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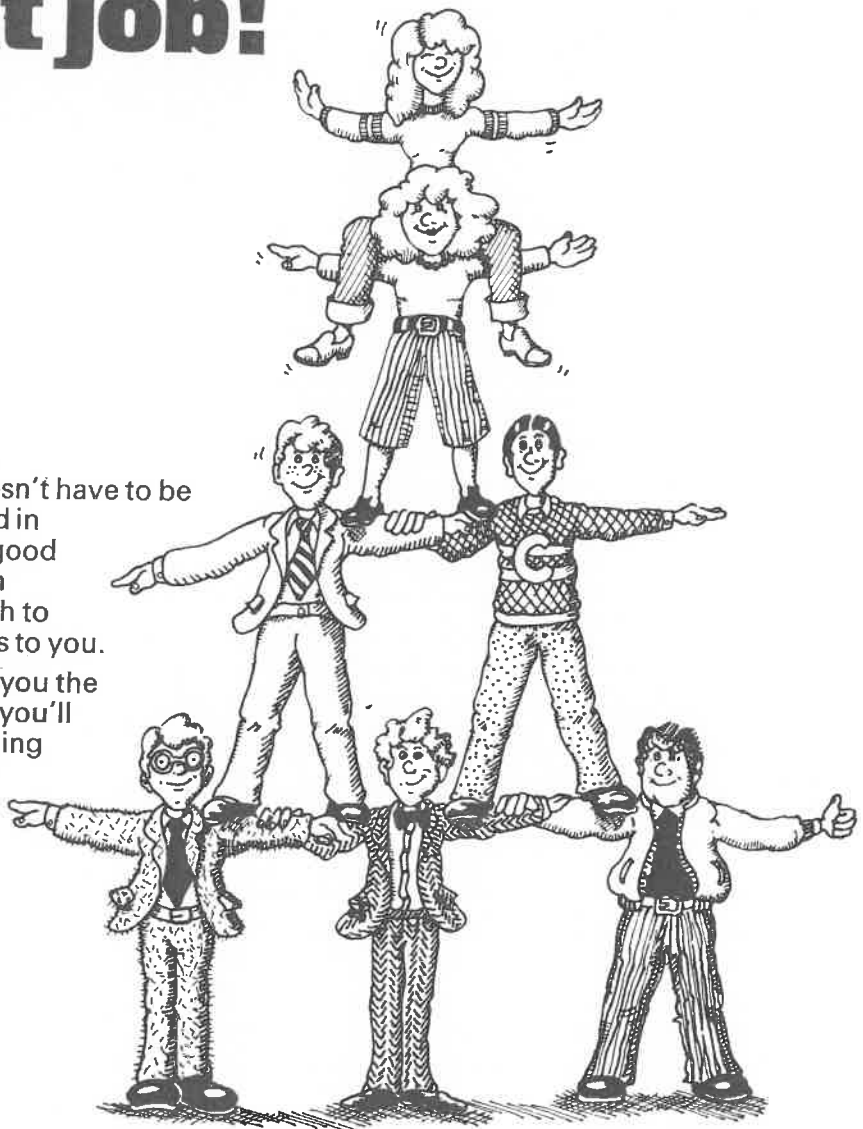
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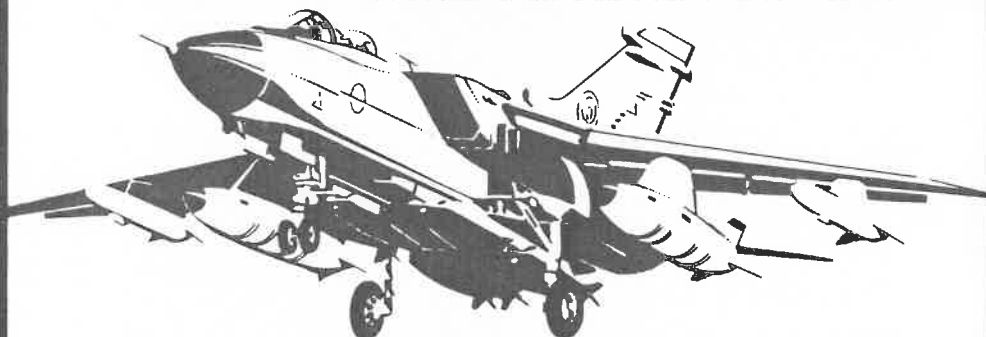
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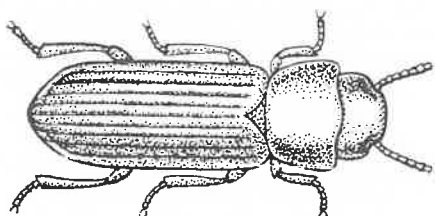
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School Magazine



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Editorial

<i>Chairman:</i>	Mr. A. R. Baines
<i>Co-Editors:</i>	I. C. Gibson, M. J. Grime
<i>Committee:</i>	D. B. Burrell, S. W. Cross, C. Gilbert, J. A. Lawton, J. P. Thomas
<i>Co-Opted:</i>	Mrs. A. G. Boll, Mr. R. Gill, Mr. R. Porter

TRANSITIONS.

We hope that all can see in this issue of the school magazine (Vol. V no. 8) the progress it has made over the last three years. This would seem to fit into the general atmosphere of change which pervades the life of the school at the moment with the anticipation of independence.

The questionnaire the committee issued last December was particularly useful to us in establishing what sort of publication you, the readers, wanted, we hope that it also made this publication seem less remote to all members of the school. Although some people may wish for further change or be disappointed to see that their suggestions have not been included this year, surely a basis has been set up upon which further changes and development will be possible in the future.

Chairman and Co-Editors.

The Kirkhamian Questionnaire

The questionnaire distributed amongst the members of the school at the end of the winter term in connection with the content, presentation and format of this magazine was a new departure which could hardly have been envisaged in previous years. The results of this questionnaire were awaited with interest, particularly since the members of the magazine committee hoped to be able to use the information gained to produce a magazine which the majority of the members of the school would want to read. The full results are too extensive to include here, but plans have been made to publish them in school sometime during the summer term.

A general comment which can be made from the results obtained is that change of some sort is clearly wanted. For example, there was a large majority in favour of more illustrations such as photographs and artwork. There was also a considerable weight of opinion in favour of a reduction in the space given to official reports, and an increase in the space given to original material such as essays, stories and poems. A question dealing with suggestions for material to be included in future issues yielded answers ranging from "comic strips" to "essays from English teachers".

The most important question for the magazine committee, given an expected desire for change, was whether a majority of people within the school would be willing to pay 50 pence for their magazine, so that we could afford a 48-page publication (the extra eight pages being used for original material). A majority said "Yes" and thus the material result of this democratic decision is in your hands at this moment.

M. J. Grime, Pre.

Progress to Independence

Notable progress has been made during the year since the Education Secretary approved the Lancashire County Council proposal to 'cease to maintain' K.G.S. I should like to outline some of the more significant developments.

The new Governing Body will initially consist of the team of Governors which has been responsible for the decisions to revert to Independence and to become co-educational and for the subsequent hard work that has been put into the preparatory arrangements. The Headmaster and most of the teachers and supporting staff have accepted contracts with the new Governing Body. Mr. D. M. Lloyd, the new Bursar, joined the School in January from the R.A.F. He takes over many of the administrative responsibilities that have hitherto been undertaken by the Lancashire County Council.

Contact with the County will not be broken in September for they will continue to nominate their representative to the Governing Body. Also, in the early years, they will be the largest fee payer and we have negotiated for them, in this period, to continue with the provision of some Peripatetics (see P. 9-10 Kirkhamian '78), the school meals service and the mowing of the playing fields.

The co-educational intake will mean a change from a two-form entry to a three-form entry. This produced an urgent need for more teaching space and for special accommodation for the girls. An immediate and ambitious building programme was called for. The Governors discussed this with a cross-section of Parents, Friends and Old Boys and received their enthusiastic support to go for the first-rate. On the strength of this support the Appeal (see separate article) was launched and through the widespread help of all friends we are confident that our targets can be achieved. An extension to the Norwood Block is being built which will provide four class rooms and tutorial rooms from September, but in the longer term these will become two science laboratories. In this building female staff and girl's cloakrooms are to be provided. It has been planned so that future development may include a new assembly hall and music centre. Modification of the existing changing rooms to provide accommodation for boys, girls and female P.E. staff is complete. Provision is also being made for a separate main cloakroom for girls and a room for the Deputy Head.

The Boarding House, which is separately accounted, is also being extended to meet current legislative requirements and to provide improved accommodation for the resident Matron. This will incidentally release an area that will make a few additional places available for the first girl boarders!

In the spirit of the charitable nature of the School's Foundation, not less than 2% of the fee-income from non-L.E.A. pupils is to be used to provide some remission in fees. This is providing two scholarships and a small number of bursaries for this year's entry. In addition to this the Governors are providing a scholarship from their personal monies and the Headmaster is providing a bursary. It is hoped to extend the Scholarship and Bursary Fund substantially in the years ahead.

The new pupils will have been successful in the Entrance Examination. We look forward to their arrival and assure them that we have planned carefully for their education and well-being. Although the girls will initially be in a minority I am sure that they will be quickly integrated into the life of the School. I foresee that the changes that will take place later in the year will lead to a future for the School even greater than its past has been.

Finally, I want to express my thanks and appreciation to the many people who have contributed to make this progress possible.

Peter Laws
Chairman of the Governors.

The K.G.S. Appeal



Peter Laws

A THANK YOU FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE GOVERNORS

Most of you are now well aware that as a result of the decisions to revert to Independence and to become co-educational, the Governors decided to launch an Appeal to cover the cost of a significant building programme and the creation of a Scholarship and Bursary Fund.

To all those who have given so generously, I say, on behalf of the Governors, a humble and sincere thank you. There is such an overwhelming feeling of loyalty and affection for the School and of confidence in the future that we are very near our minimum target of £100,000 for Phase One of the development. The Governors are most grateful that as a result of your support the School is able to enter its new role with more adequate educational facilities.

I am sure that we all have the interest of the School at heart and so I do ask those of you who have not yet responded, to please earnestly consider an Annual Gift by Deed of Covenant or a donation. No gift is too small and many small contributions can total a large amount. A small gift by Deed of Covenant, of say £12 a year (£1 a month) for seven years would cost you £84 — but is worth £125 to the School. As the School is an educational charity, it is able to recover basic rate Income Tax on your covenanted gift. The Appeal Office is situated at the School and can be contacted on Kirkham 684462.

Peter Laws

Speech Day

Mr. Yates thanked the Chairman of the governors and the Headmaster and expressed his pleasure on being invited to distribute the prizes and remarked how impressed he had been with the School and all he had seen.

He went on to mention the importance of choosing one's future career, and to emphasise how important it was not to waste one's ability; one should use one's own talents and encourage other people to use theirs. He remarked how fortunate the pupils were in their school, with a headmaster and staff who understood how to help them in a wide range of subjects. Unfortunately people outside, including some in education, still seemed unsure in these matters — the Government, politicians, universities, and in many ways industry itself — did not fully understand the problem. Mr. Yates continued his speech by underlining the importance of the creation of true national wealth, not merely the circulation of money. He felt there were not enough people in the UK creating wealth despite all the words spoken and written about our industrially-based society. UK was a good place in which to live; education was good, people were very inventive, probably better than most, but we apparently lacked the ability to organize manufacture of items in quantity and the power to make things happen on time. There was no basic reason why this should be so — it would help if we were to treat our problems as a challenge to achieve greater things rather than as an excuse to justify failure. He went on to speak of another way of avoiding a difficult or nasty situation; this was by re-organizing things. We do this a lot in this country, but the tactic is not new as this quotation from Petronium Arbiter (210 BC) showed.

"We trained hard, but it seemed that every time we were beginning to form into teams we would be re-organized. I was to learn later in life that we tend to meet any new situation by re-organizing — and a wonderful method it can be for creating the illusion of progress while producing confusion, inefficiency and demoralisation".

Mr. Yates wished the school well in their own re-organization, which included co-education in the future. In conclusion Mr. Yates reiterated his thanks for the invitation to attend Speech Day and requested an extra day's holiday for the pupils.

A.R.B.

Staff Room Valete and Salvete

David J. A. Fathers enjoyed a secondary education under the aegis of the 11+ and the Direct Grant System at Stamford school in Lincolnshire. He passed on to Exeter University where he studied for an Honours Degree in Engineering Science. Whilst an undergraduate he took a year's sabbatical during which, after working as a site engineer for a construction firm, David went travelling in the Americas. Once he had gained his degree he took up professional engineering with Devon C. C. and, in his three years with them, passed from Structural Engineering to an area dealing with the implementation of the control of pollution act for Devon. David took a post graduate certificate in Education in 1977-8, and joined the school's Physics Dept. in September 1978.

Robert Nutter arrived in Kirkham on Jan. 2nd '79 from Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire where he had been teaching at a large comprehensive school since 1976. From 1974-76 Robert worked for a large company in the textile machinery industry in Lancashire. He is a native of this county but went to Durham University where he read for a Degree in Economics and Politics for three years even though economics was a subject he had not studied previously at school. Robert's interests revolve round soccer (he supports Burnley) which is not surprising for he attended Clitheroe Grammar School — a seed bed for such stars as Martin Dobson of Everton. Perhaps he will not find the quality of football he would like to see in the immediate vicinity of his Kirkham home but I feel sure that Robert, Susan and daughter Alys will find other advantages in being here.

Also in January we welcomed Mr. D. R. Lloyd as Bursar. His pointed comments about our rugby — for school or country — compared with that of his native Wales have already made him a marked man should we ever do any better at either level. So much for the Salvete section, now regrettably to the Valete.

John Webster left the school in April 1979 to take up an appointment as an H.M.I. in Northern Ireland. He will serve a two year training and probationary period in Ulster but then anticipates returning to England either as an H.M.I. or to do work in some capacity connected with a school community. As an H.M.I. his work will include the general responsibility for 70 secondary and primary schools, a specific responsibility for probationary teachers and for the teaching of Geography throughout the province. At K.G.S. he will be missed for his work with the Film Society, and his great efforts on behalf of music in the school. These interests were born while at St. Andrews University where he was President of the Music Society and a committee member of the Film Society. Between St. Andrew's and K.G.S. John was at the University of London (Institute of Education) for one year and first taught at Urmston Grammar School, Manchester. Whilst at K.G.S. he was elected to the J.M.B. and has served for four years as a Board member, taking an active part in the organization of external exams in geography and latterly as Chairman of the 'O' level Geography preparatory sub-committee. We wish John and his family all success and safety in the future knowing that he leaves the Dept. in the

good hands of Mr. I. M. Scott whom we congratulate on his promotion.

Finally, Bernard Coates will be leaving K.G.S. in July 1979. He came to the school in 1949 as Head of the History Dept. and has held many offices in the School, amongst which one remembers the great work he did as Chairman of the Library Committee and latterly the special responsibility he has had for the sixth form and in laying the foundations for its present tutorial system. We should like to wish, on your behalf and on behalf of countless Old Boys, every health and happiness to Bernard and his wife Dorothy during their retirement at Thornton, Cleveleys.

A.R.B.

Charity Collection

During the past year the school has collected over £500 for charities ranging from Green peace to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This is a very great effort on the part of many people and one can only say thank you yet again, and ask for the work to continue.

R.M.C.

The James Murray Memorial Fund

This fund, in the name of the former Head of the Music Department at K.G.S. (1956-1971), was referred to in our last issue. By the end of March 1979 the amount collected was over £500. Mr. Albert H. Bedford of 13, Green Hey, Lytham, FY8 4HL (tel. Lytham 4412), who is secretary of the Lytham Parish Church Parochial Church Council has kept us well informed about this situation. I am sure he would be willing to receive any other contributions to this fund which is to provide for the attendance of choiristers from this church at residential choir schools as arranged by Royal School of Church Music. Although there is no such school to be held at Rossall this year it may be that Mr. Murray's successor as Organist and Choirmaster Mr. P. Jebson, will be recommending someone for the Easter course at Wolverhampton where, incidentally, Mr. J. Catterall will be one of the course tutors this year.

A.R.B.



15th Century Knight. Armed for war.

"Plans for the Future" — 1920 Style

Over sixty years ago a brochure existed to inform people about the School. Chronicle no. 7 for July 1926 carries a photograph of the front of the recently opened buildings in Ribby Road and it is a pen and ink drawing of this view which appeared on the front of this modest, four page publication in the early 1920's. It was printed in the town itself by J. Rigby and below the illustration of a school, which was "recognised by the Board of Education", appeared the names of the important officials of the Governing Body. Below these the names of the Headmaster, The Rev. Cresswell Strange M.A., and those of his staff of seven (six men and one woman) with their qualifications complete page one. The rear page was devoted to a list of examinations and examining Boards for which past pupils had been particularly successful.

The hours and terms and holidays were basically as we have them today but morning school ended at 12.30 p.m., one afternoon was devoted to games and the School holidays were much longer (4 weeks Spring and Christmas, 7 weeks in the Summer). Saturday afternoon, however, was "a free half day holiday".

Amongst the "subjects of instruction" some fifteen items are mentioned of which the following terms or subjects are no longer in our curriculum:— Natural Science, Greek and Physical Drill. The latter item is the subject of another article in this issue provided by a former member of staff. Music could only be "provided by special arrangement".

A unique feature of the time was that in September 1920 a special department had been opened for boys 14/16 who intended to take up farming or other agricultural pursuits. This was to provide opportunities for studying Agricultural Chemistry, Mensuration and Surveying, Bookkeeping, and "Experimental Work on the Agricultural plot".



1937 Extensions — from the North East.

The two centre pages feature the School's site (11 acres compared with today's 13), its object and administration and a little of its history.

Boys were to be admitted at the age of 10 "if sufficiently grounded in Elementary Subjects". The fees were £50 p.a. for full boarders, £7.10.0. for boys residing in "any of the townships of the ancient Parish of Kirkham". Boys from elsewhere were charged £10 p.a. although, at the time, there was hope of a weekly boarding system being developed to supplement the 32 fulltime inmates.

The lower School at this time was regarded as providing an excellent preparation for entrance to the Royal Naval College, Osborne, and the Public Schools. In this and the other parts of the School, "painstaking industry and loyalty . . . punctuality and regularity of attendance" was required of each boy and written permission from "a medical man" was required before any boy could attend school after being ill or in contact with illness.

Apart from a reference to all being "required to wear during their attendance at the School a special

cloth cap" which was supplied by the School, one can only guess at what kit pupils might require from the games listed. These include no mention of rugby football for soccer was the school game then and swimming, cricket, running and shooting were also emphasised for parents and boys were urged that "the School Life comprises much more than mere lessons".

There were only five houses, including Blackpool House, which competed for various challenge trophies and this included events at the Athletic Sports in May which, together with the Speech Day in July, formed "the most notable events each year".

A.R.B.

What do you know about Kirkham Grammar School?

1. What are the names of the architects of the Old Building?
2. How much did Isabel Birley give?
3. When was Lt. Buck killed?
4. Who was headmaster in 1940?
5. To whose memory is the Hall clock dedicated?
6. Who was the Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. Mediterranean in 1942?
7. Who was the Chairman of the Governors in 1910?
8. Who was the Chairman of the Governors in 1937?
9. Where on the School buildings is the School motto?

10. Who gave the fields on Ribby Road to the School?
11. Who was awarded a half-blue?
12. Who played cricket for England?
13. When was there a School trip to Brittany?
14. Who has a degree from a non-existent university?
15. How much did the Grant of Arms cost?
16. Who was an Astronomer Royal for Scotland?
17. Who was awarded the Henrici Medal?
18. For what is the old bath house now used?

The answers to all these questions can be found on view somewhere about the School.

T.J.

Famous last words — Overheard here and there

Watch the board while I go through it
I'm sorry — I haven't got a figure
Stop scratching your hair boy — let 'em live
Sit down while you still can
I want to warn you now about the school dinners
Let's do it fairly today — starting with my table
Nobody will talk or even speak for that matter
Put your pens down and write the heading
Mrs. Bagley has better things to do than chase you
about all day
Hot air rises when it goes up
I shall send you out in a minute and you'll stay there
until you come back in
You have ten seconds Sh. . . to produce an exercise
book

HOUSE REPORTS

Ashton

House Master: Mr. G. S. Cheesbrough
House Assistants: Mr. D. E. Worth; Mr. R. J. Browning; Mr. D. J. A. Fathers
School Captain: D. N. Manning
House Captain: W. Pigott
House Prefects: G. L. Brindle; S. J. Longworth; G. R. Lanigan; G. C. Ward

The beginning of this school year saw the departure of Mr. A. Bowman and the arrival of Mr. D. J. A. Fathers. On behalf of the house I would like to wish both of them well.

The Summer Term 1978 saw the house continue on its path of glory. In the cross-country, the house won the junior and senior competitions and were third in the intermediates. The best junior was Prime (third) whilst in the seniors Drayton, Calam and Manning packed well (fifth, sixth and seventh).

The house then won the senior cricket defeating Fylde in the semi-final by 38 runs (Calam 77 and Lanigan 6 for 18) and then overcoming Kirkham in a very close final by one run (Hudson 33, Calam 21 and Armstrong 5 for 21). The seniors again showed their strength by defeating Lytham in the final of the senior tennis.

In the swimming we came second behind Kirkham, whilst in the shooting we were second to School. In the athletics the house was yet again a runner-up to School, this time by only 1½ points. The outstanding performer in this event was Whiteside who won the senior Victor Ludorum. The chess competition brought Ashton their final trophy of the term, thanks mainly to good performances from the Stokes twins.

The Winter term saw a change in our fortunes (perhaps just as well for the other houses). In the junior rugby, after beating Preston 12-10, the house was defeated by School in the semi-final. The most notable performances came from Smith, Judge, Prime and Dobson. The senior side is still on the trail towards retaining their cup, having put Lytham out in convincing style in the first round 22-0 thanks to two tries each from Lanigan and Pigott. Young players such as Morgan, Harper and Seabury have performed well alongside a nucleus of five first team players.

The debating team of Longworth Snr. and Huyton came unstuck against Fylde after having previously defeated Lytham, whilst in the play-reading the house was again unsuccessful in its attempt to gain its first trophy of 1978-79.

The house got good marks for all three of its items, under the guidance of Graham Brindle, in the music competition, and despite being only five marks behind the winners, were only placed fourth.

The established house chess team is again doing well this year though there is still a distinct lack of any individual consistency. Academically, we are still maintaining our good standard; at the end of the Winter term the house was lying second in the work cup.

In conclusion I would like to thank the masters and house prefects for their help in the organisation of our entries in this year's events.

W.P.

Fylde

House Master: Mr. D. H. Butterworth
House Assistants: Dr. B. M. Summers; Mr. R. Gill;
Mr. B. Gornall; Mr. D. Walls
House Captain: N. R. Fraser
House Vice-Captains: I. C. Gibson; D. C. Richardson
House Prefects: K. Collins; R. P. Jones;
M. F. Brackfield

This year, Fylde has been relatively more successful, although only in a few aspects of inter-house competition.

In the first round of the senior rugby, we again fielded what must have seemed to the opposition 'a weak side'. We knew better, but took some time in proving it to School House, drawing eighteen all in the first game. In the replay of this match we defeated School by 24 points to 6. I must thank Collins for his hard work in organising the team and the enthusiasm shown by the many non-rugby players, and the effort put in by the Fourth Year members must be praised. We now look forward to our semi-final game against Preston.

In the junior rugby Fylde were knocked out in the first round in a hard game against Lytham, who defeated us by twelve points to nil. We have, however, high hopes for our juniors next year, since the team was comprised mainly of Second Year boys.

In the senior seven-a-side rugby tournament, we defeated Lytham by 9 points to 4, but were knocked out by Preston, to whom we lost 22-0. Preston went on to win the title.

In last years' summer term, there was a well-earned victory for the junior tennis team who proved themselves a very strong side and are no doubt even now the strong favourites to win the Trophy again next term.

In the junior cross-country it was a different story altogether. Fylde finished last, our first man arriving in nineteenth place. Here we see room for improvement and it is certain that every effort will be made to remedy this weakness. For a change this year we can look forward to the senior cross-country race with a certain degree of optimism, having four senior members of the House in the Harriers.

We did not triumph as we did last year in the playreading, but again with some creditable work from Gibson, we managed a good performance of a

play with a message, entitled 'Everyman 75'. Thanks are due to a keen junior cast.

In the chess competition this year there has again been a very high standard which has won us the Chess Cup. We have easily managed to defeat every other house. The enthusiasm of Brackfield and Gregory of the Upper Sixth has spread to the now equally interested juniors, who we believe are wholly capable of retaining success in years to come.

In the music competition this year, our format was one which we thought would gain us a good result. The adjudicator, however, thought otherwise and placed us fifth. One of the most popular items of the afternoon was undoubtedly the folk duo from Corner and Chandler, who played a song arranged by themselves, but unaccountably it was given the lowest mark of the competition. Nevertheless, they were good enough in Mr. Catterall's opinion, who gave them a place in the School Concert, together with our trio of Gibson, Watson and Collins.

In the semi-final of the debating competition, Fylde beat Ashton with fine speeches from both Collins and Gibson. We now go through to the final against School with great expectations and aspirations of victory.

My thanks must go to Mr. Butterworth and to the House Prefects and seniors for their efforts towards the smooth running of the House, and I would like to wish the House all the best for years to come.

N.R.F.

Kirkham

House Master: Mr. A. R. Baines
House Assistants: Mrs. K. Bagley, Mrs. A. Boll,
Mr. R. S. Nutter, Mr. J. S. Roberts,
Mr. I. M. Scott
House Captain: G. St. J. Collins
House Vice-Captain: A. N. Wright
House Prefects: B. Blower, B. Manley, M. D. Moir,
D. J. Pearson, C. A. Pickles,
M. L. Roberts, J. R. Swift,
A. M. Wylde

The beginning of the winter term 1978 was marred by the tragic death of P.K. Brookes who was to have been House Captain this year. He had played a valuable part in house affairs, especially with the notable swimming victory in spring 1978, and I am sure he will be missed by all who knew him.

In July 1978 Mr. Nettleship left to be temporarily replaced by Mr. Skirrow and latterly by Mr. Nutter, and on behalf of the house, I would like to wish all of them well.

The summer term 1978 was one of mixed fortunes in the cross-country competition with the juniors sixth, the intermediates fifth and seniors a creditable second. Unfortunately the junior cricket team were defeated by Preston although A. H. Bridge and B. G. Dunstan bowled well.

Defeat in both tennis competitions was followed by the House finishing sixth on sports day although A. H. Bridge, A. Rhodes, A. J. Marshall, S. J. Dixon,

C. M. Lees, I. Marshall, and A. R. Tasker all performed well.

The chess team, under the leadership of I. Marshall, played well in several matches. In the shooting cup good performances from B. Manley and A. N. Wright, but lack of practice by other members of the team, only gave us third place.

The senior cricket team beat School in the semi-final, but were defeated by Ashton in one of the closest finals for many years, A. Swift batted and bowled well, but was the only batsman to find true form. The term ended with the House being placed fourth overall in the Work Cup.

This academic year has seen a revitalised chess team under the management of J. Swift, having won three matches and losing the other two, which might give us second place overall.

In the debating competition we were defeated by a confident School House, our speakers were J. Swift and D. Tasker.

Byes in both rugby competitions saw the seniors defeated by Ashton in the semi-final of a much postponed game. The juniors easily beat Lytham to leave them in the final which is still to be played. In the seven-aside senior rugby competition the team beat School but were knocked out by Ashton in a closely fought match, and this resulted in the team being placed second in its league.

An extract from "Billy Liar" was chosen for the play reading and we were not placed first, but our rendition was said by the adjudicator to have been good.

A violin solo by A. Marshall, the choir singing "Matchstalk Men & Matchstalk Cats & Dogs" accompanied by S. Dixon on piano, and an oboe solo by R. A. Eckton, accompanied by D. T. Anderson on piano, constituted our entry for the music cup, but once again we were placed sixth.

In the junior cross-country competition we finished fourth overall, but individual performances by P. J. Cross, who was second, and D. Lowcock eighth, is very pleasing for first-year pupils, giving much hope for the future.

This has not been the best year for Kirkham House although all who participated tried hard. My thanks go to Mr. Baines and all those who have helped in the running of the House this year. I hope next year will see an improvement, and wish all those connected with Kirkham House well.

G.St.J.C.

Lytham

House Master: Mr. L. A. Redman
House Assistants: Mr. J. Bradbury, Mr. B. F. Taylor,
Mr. W. J. Webster, Mrs. A. Devine
House Captain: M. Hartley
House Vice-Captain: S. A. Molloy
House Prefects: S. W. Cross, P. S. Clifton,
J. A. Lawton, T. A. Nelson

The summer term 1978 saw our retention of the Swimming Points trophy, a competition we have now won for four years in succession. This was followed by pleasing success in the Work Cup, a competition which reflects the academic ability of the whole house. Mention must be made here of J. Davidson, awarded an exhibition at St. John's College, Oxford, and S. A. Molloy who has been awarded a place at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

The senior cricket XI was defeated by School in a closely fought contest. Good bowling performances failed to prevent our opponents reaching the required total in the final over. The juniors were defeated, too, by a strong Fylde side. In the senior tennis competition the team performed well to reach the final but were defeated by Ashton by five sets to four, the absence of Abraham proving a crucial factor in our defeat.

Our performance in the Cross Country was disappointing, although Bigland ran well to gain first place in the junior section.

In the first round of the debating, our team of Molloy and Cross faced Ashton house but were narrowly defeated. The adjudicator emphasized that speeches from the floor on behalf of Lytham House would have swung the result in our favour.

The senior rugby team lost by twenty points to nil to an extremely strong Ashton XV. There were good performances by Taylor and those fourth years called upon to play. With the majority of the team returning next year, hopes are high for future success. The juniors fared better, defeating Fylde by 8 points to nil in the first round before losing to Kirkham in the semi-final.

The House was placed first in the Play Reading competition with a sketch from "The Goons". Thanks go to all those who took part. The Music Competition provided further success for the House, when the trophy was retained for the second year in succession. The choir, admirably trained by Lester, was awarded the highest mark for a choir in the competition. A trio played by Lester on the flute, Bedford on the bassoon and Boyes on the violin obtained the highest mark for any item in the competition.

The chess team has performed well throughout the year, although the final fixtures have yet to be played.

I would like to thank those senior boys who have organised House events, and wish the House success in future years.

M.H.

Preston

House Master: Mr. T. Jackman
House Assistants: Mr. J. Catterall; Mr. I. R. Beckett;
Mr. F. W. Sayer; Mr. R. Porter
House Captain: D. E. Williams
House Prefects: I. W. Aitchison; C. Gilbert;
R. S. Tallis; G. Wright

The past year has generally been quite disappointing, as the House has won only two competitions. However, we did come second four times and there must be hope for the future.

Last Summer Term we won the Junior Cricket defeating Kirkham and Ashton in the first two rounds and R. Haynes, the Captain, was top scorer with 47 and 25 runs respectively. In the final against Fylde, where we were unfortunately without Haynes, we scored 81 for 5 and Fylde were bowled out for 39 runs. In the Shooting Competition we were a creditable second and in the closely fought Athletics Cup we were third.

The Junior and Senior Tennis Competitions both proved to be unlucky, as we lost to Lytham and Ashton by a score of 4 sets to 5.

In the semi-final of the Debating Competition we lost to School House despite the efforts of I. Little and J. Trevalyan. The first round of the Junior Rugby against Ashton proved to be a very hard-fought match. The score at half time was 4-6, but in the end despite a converted try and a late effort by Preston House we were defeated 10-12. The Junior Cross-Country team ran well, but came second with 72 points to the almost invincible School House who had 42 points.

The House came second also in the Music Cup and C. Anthony received the high mark of 86 for his guitar solo, which was also chosen for the Easter Concert.

More recently, we won the House Sevens, defeating Fylde and Lytham in our group, and Ashton with a score of 6-0 in the final.

The semi-final of the Senior Rugby against Fylde also proved to be a success as we won 22-0. It was a good team performance and I. Aitchison captained well, scoring 2 tries and 3 conversions.

Finally, I would like to wish every success to those taking exams and thank all Housemasters and Prefects for the help they have given to ensure the efficient running of the House.

D.E.W.

School

<i>House Master:</i>	Mr. R. M. Clarkson
<i>House Assistants:</i>	Mr. S. C. Crook, Mr. R. J. Watson,
<i>House Captain:</i>	M. Grime
<i>House Prefects:</i>	J. Wilkes, P. Surtees, M. Thackwray, S. Gardiner

The omission of a blow-by-blow account of who did what to whom in the sphere of house activities in the past year is not to imply that School House have had no success, nor that house competitions have no function in school life. Indeed, I am very grateful for the effort and enthusiasm shown by many members of the House in activities ranging from the junior rugby to the music competition, but I feel that parents and friends would much rather listen to eye-witness accounts of heroic deeds than be left to read a long list of factual results. However, mention ought perhaps to be made of two successes which involve most of the house, the Standards Trophy and Athletics Cup.

School House is not merely a banner under which boys can compete in competitions. Life in School House, for all its problems, gives a sense of belonging to a real community which can sometimes transcend individual self-interest. It's not so much that "A cold shower and a bowl of porridge will make men out of them", but that living in close, and sometimes stifling, proximity to sixty other people reminds one of the need for tolerance, and of the fact that the selfish action of one individual can lead to problems for others. Thus although School House is not noted for its successes in the Work Cup, a member of the boarding house has at least the chance to learn how to live with others, which no amount of factual knowledge can inculcate.

I would like to thank all the members of staff who help in running and supervising the House; particularly the Housemaster, Mr. Clarkson, and all my fellow prefects, without whom rather too much would be possible.

M.J.G.

SOCIETY REPORTS

Bridge Club

Chairman: Mr. W. J. Webster.
Secretary: B. Manley.
Treasurer: B. Manley.

The practices held every Monday evening at four o'clock have been well attended by our regular members. Next year it is hoped that more of the sixth form will join the club.

The annual staff versus boys Christmas match turned out to be one of those rare occasions when Mr. Webster and his team managed to escape defeat. Earlier on in the year we played an away match against the team from the Guardian Royal Exchange, Lytham. On this occasion we were narrowly defeated, but soon we hope to give them a return match at which we will take revenge.

As Mr. Webster will have left by the next season, I would like to take this opportunity to thank him for helping and improving the standard of bridge played

at School. In the event of Mr. Webster's departure the club will be needing a new chairman. At this time we are not certain as to who the new chairman will be, but whoever it is I am sure that he or she will be made most welcome by the members of the club.

B.M.

Debating Society

Secretary: J. St. J. Wilkes.
Treasurer: I. C. Gibson

This year has been a busy one for the society, with, on top of the house debates, a number of junior debates, including one balloon debate, all of which proved popular and were well-attended. My thanks go to Mr. Watson for his hard work and crooked motions, and also I. C. Gibson for his hard work as chairman.

J.St.J.W.

Chess Club

Chairman: Mr. J. Bradbury
Secretary: P. Currie
Treasurer: M. Brackfield
Match Captain: S. Gregory

After the tie for first place last year in Inter-house Competition between Lytham and Ashton, the competition this year has not been quite so close. Fylde house would appear to be running away with the competition, having won four matches already.

The winner of the junior competition last year was R. Boyes, with M. Platt winning the senior competition.

The school team unfortunately lost all nineteen matches last year, but prospects this year are much better, despite losing Mr. Nettleship from the team! The team is more confident this year, with the results from the start of the season showing a marked improvement. M. G. Hawe has started the season well, and S. Gregory the captain has played consistently usually gaining the best results.

The season can only get better and the school should be well placed in the league by the end of the season. Unfortunately we lost in the first round of the knock-out cup, losing narrowly 5-3 to Poulton A., one of the best teams in the area.

G.R.E. vs K.G.S. 4:2
K.G.S. vs Warbreck High School 3:3
Poulton B vs K.G.S. 3½:2½
K.G.S. vs Kirkham Conservative Club 2:4
St. Mary's vs K.G.S. 4½:1½
Prebond B vs K.G.S. 3½:2½
K.G.S. vs Blackpool A 2½:1½

Two games to adjudication

P.C.

Dramatic Society

Chairman: Mrs. A. G. Boll.
Secretary: J. St. J. Wilkes.
Treasurer: Mr. G. S. Cheesebrough.

How Mrs. Boll lived through last summer's production of "The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew" while preserving her sanity and rationality is beyond my comprehension. Michael Grime was unfortunately whisked away from us, having contracted Red Lurgi; this left a major role vacant at extremely short notice. John Eastham was the man — leaping whole-heartedly into the part and preventing the whole thing from foundering on some very nasty rocks! His vigorous and impish capering on stage on the last night must go down in the annals of dramatic art!

Pete Andrew gave a powerful interpretation of Bolligrew, striking fear into the hearts of various members of the cast unfortunate enough to face one of his tirades. It was evident that Mr. Clarkson positively thrived in the role of Blackheart — risking life and limbs against Eastham's spirited Ripostes in the fencing scene. Ian Gibson was an apt necromancer and fitted the part with ease — even though on occasions, the sound effects were a little out of

synchronisation! Mr. Sayer was evidently type-cast as the dragon! Such natural aptitude is rare indeed, and his performance was quite awe-inspiring.

My thanks go to ALL of the cast who blended well to make an enjoyable whole; also to those who had to sweat it out back stage, and finally to Mrs. Boll who had the awful task of having to mould a rather recalcitrant cast. She certainly lived through some anxious and some infuriating moments.

It was evident that when the whole thing was pieced together some vague semblance of order was achieved, that all involved reaped a certain enjoyment and pleasure from their labours.

In the near future we hope to produce some short scenes, perhaps written by the members themselves. I hope the support will be as good as last year and that those involved will, after the inevitable swearing and toil, have enjoyed the experience.

J. St. J. Wilkes

Electronics Society

Chairman: Mr. L. A. Redman.
Secretary: S. J. Stokes
Treasurer: T. N. Stokes

Once again this year has been a hectic one for the Electronics Society, with many projects being constructed, especially during the winter term. These projects included a burglar alarm and several 'inter-coms'.

It has perhaps been a fault of the Society during recent years to introduce the beginner to too complex a project. The result has been that the completed project has failed to work, or it is never completed at all.

This year the Society has utilised more simple circuits in its projects with the result that most have worked on completion. This encourages members to build another project.

Next year I shall continue as Secretary. We hope to introduce a few very simple circuits to be constructed by the beginner, at very little cost. We hope that this will ensure an influx of new members.

Finally, I would like to thank all members for their support and hope that they will continue to support the Society in the future.

S.J.S.

Fell-Walking Club

An otherwise excellent year for the club was marred by the tragic death of Paul Brookes, our secretary, who was killed in a fall whilst walking in the Lake District during the Summer Holidays. Paul was, perhaps, the best fellwalker in the School and the fell walks will never be the same without him.

Since the last report there have been 10 fell walks with a full minibus on each occasion and sometimes an extra car load.

On April 16th we walked round the Kentmere Horseshoe. The day started fine, but a little mist descended later in the afternoon. There was plenty of snow on the ground which made the going rather interesting. We were delayed at the Nan Bield Pass by the Annual Kentmere Fell Race — 400 people running round our walk! The winner's time was about 1½ hours compared to our 5½ hours. At least we were able to obtain refreshments in Kentmere because of the Fell Race. A good day was had by all.

May 7th was the day of our ascent of Scafell Pike, the highest mountain in England. A large party set out from Seathwaite and walked via Styhead Tarn along the Corridor Route to the summit — seeing large patches of snow en route! The return was made via Esk Hause and Grains Gill. A hard walk for all, but the views made the day worth while.

On June 18th we were fortunate to encounter really splendid weather. We visited the Old Man of Conistoun. It was so warm that certain people sported shorts, and the more daring took a dip in Lew Water — a tarn, with bitterly cold water. This was one of the best walks of the year.

After the Summer break we faced the problem of replacing Paul Brookes and I became secretary. Graeme Eastham became the new treasurer and thanks to him our finances are in a healthy state. (Incidentally during the three-and-a-half years that I have studied at K.G.S. the charge for the walks has remained the same, £1 — remarkable value in these days of inflation!)

On September 9th Dr. Summers accompanied Mr. Brookes and 6 members of the club to erect a memorial to Paul Brookes. This took the form of a large cairn by the foot of Heron Crag.

On September 24th a group of 15 walked to the summit of Helvellyn via the notorious Striding Edge. This proved to be rather a strenuous walk in poor conditions. Perhaps if we had seen the view it may have scared some of the party!

October 22nd saw us once again in the Lake District. We had an excellent day's walk. Starting from Hartsop we walked on to High Street. We were allowed views over the whole of the Lake District and could see the Pennines in the other direction. The return journey was made via Thornthwaite Crag and Gray Crag.

On November 12th we walked over Parlick and Fair Snape in the Trough of Bowland. These fells are often visible from School and must give splendid views over Lancashire, however on this day visibility was poor with low cloud. We saw several hang-gliders which use Parlick as a starting point.

The fell walk on January 28th was cancelled because of the snow which had gripped the whole of the country. However on February 18th we walked up Pike of Blisco from the Langdale Valley. A great time was had by all, despite deep snow and the threat of further falls which prevented us reaching the summit. It was a most informative day. Dr. Summers taught us how to use ice-axes to arrest a fall, to cut steps, and how to dig snow holes. We also learnt that polythene bags are a superior means of sliding down slopes in the snow. The next time the snows come to the Fylde we will show the population that "poly-bagging" is better than sledging!

A fell walk to Ingleborough in the Yorkshire Dales is planned for April 1st and more walks are planned for the Summer Term. The future of the club looks bright. However there does seem to be a lack of support from the lower forms in the School. Remember everyone in the School is a potential member and you are all welcome — we do not really tire people out!

Our thanks to the staff who help, our best wishes to Mr. Nettleship in his new post and our thanks for his help on many fell walks, our welcome to Mr. Fathers who has joined in our walks.

J. Milburn 4y.

Film Society

This year we again recorded a high membership of over 200. The Cinemascope screen, twin-speaker sound system and dual panavision lenses continue to attract many guests for the Sunday showing of the films.

A wide variety of films have been shown — Carry On England, Bugsy Malone, The Sting, The Eiger Sanction, The Eagle had landed, Gold, Rollercoaster, Airport 77, the Hindenburg and The Andromeda Strain.

The questionnaire circulated at the beginning of the year proved to be a mixed success — many boys' answers were inconsistent to say the least. It did, however, give us some indication as to which films to order.

This Easter the Film Society suffered a great loss in that our Chairman, Mr. Webster, left the School. He has proved indispensable over the many years since he founded the Society. Without him, we could not have functioned with such apparent ease. He was projectionist, publicity agent, screen maker and organiser and I am sure that all the members of the Society will join me in thanking Mr. Webster for all the time and effort he has put into the Society, and I would like to wish him every success in his future as an H.M.I.

Perhaps next year we may see Messrs. Beckett and Nutter showing the same dedication as that of Mr. Webster.

Last, but not least, I would like to place on record my thanks to the members of School House who not only arrange the chairs, clear them away and sweep up the empty toffee papers and coca-cola tins, but faithfully fill up the said chairs in order to pack the Hall during both performances.

M. Thackwray (Secretary)

Geographical Society

This year may be described as a dormant period in the life of this society. Unfortunately no films have been shown because of a mix-up over the financial aspects of the Society. Thanks to Mr. Scott for persistent attempts to arrange meetings which have regrettably failed.

M. Thackwray (Secretary)

Library

Chairman: Mr. R. Watson

This year has been one of considerable expansion for the library, with some 400 new books being put on the shelves. We have been extremely fortunate in obtaining some 200 of these on permanent loan from Kirkham Library; I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Head Librarian there, Mr. Martin Ramsbottom.

I would also like to express my thanks, firstly to Mr. Watson who has put in many hours of arduous work behind the scenes! Secondly I would like to thank the librarians who have also worked well at a task which it would be fair to describe as thankless; nobody enjoys telling people so many times to shut up. Many of this year's librarians were heavily committed to other school activities (like the darts matches in room 13!) and their willingness to 'fill in' for other people at short notice has been a great help to me.

Finally I would like to wish my successor good luck for the coming year.

I. C. Gibson (Secretary)

Music Society

Chairman: Mr. J. Catterall
Secretary: M. Thackwray
Treasurer: I. C. Gibson

The first event of the '78 summer term was the Annual Founders Day Service, which included an energetic anthem, the Te Deum by Stanford.

The next event in this year's calendar was the Barbara Robotham concert, when the Madrigal group presented a selection of songs alongside various performances from Lancaster University students.

The carol service was again of a high standard with an ambitious carol, 'Sir Christemas', by William Mathias, a modern piece to which the choir responded with its usual energy. The patients of Wesham Park Hospital also enjoyed their yearly visit from a group of carol singers.

The House music competition was again of a very high standard with a wider range of items than usual; from a Bach violin concerto through Mendelssohn to Genesis, and the Electric Light Orchestra, whatever the piece, standards were always high.

The Mass in time of war was the main item of this year's Easter concert, with several of the best house items and the trebles singing the Jazz Cantata, 'Swinging Samson'. Both evenings were perhaps the most enjoyable for some four years when the choir performed the Classic Nelson Mass.

Meanwhile, enthusiasm for Music-Making in the school is an ever increasing trend with the choir now totalling some one hundred people and the orchestra around thirty members, three of whom gained grade 8 exams on their respective instruments.

Another notable success was that our Secretary, M. Thackwray has been awarded a choral scholarship to the choir of Chester Cathedral.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. John Webster for all the accompanying he has done for the Society throughout his 7 years at K.G.S. His work has been of tremendous value, and his skillful playing has greatly eased the burden on Mr. Catterall. It is with great regret that we saw his departure at the end of the Easter term.

This year's programme has been a successful and enjoyable one, a fact that reflects the enthusiasm and dedication of the Chairman and Director of Music within the school, Mr. J. Catterall.

M. Thackwray (Sec.)
I. C. Gibson.

Natural History Society

Chairman: Mr. A. R. Baines
Secretary: A. S. Gregson
Treasurer: B. Watson
Committee: G. Derbyshire, J. A. Gregson, E. Waite.

So far, this year had seen an increase in attendance at our meeting with the influx of new boys. We have had talks by Mr. Baines on "Bugs" and on the preparation of skeletons for exhibition. Mr. Sayer provided us with a particularly interesting talk on "Close-up photography". Other talks have been by myself, on "Disappearing Mammals" and "Animals in mythology", by E. J. Waite and R. B. Watson (2Z) on "Aquaria" and by I. Gregson (2Z) on "Cormorants" and "Penguins". We also received a report from the 6th formers who attended a course in Marine Biology at Knott End last Summer Term.

This year we have also seen four films — "Life in the Forest", "Protozoa", "Water Birds" and "Pond Life"; these were all well attended. However the major feature of our year has been the interest taken by members in the Biology Laboratories' current live-stock where they have assisted with the care of cold and heated tropical fish tanks, the care of locusts, terrapins and Xenopus loads and tadpoles.

Our activities have now drawn to a close for this academic year. We look forward to a fruitful theme next September, and wish the new Committee every success in its choice and execution of the same.

A. S. G.

Scientific Society

Chairman: Dr. B. M. Summers
Secretary: S. A. Molloy
Treasurer: B. Manley

The society has been comparatively busy this year with several interesting and informative films. The series "Electromagnetic Induction" presented by Professor Eric Laithwaite was very well attended by all ages, and this gives hope for the continuing interest shown by the boys in all of our activities.

The main event of the year was the day visit to the Calder Hall nuclear power station, on July 11th. When we arrived, we were given a lecture on the production of electricity from nuclear energy. After paying a visit to the works canteen we were shown around one of the reactor buildings. The most memorable episode of the day was on our return journey when the coach stalled at the corner of Mellor Road and everyone on board had to get off and push. Taken as a whole, however, the day turned out to be all we had expected, and more.

At the school open day in July of this year, the society hopes to set up some demonstrations. As anyone who remembers the Easter Fairs will know, these experiments will be one of the most popular attractions

I would personally like to thank Dr. Summers for all his help and guidance, and without whom this society could not exist.

S. A. M.

Sixth Form Society

Chairman: Mr. Clarkson
Treasurer: Mr. I. R. Beckett
Secretary: J. St. J. Wilkes

The year has been very active with numerous talks, films and discussion and a wide range of subjects — several have been of an extremely high quality indeed, and most of them have been of considerable interest. I think that there is, therefore, a good argument in favour of the Sixth Form disappearing on Friday afternoons to engage in subjects of a wider nature than school syllabus restrictions allow.

Mathematicians, Ornithologists, funny little exploding men, oceanographers have all been to shock, interest or confuse us. But where, Clarkson, where is Dawson? You have failed us with your false promises, subtle persuasion and sneaky ways!

The Public Speaking competition did not cause the massive rush to enthusiasm that I had envisaged — although the standard of those who did enter was quite respectable. I think that Swift's stirring speech on something-or-other (to this day I'm not sure what) was one of the most hilarious monologues it has ever been my privilege to hear.

I would like to thank Mr. Beckett, Mr. Porter and Mr. Clarkson for organizing the afternoons.

J. St. J. W.

Subbuteo Society

Chairman: Mr. I. R. Beckett
Secretary: P. Selwyn-Smith
Treasurer: A. Davies
Committee: A. W. Traviss, R. Watson

After a fall in attendances, the sudden rush of new members, and the subsequent queuing for pitches, caught us somewhat unawares. We now have four pitches but are still looking for more.

The first winner of the new S.F.A. shield was A. Davies (2Y) who beat G. Critchley (2Z) 2-1 after extra time in a closely fought battle of skill and nerves.

New members are always welcome and need not have their own teams (though this does help!) Anyone who wants to join may come on any Monday for a trial session.

P. K. S. S.

Wargames Society

Joint-Chairman: Mr. R. J. Watson and Mr. R. M. Clarkson
Secretary: J. R. Swift
Treasurer: R. Platt
Committee: K. Heptinstall, M. Brackfield, C. J. Swift

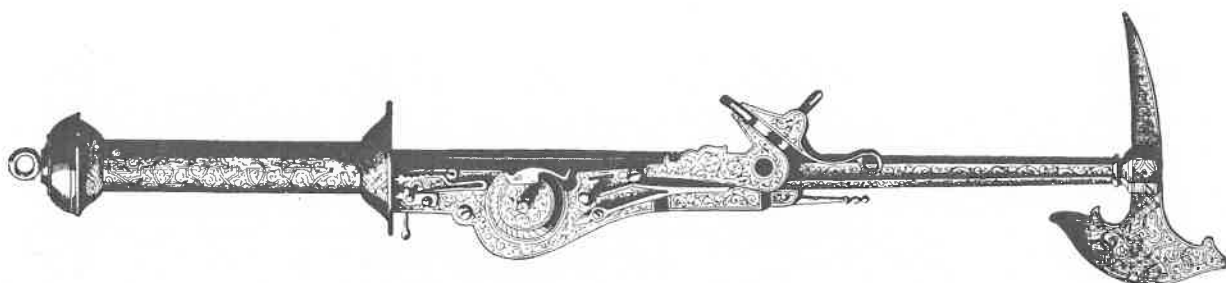
Over the last year a wide variety of wargames have taken place. This was illustrated at last year's Autumn fête when wargames took the form of ancient, Napoleonic, modern, army and naval encounters.

The trip to the Northern Militaire exhibition for 1978 had, unfortunately, to be cancelled since no driver for the minibus could be found. Some members, however, made their own way there to buy books and rules on behalf of the society.

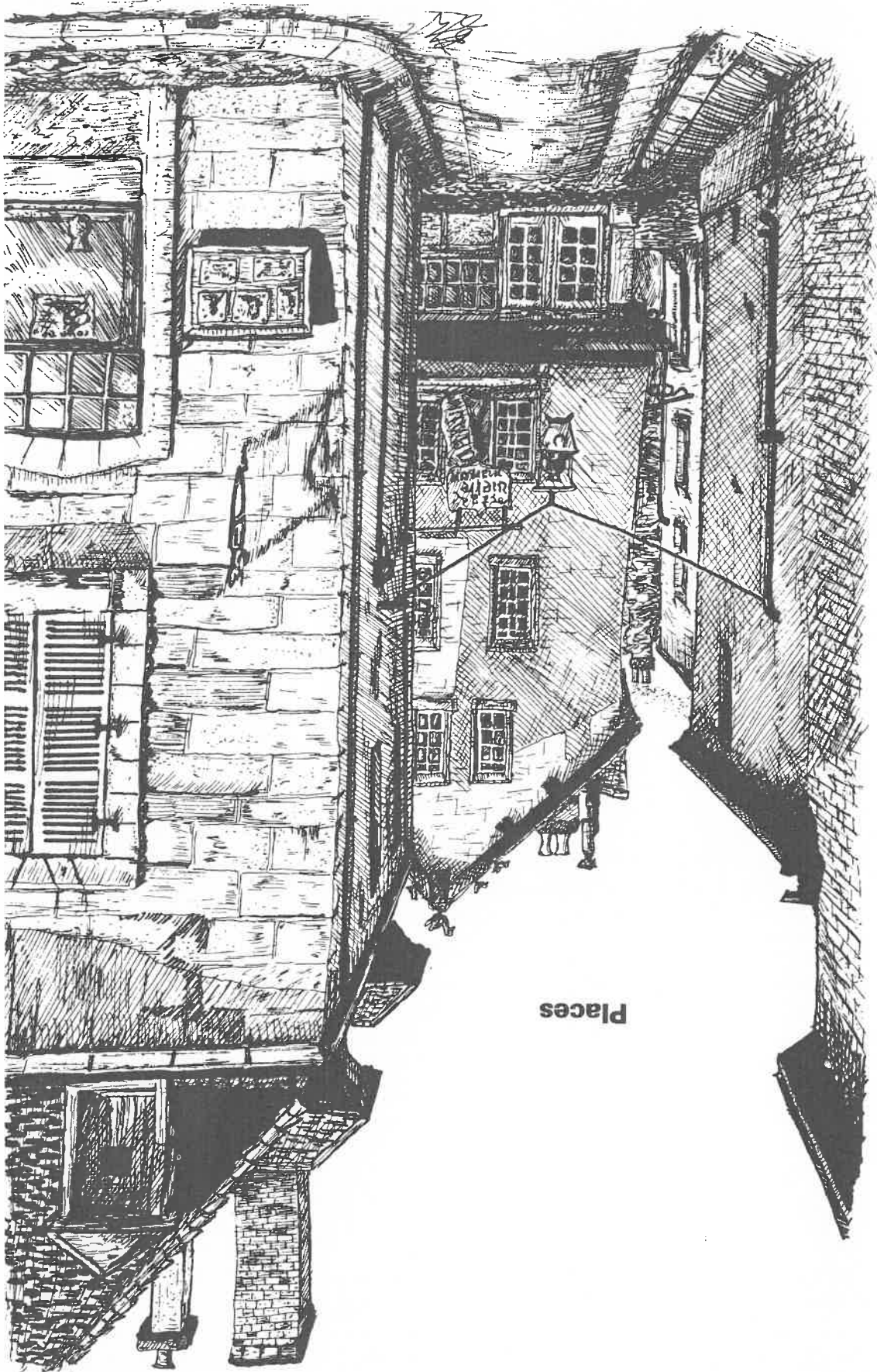
At the time of writing some members in the lower school are turning to fantasy wargaming. This is a rather controversial wargaming "period" and perhaps it is as well that some of the more conservative wargamers are leaving this year.

J. R. S.

Our other School Societies are the Astronomical Society, Auto Society, Calendar Committee, Dramatic Society, Fencing Club and the Photographic Society.



Facsimile of a battle-axe with a pistol. 16th Century



Blackpool

Blackpool is a very large disorganised town situated on the Fylde coasts which grew up in a 'higgledy-piggledy' fashion without planning or forethought.

Miles of double-yellow lined roads lead in one way directions exactly where you don't want to go, and even when you get to where you don't want to go there is no where to park: Blackpool's roads are hell on earth to any non-tourist drivers in the holiday season.

Another annoying thing is the thousands upon thousands of bored-looking holiday makers who meander thoughtlessly around like disorientated sheep, they block your way on the pavement and are the cause of many antagonising jams on the many tiny roads.

The town's buildings are virtually all in one of three categories: cheap and gaudy bingo halls promising astonishing prizes for impossible full houses; grubby little boarding houses and expensive but showy little stores offering ludicrous souvenirs at even more ludicrous prices.

The famous tower stands over the circus near the front, a steel giant which gives you a sense of foreboding if you stand underneath it.

But all this is in summer. In winter you can see the real Blackpool: Bingo halls boarded up, shops closed, beaches empty, you can see under the false facade of lights and glossy colours.

The Pleasure Beach — which makes millions in summer a vast network of entertainment and supposedly breath-taking rides, lies still and dormant in winter like some great grey animal sleeping.

In winter the squalid nature of the place is obvious, you only have to see the dirty dark little streets surrounded by grubby little buildings, and shops run by money grabbing owners whose sole income is the misspent money which they squeeze out of the holiday makers every year.

Virtually everything is boarded up, closed and shut. The big wheel of the pleasure beach lies still, everything is covered by green tarpaulins or dismantled for the winter.

The boarding houses have their 'VANCANCIES' signs out in the frail hope that they may catch some stray visiting business man.

The famous trams which are Blackpool's pride and joy lie hibernating in their massive sheds, like large hamsters ready to scurry out and carry the bustling tourists next year.

Now Blackpool is like a girl who uses a lot of make-up one moment it is gay and sparkling, the next it's just dull and grubby.

K. Bolton, 4X



The Plains of South Africa

As we looked down upon the plains of South Africa, my mind wandered to the hardships of the plants that scarcely manage to survive on the parched and withered land.

The plains are vast and baked hard by the sun. Many withered and twisted trees can be seen scattered about, whilst tall grasses can be seen in damp and moist areas. Even so their blades are parched and bleached by the sun.

Puny shrubs strive to exist in the full glare of the sun. The atmosphere gives the full impression of the untamed land.

Thin and hungry animals roam the plains in search of food, travelling from one dessicated charred water hole to another.

In these terrains of the world there is no mercy, it is purely the survival of the fittest. The scavenging and rapacious vultures wheeling round high in the sky are a gruesome reminder of this.

Life in the plains of South Africa has not changed in thousands of years; it is still arduous for both plant and animal alike.

R. Vaughan, 1X



Somewhere in Scotland

Trees stood all around like silent soldiers. They hung over us as if to pounce with their long spiky branches. The daylight hardly penetrated the dense wood with its mass of branches intertwined together.

The uncanny atmosphere was heightened by the presence of a ruined monastery. A heavy silence hung over the ruins. Armies of brambles dominated the walls of the devastated monastery.

Sharp chills crept up my spine and my legs quivered violently. A distinct feeling of uneasiness lay in my stomach and I had the impression that sightless eyes were watching from behind the trees.

A rough path led through the forest from the loch to the ruins, meandering between the huge trees and the undergrowth. The largest tree of all lay to the right of the monastery with its substantial trunk and noble branches, its roots crept along the ground like long tentacles.

From a nearby loch a sinister grey fog snaked through the wood and hovered like a spectre over the ruined monastery.

Dusk was falling fast and it was with a feeling of great relief that I made my way out of the eerie wood into the bright glow of the lights from a nearby inn.

N. McDonald, 1X

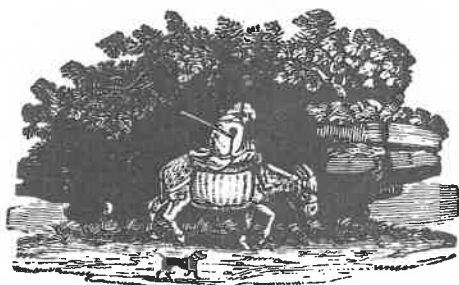
The Yard

It was late, and a cut through the yard would save quarter of an hour. I clambered over the rotting wooden fence and landed in a small clump of brambles. It was so cold that the pain did not cause me great discomfort. I fought my way down the bank, nearly every movement involved an encounter with a bramble thorn. I reached the bottom of the slope and I could hear the ballast grinding beneath my feet. A long line of mineral wagons was silhouetted against the ever darkening sky. Not far away some wagons were being shunted and the sound of the buffers pierced the air like a burst of machine gun fire. The smell of steam oil seemed to be everywhere and whistles could be heard every so often rending the air between the dark trucks.

A shout startled me and I dived between the shining strips of forged iron. As I lay face down on the sleepers the smell of steam oil, axle grease and creosote, which coats the sleepers and ballast between the rails, filtered through my nasal passages until any other smell became indistinct from the oily fumes. I crawled out from under the truck. The sky was now dark.

The moon shone down upon the yard and gave an eerie feel to it. Hard, shiny, iron rails seemed to be everywhere. As I progressed to the middle of the yard the pungent odour of smoke with a hint of oil made it difficult for my lungs to supply the air my body demanded. The ground was like a spider's web. I kept tripping up over the rails and the threads of control cable that seemed to stretch to every corner of the yard. I ducked under the buffers and coupling of a carriage and as I emerged at the far side I was dwarfed by an immense, dormant, green monster. There was now a very strong smell of smoke, steam oil and axle grease. I walked around to the rump of the green, oily giant. From the backhead of the tender, I lifted a large white paraffin lamp from its bracket, as a sort of souvenir. I looked to the top of the tender, which seemed to be many feet above my head and, clutching the lamp, danced in between the rails and cables to the far bank. I climbed up the bank, albeit with great difficulty, out of the great, dark British Rail crater with its intricate weaving patterns of rails and wires, and its smokey, oily smells, that form a great part of some peoples lives. The atmosphere in the yard made me feel dozy and congested and I scrambled through the broken wooden fencing out onto the better lit, cobbled road.

S. A. Fletcher, 4X



The Barns

The weirdest place I have been to is the collection of barns at Out Rawcliffe. They've creaking doors which groan as the wind blows.

The rotting hay smells of dust and rats. One of which scampers through the hay. Dust arises and makes a dust screen. But it soon settles down again. The door creaks and a cat enters in a cloud of dust. Slowly she climbs a pile of hay and sits herself down in it. The door creaks again and bangs to.

Piles of rotting string droop from the beams, extending from the roof tops. Cobwebs in the corners suggest no one uses the barn any more, indeed everything suggests the same desolation. The cobwebs are covered with white dust probably caused by another cat jumping onto the roof.

At first you get the impression you are in a massive, tall building with beams that stretch out into the sky and pull the sky down as though torn by the cats clawing on the roof. Particles of dust are caught in the light, filtering through the cracks in the wall, light which does not reach the gloom of the dark corners where massive shapes only hint at what they really are.

S. J. F. Shaw, 1X

BLACKBURN

I know how Blackburn got its name; apart from the new houses being built by the building contractors, Barratts, on the east side of the town, every building is literally black. It is a town of machinery and chimneys out of which the dense black smoke pours twenty-four hours each day.

I pity the inhabitants of Blackburn breathing in that much horribly polluted air. Any more smog in the air and the people would turn black.

The people closely resemble robots as the vast majority have to work in those 'dark satanic mills', doing the same kind of repetitive job which their fathers, grandfathers and great grandfathers have done ever since the industrial era began.

From the bleak moors surrounding Blackburn, the scene could well be a Lowry painting; back to back houses angled sharply up the hillsides are mixed with mills, chimneys, iron gates, 'matchstick men and matchstick cats and dogs'.

Often black clouds gather over the hills and deposit their contents on Blackburn. The solitary exception to this sombre scene is the newly sand-blasted cathedral which, with its long tapering pinnacle, towers above the mass of black buildings.

The constant rumble of heavy traffic, the mill sirens summoning the workers to their everyday tasks and the constant sound of raindrops does little to lift the depression which one feels when in Blackburn. Indeed its only salvation will be when the place is demolished in its entirety and replaced by a new 'smoke free' town.

I. Collinge, 4Y

ST. ANNES

My first impressions of St. Annes were favourable ones. As we drove down the main road through the town, I noticed the three storey late victorian houses on either side, most were semi-detached and the occasional one was converted into a small guest-house. Each house had its own front garden which was kept in excellent trim in all cases.

When we arrived at our hotel I was not aware that I had only seen the exterior, the facts, and that I was still to be acquainted with all the other elements that go to make up a town. As the days passed I became increasingly aware that the vast majority of the population consisted of the older generation and mainly old ladies at that. These old ladies were of a special type, they came complete with hats and small dogs that seemed to be part of them. I guessed that St. Annes was part of a Conservative seat, and probably a safe one at that.

At a glance, people, like myself, would look upon St. Annes as a peaceful, semi-urban, attractive place, with a fairly high standard of living; yet it seemed too nice. I supposed it must be the ideal place for retired people, but what of the teenagers and younger people of the town? To put it bluntly St. Annes seemed 'dead', at least while I was there, and, if it hasn't changed, it must be very boring for the young. Admittedly there were parks, but they were the type of park with neatly cut lawns and borders of rosebeds: the type where the main sporting attraction is bowling. It was to these that the old ladies came with their dogs; freely allowing their delicate little creatures to foul up the footpath.

There seemed no community spirit about the place. Few, except young people, seemed to go about in groups, most figures were solitary. By the time I left St. Annes I had realised that the immaculate exterior was nothing to go by; it was far from an ideal place to live. Although 'every cloud has a silver lining', in this case the reverse applied, 'the silver lining' had 'a cloud'.

G. Eastham, 4Y

The Form Room

The squeak of a scrawling fountain pen,
Which results in a violent eruption from the
obstreperous master,
The squeak halts momentarily,
The master slowly supresses his burst of
energy,
And then the pen resumes its penetrating squeak,
Unnoticed.

M. Linington, 3X

My Home Town

The colossus of the red brick viaduct, bearing the grime of many years, casts a shadow across the valley. The stench of the river Mersey lingers in the valley bottom while the constant noise of heavy traffic can be heard above the hum of the shopping crowds that swarm all over the greyish-white ramparts of the shopping precinct.

Motionless dummies model the products of large department stores upon which passers-by cast a glance. Children stand gazing through the display windows of toyshops, dreaming of the things they could have if they had the money. Few people stand still in the precinct. They move: Into shops out of shops, wander aimlessly about, rush for the bus amongst the turmoil of a Saturday afternoon crowd.

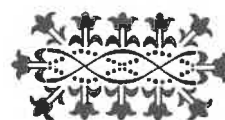
Approaching the market place via a steep, cobbled, dark, side street, one can hear the shouts from the stallholders advertising their wares, each one hoping that nearly everyone in the market has heard what he has for sale on his stall. The market place is just as busy as the precinct but things are grouped tightly around the ramshackle stalls fabricated from old rotting wood which is scattered with wares, the variety of which is not found in any precinct.

From the viaduct end of the station, there is a good view of the mill chimneys in the valley, adjacent to the dark expansive mills which are surrounded by newer, but still grimy buildings. Looking to the other side of the viaduct, one can see the precinct and, beyond that, the large cooling towers of the power station can be seen against the dark landscape of roofs stretching as far as you can see, punctuated by tall mill chimneys and their large dark mills with row upon row of large windows.

In the residential parts of Stockport, the type of terraced housing made famous by L. S. Lowry can be found. Long roads, bordered by the time darkened red brick houses, usually are terminated by the local mill. Groups of kids play in the street, their imaginations converting the dark and dismal surroundings into wonderlands of fantasy, places few of them will get anywhere near.

The evening sun drops down behind the horizon of the Cheshire plain and the town prepares for night time; pubs and discos start to open; queues start to form outside the cinemas. All this night life will keep the town going until early the next morning.

S. Fletcher, 4X



In Edinburgh

When I go to my Aunts in Edinburgh for holidays, I sometimes get a weird feeling when I take my dog for a walk in the park below their house.

Even though the park is overlooked by the ski-slope, main road and houses, when you get to the bottom of the three cornered slope you feel as though you may be in another world.

I get this weird and eerie feeling of being looked at by the ski-slope and the many overhanging trees surrounding the burn.

Large rocks, boulders and old dead trees lie around as if they are waiting for something uncanny to happen. Time seems to stand still and sound does not penetrate.

When anyone is coming towards you it feels as though you are being stealthily stalked because of the grass carpet which cushions the noise.

The gurgling water of the burn seems to get louder and then suddenly stops as if that also is waiting for the inevitable to happen.

This unusual feeling does not only seem to affect me, it also seems to be felt by my dog, she does not bound along as usual but stays by my side until we come out of the thicket, into the daylight again.

S. Sharpe, 1X

KIRKHAM

As I walked over the hill towards the centre of the town all I could see was a set of mechanically operated traffic lights constantly flashing and changing as they conducted the non-existent traffic. I stood there watching them change: red, red and amber, green, amber, red. No cars passed. It was a Sunday and the shops were closed. The streets were empty apart from yesterday's newspapers and dust flying round in circles in a closed corner.

A dog barked and I moved onwards again to achieve my task of climbing the next hill. I stood on the pavement waiting to see if a car would pass. I listened quietly. There was no sound. I crossed over and made my way to the paper shop. It was closed. I had known it would be. Through the glass-fronted could be seen empty wooden newspaper racks leaning against a sickly yellow painted wall. There was also a bunch of yesterday's papers tied up with hairy string.

Most of the shops in Kirkham have large glass windows, especially the paper and dress shops. Across the road a new shop had just been opened and had been freshly painted. The creamy white window frames had a gleaming shine to them and the smell of the paint was prominent. A new door had been fitted and a new pane of glass put in. The putty was still soft and I could sink my hands into it easily as I could into butter.

I carried on walking up the hill. I passed the pet shop and caught the smell of rabbit and cat. It was foul and seemed to linger in the air for ever.

On top of the hill I could see where I had started walking from, tracing my footprints in the dust. On the other side of the hill the shops were more modern and there were refuse bins hanging on lamp posts. This part of Kirkham was cleaner than the other: there was dust but there wasn't any paper being blown around nor were there empty cans to kick. It was like walking out of a room stripped of wallpaper and plaster into one that was newly decorated and fitted with new carpet.

A. E. Butcher, 4Y



The Day of Rest

A rainy Sunday morning,
I toss and turn in my bed.
I wake up tired and yawning,
With daydreams in my head.

I am called right down to breakfast,
By my fraught and busy mum,
So I cast aside the bedclothes,
There's homework to be done.

There's English, French and German,
And a little Latin too,
With a test in Mathematics
So there's plenty to do.

I finish off my beastly work
And go upstairs to bathe,
With all the homework finished
A day of rest I crave.

But the guinea pigs need cleaning
And dad says, 'wash the car!'
So I cannot watch the football
Or my favourite T.V. star.

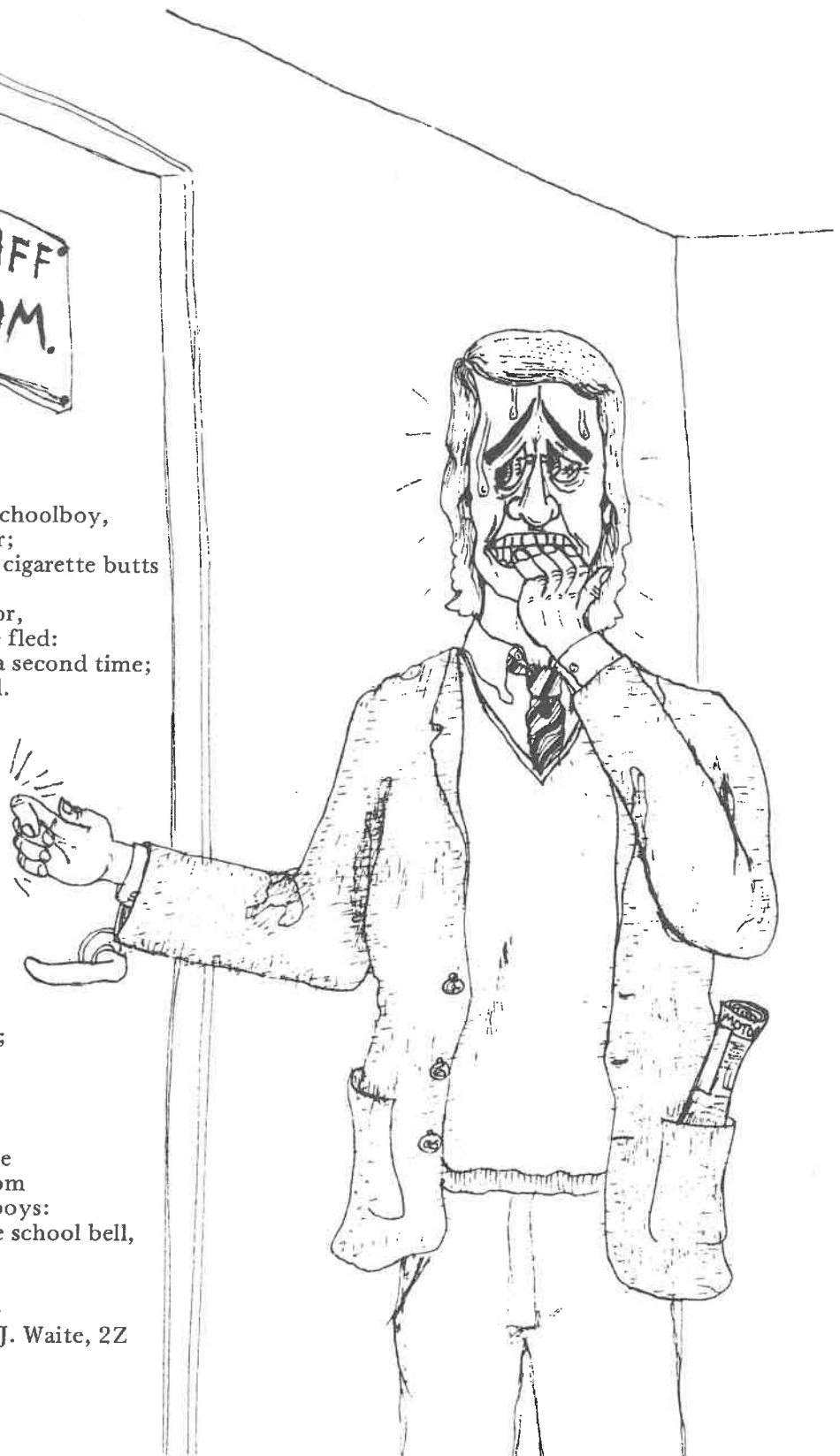
At last the work is finished
And I slump into my chair,
I think the tasks are over
But mum says, 'wash your hair!'

I help mum wash the dishes
Then to the lounge I tread,
And just as I'm relaxing —
I'm told to go to bed

S. Wood, 2X

The Culprit

'Is there anybody there?' said the schoolboy,
Knocking on the staffroom door;
While the masters ground out their cigarette butts
On the shiny parquet floor:
And a boy outside shook with terror,
And wondered if he should have fled:
But he smote upon the door again a second time;
'Is there anybody there?' he said.



But no one came to the waiting boy;
No master from the smokey den
Looked round that ominous portal
To give him his punishment then.
But only a host of cruel teachers
That dwelt in that staffroom noise
Stood listening in the din of that room
To that voice from the world of boys:
Stood listening to the shrilling of the school bell,
Till at last an answer they made,
Two hundred lines or a beating
For the punishment long delayed.

E. J. Waite, 2Z

A Nightmare

I was on a beach somewhere enjoying the sun and busily excavating the foundations of a seaside Camelot, when I noticed something strange in the sea. It looked like a hump of pure water sticking out of the rest of the waves. Then, it subsided gently, and joined the rest of the waves.

Then the lovely sensible, orderly reality of the moment went haywire — in a horrific way!

A boy, paddling in shallow water, suddenly sank, screaming in sheer terror, out of sight. Drowning in three feet of water? Impossible — normally.

Another boy, trying to aid him, met with the same terrible fate.

The sea licked faster and faster up the beach, in rapid, recurring motions, disposing of all it caught up with with the same unearthly procedure.

Blind hysteria gripped the crowded beach, and the terrified masses charged towards the cliffs, where the roads were. They trampled each other and only the strongest and fastest broke away from the mob.

One man who looked like making good his escape, suddenly cowered back from an unseen assailant. Invisible claws sheared the flesh and shredded the victim. The sand turned an ominous crimson.

Another corpse and several others after that bore the gory red ribs of the unseen monster. All around innocent people were falling to the ground, twisted macabrely in their death agonies. A woman's face "exploded" in a grotesque shower of shreds of what had once been a living person.

The crowd, fleeing from the omnipresent menace of the rampant ocean halted at this new attack and milled round in fearful indecision.

Then the frenzied attacks of the invisible bestial maniac ceased suddenly.

The cutting in the cliff, which led to the carpark and refreshments — AND ESCAPE, beckoned invitingly to the crowds.

As everyone crowded into it, a terrible and supernatural thing happened.

In the very smallest fraction of a second, rock walls had sprouted from nowhere and blocked both ends of the cutting. And then, amid the bewildered shouts and screams of the terrified victims, a rock roof began to form, entombing a hundred people in a granite mausoleum.

The beach was almost empty now, of living people, that is. I noticed that it was getting hotter, and the cliffs and sea were becoming hazy, and further away. Then, they vanished, and everywhere was just one, scorching expanse of sand. The scene had Sahara written all over it. It was too hot to walk, and, anyway, where was there to walk to? What was the use? I think the heat was affecting me.

I tried to sit down on a rock, but the rock ran away, and I fell. I could see it laughing at me. I dived at it, laughing insanely, but it slipped away through my arms. Then the rock grew teeth, and caught hold of me. Other rocks began to eat me. I beat at them, but

they just vanished, and I bloodied my hands on the sand and tiny, sharp stones. All the rocks were laughing at me. All the sand was hurling itself at me.

Then I woke up.

J. Howells, IX

The Monster

The Meeting

It was midnight. The smugglers padded softly across the silky sand. The surf lapped against the beach. The soft, grating noise drifted across the air, as the boat slowly slithered away onto the calm water contained within the bay.

The smugglers on land, retreated to their homes as the first shades of red appeared on the horizon. A soft, warm breeze was blowing, just enough to fill the sail on the departing ship.

On Board

The captain was silently working out the money he had gained in bringing the liquor to the shore. He was a tall man with a limp, a bandaged arm and a nervous twitch. His nose was curved over like a hawk's beak and he had dark eyes that seemed to go right through you.

The harsh laughter of the crew was the main sound on board the old, creaking ship. Below, in the hold, the barrels rolled to and fro on the rotten wood.

The Clash

It was pitch dark and the sea was still calm. The crew were sleeping in their bunks down below and you could have smelled the stench of liquor a mile away. Suddenly, there was a slight ripple in the water, then a definite wave — mysteriously coming from the middle of a previously calm sea. Then the ship rocked viciously and lurched to one side.

A dark shadow emerged from the water, two burning, red eyes, blazing in the darkness. The crew arose, quite oblivious of what was happening and, shouting and cursing, made their way onto the seaswept deck. A massive cavity was revealed when the monster opened its mouth and within, glinting in the moonlight, were razor-sharp teeth. Two claw-tipped hands swirled around the back of the ship. There was no immediate escape. On board, the men had reached for their pistols, firing rapid shots at the monster.

The Attack

The ship lunged towards the cavity and in seconds the ship was engulfed within the giant mouth. The razor-sharp teeth closed, crushing the ship. The screaming of men echoed time and time again, as the men's bodies were crushed, the blood gushing out like a fountain and within seconds, the ship and crew were totally devoured.

The Retreat

The monster slowly retreated from the incident, leaving only the dark sky, the moon, the calm sea and a single timber of wood to mark the place of this terrible slaughter.

J. Sharman, 2X

Friday Afternoon

One boring day in a typically boring English lesson, we were being taught the rudiments of parodies. Of course, I was miles away, listening to the steady "plunk" of ball on racket, the "crack" of ball on bat and the hollow "thud" of ball on foot, even this was boring.

I was awaiting the four o'clock bell which would signal my release. It was due to go in seven minutes and fifty-four seconds, no sorry, seven minutes and fifty-three seconds. If I was able to get out quickly enough I might miss the homework being set, what a comforting thought at such an uncomfortable time.

As I was still gazing out of the window, I heard a high-pitched shriek, "Bridge!" This was said with an "r" that rolled so much it was out of the door and halfway down the corridor before I knew it. After considering whether this was a shriek or a scream, I turned towards Mrs. Boll, who was perched on her filing cabinet like a bird of prey, waiting to pounce on an unsuspecting victim. Yes, I think it was a shriek, rather like that of a Banshee.

"Bridge, my shoe has dropped off, kindly pick it up and replace it on my foot."

I uttered a few unmentionable words in Swahili and got up. As I did, a thought came to me, "Who the hell does she think she is, Cinderella?" I picked up the shoe and as I did I could read the thought that was crossing that great void between her ears:—

"WHY HAVE A DOG AND BARK ONESELF?"

A. Bridge, 4X

A Matchday in the Life of a Blackpool Supporter

It was five to three at Bloomfield Road, and several of the fans who had turned up had opened their Bibles and prayer books, one fan, however produced a deck of cards, whereupon the senior fan said "Fan, put away those cards."

After the match the fan was brought up before the senior fan who said, "I hope you have a good reason for playing cards at the match, If not I shall punish you like no other fan has ever been punished."

The fan replied "I, have been watching Blackpool for twenty years and I have no Bible or prayer book, but my deck of cards serves me equally well.

When I look at the ace, I think of the one fan who travels to all the away matches, When I look at the deuce, it reminds me of the division we were in last season when I look at the three it reminds me of the division we're in now and when I see the four, I think of the division we'll be in next season.

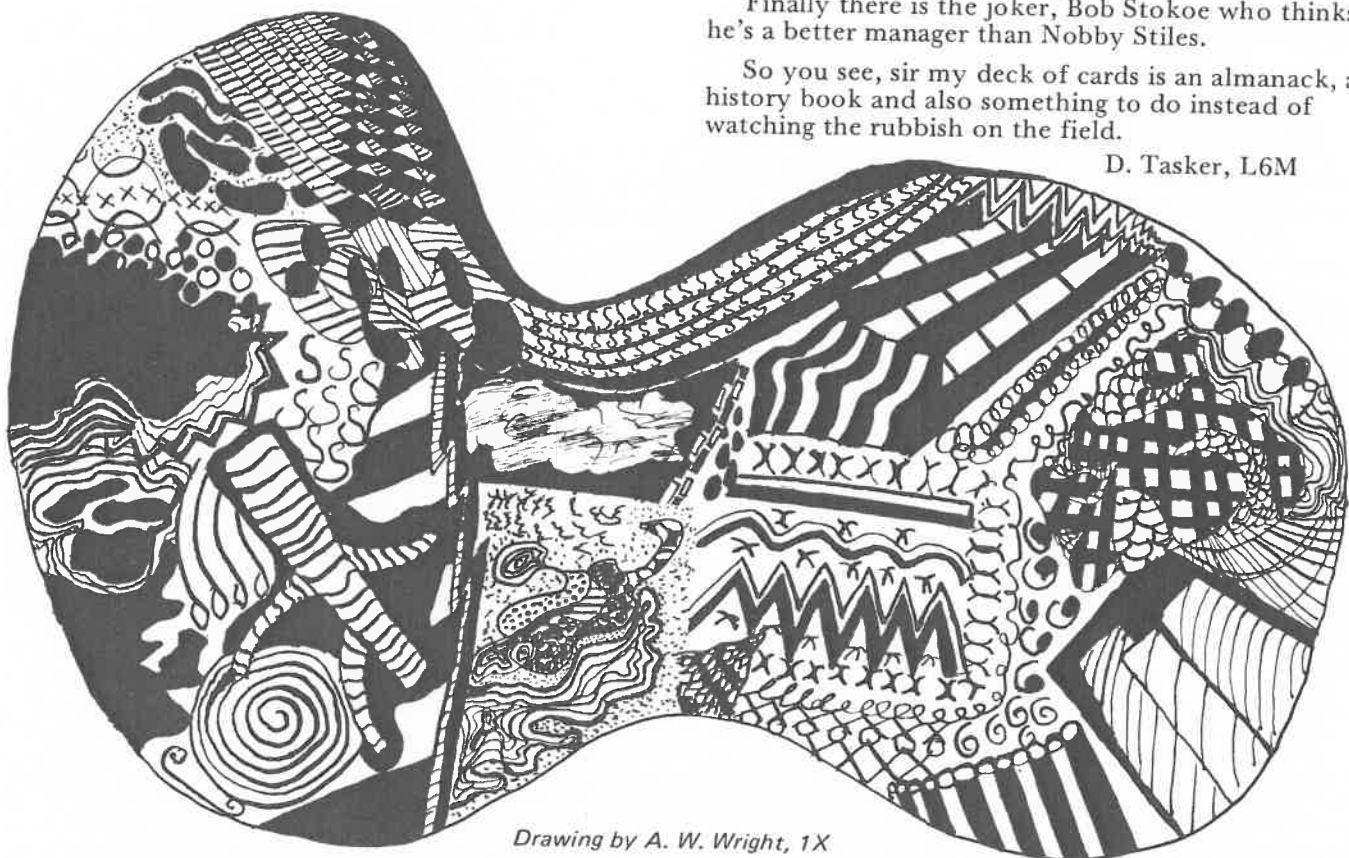
The five reminds me of the five open goals we miss each match, when I look at the six, I think of the number of fans on the kop, the seven reminds me of the number of fans who faint at the match each week through boredom, the eight reminds me of the number of years since we won anything, the nine is the centre forward which we haven't got, when I see the ten I think of our record defeat 10 — 1 against Huddersfield.

There are four suits in a pack, the number of intelligent people in our team, there are thirteen tricks, the number of years since we were in division one.

Finally there is the joker, Bob Stokoe who thinks he's a better manager than Nobby Stiles.

So you see, sir my deck of cards is an almanack, a history book and also something to do instead of watching the rubbish on the field.

D. Tasker, L6M



Drawing by A. W. Wright, 1X

A Nightmare

I was just outside a big black door with a brass ring in it. It did not look very inviting but anything was better than the dark passage I was in at the moment.

I pushed open the door and walked inside. Instantly there was a blaze of bright neon light, and a sound of crazy laughter echoing from the high whitewashed walls.

I looked around and found I was in a massive hall, empty apart from a small cubicle at one end. As I walked towards it in the inane laughter increased in pitch until, as I reached the cubicle, it was almost a scream.

I walked around to the other side of the cubicle. It had a glass panel through which I could see something that transfixed me with horror. Inside there was a faceless human. I say faceless because there were just two yellow eyes and a bloodstained, slavering mouth hanging in space above a quite normal female human body. It was clothed in a green jumper and skirt covered in blood and gore. Beside it lay what had once also been a human body, but was not just a bloody mass. Obviously the beast had finished with it's last victim and was now waiting for another.

I said I was transfixed, but only for a second. I turned and ran hard for the door, but the faster I ran the further away it got. I stopped and turned.

The back panel of the cubicle was slowly opening. I decided to stand and fight. The monster walked through the panel and started slowly towards me. I looked around for a weapon but there was none. The monster was no only a few yards away. I turned to face it. When it was just reaching for me I lashed out with my fist. I hit it right in one of it's eyes but it didn't flinch. It just kept on.

The beast caught hold of my right wrist and elbow and twisted my arm up my back. Its hideous mouth was just reaching for my neck when I woke up. Sunlight was flooding through my window bathing my bed in a pool of brilliance. I sank back on my pillow exhausted and closed my eyes.

G. Irwin, IX

A Short Story From Vegetable Garden

Once upon a time, not so long ago, there was a right royal rumpus in Cucumber Castle. Cucumber Castle was located high on Strawberry Hill, overlooking the whole of Vegetable Garden.

In Cucumber Castle lived the evil Baron Marrow and his beautiful wife Lady Lettuce-Leaf, along with the butler Tom Tomato, and a part time gardener Sidney Sprout. Unknown to Baron Marrow, Lady Lettuce-Leaf and Tom Tomato were secret lovers.

It was a Wednesday Morn when it all started. Baron Marrow was out hunting Tom Tomato and had crept into Lady Lettuce-Leaf's bedchamber as previously arranged.

No sooner had he closed the door to the bedchamber when who should come storming into the castle than Baron Marrow. He had lost his fly-swatter, without which he couldn't hunt, and had returned for his spare one. Unfortunately he couldn't find it, and, thinking that his busy-body wife had tidied up and moved it, he rushed upstairs and burst into the bedchamber. Upon discovering Lady Lettuce-Leaf and Tom Tomato in bed together he was lost for words. But, he soon regained his senses, and picking Tom Tomato up, he threw him down the stairs of Cucumber Castle.

Baron Marrow then leapt onto Tom Tomato and set about trying to kill him.

Now Sid Sprout, the gardener, was Tom's best mate and he felt the only way to save Tom from the evil Baron Marrow, was to call for help from Cassius Carrot the "Robin Hood" of vegetable garden. So, off Sid went, down Strawberry Hill, through Pea-Pod Pass, and into Potato Forest, to the hideout of Cassius Carrot.

Upon hearing of the troubles in Cucumber Castle, he took out his Kidney Bean and blew a sound note to all four points of the compass. Thus, calling together his Merry Melons.

Once all were assembled, Cassius Carrot and his Merry Melons mounted their runner beans and sped off through Pea-Pod Pass, and towards Cucumber Castle.

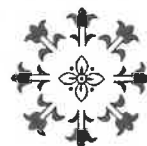
When they had reached the gates of Cucumber Castle, Cassius Carrot told his Merry Melons to wait, on guard, as he went in alone. Inside, he saw the evil Baron Marrow, just about to finish off the soft skinned, squashy, Tom Tomato.

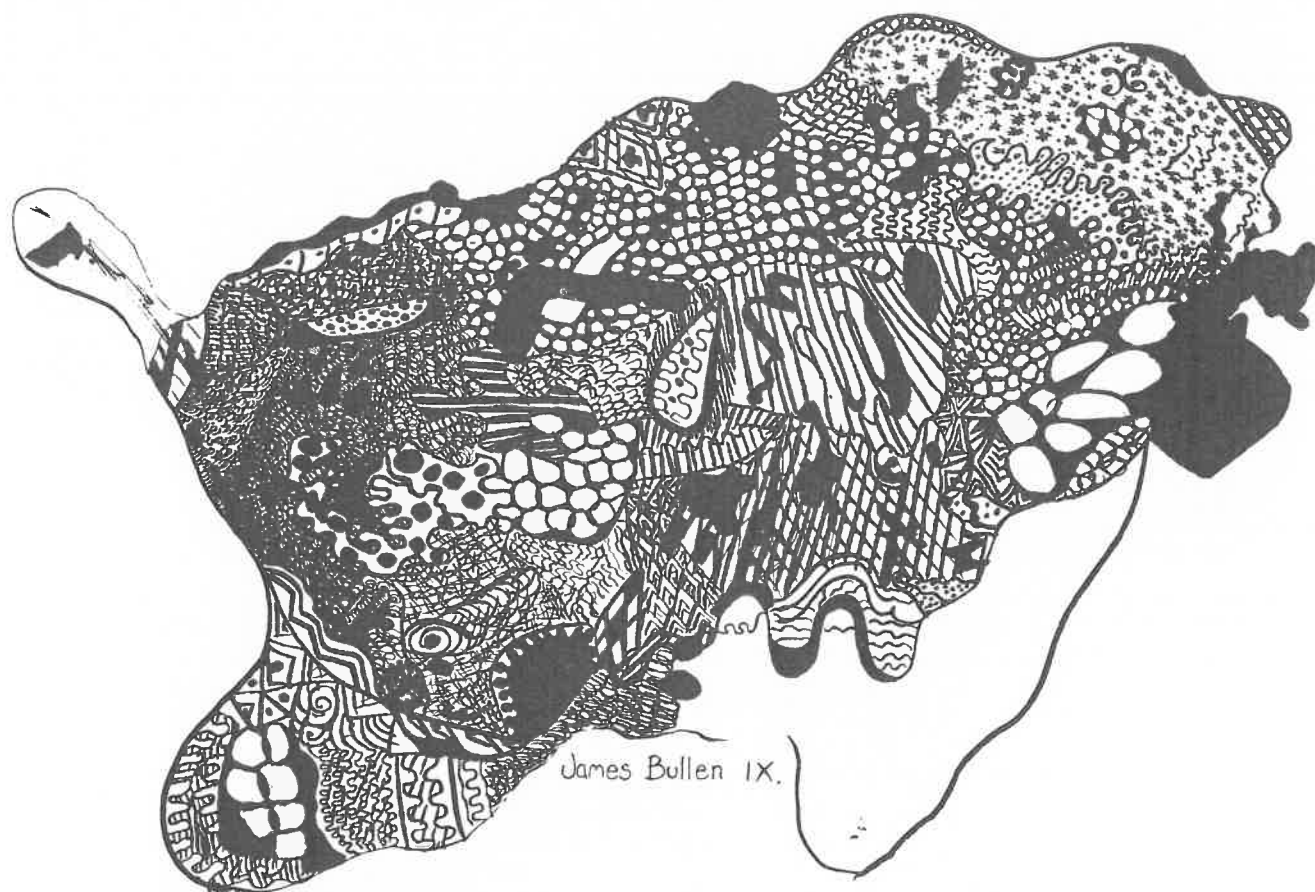
The outraged Cassius Carrot lunged at Baron Marrow, with so much force that Baron Marrow flew across the room and splattered against the far wall, dead.

Lady Lettuce-Leaf was overjoyed with Cassius Carrot for saving Tom Tomato from her husband, Baron Marrow. She immediately granted the outlaws Cassius Carrot and his Merry Melons a pardon, and married her lover Tom Tomato.

And, needless to say, all of Vegetable Garden lived happily ever after.

P. Foden, 4X





Sunday Night

The match is over, the afternoon's cricket done. All the players, the players' wives, kids and dogs have gone home to their homes, and the cricket ground is left in darkness. The moon is shining brightly, illuminating the old pavilion, silhouetting the milk-white sight-screen, and the peeling green branches past the boundary.

An occasional bat flits silently across the square, as if to escape from the spirits of the nocturnal phantom cricketers. The old pavilion bell tinkles to signify the start of the play, and the ghosts drift out onto the pavilion steps, white-clad, bats in hand. There is no noise, but you can hear the music of leather on willow, the whirr of the ball in the cool air, the soft thud of the leather-bound ball into the leather of the wicket-keeper's gloves.

The ghostly fielder saunters in from the boundary, after chatting amiably to some phantom spectators. The run-stealers flicker to and fro, as the bowler drifts up and delivers his lazy long-hop.

But, a wicket, and the phantom fielders pat the demon bowler on the back; the batsman meanders

dejectedly back to the old pavilion, whose occupants clap him in the dim light.

The clouds hide the moon, and the whole field is plunged into darkness as the batsmen drift to and from the wicket, and the bowlers ghost in to appeal silently.

But the moon grows dim and pallid. Dawn is breaking behind the hills. The first faint flush of the day shows in the chill, grey sky, and the first cock crows. Ghost-wave followed by ghost-wave billow through the expectant light into the old pavilion. They scud towards the ancient bell in the pavilion towards the end of their phantom game.

Then the sun comes out, the flowers burst into colour and the young boys shout and dance in the merry sunlight. The pitch is ready for the match, no ghost wears studs on his feet, and the pitch had been rolled at the end of the previous days play. What a contrasting scene to the one only a few hours earlier. Night to day, peace to bustle.

The spooks are lying in their beds, dreaming of the game that they played in the peaceful darkness.

S. Chrispin, 4X



Drawing by N. McDonald, 1X

Freeport

Paul Carter, Freeport's chief commissioner slid behind the wheel of his Mustang and glided sleekly into town.

He drove casually down the main-street towards the gleaming white sand and glorious, towering breakers of Freeport Bay, encircled by a crescent of beautiful, swaying palm trees.

Two years ago, there would have been cars lining both sides of the street, jam-packed into every little crook and cranny even this early in June; but today, even though it was Saturday, the number of vehicles slanted into meter spots could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The meters had, in fact, been plugged in a futile attempt to increase the shops' sales, but free parking was of little consequences. So many of the shopkeepers had left their fruitless holdings abandoned and left them to rot like wizened, old trees. Buildings were boarded up by the streetful and the town was left deserted. All this because of the leak just two years ago.

The beach, once covered by swarms of beautiful, tanned American holiday makers, all providing great income for the tourist trade, was now empty except for a solitary old man taking his dog for a walk.

No more thrilling surfing competitions on those terrific Atlantic rollers; no more ice-cream and candy stores; no more bargain package tours; no more happy days

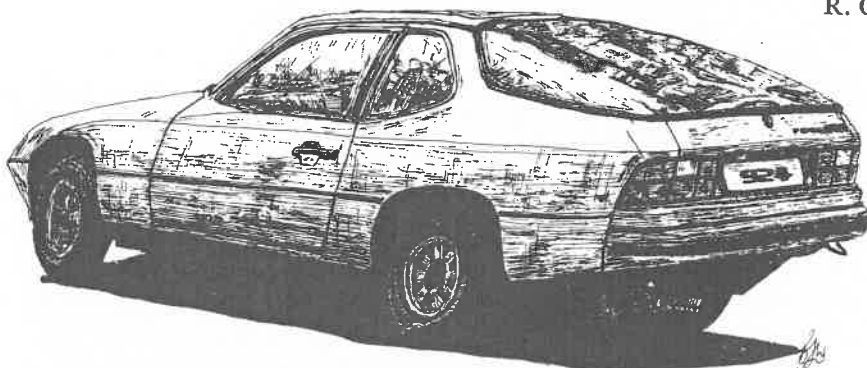
Freeport had become a "ghost-town" like so many seen in Westerns nowadays; left to fade away by the tourist trade.

Freeport had become synonymous with the word terror, because of a slight accident just two years ago. The leak

The nuclear power station on an island just five miles off Freeport Bay had a temporary but horrific leak in an underground storage tank. The radioactive waste spread without warning into the Bay. Nothing was noticed for several days, but then Freeport hospital had a severe outbreak in skin cancer. Suddenly, both man and beast were struck down by the horrific illness.

Great panic followed and the town was left in a wild rush of cars, buses, trains and the odd private jet. Houses, shops and many of the people's belongings were in fear of infection. So in a few days a multi-million dollar holiday resort was sent to the dogs.

R. Curtis, 4Y



A Dream

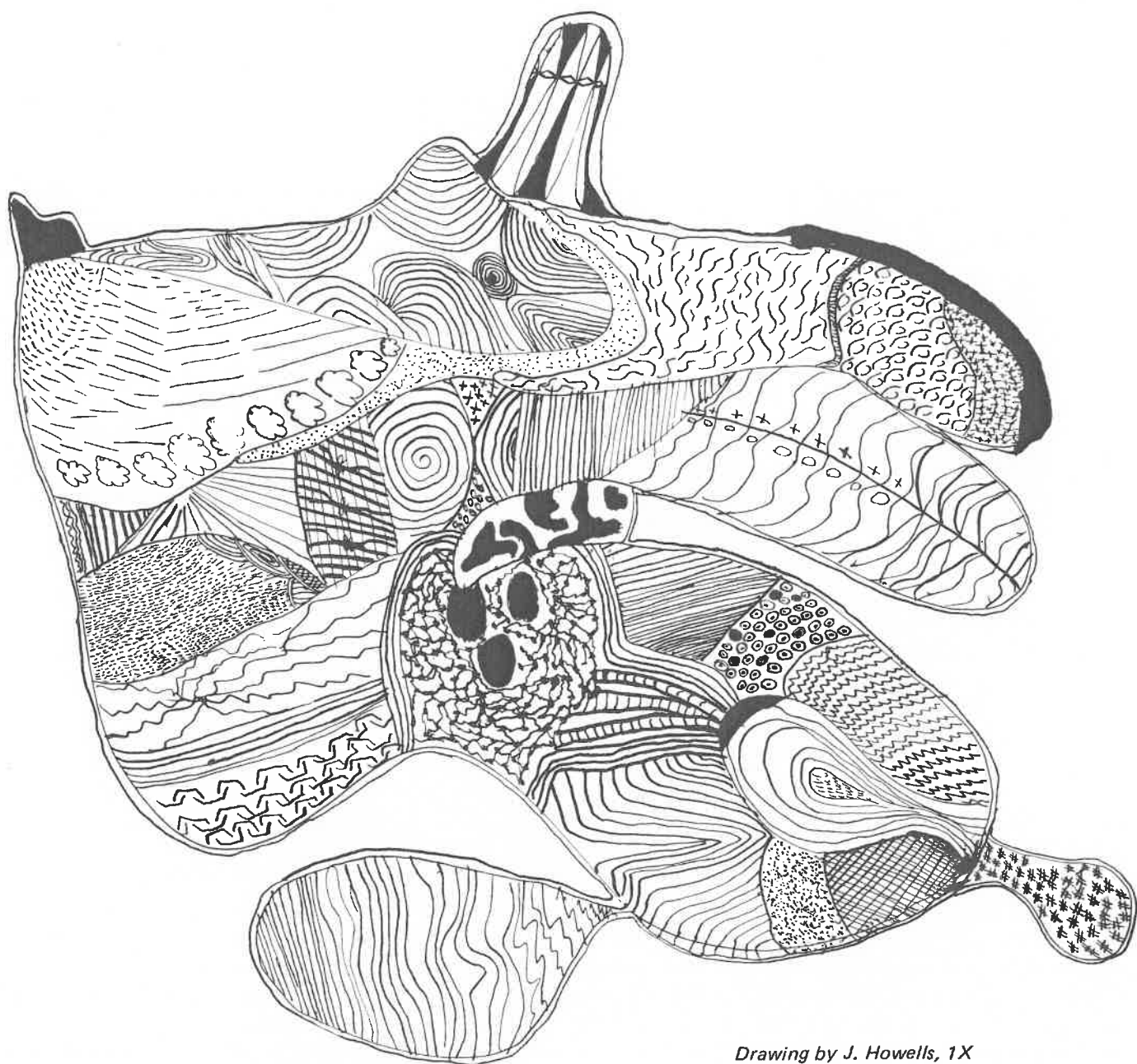
The house which I am in is very large. I'm sure I've been along this corridor before. I'll carry on towards the elaborately carved stairs. I don't know how, but I am in an aristocratic Georgian house. Everywhere I look there are thick curtains hanging across doorways which lead into ornately furnished rooms. The mass of balconies, stairs and halls with high patterned plaster ceilings never come to an end, no matter how far I go. The dank atmosphere has a musty smell which I cannot escape.

Driven by an urgency to escape from the manor I am going on, as quickly as I can without too much noise, for behind me I can sense someone getting nearer to me all the time. My pursuer is a man who I have only once caught a glimpse of, a masked man who nearly caught me at our last encounter. I am getting

so confused about what to do that I look behind me to try and pick out my pursuer. The masked man now being aware that I know where he is runs forward to catch me. Before I have chance to gather my thoughts together into any description of sensible order the man has me pinned down against the rail of a balcony which passes over the top of one of the numerous passages. Now I am being lifted off the ground. My mystery enemy is throwing me over the edge of the balcony. It's a long fall. It seems to be lasting for ever. My stomach feels as if it is turned completely upsidedown.

Bang! "Uhu". I'm sitting up in bed, my brother has just banged his bedroom door shut, and is walking downstairs. Now my fears have all left me, and I realise it was all a dream.

A. W. Wright, IX



Drawing by J. Howells, 1X

SCHOOL SPORTS

Athletics

In complete contrast to the previous season, 1977—1978 was most successful. In the '76—'77 season, K.G.S. was placed last in the Inter-Grammar School Competition at Senior level whereas one year later the team was unbeaten in five school matches and won the Inter-Grammar School Competition beating seven of the best athletics teams in the area.

The team spirit was excellent with all athletes playing an important part in the overall team effort. Smith was typical in that although he never won a race, he helped motivate the rest of the team both in training and in matches with his infectious enthusiasm. Kirkham was a captain who encouraged a spirit of determination in the side, Whiteside a natural athlete who usually won, Leyland a very good thrower, D. Williams an excellent middle-distance athlete, Gilbert won most of his races while Taylor, in the 5th year, won nearly all sprints as a senior. Other athletes who performed well all season were Parsons, Thomas, Drayton and Pigott and without their contribution success would not have been achieved. Kirkham, Whiteside and D. Williams and the relay team of Whiteside, Parsons, Benstead and Taylor were winners at the Inter-Grammar School Competition while Parsons, D. Williams and Leyland were all placed second in the County Championship.

The 5th year possessed many fine athletes, notably Taylor, Benstead, Feckey and Lee and consequently the team generally performed well. Taylor won the County 100 metres Championship equalling the Championship Best Performance while Feckey won the County Discus Title setting a new Championship Best Performance. Benstead was 3rd in the County 200 metres final, a very creditable performance despite feeling 'out of sorts' on the day. Others who performed well were Lloyd, Tasker, Briggs, Dunlop, Hebden, Long, Hagne, Waite and Pennington. The team missed the running of P. Williams who is a mainstay of the team and it is to be hoped he will be able to participate fully this season.

The 4th year team performed creditably but lacked a depth of talent and was placed 4th in the Inter-Grammar School Competition. Marshall and Longworth won events at this meeting and Marshall reached the final of the Lancashire 400 metres in the under 17 age group. Ingleby, Bell, Greenhalgh, Dixon, Greville and Brough all tried hard and performed creditably.

Chrispin and Bigland were outstanding at under-15 level, Chrispin being the only winner at the Inter-Grammar School meeting, setting a new 200 metres record, and being placed 3rd in the County 100 metres final. Bigland was equally fast but did not enter the sprints at the County finals, but I am sure he will achieve future success at a high level of competition. The team was only placed 6th at the Inter-Grammar meeting because many athletes performed below their normal level of performance, but Bridge, Collinge, Richards, Walker, Grime, Morgan, Gardiner, Parkin and Dunstan all performed well on occasions.

The 2nd year athletes improved, with the team winning its age group at the Inter-Grammar meeting; Smith, McCreadie and McIlraith were individual winners. Judge shows promise as a high-jumper and Gibson, Liddell, Pearson, Prime, Studley and Gillibrand all performed consistently.

The 1st year team met with little success but Bolton proved an outstanding hurdler, being unbeaten during the season, and Rhodes had several victories. It is hoped that this season the team will develop and reach the standards set by the other school teams.

B. Gornall

Harriers

P	W	L
11	2	9

As the results show, this season has been a disappointing one for the team. We found that all our opponents had considerably improved while our own form remained constant. D. Williams and B. Blower, the Captain and Secretary respectively, have run consistently well all season, ably supported by P. Williams, M. Corner and J. Hebden, next season's hopefuls; I. McNellie, J. Porter and M. Sergeant put in sterling service in most matches. C. Gilbert ran well on the one occasion he competed for us, in the Dennison Cup relay at Rossall School (incidentally, the team's best performance); early in the season M. Thackwray always looked promising, until injury forced him to retire.

The Lancashire County Championships at Chorley in February produced one good omen for the future: the performance of S. Hickey of the third year, who finished 17th in his age group. We hope that he will have a good future in the Harriers. In the Senior race D. Williams, J. Hebden and P. Williams finished 20th, 36th and 39th respectively.

In the Inter-Grammar race, held this year at Hutton, in March, we finished 7th out of the eight schools competing.

Our thanks go to Mr. Roberts for his help and encouragement throughout the year, and not least to Mr. Webster and Mr. Fathers for their help in transporting the team to many of our fixtures.

Full Colours: D. Williams (reawarded); B. Blower.

Half-Colours: M. Corner; J. Hebden; P. Williams.

D. Williams and B. Blower

Hockey

Captain: J. Trevaileyan.
Secretary: M. G. Hawe.

P	W	D	L
4	3	1	0

Unfortunately adverse weather conditions have curtailed the season to such an extent that we have managed only four games since September.

However, the team has shown promise in defeating Hutton 3-1, King Edward's 3-2, after a 1-1 draw, and Queen Mary's 1-0.

The team is a fairly young one and so, in view of our creditable performances this season, we can look forward to next season with a great deal of confidence.

M.G.H.

Rugby

UNDER TWELVE

This was one of the most promising seasons for a few years in junior rugby, yet there again, disappointing in the number of potential victories that were hampered by the hard winter conditions.

After an early success in the Fylde Mini-Rugby Tournament — in which we lost narrowly to Rossall in the final (12-0), after having beaten some formidable opposition in Arnold, St. Mary's and Highfield, we encountered Manchester G.S. and St. Mary's at home. Both games produced sound victories of 14-0 and 22-0 respectively.

Unfortunately, many of the mid-season games were cancelled, but one against St. Edwards, Liverpool produced a narrow defeat 7-0.

We look forward to a fine display at Preston Grasshoppers Mini-Rugby competition after Easter, in which we consider to have match-winners in captain, Preston, a strong, effective centre, and wingers like Robinson, Hull and Reid. In the forwards Barnes and MacIntyre shared great promise and Herrington eventually learned how to hook. Gilmore, Plummer, Cook and Mackie always gave their best and were particularly keen to play, as were Lowcock and Calland who vied for scrum half position.

Many thanks to a future star-side who played some very good rugby, and I hope will continue to do so in the future.

I.M.S.

UNDER THIRTEEN

P	W	D	L	F	A
13	6	1	6	152	119

After a disappointing last season, this season started very encouragingly with successive Saturday victories by us over Ermysteds, Balshaws and Blackpool. Although we were defeated by Cowley, our two local foes from Hutton and King Edward's were soon disposed of. As Christmas approached close matches at Manchester and St. Mary's were lost, but after Christmas we beat Hutton again.

Davies led the side by example and he was ably supported by the rest of a mobile pack who made up with technique what they lacked in size. There was no particularly outstanding player in a pack usually consisting of Selwyn-Smith, Rae, Davies, Knowles, Stewart, Hickey, Bennett and Bolton, with Wells and Watkinson deputising when required.

The backs were nowhere near so settled as the forwards although Kirkham played regularly at scrum half. For the rest of the three quarters the positions were contested throughout the season by Sharman, Nixon, Wilkins, Aspinall, Critchley and Turner (a newcomer to the oval ball game). Early in the season Brookes and Hardwick were in contention though they faded from the scene, while latterly Bowen and Farrer strove to gain places. At full back Milburn played in the majority of the matches, though Brook challenged strongly towards the end of the season.

R.J.B.

UNDER FOURTEEN

P	W	D	L	F	A
15	9	2	4	215	167

This season has been disappointing for the Under 14's — not because of results — but largely because the weather has interfered so often, particularly in the Spring term when only three games were played. This must have been most disheartening for the team who have always been most keen to play.

However, when the team has played it has showed itself to be most promising — particularly the forwards who have played with great fire and dedication and are technically a most advanced pack. McCreadie, Smith, Bretherick and Pearson have been the basis of a very powerful eight and they have been ably supported by Linington, Nuttall, Halsall and Roberts.

The backs have not always used the great deal of ball which has been won, to its best advantage; Dugdale is skilful but sometimes slow to serve his stand-off, Liddell, who is talented, often failed to raise his game in matches. Centre has been a problem throughout the season and though Rhodes transferred from back row to fill the gap admirably, there has been little real penetration in attack, and Bowen at full back has been the most potent force coming into the line with aggression. His recent outing at scrum half was also promising, though he obviously has a great deal to learn in this position. One also hopes that McIlraith will be regularly available next season as he added strength in the centre when he was not playing for the Under 15's. Clarke, on the wing, is developing into a strong runner, but must learn to be more direct and not cut inside too often.

Perhaps the early weakness in the backs was best illustrated at Cowley where the forwards managed to match the Cowley forwards for most of the game only to see try after try run in by a physically superior Cowley back division. It was this rather heavy defeat which ended a string of four wins over Ermysteds, Heysham, Ripley and Blackpool, and led to an indifferent patch which included draws against King Edward's and St. Mary's and a defeat by Manchester Grammar though in the last match the team was rather heavily depleted. However, the winter term ended on a brighter note with a good win over St. Edward's Liverpool.

The long lay-off seemed to have an adverse effect, for the Winter term victory over Hutton by 24-12 was turned into a defeat in late March by 10-6. However the year was ended on a high note by inflicting

defeats on two touring sides: R.G.S., Newcastle who were beaten (16-4) for the first time this season and North Manchester High School (16-8) who had also had an unbeaten season.

Team Squad: Bowen, Gibson, Judge, Clarke, Evans, Frodsham, Rhodes, McIlraith, Thomas, Liddell, Dugdale, Bretherick, Roberts, Halsall, Davies, Linington, Pearson, Nuttall, Smith, Clay and McCreadie (Captain).

Touch Judge: Sean Wilby.

R.J.W.

UNDER FIFTEEN

P	W	D	L	F	A
13	8	0	5	176	146

The team has possessed a great deal of pace and flair and when the threequarters gained a reasonable amount of possession, looked a good side. However, the weakness of the side has been that of obtaining possession of the ball. The pack has not been large, but lack of size can often be offset by determination and technique. Unfortunately in the rucks and mauls the forwards as a whole have not been determined enough to set up the ball for supporting players and to graft for the ball intelligently, resulting quite often in a lack of vital possession.

After early setbacks the forward held their own in the set scrummage, thanks mainly to fine performance all season from Dunstan at loose head prop. As the season progressed Parkin started to realise that he could win lineout ball if he was determined enough, and Bridge and the captain Seabury worked hard about the field.

Morgan at scrum half and Milburn at full back developed as the season progressed, Hargreaves kicked well generally from fly half, McIlraith was a steadying influence in mid-field while Collinge, Chrispin and Bigland showing flair and pace scored 22 of the 32 tries scored by the team.

The team was extremely unfortunate to lose to the eventual winners of the Blackpool Cup 0-4, after crossing their line twice and despite one of the best performances shown by the pack all season.

However, the team won the Fylde R.F.C. 7-a-side competition in grand style thus gaining a fitting reward for a season's willing and cheerful effort both on and off the field. The side possessed much more flair and pace than any of the other competing teams and played some very good rugby.

B.G.

SECOND XV

P	W	L	F	A
12	10	2	260	51

An excellent season which was disappointing only in the weather. Ten games were cancelled, most of which would have resulted in victories. The strengths of the team belonged to a hard, mean pack and a set of hard-tackling backs. Many games were played on soft pitches which prevented the 2nd XV playing its normal open game. However, most of the tries were scored by the backs — notably the good half-back

partnership of Liddell (9) and Jones (5). Richardson, as ever, was a dependable full-back, but the three-quarter line of Wright, Calam, Colman, Gibson and Brough lacked real finesse.

The pack remained a solid unit all season, with Thomas, Barlow and Harper forming a sound front row, while the boilerhouse combination of Hague and Brindle added weight and experience. The back row improved throughout the season, with Gilbert and Lowery dominating the back of the line-outs and either P. Longworth, Dunlop or Greenhalgh winning much loose ball.

Finally, may I thank all the team for their cheerful manner, Chris Gilbert for being an excellent captain, Mrs. Woods and the dinner ladies for providing many late lunches and Gareth Wright, who upon his last appearance on the wing scored his first try.

I.R.B.

FIRST XV

P	W	D	L	F	A
17	13	1	3	226	211

Until Christmas the season was highly satisfying for the 1st XV who had won nine out of ten matches, losing only to St. Edwards College, Liverpool in school matches. These victories included success over Blackpool, Cowley, Hutton and King Edwards, Lytham.

In the Spring term the bad weather limited school games to three, one drawn against Blackpool and two lost fairly convincingly. The highlight of the Spring term was the tour to Portugal which is reported elsewhere. It is sufficient here to say that all players received nothing but compliments on their appearance, behaviour and style of play.

In the last fortnight of term more success came our way when the 7's team reached the semi-final of the Fylde competition. They were not as successful in the Preston Competition for 15-a-side teams, winning only one group match, but they will be remembered for, perhaps, the best game of the tournament against the Japanese, losing only 10-13 in the last 30 seconds of the match.

The season has seen the development of players such as Taylor, Bentley, Benstead and Pennington, and the advancement of established players such as Pigott, Longworth, Lanigan, Manning, Aitchison and the Captain, Wright. It was also good to see others coming back into the fold and making good, namely, Lee, Calam and Collins.

The list of colours awarded, reflects the efforts of all the players called on and I thank them for their efforts and time spent in training and playing, which represents a large slice of their spare time. Thanks especially to Andy Wright and Graham Lanigan, who as Captain and Vice-Captain have run the side efficiently.

Colours

Re-award Full Colours: A. N. Wright, R. S. Tallis.
New award Full Colours: G. R. Lanigan, M. W. Taylor, S. J. Longworth, I. N. Pennington, W. Pigott, I. W. Aitchison. *New award Half Colours:* G. J. Lee, G. Benstead, M. Northington, D. Manning, A. Bentley, J. Thomas, K. Collins, G. Barlow, S. Calam, C. Gilbert.

D.E.W.

Tennis

Chairman: Dr. B. M. Summers

Secretary: D. N. Manning

Captain: G. R. Lanigan

P	W	L	D
16	7	8	1

Just as last season, the tennis team has had mixed results. However much effort was put in to achieve several well-deserved and creditable wins.

Because of adverse weather conditions several fixtures were cancelled although when rain stopped play at Stonyhurst the team showed their soccer capabilities by defeating them 21-13!

With four of last year's team returning, and new recruits in I. Aitchison and D. Pearson, better results should have been obtained and an 8-1 defeat of the girls from Queen Mary School showed much promise. However, as the season progressed, we lost Aitchison, Lee and Redman to the cricket team, forcing us to change the partnerships. On Saturday's Lee and Aitchison proved to be a powerful force as did Redman and Pearson. Wednesday matches, however, found the team reduced to three regulars, where Abraham and Lanigan often played well but lacked consistency. Many thanks must go to Manning (who played with virtually every member of the team at some stage), Yeadon, Brough and Girvan — who showed much promise for such a young player — for their playing whenever needed.

Half colours were re-awarded to J. Abraham, G. Lanigan, and awarded to D. Pearson, G. Lee, I. Aitchison and D. Manning.

The U.15's had one match against a very strong Queen Mary team and found themselves at the wrong end of a 2-7 scoreline. The U.14's however did rather better, winning 6-3.

In the inter-house competition, Ashton beat Preston to win the senior cup, and the junior cup was won by Fylde who beat School in the final.

Many thanks go to Dr. Summers for his perseverance throughout the season, and to all those who helped with transport. With virtually the same team available this season, we can only hope for some very successful results.

G.R.L.

C.C.F. REPORT

Army Section

O.C. CCF MAJOR: D. H. Butterworth

CADET SERGEANT-MAJORS: H. R. Fraser and C. Gilbert

SENNYBRIDGE '78

After a highly successful camp on the Isle of Man in '77 we set out for Wales with hopes of an equally successful camp this year. Unfortunately we were unable to retain the title of 'Best Contingent', although this was the official opinion and certainly not our

opinion. In the March and Shoot competition we proved our superiority when our first team beat the existing record times both for the run and for the assault course only to be beaten by our second team who managed even faster times. We would have proved equally successful in the shooting had it not been for poor information from a range officer obviously biased towards the public schools in the competition. We were bitterly disappointed by this result but the fact that we had provided an unbeatable time for the three mile run was some consolation. This run was even more remarkable since David Hold was virtually dead on his feet for most of the last mile and it is a tribute to his determination and his commitment to the school's activities that he managed to finish the run at all. It is this total commitment to the activities of the camp that is the most commendable feature of this school's cadet contingent and this is reflected in our unofficial activities. One such activity was a football match when our side annihilated an opposing side 13-0 after that side had already beaten two other contingent teams by similar scores. Man of the Match: John Calland.

Back to the official activities and the orienteering course on which most of the competitors attained their Apex award whilst some of the competitors proved more interested in the inside of the Camp's rescue helicopter.

There were two Night Exercises, the first being the Camp's exercise which consisted of three recce patrols, one of which located the enemy, discovered the nature of their defence and reported back to the other patrols, who then joined forces to attack the enemy during the early hours of the morning. The enemy consisted of Mr. Sayer and a patrol of cadets and they were very annoyed when they were attacked two hours earlier than the decided time. Mr. Sayer declared that this was unsporting. The time between the recess and the attack was taken up by armed patrols to the woods for firewood, the armament being a protection against the wood's wild dogs who made their presence felt by shining red eyes and wolf-like howlings (not much different from Mr. Sayer's reaction to being attacked too early).

The second Night Exercise worked in a similar manner. The object was to find out which contingent had the bugler who insisted upon playing Reveille (rather badly) at 6-30a.m. every morning. A recce patrol was formed which located the target, discovered the size and nature of the target and reported back to its comrades. The actual attack, which was scheduled for the next day, was unfortunately impossible because the appointed Attack Group slept in. If only that bugler knew how lucky he was!

After we had finished the Camp's activities we turned to the school's training programme which was largely canoeing and climbing. The canoeing often resembled the battleship scene from 'Ben Hur' with canoes ramming each other left, right and centre. As a result capsizing drill became a well-polished art with Mr. Scott amongst its practitioners. The climbing was another high spot of the camp and was greatly enjoyed by everyone. Niall Fraser deserves a special mention here since he had all but broken his leg on the assault course (he tore the ligaments, dislocated the knee cap and strained the muscles) but insisted upon doing a

climb and then abseiling back down again. All this with only one leg!

Finally we would like to give all our thanks to the officers who worked so hard to make this camp an enjoyable one for the lads and we would also like to thank the lads themselves for putting so much effort into the Camp.

C.S.M. Gilbert and C.S.M. Fraser

R.A.F. Section

O/C Sqdn/Ldr: G. S. Cheesbrough
Fg/Off: D. Walls
Flt./Sgt: J. A. Spereall

The 1978 Easter Camp was held at R.A.F. Lossiemouth and the Section returned to Scotland again this year to attend Annual Camp at R.A.F. Turnhouse, Edinburgh. Despite the bad weather which hampered much of the programme the seven days spent at Turnhouse were enjoyed by all present.

This past year has been a most successful one for the R.A.F. Section with 20 passes at Proficiency Two and 10 passes (including 3 distinctions) in Proficiency Three. Most Cadets have worked hard and their enthusiasm was reflected in the results achieved.

Congratulations to Gary Spencer who successfully completed a Flying Scholarship in August 1978 and now has a Private Pilots Licence and the three Cadets who gained glider pilots wings this year — Gardiner, S. P., Williams, A. B. and Greening P.K.

J. A. Spereall (F/Sgt)

THE SCHOOL AT LARGE

School Visit to France — Easter 1978

There was an unfortunate beginning to the holiday when it was realised that several boys still had not arrived at Kirkham when the coach was due to leave at midnight. Frantic phone calls resulted in the arrival of all the boys apart from one and the coach left more than an hour late. Luckily, we still had time in hand, for it was an eventful journey down to Dover. The driver took a wrong turning in London and we almost drove into the main entrance of Smithfield Market before he managed to find the right road. Then, because he felt the need to make up lost time, he went a trifle faster than was legal and as a result was stopped for speeding just outside Canterbury. The policeman was kind enough to let him go with just a warning when it was explained that we had a boat to catch.

At Dover we met the driver who was to remain with us for the rest of the trip — an experienced driver on the Continent who proved a most interesting and helpful courier too. It was a very pleasant crossing in fine, sunny weather and we had an enjoyable drive to Paris where we were to stay for the first part of the

trip. Our hotel had one great disadvantage — it was purely bed and breakfast. For the rest of our meals we had to travel some distance to a restaurant which seemed to cater entirely for English school children — as a result (and one can only suppose from long experience of catering for the English child abroad) it was chips with everything — a great disappointment to those looking forward to French cuisine.

Paris itself lived up to everyone's expectations. Everyone enjoyed and was impressed by seeing things and places only previously experienced in books. The high point in everyone's opinion was the trip to the top of the Eiffel Tower, against which Blackpool's famous edifice is a mere toy, where the most splendid sights of Paris were revealed before us. Other things which were commented on were the Cathedral of Notre Dame, with its wonderfully carved facade, although one or two of the younger pupils looked in vain for a hunch-back; the Sainte Chapelle, notable for its incredible stained-glass windows; part of the Law Courts were undoubtedly the item which created most interest was the guillotine — the actual one it was said used in the beheading of Marie Antoinette. This wicked-looking instrument was in fact much smaller than pictures suggest. We also saw the Sacre Coeur — an impressive church built on the highest hill in Paris, which appeared even more impressive when viewed on our evening tour when the monuments are floodlit. On this tour we also visited Montmartre — the district of Paris noted for its artists and some of the party even had their portraits drawn by one of the many pavement artists. Of course no visit to Paris can be complete without visiting the Louvre and there, among many other things, we saw perhaps the two most famous works of art in the world — the Venus de Milo and the Mona Lisa, the Mona Lisa was found to be less impressive than many of the larger canvasses, hidden as it was behind thick bullet-proof glass. One disappointment in Paris was that we were unable to make a river-trip since the Seine was so flooded that the boats were unable to pass under the bridges.

We left Paris after a hectic two days to spend the remainder of our time in France in the more leisurely surroundings of the Loire valley. We arrived at Amboise to find our accommodation in chalets situated about ten minutes away from the town, where we had all our meals in a restaurant whose standard of food was much higher than that 'enjoyed' in Paris. Of course there were again complaints from boys who couldn't stand foreign food.

Amboise turned out to be a marvellously compact little town possessing its own chateau high on a hill top. Its claim to fame, as well as the chateau where several French kings lived for a time, is that it is the place where Leonardo de Vinci spent the last years of his life. He is in fact buried in the chapel in the chateau grounds. The River Loire dominates the region and we must be one of the few groups of people actually to have driven through the Loire, for our coach driver decided to ignore flood-warning signs and drove for about half-a-mile through flood-water over a foot deep where the Loire had burst its banks. This was on our way to the cathedral city of Tours where a large number of the party managed never to actually find the cathedral with its display of stained-glass windows dating back several hundred years.

We also visited perhaps the most famous chateau of the region — that at Chenonceaux. This is partially built out over a river, whose flood water rises perilously close to the top of the arches, and which has an impressive formal garden, although this could not be appreciated so early in the year. Chenonceaux was also memorable to some members of the party because of the quantity of crêpes bought from the refreshment stand there.

We left Amboise after an exceedingly early breakfast for the long drive back to the North of France, only to find on reaching Calais that boats were not running to schedule because of bad weather. Even the hovercrafts were not operating. As a result our boat, which in fact turned out to be an earlier boat several hours late, was packed to capacity and there were one or two queasy stomachs as we left the harbour. The owners of these stomachs were not cheered by the announcement later that we had to stand-off Dover for some time before docking. In the event, the delay proved to be short and we left the boat intact — apart from one person who couldn't stand the pace because of only three helpings of chips!

There was an uneventful coach trip back to Kirkham where we arrived in the early hours. We would like to thank Mr. Yeomans, assisted by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Clarkson for organising the trip and Mrs. Yeomans and Mrs. Taylor for their invaluable help, in making this visit to France, the first for most of the party, so enjoyable.

C.D., C.P. and others

A Visit to the Goethe-Institut

On Friday the 23rd of March, 11 sixth-formers travelled by one of British Rail's most uncomfortable trains to the Goethe-Institut in Manchester to see a video recording of the film "Die verlorene Ehre der Katharina Blum". The film, it was agreed, was of great value to the students and the afternoon went smoothly.

Our thanks go to Mr. Gill for taking the time and trouble to organise this visit.

I. C. Gibson (Prefect)

Isle of Man Holiday, Summer 1978

During the Summer Holidays of 1978 a group of 45 1st, 2nd and 3rd formers spent a week under canvas at Castletown on the Isle of Man, accompanied by Messrs. Beckett, Browning, and Webster and Dr. Summers.

We departed from school by coach at 8.45 a.m. on Monday July 24th and sailed from Fleetwood at 10.45, arriving at Douglas just after 2 p.m. after a calm sea crossing. We spent the rest of the day settling in at camp, learning how to fit 10 people into a tent with reasonable comfort, and how to keep the weather out.

The next morning we tried our hands at archery, with varying degrees of success, and spent some time walking round Castletown. In the afternoon we then partook of the somewhat dubious pleasures of pony-trekking. Foden got the fright of his life when his mount tried to run away with him.

During the night it poured down and the occupants of one tent awoke to find themselves lying in a pool of water. Consequently we were a little down-hearted as we arrived at Port Erin to have a go at canoeing. The water was freezing and a fog had descended upon the island; however the sight of Foden, with the knotted handkerchief that was never to leave his head throughout the week, and Mr Beckett capsizing brought tremendous cheers.

On Thursday we took part in an orienteering competition which was won by Milburn, Bigland and Scott and in the afternoon we tried some abseiling. This is a method of descending a vertical rock face by means of a system of ropes and it is very frightening at first. However after a few attempts some people really enjoyed themselves.

On Friday we had a guided tour of the Castle in Castletown — a most interesting visit to a well-served building. During the afternoon we made a trip into Douglas on the old steam railway and spent the time looking round before returning in the evening.

On Saturday we went down to Port Erin once again. The more adventurous went on a long canoe trip out to sea — where the waves were rather high! Many found the gentler pursuit of yachting much more to their liking — some even made sand-castles! Saturday evening provided a spectacular event in Castletown harbour — The World Tin Bath Racing Championships. Since two of the camp instructors were competing, we provided vocal support — only to see them sink, trying valiantly.

Sunday was mostly free. Some did more abseiling or archery, other played table tennis, others merely chatted to the girls while the jukebox played in the recreation tent. (The girls were also on holiday at the same camp). During the day a longer trip was made by pony, at the end of which we came back rather sore!

Monday was the final day and so, having tidied up the camp site, we had to leave for home. After spending some time in Douglas we sailed for Fleetwood and arrived back at Kirkham in the evening.

The holiday was a new experience for many and contained one or two activities that were rather unpopular. (We did not like having to get up for breakfast at 7.30)! The trip was certainly well organised and thanks must go to the members of staff for that. I would recommend that everyone should try this type of holiday if they get the chance. They will try many new activities and have the time of their lives.

J. Milburn 4Y.

Narbonne 1978

In October 1978 a party of 22 boys and 4 members of staff left Kirkham and began the long and arduous journey to Narbonne.

The tour got off to a bad start when the ferry left 2 hours late from Southampton because of industrial action by the French ferrymen. When we finally boarded the ship, we were asked to sleep on the floor but Mr. Beckett stole everyone's sleeping bags and the presence of several females on board prohibited sleep, with I. Collinge being particularly successful in his pursuit of the opposite sex.

We arrived at dawn in Le Havre and then embarked on the gruelling 12-hour coach journey down the length of France.

On arrival in Narbonne we were warmly received by the staff of the Maison des Jeunes and after a hearty meal we were glad to retire. The following day we were to play our first match of the tour.

The players were not fully recovered as they ran out on to the turf of the stadium at Narbonne and consequently we could only manage a draw (4-4) with R. Bigland driving over for our try.

In the afternoon we returned to watch the Narbonne 1st team defeat Tyrosse in a French championship match. The curtain raiser to this match an (U-16 game) was refereed by our own Mr. Worth, who somehow failed to notice a brawl involving about half of the players.

On Monday before our second match against a strong U-16 side, we had a training session on the beach. The temperature was well into the sixties and we paraded around in our swimming trunks while the French, shivering in their over-coats, looked on, amazed at "The mad English"

The afternoon began with an official reception with the mayor, and after that we had our second game. We were beaten 14-0 by a much bigger and generally older side, but we didn't go down without a fight and P. Longworth (captain) was outstanding in the back row.

In the evening the staff had to unravel the mystery of G. Parkin's "illness". Did he bang his head in a fall as was first suggested? or was he hit over the head by a spoon as J. Smith tried to assure Mr. Browning? or was he just upset?

Tuesday morning was spent inspecting the Roman remains beneath the town and the mediaeval cathedral and the afternoon was spent playing football on the beach and later visiting a vineyard (where Mr. Beckett ordered several gallons of the local wine).

Wednesday was to be our last day in Narbonne. We left town at about noon to travel to Lunel, where our final match was scheduled to take place.

This game we won easily, in fact so easily that nobody really bothered to count the score. Bigland ran in about 5 tries and S. Reardon made the tackle of the tour. The second half was just about the shortest we have ever witnessed, and the referee refused to let Collinge take the conversions so that we didn't win by too many points, not that it would have made much difference!

After the game we were taken on a tour of La Grande Motte and had a marvellous time in trying (and, we think succeeding) to outsize the Lunel team. Back in Lunel we were taken to the homes of our opponents; here all were given excellent meals. Everybody had been most apprehensive about spending the evening with a French family, but in the end we all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

We arrived back in Narbonne about midnight and were horrified to discover that we were to get up at six o'clock in the morning to make an early start to the journey home. Loading the coach before dawn on a Thursday morning after less than five hours sleep was not a pleasant experience.

The journey back was unremarkable though tiring, and we arrived back in Kirkham on Friday afternoon.

Our thanks must go to the staff, Messrs. Worth, Beckett, Browning and Taylor, who spent a lot of time and effort making this tour possible. Our thanks must also go to Mel and Bob the coach drivers, who did a great job. We all had a tremendous time and it did our French a lot of good!!

A. Seabury and J. Milburn.

The Rugby Tour of Portugal

In the early hours of Wednesday, 21st February 1979, 19 boys and 3 members of staff left Kirkham, bound for Luton Airport. The final destination — Estoril, a seaside resort situated on the west coast of Portugal, 15 km. from Lisbon, the capital.

After sampling the delights of French rugby in Narbonne (S. W. France) for the last 2 years, we were to tread pastures new in what was to be the School's third rugby tour. Following a smooth, although delayed, flight, which incidentally had various effects upon our squad members, we arrived at the Hotel Zenith at around 2 p.m. Wednesday, the last part of the journey from Lisbon to Estoril being completed by motor coach.

Wednesday night was an early one except for those who seemed intent on seeking out the local cafés and restaurants, but Thursday morning was to reveal the activities of the previous evening, when we trained in the sunshine in the grounds of the University Stadium in Lisbon. We spent the afternoon touring places of interest in the capital, and this entailed crossing the longest suspension bridge in Europe, which spans the River Tagus. We were then able to reach and inspect at close quarters the impressive statue of Jesus overlooking the Port of Lisbon.

The Portuguese rugby selectors used our games as trial matches to select their National U.19 side and consequently the matches became progressively harder as the teams became stronger.

On Friday afternoon we had our first taste of Portuguese rugby when we provided opposition for the first of these trial teams at the University Stadium and ran out comfortable winners with a score of 28-4.

Saturday morning was spent training on the beach and later on in the day we visited the Port Wine Institute in Lisbon, where we spent a quiet evening.

Our second match, again at the University Stadium, was played on Sunday afternoon — this time against a slightly stronger team than the first. After a tough game we emerged worthy winners once again, this time by 8-0.

On Monday afternoon we had a further sightseeing tour taking in the Summer Palace of the Portuguese Monarchy at Sintra, dating back to the 15th century, and we visited Cabo da Roca which is the most westerly point in Europe.

Thus the stage was set for us to take on the might of the U.19 National side in the appropriate setting of the National Stadium in Lisbon. The occasion and the surroundings really lifted our performance and we fought back from being 0-8 down at half time to

become the victors by 17–14, completing a whitewash of Portugal!

The evening was spent dining with our hosts and enjoying their hospitality in the neighbouring town of Cascais, where we saw a video-tape recording of the match played earlier.

There were many memorable moments to savour during the week, and, for example, the early morning “blues” as experienced by Ian Pennington immediately comes to mind as does Mr Scott’s new found affinity for Canadians, and Kevan Collins and Grant Barlow going “out”.

The generosity of parents, friends and supporters of the School made the tour possible. The hard work and organisation done by David Worth ensured its success. The friendly support and help given by Messrs. Browning and Scott was also much appreciated.

Finally I would like to compliment the players for attaining such a high standard of play on tour and wish them all the best for the future.

A. N. Wright, 1st XV Captain

Torquay 1979 — Geography Field Course

Eleven, Lower Sixth Form Geographers and Messrs. Webster and Scott embarked upon a week’s fieldwork in late March. The pre-requisite for the Course was to attempt to break the Guinness Book of Records for packing a Ford Transit mini-bus with thirteen rather bulky bodies, suitcases, hand luggage and various hand-outs and pieces of equipment ranging from a soil auger to rolls of six-inch maps. Our faithful chauffeurs succeeded and we were South Devon bound.

On arrival in Torquay we were able to take in the delights of the “English Riviera” during the afternoon, our couriers giving us a running commentary on some of the, then, quiet, areas.

The following day was a look-and-learn day on coastal geomorphology. After this much fieldwork was undertaken by ourselves in various villages, Exeter city centre and suburbs, and in farm and land-use surveys. The evenings were mostly taken up with follow-up work and preparation for the next day, but there was some time for liquid refreshment, a game of snooker with the Hurricane Higgins of K.G.S. and a play on the fruit machines in the basement of the hotel. Much money was invested in crane grab with very little reward.

Mealtimes were eventful, several members who were late for breakfast discovered that their peers had ordered prunes for them. From then on they were much more regular — for meals that is!

Sunday’s rather wet excursion into rural Devon proved wetter than normal for Stephenson, Nichols and Westhead. After having sampled the delights of Kenton, Stephenson proceeded with a rendering of Ten Green Bottles to the tune of John Peel, a recording that will rival Rat Records! He later attempted to compete with David Coleman as the worst sports commentator — Peter Barnes playing for Chelsea?

There were two girls in the hotel (under 65) both of whom were impressed with the dynamic rugby skills and faultless musical tastes of John Thomas. Both girls saw through this facade and John returned with his tail between his legs.

On the last night various practical jokes occurred. Andy and John found bread in their bed so they retaliated by implanting an igneous intrusion into someone else’s. The early morning call was enjoyed by all.

We left the hotel with slightly more breakages than when we arrived. Mr. Scott sat on a collapsible table. (it wasn’t before); the lift refused to stop at any floor; Mr. Webster tried to narrow the mini-bus, (and succeeded), several snooker cues were tipless, and the Mafia of our party succeeded in running a protection racket for the ‘old dears’ of the hotel.

Our thanks to the Derwent staff for their tolerance and Messrs. Webster and Scott for their organisation and guidance through the hamlets, villages and towns of Devon. We would like to wish Mr. Webster good luck in his new venture in Northern Ireland.

P. P. P. & S.

PROFILE NO. 39

Stephen John Bradley Martindale

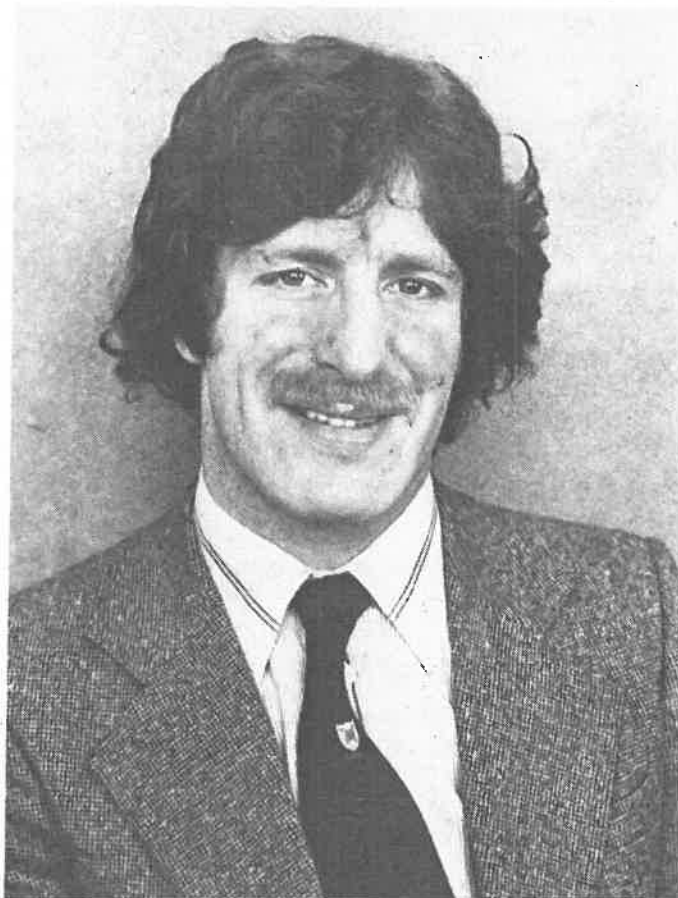
By the time Stephen John had reached K.G.S. both his grandfathers, his father, uncle and cousin had been there before him. Not surprisingly this “Little John” who is now such an impressive, athletic figure that even his Sherwood Forest namesake would be proud of him, was much impressed by the K.G.S. campus. Though it had changed much since his grandfathers’ days, John is ready to admit that even now the facade and buildings hold their own special aura for him.

Family tradition apart, it was impressed upon John that he would be expected as an individual in his own right to contribute and in his turn affect the tide of the School’s fortunes, however slightly by his own efforts. In John Martindale I find a fine example of the principle of mutual profit of School to boy and boy to School.

In his academic and sporting life, he showed true grit. Perhaps this is more evident on the academic side because more was needed from him in this respect during his eight year stay. He was no natural academic in the same way that he was a natural athlete thus with more determination than flair John eventually passed on to Aberdeen University where he fairly blossomed recently gaining an Upper 2 Honour’s Degree. He is now in his second year of a research programme and hopes to achieve a PhD in “The Genetics of Herbicide Resistance in Plants”.

On the sporting scene John’s great natural ability, coached to a fine degree of achievement by our Games Dept. staff and others involved with him in many extra mural activities, was always obvious. Whilst still at K.G.S. he captained the 1st XV and the Athletics team. He is willing to admit having appeared

once on behalf of the 1st XI, but his prowess on the rugby field lead him to greater honours than even this, for he played for the Lancashire under XIX for two years whilst, during the summer months, he won the Lancashire schools under XIX 400 metres hurdles championship and also the northern counties junior pentathalon.



Stephen John Martindale.

On reaching Aberdeen he was careful and capable enough to strike a proper balance between his academic work and sporting interests. His main change he tells me was to broaden his scope so that he could compete in the decathalon. To date John has won the British Universities championship at Meadowbank, Edinburgh and only 12 months later he followed this by winning the British Universities Javelin championship. Altogether at this British Universities level he currently holds two gold, two silver and two bronze medals.

Latterly he has represented the Scottish Universities at both rugby and athletics and in 1978 was elected president of Aberdeen Universities Athletic Association or Sports Union. Here is some sign of the esteem in which his fellows hold him and of John's readiness to put something back, in the administrative sense, into a system which he had benefited from and to which he has brought so much honour. John has the same views about his school. He is grateful to us, he is grateful to it, we shall need his like behind us particularly in the challenging days ahead.

A.R.B.

OLD KIRKHAMIAN'S ASSOCIATION

*President 1978-79: J. C. Renshaw**

*President Elect 1978-79: J. B. Martindale**

Honorary Vice-Presidents: S. Crane Esq; H. B. Wilson Esq; R. T. Bentley Esq.

Hon. Secretary: David W. Stirzaker, 112 Thorn Court, Salford, M6 5EL. Tel: 061 736-8358*

Hon. Treasurer: David O. Slack, 58 Kenilworth Road, St. Annes, FY8 1LB. Tel: St. Annes 724465*

Committee Members: J. Montgomery; P. J. Hosker; W. D. Molyneux; G. R. Tomlinson; P. T. Hodgson; M. Kirkham; H. J. Reay; J. A. Richardson; R. O. Wilson; A. R. Baines; R. E. Kitchen; E. Smith; M. J. Summerlee Co-opted: P. M. Mears; H. J. Longstaff.*

**Ex-officio Member of Committee*

No doubt you will have noticed that the Association is changing its name. The new name becomes effective from 1 July this year following approval of the membership at the Annual General Meeting.

With the space allocated to us in the School Magazine I have decided to reprint the new constitution for members easy reference.

GENERAL

1. That the Association be known as the Old Kirkhamians' Association.
2. The objects of the Association shall be:
 - (a) To maintain the connection between the School and its former students.
 - (b) To maintain and promote interest among the Members of the Association.
 - (c) To do all things necessary for the advancement of the Association and of the School.
3. Membership of the Association shall be limited to former students of the School, past and present teaching staff and Governors of the School.

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT AND OFFICERS

4. The President shall be elected annually at the Annual General Meeting.
5. The President-Elect shall be elected annually at the Annual General Meeting.
6. The Officers of the Association shall consist of Honorary Secretary, Honorary Treasurer and such other officers as shall be determined at the Annual General Meeting.

COMMITTEE

7. The Committee of the Association shall consist of the Officers together with a Committee of twelve members or such other number as shall be determined from time to time at the Annual General Meeting of whom one third shall retire and in rotation. The Committee shall have the right to co-opt members.
8. The Head of the School shall be an ex-officio member of the Committee.

9. At any meeting of the Officers and Committee, seven shall form a quorum.
10. The Committee shall meet at least four times a year.

FINANCE

11. The Financial Year of the Association shall end up on the 30 June in each year or at such time as shall be determined in the Annual General Meeting.
12. Membership of the Association shall consist of four categories:
 - (a) Annual Membership.
 - (b) Annual Vice-Presidency.
 - (c) Life Membership restricted to those members so recognised prior to 1 July 1979.
 - (d) Vice-Presidents so recognised prior to 1 July 1979.
13. The subscription for both Annual Membership and Annual Vice-Presidency shall be determined at the Annual General Meeting and shall be payable on the first day of the financial year.
14. Any Annual Member or Annual Vice-President in arrear in payment of any subscription shall be automatically be excluded from membership.
15. Once at least in every year the Accounts of the Association shall be audited by one or more Auditors.
16. The Income and Property of the Association shall be applied solely towards the stated objects of the Association and no member of the Executive Committee shall receive payment for services rendered, other than for legitimate out of pocket expenses incurred in the work of the Association.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

17. The Annual General Meeting of which notice shall be sent to each member not less than fourteen days before the date appointed, shall take place on the day of the Annual Dinner. The business of the Annual General Meeting shall be:—
 - (a) To receive the Honorary Treasurer's audited statement of accounts.
 - (b) To elect the Officers.
 - (c) To elect Members of the Committee.
 - (d) To elect one or more Auditors.
 - (e) To consider any business of which ten days notice shall have been given to the Honorary Secretary.

EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

18. An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Association shall be convened at any time (a) if the Committee of the Association so determines (b) by the Honorary Secretary if such a Meeting shall be demanded by not less than TEN members of the Association.

DISSOLUTION

19. The Association may at any time be dissolved by a resolution passed by a two-thirds majority of those present and voting at a meeting of the Association of which at least twenty-one clear days notice shall have been sent to all Members of the Association. Such resolution may give instructions for the disposal of any assets held by or in the name of the Association.

ALTERATIONS

20. Alterations to the rules of the Association shall receive the assent of not less than two-thirds of the Members attending the Annual General Meeting and voting.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS

21. The Association may appoint Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Association at the Annual General Meeting.

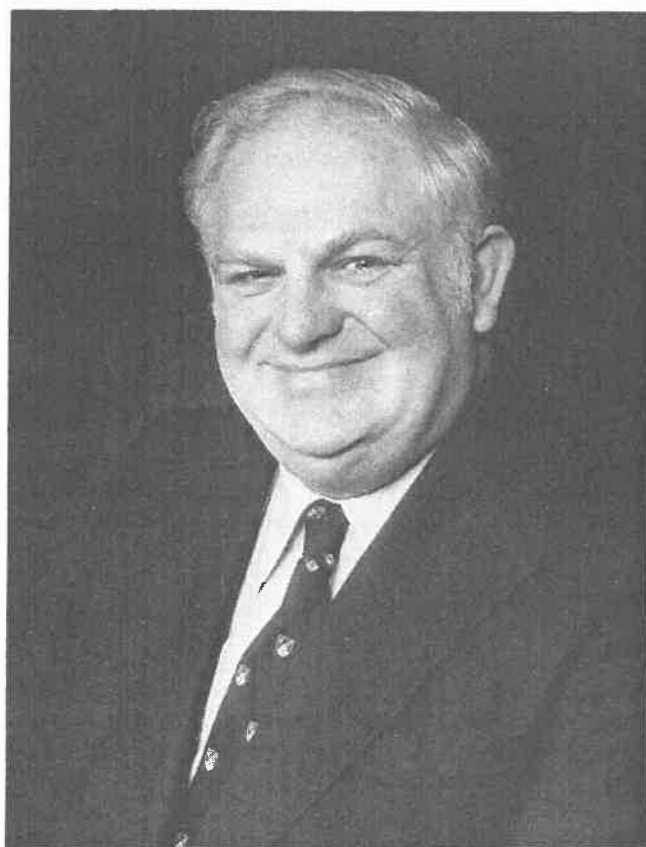
If you require any further information regarding the Association or its affairs, then please contact the Secretary or Treasurer.

D.W.S.

Mr. President 1979-80

JOHN BELL MARTINDALE — 1935-42

The best way of introducing the Association's next and the "Old Kirkhamians" first President is to take note of his bluff character and proceed in a direct no-nonsense fashion. John Martindale takes up office during the Annual Dinner to be held in September 1979. His interests and connections ramify through the Fylde area and they are able to provide in conversation many an anecdote about a man who is clearly deeply involved with and committed to all he undertakes.



John Bell Martindale.

John has been a Life Member of the Association since 1942 when he left the school which he had entered seven years before on a Governors Foundation Scholarship. He came to us from the local C. of E. Primary School in Singleton which he attended from 1930-35. Born (1926 at Avenham Hall, Singleton) and bred in the Fylde countryside, John was the son of a former Old Boy, J. D. Martindale (1901-1904).

He is still particularly proud of having been a School Prefect and of gaining seven passes in School Certificate including the distinction of getting the only grade A in the Biology exam in 1942! This achievement he places second only to that of playing for Fylde v Headingly in 1948.

After 1942 John had no further formal education but has managed very well thank you "relying on his brains", for he is a successful dairy farmer and agricultural agent today in the Fylde area.

Clearly he is held in high esteem by his colleagues, for John has been Chairman of the Lancs. Federation of the Young Farmers Clubs (1951-52) and a member of the National Council (1952-53). He also chaired its Committee which developed the National Proficiency Certificate which is now part of the Agricultural Wages Structure.

Sport is still his main hobby and it too is rooted in his days at K.G.S. A member of Fylde House (under Mr. G. Hughes) he was runner-up in the Junior Athletics Championship in 1940, and played for the 1st XV (1941-2). Afterwards — 1946-50 he played for Fylde R.U.F.C. but had to retire from active participation in the game after an injury. He maintained his connection with the sports field by being President of Preston Harriers Athletic Club 1970-72 and from 1973 has been on the Management Committee of Preston Grasshopper's R.F.C.

Married in 1951, to Margaret Bradley of Weeton, John has a daughter Jill Margaret — M.C.S.P. (physio-therapist) and son S. J. of whom more elsewhere in this issue.

I think the Committee has chosen wisely. The Association should benefit greatly from the leadership of one so energetic and public spirited generally and who is particularly enthusiastic for the cause of a continuing and successful K.G.S.

A.R.B.

Physical Exercise at K.G.S.

At the turn of the century organized exercise in many boys' Secondary Schools was (excluding games) of a distinctly martial character. The Public Schools had their Cadet Forces, but in the case of a number of the smaller Grammar Schools, it was usual for some locally based N.C.O. to come to the school at specified times to exercise either the whole school together or else separate units of it.

The exercise was referred to as 'Drill' and consisted for the most part of squad drill interspersed with various bouts of movements based on the Swedish pattern.

I have it from the late Frank Jolly (whose first day as a pupil at K.G.S. coincided with the opening day at the new buildings in Ribby Road in September 1911) that this was still the custom in his time.

Confirmation of this can be obtained by reference to page 2 of No. 2 in the bound volume of the 30 K.G.S. Chronicles in the school library. Here there is a reproduction of a photograph showing the whole school lined up in columns of fours in the playground and turned half right to face the uniformed figure of the drill instructor. In the picture, wearing cap and gown, is the Headmaster Mr. T. C. Walton.

I would guess the photograph to have been taken about the year 1912, basing my opinion on the dress of the younger boys who, being in front, show up more clearly. The Eton collar, worn on the outside of the jacket, (no doubt with edges severely serrated by constant washings and restarchings and therefore, when the wearer was doing head turning exercises, almost as deadly as a chain saw), the breeches buttoned below the knee, the long black stockings, and the inevitable 'good strong sensible leather boots', all bespeak the period up to 1914. I know this because in those days I wore and suffered them myself.

The First World War did nothing to encourage a change in the drill procedure at K.G.S. — rather the reverse in fact, for following the untimely death of Mr. Walton in 1919, the Governors chose the Reverend Cresswell Strange as his successor. The new Headmaster was nothing if not an ardent patriot. In 1915 he had marched with the men of Kirkham from Town End to Preston to enlist in the 3rd Loyal North Lancashire Regiment as a fighting soldier and had to his credit at least two years of active service on the Western Front. With that background he was disposed to look on the drill as a good thing for the boys.

At the time of my appointment to the teaching staff in 1922 the army instructor had disappeared but the activities in the playground were still very much reminiscent of the parade ground.

A duty master was appointed for each day and if it were your day 'on' you had to be more careful than usual not to be late because at 9 a.m. precisely you had a part to play. The thing began with the tolling of the outside bell. The effect of this was quite spectacular, rather like that of the advent of the threshing machine on the rats in a Dutch barn. From School House and playing field and cycle shed, from classroom and cloakroom, stoke holes and places unmentionable, the troops came streaming on to the playground. Then a senior boy got them 'on parade' and (to use the quaint traditional army jargon) caused them to 'fall in on their markers' and get 'properly dressed by the right'.

They were in squads corresponding to forms and he had them on the periphery facing inwards, each in charge of a school prefect with one or two others in support. One of the squads was different from all the others. It was the combined VIth and Vth Form squad and it was different because each of its members brandished an ancient Lee Enfield rifle.

The boy who was responsible for carrying out these duties in 1921 was the late Jack Davey. William Harrison, Old Boy, ex-Fylde House, and septagenarian,

writing to me from his home in the Lake District says of Jack's performance "it was a solo act of such verve and authority that it remains one of my most memorable impressions of K.G.S."

Meanwhile if you were duty master you would have been at the window of the tiny Staff Common Room (now Room 4) awaiting your cue, the point at which the boys were finally lined up and standing at ease. This was your big moment. You descended the steep wooden stairs and pausing perhaps to square your shoulders a bit in the northern doorway, walked with measured tread to the centre of the playground. Here, from a position of rigid attention, you faced your men and bawled 'Parade — Shun!' and when Parade had shunned you followed with "Those with rifles — Those with rifles — Slope Arms!" At this stage you could, were you so minded, step forward and make some much needed adjustments to the slopes of the rifles. Generally, however, you did not do this, experience having taught you that such an operation was akin to the painting of the Forth Bridge, for by the time you got to the end of the last file the re-adjusted slopes would have deteriorated to such a degree that the scene resembled nothing so nearly as the aftermath of the passage of a tornado over a clump of saplings.

So you stayed where you were and gave the commands "Those with rifles — Those with rifles — Order Arms! — Parade — Stand at Ease! — Easy!" and your moment was over. Like Pontius Pilate you washed your hands of the whole affair and called "Carry on Prefects!" Whereupon the prefects in charge, relishing their brief access to total power, did just that. To the accompaniment of bursts of abuse during which their charges were compared unfavourably with our largest land mammals, they put their squads through their paces.

The squad that was different (the "Those with rifles" lot) struggled with sloping and ordering, presenting, porting, trailing and grounding, while the rest were engaged in a few standard head, trunk, arms and leg exercises, but chiefly, as I remember it, the squads were marched furiously round and round the playground until the bell tolled once more and summoned us to prayer and to the receipt of a benediction which, all in all, we reckoned was well earned.

In such manner then we proceeded until a day in 1924 when Major Syson, Chief Inspector for Physical Training in Secondary Schools, paid a visit to the school. He watched the performance outlined above and then he spoke. "This", he said, "won't do — it won't do at all. I am running a four week course at Scarborough College this summer and you must send a young and active man to attend it; then he can come back and re-organise the P.T. here."

The youngest member of the staff was W. E. Rose and he was active all right. Smallish but stongly built he was a first class rugby footballer with a hand off like the kick of a mule (an assessment based on personal experience), and also a splendid swimmer. Ideal for the job but unfortunately he was due to leave at the end of the summer term. Since his replacement had not yet been appointed this left the Headmaster with no room for manoeuvre. He had only one other junior member of staff — myself. So I was the one to go.

Thus, in July 1924, the 'Drill' phase at K.G.S. ended and in August of that year I set out for Scarborough on my bicycle to prepare for the innovation of the next phase — P.T.

B.S.

FRIENDS OF K.G.S.

President: Mr. P. Laws
Chairman: Dr. C. C. Baylis
Treasurer: Mr. A. Spencer
Secretary: Mrs. P. Prestwich

This last year has seen the passing of some milestones in the history of the Friends. The bric-a-brac of May 1978 brought in a record sum as did the jumble sale of October last. A very successful Barn Dance was held in the School and Barbara Robotham's Concert gave a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment to a packed School hall. The Uniform Markets continue to serve their purpose well and now include a "mufti" stall. To all parents, friends and members of staff who have supported us at these events, I, on behalf of the committee, extend my deepest thanks. Indeed we look forward to meeting you at both the May Ball and the Barbeque (in June) which again is being held at the home of Mr. & Mrs. 'Jonty' Richardson.

During the last few years the Friends income has been steady around £1000 plus. The fall in the value of the pound has meant that our income has dropped in real terms. Therefore, in an attempt to improve efficiency and help spread the work load the executive committee agreed to form two sub-committees: a social sub-committee chaired by Dr. Brian Summers and the future events committee, chaired by Dr. Ron Anderson, which in the main, reports to the executive committee suggestions for future events. Many new ideas have been suggested but, in terms of helping with our financial assistance to the School, albeit indirectly, one of the most interesting is a 'School Job Day'. Teams of parents, friends and pupils are sought to decorate a room or perform some other fabric maintenance under expert supervision. We look forward to the formation of these teams and their enthusiastic paint brushes. I would like to thank the committee for their support in attempting to find a better structure for the organisation of the Friends. The experienced gained this year will form a good basis for future decisions.

Finally, in thanking all who have given up their time and resources, I would in particular like to thank the Governors for their continued interest, being represented at our meetings by Mr. A. E. Piggot, the Headmaster, Mr. Summerlee, who has made many facilities at the School available to us and to Mrs. Summerlee for her help at numerous Friends events.

Charles C. Baylis, Chairman

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