regular attendances of between twenty and thirty players at the weekly practices and the enthusiasm generated has been good to see. At times it has been difficult to know whom to leave out of the team. Hird, although very much on the small side, has been a most aggressive and entertaining batsman, and when he has added a few defensive shots to his repertoire he should become a very prolific scorer. J. Hunter, the vice captain, has batted and bowled very well and has the look of a cricketer, whilst R. Cowell, an improved wicket-keeper batsman,

and K. Bignell, a hard hitting batsman, along with many others have by their keenness contributed to performances not always rewarded in the final results.

The House Competitions, both Senior and Junior, have proved to be very lively affairs. There have been many hard-fought and exciting matches which resulted in the Kirkham House regaining the Junior Trophy and School House retaining the Senior. The thanks of all cricketers are due to all coaches, umpires and scorers of the teams involved, and to Mrs. Knapton and her helpers from the School House who, by the provision of teas in the Pavilion, have contributed in no small measure to the enjoyment of the season.

To sum up, the keenness and performances of the Middle School cricketers plus the improved showing of the 1st XI lead me to think that K.G.S. is emerging from the cricket slump of the past two years and that one can look forward to the 1965 season with a certain amount of hope and optimism.

At a meeting of the Cricket Committee at the end of the season, Team Colours were awarded to D. Simmonds (captain), M. Benson, D. Brownbill, S. Cartmell, C. Horn, J. Johnson, J. MacIldowie, F. Rigby, S. Walton and J. MacIldowie.

The XI was completed by A. Hall.

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## Old Boys' Cricket Match

K.G.S. 1st XI 130 for 6 dec. O.B. 68 for 7.

Kirkham started well on a clear day and made 31 runs in the first half-hour against poor bowling when Benson (13) was l.b.w. to Fenton. Then Rigby (30) came in and started a great onslaught against the bowling and, aided by some misfielding, scored 30 runs in 20 minutes. Meanwhile Johnson (23) was being held back by the accurate bowling of Wilson (2 for 35) and was eventually bowled with a total of 48 runs on the board. Then Kirkham lost two quick wickets, but Taylor (24) and Worrall (20) soon increased the score by some sensible batting. Only the bowling of Marsh (2 for 11) and Wilson was sufficient to slow down the rate of scoring, but Kirkham were able to declare at 130 for 6.

The Old Boys never seemed to settle against the bowling of Walton (2 for 13) and MacIldowie (4 for 27) and were soon in trouble with 5 wickets down for 10 runs. Then Wilson came in and saved the game for the Old Boys, scoring a very careful 36 in just over an hour, backed up by Marsh (11 not out) and Taylor (6 not out). Kirkham's fielding was very good but they lacked good change bowlers to tie the batsmen down and at the end of the game the Old Boys were 68 for 7.

J. N. S. JONES.

## 1st XI. v. Masters XI.

On 13th July, a memorable day in the annals of this ancient Grammar School of Kirkham, all our hearts were filled with great expectation. With lunch and morning school in the distant past, young and enthusiastic hearts clambered for the best vantage points to watch the 1st XI soundly thrash the Masters XI. Alas, this was not to be, due to the excellence of the opposition.

At 2-15 p.m., cricketers of all shapes and sizes arrived at the pavilion followed by the impartial umpires, Messrs. Kennedy and Middleton who, let it be recorded, held the game under firm control.

The Masters XI went in to bat first. A misfortune lost their first wicket when Mr. Airey was run out just as it seemed that he and Mr. Jackman had mastered the first bowling onslaught. Twelve minutes later, with 18 for 1 on the board, Mr. Jackman was bowled having scored five. From this stage the game went fully with the Masters. Mr. Bellis joined Mr. Worth at the "square" and he alone showed superiority over somewhat mild bowling. It took him 84 mins. to reach 50, scored by a fine drive to the boundary. It was one of the finest innings I have seen for cool, confident play — it was remarked, "If only Wales played England in a Test Match!" Mr. Bellis's one false stroke was when he mishit a ball from Benson which found its way into MacIldowie's hands — an excellent innings of 53, including 8 fours.

After the expulsion of Mr. Bellis, the batsmen of lower status soon disappeared with the Masters' score at 108. It should be stressed that Messrs. Worth, Crane and Knowles were obviously keeping reserves for their bowling ordeals and the rest of the Masters, all of whom scored less than ten runs each, were giving the School XI a sporting chance. This was illustrated when Mr. Bellis declined Mr. Crane's offer of a full-size bat, preferring to bat with an extra-small one!

Of the School XI bowling, only Hall had any great effect, taking 5 for 36.

At 4-45 p.m., the School XI opening pair took the field, facing the might of Messrs. Worth and Knowles. Taylor was bowled by a superb ball from Mr. Worth who took the next three wickets for no runs. A most superb bit of bowling, Mr. Worth!

Only Rigby and Horn stood up to the bowling, making 87 and 17 runs respectively, the remaining batsmen scoring but 16 runs between them.

Mr. Worth should be complimented upon his excellent bowling (6 for 13), with Mr. Knowles (2 for 23), backed up by various other bowlers.

To sum up, therefore, in two hours and one minute, the Masters XI scored 108, and in exactly the same time the School XI scored 86. Heartiest congratulations go to Mr. Bellis (53) and Mr. Worth (6 for 13), and to all the Masters' XI, who won by 23 runs.

M. GREENHALGH.

# Swimming

Swimming has never been a strong sport at K.G.S., but at the time of writing it is lower than ever before. True, the facilities available to us, are inadequate, but this is not the reason for our failures. Swimming is a sport which demands hard training. Of course there must be a natural ability present, but only through training can this ability be developed. Many boys in the school at the moment have the potential required, but not the will power, or self-discipline, to develop their swimming, and here is the true reason for our past failures. If we are to continue any form of competitive swimming in the school, then those boys who are able to swim well must practise, and practise hard. Only in this way will the standard of competitive swimming in the school rise.

## BLACKPOOL—INTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL SWIMMING SPORTS

The Inter Grammar School Swimming Sports were held on the 16th July at the Derby Baths, Blackpool. Once again we were outclassed by the other schools who took part. The Junior team, which was quite strong and optimistic before the competition, gained fourth place in the 55 yards Breast Stroke through Smith A., and the Senior team two fourth places, in the 55 yards Free Style, and 110 yards Free Style, through Hall, R., and Gardner respectively.

## K.G.S. v. HUTTON G.S.

Overall, we lost the match to Hutton, but taking the Junior and Senior teams separately, the Junior team won by a small margin. If the team as a whole had practised beforehand, we could have beaten a mediocre opposition.

## INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING GALA

Results:—

1. Kirkham.
2. School.
3. Lytham.
4. Preston.
5. Ashton.
6. Fylde.

The inter-house swimming gala was held at Kirkham Public Baths on the morning of Monday, the 13th July. It was a most enjoyable morning, and several good results were recorded. Once again Kirkham House were victorious. Our guest, Mrs. Smith, wife of the chairman of "The Friends," presented the trophy.

## FORM SWIMMING

From late March until October, all forms in the Junior school, that is to the UIV's, have forty-five minutes of swimming, once a week, and it is pleasing to report that a revival seems to be taking place. Interest in swimming is growing and with the introduction of awards more and more boys are trying to improve their swimming to gain these; the standard of swimming is raised, but, of course, this does not produce the competitive swimmer.

Since last April, over 200 awards have been gained by boys in the school. These include the Royal Life Saving Society Awards and Amateur Swimming Association Survival and Proficiency Awards.

I would urge all boys in the school to attempt these awards, and in doing so they will not only provide themselves with useful qualifications, but will help to raise the standard of swimming in the school.

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## The Old Boys' Rugby Match

The annual match against the Old Boys XV took place at Kirkham on Saturday, 26th September, and was much appreciated by all those who turned up to watch.

The Old Boys displayed great talent on and off the field but a noticeable exception amongst the players was D. R. Brownbill, last year's captain and a sportsman of no small reputation, whose activities were unfortunately limited to the touchline.

The game was played in its usual friendly atmosphere and good moves were forthcoming from both sides. The greater weight in the Old Boys' pack was offset by superior fitness in the 1st XV forwards and distribution from the loose and set pieces was roughly equal.

Both teams appeared rather unsettled in the first half but the 1st XV adjusted itself more quickly than the Old Boys and a penetrating run by Bult led to a half-time score of 3-0 for the school.

The second half emphasised the value of team training as the 1st XV combined in a series of attacks but failed to penetrate the Old Boys' sound defence. An unexpected move by Montgomery on his own twenty-five caught the 1st XV defence on the wrong foot and enabled him to effect a brilliant solo run. This led to a try half way in from the touchline which was unconverted.

The 1st XV fought back strongly and a good open three-quarter movement led to Bult crossing the line for the second time, near the corner flag. Again the try went unconverted.

The match settled down to a pattern of attack and counter-attack with the 1st XV showing better co-ordination while the Old Boys depended on the skill of their experienced individuals.

Victory for the school seemed assured but an Old Boys attack

in the dying seconds forced a set scrum beneath the 1st XV posts. There was an infringement by the defending side and Holmes made no mistake with an easy kick. The final whistle curtailed any reply the 1st XV could have made and the result was a six all draw. Once again the bogey of the Old Boys seemed to prevail and the hopes of victory entertained by the 1st XV had been dashed.

P. H. JEFFRIES,  
E. T. REDFERN,

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## Speech Day, 1964

The election had caused the trouble; the Public Hall, Preston, although booked well in advance for Thursday, 15th October, was required for counting purposes, which meant that Speech Day for this year was held in the School Hall.

Delighted youngsters were sent home for the afternoon, whilst those more privileged — namely the prizewinners — set about preparing for the big event.

For the first time in years, parents were welcomed into the School Hall and shown to their seats. Already the event became more homely as parents, old boys and masters greeted one another and talked among themselves before a stage decked with books, trophies and certificates.

The Headmaster and the Guest of Honour, Professor E. R. Laithwaite, Old Boy and Governor of K.G.S., strode into the hall at 3 p.m., ahead of the other Governors and Staff, and the meeting began.

The Chairman of the Governors, the Reverend Allen, made his customary opening remarks and was admired for his brevity. He said that every boy should leave the school with a multiplicity of interests and enter a world filled with variety and the need for enthusiasm and adaptability.

The Headmaster arose to report on the activities of the school. He welcomed Mr. Stevenson to the school after four long years of noted and regretted absence from the teaching staff. Murmurs of approval from the Sixth Form accompanied his praise of Mr. Stevenson as a teacher, and Professor Laithwaite was pleased to see his former Science Master again.

The business of the school was reported on and Mr. Kennedy observed that a long-standing link between K.G.S. and R.A.F. Weeton was about to be broken owing to the transfer of the latter to other parts of the country.

Professor Laithwaite delivered the prizes and said how delighted he was to be speaking. All Speech Days used to be held at the school in his day, and he attached great import to this occasion. His advice to the older generation did not go unheeded

coming from a man of his stature and his broad sense of humour added gaiety to the event.

All too quickly the ceremonies came to an end. Now Rev. W. A. P. Francis moved a very sincere vote of thanks and Mr. Middleton seconded this with some amusing reminiscences of Professor Laithwaite's own school days.

Boys, parents and staff alike converged on the Canteen, looking forward to a quiet chat with a renewed acquaintance, and a good cup of tea. This indeed marked the end of our Prize-giving, as always. Speech Day has come to be associated with the friendly crush and the futile grappling for a sandwich as others desperately attempt to preserve the equilibrium of their tea-cups, amidst the general melée of prize-winners and their folk.

P. J. LAMBERT.

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## Carol Service

The Carol Service this year followed its traditional form — nine lessons, and carols; but several innovations were included — and these definitely contributed to the undoubted success of the service. (I say "undoubted" because many of the congregation afterwards commented on how much they had enjoyed it.)

The first of these innovations was the participation of a section of the School Orchestra; this helped the choir to reach the required volume of sound, in a constant battle with the poor acoustics of the church.

The second was the reading of one of the lessons by a lady — Mrs. Benson, the president of the Friends.

The carols ranged from the popular traditional ones — "Silent Night" and "We Three Kings" (the latter sung by M. Briers, P. Clark and A. Amery) — to the more unusual; "Let Joy Your Carols Fill", "Gentle Mary, Rose of Heaven", and "As I Outrode this End're Night".

This last consisted of traditional words set to a modern tune (which, appropriately enough, considering the words, would have been equally at home on a T.V. Western).

Mention must be made of the lessons, and carol solos, given by J. Collins, R. Patterson, A. Pilling, D. Knowles, and school captain S. Cartmell.

The whole service went smoothly and without a hitch, and ended with Mr. Murray's performance of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus".

Few people, I believe, realise the amount of work Mr. Murray and the choir put into this festival — and all thanks must go to them for this.

A. P. JACKSON.



# Junior Prize Winning Essay

## THE ESCAPE

It was about one o'clock in the morning. All New York was sleeping except for a certain back-alley. In this alley, a policeman was chasing a criminal, known as "Skinny" Burke. Burke was desperate to get away. As he ran he looked for a place to hide. He rounded a corner and saw a window slightly open. Without hesitating, he dived through the confined space. Quickly he picked himself up and hid behind a pillar. He was just in time, for a split second later the policeman went running past.

Burke looked around him as he was gathering his breath. To his surprise he found himself in a museum. As he was wondering where to hide he heard a noise behind him. He whipped round but all he could see was an Egyptian Mummy. Could it be possible?

"Fear not, mortal! I shall hide you."

Burke was petrified. He just stood there staring as the mummy stepped towards him.

"Come with me, and I will hide you where your pursuers will never find you."

At that moment, Burke heard some footsteps approaching the building. The police were coming back. He had no choice. He followed the mummy across the stone floor to a mummy case.

"You will be safe inside here," said the mummy.

"You don't expect me to go in there, do you?" shrieked Burke, horrified. "How will I breathe?"

"There is plenty of air inside," replied the mummy.

Suddenly, Burke heard the police entering the building. He had no choice. Reluctantly he entered the case. The mummy shut the lid.

A few seconds later the police came in. They searched everywhere but found nothing. They were just about to leave when one of them thought of looking in the mummy case. He went over and pulled open the lid. Inside was a well-preserved cadaver. The policeman closed the lid and joined his companions who were going to search the neighbourhood. When they had left, the mummy approached the case.

"Don't worry, mortal, you will be safe from your pursuers for ever."

K. GOODWIN, U.IV.B.

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## The Day the World Broke in Two

It was a summer's morning in the year 3,629 A.D. The sun broke through the clouds and there was peace and quiet everywhere. One boy in particular was busy that day. He was David Hunter whose father was taking him for a trip to Mars. They

were going to take off in two hours and David was saying goodbye to his mother and his pals for they would be gone for about a month.

Two hours later he entered the station and walked over to the spaceship. He was very excited because this was to be his first trip in a space-ship. He sat down and fastened his safety belt, and waited for his father. When his father came they started the motor and they took off.

About an hour and a half later they felt a sudden heat and the sides of the spaceship started glowing red. In a few seconds the heat abated and the spaceship was cold.

Then David saw a sight he would never forget. The Earth suddenly started glowing fiercely in a sort of ring around the Equator. The whole globe shuddered and it fell apart into two pieces. One piece immediately blew up, but the other started to glow until it was deep red. Then it stopped glowing and drifted away, a cold black hulk.

David turned around, sick at heart, and saw his father looking out of another porthole. He looked at his father and turned to the controls and directed the spaceship to Mars.

When they told their story, the Martians sent out a search ship to look for the remaining half of the Earth.

When they found it, it was just a large rock, with no water and no people. So they went back to tell Mr. Hunter and his son that they were the only surviving human beings in the Universe and when they died the human race would die. They lived for a few years, and when death finally overtook them, the Martians buried them on what remained of Earth.

M. P. CUNNINGHAM, L.IV.B.

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## Book Reviews

### THE LEOPARD BY GIUSSEPPE DE LAMPEDUSA

This novel, which traces the response of an aristocratic family to the political and social changes of its time, has caused great attention. Published posthumously from the notes of the author, it was instantly a best seller in Italy, the country of its origin. Now, translated into English, it has received similar enthusiastic reviews. I. P. Hartley considered it "one of the greatest novels of all time, certainly of this century."

The reasons for such eminence are twofold. Its success lies both in the language and the narrative. The former was especially impressive. The translators have spent much time and effort successfully transferring the poetic and sometimes musical qualities of the original Italian into impeccable English. The atmosphere of Sicily both before and after the Risorgimento of 1860, backward, savage, with a close affinity between people and landscape is

evoked by sensitive description of individual personalities, unusual yet strangely typical events, or a particular aspect of the countryside. The decayed body of a soldier in a garden, the inconvenience of a journey by coach lasting several days, or the food at a ball, all bear eloquent testimony to the author's descriptive powers.

No narrative can only be described as fascinating. Although the situation is Sicily at one of the most turbulent periods of its colourful history, the emphasis lies not with events. One hears of Garibaldi, one meets several of his famous red shirts, but these are secondary figures, overshadowed by the towering personality of the "Leopard" himself, Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina. Rather is this novel a sympathetic impressionist account of the decay of a famous house. We are presented with a situation where decay can be the only possible conclusion of this classic confrontation of an irrelevant institution with the inevitable progression of events.

Much of the book's effect is gained by the author's use of different forms of symbolism. This often reveals itself in a description of an unusual event in minute detail. Without thinking, these often seem strangely irrelevant but, although the conclusion may be divorced from the theme of the play, such diversions are always worthwhile. The ultimate impression that one gains from the novel is that of the magnificent house of Salina being desiccated by what can be considered as the forces of time and change. The symbol is perhaps ultimately vague, but its value lies in the facility with which it lies open to individual interpretation. Scholar and layman can derive alike enormous pleasure and perhaps profit from this unique novel.

D. R. KNOWLES.

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### BORSTAL BOY BY BRENDAN BEHAN

(Corgi Book 5/-)

This book, written by the late Brendan Behan, "Dublin's obstreperous play-wright," is both an excellent novel and accurate description of life in H.M. Prisons and Borstals. Our more timid readers will undoubtedly be alarmed at the language used in the book — but it gives an air of reality and brusqueness to the picture. Behan, captured in Liverpool whilst working for the I.R.A., is taken to Walton Prison, about which most of the first part of the book deals. The remainder shows him being "tamed" in a Borstal, revealing the capabilities of the Borstals.

From the first to the last page, interest and occasional amusement greet the reader. For anyone remotely interested in Prison and Borstal life, this book is a *must*. To anyone interested in good, explicit literature, this book is a *must*. Banned in Ireland, in his book Behan shows the I.R.A.'s efforts from an unusual angle and with expert alacrity.

M. E. GREENHALGH.

## The Prefects Carol Party

Confusion reigned: up to the very last minute nobody really knew what was happening. On Tuesday, December 15th, 1964, it turned out that a band of 16 prefects — the full complement — inflicted themselves upon Miss Windle, Mr. Kremer and Mr. Reay, and their respective families. R. E. H. Jones and P. J. Lambert had spent nearly all afternoon telephoning around the prefects with the task of somehow eliciting sufficient vehicles to carry the stalwart band around the Fylde. It eventually came to pass that S. Hemingway, hereafter referred to as "Ming," M. Briers and R. E. H. Jones provided the necessary facilities, whilst S. Buckley came by scooter, and in due course Miss Windle was visited. One car lost the way — Ming's — and, almost in desperation, its contents began to sing outside a house chosen at random somewhere in Blackpool; their efforts were not appreciated — perhaps because the singers burst out into uncontrollable fits of laughter part-way through "While Shepherds Watched . . ." In the end, however, we all arrived at the destination and it must be said that our hostess was very patient with our efforts. We were generously provided with liquid refreshment of a certain variety and a very welcome snack.

In due course we pressed on to I.J.K.'s to be told, over further refreshment, that our attempts were the most harmonious he had ever heard on such an occasion. Mr. Reay was not quite so emphatic about this, although perhaps his musical ear was not so well tuned as Mr. Kremer's.

So ended Tuesday's efforts, and we set off home. Simon, with Bert clinging to the rear in constant prayer, all but overturned the scooter on an icy bend on the road to Fleetwood. His skilful handling of the situation, however, averted a major catastrophe. We are still a little uncertain how Mick Briers got home at all, and Malcolm must have had a little difficulty with the meanderings of Watling Street Road . . .

On Wednesday, matters became worse. Only one car was available—R.E.H.'s—and Mr. Clarke very kindly drove around with his car full of prefects. Rick Cresswell, the two Knowles', and Geoff Worrall were, it seems, left in Kirkham all night, whilst Ming and Tim Smith turned up with another car at Mr. Redman's, during the evening, and enabled Mr. Clarke to go home again. (Many thanks to him for his kindness.)

We had started the evening at Mr. Redman's, where coffee and a light snack rewarded our choral efforts. Mr. McKerrow was the next to witness our rollicking and he provided us with ample refreshment — especially Frank, who even took a bottle away with him . . . And so back to Kirkham where Mr. Middleton and Mr. Crane were awaiting us. We were by now one hour behind time and Mr. Middleton was glad because he had been able to watch Z-cars undisturbed. We encountered Rick, Geoff,

Dave and Doug in Kirkham prior to this visit and they were rather peeved at having stood at Town End all evening with little to do. And so we carried Frank in and set him down before Mr. Middleton, sang a couple of carols, and left. At the headmaster's house we were given sausage and chips, sandwiches, apples, trifles and mince tarts. Several, having misjudged their appetites at Mr. McKerrow's, were unable to do justice to this spread. Shortly Hartley took Frank home and only then (!!) did the prefects of K.G.S. excel themselves. We sang several carols without a blemish. Our renderings were truly beautiful (or so we thought) and several of us determined there and then to join the school choir. We wound the proceedings up with "Once in Royal ... ." and turned homewards at half-past ten.

We all felt (with the possible exceptions of Frank and Malcolm, whose feelings were a little muddled) that both evenings were a tremendous success. This was borne out by the sum of money we had collected for the Shepherd Street Mission — £3 15s. 0d. Our sincerest thanks go to staff members and their wives and families for the fine receptions they gave us and for enduring our efforts so bravely.

P. J. LAMBERT

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## A Brain-Teaser

Five ladies, each accompanied by her daughter, bought some cloth at the same shop. Each of the ten paid as many farthings per foot of material as she bought feet, and every mother spent  $8/5\frac{1}{4}$ d. more than her daughter.

Mrs. Robinson spent 6/- more than Mrs. Evans, who spent about one quarter as much as Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Smith spent most of all.

Mrs. Brown bought 21 yards of cloth more than Bessie — one of the girls. Annie bought 16 yards more than Mary and spent £3 0s. 8d. more than Emily.

The Christian name of the other girl was Ada. What was her surname?

I. HIRD, L.V.a

## Vlth Form Visit to Stratford

"Is it on?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"No, it's too foggy."

"It must be on."

"Yes, of course it is, what do you mean?"

Anyway it was on, and at 09.15 hours on Wednesday, 11th of November, the assault on Stratford began. Mr. Bellis' car and Mr. Kremer's van split up until we arrived at the last service station along the M.6. From here on the attack was to be a combined effort, the two troop carriers travelling in convoy with Mr. Kremer leading. We were told the object was a combined show of force to set all Bardland quaking, although it was rumoured that the real reason was that Mr. Bellis didn't know the way. The remainder of the journey was uneventful except for losing our rearguard once or twice, but it always managed to catch up.

In this way we made our triumphal entry into the town. We thought the welcome seemed a little strained and the passers-by didn't cheer quite as loud as we thought they could, and then we noticed them . . . hordes upon hordes of schoolgirls; Stratford was already captured! However, in spite of this the party seemed to hide its disappointment quite well and even managed a few cheers. The play we had come to see was "Richard II". It was very enjoyable and extremely well-produced, but we did miss the ice-cream girls in the break.

After the play, we had an hour "to kill" during which some of the party went into "Judith Shakespeare's Olde Tea Shoppe" for a Wimpey while others found different sources of amusement. The only thing which marked the return journey was the fact that due to the budget the price of petrol had gone up 6d. per gallon during our free hour, which did not seem to amuse Mr. Bellis' or Mr. Kremer's pockets and empty petrol tanks.

We arrived home not having conquered Stratford but having enjoyed the day very much. Thanks go to Mr. Bellis and Mr. Kremer for arranging this entertaining and instructive day.

T. CARTMELL, L.M.VI.

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## Geographical Field Trip to Austwick

Towards the end of the 1964 summer holidays a stalwart band of four masters and twenty-four boys assembled at the Traddock Guest House, Austwick, to follow the advice of an eminent Geography lecturer — J. Fairgrieve, and to "learn Geography through the soles of one's feet," which was duly fulfilled in pouring rain!

The purpose of the expedition was primarily to study the outstanding physical features of the Austwick area, in North

Yorkshire. The daily routine included walking and note-taking, sketching and fossil-hunting, and, what was perhaps most popular, cross-examining the local inhabitants. In the evening, the day's work was summarised, followed by copying up notes and then "various" diversions.

Numbered among our achievements were the ascent of Ingleborough, the investigation of Ingleborough Cave, and town surveys of the various surrounding settlements.

On behalf of all the "field-trippers," I would like to thank Mr. Knowles especially for his efficient management and instruction, to Mr. Verity for his geological instruction and Mr. Bellis for his effective morale-boosting!

It is hoped that further expeditions into the unknown will ensue, and that they will be as successful and enjoyable as this particular one.

M. J. BARNES, L.M.VI.

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## Anzio Camp, 1964

After the joyous event of the ending of the school year, and with the prospect of two whole months of glorious holiday before us, we set off on our first day of freedom for the C.C.F. Annual Summer Camp at Anzio, near Leek. We arrived after a journey lasting about one and a half hours.

The U.IV's, as we were then, were split up into two billets, with the L.V's occupying a third one. Upon examining the beds in our billet we soon discovered that if their legs were carefully placed at an angle of 45 degrees to the floor, an amusing scene would follow when someone sat on one, for the bed would collapse with a satisfying bump, taking the unfortunate recipient with it.

The weather for the first day was poor and the bad weather persisted intermittently throughout the whole week. This tended to make the moors rather wet and bog-like, not at all pleasant when we were ordered to get down in it for the purposes of camouflage. However, we all enjoyed several different types of exercises such as "Compass Bearings" and "Section in the Attack". The latter was where we attacked an imaginary enemy position with blank ammunition (not as imaginary as all that for there were usually one or two N.C.O.'s or L.V's firing blanks back at us!) There was also the less enjoyable exercise each morning, called "Getting The Billets Ready for Inspection," for which we were allotted points out of ten by Mr. Kremer.

On 17th July we were split up into groups of 3-4 boys, and were taken to various "dropping-off zones" where each group was given compasses, maps and a list of instructions telling us what route we were supposed to take and also asking us several questions, such as "For what could you be fined £5 at map reference . . . ?" We all completed the course eventually, or were picked up by the two army lorries driven by Mr. McKerrow and Mr. Butterworth whilst still plodding doggedly on.

We also spent one night under canvass, sleeping on the ground in sleeping bags, which was great fun. During this period we cooked our own breakfast and surprisingly we lived, for the results of our culinary endeavours were not a very appetizing sight.

Each night at about 7 o'clock we went to the Officers' Mess where, by kind permission of the Officers, we were allowed to use the dart and chess boards or watch television. We even had the use of a small bar where we could purchase "cokes" or ginger beers from the able bartenders, Howie and Bert.

All in all it was a very enjoyable and interesting week and we were all sad when the end came. But I am sure we will look forward to the next camp with immense anticipation, and our thanks go to all the officers for giving us this opportunity.

G. A. IRVING, LVa.

## UIVA and UIVB Field Day

The day had come, Thursday, 29th October, 1964. Everybody had looked forward to it and now we were about to go on our first C.C.F. Field Day.

It was about 0915 hours when the two coaches left K.G.S. We were heading for Whitewell in Yorkshire where the Field Day was to be held. After a short time travelling, we came across Mr. Reay who was to take us on the Field Day exercises. We checked on our route and then pressed on to our destination, a lonely village amongst the fells. It was not long after meeting Mr. Reay that we arrived outside a graveyard at Whitewell.

We dressed into our denims on the coach and then collected in groups of six. The B form gathered on the other side of the road. After getting organised it was decided that Mr. Reay and S. Cartmell should look after the map reading and Mr. Day and P. J. Lambert should attend to the assault course and camouflage exercises. Firstly, the A form went out map-reading whilst the B form went on the camouflage and assault courses.

The map-reading was done by looking for clues set in tins around the circuit. Each tin contained the grid-reference of the next place to walk to and also questions were asked. After having dinner the forms changed round and began their exercises.

The assault course was found quite hard by most people. It consisted mainly of running and jumping through dense undergrowth in a small valley. The next course after the assault course was a camouflage exercise. The object was to creep up behind the N.C.O.'s whilst they had their backs turned away from you. After this there was a similar exercise in the forest near at hand. To finish up with, we had to crawl through foliage and undergrowth and spot some hidden objects. If the person who was near the object spotted you, you had to go back ten yards and try again.

The N.C.O.'s finished the day off by running round the assault course . . . very slowly, and with great difficulty.

R. E. PIGOTT, U.IV.A.



## Student Christian Movement

On Friday, November 27th, 23 of the most serious-minded element of the VIth Form travelled to an S.C.M. (Student Christian Movement) Conference organised by the Park School. We were to ruminate on the problems of "The Church and the Arts Today." We convened at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church at Leyland near Penwortham; a building of contemporary design which has justly attracted much praise for its architecture and the artistic creations within.

Most of the students were, like your correspondent, laymen, with little technical knowledge of modern architecture or ecclesiastical art. Nevertheless, I think I speak for most of us when I say that we found the church both interesting and stimulating. The church was circular in form and, though apparently small, seated no less than 2,000 people, all of whom can participate equally cheerfully in the service since the altar is in the centre. Most of us admired a vividly coloured tapestry above the altar in a side chapel.

The speakers on the whole were excellent. The Rev. B. Fitzsimons gave us an inspired account of the ideas behind the church and a brief history of its construction, whilst Mr. R. McGhie, the artist responsible for the candelabra and other ornaments explained lucidly the function and aims of the artist in contemporary church design.

At the Park School, our charming hosts entertained us to tea. We were most disappointed that Mr. Pace, the principal speaker had only time to show us a selection of well chosen and interesting slides which illustrated amply contemporary themes in ecclesiastical architecture.

The Discussion Groups were characterised by much thought on the many and varied subjects relevant to "The Church and the Arts Today". Most people were of the opinion that the discussions were stimulating and that time allotted to them was far too short.

The Questions and Answers which followed were again given insufficient time. Nevertheless, all of us enjoyed the experience of asking expert opinions and receiving expert answers. We all enjoyed Mr. Dooley's retort to an ill-founded charge of "gimmickry" but some of the more responsible of our company considered the legitimacy or otherwise of making sacred statues a vehicle for a personal radical socialism.

The Conference ended, however, on a highly successful note. Our thanks go out to all the organisers and speakers — most of all to Miss Shanks and her lovely girls — for providing us with a profitable afternoon's entertainment.

D. R. Knowles.

## Le Medecin Malgre Lui

A handful of boys surrounded by hundreds of excited chattering girls. Things began to happen. The lights flickered dimmed, and went out. The room was plunged into darkness, a deadly hush fell on the assembly, and suddenly — the curtain went up on two French plays at the Winter Gardens, Blackpool.

The first was "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," by Molière. Of course, chacun à son goût, this was a tour de force, par excellence, a true pièce de resistance, one having much aplomb in the capability of the actors — if you take my meaning.

The actors in this company insist on speaking at full speed, which made understanding difficult, especially with the audience making unnecessary noise: by the time one point had sunk in, the actors were talking about something else.

Acting was good; but in the end, one paid more attention to the acting than the words. The jokes in this play were rather typical of French humour — a little "corny" at the best of times.

The second play was more interesting — "L'Anglais Tel Qu'on Le Parle," by Tristan Bernard. It was much easier to understand, and the jokes were funnier — the whole thing was rather like a Whitehall farce.

A young, eloping couple book in at a hotel; and so does the girl's English father, unknown to the others. The hotel interpreter, however, speaks no English, and so whenever he is addressed, he replies in terms of "Yes, yes, yes; no; Manchester, Regent Street, Oxford Square" — or words to that effect.

The play was rather spoilt, however, by the "Englishman's" French accent — it was not easy to tell which language was being spoken.

After many amusing situations, all lived happily ever after.

The trip was a definite success, and it was a pleasant way of spending an afternoon for the half-dozen boys who went (Another party from K.G.S. saw another play by the same company at King Edward's, Lytham, on the previous night).

A. P. JACKSON.

# Henry IV.—Part 1

## at the EVERYMAN THEATRE, LIVERPOOL

Because this play was set for this year's English Literature exam., Mr. Kremer arranged the trip for the UVs, on the 23rd October.

The play was produced on a "Shakespearian" type stage, with a minimum of scenery, and no curtains; the stage was split into two levels, for extra effect.

The production was very good indeed, fast-moving and very amusing throughout. Falstaff, in particular, merited special praise for his acting; but it was noted by those who were not too taken up in watching the girls of Winckley Square Convent, that some rather important lines were omitted — lines which would have changed the audience's view of the character considerably.

Prince Hal, Hotspur, and King Henry, unfortunately, were rather weak at times. The latter sometimes gabbled, and moved too rapidly for an old man; Hotspur was (unsuccessfully) trying either to put on a Northumbrian accent, or disguise a Liverpudlian accent (or both); and the Prince's way of saying some of his lines sounded like the first rehearsal of a K.G.S. production.

The King, however, deserved praise for his quick thinking at one point, where his cloak caught on a modernistic piece of "war-sculpture" — he flung it off as if it were intentional.

One of the inn scenes was very realistic — too much so, in fact, for the audience was distracted by the number of people doing a number of different things at the same time.

The fight scenes were most impressive; Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt drew cheers from the audience with their energetic axe-swinging; and very realistic was the way in which Hotspur coughed up blood( which landed with a delicious "splat" on the stage) after his fight with Hal.

Poins and Glendower, too, acted well; and Hotspur's (voluptuous) wife came in for a distinct "ah!" from the audience (not from us; we were far too well behaved, as ever) on her first appearance. Some of the audience also helped out by banging and clapping in time with the war-drums in the background, while some derived pleasure from "sticking stare" on those actors who looked up during soliloquies (Alas not us).

Needless to say, a good time was had by all.

A. P. JACKSON.

## Beatnik's Lament

This is the tale of Beatnik Bob  
Who since he could not find a job  
Started to tramp from town to town  
To try to win himself renown.

He didn't shave or wash his face  
And made himself a real disgrace  
For though he really was quite fair  
No-one could see his face for hair.

Now one day to get out of the hail  
Bob went to a cattle sale  
Then when he found an empty stall  
He fell asleep against the wall

When he woke up he felt a fool  
A farmer'd thought he was a bull  
And with another eight or nine  
Was shipping him to Argentine.

He bumped into a horned rival  
Who thought he'd end poor Bob's survival  
And with a snort and wicked sneer  
Stuck his horns into Bob's rear.

The Beatnik took off like a jet  
And on a mountain in Tibet  
He landed cushioned by his hair  
Outside the Abominable Snowman's lair.

While Bob was pondering his fate  
The Yeti thinking him his mate  
Came out but only to discover  
The hairy heap was not his lover.

In a rage he hurled our friend  
Over the edge to meet his end  
He hit his head against a stone  
And cracked that block of solid bone.

Some peasants found him lying there  
And promptly cut off all his hair  
Then weaved it all to make a tent  
And bought a telly with the rent.

The moral of this is as clear  
As the teacher's home brewed beer  
The lesson of this tale of sorrow  
Is hair today and gone tomorrow.

J. McCOLM, LVB.

## Distraction

Three Six Formers — who, perhaps, ought to remain nameless — were recently partaking of the pleasures of a cross-country run, during their regular Friday Morning Gymnastics lesson. It was a warm November morning and presently they stopped running and began to argue the merits of various social pastimes. It turned out that two of them, both 3rd year Sixth Formers, and therefore old-timers so far as recreation is concerned, were vigorously in support of Monopoly, whilst the other earnestly decried this admirable indulgence and in its place proposed a new game — Formula One.

He was at a slight advantage in that the other two were not familiar with this new-fangled thing, and he therefore proceeded to expound its virtues. It was a game concerning motor-racing, he said, in which no dice was thrown, but the players could choose for themselves how many places they moved their counter on the board. Surely, the poor fellow argued, this amusement required considerable insight and initiative and was therefore more intellectual and more enjoyable to the educated. (By this time the three runners had abandoned their normal run, and were strolling, deep in conversation, "round the wood")

The two more experienced brethren did not permit the other to remain under this misguided impression for long, however, as they vehemently asserted that Monopoly was superior even to this. Surely the fact that a dice was thrown meant that there was an element of chance! And, coupled with this, there was the fact that as a result of the throw, a situation — fortunate or otherwise, but not of the player's own choosing — was forced onto the participant, from which he had to emerge victorious by sheer skill, and dexterous use of his wits. The subtle art of economics was clearly involved — away with the oiliness, dirt and grease of the race track, and the accompanying Wheels of Fortune!

At this point, the unfortunate young Sixth Former was silenced, for the School came into view, and all three endeavoured to assume strained expressions as they struggled gallantly up the field, past Mr. Worth and his rugby set, and into the changing rooms for a good, hot shower — and further argument.

P. J. LAMBERT.

## Foreign Immigrants

On September 2nd, 1963 whilst birding at Dungeness, Kent, I went with the Warden of the bird observatory round the traps. It was our third 'round' that day and the most successful day of my holiday there. Rain and low cloud the previous night, backed up by strong easterly winds, had caused a 'drift' of small immigrant birds from Scandinavia and eastern Europe to south east Britain. That morning we had caught three Marsh Warblers and two bluethroats — birds originating in Norway or Sweden. This particular drive of the traps was just in the hope that any birds already missed would be caught before they continued migration that night.

The first few traps were relatively uneventful. Willow and Hedge Warblers with a few Grasshopper and Reed Warblers were caught, ringed with a numbered ring and released. Some of these rings would be recovered somewhere — probably France, Spain or Morocco — and these recoveries would show how far the bird had flown, its age and how long it had taken to get to that place.

The next trap, a huge funnel-like structure made of wire netting and ending in a small catching box, was the vital one.

Bob saw it first, I then noticed it — a small warbler with yellow rump and wing patch, greenish-brown elsewhere but with silvery grey on the breast and belly, flitting from bush to bush before us. As it flew into the catching box, Bob shouted, — "We've got a Bonellis Warbler in there!"

An hour later, the bird was at the observatory, ringed and weighed. Its vital statistics were noted — extremely vital — and a full plumage description. That was a rarity, Britain's 15th Bonelli's Warbler.

That type of occasion is most memorable and exciting to the birdwatcher — finding a rarity. Since I took up birding in earnest five years ago, I have seen a very generous selection.

Surprisingly, one might say, my best area has been the Ribble estuary, with the marshes and sewage farms around Freckleton and Longton. In 1960, a large mass of birdy-watchers gazed for hours at a Buff-breasted Sandpiper from America. In 1963, Europe's eighth Baird's Sandpiper appeared, a White-rumped Sandpiper followed that week and the night of the K.G.S. Speech Day was accompanied by a Dowitcher. Last November, over half-term, I saw another two White-winged Sandpipers and a probable Western Sandpiper — second for Europe. All are American birds, breeding round Hudson Bay and wintering in Argentina.

The birds we watch come from all over the world. A Great Reed Warbler in 1963 was probably from Holland, whilst two shy and rare Ruddy Shelducks were from south Spain. A

Grey Phalarope in 1961 was from Iceland or Greenland and a Lesser White-fronted Goose from Siberia.

You will have noticed that I am a firm believer in the saying "A bird in the field is worth half a dozen in the cinema." I met three French birds on a small island off the I.O.M. last year with an American and the daughter of the Governor of that fair Isle — a little bewildering! I have met Spanish bird-birders; in Cheshire I identified another American who knew nothing about birds! Now, these birds are quite easy to catch (N.B. I do not speak from personal experience!) Friends inform me that nets are a good way, ending in a shot gun. "Get the bird on a remote Welsh island" — they say, but invariably there are at least a dozen eager birdy-men there already. Use snares — chat them up simply by calling in their native tongue — "Tweet tweet."

These have all worked and may I offer you my best wishes for a good birdy time with our Foreign Immigrants.

For me, I don't mind les oiseaux étranges et avec les plumes, but I do prefer English birds — they speak the language.

M. E. Greenhalgh

## Extract from the Man with the Green Lip

His hands were like two bunches of ivory, sinewy and boney. He was the complete picture of abstract redundant criminology. All he was fit for were children's piggy banks and Doctor Barnardo's boxes.

He buried his head in his pocket and clasped his naked neck with his thumbs. A large crocodile tear rolled down his face and trickled through a hole in his pocket, forming a pool of grit and slime on the floor, which slowly grew into a river as he wept uncontrollably. It was a pitiable sight, dear reader, one calculated to melt even the hardest heart. He was desperately in need of sustenance and friendship.

He had never known his father and after his mother died he was left with the funeral bill, her remains in a copper tankard and an old photograph of an educated uncle who had emigrated. "Ned, dear Ned," his mother had said on her death-bed, "I will be gone soon, son, and you will have to make your own meals. Always remember to wash up straight after you've eaten because if you don't pin mould and mica will dominate your meals and eventually your life. Don't forget liver takes at least twenty minutes and tastes better with a lid on. Also, have a good wash every four days and never forget what I ought to have taught you."

And with that she shrivelled up and died.

So there he was, with nothing. He lay on his back for a few minutes and looked pensively at the clouds. He yawned philosophically and thought about the universe. But still nothing happened.

So he got up. But when he was up he thought: why stand when you can sit? So he sat. Then he thought: why sit when you can lie? So he lied. He thought again, because it was that time of the year. Why lie with your eyes open when closing them is but a simple motion? So, motioning, he closed them, and went to sleep.

When he woke up he noticed it had been raining and also that he was floating northwards down stream. 'I wonder how far this caper goes on for,' he sang to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. It wasn't long, in fact. Two or three rocks later he hit some rapids then he hit a waterfall and then a piece of brick hit him. After that he nonchalantly floated round the Persian Gulf. How on earth did he get there?

P. A. Richards, U.ModVI.

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## Who Needs Journalists?

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things; of sailing ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings". So the Walrus gathered in all his sheets of foolscap, neatly punched a small circle in each, and sent them off to Fred who, as it happened, was considering—with some doubt, I might add—the implication of sealing-wax with cabbages.

"Any good stories about when our public conveniences were founded?" he asked the tea-boy who was also deep in thought, wondering how many sugar lumps the Walrus had in his tea (coffee was still considered too un-Conservative).

"One-out-side-the-Town-Hall," stammered the youth, quite overwhelmed at being asked any sort of question, "Been-there-since-my-old-Dad-came-here-thirty-seven-years-ago".

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Fred, slowly rising from his leather seat, now quite worn by generations of Freds before him, "then we'll have an anniversary; nothing like anniversaries for filling up empty spaces here and there, besides which the peasants revel in them."

Meanwhile one could have heard in the background the low humming noise of the inhuman teleprinters as they fed-in the local scandal in the form of Births, Deaths and Marriages.

"Tell you what," said Walrus, "I think we ought to substitute our insignia for some sort of blue badge, red's rather rebellious you know; has leaning towards the **other** Party." (Notices plastered around the room stated that the word was



strictly forbidden on pain of having your tongue cut out). "After all," he continued, "can't have the peasants thinking we're changing our colours, what?" The joke went down well among the corpses neatly arrayed in an almost life-like manner behind the polished desks of the now dusty room — it had to.

"Speaking of jokes," the Walrus continued, "how's our monger getting on? That's all the Peasants buy the thing for you know, see what the Sunbeam has to say. Must say, can't blame them, poor devils."

A tray of aged prints was brought out from a darkened corner of the room and the Walrus having thumbed through them all and picked out two or three that he had not used for three days, decided drastically that a change was required. So he sent out one of his faceless band to see if he could find something of interest, such as a Speech Day ceremony, or take an unrehearsed picture of one of the local Council shaking hands with some of the wretches who seem to spend most of their time in what can only be called club-houses.

While they were gloating over the local entries for the Girl-of-the-Year contest for 1965 (last year's having finished the week before) the telephone rang on the Walrus's desk. The call was from Driednuk, a well known village in the Eastern Himalayas. Apparently a local missionary had been trampled on by a herd of stampeding oxen, being driven by one of the peasants. Fortunately however, the poor fellow had recovered in time for Evensong and had had enough strength to sacrifice the peasant. The blinds were immediately half-drawn because in those days people still believed that to be trampled on by oxen was a sure sign of death, within seventy years, for the unfortunate's sister-in-law's grandmother.

"Splendid stuff. Front page news," said the Walrus, and told the tea-boy to tell the doorman when he had his tea to tell one of the canteen staff to tell the layout man, when she saw him, to change the front page.

"Anything funny happen on the piers last night, Wilfred?"

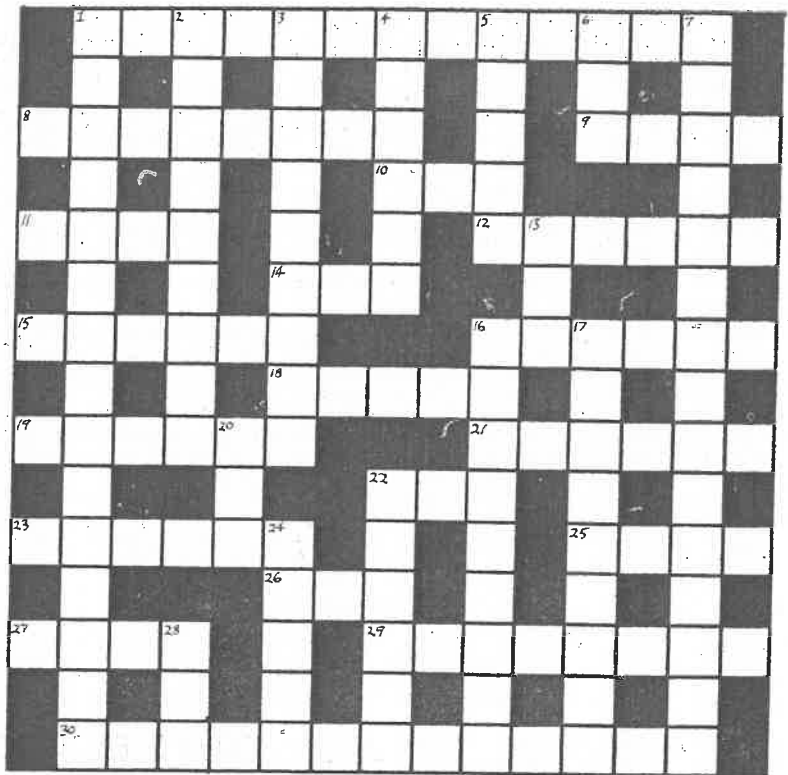
"Hmmm," responded Wilfred rather sharply considering the time of day, "being cynical again. One day the Walrus will hear you and throw you out among the peasants."

"Oh no he won't" replied Fred, "because you see . . ."

But before Fred could continue, a blind unhooked itself and banged as it furled neatly round its wooden roller.

"My!" exclaimed Wilfred "thought that was the end of the Evening G——— for a minute."

I wish it was that easy.



Compiled by T. M. Smith and J. P. Ballard

#### CLUES ACROSS

1. Evening meal for cowards? (7, 6)
8. The results of Nan's test indicating a hive of underground activity. (4, 4)
9. Hit on the head to drive the point home. (4)
10. Anger arising from tiredness. (3)
11. Cereal to be obtained from the barn. (4)
12. On your head be it! (6)
14. Imitate the action of an animal. (3)
15. When after blue, could be going up in the world. (6)
16. Scattered about. (6)
17. Consumed school? (5)
19. Makes a change in formal terseness. (6)
21. A particle follows a reconstructed container and gives you the choice. (6)
22. Keeps a watch out? On the contrary. (3)
23. A tin is misplaced in the steamship, and leaves dirty marks. (6)
25. Gas from a Parisienne onion proving useful in the advertising business. (4)
26. That woman from Rotherham. (3)
27. Disorderly retreat. (4)
29. One thousand million! (8)
30. Spruced up for the Season? (6, 7)

#### CLUES DOWN

1. They usually come after a success. (15)
2. Deceitful in Wisconsin since Revolutionary days. (9)
3. Souvenirs. (9)
4. Observe water as liquid. (6)
5. Suet pud leaves the town and is spilled. (5)
6. Associated with his nibs. (3)
7. Spectrally hued. (7, 8)
13. A carrot without transport is nonsense! (3)
16. The importance, to some, of social rank? (4, 5)
17. Forget the United Nations initially, but keep the memory of the reunion around the shelter. (9)
20. Hasten to reform the shattered urn. (3)
22. Pertaining to ants. (6)
24. Fleeced, in English or Norwegian? (5)
28. Dark, viscous mixture, Jack. (3)

Solution to Crossword on page 587

## On Travelling in Buses

There is a place waiting for us, whether it be up above or down below. We must all eventually occupy this place and undergo a journey, a journey into the future, a journey which may be uncomfortable. Some people look forward to it, whilst others dread the thought of it, but all must endure it in the end. It may carry some into the promised land. It will return many as rejects. But there can be no escaping from it, the place is waiting and the journey must be undertaken. So believing, I boarded the double-decker 'bus.

The art of travelling in 'buses can only be cultivated after years of experience and after many embarrassing moments. But the novelty of travelling has degenerated into an object of indifference and has become a prey for man's rationalism. Nowhere can the coldness, the regularity, the computation of man be better seen than on a double-decker bus. No more the childish delight of hogging the front seat; no longer the puzzle of the conductor's magic box; never again the fascination of the tinkling bell and with the passing of fancies goes the enjoyment of travelling.

I loathe the average traveller seeking means to get from A to B and nothing else. I delight in watching the children with their noses glued to the windows. But one does not need to be a child to derive pleasure from a 'bus journey. For there are pleasures, even if they be more artificial, to be derived from the other extreme. The novelty has been rationalised and to share in the pleasures remaining one must be a master of the rational code of the 'buses.

Many decisions must be quickly made as soon as the passenger boards the 'bus, none the least being that of whether to go up or down. Information must be quickly fed into the mind concerning the length of the journey to be made, the availability of seats, the character of the occupants of the other seats (the eternal problem between juvenile delinquency on the top deck and maternal gossiping on the lower deck). Only a true 'bus expert can analyse these factors swiftly and arrive at a satisfactory answer. For the novice the foot of the stairs can represent a nightmare, and once committed there is no changing of one's mind. An Englishman would never dream of an 180° turn in the open street, but in the 'buses the thought of even a 90° turn makes him shudder — the pressure on the individual is thus doubled.

The essence of 'bus travelling is the art of remaining inconspicuous. Passengers have little else to do but stare at boarders and alighters. But this audience must not be pleased by the

actors, it must be ignored. In my years of apprenticeship before I was acknowledged as a true B.A. (a 'bus authority), I suffered many embarrassing moments.

I learnt the folly of sitting on the side seats downstairs. There one is unable to rest one's eyes on scarves, pimples on necks, dandruff on collars, or raindrops on windows, but must engage in an exhausting game of hide-and-seek with the eyes of the people opposite. Also one is conscious of one's legs! They cannot be hidden in the dark confines of the seat in front but must be exhibited to the person opposite! In some cases there may be sensual consolations for the beholder (one of the exceptions to the rational code, as such like things always are). But to have to plant the feet squarely onto the floor, with no chance to cross one's legs, and in constant shame of the state of the shoes or the quality of the socks — such is the intense discomfort of the novice traveller. Compared with the lower deck, the upper deck is residential paradise, but luxury can be attained only after great personal effort — the effort expended in climbing the tortuous spiral staircase.

Why not a lift, a straight staircase, a fireman's pole, or even a rope? Not, it had to be narrow, winding and grossly inconvenient, and why? Do not be deceived by the economics of the matter, it was not made narrow and spiral to allow for more room. The 'bus companies are far more cunning than that. The attractions of the upper deck must be offset by the problem of the staircase, or else the 'bus would become top heavy. Furthermore once you have reached the top deck then you are trapped. To attempt to come down a spiral staircase when the bus is in motion is courting disaster. This moving physical obstacle is the 'bus companies' answer to the motor car. Passengers who get on 'buses must not be allowed to get off! But it can and must be overcome. Man must never falter in face of obstacles (women find it more difficult). Yet only the true 'bus authority can match his wits against this devilish cunning. The tilt of the 'bus, its speed, the slipperiness of the steps, the location of the hand-holds — all these must be calculated and memorised before the descent can be attempted. The reward for a well-manoeuvred descent is to see the smirk wiped off the face of the conductor and to have the doors reluctantly opened. For the novices alightment presents insuperable problems, but even better than in the fun house, comical relief is provided for the conductor and the occupants of the appropriate seats downstairs. Even the most rational of travellers must engage in some frivolity to relieve the boredom of the journey, and so I sometimes try to occupy these particular seats.

Perhaps it is just vanity and an aloofness that I am not like other travellers which prompt me, in moments of levity, to partake of this spectacle. Usually I am aroused from my drowsi-

ness by the thuds of a suitcase or shopping bag bumping down the stairs. Hello! somebody is trying to make it. Two legs gingerly jerk forward with tentative prods, as if the stairs were about to cave in. Arms like grappling hooks seek the slightest support. Then suddenly the 'bus turns a corner and the comedy really begins. The legs splay out and seem to swing in mid-air, and the arms grope not for support but for salvation. At this compromising stage a smile crosses my face, little does he know that there is worse to follow. The 'bus comes to a jolting halt. The whole body is hurled forward against the steel panels and ricochets downwards onto the bottom step. Oh the irrational steps that some people take! Then just as the descent seems to have been achieved the driver pulls his lever and the doors clamp together with a scornful hiss. The embarrassment of the situation for the unfortunate passenger is complete.

Protected by this cold facade, fashioned after years of experience and seemingly incapable of penetration, I remain apart from the human fumbblings of my fellow passengers. But I was becoming too confident in my mastery of 'bus technique, and slackness was setting in. An artificial high level can only be maintained by constant application of the rational code, and if this is momentarily neglected then great will be the fall. The artificial superstructure will crumble and the inadequate interior will be glaringly exposed. So it was on that Friday night that I met my downfall.

I should have been aware of the gamble I was taking by choosing the lower deck when the 'bus was nearly full. I was not so neglectful that I did not realise the danger of my situation and as the next 'bus-stop approached I began to pray. But it was of no avail. The seats of the lower deck were fully occupied — there was no room upstairs — an old lady got on the 'bus. Even rationalism must at times give way to humaneness. So putting on a brave face I accepted defeat and surrendered my seat. It was only when I stood up that I realised the full implications of my lapse of concentration. I was the only person standing downstairs — the greatest horror that a 'bus traveller can possibly encounter was now being enacted. To lose one's seat, to fall downstairs, to miss one's stop — these are minor reversals, but to stand amongst the seated is nothing less than a catastrophe.

I felt like a tailor's dummy on show to all and sundry. I took hold of the bar to balance myself, but remembering a picture I had once seen of an ape swinging from a tree, I soon let go. I was drilled with glances, each one inching further into me and eating away at the facade. One grin from the old lady as she pointed out my turned-up collar was the final blow. I felt naked in front of their stares, they could see right through me, and once the outside was broken down there was nothing inside to prevent total destruction. Only a strong character

could have withstood that ruthless interrogation. What better opportunity to give a rousing speech to the assembled throng or to sit down in the gangway on one's briefcase! But no! — the rational code must prevail to the end. I resigned myself to this emptiness and was seriously tempted to alight while the 'bus was in motion and to bang one's head on leaving. Oh for a communication cord!

The house of cards which had held the tricks of every game was foiled by the appearance of one unexpected joker which was able to ridicule the house. And the house had no foundation and so it crumbled. But the 'bus authority must never accept defeat, and after a suitable period of mourning, wherein I took to my bicycle, I resumed my travels, and began to fashion a new code. Nevertheless that incident forever remained in my mind.

Just imagine a 'bus with no sides on. Instead of the advertisements for football pools, twelve pairs of legs, and downstairs another series of legs! The pleasures of 'bus travelling have been removed and replaced by a coldness and diffidence which may be unattractive but out of which humour and embarrassment can be created. A 'bus is not just a 'bus. Throughout the country a compressed version of life, with all its selfishness, humaneness and above all reason, is on view. The message is being carried to and fro across the land. Go out and buy it, fivepence halfpenny single, tenpence return.

S. Cartmell.

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## Letter from Three Old Boys

The University of Durham.

December 1964.

Dear Editor,

Er . . . it seems as if all that Durham students worry about is music, (notably of the jazzy type) girls and drink. However, a little work is done by some people, in fact we are just like any other students. Arts' first year people do not seem to be required to do as much work as the scientists — it is, in fact, much as the individual makes it. Mr. Coates' operative phrase "read more" is even more important here than at K.G.S. To quote one lecturer "... read a book a week and a paper a day . . ."

Similarly social life is what you make of it, with society meetings, talks, parties, films or dances most evenings — obviously one has got to draw the line somewhere. Though Durham itself is not well endowed with cinemas, the University Film Society manages to obtain some very good films. Also, a number of dramatic productions furnish further fields of entertainment; Tony "starred" (he's done it again!) in the Grey

College production of "Chips With Everything" (sounds of dissent from Dave of University College).

Apart from sport, College rivalry does not seem to figure as much in university life as some members of the K.G.S. staff would have led us to believe. Despite the training on the fields of K.G.S. soccer seems more popular than rugby. However, Dave, fed up with the isolation of the K.G.S. 1st XV wing (hard luck, Stan!), has broken with all tradition and taken up rowing!

All three of us are in the Geography Department which is one of the largest in the country. One aspect of the course, new to us, but to few other people, is the practical class involving elementary surveying and map projections. St. Mary's College (Women) has been well and truly surveyed from all angles and approaches!

Having exchanged a Welshman teaching us English for an Irishman teaching us physical and human geography we are quite at home in the cosmopolitan atmosphere. A number of the lecturers fall far short of the expectations of the students and, as there is no check on attendance, some are now addressing depleted classes.

Life at Durham is governed by personal discipline and can prove interesting and enjoyable to all who wish to make it so.

Yours,

Peter Dawson,

Dave Myers,

Tony Howells (you'd never recognise him).

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## Deutschland Und Schweiz

To recall is to become restless. A desire is sparked to head towards the seas and thence, who knows.

I remember mid-July 1964, the time of the departure from Kirkham . . . . .

London is the first target. Tomorrow night the German Student Travel Service train will leave Victoria Station and the next morning — Germany. Vehicles roll by along the road and lifts are given by some to two travellers. Upon their backs rest bulky rucksacks; upon these, British Flags. From Birmingham and by fortunate coincidence, a dashing Deputy Head, bound for the Roman provinces drives them to the grassland skirting the capital. The sun, a crimson orb sinks slowly over the western horizon as the tent is pitched a mere stone's throw from Mr. W. H. Kennedy's old school.

Morning, at the roadside 15 minute thumbing at traffic, yields a ride from the Earl of Arran who informs the pair that the Germans are a wicked race.

"Pretend to be like us, but they're not you know. Don't let them pull the wool over your eyes: At this very moment they are buying up land on the Eastern coast of Ireland, a potential striking position at our western flank."

A short guided tour around the London suburbs and an invitation to ask for Arran at the Lords any time our travellers are in the vicinity again, concludes the acquaintance.

Evening, announcements are heard in English and German and the train is soon full of students of both nationalities. A German in uniform with an armband indicating that he is the 'reiseleiter' or journey leader passes among them to ensure that their tickets for the especially-cheap journey are in order. At one o'clock the boat sails from Dover to Ostend. The salt is sizzling below; a strong breeze is howling along the deck. Leaning on the rail and looking into the blackness the wanderers make the most of an experience not available on terra firma at Kirkham.

Dawn, rattling through the sleeping Belgium the train approaches 'Deutschland'. As the express leaves Aachen, two Englishmen make their way from the station and to the nearest food.

"Coffee and Sandwiches, how much each? Vier Mark?" About seven shillings — they will not eat at a 'Vaterland' Cafe again. Tired after the journey they walk to a 'Campingplatz', and go to sleep in the tent. The sun is very hot.

The next morning Aachen is cursed — three hours and no lift. This left-handed thumbing feels awkward. Eventually the pretty Eifel region is reached, rolling hills, fresh waterfalls and abundant trees, ideal country for walking and that is what is done for most of the day.

"Look at that car taking the corner wide; it's right across the wrong side of the road," and then one realises that the car is on the correct side.

Throughout the next few days there is no break in the weather; the heat of the sun beats relentlessly down upon the lads from the North of England. The vast, modern Youth Hostel at Trier tells them that the Eifel is behind them. Press on south towards the Black Forest.

The heat is almost unbearable, butter has melted in rucksack, as a Volkswagen van draws to a halt. Three men from the north, they speak no English.

'Warm, nein?' one remarks as the Englishmen climb in. By this time our friends have gathered that apart from the formality of turning the steering wheel, a German driver ignores the existence of corners. Night sees a camp on the banks of the Rhine west of Karlsruhe. Here the insects take advantage of the warmth and the damp.



'Fliegen?' ask the Germans.

'Ja, fliegen!' is the reply.

The verdant magnificence of the Schwarzwald is soon to be seen. Mountain tops, which would in England be bleak and bare, are covered with the evergreen foliage of fir trees. And nearer to Switzerland the temperature soars.

A few days later at the St. George Campingplatz Freiburg the storm comes. The tent which has been criticised because of its weight is now thanked as a lifesaver, being penetrated by water in only two small places, standing up to the rain driven by the gale. Aided by two fellow Englishmen bound for Geneva, the rambles reach Basel and thence to Berne. A storm from over the Alps appears imminent and evening sees a Youth Hostel full of Italians and lots of unpalatable 'Iti' food. The Bernese Oberland is approached with great interest and enjoyment.

Once more the sky is clear as glass, blue as the travellers view the mighty Jungfrau and the killer Eiger from the village of Interlaken. Look towards the lake. 'I have never seen water look so green'. Beyond that are the mountains; look in awe at the glistening grandeur of the Alps. The sun sets over the lake; tents are dark.

Soon the boys are heading north again. Walking, not thumbing, as a huge American car screeches to a standstill in front of them.

"We're goin' to Heidelberg. You comin' along?"

Two hundred miles along the autoban at 90 m.p.h., the difficulty is seen of having only two lanes unlike the three lane carriageways of our own Motorways. A German car decides to overtake, misjudging the speed of the American approaching from behind. The American must slow down abruptly to 65 m.p.h. as both lanes are blocked.

Speeding back home, a monetary crisis forseen, rising at 5.0 a.m. — such is the programme. However, a halt at Bonn is extremely rewarding. Upon the banks of the Rhine stands the mighty edifice which houses the German Parliament, the 'Deutsches Bundeshaus', and a visit is paid to the building in which Beethoven was born (0.5 D.M. for students). This time Belgium is traversed by the more difficult method, an overnight stop being made at Brussels.

To the boat and to the sea, now becalmed and to the grey cliffs of Dover enshrouded in mist they came.

Christopher J. Gardner,

1957-1964.

**Profile No. 17**  
**J. K. PLATT, B.A.**  
**(1920—1929)**



J. K. Platt first arrived at K.G.S. in September, 1920 as a mere 9 year old. His parents were in India, where his father served in the Army, and, because of this, Mr. and Mrs. Strange took him into School House, to be the youngest boy in the school — "I suppose I was a bit spoilt in my first year!" he reflects, remembering with affection those days in his early youth. He recalls being kept in the IIIrd form for two years, much to his disappointment as, even then, he was at the top of his form.

J. K. Platt was an exceptional sportsman. After the change over from soccer he became a keen rugby player, both at school, where he played scrum-half for the 1st XV, and in later life. Indeed many of his recollections are associated with the sport of the school. At the age of 13 he ran in the Inter-House Cross Country Race and it was during his stay at Kirkham that school swimming began.

He was Captain of the School House for 3 years in succession and captained the School in his last year. In 1929 he departed from Kirkham and was articled to a solicitor for 4 years, after which he began to practise in Manchester. With a twinkle in his eye, he says he might have gone in for teaching had he known a little more about the pay! A year later he married and at this

stage he first began to wonder whether he ought to go into the church. He was advised to study for a degree and, in the meantime, to consider carefully his feelings. He duly attended Manchester School of Law and applied for the London University B.A. (Ext.).

The war intervened, however, and having been in the Territorials for some time, he volunteered for the army, and here begins perhaps the most exciting period of his life. He went to France with the R.A.S.C. 1st Division and was there until the Dunkirk episode. On the way home his ship was torpedoed — "but I was so tired, I never even heard it!" After a short spell in England Mr. Platt set out for North Africa with the 1st Army, and it was his company which took Pantellaria and then went on to capture Anzio. At the beginning of 1945, as a Major, he commanded a company of the 57th Division, and later he conducted the preparation of the overland leave route from Italy through Austria.

When, at length, he returned to Manchester, he successfully completed his degree course and decided then that he could best help people by continuing in his profession. For some time he lived in Southport, but today he may be found at 6 Starkie Street, Preston, where he has an office and is endeavouring to transfer his practice, completely, from Manchester.

His external interests are many and diverse. The Editor first met him over a table decked with foreign stamps and catalogues. He started this in the School House Stamp Collecting Club back in the 1920's and has always kept up his interest. He has been secretary of various Church Societies, has been a councillor, and is at this moment Treasurer to the North-Western Federation of Art Societies — his wife being a professional painter. He used to play rugby for several clubs and recounts how he and H. W. Montgomery played for Leyland Motors, Chorley, when the club had 5 rugby players and 35 who had never played before. The first match they lost 144 - 0.

In 1960 he was invited, through the Law Society, to a conference of The American Bar Association in the U.S.A. and he went, particularly because his eldest daughter, who had won a Fulbright Travelling Scholarship to Cornell University, had recently married over there. He took his wife and his other daughter and stayed for five weeks, visiting New York, Boston, Washington and Ithaca. He and the other guests were given a reception at the White House where President Eisenhower talked to him longer than any other guest and told him of a bet he had made with Churchill over the taking of Pantellaria! He returned from America having liked everything he had seen, and he remains today a kindly man who is altogether too modest about his achievements. K.G.S. has harboured many exceptional men over the years: J. K. Platt is probably one of the most likeable of them all.

# Friends of Kirkham Grammar School

*President:* REV. A. R. ALLEN, M.A.    *Chairman:* MRS. D. BENSON.  
*Secretary:* MR. A. R. ANDREWS.    *Treasurer:* MR. J. A. SCOTT.

In this, my maiden effort, priority mention must go to the election of Mr. W. S. Watkinson to the Board of Governors. This is personal recognition for Mr. Watkinson's efforts on behalf of School (he was first co-opted on to the Committee nearly ten years ago), and it is also tangible recognition of the worth of our Association's work. Furthermore, as a result, we now have the benefit of Mr. Watkinson's counsel in Committee again.

My predecessor, in his last report, mentioned some confusion over the 1964 Project, and this confusion turned out to be worse confounded. To be brief, it took the ultimate form of a 50% contribution towards a cine projector, plus the supply of a stand for same, some of us having viewed with great trepidation the support (or lack of it) provided for such expensive equipment at various School film shows.

Attendance at the Annual General Meeting was only a little above quorum level, which means that many people missed an inspiring address by our President on a subject which has since made news headlines, i.e., comprehensive schooling. (The Rev. Allen has since been seriously ill, and we all join in wishing him a speedy and complete recovery). Regrettably, also, there was no competition for places on the Committee, but more of that later.

Turning to social events, the sun refused to shine on our Garden Party, but at least the weather remained dry. One innovation was a "get-rid-of-frustration-by-smashing-crockery" stall run by Mr. and Mrs. Kremer, and it was quite a crowd-puller; it contributed to the above-average profit. The one disappointment of our 1964 programme was the moderate support given to our Annual Dinner-Dance — maybe the list of toasts should have included "Absent Friends". In spite of all, the evening went with a swing, and there was lively choreography on the part of some members of the School staff and their ladies. The popularity of our Whist and Dominoe Drives was proven again in November when we almost had a "full house", not to mention a record income.

Another such Drive is due to be held in January, there will be a social evening in February (of a type unspecified at the time of writing), and then comes the Supper-Dance in March. All these events promise a good evening's entertainment for a modest outlay.

We are indebted to Mr. Watkinson for yet another solo effort in promoting and organising the Christmas Draw, the

receipts from which are almost up to the previous year's standard — a commendable result indeed.

The influx of new members at the beginning of the School year was quite encouraging, but we still have room for more. In particular, we are in especial need of a reserve of good people willing to devote a mere fraction of their time in Committee work for our organisation. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, and the Masters serving on the Committee, give unstintingly of their time in this way, setting a fine example to all. Our Articles provide that membership is open to all with a genuine interest in School (apart from the boys themselves). If you qualify, and have not yet joined us, I would be glad to answer any questions about our aims and activities.

A. R. Andrews, Hon. General Secretary,  
17 Edward Street, St. Annes-on-Sea.

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## **K.G.S. Old Boys' Association**

*President:* J. F. MORSE.

*Hon. Secretary:* D. R. G. HUNT, 2, Newlands Avenue,

Penwortham, Preston. Tel.: Preston Priory 82735.

*Hon. Treasurer:* J. W. CROZIER, 13, Thorngate, Penwortham.

Preston. Tel.: Preston Priory 82730.

### **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

The 1964 A.G.M. was held at the Carlton Hotel, Blackpool, on Friday, 18th December, when forty members were present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the Secretary and were duly approved — there were no matters arising. The Secretary reported that the total membership was now 703 but the addresses of no less than 125 members were not known. The Treasurer gave a brief explanatory report on the statement of accounts and these were adopted by the meeting. (It was unfortunately reported in the press that the Association had made a "profit" during 1962-63, this meant, of course, that a surplus was shown at that year end). The Committee's proposal that the end of the financial year be changed from 30th September to the 30th June and that annual subscriptions be due on the 1st July was carried unanimously. The Treasurer stated that this change was to bring the Association financial year end nearer to the end of the School year and to facilitate more convenient arrangements for payment of subscriptions by School leavers. In reply to a query he said that it was not necessary for present annual members to change the date of their banker's orders. The following Officers were then elected:

President :	Mr. J. F. Morse.
President-Elect :	Mr. S. Middleton.
Hon. Secretary :	Mr. D. R. G. Hunt.
Hon. Treasurer :	Mr. J. W. Crozier.
Committee Members :	Messrs. P. Fenton, G. Howarth, R. Kitchen, M. Myers, J. Penrose, E. Smith and J. Tomlinson.
Hon. Auditor :	Mr. J. Ward.
Area and Sports Representatives :	Re-elected en bloc with the addi- tion of Mr. G. Howarth as an area Representative for Ashton and Lea district.

Under "any other business" the Secretary advised members that the A.G.M. and Dinner for 1965 were to be held on the Friday preceding the Old Boys' Rugby Match against the School. The change of date met with members' approval although it was suggested that this might have been Mr. Crane's idea! The President thanked Association Officials for their work during the year and members for their attendance. The meeting ended at 7-15 p.m. and was followed by the Annual Dinner.

#### THE ANNUAL DINNER

Mr. S. H. Wilcock, the Principal Speaker at the 1964 Annual Dinner, proposed the toast to the School. In his address Mr. Wilcock expressed his concern regarding the possibility of the K.G.S. becoming immersed in the "rough and tumble" of conversion to comprehensive education and was widely reported on this in the local press. In lighter vein his reminiscences of his years at school, particularly his references to S.M. and S.C. were well received. Mr. Kennedy, in his reply, gave a brief summary of the possible alternatives that the Ministry of Education were considering regarding comprehensive education in general but mentioned that it would be quite some time before anything was known about the future of K.G.S. Mr. Kennedy gave his usual report on the School year and spoke of the progress of phase one of the School extensions. Mr. Bentley, in his toast to the Association, quoted various examples by which he thought that boys formed a close attachment to the School and which continued into their later lives as members of the Association. Responding, Mr. H. W. Montgomery said that he had enjoyed his term of office as President; it had given him a greater knowledge of the workings of the Association and also the opportunity to meet Old Boys of other local Schools when he had attended their dinners as the K.G.S. representative. Proposing the toast to the Guests, Mr. D. R. Brownbill commented somewhat wryly that when Mr. Kennedy had asked him to be Head Boy he had omitted to mention that it was the custom for the ex-captain of the School to speak at the Old Boys' Dinner. He can be assured that he acquitted himself

very well as did Mr. S. R. Baker, the President of the Old Lidunians, in his reply; especially as Mr. Baker had kindly stepped in at a few minutes' notice to respond to the toast in the absence of the published speaker. At the conclusion of the official speeches Mr. Montgomery presented a clock and automatic tea maker to Mr. C. K. Lee on behalf of the Association. In his speech of thanks Mr. Lee, who gave a very well received address at the 1963 Dinner, further enhanced his reputation as an after dinner speaker with his rather dry wit and humour. The evening concluded with Mr. Montgomery handing the Badge of Office to Mr. J. F. Morse, the President for 1964-1965.

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### SEXCENTENARY OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF DRAPERS

Roy Russell (1931-35), now living at Brookmans Park, Herts., has given up his directorship of an electronics company to become a professional writer after many years of leisure writing. His main work is plays, television and radio, but he occasionally writes feature articles. During 1964 he was invited to write an article on the sexcentenary of the Worshipful Company of Drapers and, as in his days at K.G.S., he saw a representative of this company on more than one occasion, it was most appropriate albeit coincidence that he received this request. Lack of space prevents a complete re-print of his most interesting article but Mr. Russell traces the history of the Company from the letters of Patent granted by Edward the Third in 1364. However, the earliest documented evidence in the antiquities of this craft guild refers back to 1180. The Drapers Company is third in order of civic precedence and has provided several Lord Mayors from its members. Mainly because they shun publicity not enough is known of these companies and it is an understandably common misconception that the Drapers' Company is connected with the cloth industry but this has not been so since the 17th century. While associations with the woollen cloth trade were growing more tenuous a tradition grew up out of the acceptance of a number of charitable trusteeships from bequests by illustrious early members. This tradition has been constantly and remarkably expanded through the centuries, the wide ambit of the benefaction of the Company including K.G.S., the three triple tiered crowns which grace the Guild's Arms being embodied in the School's coat of arms. Characteristically the Drapers' Company is marking the sexcentenary of the grant of its first charter by the setting up of a fund, initially £250,000 for charitable grants. It is the Company's wish that such a fund will epitomise its development from mediaeval origins to what is now a large modern charitable trust.

# News Of Old Boys

- I. BARTON  
Recently gained a Ph.D. in high temperature inorganic chemistry at Liverpool University and is taking up a research appointment at Cornell University, New York State. He was married on 3rd October, 1964, to Miss Patricia Joan Heppinstall at St. Mary's Church, Tadcaster, Yorks.
- A. DEAN  
(1949-56)  
Now a Curate in Clitheroe, was ordained Priest by the Bishop of Blackburn in the Blackburn Cathedral on Sunday, 20th September, 1964.
- J. G. ETHELSTON  
(1954-60)  
Married on 5th September, 1964, at St. John's Church, Lytham, to Miss Kathleen Kitt, of Ballam Road, Lytham.
- D. J. HINTON  
(1954-58)  
Recently gained his A.M.I.Mun.E. He is an Assistant Engineer to the Blackpool Borough Surveyor.
- D. E. HORN  
(1951-56)  
With an Insurance Company in Bristol has recently been appointed Manager of its Taunton Branch — the youngest Branch Manager in the history of the Company.
- T. HOWARTH  
(1925-30)  
Is the Director of the School of Architecture at the University of Toronto, Canada.
- R. W. HULL  
(1949-54)  
Has been appointed conductor of Preston Cecilian Choral Society of which he has been a member for a number of years. He is a graduate of the Northern School of Music and is a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.
- B. A. JOHNSON  
(1956-63)  
Recently went to Buckingham Palace to receive his Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award. He is a member of the Lancashire Constabulary stationed at Huyton, Liverpool.
- E. M. MALLINSON  
(1934-39)  
Now living in Cyprus where he is with the Civilian Wing attached to the Royal Signals. He is a keen member of a sub-aqua club and has also accumulated a photographic collection of places of historical interest. Mr. Mallinson has kindly offered to loan these to anyone connected with K.G.S. who may be interested.
- T. B. MILLER  
(1945-50)  
Is an Associate of the Institute of Cost and Works Accountants employed as Chief Cost Accountant with Texas Investments Ltd., Bedford.



E. SIDEBOTTOM  
(1949-57)

Now a doctor, was married on 9th May, 1964, at St. Michael's Parish Church, Kirkham, to Miss Margaret Benson of Dowbridge, Kirkham.

E. G. THOMPSON  
(1945-52)

After qualifying in Edinburgh is now a Surgeon-Lieutenant Commander in the Royal Canadian Navy. On 20th May, 1964, married in Naden, British Columbia, Miss Margaret Marina Crozier, who is a Sub-Lieutenant (Nursing Sister) in the R.C.N., and who comes from Comox, British Columbia.

C. H. THORP  
(1946-53)

With the East African Marine Fisheries Research Organisation in Zanzibar. He recently attended in Nairobi the second symposium of the East African Academy, and addressed the meeting on "Pelagic Fish in East Africa". He hopes to be home in 1965.

P. I. VARDY  
(1949-56)

Qualified as a doctor and also married in 1963. He has joined a General Practice in Runcorn as an Assistant and has a daughter, Judith Anne, born on the 4th May, 1964.

## **Solution to Kirkhamian Crossword**



ACROSS: 1, Chicken supper. 8, Ants' nest. 9, Nail. 10, Ire. 11, Bran. 12, Trilby. 14, Ape. 15, Streak. 16, Strewn. 18, Eaten. 19, Alters. 21, Option. 22, Fob. 23, Stains. 25, Neon. 26, Her. 27, Rout. 29, Milliard. 30, Spring cleaned.

DOWN: 1, Congratulations. 2, Insincere. 3, Keepsakes. 4, Notice. 5, Upset. 6, Pen. 7, Rainbow coloured. 13, Rot. 16, Snob value. 17, Retention. 20, Run. 22, Formic. 24, Shorn. 28, Tar.

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