

KIRKHAMIAN 84



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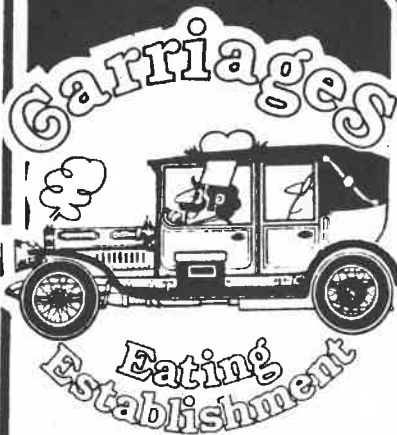
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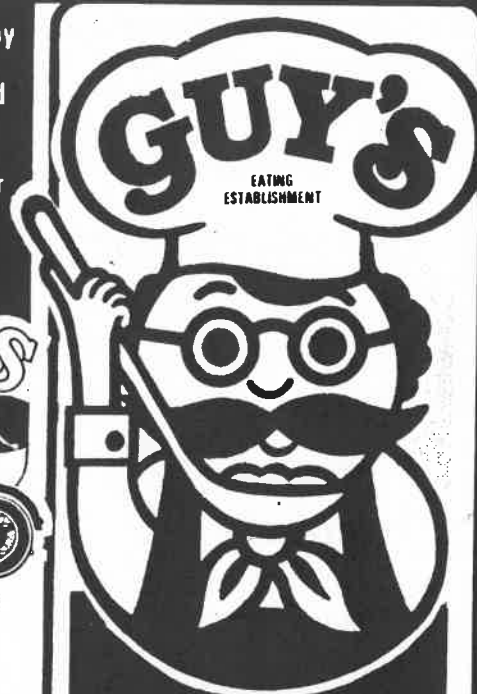


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## Editorial

**Chairman:** Mr. A. R. Long  
**Editor:** Neil Percy  
**Committee:** Nick Ross, Simon Sumner, Diane Clifford, Sarah Goldthorp, Richard Vaughan, Andrew Mackintosh, Nicola Garner, Nicola Nice.  
**Co-opted Members:** Mrs. A. G. Boll, Mrs. S. Piggott, Mr. R. Porter.

For the second year running, another bumper "*Kirkhamian*" full of absorbing and informative articles concerning the school's activities. In these inflationary times thanks must go to all the advertisers who have enabled us to produce 60 pages.

One of the many high notes of the year, still fresh in our memories, was the extremely successful "Round England Run" in which most of the school participated. This special day was supported by Tessa Sanderson, and proceeds from it (in excess of £2,000) went towards the Olympic fund.

Many thanks to all those who have contributed to the magazine – it is indeed encouraging to see so many articles forthcoming, and unfortunate that they cannot all be included.

Thanks must be extended to Mr. Long and the committee who, whilst enjoying immensely the responsibilities of putting this magazine together, have had to devote much of their free time to providing you, the reader, with what they hope will be a worthwhile and enjoyable magazine.

I, and all the committee, wish the "*Kirkhamian*" continued expansion and success in years to come.

Neil Percy  
(Editor)

## News from the Governors

My report is once again an encouraging one. Steady progress on improvements to the School continues. Pupil numbers are maintained and the number of special buses transporting pupils from the Preston area has been increased. The Governors are grateful for the initiatives and efforts of all the school staff; the multitude of thriving activities reported in this Magazine demonstrates the success of their labours.

During the year there have been some retirements of long serving members.

Mr. O. Aiken stood down from the Governing Body in September 1983 at the end of his current term of appointment. After 75 years of association with the School he felt it right, "To make way for a younger person". He was first a pupil and for the past 20 years he has been a Governor including a period as Vice-Chairman. His wise counsel and intimate knowledge of local government will be greatly missed.

We welcome Professor Barbara Rowbotham to the Board. She already has a well established association with the School. Her wealth of experience and musical expertise will be of great help in our deliberations.

We have lost the services in the classroom and in the C.C.F. of Mr. D. H. Butterworth in December 1983 after 25 years, and Mr. G. S. Cheesbrough in August 1984 after 24 years. I should like to place on record the thanks of the Governors for their contribution to the life of the School and we hope they both have a happy retirement.

We welcome Mr. A. M. Hill as Head of Technical Studies and wish Mr. F. W. Sayer well as the new O.C.C.C.F. At the time of writing, the appointments in the Mathematics Department and an additional teaching post in the English Department for September 1984 have still to be made.

The Boarding House is still growing, as provision for reasonable size groups over the whole age range for girls is being fully established. An extension is being built onto the sanatorium to provide accommodation for approximately nine senior girls. General facilities in the House are gradually being improved under the expert guidance of the Headmaster. We continue to be grateful to the resident staff who act in loco parentis.

A contract has been given to Lancasters of Wrea Green for the conversion of the "Cabbage Patch" into usable playing fields. Permission has eventually been obtained for a foul water drain from the pavilion to replace the septic tank and this has now been laid. As a result of this development we are planning for the building to be extended and brought into greater use.

The transfer of the Chemistry laboratory from Room 16 to the Norwood Block is planned for the Summer of 1985. A feasibility study for a multi-purpose Hall has been started.

The Headmaster was delighted to receive a grant of £25,000 from the Wolfson Foundation for the School's Bursary Fund. The Wolfson Trustees intend the income from the grant to be used at the discretion of the Governors for the financial assistance of pupils who would not otherwise be able to attend the School. We are deeply appreciative of this support.

We acknowledge with thanks the continuing aid from the Friends, who tirelessly raise funds by organising many interesting activities. Paying for a mini-bus for example, whilst enjoying oneself in the company of other parents is quite painless but is a very valuable help to the School.

I now identify a need for books in the School Library and appeal for a generous response to assist us to alleviate the problem. The Library has regrettably been rather neglected whilst our efforts have been directed towards establishing the co-educational independent school. H. M. Inspectors in a recent inspection observed that an injection of capital is urgently required. We would be grateful if people willing to donate a book for the Library would please liaise with the Headmaster. An acknowledgement of each donation would be recorded inside the cover.

The Governors support the inception of the Birley Lecture. This is intended as an annual Summer Term lecture by a well-known personality for sixth formers at K.G.S. and other local schools by invitation.

I should like to take this opportunity of recording my thanks to all members of the Governing Body who have devoted so much of their time to the affairs of the School and provided invaluable advice and assistance. I also wish to place on record the thanks of the Governors to all the School's staff who have so willingly and enthusiastically carried out their responsibilities.

Peter Laws  
(Chairman of the Governors)

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Cover designed by  
Jonathan Lee, L6A  
and Chris Darley, L6Sc

## The School Year

### Highlights from the School Calendar 1983-84

*Thur, 19th May* – C.C.F. Inspection.

*Fri, 27th May* – Founders' Day Service. Preacher: Rev. H. Brown, B.Sc., Vicar of St. Paul's, Warton. Sports Day. Guest of Honour: M. J. Weir, Lancashire County R.F.U. XV, Captain, Fylde R.U.F.C.

*Thur, 7th July and Fri, 8th July* – School Plays: "The Real Inspector Hound" and "Villa on Venus".

*Sat, 9th July* – Open Day.

*Fri, 23rd Sept* – Speech Day. Guest of Honour: Baroness Young, Minister of State, F.C.O.

*Fri, 9th Dec* – Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols at St. Michael's Church.

*Mon, 16th Jan* – British Olympic Fund-Raising Sponsored Run. Special Guest: Tessa Sanderson, M.B.E.

*Thur, 22nd March and Fri, 23rd March* – Easter Concert.

### Congratulations

The School Year 1983-84 has again brought success to K.G.S. pupils and staff in a wide range of activities. In the academic sphere, we offer our congratulations to Alexander Perry and Robert Gibson on their success in the Oxbridge Entrance Examinations. Alex gained a place at Churchill College, Cambridge to read Engineering, whilst Robert gained an exhibition to Mansfield College, Oxford to read Maths. Congratulations go also to Nicholas Ross, who gained a Berkeley-Lowe Residential Entrance Scholarship to the University of Dundee, and to Rebecca Walls, who won a Manchester Politics Association Essay Prize.

In the sporting sphere, there have again been representative honours for a number of pupils. In athletics, Sean Hickey represented Lancashire Schools at Senior Level in the 800 metres, whilst his sister Katie also represented the County at Senior Level in the Discus. Glen Fleetwood represented Lancashire in the Intermediate Boys' Discus, and Sean Wilkinson in the Senior Boys' Javelin, both representing the County against Northumberland, Cumbria, Durham and Merseyside. Fleetwood won his event, and Wilkinson came fourth in his.

Philip Halstead has once again been selected for the Lancashire Schools Golf Team, and continues to show considerable promise in this sport.

In the 1983-84 Rugby Season, Roger Cook and Adrian Hickey both represented Lancashire in the U18 XV, whilst Sean Wilkinson, David Lee, Simon Heath, Matthew Hindle and Craig McIntyre have all represented North Lancashire at U15 level, with Wilkinson captaining the side.

In Music, David Shakespeare, Angus McEwan, and Christopher Turner have all been selected to sing with the Northern Cathedral Singers, whilst Linda Morgan, a second violinist with the Lancashire Schools Orchestra, is to go on a tour to Singapore with the Orchestra.

The year had also brought a pleasing honour to a member of K.G.S. staff. Dr. B. M. Summers, Head of Chemistry, has been elected to a Fellowship of the Royal Society of Chemistry, in recognition of his many activities in promoting chemistry, not only in school but also in the wider community. To him also we offer our congratulations.

Our thanks go to Peter Selwyn-Smith, who has served as School Captain this year, and to the following, who have served as School Prefects: Anthony Adams, Diane Clifford, Alan Fotheringham, Robert Gibson, Michael Hamilton, Kevin Hardwick, Andrew Hewertson, Adrian Hickey, David Kirkham, Nicholas Ross, Richard Turner, Jonathan Waite, Rebecca Walls and Simon Wood.

### Staff Changes

Apart from the retirement of Mr. D. H. Butterworth, which is featured in a separate article, there have been some other changes in the Staff Common Room over the past year. In July last year, we said farewell to Mrs. Ghislayne Haworth, who left us to take up a post at Arnold School, after two and a half years' service to the French Department, where her native expertise was an invaluable asset. During her time at K.G.S., she made many friends, and her Gallic charm is much missed in the Common Room.

In her place, we welcome to the school Mrs. Christine Roberts in a new full-time post in the French Department. Mrs. Roberts is a native of Manchester, but has lived in the Fylde for nine years. She worked for some years as a secretary, before taking her degree as a mature student at St. Martin's College, Lancaster. Following that, she taught at Carr Hill High School, Kirkham and Greenlands High School, Blackpool. Her enthusiasm for the French language and culture has already proved to be a great asset to the School.

We also welcomed in September, as an additional member of the Maths Department, Mr. Ian Partington. Born and brought up in Preston, he attended Balshaws Grammar School and Runshaw Sixth Form College, before studying at Chester College of Higher Education prior to joining K.G.S. He has already become involved in a variety of sporting activities, and is now coach to the 2nd XV Rugby team. He is also to join the C.C.F. as an officer.

Following Mr. Butterworth's retirement at Christmas, we welcome Mr. Alan Hill as Head of Technical Studies. His previous teaching career has taken him all over the world; as well as teaching in Woking and York, he has taught in Jamaica and at the United World College of South-East Asia in Singapore. As well as introducing new developments in the Technology, Craft and Design Curriculum, he is keen to become involved in a variety of extra-curricular activities including sport, photography and travel. We hope that he and his family will be happy in the Fylde area.

We also said goodbye at Christmas, albeit temporarily, to Mrs. Susan Gill, who left us to give birth to twin daughters, in February. Congratulations and best wishes go to Mrs. Gill and her husband, and we look forward to seeing her again soon. In her place, we have been pleased to welcome Miss Kathryn Turner to the Physics Department, who came to us after teaching experience in the Bradford area. To all new staff, we extend a warm welcome.

Amongst our ancillary staff, we said goodbye in February to Mr. John Gorman, our Assistant Caretaker, who retired after many years of loyal service. His quiet, good-humoured presence around the School is much missed: a measure of his contribution is that, on the few days when he was absent or on holiday, there was nobody to brew the staff tea at break and lunchtime! We wish him a long and happy retirement, and welcome in his place Mr. Ken Norris.

A. R. Long

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*Don't Forget the School Play*  
*"Dr. Faustus" by Christopher Marlowe*  
*Monday and Tuesday, 9th and 10th July, 1984*  
*at 7.30 in the School Hall*

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## **Mr. D. H. Butterworth (K.G.S. 1958–1983)**

Christmas 1983 saw the retirement of Derek H. Butterworth after 25 years' service to the pupils of K.G.S.

Like many teenagers in the 1940's he was called upon to defend his country and joined the R.E.M.E. He was involved in the 'D' day landings in France and went through to Luneberg Heath in Germany. He was with the vehicle recovery section salvaging anything from Jeeps to Tanks. It is rumoured that he serviced Field Marshal Montgomery's car!

After the war he went into Industry until 1954 when he took an Engineering Course at Loughborough. He taught at St. Peter's, Blackburn before being appointed Head of Woodwork Metalwork and Technical Drawing at K.G.S. in 1958.

He soon joined the C.C.F. Army Section and took over command of the Contingent when Lt/Col Harry Reay resigned on being appointed Deputy Head in 1973. He was an indefatigable organiser of Camps in Brecon, Sunnybridge, Monmouth, Jurby, Isle of Man, Culty Braggan and latterly Warcop during the summer break, as well as Adventure Training Camps for Senior Cadets in the Cairngorms and Lake District during the February half-term. He often "burned the midnight oil" organising a

multiplicity of activities for the cadets – much to the despair of other officers who had a mistaken belief that 16 hours a day were sufficient. He retires with the rank of Lt/Col after 25 years devoted service to the Corps.

Besides his C.C.F. work he was involved in many other K.G.S. activities. He was Chairman of the Auto Society; was involved in the Dramatic Society, where he designed and made many sets; and was an ever present at Open Days and its predecessor the Easter Fair. He was also for many years Housemaster of Fylde House.

In the early years he was a keen motor-cyclist and after the War toured Europe with his wife, Irene, as pillion passenger. Later he became a caravan enthusiast making full use of the Summer Holiday by touring far away places such as Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey. One memorable trip was behind the Iron Curtain to Russia where they attended the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow. This trip was not without incident as one morning was spent with the local blacksmith repairing a broken spring which Derek removed and replaced before continuing towards Moscow.

Being a past member of Preston Ramblers, a keen photographer and birdwatcher, and still a caravanner, I am sure he will have a happy and interesting retirement.

G. S. Cheesbrough



## O-level and A-level Results, 1983

The following candidates were successful in the G.C.E. 'A' level examinations 1983 in the numbers of subjects shown below:

### 5 Subjects:

Campbell, I. F., Dickson, F. J., Hewitt, G. E. S., Gibson, R. T., Robinson, R. C.

### 4 Subjects:

Bellingham, I., Bracegirdle, A. P., Dewsnup, S. R., Eckton, R. A., Gillibrand, D. N., Hardiker, J. A., Jobson, R. W., Marsden, D., Porter, J. S., Rosser, D. W., Rowlandson, G. J., Sarti, D. N., Swift, C. J.

### 3 Subjects:

Barton, N. J. F., Berni, N. B., Clay, S., Hunt, D., Kitchen, N. D., Lewis, R. G., Linington, M. G. W., Littleton, S. R., Rhodes, A., Ross, A. R. J., Tucker, M. P., Whiteside, C.

### 2 Subjects:

Ainley, G. M., Dobson, H., Glenholme, I., Heyes, R. C., Hickey, S. F., Judge, P., McCreadie, C. P., Parker, M. J., Taylor, S. J., Uttley, A. E., Williams, N.

### 1 Subject:

Hurton, D. A., Robinson, S. K.

### Lower VI (passes in one subject):

Dunnagan, G. K., Perry, A. R.

The following candidates were successful in the G.C.E. 'O' level examinations 1983 in the numbers of subjects shown below:

### 11 Subjects:

Howells, J., Vaughan, R. J.

### 10 Subjects:

Green, M. J., McDonald, N. D., McIntyre, S. J., Wright, A. W.

### 9 Subjects:

Calland, J. F., Forster, S., George, S. H., Ingham, G. P., Irwin, G. J., Preston, D. M., Upward, T. J.

### 8 Subjects:

Barnes, D. A., Dobson, J. I., Organ, G. H., Plummer, J. A., Reed, P. A. D., Reid, P. A., Richmond, A. D., Robinson, R. P., Sharpe, S. A., Sloane, C. S., Swift, S. A., Walker, M. K., Wills, T. J. N.

### 7 Subjects:

Boyd, R. M., Laycock, D. G., Lee, J. R. I., Lowcock, D., Mort, M. E., Phillipson, S. R., Proctor, A. D., Sharpless, K., Shaw, S. J. F., Sillery, R. M., Sykes, S. V., Youll, J. M.

### 6 Subjects:

Davies, I. W., Fleetwood, G. B., Lees, C. H., Richards, N. J. M., Russell, B. J.

### 5 Subjects:

Brook, D. A., Buckley, J. D., Cross, P. J., Faulkner, S. C., Fish, M. L., Goldthorp, S. C., Herrington, M. T., Mudd, S. J., Rawcliffe, D. J.

### 4 Subjects:

Bucklow, P. D., Darley, C. S., Gilmore, T. M., Halstead, P. R., Walker, S. J. N.

### 3 Subjects:

Clarkson, D. L., Cook, R. A., Fletcher, J. G., Hull, G. D., Kennedy, M. J., Nixon, P. V., Rankine, V. B. M., Rigby J.

### 2 Subjects and below:

Bamber, A. D., Brewer, P. J., Bullen, J. J. F., Bullock, M., Dunk, J. C., Mackey, D. S., Parkinson, C. V., Taaffe, B. J.

## From The Old Kirkhamians' Association

President 1983-84

H. J. Reay

### Secretary:

E. Waite  
49 Blackpool Road North  
St. Annes-on-Sea  
Lancs FY8 3DF  
Tel: 723494

### Treasurer:

D. O. Slack  
34 Coulston Road  
Lancaster  
LA1 3AE  
Tel: 68889

### Annual Dinner

1983 was the beginning of a new era in the association. Females attended our annual dinner for the first time. Sixty-seven members, including two lady members of staff and Beverley Dewhurst, sat down to a most enjoyable meal at the Plough Hotel, Lea, last September. Our main guest speaker was Clive Tyldesley, a sports presenter from Radio Merseyside, who entertained us with stories and reminiscences of his days at K.G.S.

This year the committee are trying to arrange the Dinner in the School Hall, the provisional date being the 29th September 1984. If certain logistic problems such as liquor licences (!) can be overcome, I can promise an assembly unlike anything experienced by the present school members. More ladies please, we can offer good food, good speeches and a safe conduct.

### K.G.S. School Staff v. O.K.A. XI

Played at K.G.S. on Sunday, 25th September 1983. School Staff 158 for 8 in 35 overs. O.K.A. 122 all out.

A new fixture for the O.K.A. was blessed with a cloudy but dry early Autumn afternoon with the game restricted to 35 overs each.

Dick Wilson led an optimistic Old Boys team onto the field at 2.0 p.m. Eight bowlers were used during the staff innings with only Ian Haynes completing the maximum allowed seven overs. Most of the staff team made a valuable contribution towards their total. A hard hitting innings of 63 by David Worth (ex-staff and guest) was the highlight supported well by 24 runs from Dr. Hall (staff) and 21 runs by Robin Parker (6th form pupil and guest).

In reply Stan Swift (27) and David Fisher (24), the old boys established opening partnership, put on 53 runs in 9 overs before a wicket fell leaving about 4 runs per over required for victory. Well done — years of faith rewarded!

The turning point of the match was however the dismissal of Roger Whipp caught for 14 during the eighth over bowled by David Worth (guest)! Headlines in Monday's sports pages read: "Neil's Gamble does not prove Worthless".

The old boys innings closed when Gary Lee (16 not out) 'waited' for the ball to reach the hands of a fielder before running out the O.K.A. cricket secretary!

Many thanks to Neil Gamble and his wife for providing a fine tea and to all the K.G.S. staff for an enjoyable game played in a fine spirit. Let us hope this will become an annual fixture.

Eric Waite

## **From the Friends of Kirham Grammar School**

**President:** Mr. P. Laws  
**Chairperson:** Mrs. Joan Rhodes  
**Treasurer:** Mr. Roger Hurton  
**Secretary:** Mrs. Elsa Grossman

Perhaps I can begin with a few words of thanks to all those of you who have contributed, in any sense, to our fund-raising efforts this year. Your response to my letter, asking for your help with raffle prizes, ticket selling and the displaying of posters, to advertise our events, was very much to your credit, but as always, more help and effort is always needed. As Chairlady of the Friends, I am fortunate to have a band of workers second to none, each of them in turn, happy to do their bit.

The Committee has during the past year, introduced several new attractions for your pleasure. The regular "Popmobility Sessions," held Tuesdays and Thursdays, in the school gymnasium are a real winner. The Sports Quiz, in October was certainly a success with our lads and Dads, the staff had three representatives and our sixth formers almost met their match with their team. Gordon Lee and Bruce Garner joined Mr. Summerlee for the celebrities. The cheese and wine evening was a huge success, with many new parents attending. The "Pork Sizzle" at Weeton Village Hall gave all of us a night to remember, this years will be better still! A new effort for all of us was the "Collectors Fayre" in December, an enormous success, you came along in your hundreds to this one. Our "Christmas Prize Bingo" proved a sell-out for the second year running, we hope to see you all again this year. An evening of Fashions, held in the School Hall was a real

taste of luxury and expertise by the models from "Rapport Fashions" of Broughton. Margaret Collinge of Newton was quite delightful with her presentation of Christmas Flowers, complimented by scraper foil work.

Our Jumble Sales were somewhat hectic, but such great fun. Our over-zealous committee, at the Autumn Jumble managed to off-load their chairlady's coat into the rag wagon, I only retrieved it by sheer good fortune.

During the last term we have had cookery demonstrations by the Milk and Potato Marketing Boards. Our annual Bric-a-brac auction in May proved to be quite an "Aladdin's Cave" and people picked up some real bargains. We look forward to our "Evening with Harvey's", 2nd April in the School Hall. Congratulations to our Christmas raffle winners, we'll be back again in October with more tickets!

In October 1983, the Executive Committee of the Friends decided this years target was to be the most ambitious yet. A mini-bus for the school, for the benefit of our boys and girls to go further afield. Our target, a staggering £4,000, we really took on a massive task.

To our parents, their friends and members of staff who have spared our school their leisure time in coming along to our functions, "thank-you". The Headmaster and Deputy, Mr. Gamble for their cooperation and Mrs. Summerlee and her band of workers from "School House" for their help at numerous Friends evenings. Perhaps we should all remember the only place "success" comes before "work" is in the dictionary. Our boys and girls benefit directly from your help and support.

Once again I leave you with "I look forward to the pleasure of your company."

Joan Rhodes



*The two minibuses bought with money raised by the Friends.*

*Aquarelle fine  
art*

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# K.G.S. AT LARGE

## Skiing, 1984 – Tonale

To the relief of the 65 members of this year's skiing trip, which included two old boys and one "old" girl (sorry, Maria), the departure was at the far more civilized hour of 9.30 a.m. as opposed to 1.00 a.m. and this obviously made the journey far less tiring. Even more civilized, though perhaps galling to the rest of the school, was the fact that we were departing two days before the end of term and once again heading for the Dolomites of Northern Italy to Toenail . . . er, Tonale.

We encountered our first problem, if you discount Nigel Smith's attempt to play a space invader which wasn't plugged in, at Luton Airport which still, incidentally, resembles a builder's yard. The security police, casting suspicious glances at Mr. Bruce and Mr. Scott who are obviously notorious after last year's smuggling attempts, spotted Richard Ansell's belt, which appeared to be made of sidewinder missiles, and suggested that the skiing trip was a cover for an international arms conspiracy. Dr. Summers and Mr. Browning managed to persuade the police that Ansell was not, after all, a terrorist, though many people disagreed.

The plane journey on a Boeing 737 rather inappropriately named the "James Watt" (a steam driven aeroplane?) was largely uneventful apart from Nicola Spicer's attempt to redecorate the interior of the aircraft with Coke and Mrs. Piggott's fear that her head was about

to explode. The fixed smile of the air hostess was looking decidedly faded as we arrived at Verona airport in the early evening.

The four hour journey from Verona to Tonale was covered largely in darkness and hence the magnificent scenery was not properly observed until the following day. Time, however, passed quickly with the assistance of myriad cassette recorders: the ratio appeared to be three audio machines per person. Our fears about lack of snow were soon allayed when both coaches had to stop at Ponte di Legno, several thousand feet below Tonale, in order to fit snow chains. The Italian drivers provided light relief by playing hide and seek around the buses, while members of the party took advantage of the stop and the meaning of Frank Zappa's immortal phrase "Don't eat the yellow snow" became obvious.

The holiday itself was a delight and, of course, went all too quickly. The members of the party maintained the School's high reputation in Tonale and behaved as one would expect. The hotel "La Torretta" was a vast improvement on previous years; the accommodation, though not luxurious, was far superior and less crowded and the food though obviously Italian (what else would one expect in Italy?) was very good. The waiters were appreciated by several members of the party: though hardly in the Robert de Niro class, they did "talk in Italian" and did typically Italian things such as leering at all of the girls whether they were twelve or seventeen. Their opinions on Mr. Watson were, however, not appreciated by the latter who insisted that he was not a playboy; this was supported by the senior girls who insisted that he was too old anyway.

The skiing was, as we knew from past experience, excellent and varied with dozens of lifts and pistes to choose from. Everybody attempted to ski every day which is a good reflection of K.G.S. and the party's attitude; many people skiing for up to seven hours each day. The beginners spent the first couple of days on the nursery slopes, but it was not long before parties, led by the instructors in the morning and by Mr. Scott and Dr. Summers in the afternoon, were venturing high up the mountain valleys. Mr. Scott will no doubt remember with delight the day he took the second years "up the valley" and Esther Phillips forgot how to snowplough on the way there. She came down at a considerable speed. Mark Craven perfected the art of backward skiing when he wasn't trying to knock Matthew Mears into the next valley. Sharyn Rhodes perfected and received a gold award in ski-school demolition. Paul Gornall is now convinced that he really is Todd Brooker and Mr. Watson now realises that he is not Franz Klammer – which everyone else knew anyway. Unfortunately Mr. Scott now thinks he's Franz Klammer. Everybody appeared to enjoy their skiing and all made great progress, being rewarded at the end of the week with a medal of some description, Mark Craven achieving the highest award with a two-star gold. The highlight of the medals ceremony was when Mr. "I think I'll just have another lie down" Bruce was awarded a silver medal which proved once and for all that he is a better skier than Dr. Hall who was unable to join the trip this year. The instruction was generally excellent, though there were some difficulties with the language and Rossi promised that should we return in the future he would have improved and expanded his vocabulary from the present three words. Many of the party increased their Italian from "gratie" and "uno" by adding "d'accordo si" which was the Italian version of the currently in vogue "O.K. yaah" and was frequently heard echoing around the Dolomites.



After the exhilaration of skiing the usual format for the après-ski was to have several relaxing drinks in the bar before dinner and the late evenings were spent in a number of ways. The pizzeria and special pizza evening in the hotel proved very popular and probably accounted for several people leaving Italy several pounds heavier than when they arrived (R. J. W.'s perennial blue skiing suit is beginning to look distinctly tight). The sight of James Spicer struggling through an enormous "Torretta Special" lingers in the memory as does his complaint to the management that his egg was not exactly in the middle – as had been advertised. The local wines and beers were sampled by the most senior members of the trip and found to be most pleasant, though it is hotly denied that Grappa inspired the craze of launching oneself from the hotel balconies into the snowdrifts below. The rumours that the staff suffered from acute depression when reading the signs on the chairlift which said "No Swigging" are totally without foundation and anyway it should have read "No Swinging".

Unfortunately the ice hockey night had to be cancelled because of excess snow on the ice rink, but several visits to the discotheque proved very popular with all ages. The sight of many members of the party throwing themselves about with complete abandon made one wonder where they got the energy from. Perhaps they were trying to forget the outrageous price of drinks in the discotheque (4000 lire for a Coke?). Deborah Clarkson, having avoided injury on the slopes managed to twist her ankle giving an exhibition of "street dancing", which was not too impressive and Mr. Scott and Mr. Browning, having been dragged onto the dance floor by enthusiastic fourth year girls, were left, dumb-founded, to dance with each other: a strange and confusing sight. Despite pleas from the seniors and even a request from the disc jockey to stay a little longer – midnight was the witching hour, or at least the time when Mrs. Piggott, Mr. Scott and Mr. Browning appeared to ensure that everyone was on their way back to the hotel – sense always prevailed when the party were reminded that breakfast was at 8.30 a.m.

We were very fortunate with regard to injuries – there were minor sprains and twists, but the only major injury occurred when Simon Wood decided that the only way to silence Sarah Goldthorp was to bash her in the mouth with a ski-tow. Simon's plan failed: Sarah bravely overcame her rather nasty injury and was skiing and talking nineteen to the dozen after a day's rest. Mr. Browning acted as the tour doctor and physiotherapist and usually had the answer to any ailments, and was ably assisted by Nurse Piggott.

The trip was a resounding success and we are planning to visit Sol y Nieve in Spain next year. Thanks are due to Dr. Summers for his faultless organisation – we hope the T-shirt will be a small reminder of an excellent holiday – to Messrs Watson, Scott, Browning and Bruce for their assistance, and to Ma'am Piggott and Ma'am Summers for ensuring that the girls' interests were looked after.

Franz Klammer, 3Z

## Netball Coaching Trip – Ostend, October 1983

It was half past twelve on a windy October night. Through the darkness various forms could be seen hauling their suitcases towards the waiting coach. Ten minutes later, after a struggle for the back seat, we set off for Belgium.

The night seemed to last for ever but at last we arrived at the port of Dover, well in time for our 11.30 sailing. After a fairly uneventful crossing, we drove the short way to Ostend and checked into our rooms at the "Ostend Palace". Although we were exhausted, we still managed to inspect the almost non-existent "night life" of Ostend, before falling into bed.

The next morning – Monday – we were dragged out of bed at the crack of dawn for our first coaching session. Still ninety-nine per cent asleep; we ate our breakfast, and boarded the coach which was bound for Middelkerke sports stadium. Once there we were split into two groups, and introduced to our instructors, Miss Williams, and Miss Verroken-Jones. With only short breaks (for lunch, and to recover) we trained all day before returning to the hotel via the local hypermarket.

That evening at half past seven, we stood in the hall, silently awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Black and Mrs. Gault – (was that a "slinky black mini-skirt" I heard someone mention? . . .) – our chaperones for the evening's entertainment, a disco. We eventually located it (after a slight detour) and entered enthusiastically. While Mrs. Black propped up the bar, Mrs. Gault kept a beady eye on the older members of the party. Meanwhile, the second years danced expertly (?) to Malcolm McLaren's "Double Dutch", although Lorraine – in her skin-tight trousers – found movement somewhat restricted. But we returned to the hotel at last, and climbed into bed – exhausted after a tiring day.

But there was no time for a lie in – no, we were again tipped out of bed at an unheard of hour, in time for breakfast and THE big event of the day – room inspection. Needless to say, preparation for the latter took some longer than others, and the mark varied accordingly, from 2 (a certain group of fourth years) to 10.

After breakfast, we again travelled to Middelkerke ready (or nearly?) for our next coaching session.

That afternoon, we set off for Brugge (a local tourist attraction) where we went our own ways. Groups all over the town were seen to peer suspiciously at their "hotel" butties, to dispose of them in a convenient bin, and then to visit Macdonalds instead. Some pretended to be David Bailey, snapping away at everything in sight, while others visited the shops to buy souvenirs for family and friends. After finding the rendezvous point, we all set off back to the hotel. We went up to our room aching all over from the past two days' training (especially Liz, whose Gluxius Maximus was extremely painful), and changed for tea.

Wednesday was the last full day of our holiday, and so we were all determined to enjoy ourselves. After arriving early at the sports hall, we warmed up with a session of aerobics. Forty-five minutes of stretching and bending later, we collapsed on the floor! But soon we were again split into our groups for the final coaching session. With only half an hour for break, we worked non-stop at various defending and attacking moves until we returned to the hotel for lunch.

That afternoon was the tournament. There were six teams: Kirkham 'A' and 'B' teams and the "Liquorice Allsorts" in one section, with the teams from Garforth, Hillcrest and Strudie schools in the other. Kirkham 'A' played remarkably, going on to win their section, and therefore a trophy. The 'B' team also tried very hard, but were unfortunately defeated in both their matches, leaving the "Allsorts" to take second place.

At the presentation that evening, Sarah De Maine (captain) collected the trophy for Kirkham 'A' while Esther Phillips received the "Best Improver" Award. But nobody was forgotten – everyone who travelled to Belgium was given a small shield and a badge as a souvenir.

Although we were only leaving the hotel at 11 o'clock the following morning, we still had to drag ourselves out of bed at seven, which needless to say, some found quite difficult. After breakfast, we had two hours to pack, and generally tidy up our rooms, before leaving Ostend to catch the half past twelve ferry from Zeebrugge. The crossing was very calm, and passed quickly, but the White Cliffs of Dover were still a welcome sight! After an exhausting day and night of travelling, we arrived at Kirkham, at 3 o'clock in the morning, where our parents met us. Home at last.

Linda Morgan, 4X



## Paris and the Loire Valley – Easter, 1984

Une nuit au mois d'avril pendant les vacances . . . so might a French essay describing the 1984 Language trip to Paris and the Loire Valley begin. As with many school parties, we met in high spirits – in our case aided by two language trip veterans come to wish “Bon voyage” to one and all. After an interesting journey, including a guided tour of London as it sprang to life, we arrived in Dover and boarded our ferry, leaving the staff to deal with the one case of “mal de mer”. After an uneventful crossing the journey to Paris continued, with the inevitable outbreak of “mal de terre” (If that be the appropriate equivalent!). Many thanks must be extended to les deux Carrolls (né Tweedle) for their versions of “dix bouteilles vertes” and “soixante – seize trombones”. Thanks also go to Messrs Walmesley and Wilson (christened les oiseaux) for providing an EEC chocolate mountain on the coach. We reached Paris in the early evening in time for our meal, considered by some to be excellent; others found it merely interesting.

The following day a guided coach tour of Paris took us round the famous sights, including the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, the Louvre, Arc-de-Triomphe and Montmartre, where we were able to visit the Sacré-Coeur, and also see the pavement artists. After lunch the party divided into groups, Mr. Long, capable as ever, led his to the “tour”, whilst Mr. Rushton, in an attempt to save face after mis-reading his map, visited “les bouquinistes” – the booksellers along the banks of the Seine – until several “livres bleus” were spotted and a hasty retreat to the Louvre was beaten. Here we were able to see the famous Mona Lisa and Venus de Milo (no jokes about it being harmless!).

In the evening a trip on a “bateau mouche” along the Seine had been arranged, and this proved to be extremely interesting, despite the initial panic created when some first years were led to believe that we were to row along the river. No thanks whatsoever go to Robin “It’s the way I tell them” Jobson for the worst and most repeated joke of the trip as he reminded us that although the people in Paris were mad, at least the river was Seine.

The following morning was spent sight-seeing in Paris. Mr. Rushton and his group of hardy élèves finally reached the Tour Eiffel and to prove their point decided to go to the top, whilst other groups settled for one of the lower stages. Mr. Long led the seniors to the museum of Modern Art, which resembles a multi-coloured Meccano set.

In the early afternoon we left for Amboise, arriving at the holiday site with sufficient time to unpack and wash before walking down to the town for our evening meal.

The following morning was free, for which most of us were grateful after the hectic past few days. Needless to say “le Coq Sportif” organised various games – volleyball (Carolynn Greenhalgh – le petit chou – proved that it is impossible to hit a ball and talk at the same time), football (thank you, Mark “Pele” Howells – your footwork is almost unbelievable), rounders (highest scorer – Jonathan Gill!!) and basketball (although Simon Black seemed to think it was rugby).

In the afternoon we visited the château, where Mr. Long was elected official interpreter for the tour. It was here that we saw the first of Catherine de Medici’s “chambres”: it seems that she has one in every château in the Loire Valley.

That evening a party of French “matelots” were sharing our restaurant and provided us with some free entertainment. However, after hearing “La Marseillaise” it was decided that the Entente Cordiale should be cemented by a version of the National Anthem, ably sung by les deux Carrolls.

On Sunday we visited Orléans, which unfortunately was, for most part, closed. We were able, though, to visit Joan of Arc’s house here and saw a very impressive display.

On Monday we journeyed to Blois, where we visited the château (and saw the inevitable chambre de Catherine de Medici). But the highlight for most people (especially Messrs Wilson and Walmesley) was the tour in the afternoon of a chocolate factory, where two unsuspecting sixth-formers were called upon to act as interpreters. Two first-years were almost lost in a large chocolate vat, Willy Carroll (or perhaps it was Danny, but nobody knows!) was almost swept away by the packaging machine, but we all managed to get out safely, clutching our free samples of chocolate and sweets. A very worthwhile visit!

So Tuesday came and we went to visit Chenonceau probably the most picturesque château along the Loire, and here we were able, after visiting the rooms, to sunbathe in the magnificent gardens – almost inevitably created for Catherine de Medici, Rachel Bates provided a guided tour of the château for the staff, especially in the stone piers sunk in the river bed. In the evening a disco was held at the camp-site, and most people enjoyed the evening

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*The whole party pictured in Orléans.*



(especially Willy Carroll's impersonation of Robin Cousins) although the evening stopped abruptly when the D.J., a French Anne Nightingale (or perhaps it might be more appropriate if it were Florence!) closed her record player, picked up her records and left. We gathered the disco had finished.

Wednesday was the day we celebrated "l'anniversaire de Madame Roberts" – we had all collected and presents were given at breakfast. For the seniors the celebrations continued in the evening! The day was spent in Tours, where many of us took the opportunity to buy some presents for friends and relatives at home. The very impressive cathedral was visited by most people, and, as a novelty, some of us visited a wine museum, showing the history of wine making in the area, together with various wine presses and instruments.

So Thursday came, our last full day, and after a visit to a "hypermarché" to stock up for the journey home, it was back to the chalets for cleaning and packing – loathsome jobs at the best of times, but even worse in such marvellous weather. However, once these jobs were completed Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Clarkson led a trip to Clos-Lucé, Leonardo da Vinci's house in Amboise, which was extremely interesting, and where we saw several models made from da Vinci's sketches.

So we left Amboise on Friday – late as usual! – but soon made up the time on the journey home, during which Mr. Clarkson managed to find some pre-war music cassettes with which to arouse the fury of most of the party. So we crossed the Channel, where Charles Sloane, in grand style, threw his last remaining centimes into the water as his final break with French civilisation. After some delay at customs – did we really look so suspicious? – we continued home, to be met, weary and tired by parents at school.

Thanks go to all the staff concerned for making the trip possible and so enjoyable; to Mr. Gill for all the time involved in the admin.; to Mr. Long who, we believe, has now returned to full employment as a lumberjack, for his guidance and help; to Mr. Clarkson, for looking after the juniors and becoming an uncle to them; to Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Gill, who took care of the girls and made sure that they were all well; and finally to Mr. Rushton, who became our doctor, and despite falling victim himself, still tried to keep things moving and remain cheerful. Finally a mention for the unfortunate Sarah Green, who caught chicken-pox the day before we left and was unable to come with us, and for whom we all want to express our sympathy.

Neill Richards, L6M  
Joanne Hosker, L6M  
Michael Ward, 1Y

### **K.G.S. U15 XV 'Euro Tour, 1984**

On Wednesday, 11th April at 10.30 a.m., Mr. Smith, Doc. Hall and 26 would-be rugby fanatics clambered onto a luxury coach bound for Dover and then the sun. We arrived at Dover at 5.00 p.m. and boarded the boat at 5.30 p.m. By 8.00 p.m. we were on the road to Narbonne. During our journey south through the delightful French countryside, we watched a couple of videos; "Magnum Force" and "Sweeney II"; not the rumoured "Electric Blue".

We travelled through the night, and awoke to the sound of Alan Cookson's belly rumbling violently. We were therefore compelled to stop at the next motorway café, to sample the delights of a real Froggy breakfast. Unfortunately we found this rather difficult as we had no Francs! Alan's belly just had to wait.

At 12.00 noon, we arrived at the Maison des Jeunes, Narbonne, only to find that our rooms would not be vacated until later in the day. We decided to head for the Narbonne plage (beach) for the afternoon and admire the topless

bathers. Both Mr. Smith and Big Doc remained entirely faithful to their wives and never looked once!!! Anyway by 7.00 p.m. we were all fed, watered and ready for the local talent. Mr. Smith said that they congregated every year hoping for a quick romance with us English super-studs.

On the 13th April (Friday!!) we had our first match against the Narbonne U15 team. After a hard-fought game we eventually won, with Sean Wilkinson and Dave Lee both scoring a try in the 8–0 victory. That evening we spent several pleasant hours with a group of terribly nice English girls.

The next day we were on the road once more, this time to Madrid. After a good night's sleep we were rudely awakened by Mr. Smith who announced that we were in fact playing at 11.00 a.m. that day and not the Monday as we all thought. A slight change of plan by the Spanish at the last moment. We played a physically very hard match against the Madrid U16's before winning 10–8. Sean Wilkinson and Simon Heath scored our tries. Shaun Wilson was unfortunately taken to hospital in an ambulance after tackling an advertising board in the match instead of his opposing winger. He was not seriously injured, ending up with a badly bruised jaw, and a rather pleasant bed bath undertaken by two beautiful Spanish nurses.

The following morning, we all received some bad news. During the night, our coach had been broken into and many things stolen. That day Mr. Smith spent several hours in the local police station while we toured Madrid, which we found to be a most interesting and beautiful city.

The next day, Tuesday, 17th April, we set off on a long journey through to Lisbon. We arrived in Cascais, about 16 miles outside Lisbon, on the coast, at about 6.00 p.m. The weather was wonderful. We spent the following day swimming in the pool, sunbathing and exploring the town.

Our first match was against a regional U15 team in Lisbon at the University Stadium; who proved to be very tough opposition. The temperature was nearly 80° F, and the ground like concrete. Thanks to tries by Big Al. Cookson and two by Simon Heath we were the eventual winners beating them 12–6. The following day we were due to play two matches in a rugby festival about 130 miles north of Lisbon. Unfortunately due to the Good Friday traffic jams all heading for various religious festivals, we found ourselves after 4 hours on the coach only one fifth of the way there. Mr. Smith decided to turn back. It was definitely the right decision.

On our last night in Portugal we all had a form of Champagne dinner at which Mr. Smith was presented with a superb silver tray by the team in appreciation of all his hard work on our behalf. He was deeply touched by the proceedings and so we decided to throw him into the pool fully clothed to cool him down. Big Doc Hall followed right behind. He of course did not make quite as big a splash.

Overall, a really super trip, spoiled only slightly for Simon Heath, Matthew Pateman, Julian Wilkinson, Dave Carter and John Wyper who unfortunately caught Portuguese Athletes Disease – "The Runs", much to the discomfort of the room mates. Oh, and Mick Bailey caught several fish.

After a really "smashing" crossing from Santander to Plymouth, we arrived back at K.G.S. on the 25th April absolutely shattered after a journey of 3,500 miles.

I would like to thank Mel, Dave and Stan the coach drivers who were always a terrific laugh, but mostly Mr. Smith and Doc Hall for all the hard work during the tour. Finally a special thank you on behalf of the team to both Mr. and Mrs. Smith and all the parents who helped raise the funds for our super 'Euro-Tour.

Simon Heath, 4Z, Sean Wilkinson, 4X,  
David Lee, 4Y

Edited very closely by P. Smith

## The 1984 Geography Field Course

On Tuesday, 20th March a party of nineteen 'A' level Geography students and two members of staff, Mr. Scott and Mr. Willatt, set off for Scarborough for the annual Geography Field Course.

After booking in at "The Prince of Wales Hotel", our first item on the agenda was a tour of Scarborough which was conducted by Mr. Scott and Mr. Willatt, the former a native of the area. At this point it was discovered that all the relevant maps of the area had been left at Kirkham, causing much amusement to staff and pupils alike. The problem was solved by Mr. Willatt who volunteered his services and returned to school. Evening study followed from 8.00 p.m. to 9.30 p.m.

Wednesday saw the start of our activities when the group was split up to study the villages of Seamer, Cayton, East and West Ayton, Hunmanby and Scalby. In spite of the foot slog, the day was enjoyed by all.

Thursday was urban-transect day, when all students armed with tape-measures, clinometers and clipboards were let loose in the central business district of Scarborough. Curiosity was evident as students measured everything in sight with shouts of, "Up a bit your end!" and clinometers were waved dangerously at innocent passers-by. Some alarmed shopkeepers thought there was a takeover bid in the wind. Then it was questionnaire time as we spent a couple of hours bombarding shoppers with questions about their town. This can be tricky as some members of our group were unfortunate enough to tackle: a) A woman rushing to the toilet; and b) A drunken Scotsman looking for a battle.

Up till now spirits had been high but Friday was to prove our downfall, as it was the River Survey in the rugged, bitterly cold North Yorkshire Moors (A certain N. Richards was sure he had frost bite). We stood miserably in freezing water, wellies awash and jeans soaked, gathering information on the River Derwent, while Mr. Scott and Mr. Willatt, bless their hearts, retired to the relative warmth of the mini-bus, leaving us to our endeavours. We were glad to return to our hotel for a big meal as our appetites were enormous.

If Friday was bad, Saturday was a disaster! The weather gave us everything: snow, rain, wind – the lot! We headed for various points on the coastline to do a coastal survey. On this occasion Mr. Willatt was in his element, wrapped up in true survival gear, plus walking-stick. He talked at great length about the cliffs and strata to a numbed and huddled group of shivering students. One member of the party reached the lowest ebb as he fell in the sea whilst trying to measure the height of a wave.

We all came near to frost-bite apart from Mr. Scott who as usual kept warm in the mini-bus. It was a silent journey back, the only comments being, "I'm sure there's something in the Geneva Convention about this," and "Why didn't I do English literature?" and "I want to give this Geography lark up!" and, with great feeling, "I just don't care anymore!" Funnily enough we all revived in time for an evening off in the hotel night club.

On Sunday there seemed to be a total lack of enthusiasm as memories of the day before lingered on. But the rural land-use survey proved to be better than anticipated. We visited various farms and interviewed the farmers about their life and work. Danger was not the bulls but the loss of boots in the mud. That night a few of us were entertained by Mr. Scott and Mr. Willatt talking about their pre-teaching days. This was quite enlightening!

The last day was the day of the rural transect in the North Yorkshire Moors. The weather was kinder to us, only the bitter east winds caused us any inconvenience. Mr. "I'll stand back and watch" Scott and Mr. "It's good for the character" Willatt then led us to a museum in Hutton-le-Hole. Celebration was the order of the night as our satisfying but tiring course came to an end.

On behalf of the group, I would like to thank Mr. Scott and Mr. Willatt for their time and effort which was so greatly appreciated by all the students.

N. J. M. Richards, LVIM

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*Measuring the height of North Sea Waves.*



## Biology Field Course, 1983

("Down to the sea in Trawlers")

On a particularly cold and windy Monday morning in October, the next small team of intrepid Kirkham biologists fought their way against the wild wind along the sea front towards the isolated (to say the least) Knott End Sailing Club buildings; three students having already risked life and limb at the hands of Neil Percy's "capable" driving.

The group was greeted by the smiling, weather-beaten face of John (one of the course organisers), and after a brief period in which to unpack, we were tossed outside to make an early acquaintance with members of a less well-known group of inhabitants, *Balanus Balanoides*, who were to become near and dear to us all.

After meeting the other members of the motly Knott End cast: Dave, Dave and Geoff, we all contributed "something" in preparing our evening meal. Washing it down with cups of infamous Knott End coffee, we were left stunned to think ahead to the next day.

Awoken by the classic chords of "I'm so Glad" by Cream, we discovered that Tuesday was, surprisingly, wet and very windy. Breakfast was prepared by the 'A' team (the better half of the group I might add), whilst the washing up was left to the 'B' team. Being ushered into the small laboratory, we were then introduced to the most terrifying of all ecological phenomena – the Line Transect! We were all then fortunate enough to earn ourselves the four hour introductory course down in the mud flats. Returning weary to the classroom clutching damp pages of figures recording the numbers of such delightful organisms as barnacles, lugworms, and, not forgetting, the three types of wrack: Bladder, channelled and knotted. We were then handed the first set of a rather large series of duplicated notes which covered everything ranging from the breeding habits of Irish phytoplankton to the operation of a beam trawl. Following on extremely long but interesting lecture on ecological statistics, we accidentally became acquainted with the "yachtie", who, we later discovered, had perfected the act of sandwich pilfering. Returning late from our first visit to the "Saracen's Head", followed by numerous games of poker dice saw the end of the the second day.

Wednesday arrived, inevitably, with the wind. Being buffeted by the Irish sea, the water-sampling expedition was halted till 11.30, when finally the decision was made – allowing Geoff and four appointed volunteers to set out in the small dinghy. The gallant team arrived back with crates of bottles containing the samples at the expense of the four volunteer's stomach linings. The arrival of the samples heralded the beginning of wonderful relationship between ourselves, and Titrations. After what seemed like hundred

of titrations later, we resumed our dice game, finally retiring to bed to think about the trawl the following day.

After a long night of worrying, Thursday finally dawned. As the sky slowly lightened the intrepid band of explorers nervously peered out of the tiny windows of the dormitory only to find to the dismay that the trawl would go ahead as planned. The post breakfast briefing saw the assembled company struggling to tame various pairs of oversized waterproofs which seemed to have minds of their own. All too soon the moment of departure arrived. Nine clumbersome sixth formers along with John and the mechanic, Dave, set out for the prosperous fishing grounds of Morecambe.

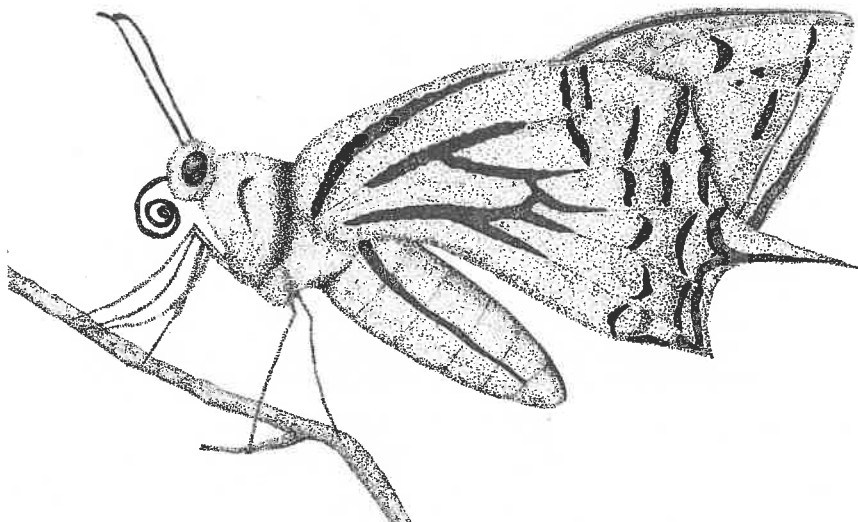
The first few trawls went well with many weird and assorted creatures being dragged up from the depths. But then, as the wind blew stronger, and the seas became heavier, disaster struck – the trawl net somehow got wrapped around the propeller preventing any motion at all. John appealed for a volunteer to go over the side and free the prop, but he was greeted by silence. So John (cursing) climbed over the side, apparently resigned to his fate. Unfortunately, his attempts were in vain. On struggling back into the boat wet and almost hypothermic with cold, everyone waited expectantly for his learned opinion. After a long pause he said, "Where's me fags?" The only option left was to call the Lancastrian on the radio and beg for a tow. This idea was implemented, and we anchored to wait for its arrival – unfortunately, at this point Simon Wood's stomach started churning in sympathy with the boat, and with shouts of "Get it off your chest" he did. A long tow ensued, but luckily we had plenty of frozen sandwiches, and "Spools" to keep us company.

We arrived back safely after five hours at sea, and being greeted by the illustrious A.R.B. in the dinghy saying, "Hello, boys. What have you been doing today?" We all certainly needed a lie down. This was not to be, however, for as soon as we had changed, more titrations awaited our company in the laboratory. We were all grateful, I think to finally slip into bed that night.

Everyone woke next morning to the howling of the wind, all still glad to be on dry land. After the morning chores we proceeded to try and eat all the remaining food; needless to say we succeeded, and started our homeward journey quite contented.

Despite all the misfortunes I am sure everyone enjoyed the course as much as I did. Thanks to the organisers and helpers at Knott End from all of us.

N. Percy, UVISc  
D. Phillips, UVM and others



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# MUSIC AND DRAMA

## Music Report

As usual the past twelve months have been a very busy yet enjoyable time for the members of the Music Society.

The first event of the Summer Term, 1983 was the General Inspection of the C.C.F. In keeping with tradition the school orchestra provided marching music in the form of Sousa's "Washington Post" for the march past. In addition the General Salute was ably played by Richard Cuttle (5Y) on his trumpet.

The Summer Term also saw the continued success of the lunchtime concerts which provide a platform and audience for aspiring musicians in both the senior and junior school.

Founder's day was held in St. Michael's on 27th May. The choir sang the anthems "I was Glad" by Parry and "O, Praise the Lord" by Batten. Mr. Ian Hare from Cartmel Priory added his flair on the organ to produce a very enjoyable occasion.

The term ended with the Open Day at which the society presented a short concert involving the Madrigal Choir and several soloists, both singers and instrumentalists. Later in the afternoon the orchestra serenaded the visitors on the Headmaster's lawn while afternoon tea was being served.

The next school year began with Speech Day. For the second year running musicians provided some light relief before the presentation of prizes. David Shakespeare (3Y) sang "Palis Angelicus", and Linda Morgan (4X) played Mozart's Clarinet Concerto.

The main event of the Winter Term was the Christmas Carol Concert which took place on two nights.

The main element of the concert was the special choir, a group of thirty voices selected from the main School Choir, which sang twenty carols including many new additions to last year's concert. The girl's choir put in an appearance and Mrs. Boll kindly organised several entertaining readings. Mention must be given to Mr. Porter and the Art Department for the splendid seasonal decorations in the Hall. A week later a repeat performance was given at the Wesham Community Centre to help raise money for the proposed new school.

The Carol Service was held as usual in St. Michael's Church on the 9th December. The full school choir sang several new carols and the organist for the service was once again Mr. Ian Hare. A few days later a group of singers visited Wesham Hospital where we brought the Christmas spirit to the old people by singing a selection of traditional Christmas Carols.

The Spring Term 1984 saw the annual return of the House Music Competition, now in a slightly different form due to the reduction in the number of houses from six to four. Each house now enters five items. The compulsory choir (this year "Seventy Six Trombones"); two junior items and two free choice items. Mr. Salter, an eminent local musician, was good enough to come and pronounce Kirkham House the winners with 143 points, Preston and Fylde equal second with 133 points and School last with 121 points.

The school choir, now numbering 90 including several girls singing alto, is now working towards this year's Easter Concert. In addition to the School Orchestra and Madrigal Choir, the main item will be a concert version of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance".

Individual achievements in the society include David Shakespeare and Angus McEwan (1Y) who last summer

were both selected to sing on a Cathedral Course in York Minster. This year they have been selected again along with Christopher Turner (1Y) to sing with the Northern Cathedral Singers. Linda Morgan (4X) who plays the second violin in the Lancashire Schools Symphony Orchestra will be going on a tour to Singapore with the orchestra.

Four members of the Society were awarded their Honours for their outstanding contribution to music in the school. They were Jonathan Waite (Pre), John Webster (U6), Richard Vaughan (L6) and Andrew Wright (L6).

It is very encouraging to see the continued interest in music in the school with about a third of the school involved in some way. It is worth noting that all the seats for this year's Easter Concert were sold out within ten minutes. All this success is due to the hard work and dedication of Mr. Catterall and Mrs. Greaves and also to the enthusiasm of all those taking part.

E. J. Waite (Pre)  
(Secretary of Music Society)

## Associated Board Practical Music Examinations

### Spring Term, 1983

Piano	N. Whitehead	I	Pass
	S. Scambler	III	Merit
	E. Green	V	Distinction
	J. Webster	VI	Merit
Trumpet	D. O'Gara	III	Merit
	M. Lees	III	Distinction
Trombone	M. Lewis	III	Distinction
Euphonium	J. Woodruff	III	Merit
Clarinet	F. Smith	III	Pass
Violin	S. Licence	III	Merit
	L. Anderson	III	Merit

### Summer Term, 1983

Piano	S. Fountain	I	Distinction
	L. Atkins	I	Pass
	C. Thompson	II	Merit
Trumpet	J. Smith	III	Pass
	S. Black	III	Pass
	M. Lees	IV	Pass
	M. Lewis	IV	Pass
	M. White	III	Pass
Clarinet	M. White	III	Pass
Violin	V. Hogan	IV	Pass

### Autumn Term, 1983

Piano	S. Scambler	IV	Pass
	N. Buckley	II	Pass
Flute	C. Farnhill	III	Pass

### Spring Term, 1984

Piano	L. Roberts	I	Merit
	J. Collinson	I	Merit
	P. Ribchester	I	Pass
	K. Hetherington	II	Merit
	N. Whitehead	II	Merit
	R. Higginson	IV	Pass
	D. Shakespeare	V	Distinction
	M. White	VI	Merit
	S.-J. Heath	III	Merit
	E. Phillips	III	Merit
Flute	C. Swinn	III	Merit
	S. Licence	V	Pass
	L. Morgan	VII	Distinction
Violin	L. Morgan	VII	Distinction
Oboe	L. Milner	III	Merit

## School Plays

For two evenings of high summer K.G.S. drama gave us a vastly entertaining double bill to round off the school year: first the juniors' engaging glance at our world's unlovely foibles, from the other-worldly distance of "*Villa on Venus*"; the the seniors in Stoppard's virtuoso spoof thriller, "*The Real Inspector Hound*".

Mark Howells and Tony Brennand paced the start of their play well, establishing a calm, friendly Venus, registering well-justified alarm at approaching aliens. These were warm, relaxed performances, setting up the contrast of the earth-visitors' dramatic appearance, inventively-costumed Space Invaders in futuristic, gleaming white and silver – brandishing black guns. Helen Gamble, Joanne Moyes and Anthony Bagshaw were properly threatening, managing to suggest both arrogance and insecurity as they confronted the unfamiliar. Part of their nervousness is occasioned by a phalanx of erratically-rotating and-chanting Bug-eyed Monsters. These were played, beneath the anonymity of suitably monstrous big green, bug-eyed heads, by Michael Rhodes, Roger Sackfield, Fiona Smith, Stacy Valentine and Simon Smith. But if all these were funny, Andrew Brown was funnier, not least because of his universe-weary delivery as the failing arms salesman and his jolly, colourful outfit, capped by wobbling head-stars (there's another Blackpool out there somewhere). His was a gorgeous entrance, topped by his amiable reactions to our laughter.

All problems are nicely unravelled once the Monsters return and *plead* that the earthlings, whom they had captured, be sent away. The agonising recital of earth horrors was a treat ("their awful schools, their terrible television programmes . . . their beastly lives!"). Andrew happily finds a market for his wares from the militant visitors; who depart, leaving Mark and Tony in peace. We, too, were well-contented, and left for a while to enjoy Mr. Watson's generous allowance of punch on the glowing lawns.

The simple, dark backdrop of the first play set off the brilliant costumes, but otherwise gave little support to the

actors. For "*The Real Inspector Hound*" the set had to be ingenious, and was. There was no room for the critics, first detached, later implicated, to be beyond the main acting area, yet that must itself, in a familiarly realistic way, be sufficiently suggestive of the expansive country house interior of the genre. It must accommodate a sofa large enough to mask a body; and adjacent entrances that will take a hurtling wheelchair. Mr. Porter built a sense of space by cleverly-angled recession on the back flats. The critics were segregated on dark benches on one side, while a projecting white trellis opposite hinted at the outdoor world of garden and tennis.

"I'm quite hot on the theatricality of theatre", admits Stoppard. *The Real Inspector Hound* plays infinite jokes on the well-worn theatricalities of the thriller; and on theatre critics – with whose representatives we begin. Christopher Swift and Jonathan Waite instantly set the scene, highly successful hack (he has had a notice up *in lights*) against ruminative and philosophical second-string. Swift, Grand Old Man of the Kirkham stage, who had E. L. Wistied his way through an earlier Stoppard, and hectored us passionately from the lectern last year, now found and held a deeper, northern register, as the variously jocular, patronising and protesting Birdboot. He obviously savoured every platitude. Swift also gave us a nice line in flustered guilt as his philanderings with actresses were found out, on-stage. We shared the actor's dream of such a critic actually stumbling *into* a thriller – and to his doom. Waite was all cool composure, delivering Moon's pretentious intellectual cross-references and tags ("*Je Suis*, it seems to be saying, *ergo sum*.") with poised and exact articulation. His vision of a seconds' revolution against their seniors (understudies slaughtering actors and twelfth men their elevens) was beautifully done – with the extra irony, if you happened to know, that Waite had only taken over the part a few days before. It was a pleasure to see two such complementary complacencies as these get their come-uppance, Swift blundering to the last; Waite suddenly and appropriately the more excited and dogmatic at the end. His triumph was literally short-lived.



The actors playing Birdboot and Moon have the advantage of a certain range. The difficulty for those in the play within a play is that with one exception they do not. Here the quality of the acting was in its consistent and necessary earnestness. It is for the audience to recognise the absurd, impossible variations Stoppard spins, and the stock types, as each takes his or her turn on stage.

Sarah Goldthorp quickly carried our confidence into the thriller as the lower-orders "character", Mrs. Drudge. Sarah was all homely shock and startle, setting the parodied style. One of the play's jokes is to encapsulate the entire plot into little more than half-an-hour. This produces such lovely speedings-up as Sarah's first speech: a delicious situation-summary in wholly irrelevant answer to a ringing phone ("I hope nothing is amiss for we, that is Lady Muldoon and her houseguests, are here cut off from the world.").

Nick Bernie delivered Simon Gascoyne's lines with a relish for their hackneyed dreadfulness ("There is something you don't know . . . I love another."). He also swayed into some marvellously funny, elegant poses and precise, arrested gestures. Bernie played with style; it was a pity to see him shot so soon.

Felicity and Cynthia, ingenue and sophisticate, were as perfectly matched as Birdboot and Moon. Justine Mackey played Felicity with impressive, outraged assurance. One feared for Gascoyne and Birdboot at her hands and her repeated threat – "I'll kill you for this" – certainly had us feel that they were unwise to cross her. Felicity is the most blatant of red herrings; but this girl *could* have done it. While Justine was dressed in a neat, natty tennis rig of sharp white and blue, Cynthia's charms were paraded by Rebecca Walls in a magnificent twenties cocktail-party display of black chiffon, adorned by feather and much pearl. Rebecca carried this enviable part with confidence throughout. She was adept in the quick exchanges (difficult to learn and harder to time), in stagey declamations and in guiding the brilliant, surreal card game. This is perhaps the

most testing piece of the whole play and it must have been immensely rewarding to do it justice.

Mark Linington was also well-set in his role. Any expectations of detective authority were quickly dispelled by his ludicrous entrance, in deerstalker, wellingtons and vast, swamp-wading pontoons. His lugubrious enquiries sustained the joke.

So who, we wondered, *would* explain the murders? In a last, frantic acceleration of plot, Stoppard has it be none other than the murderer himself, crippled, wheelchaired Magnus, whom Andrew Hewertson gave just the right Lurking Menace throughout ("Well, I think I'll go and oil my gun."). The furious wheelchair entrances were deftly done. And Hewertson rose to the occasion at the end, sweeping the play to its climax in a fine frenzy of revelation, as the *real* Inspector Hound – and many others ("Not only that! – I have been leading a double life – at least!"). It is Stoppard's last, great stroke to have him *also* be the third-string critic, Puckeridge. The first corpse was the lead critic, Higgs; Moon is now dead; Birdboot, who guessed, is also dead. Puckeridge wins, and Hewertson properly enjoyed his triumph.

Your reviewer had to take Hound's pontoons on trust. They were not visible from his seat near the back, nor, unfortunately, was Higgs's corpse (Gary Dunnagan). Which only leaves the disembodied voice of the radio announcer, apparently one Michael Clarkson, though no such boy is to be found in any Kirkham class. He sounded pretty suspicious to me. I think he *really* did it.

Actors and actresses take the limelight. Our thanks also go to all those pupils, staff and parents who backed them, by way of scenery, costume, lighting, make-up or arrangements. And, of course, to Mrs. Boll and Mr. Roberts.

*"The Real Inspector Hound".*





Scenes from "Pirates of Penzance".



# C.C.F. SECTION

## General Report

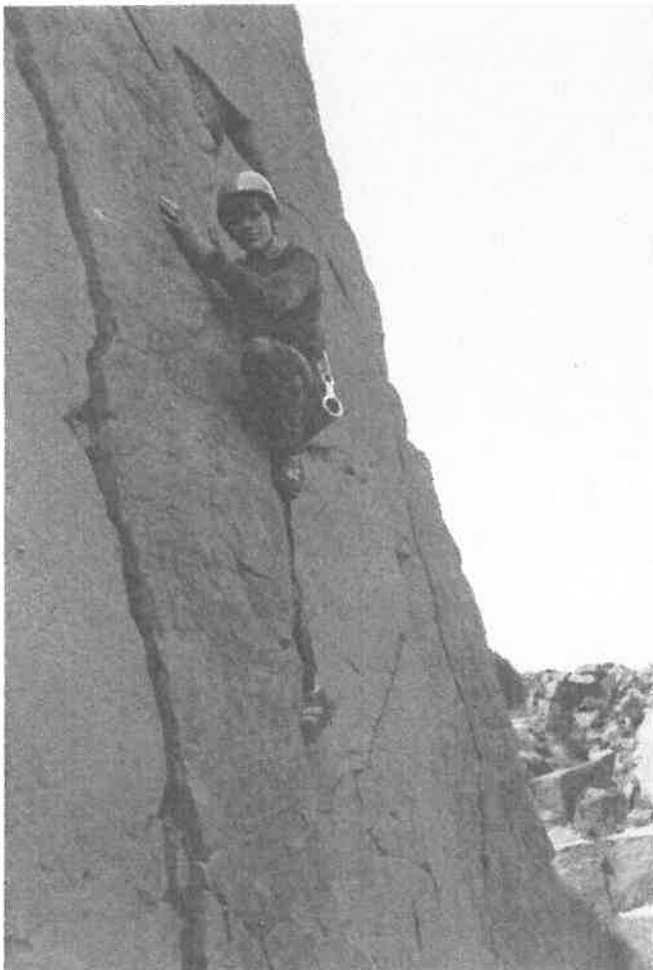
Unfortunately this year marked the retirement of the C.C.F.'s Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Butterworth who over the years has played a major role and has largely been responsible for the success of this aspect of the school curriculum. However, the post of co-ordinator and Commanding Officer has subsequently been awarded to the newly promoted Major Sayer – Congratulations and best wishes in the future to both of these well-liked members of staff!

This year, as has been the case previously, has been very successful, busy, yet enjoyable for all. The C.C.F. as a whole has experienced many changes and upheavals but has adapted itself well with all the Officers, NCO's and Cadets playing their part most enthusiastically.

The main activities this year for the Cadets have included: Map and Compass Work, .22 Rifle Shooting in the Range, First Aid and Orienteering. Also, with the fourth year Cadets being under the direct charge of the C.C.F.'s latest recruit, Lt. Willatt, greater variety of activities has been possible.

Finally, I would like to conclude the general report by thanking all the Officers for their loyal work and enthusiasm and my fellow N.C.O.'s whose contributions have been excellent without exception.

R. G. Turner, C.S.M.



## Langdales '84

Unfortunately after hours of deliberation I have come to the conclusion that there is no exciting, thrill-packed way to begin this stunning narrative so I will relate the facts in a basic manner. We all got into a four wheel soft-top and went to the Lakes.

Anyway to continue this thrilling saga . . . . On arriving at the Great Langdale campsite all the cadets helped put up the three large tents, which were to be used for cooking, stores and drying. After which we pitched our own. However some of us need a lesson in where to pitch a tent e.g. "Compo" (R. Crisall). He happened to pitch his tent in a small dip, and there was many a night when he kept us awake with cries of "I'm drowning!"

The next item on the agenda was a talk by the Camp Commandant Eugene Viscount Clappersgate on where we could and could not conduct our social lives. The place that everyone went to was the New Dungeon Ghyll, this was a quaint little café where we spent many a night drinking (non-alcoholic!), talking and watching Chris Kay do the "stubby shuffle" whilst playing on the space invaders.

The other place you could go for a chat was the gents toilets on camp, where you could listen to "Da boys from Pirbright", (these were junior leaders from the Guards) telling you never to join the regulars because it was blue murder!

On the actual adventurous training side we did a lot of work, ranging from walking to some severe climbs and snow and ice work. All this was thoroughly enjoyable. A special mention here should go to Craig Piggott who kept up with us all the way – well done.

At the campsite itself each section took it in turn to help out with the cooking and general tidiness of the camp (although by the end of the week it looked like the Somme!). One of the most important things the duty squad had to perform was the making of the ceremonial brew for 2nd Lt. Piggott. In her mind it was a case of "no brew – no day!"

The food made by the officers was excellent considering the conditions and the stuff they had to make it with. However we were not fortunate enough to see any of the tricks of R. M. C. in the mess tent. I believe he does one with five loaves and two fishes – Ah well, perhaps another time.

Finally our thanks must go to Cpl. Billy Haddow; Sgt. "Bob"; Viscount Clappersgate (FWS); Lt. Scott; Lt. Willatt; Lt. Piggott; Dr. Summers and last but not least, (he was always late) Rt. Hon. Archbishop of Lytham, Otto von Schicklegrüber Clarkson.

D. Mackey and Friends



## **R.A.F. Easter Camp 1984 – Stafford**

We left school on a bright, sunny Wednesday morning at 10.00 a.m. After a brief stop at a motorway watering hole (where most tried to win their fortunes on the bandits – which really did turn out to be bandits) we arrived at R.A.F. Stafford in time for a late lunch. The first evening was taken up with administration and getting to know fellow cadets from London and Portsmouth.

On the second morning, the cadets 'eagerly' arose at 6.30 a.m. awaiting a days flying at R.A.F. Shawbury. A coach picked us up and we were there in an hour. All our cadets had previously flown on Field Day, and so did aerobatics. This involved stall climbs, stall turns, barrel rolls and loops (where 3½ 'g's were pulled). That night we had Operation Telex, a night exercise. Then came our first victory – ironically, we could not find our way to the starting point, but managed to navigate the course faster than anyone else! Five hours later we were on our way to breakfast. By now, the more friendly cadets were getting to know people from the other schools and everyone was gradually settling down into a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere.

On Friday, the assault course proved difficult in parts because it was raining and many of the pieces of equipment became slippery. The afternoon was taken up with searching for little plastic flags with compasses and maps, commonly known as orienteering. That night, we put a brave battle in the sports arena (basketball), but only managed third place, with Thistlethwaite scoring three out of our six baskets.

On Saturday we visited Chatterley Whitfield Mining Museum, where we descended into the depths, 700ft. below ground. After a quick lunch, we departed for R.A.F. Cosford Air Museum. Saturday night was free, with late passes for all. Older cadets went into Stafford whilst younger cadets were free to use the gymnasium or Earlybird Club on camp.

The day of the Lord arrived and the morning was taken up by Church. In the afternoon, there followed a cryptic, timed walkabout (runabout?) of 8 miles. A mixture of brains and stamina gave Kirkham Grammar School a close and very satisfying victory.

Operation Keyhole followed next morning, which involved mapping a square kilometre of unknown terrain. I then had to convince an officer of the best way through the unknown territory on the information that we had picked up while mapping it. He was eventually convinced and Kirkham Grammar School won Operation Keyhole. In the afternoon, we fired .303's and .22's on the range. In the evening, there was a padre's hour and a talk and demonstration on firearms safety.

Tuesday morning was "spend the last of your money" time. Everyone went into Stafford souvenir hunting. At the presentation ceremony, Kirkham gained the certificate for "Best Squadron Overall".

The camp concluded on Wednesday morning, with a visit to the Baths, where 7 cadets earned certificates of swimming proficiency.

Our thanks to Sqdn./Ldr. Cheesbrough and Fg./Off. Walls for another good camp.

Sgt. A. Davies

## **Annual Summer Camp – Warcop**

The annual summer camp this year was held at Warcop training camp near Appleby in Cumbria. The training camp offers a wide variety of activities, partly due to the proximity of the hills, and also to the tank range which proved very useful.

During the week every cadet had an opportunity to do some climbing and abseiling, much of which would not have been possible without the help of Dr. Summers, who spent many hours on the top of a rock face (fortunately the weather was very kind to him).

The training area next to the camp was used for the battle-craft training, and some excellent tuition by the cadet training team familiarised everyone with the battle drills, and everyone had the chance to run around shooting members of staff with blanks.

The camp was well equipped to deal with leisure activities, with the N.A.A.F.I., a snooker table and pool tables, and a 'multi-gym'.

All the cadets had a ride in a 'Gazelle' helicopter, and also on a Chieftain tank, one of which Mr. Cheesbrough managed to break!

An air strike was put on by the camp at great expense, and the whole camp had a chance to sit down and watch it. The sun made the heat almost unbearable and the melting tarmac ruined several pairs of trousers.

The weather was very good most of the week and the camp was enjoyed by all who went. I would like to thank all the members of staff who took the time to organize the activities and make the week very enjoyable.

Sgt. J. Rowe

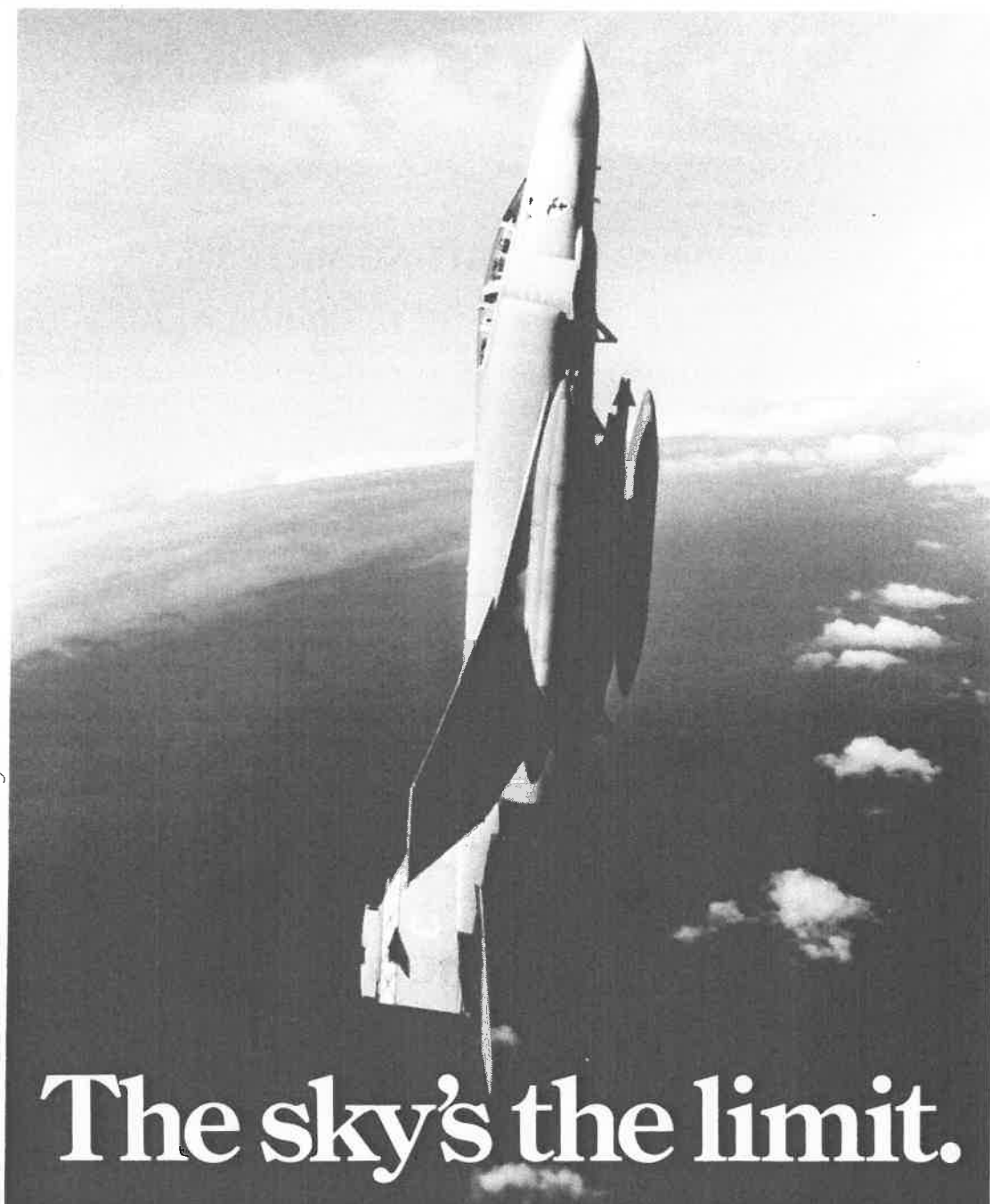
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## Saturday Netball

With weary body and tired eyes,  
It's Saturday morning and early rise:  
A netball match I have to face,  
(I'd really rather stay in this place!)  
The team in waiting — I must not be late,  
Mrs. Black gets angry waiting by the gate.  
"Dad take me there — I've missed the bus!"  
I'm really sorry to make this fuss;  
In pyjamas and slippers Dad makes his way,  
(Can't think of what the girls will say!)  
"Right here, Dad, this will do,  
The team will laugh if they see you.  
Go back to bed and have a snore,  
I'll play my match and try to score".

Sherylne Harley, 2X

## Floods

Rise, rise the river,  
Rain, rain teeming down,  
Swell, swell the current,  
Water turning brown,  
Flooding over river banks,  
Swirling through the town.  
Trees and branches twirling round,  
Rain, rain teeming down,  
Water marks on every wall,  
Sheep and cattle drown,  
People looking at the sky,  
Hurrying through the town.

Edwin Hodges, 1Z

## Kashan

Kashan the blue, with eyes of amber,  
Regal feline, haughty manner,  
He may deign to be stroked,  
Or flinch away archly,  
But fish makes all the difference.

At a whiff of something from a trawler,  
Kashan becomes an awful crawler:  
He's everyone's friend, a cuddly pussy,  
You've never seen a cat so fussy,  
Its fish that makes all the difference.

It's as well that life evolved in the sea,  
Or it's a side of Kashan that would not be,  
He'd be a moggy, a dustbin scrounger,  
And not a shah, with his own velvet lounge.  
He wouldn't have Whiskas and mackerel sometimes.  
He'd have bones and scraps and bacon rinds,  
However, as life did evolve in the sea,  
Fish makes all the difference, for tea.

Laura Milner, 1Z

## Alone

I'm here on an island,  
All on my own,  
In the middle of nowhere,  
And far from home.

Every day's an adventure  
Here in the sun;  
But how long will I wait  
For help to come?

Timothy Roberts, 1X

## Football Hooliganism

How many times have you seen a football match spoiled by hooligans? The answer to this would probably be on one or more occasions. Often quite normal matches are disrupted by a small minority of so-called soccer fans. These fans are often under sixteen and go to football matches just to cause trouble.

The hooligans are normally found in groups on the terraces near to rival supporters. Although they are segregated from one another they can still find a way to make trouble. When the trouble breaks out, the police are often outnumbered and reinforcements with dogs are seen entering the ground. Often games are held up because of this and many people are injured by missiles thrown at them.

It has got to the stage where players and officials have been hurt and it's amazing that more people are not seriously injured each season.

The violence doesn't just end when the final whistle goes; some groups of these louts go looking for trouble and go on rampages throughout major towns.

This was the case during a recent F.A. Cup match between Blackpool and Manchester City, when, after the match, a group of Manchester City fans went on the rampage in Blackpool's town centre causing alarm to shoppers and damage to shops. It was also seen on a much larger scale before and after the recent "friendly" in Paris between France and England, with the English hooligans causing over three-quarters of a million pounds worth of damage.

Older spectators who have been watching football matches since they were young have stopped going to matches now because of all the trouble associated with them. They were used to the days when hardly a word was exchanged with rival fans.

The questions that must be asked are, are we prepared to lose Britain's most popular sport to a group of louts? If not are we going to do anything about it? The only way to combat football hooliganism is to ban alcohol from league games and to increase the security at all games. This should include short-circuit television inside grounds to help the police pin-point the trouble makers.

Paul Doughty, 4X

## The Statue

Placidly I stand,  
Watching passers-by go past.  
Never will I move.  
People just ignore me, but —  
I notice everything.

Andrew Stevenson, 2X

## My Visit to the Dentist

Fidget in reception, turn magazine page,  
Wait to be called, seems like an age:  
Air smells thick with antiseptic haze,  
Staring old man, worried-looking gaze.

Called in to surgery, chest all tight,  
Sink into chair, blink into light.  
Jaw all tense — mouth open wide,  
Dentist with mirror, probe by his side.

Novocane syringe, needle in gum:  
Pain in root, lips turning numb.  
Bore into molar, change of drill tip,  
Cavity cleared out, mouthwash to sip.

Mixture of Amalgam, packed into place,  
Job quickly finished, relief on my face.  
Out into sunshine, clamber into car,  
Firm resolution, throw away sweet jar!

Helen Gamble, 3Z

## The Stranger

I first saw him in Trafalgar Square, near the fountain. You see a lot of people there, admittedly, but this man stood out. Firstly, his dress marked him out: bowler hat, waistcoat, spats — all immaculate, and rather old-world. Was this neo-Edwardian dress the latest up-market fashion? But this man didn't look very avant-garde. Middle-aged, for one thing, and walrus-moustached.

So maybe he was just an oddball; but oddballs generally have an air of stolid aloofness which cocoons their oddballness against cruel jibes. The stranger didn't have this — in fact his general ambience was the second thing that marked him out. He had an air of extreme puzzlement, as though the world wasn't where he'd left it a moment ago.

And so — perhaps I was just being nosey — when he set off walking, striding purposefully into the crowds, I followed him.

It seemed at first that he was going somewhere, but this certainty of purpose gradually evaporated. He raised his hat to a group of girls (when was the last time you saw that happen?), and seemed confused and embarrassed when they giggled.

He strode on again, a little faster, and eventually came to rest by a large, old Victorian office building. At this, he seemed a little strengthened. He confidently ascended the steps, and was about to open the door, when he glanced at the brass plate beside the door.

It was as though he'd been hit by a bus. He turned, and ran down the steps, and stood at the bottom looking this way and that, like a mouse in a cat barracks.

I glanced up at the brass plate. It read:

"Adrex Ltd.,  
Computer Consultants,  
32, Marchnell Street.

So what?

I looked back at the stranger. He was pushing his way blindly through the gathering crowd, oblivious to the shouts and blows. He lost his bowler hat, and his air of immaculate dress. And, just as he rounded the street corner, he tripped, and sprawled out of sight.

Alarmed I ran into the alley which he had entered. It was empty.

Something caught my eye. A small, finely made leather case lay discarded in a corner. I opened it, and shook out the slip of cardboard it contained — a calling card. It read:

"P. C. Watson, F.R.C.E.,  
Consultant Hydraulic Engineer,  
32, Marchnell Street."

I turned it over, and read the date scrawled in indelible pencil on the back — 31st March, 1902.

Either I was the victim of the best practical joker since Copernicus, or I'd just seen something very strange indeed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Philip Carnacot Watson had had an exceedingly perplexing day. Whilst walking to his consulting office, he had blinked, and had found himself in an alien version of London, where hideous engines cruised the streets; populated by a race with strange mores and stranger dress.

He had been disturbed by his shocking experience, and putting it down to hallucinations brought about by an over-indulgence in French brandy (his secret vice), had resolved never to tell anyone about it except one friend of his — a man of singular eloquence and sympathy.

And that might have been the end of it, except that the friend's name was Herbert George Wells.

John Howells, L6 Sc.

## Old Demdike

To mention Pendle Hill  
Would give anybody a chill,  
Since the rumours that were spread,  
Were of a woman to dread.  
"Old Demdike" was her name.

She sold her soul, so the story goes.  
Could cast spells with a twitch of her nose.  
Round her cauldron she would dance,  
Raising a storm at a glance.  
"Old Demdike" was her name.

Twenty years went by.  
Did she ride a broomstick in the sky?  
Was she really to blame  
When she lived in poverty and shame?  
"Old Demdike" was her name.

Sarah de Maine, 2X

## Pebbles

They lie on shores, and margins of streams,  
Pebbles, thousands, not one the same;  
Veined, coloured, wave-worn,  
They shine in shingle beds, through clear water,  
Littered on curved beaches, dead jewels;  
Begun with rock, high cliffs, battered by wild seas,  
Rain, ice, long tides rolling them over and over,  
And now just pebbles on the sea shore.

Nicola Spicer, 4Z

## Nightmare

Shrouded in clouds of descending fog, the old buildings were only just visible. My feet moved almost silently across the wet tarmac of the drive. A bird, suddenly alarmed, came fluttering and squarking from a large, old, gnarled tree whose branches reached into the void of fog like stretched fingers. Now the building, in all its ivy-clad evil splendour towered over me. Its architecture and appearance reminded me of a castle in Transylvania. From the dimly lit windows to my left, came a mixture of ghoulish music that had the prisoners within writhing in tortured movements.

I wearily trudged around the side of the building. I could almost feel a thousand prying eyes watching me. Wading through littered debris I came upon what appeared to be a small archway, but on closer inspection was square-shaped.

Suddenly a blood-freezing, icy cold scream came from the distance. I crossed the court yard. It was when I reached the middle I became aware I was not alone.

I turned to see a silhouetted figure. As it drew nearer I could define the long, snake-like hair, macabre walk and stance as being that of my old English teacher, bearing a blood stained axe.

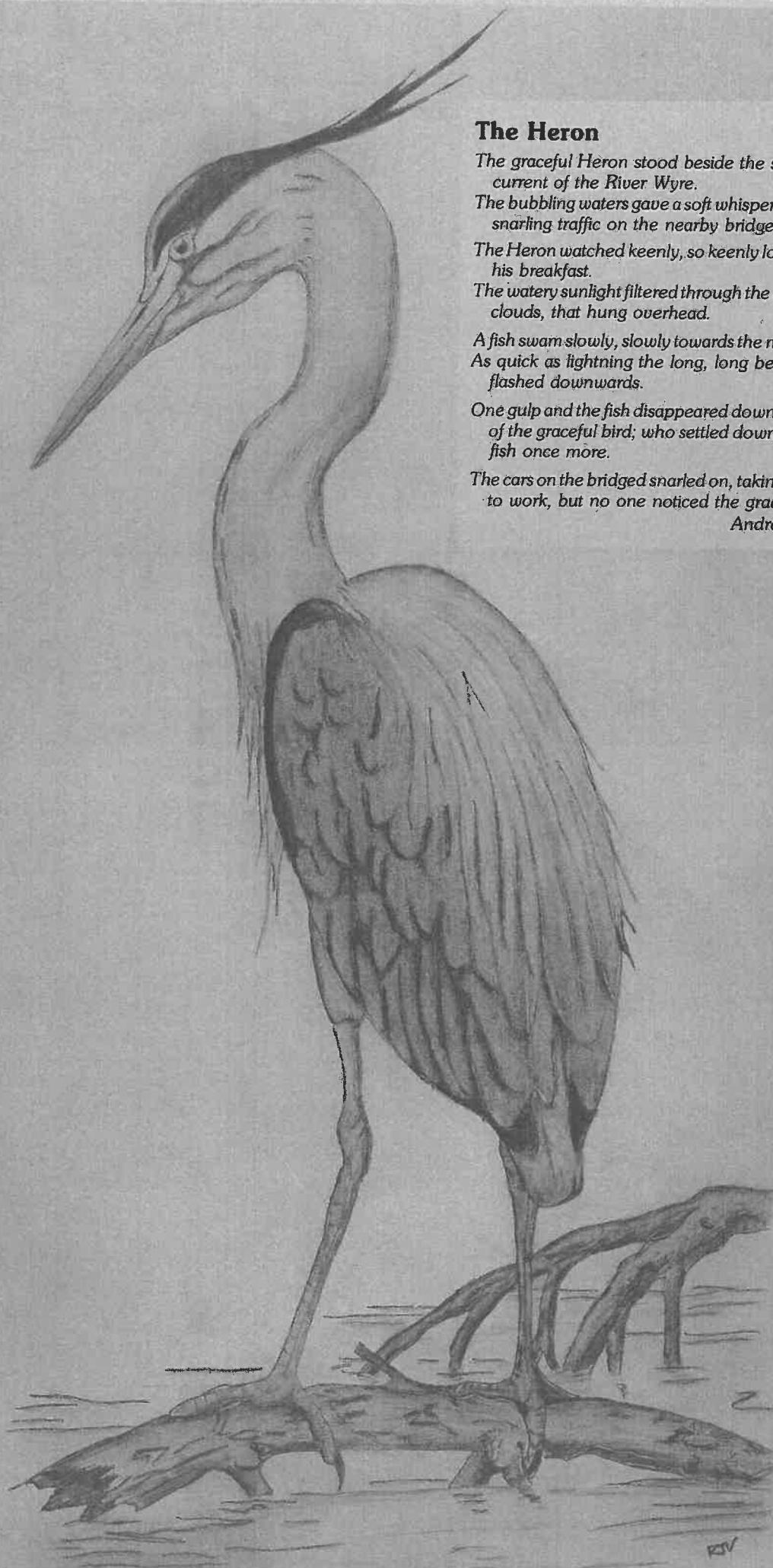
I spun quickly to see, coming through the fog in her white coat, the mad scientist; I couldn't place her name until she said the stinging words, "Now people, Physics is fun!"

Terror-stricken I began to run but, at the moment I might have reached safety, a caped R.E. teacher swooped from the roof and landed in front of me. Again I turned, only to see my path blocked by a grinning, track-suited figure that said, "It's no good running: you're not fit enough to escape!"

Slowly they closed in on me, leering over me, then the axe fell!

Shaun Wilson, 4Z





## **The Heron**

*The graceful Heron stood beside the swiftly flowing current of the River Wyre.*

*The bubbling waters gave a soft whisper, in contrast to the snarling traffic on the nearby bridge.*

*The Heron watched keenly, so keenly looking for a fish for his breakfast.*

*The watery sunlight filtered through the heavy, dark, dark, clouds, that hung overhead.*

*A fish swam slowly, slowly towards the motionless Heron. As quick as lightning the long, long beak of the tall bird flashed downwards.*

*One gulp and the fish disappeared down into the stomach of the graceful bird; who settled down to prey upon the fish once more.*

*The cars on the bridged snarled on, taking their passengers to work, but no one noticed the graceful Heron.*

*Andrew Brown, 32*

## The Main Road Market

In Luanshya, in Zambia as you go down the main road you come to the one and only market. It just stands there never changing, across the road from the baker's. From my house it is only about ten minutes away; you go down E Avenue, go along the Ndola road, down the main road, look to the right and there it is with the public toilets and the bus station outside it.

It is an outside market and it only sells groceries and cooking oil. My mother goes there at least four times a week to the little stalls with the sellers' wares spread all over them. It has a sort of roof with three walls and I daren't go to the back because of the smell of dried fish.

The groceries they sell are cucumbers, cabbages, potatoes, dried fish, mangoes, a green vegetable you boil called jemsquash, and, occasionally, some big fish from the nearby Dambo. My mother goes to the front stalls because you get the best bargains at the front. I like the bananas best.

On Saturdays it gets quite busy because the market isn't open on a Sunday. When another expatriot comes to the market my mother has a quick chat, which lasts ten minutes; all women do this! My mother always goes to the little Zambian man on the fourth stall along to get the best bargains. Most of the Zambian grocers are quite nice but some are horrible. It's quite a good market but sometimes you pay too much as you do in an English market.

Mark Smiley, 1X

## Village Shops – I

This shop is in the old village of St. Michael's on Wyre. It is situated on the river bank, almost covered with an umbrella of trees. On the opposite bank is a church and the bridge runs adjacent to it.

Outside it looks like a dismal old house and the only clue that it is a shop is a few sweet jars in the window. The garden is a little overgrown at the front and rather like a jungle at the back. An old fireplace is at the back of the room and instead of a till there is just a chest of drawers. The sweets are displayed in rows of jars and have to be weighed out.

The shop sells sweets, crisps, fishing tackle and fishing licences.

The shop gets quite busy in the summer but in the winter just the local children go in. The lady who serves in the shop is quite old with grey hair tied back and she wears spectacles. She always talks quite a lot and seems to know all the village children and who they are related to. She also seems to always wear dark clothing, black, brown or grey and never wears anything new. She has never been married and she lives at the shop with a little dog for company.

David Whittingham, 1X

## The Battleship in the Bay

The sleek sinister-looking battleship glided into the bay at a slow speed. It then dropped its enormous battleship grey anchor into the water. Its engines could be heard throbbing in the early morning, while men were shouting orders across the decks of this huge ship.

From the shore the battleship looked like a toy with men swarming like ants on the swaying decks.

Curiosity got the better of us so we skimmed silently across the water in the sailing dinghy. As we approached the ship its immense bow got nearer, and nearer, until it loomed over us huge and awesome. We rounded the ship for a second time and noticed huge numbers painted on the portside of the battleship. The sailors words could be clearly heard after the deafening "whoop" of the siren. The afternoon drew on and we returned to the shore.

As we left the beach the throb of the engines could be heard and the clanking of the anchor being raised. The battleship turned majestically and sailed away toward the horizon.

Robert Ansell, 1X

## Lymington Market

This market is one that we went to on our holidays in the summer. It is situated for about a mile down the High Street, which is in the heart of Lymington itself.

In the midst of all the hustle, bustle and jostling of the crowds, people were just itching to get their greedy little hands on the bargains that lay in waiting.

In the market there were mainly different creeds and colours of people: short people, tall people, black people, Chinese people, fat and pompous people and thin people. And oh! so many different types of stalls: odd little caravans, great big lorries, and some with just plain old steel piping and a piece of canvas for the roof.

The things they sold were pots, pans, plates, knives, forks, spoons, clothes, cloths, curtains, bags, suitcases, wrenches, hammers, screwdrivers, saws, chisels, spanners, fruit, vegetables, nuts, sweets, meat, fish, cheese, eggs, rubbers, antiques, pet food, geometry sets, rulers, pens, pencils, badges, bikes, toys, books, ornaments, pottery, heaters, wood, metal, carpet, wood, foam and jewellery.

On the last trip my father bought a pair of beautifully engraved silver carving knife stands. It was the busiest street market I have been to and it was really quite exciting.

Charles R. J. Simpson, 1X

## Village Shops – II

The quaint little shop I am writing about is miles away from any group of houses large enough to be called a village. The nearest town is Keswick, which is to the south-west of the shop. It is not too far from the puddle of Bassenthwaite Lake, in the Lake District.

Looking from outside it seems a lot larger than it really is maybe because of its walls, which are like the ramparts of a castle. They are smothered in ivy, and any brick showing is like a clearing in dense jungle. Inside, the shop is different from any other shop I have ever been to. It is dimly lit, and has a friendly atmosphere. The counter is at the far end of the shop.

The most interesting aspect is that it is like two shops in one. One half sells popular sweets and chocolate, although there is not much choice. It also sells items for the use of tourists, like maps and things like that, Cumberland food and domestic goods. The other half sells curious antiques, some of which have probably been sitting in the shop for years.

People from the locality are few and far between, so the shop gains most of its profit from passing tourists. They are mostly easy-going, friendly people, but the few country folk regard them with suspicion. Most of the time the shop is quiet. The owners are a man and his wife who are equally plump, and are jolly and friendly. They sometimes even walk outside with you. A lot of people visit the shop just to look at the strange antiques.

Timothy Roberts, 1X

## Village Shops – III

I walk down the country lane until I get to the heart of the village where there is a strand of shops and in the middle stands the butcher's.

When I stand outside the butcher's and view it, the outside has a red and white striped blind, a shiny window and sign with the name DEVONPORTS painted across it. When I step inside the walls are dull and there are blood stains on Bob's red and white apron.

Two brothers own the shop. They are Bill and Bob Devonport who are jovial men. Joints of meat are displayed in the glass counter and there are also sausages, bacon, chops and many other types of meat.

The shop does not get all that busy with it being situated in a village. The customers are very friendly and are of various ages, but the butcher knows all the community and has a personal chat with them all. I enjoy going every Saturday for two pounds of bacon and sometimes a pound of tripe.

John Earnshaw, 1X



## Bombay Airport

As you step off the plane into this massive time capsule, something very hard to describe hits you; it's not just the overwhelming heat and humidity, it's the whole nauseous atmosphere of the place. Bombay Airport is where I've seemed to spend a good many hours of my life.

The minute you step inside the terminal, you can sense the chaos and the mass confusion of hundreds of people. The main terminal, which is exceptionally squalid to say the least, is a dull, depressing place. The smell of sweat, curry, sandalwood and other potent mixtures fills your unsuspecting nostrils and seeps into your clothes. This is only the beginning; after all the haste you walk outside and are confronted by beggars, snake charmers and people of all ages.

The boundaries of this place are bursting with people living, sleeping and eating on the confines of this seemingly safe hide out. The outside of the building looks like one storey of some half-built hotel with a flat roof on which all kinds of people dwell. As you peer out of the gates there is a transformation: the city is festooned with palm trees and impressive buildings, but one cannot get away from the poverty and the terrible living conditions of the people whom the tourists support. It's hard to believe that in this world such a broken down hovel is called an 'International Airport' and can represent the country of India.

After you've left the airport this very upsetting memory stays with you for a very long time. The most worrying thing though is that we can leave, but for the people there it is their home, and they have no easy way out.

Emma Cornah, 4X

## Cumtydie Beach, North Wales

The sun is glinting off the water as we drive up to the beach. We all get out of the car, and climb over the wall, to see the beach with no sand. There is no sand anywhere, just stones and sea. There are two great, towering cliffs on either side of the tiny cove, and several people can be seen walking up a footpath on the side of one. To the left of the sea is a small inlet, which transports sand and stones into the sea. The inlet widens out as it travels inland, and several anglers can be seen upstream, trying, without much success, to catch some of the fish that are continually jumping. Nearer the sea, there are several places where some people have tried to dam the stream, but to no effect.

We move towards the dark water, and touch it. It cuts like a knife. Out to sea, a few seals jump playfully round an orange buoy that bobs rhythmically on the waves.

Several seagulls are running about in the shallows, running forward when the waves recede, making a path of four-clawed footprints in the wet sand, but quickly come scuttling back as another wave crashes forward, obliterating the small foot marks.

I begin to throw stones into the sea; tossed high, they arc towards the sun, and then fall, making a deep, plopping noise, and causing an air bubble to rise to the surface of the water. After a while, my father breaks the silence, "Come on, let's go". At that, we turn and walk back to the car.

Andrew Greening, 4X

## The Severn Walk

The cathedral bells chime out into the still, blue morning. As the ringing tones die down, the many water fowl, which grace the banks of the River Severn, take up in chorus.

The stiff, frosted grass crackles under my feet as I near the weir. The weir makes an almost thundering sound, as the tonnes of water and fish pour over it.

When I round the bend, the first buildings on the other side of the river begin to appear.

At first they are small, pretty cottages, but then they soon give way to the great sombre buildings of the department stores, factories and schools.

As I watch, the people in the house-boats begin to show their faces. They clamber out of the cabins, stretching, and yawning and looking around, bleary-eyed.

The city begins to awaken.

Soon the noisy cars will be spewing forth into the town, their exhaust fumes destroying the fresh, sharp air.

The bells peel again, the notes and the cathedral's spires rising up, reaching for the sky as the golden disc of the sun shows its face over the roof tops.

The river flows sedately by, oblivious of everything, carrying the cheeky ducks and majestic swans upon its back.

I turn my head away from the river and the concrete jungle, and rest my eyes on the peaceful scene of gentle cows with liquid brown eyes, grazing in the lush meadows of the beautiful Worcestershire countryside.

Justine Mackey, 4X

## Kreuzberg – Berlin

People on a first trip to Berlin are usually unaware of the type of environment many of its foreign immigrants live in. In tourist brochures only the good side of Berlin is portrayed: gaiety, liveliness and the electric atmosphere of city life. However, behind this façade lies the unfortunate side of life in a large city.

One of the first aspects of Kreuzberg a person notices is the dirt and filth the people live in. The population consists largely of Turkish people, therefore prejudice leads some of the Germans to tend to neglect this area.

The buildings are nearly all post and prewar and are thick with grime. They are built unusually close together, which emphasizes the impression of dirt and squalor. Many of the houses are inhabited by squatters — both Turkish and German.

The pavements are smeared with all manner of dirt. All of this is overshadowed by the ominous feature of the Berlin Wall. Here it is daubed with graffiti, usually with an anti-American feeling to it. It is because of this feeling of resentment that when any English-speaking person goes there, they are advised not to speak.

In the balconies of the flats can be seen dummies dressed in American uniform hanging as if from gallows. The streets between the houses are very narrow and frightening really, as it is dark and the houses, or flats, rise high on either side. The streets are very rarely metalled and are usually badly cracked. Weeds grow high between the flats and even in the middle of the road.

Lines of washing are strung from one block of flats to another making the whole area seem a dreadful slum.

Over fifty percent of the houses have either several broken windows with scraggy, filthy curtains hanging from them, or are boarded up completely.

Many advertisements for various side shows and travelling circuses are to be found; usually they have such phrases as 'Yanks go home' or 'withdraw from El Salvador' scrawled on them.

I nearly always get the feeling that I am being watched all the time, and it is advisable to be aware of what might be round the corner.

Diane Woods, 4X

## Waking Village

White blanket over waking village,  
Snow settled on pointed rooftops,  
Icicles hanging from frosty ledges,  
Mosaic patterns on window panes,  
Leafless trees stand on common bare.

Sound of snow plough up the high street,  
Shrieking children throwing snow,  
Crunching ice under booted footsteps,  
Whistling wind along darkened alleys,  
Song of milkman on the path.

People wrapped in woollen headwear,  
With rosy faces full of health,  
Tugging sledges up the hillside,  
Past sparkling spikes on hawthorn hedges,  
Wheezing breath like engine fumes.

Helen Gamble, 32

## The Raindrop Dream

It's raining again. On this dull day,  
Watching the raindrops on the window play,  
I fall asleep and then I dream,  
Of all the things that might have been;

I've woken now from my dream,  
About the things that might have been,  
I look again at the window pane,  
Again, again, I look in vain.

Julie Tomlinson, 1X

## You

Your love is king,  
Or so I thought —  
So naive I was.  
But love's turned to hate,  
And friendship to hostility.

Once we laughed,  
Now all you do is glare,  
And march past with  
Gaze straight ahead.  
I don't exist.

Yet, how foolish you look,  
Hiding from me,  
Really hiding from you;  
Saying you could hit me,  
Then not speaking to me.

Pathetic, that's the only word  
That can suit your manner;  
Your childish attitude  
Although you're two years my senior,  
Is unbelievable.

Ann Noden, 4Z

## Spring

In the morning hear the birds singing in chorus,  
bringing everything to life.  
Up to the pastures the herd of cows march  
from the farmyard, where they stayed the long wintry  
nights.

Out of hibernation come all the little creatures,  
blinking in the morning light.  
See the trout jumping upstream fighting against the current,  
going back to where they were born to lay eggs.

Matthew Stuttard, 1Z

## The Thing from the Changing Rooms

I crept, cautiously past the Music Room,  
On my way to the gym,  
Wondering whether this would be my last hour.  
Turning the corner, I wiped the sweat off my face,  
Getting prepared for the big challenge.  
The butterflies were turning cartwheels in my stomach.  
Slowly the door of the changing rooms began to open,  
The full moon inched its way out from behind the clouds.  
I hesitated before, tentatively, stepping inside.  
The door slammed shut behind me!  
I could hear the howling of the wind from an open skylight.  
Suddenly from out of the changing room, a something  
appeared!  
I thought of running away, but my legs were like jelly.  
It had the front way blocked, and behind me the door was  
jammed shut . . . .

Siôn Smith, 3Z

## In a Strange Land

Before I moved to England things were very different.  
Easier, in fact. I started school at half-past seven and finished  
at half-past twelve. I knew lots of people of all ages and races,  
and I knew wherever I went complete strangers would begin  
speaking to me and trying to make friends. It was a very  
relaxed atmosphere with plenty of freedom and no hard work  
at school. Although I had plenty of acquaintances I spent most  
of my time with very close friends. I wasn't used to conversing  
with people whom I didn't know, as they normally spoke to  
me first.

I didn't move to England out of choice, more out of  
necessity, because there are no schools for children over  
twelve, apart from Arab schools, but I couldn't speak Arabic.  
On the last day of term I got presented with a Lilliputian silver  
cup, because I had been the longest serving member of the  
school. I was very unhappy to leave mainly because I didn't  
want to leave the friendship and security of my old school.

The first time I looked around this school I was with my  
parents. The Headmaster was working so a prefect called Tim  
Paget showed us around. He was tall, about six foot, with  
gingery brown hair and a plump figure. I remember it was very  
cold because I had a runny nose and no hanky. I wanted to  
wipe my nose on my sleeve, but I thought somebody would  
see me so I kept sniffing.

The prefect kept insisting that we entered every classroom  
to see what was being taught. As we entered everyone  
stopped working, had a curious look at us, then turned back to  
their work and completely ignored us as if we didn't exist.  
Occasionally someone would point and then whisper  
something secretly behind their hand.

A couple of months later I arrived back at school to stay.  
I had a bag under my arm, my favourite teddy under the other  
arm and my father and brother followed behind with my  
trunk. I had my new uniform on so I felt proud and grown up,  
until I saw everyone also in their jeans and tee shirts. I must  
have stuck out like a sore thumb. Because I was crying  
nobody dared venture up to me to talk. I wondered around on  
my own for a while and a couple of kindly people smiled at me  
encouragingly. Suddenly a loud bell rang, nearly deafening  
me and I began to panic because I didn't know what it meant.  
A moment later a multitude of people of all shapes and sizes  
filed into a large dining room so I just tagged on at the end.

That night when all the girls were together in the dorm they  
undressed self-consciously in the bathroom and nervously  
began speaking once they had. The conversation was polite,  
fringing on the edge of friendliness. Most people either knew  
someone else or had lived in England most of their lives. I felt  
different as if I didn't belong, because I didn't have anything in  
common with them. I was an outsider, a stranger and most  
people thought I was weird. It was a cold and disheartening  
contrast to the friendship and security I'd been used to.

Michelle Simpson, 4X



## Midnight

Midnight is close. The witching hour is near. The moon lets only a glimmer of light shine through the curtains. Nothing is moving. Nothing dares disturb the deathly silence until "bong, bong". The witching hour is here. The clock carries on chiming. An owl lets out its cry of "Tuitwoo, tuitwoo".

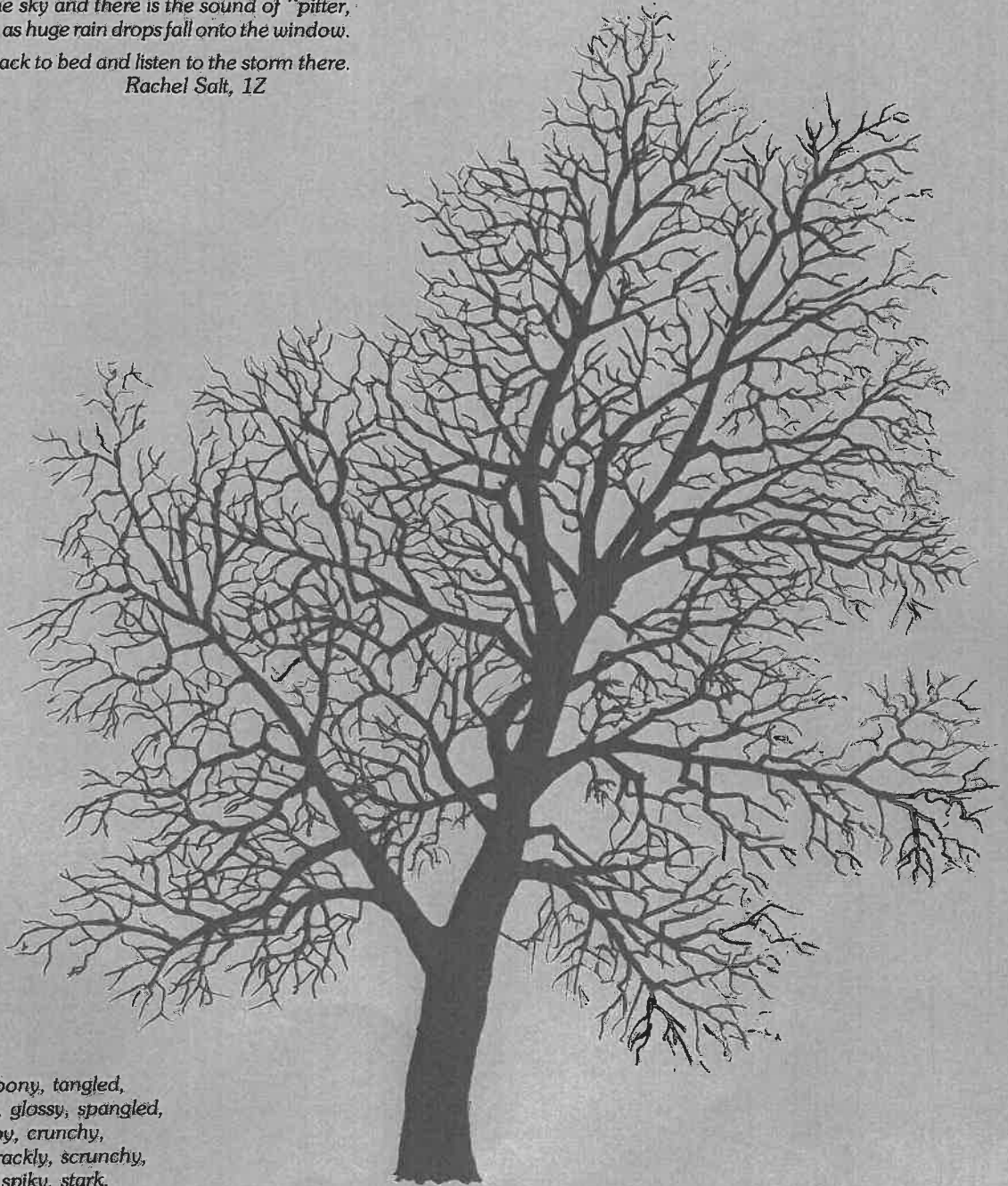
Only I hear these noises. In the bed next to me lies my sister. Her brown hair showing up well against the white pillow.

I slip out of bed and tip-toe to the window. In a few seconds I have pulled aside the curtains.

The moon's shine nearly blinds me, because I am used to the dark. The trees' shadows looking like old deformed women. I look up. Flying across the sky is an owl letting out its cry again. A rustle of leaves below me make me stare at an animal which is stealthily stalking through the dry leaves. Suddenly, "KABOOM" a loud crack of thunder startles me. Lightning lights up the sky and there is the sound of "pitter, pitter, pitter", as huge rain drops fall onto the window.

Quickly I tip-toe back to bed and listen to the storm there.

Rachel Salt, 12



## Winter

Winter trees twisted, bony, tangled,  
Window panes glassy, glossy, spangled,  
Bare ground icy, slippery, crunchy,  
Dead leaves crispy, crackly, scrunchy,  
Frosted water pearly, spiky, stark,  
Grey skies stony, heavy, dark,  
Snow all snowy when it's snowing,  
Then all slushy when it's going.

Claire Farnhill, 2X

## Columbus Sailed

It was a stormy night, with the lamp flickering in the draught that forced its way through the ill-fitting shutters. It brought with it the smell of freshly-caught fish, and that of heated tar, to be used for caulking. The cards were in my favour, and fifty shillings had come my way that night. Suddenly, the cards were all blown off the table by a strong gust of wind as the door was flung open. Two or three dirty, unshaven soldiers entered, and slouched against the wall, pointing their muskets in our direction. More followed and quickly took similar positions around the room. One man, in a red hat, tried to wrench open a shutter, and run for it, only to come face to face with a gleaming bayonet behind the window.

"Bring 'em to the ship!"

I looked around for the speaker, and my eyes fell on an unimpressive, but well-dressed man, standing in the doorway.

My fellow prisoners and I were taken from Betsey's Place, to be shoved into a pair of carts which were waiting outside. We were driven off recklessly into the night.

The morning found us being pushed up a ramp onto a sailing ship. A glance at the bows showed it to be called the "Santa Maria". Some other men were being loaded onto two other ships, which I later discovered to be called the "Pinta" and the "Nina".

We were all assembled on the main deck, and the man who had stood at the door of Betsey's Place, was standing on the foredeck. I could see the man in the red hat standing on the far side of our group, with his hands in his pockets. The well-dressed man nodded his head, and a soldier fired a single shot skywards. Silence descended. He introduced himself as "Christopher Columbus".

"You men are going to sail with me, on behalf of your country. A voyage of discovery! You will be well paid, and well provided for. To the matter of destination, we shall attempt to reach India . . . by sailing westwards!"

Some people cheered, the faces of others fell, but I said nothing.

We were taken below decks, to the cabin's. Eight men were to sleep, in hammocks, per cabin. Food and water were taken to us; they were the subject of many jokes to come, and also the cause of much vomiting.

We were not to see the light of day, until two days later, when we set sail. As we went on deck, I saw the man in the red hat. He did not look ill, and I surmised he had prior experience of the sea. We each learned our jobs about the boat very quickly, or else suffered for it. Having just become used to the food, sea-sickness set in. I was ill for only the first week or so; others were not so lucky.

After the first month at sea, most of us were becoming fairly demoralised by the surrounding, perpetual, swishing blueness. Faith was pretty much restored when Mr. Columbus stated that we were still in charted waters, and were due to encounter a tiny group of islands, shortly. Two days later we did just that.

The islands were uninhabited, and we stocked up our supply of food and fresh water. The fruit made a refreshing change.

We sailed on for a further two months, and encountered nothing. Being out of charted waters, and food being scarce, all we had was hope, and very little of that.

Then, one day, a very flat, area of . . . something, coloured totally pitch black was sighted, just before dawn.

"Land Ho!" came a joyful cry from the crow's nest.

The Nina, being the fastest ship, sailed ahead, and we followed a distance behind, going as fast as possible. Then the Nina speeded up incredibly, and accelerated to two or three

times its original speed. We could hear a noise in the distance, not unlike the pouring of water. It became louder and louder, until we were deafened by the sound of millions of tons of cascading water. A strong current started to carry our ship away too. We could see the blackness now, stretching infinitely ahead, dotted with tiny points of lights almost like . . . stars? The last thing I saw was the "Nina" disappearing into the void.

Mark Howells, 4X

## Church Street

I could see him coming up the road. With a heavy pail in one hand, and a vicious-looking mop in the other, he advanced. The news spread up Church Street like a flash: houses all along were seen to shudder — the window cleaner was here.

All you humans out there can laugh, but for us windows, it's a nerve-racking experience being thrust in the face with a soapy mop! But the dreaded day on which Mr. Sykes does the rounds is here again.

He's stopped now, and is propping up his ladders against the wall of number eleven. Oh no, only one house to go before he reaches me . . . help!

I can see my friend across the road making frantic gestures as Mr. Sykes begins on my next-door neighbour — a double-glazed, upper-crust pane of glass who thinks that just because he happens to be frosted . . . Ha! That wiped the smile off his face!

Here's that flash sports car from number two — now there's a job I wouldn't mind: automatically sliding up and down, seeing the world, not to mention the gentle windscreen wipers.

But at this precise moment I've got more important things to worry about — Mr. Sykes has his mop poised in mid-air, straight ahead and ready to fire. Eyes tightly shut, I await the soapy water which will be slapped over me at any moment. Aargh — here it comes!

I'm left, ten minutes later, dripping, totally dejected, and thoroughly miserable. But a friend is on his way to cheer me up — it's "Perky" the neighbourhood sparrow.

"Are you well then?" he asks, knowing that I'm anything but, "Ooh, there's a nice juicy worm on your lawn". And he flies off my sill to peck at the poor thing. I must say, I was pleased to hear him say 'your' lawn — it gives one quite a sense of authority!

He's back again — no he's not, he's flying away. "Hey, watch it Perky!" . . . What an idiot — he's flown headlong into the rosebush.

In fact, it's the same bush that was nearly flattened yesterday by the lads from up the road. Speak of the devils — they're back again. I do wish they'd be more careful with that football. Actually, they're quite good at soccer, this lot! Woh! Look at that for a swerve! Hey, it's curving so much, that — hey, just a minute! — it's coming straight at me!

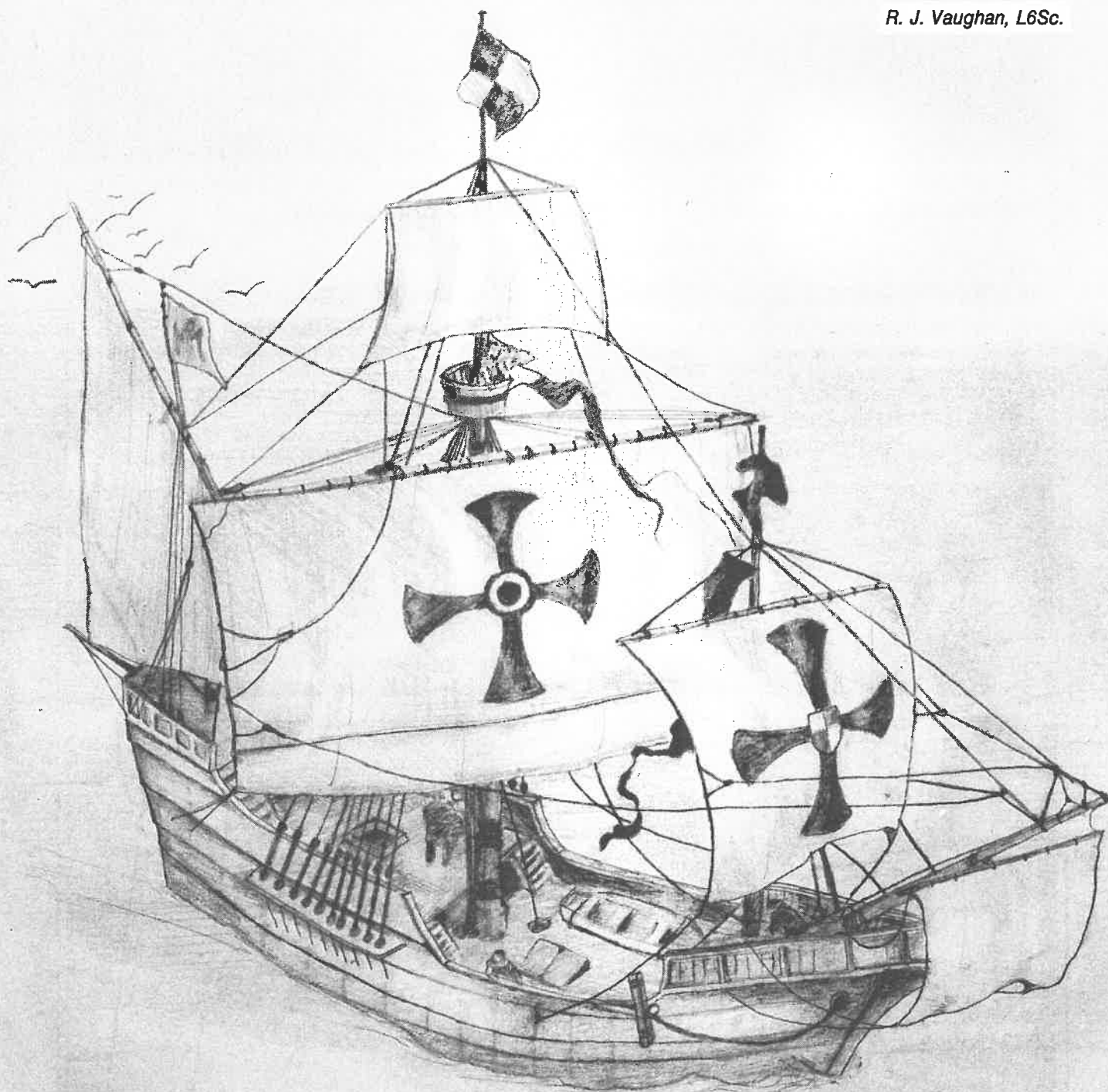
Ow, my head hurts: I seem to be scattered in millions of little pieces all over the floor. My owner's picking me up now, very carefully, one tiny piece at a time. I knew she cared more than she let on. Now she's combing the floor for any splinters. You see, she wouldn't like me to be without any fragment of myself when she fits me back together.

Wait a minute — what's she doing? I seem to have been wrapped in paper, and thrown in a dark, metal bin. What's happening? — Where am I?

I know. I'm dead — this is the Great Dustbin in the sky. I must say, it's not really as bad as I thought. I mean, there are no window cleaners here, and I might even be reincarnated as part of a sports car.

Linda Morgan, 4X





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*The winning entry in the Photographic Society Competition by Michael Hamilton (Pre.).*

# CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

## Astronomical Society

*Chairman:* Mrs. K. Bagley  
*Secretary:* C. S. Sloane  
*Treasurer:* A. D. Proctor

It has once again been a successful year for the Society, with an encouraging revival of interest in the lower years.

We continue to hold our bi-weekly Thursday lunchtime meetings at which a member of the society usually gives a talk and slide show; subjects have included: "The Space Shuttle, Constellation Mythology, Viking Mars Missions, E.T.'s, Celestial Lollipops and Apollo Moon Shots". Other lunchtime activities included Sunspot Observing sessions, Practical sessions, Astronomical videos and Library Days where books from the society library are loaned to members.

Thanks to G.S.C. Grants, the library has been able to purchase several new books and slide sets, and also a pair of Zeiss 10 x 50 binoculars with tripod: all of these things helping to further the Society's activities.

Unfortunately most of our arranged Friday night viewing evenings were clouded out, but members were able to get together to observe the Persid Meteor Shower during the Summer holidays. On the peak night of the shower we once again joined forces with Preston and District Astronomical Society (to which we are affiliated) and scaled the south face of Beacon Fell in order to take advantage of the dark clear skies which that site offers to observe the shower.

Our Open Day exhibition was one of the biggest and most successful yet with the secretary's 6 inch reflecting telescope and a model of the winter night sky made of torch bulbs proving most popular. Open Day also saw publication of our second journal "Cygnus", which was distributed to parents and members.

The highlight of the Spring Term was an open evening when Mr. P. Wade, B.Sc. from Lancaster and Morecambe Astronomical Society, gave an excellent talk and slide show entitled "The Story of a Star". Although the audience was small, everyone who came thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Finally I would like to thank the treasurer, A. D. Proctor, LVI Sc. and the Chairman Mrs. K. Bagley for all their hard work throughout the year.

C. S. Sloane, LVIM

## Auto Society

*Chairman:* Mrs. R. F. Greaves  
*Secretary:* N. J. M. Richards  
*Treasurer:* A. D. Proctor

It has been a highly successful year for the new Auto Society which was re-opened at the start of the Winter Term of 1983. Meetings have been held on Monday lunchtimes with great support from junior members of the school.

At the first meeting a talk on "The History of the Motor Car" was given by N. J. M. Richards and was illustrated by many slides of various classic cars. This proved to be very popular. Another interesting talk entitled "Birmingham '82" was given by P. Davis, and was enjoyed by staff and members alike. During the following weeks the society held library days (where the societies books and magazines are loaned to members) and showed videos relevant to the society.

The Spring Term brought an influx of new members and further talks by the secretary and P. Gaskin, the latter speaking about the "New arrivals this year" to an appreciative audience.

At the time of writing this report, the plans for the Summer Term are well in hand. These include the possible purchase of an engine and tools and practical sessions working on the engine. A big Open Day Exhibition is planned and hopefully a visit to the T.V.R. works in Blackpool if this can be arranged.

Finally the committee would like to thank Mrs. Greaves and all members who have contributed time and effort to the smooth running of the society. It is therefore hoped that the Society will continue to be as successful in the coming school year.

N. J. M. Richards, LVIM

## Bridge Club

*Chairman:* Mr. I. Rushton  
*Secretary:* R. A. E. Baldwin  
*Treasurer:* J. D. P. Webster

This year has shown a further decline in regular attendance at meetings on Tuesday lunchtimes, although it has been noticed that there has been an increase in demand for senior players to teach the game to more junior members of the school.

Due to this continued decline the school has been unable to partake in competition with other schools as we are greatly lacking in players of sufficient expertise and experience. It is hoped however during the Summer Term that this can be remedied as a result of the purchasing for the club of a video tape with which televised bridge tournaments can be studied in greater detail than would normally be possible and thus greatly improve the games of both the senior and junior players.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Rushton for his assistance and progressive thinking, John Webster for doing an admirable job as treasurer and all the members of the school who have shared their in some cases doubtful expertise with us and without whom we would not exist.

R. A. E. Baldwin, U6 Sc/Mod

## Chess Club

*Chairman:* Mr. I. Rushton  
*Secretary:* S. J. Mudd  
*Treasurer:* R. M. Boyd

The present year has seen a revival in the fortunes of the Chess Club, particularly as a result of greater interest in the lower school, and especially in the first and third years. It has been heartening also to see that we now have a number of junior girls who regularly attend meetings. Present attendance is probably the highest for quite a few years, with about two dozen attending meetings regularly. Interest has, no doubt, been increased with the purchase of two new chess computers (thanks to a loan from the General School Committee) and two new "Tri-Chess" games, the rules of which appear, initially, rather complicated, but the games, nevertheless, promise to be extremely interesting and testing.

The inter-house chess competition has been restructured this year, so that each house plays every other house twice - once in the Autumn and once in the Spring Term. At the moment the competition is very close, and any one of three houses could still win the competition.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all members for their continued attendance and support, to thank Richard Boyd for his hard work as Treasurer, and especially Mr. Rushton who has not only managed to keep the Chess Club alive, but has transformed it by his time and effort. I know also that, in his turn, Mr. Rushton wishes me to thank all members for making the meetings so enjoyable and interesting.

S. J. Mudd, L6.M.

## Computer Society

*President:* Mr. R. J. Browning  
*Secretary:* A. Mackintosh  
*Treasurer:* A. R. Perry

Interest has been growing throughout this year and, since the new equipment has arrived (namely a new monitor and a printer), Room 19 is usually completely full.

Pupils in the lower years show much promise and in years to come, the school should have a good supply of able programmers. After the problem of people simply copying out programs from magazines was stopped, most members got down to some serious work.

Many departments, such as Geography, Economics and Chemistry, have continued to benefit from educational programs and we hope that many more will, in time, use the system.

Thanks must go to Mr. Browning for many hours of hard work, organising new equipment and programming tasks for the lower years.

A. Mackintosh, 5Y

## Electronics Society

*Chairman:* Mr. L. A. Redman  
*Secretary:* A. Mackintosh  
*Treasurer:* C. Holden

The Tuesday and Friday lunchtime meetings have been well attended with 15-20 members each session. The electronics kits have been used extensively and have proved so popular that members often have to "wait their turn".

Membership is mainly in the first and second years and we need more seniors, particularly in next year's lower sixth, to help with individual projects.

The Society is grateful to Miss Turner for her interest and help with supervision.

A. Harrison, 5Z

## Fell-Walking Society

*Chairman:* Dr. B. M. Summers  
*Secretaries:* A. W. Traviss/J. J. Bill  
*Treasurers:* C. J. Kay/C. England

The first walk to feature this year took place on March 20th when a party of 22 set out from Seathwaite to climb Great Gable. After a hard climb up Sour Milk Gill the party had a fine walk over Gillercomb and Green Gable, before the younger ones were nearly blown away while crossing Windy Gap to conquer Great Gable. The return via Sty Head was uneventful.

On May 15th another large party, 21 in total, set out on a fine day to walk along the Whinfell ridge, just north of Kendal. The pace of the party was limited due to a party of local farmers in pursuit of foxes, and due to the slow rate of progress of Messrs. Traviss and Collins who seemed to be enjoying the view! Julian Dovey on his portable C.B. was talking to M6 lorry drivers. Thunderstorms were in the air, but the party had reached the safety of minibus/cars before the storm broke. 10 minutes earlier and the party would have been soaked.

The large turnout for these walks was unexpected, but most welcome and the club looked forward to September.

Our hopes of new members to keep the club active have not materialised. During this year the numbers going have been less than 10, with most support in Upper part of

school. Those going have found the walks enjoyable, but without more support the future of the club looks uncertain.

One September 25th the walk from Crummach to Ingleborough, over spectacular limestone pavements, started out in fine weather. However, the summit was covered in mist. We had just missed the annual Three Peaks Cycles-Cross Race, held earlier that day, and met some of the race organisers. We returned via Gaping Gill to the cars.

October 16th saw the cancellation of the walk due to a dreadful forecast, high winds and driving rain. The forecast proved correct. A good day for staying home!

The walk on November 20th took the party up Dungeon Gill to Stickle Tarn, and then up Jack's Rake to the summit of Pavey Ark where we were surprised by the warmth of November sunshine. The return was via Harrison's Stickle and Pike of Stickle, and then down the scree run before returning along the valley path.

After heavy January snow it was touch and go to see if the fell walk on January 29th would take place. After checking with the police it was decided to go ahead, only to find it very difficult to park the cars. From Wythburn the party ascended Helvellyn, walking through deep snow and finishing in mist and snow. An unpleasant time was spent having lunch before completing the walk via Nethermost Pike and Dollywaggon Pike down to Grisedale Tarn, following compass bearings.

Snow once again affected the walk on March 4th. Our party was once again prepared for bad weather even though the weather was quite mild. However, the forecast proved most accurate – snow and blizzard conditions! We walked along Oxendale up Brown Gill to Red Tarn before it started to snow. We were having lunch sheltering behind rocks just before starting over the Crinkle Crag, when 2 people loomed out of the snow to ask where they were! We took them in tow and went over the Crinkle Crag before returning down The Band. On return to Kirkham the very idea of snow was scoffed at!

To all potential walkers, come and join us – enjoy yourself and keep this society active.

To Dr. Summers, Mr. Taylor and the parents who provided transport and accompanied us on walks on many occasions – our thanks; without them the society could not function.

J. J. Bill, 4Y  
C. England, 4Y

## Film Society

*Chairman:* Mr. R. J. Watson  
*Secretary:* R. A. E. Baldwin  
*Treasurer:* M. Wheatley

In this, our final year of operation as a school society, I would like to take a brief look back at the last few years. The society fought bravely to survive the inroads made into the cinematic world by the recent video boom, but in the last two seasons this battle has been an increasingly hopeless one. I feel that it is appropriate to mention the support given to us by all members of School House as they often receive much unwarranted criticism from certain quarters for their supposed lack of interest in this school's activities.

This year most of our membership was comprised of School House boarding pupils and without their almost unanimous support this society would have been forced out of operation 2 years ago. Also worth remembering is the fact that Boarders were willing to set out the Hall on many occasions in the past six or so years.

We opened the year with the Pink Floyd block-buster "The Wall" which attracted good turnouts at both showings and seemed to herald a renaissance for the society. We followed this epic with Paul Newman's dramatic portrayal of a New York policeman in "For Apache (The Bronx)". Following this we screened a series of good films which unfortunately received low turnouts. These were: "Duel" with Dennis Weaver, "Alligator", a spoof horror film, The Pink Panther film "A Shot in the Dark", Woody Allen's "Take the money and run". The Easter Term we showed, belatedly, following a projector "mishap" "Raiders of the Lost Ark" which starred Harrison Ford and was, pleasingly, well received by an appreciative audience. Raiders was followed by "Escape from Alcatraz", a film which brought out the best in Clint Eastwood's menacingly subdued style of acting. At the time of writing we have not yet shown the chiller "Warriors" about street violence in New York but hopefully all will go well.

My sincerest thanks must go to our Chairman Mr. Watson, and guiding light and philosophical mentor Mr. Clarkson, and Mr. Rushton whose help has been much needed but little mentioned previously. Our secretary, Richard Baldwin and projectionist Eric Waite both deserve praise for their time consuming efforts as do our Advertising Agents Neil Woodward and Darren Thornton who produced some brilliant posters. I would like to thank the handful of non-boarding House members as well as the larger contingent of Boarders.

I would also like to give my best wishes to the Embryonic School House Video Society and hope that it has a bright future and continues to operate smoothly under the auspices of Mr. Willatt. I hope that they have as much fun as we have had running this society in what has in retrospect been a pleasant final year.

M. Wheatley, U6A

## Geographical Society

**Chairman:** Mr. I. M. Scott  
**Secretaries:** Diane S. Clifford  
 R. G. Turner  
**Treasurer:** M. Wheatley

Although many trips to a variety of places were proposed this year, it was only possible to arrange one trip, to Salmesbury Whitbread Brewery. This proved to be a very enjoyable trip, according to reports by members of the present Upper Sixth Geography Set.

There have again been regular showings of films in Room 11 during the lunch break. Our thanks go to Mr. Scott for kindly devoting his time for our benefit, and it is felt that not enough pupils realise how they can benefit from viewing such films. They do broaden ones general knowledge and would be of particular interest to all geography students.

D. S. Clifford, (Pre.)

## Natural History Society

**Chairman:** Mr. A. R. Baines  
**Secretary:** J. Howells, L6Sc  
**Treasurer:** M. J. Green, L6M

The Summer Term of 1983 ended on a high note for the Society, with the exhibition laid on by various members of the society for Open Day. A popular feature of this exhibition was the "Name That Tree" competition, run by Mark Howells (4X). This was won by a Mr. Hodges, with the redoubtable Mrs. Boll coming a close second.

Perhaps because of the Open Day, the Society started the new year with a greatly increased membership amongst the lower years; these new members were able to benefit from an extensive programme of activities and events during the term.

The term opened with the customary talk by Mr. Baines on "Being a Naturalist", which was followed by talks by Alex Perry (U6Sc) on "Computers in Biology", David Shakespeare (3Y) on "Birds of Prey", and Mark Howells (4X) on "Budding Grafters", and by the film "Beaver Valley" and the video "Dinosaurs".

In addition to these organised events, the society has been holding bi-weekly meetings in which members are free to pursue their own natural history interests or hobbies. These have proved to be successful, with Mr. Baines introducing many of the society's members to various extra-curricular aspects of biology and ecology.

The programme for the Spring Term is, at time of writing, almost complete. This term opened, in an attempt to broaden horizons, with a talk by John Howells (L6Sc) on "Extraterrestrial Life", which was followed up with the entertaining film "Mars and Beyond". Just completed is the video "The Case for E.S.P.", and still to come is the talk by the brothers Carroll (2X) on "Survival".

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Baines for his enthusiastic support, and to hope that the society continues in its renaissance.

J. Howells, L6Sc

## Photographic Society

**Chairman:** Mr. R. Porter  
**Secretary:** J. Lee  
**Treasurer:** C. Sloane

Unfortunately we have lost two members of staff from the society, Mr. Redman and Mr. Crook, we are very grateful for their help in the running of the society.

The expertise of Mr. Hill, the new head of Craft and Design, is very welcome. Mr. Porter has kindly accepted the role of Chairman of the society. We have discovered the need for more funds to completely equip the darkroom, and to "develop" 'O' level photography and eventually 'A' level in the Art curriculum.

There has been a great increase in members, especially from the fourth year, at our meetings on Fridays. These meetings include the history and expansion of photography, as well as teaching the technical aspects of the taking and developing of photographs. Future plans include a photographic exhibition, to create a studio in the Art Room, and to do colour printing in the darkroom.

Many thanks to Mr. Porter, Mr. Hill and C. Darley for getting the society going again.

J. Lee, L6A

## Scientific Society

**Chairman:** Dr. B. M. Summers  
**Secretary:** N. Ross  
**Treasurer:** K. G. Hardwick

The society this year has been reasonably dormant, especially on the film front following last years bitter experience of low lunchtime attendances.

Undoubtedly the year's highlight was the trip to Heysham Nuclear Power Station on the penultimate day of the Summer Term. We reached our destination at about 11 o'clock, after many u-turns and a last minute toss-up between the finished product and the reactor still under construction. After a brief introductory talk, we were given a guided tour of the site, including the turbine and generator buildings, the computer and control rooms, the reactor vessel and the highly impressive 13 ton, stainless-steel mobile extension of the reactor vessel designed to change the fuel rods without shutting down the reactor. After the tour a question time was held where Alex Perry, in his usual highly passionate manner, tried to discover the function of a circular groove on the outside surface of a hollow graphite cylinder, of which there are several thousand in the reactor core, from a highly bewildered guide; the reply of the tormented guide being, "I haven't the foggiest". After a few slightly easier questions we bade our farewells and spent the rest of the afternoon sunbathing and pursuing equally academic activities in Morecambe. All in all it was a highly informative and enjoyable day.

A visit to Daresbury Laboratory, a high-powered physics lab, was being arranged but this had to be cancelled as the main attraction, the most powerful X-ray source in Europe, broke. Tests are still being carried out to determine the reason for failure.

Our thanks must go to Dr. Summers and Dr. Hall for arranging transport and for their guidance and support throughout the year.

N. Ross, (Pre.)

## Subbuteo Society

**Chairman:** Mr. A. P. West  
**Secretary:** J. St. J. Baron  
**Treasurer:** S. P. Sharpless

After a non-existent first term for the Subbuteo Society, after the loss of equipment at the end of last school year, the Spring Term started slowly. But, about halfway through the Spring Term, the year fairly jumped to life, with the acquisition of 2 sets, and with most of the interest for the society in the lower half of the school, the meeting time was changed from Monday and Thursday evenings at 4.00 p.m. to Wednesday lunchtimes at 1.15 p.m.; with the added extra of a lunch pass. This resulted in an influx of new members, with the majority coming from the Second Year. There have been a few matches played, but as yet, there has been no league or cup competition set up. However, a league will be set up next year. Many thanks must go to Mr. West for his assistance, in spite of his slight disability during the Spring Term.

J. Baron, 2Y

## Wargames Society

**Chairmen:** Mr. R. M. Clarkson, Mr. R. J. Watson  
**Secretary:** J. Howells, L6Sc  
**Treasurer:** M. J. Green, L6M

Again, this has been a successful year for the society. 8 Wargames have been held at time of writing, despite the senior members being preoccupied with various exams.

The customary trip to "Northern Militaire" was held and enjoyed by all; thanks are due to Mr. Cheesbrough who drove the minibus for us.

Finally, this year has seen two "landmark" events for the society; namely the final purchase of the green felt cloth (to be used as scenery for figure wargames), and the embarkation by J. Buckley, J. Howells and A. Mackintosh on the boardgame "War in Europe", which is a detailed re-fight of World War II, and which should be finished in about six months.

J. Howells, L6Sc

## Stockpiler Competition

In this game run by Williams & Glyn's Bank, an imaginary £50,000 is invested in any shares on the Stock Exchange over a period of six months. Team 1204A, consisting of Rachel Porter, Joanne Hosker, Simon Shaw, Chris Lees, Neill Richards and Simon Davison did well, despite some £400 "fines" incurred due to the boys' lack of mathematical accuracy. As interest slackened, the girls took command and "sorted things out", and the team made steady progress, lying fourth in the area on the last decision day in February.

Team 1204B, consisting of Stuart McIntyre, Graham "Frank Carson, News at Ten" Ingham, Mark Preston, Richard Robinson, Robin Parker and token assistance from Richard Boyd, got off to a poor start, incurring an initial deficit of £5,000. However, considerable improvements were shown in the following months after Messrs. McIntyre and Ingham took control, and Richard Boyd defected to the 'A' team, where his exhaustive research was no doubt put to good use. Unfortunately, the recovery was hindered by the levying of heavy fines from the organising committee due to the "mathematical genius" of one R. Robinson.

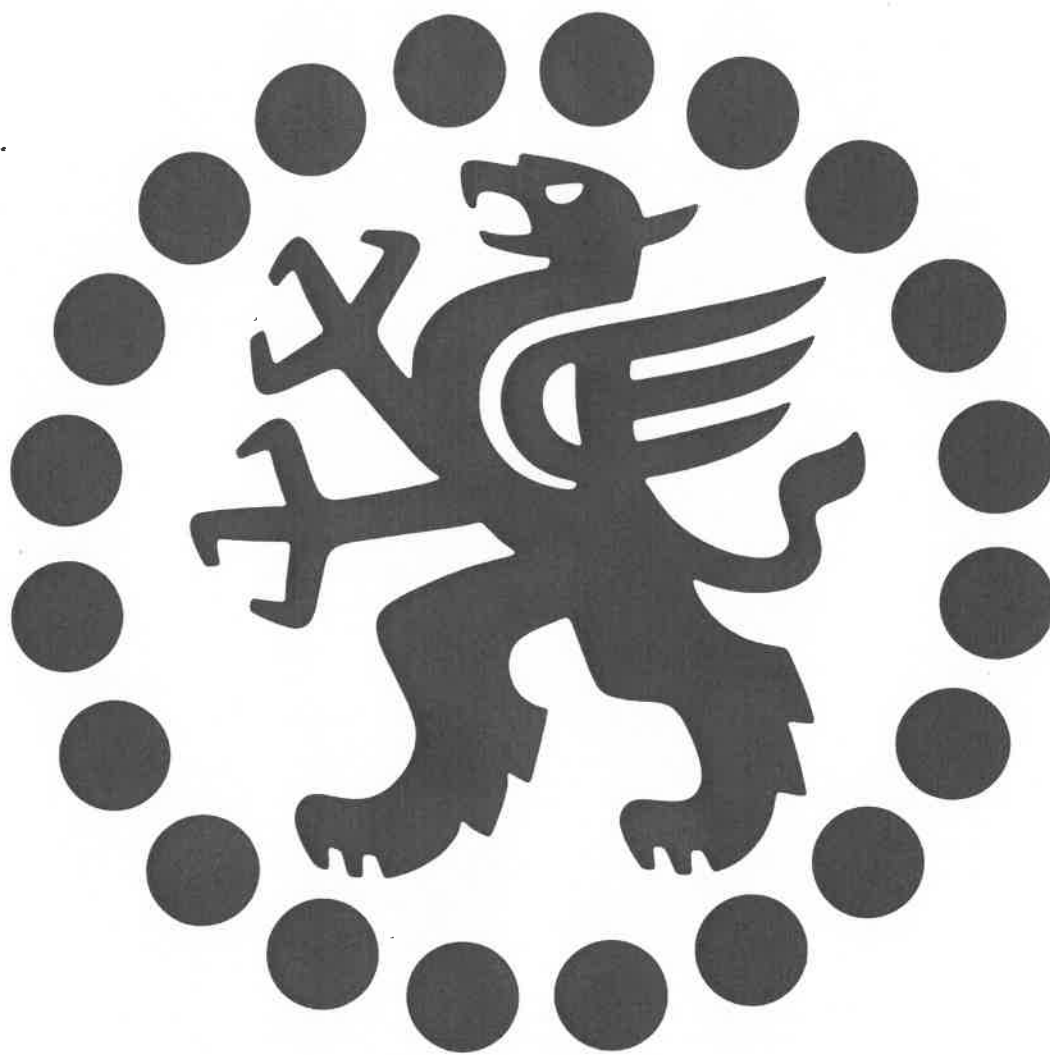
By the final decision day, the 'B' team had slid into a good position, with a profit of £11,278, but were still beaten by the 'A' team, who justified their name by finishing £500 "richer" than the macho rugby boys.

In a separate game organised by the Midland Bank, a team led by David Rawcliffe and Mark Mort invested an imaginary £100,000 improved on a tentative start to reveal previously unexposed brilliance, and increased their investments to £113,950 to finish 6th out of 14 schools in the Preston area.

Members of all three teams would like to thank Mr. Bruce who, although severely handicapped by restricted capitation, managed to purchase the "Financial Times" on each decision day, from which our share selections were so expertly picked.

Joanne Hosker, L6M  
Stuart McIntyre, L6M  
David Rawcliffe, L6M





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## Charity Committee Report 1983-4

I am very pleased to report that there has been greater generosity in giving to charity for the financial year 1983-4. We have raised a record amount of money this year in a variety of ways.

In the Summer Term, a non-uniform day and cake sale raised money for Charity. In the Winter Term in response to an appeal from Help the Aged there was a sponsored Quiz. This raised £403 and gave us first hand information about the work done by Help the Aged. Another cake sale this term raised £14 and this, together with the proceeds of the Carol Concert, was sent to the HOT Multiple Sclerosis Appeal.

The highlight of our fund raising activities was the Charity Concert. This provided enjoyment for both performers and audience alike, as well as raising £54.26 during a single lunchtime. I would just like to thank all the pupils and staff who regularly raise the money which comprises our weekly income. I would also like to thank Mr. Clarkson for his help and support.

## Charity Concert 1983

Our Christmas term ended with an explosion of talent in the Charity Concert, ably compered by Andy Davies and Gary Dunnagan. The talent was varied ranging from aspiring comics to fountains of water. The Jolly Boys opened the concert and shaving foam antics combined with a John Travolta disco dance routine brought the house down.

A range of musical tastes was catered for in the show – the classical enthusiasts enjoyed carols on the trombone, the trendies devoured Matthew Mears' rendering of "Maid of Orleans", while the long-haired hippies enthused over the tintinnabulations of Roger Cook and Darren Thornton. Then the strains of "The Stripper" permeated the Hall as Gary Dunnagan and the School Captain disrobed elegantly, much to the amusement of the assembled throng.

Next with special assistance from Gorillagram Dennis Wheatley entertained us all with a short sketch. Mr. Partington's turn on the stage saw him sporting a flat cap and braces to recite "Albert and the Lion" with Rowland Ward and compatriots. Our 6th Form girls then tripped the light fantastic, giving us their rendering of nostalgic love songs brought aptly up to date. Finally the first year girls illustrated their prowess at comedy in the water trick.

I would just like to say thank you to everyone who helped make the concert a success particularly those who worked behind the scenes. The concert raised the magnificent total of £54.26 which is to be sent to the H.O.T. Multiple Sclerosis Appeal.

Rebecca Walls (Pre)

## Accounts – Summer Term 1983 to March 1984

Receipts = £1,338.80

### Payments

1983

April £ 60.00 Royal Institute for the Blind  
£ 50.00 Ormerod

May £ 25.00 Intern Christian Relief  
£ 17.00 Wendy Elliott Hospice  
£ 25.00 Ethiopia Disaster Fund  
£ 50.00 Guide Dogs for the Blind

June £ 417.14 Help the Aged  
£ 640.00 Muscular Dystrophy

July £ 100.00 Jet

September £ 25.00 R.A.F. Association

October £ 45.00 Shelter  
£ 65.00 Pear Tree House

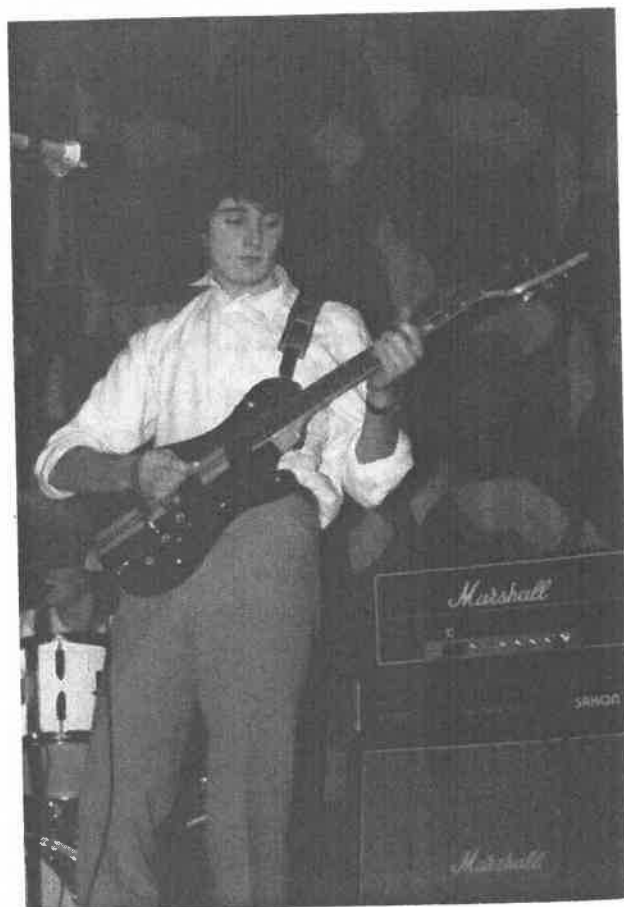
1984

January £ 55.00 Save the Children Fund  
£ 75.00 Dr. Barnardo's

February £ 10.00 Lower Lane Community Centre  
£ 300.00 Multiple Sclerosis

**TOTAL** £1,959.14

Rebecca Walls (Pre)



# HOUSE SECTION

## Inter-House Competitions 1983-4

	Winners	Runners-up
<i>Summer Term 1983</i>		
Cricket (Junior)	Preston	Kirkham
Cricket (Senior)	Fylde	Ashton
Tennis (Junior)	Preston	Lytham
Tennis (Senior)	School	Lytham
Gymnastics (Junior Girls)	Preston	Fylde
Rounders (Junior Girls)	Preston	School
Athletics	School	Preston
Swimming Standards	School	Kirkham
		Preston
Work Cup	Fylde	Kirkham
<i>Winter Term 1983</i>		
Rugby (Junior)	Fylde	School
Rugby (Senior)	School	Fylde
Netball (Junior Girls)	Preston	Fylde
Netball (Senior Girls)	School	Preston
Play Reading	Fylde	—
<i>Spring Term 1984</i>		
Shooting	Fylde	Kirkham
Music	Kirkham	Fylde
		Preston
Hockey (Junior Girls)	School	Kirkham
Hockey (Senior Girls)	Preston	Fylde
Cross Country (Junior Girls)	Preston	School
Cross Country (Junior Boys)	Fylde	Kirkham
Cross Country (Inter. Boys)	School	Kirkham
Cross Country (Senior Girls)	Preston	School
Cross Country (Senior Boys)	School	Kirkham
Chess	Fylde	
	School	
Debating	Preston	Fylde

T. Jackman

## Fylde House

*House Master:* Dr. B. M. Summers  
*House Captain:* D. Kirkham

The Summer Term was heralded by an outstanding effort by the House's cricketers. The Junior Team managed to obtain a second placing, however, the Senior Team batted themselves to an excellent victory over the now defunct Ashton House team.

Both of the tennis competitions saw very unlucky draws for Fylde in the First Round; playing both of the eventual winners – better luck next year!

Finally in the Summer Term, the athletics took place. Fylde could only manage a fifth place in this competition, however, a great amount of effort was displayed by all those participating.

The new school year began well, with the rugby competitions – the most prestigious events of the year. With the amalgamation of the houses into four, the Competition was in two semi-finals and then the Final. Fylde played Kirkham House in the seniors, and Preston in the juniors. Both matches proved to be convincing victories for Fylde; consequently, being represented in both finals. Unfortunately, the Senior Team lost to a very strong School House side; however, the juniors have yet to play, and seem to have an excellent chance of victory in March.

The Debating Competition also brought success to the House. In the Preliminary Round, a close debate against

School resulted in a victory for Fylde. The Final saw our team of A. Hewertson and N. Richards narrowly defeated by Preston House.

Also on the intellectual side, great effort by all pupils, throughout the house, has resulted in the winning of the Work Cup, in July; consequently, retaining the title in December.

With the new rules of the Chess Competition, each house being played twice, the final match for Fylde is soon to take place. After a strong start to the competition, the last two matches have resulted in a draw and also a loss. Consequently, in order to retain the cup, we must beat School House – against whom we previously drew.

The final event of 1983 was the play-reading. In a competition of a very high quality, Fylde proved their dramatic excellence by emerging as outright winners – the hard work finally paid off!

1984 was marked by a win in the first event of the year – the Shooting. The four-man team shot themselves to a total that soon proved to be too great to be caught.

To back up this effort, the cross-country runners won the junior boys competition, with M. Yates winning the overall race, followed by the remainder of the squad highly placed. The girls, however, could only manage a third place – but were beaten by two very strong houses.

At the beginning of March, the House Music Competition took place. Unfortunately, one item had to be cancelled on the actual day, but, thanks must go to the Carroll twins for replacing this item at the last minute. This helped Fylde to an overall placing of second equal.

I look forward to the forthcoming events and hope to see the same endeavour displayed as previously.

I would like to thank the whole house, as everybody has participated in some way, but my greatest thanks must go to the organisers, especially S. Carruthers, D. Watkinson, K. Ward, J. Lee, A. Hewertson and the senior girls, without whom these events would not take place.

D. Kirkham (Pre.)

## Kirkham House

*House Master:* Mr. A. R. Baines  
*House Captain:* S. R. Wood

The Winter Term 1983 saw a reduction in the number of houses from 6 to 4. This meant that Kirkham House not only had an influx of new members into the first year but also from the now disbanded Ashton and Lytham Houses.

The Summer Term '83 was a disappointing one for the House with early defeats being sustained in the Junior and Senior Tennis and in the Senior Cricket. The surprise stars of the Summer Term were the Junior Cricket Team who defeated both Ashton and School before eventually losing in the Final to Preston despite excellent individual performances from Greening, Kenward and Butterworth.

Kirkham's darkest hour came on Sports Day where we could only finish 5th in spite of a fine individual performance by Gail Hull who gained a number of 2nd and 3rd places for the House.

After a 4th place in the Gym Competition and another 5th in the chess, Kirkham ended the year on a better note with 2nd place overall in the Work Cup.

It was hoped that the introduction of new blood into the House would continue this upward trend into the Winter Term of '83. Unfortunately this hope proved to be misguided.

The first event of the term was the Debating. Kirkham had the difficult job of proposing the motion "This house believes that he who serves best profits most". Although E. J. Waite and D. Hurton put forward some very persuasive arguments Preston House were well prepared to refute them.

In the Junior Rugby we were drawn to play School House in the First Round which is now also the Semi-Final. The team battled valiantly against the might of the School House side but eventually lost 16-8.

Two days later the senior side played Fylde. This was an enthralling game which Kirkham narrowly lost by 16 to 4.

Early defeats in the Chess Competition were capped by a victory over Preston House in the last match of the term.

In recent years Kirkham has had much success in the girls' netball. 1983 proved to be an exception to this. Once again the junior side was beaten by School House in the first round by a score of 10-4. Better things were hoped for the seniors who played Fylde House in the afternoon. The score at half-time was 14-1 - to Fylde! A more determined effort in the second half restricted the score to 18-1.

In the final event of the Winter Term, Kirkham turned in a competent performance in the Play-reading with a rendition of the comedy "Noah's Flood" which gained us another 2nd place.

We started the Spring Term with more victories in the chess competition and yet another 2nd place, this time in the Shooting in which we scored 111/220, Reid and Herrington being the best marksmen with scores of 35 and 31 out of 50 respectively.

Then came our moment of glory. For the first time in many years we won the Music Competition. This was in no small way due to the "Lytham House rebels". J. Webster, E. J. Waite and A. Wright whose organisation of, and participation in the event was superb.

Unfortunately, in the Cross-Country the girls could only manage 4th (last) place. The junior boys did better gaining a 2nd place in their run.

Finally my thanks must go to all the competitors and staff and especially to the organisers who have put a lot of time and effort into the running of the events this year.

S. R. Wood (Pre.)

## Preston House

House Master: Mr. T. Jackman  
House Captain: R. G. Turner

Overall, it is fair to say that Preston House has had a relatively successful year winning many trophies, especially due to the skill and effort showed by our Junior boys and by our girls. However, even though the Senior boys failed to win a trophy, this has not been the result of lack of effort or enthusiasm, but rather to bad luck and injuries.

During the Summer Term last year, Preston House managed to win four trophies, two being attributed to the Junior boys, and two to the girls. In the Junior Cricket Competition, Preston House reached the final after the despatching of Lytham and Fylde relatively easily in the early rounds. Their opponents were thus Kirkham who only managed to score 47 runs, leaving a relatively small total for Preston to surpass. With the initiative being taken by the Captain, Bailey, Preston House deservedly won with wickets to spare.

Preston's second competition success came in the Junior Tennis Competition with the Houses's three pairs of Bailey and Heath, Lee and McIntyre, and Doughty and Heald failing to lose a single match in all three rounds of the competition. However, in the Senior Tennis the story was not repeated as was the case in the Senior Cricket where the House was defeated in the first rounds by Lytham and Ashton respectively.

Two further successes during the Summer Term came in the girls Gymnastic Competition with Ashley Fallon winning for the third year in succession, and in the Rounders Competition where Preston defeated School House by 3½-1½ in the Final.

Finally, in the Inter-House Athletics Competition victory narrowly evaded Preston after valiant performances from Pearson, Lewis and Gibson for the Senior boys, Karen Moss for the Intermediate girls, and Ryan and Sharon Lee for the Juniors, with the House finally finishing second.

The Winter Term saw slightly less success with only two victories, coming in the Senior Netball Competition and the girls' Cross-Country.

In other events, the Preston House teams all put up brave performances but were unable to capture the success of the previous term. In the Senior and Junior Rugby Competitions the House was knocked out in the first rounds by the respective winners. In the Inter-House Play Reading Competition the House achieved equal third place, whilst in the Shooting Competition the House also came third. There was slightly more success in the Music Competition when second place was achieved but this so easily could have been a victory if the choir had supported the excellent performances of the soloists with greater conviction.

Finally, as House Captain, I would like to thank all members of the Sixth Form who have helped in the organisation of all the teams required for the competitions, all the members of the House, who have participated in one way or another in House activities, and all the House Masters who have offered their assistance when it has been needed.

R. G. Turner (Pre.)

## School House

House Master: Mr. R. M. Clarkson  
House Captain: A. D. Fotheringham

Firstly I would like to take the opportunity to welcome Mr. Willatt into the House. His introduction into the House saw the setting up of a video society which has provided much-needed entertainment at the weekend.

On the sports field the Summer Term was very lucrative for the House. We retained the Athletics Trophy and the Senior Tennis Trophy by beating Fylde in the Final of the latter. The juniors were unfortunate as they lost to Lytham in the First Round of the Tennis Competition. We also had little success on the cricket field, with both teams losing in the First Round.

The junior girls played well in the Rounders Competition, winning their group but losing to Preston in the Final.

The Senior Rugby XV won the Competition for the fourth consecutive occasion by beating Preston 30-0 in the First Round and defeating Fylde in the Final 17-0. The junior boys gave a spirited performance to beat Kirkham in the First Round but due to injury problems we were forced to field a slightly weaker team against Fylde and were subsequently beaten 32-0 by them – A. Bagshaw led the team by example, playing some very good rugby.

The girls Senior Hockey Competition was held for the first time and the team was unlucky to lose 1-0 in the Preliminary Round. The Junior Team, however, showed they were a force to be reckoned with, beating Preston 2-0 in the First Round and Kirkham 7-0 in the Final with Sandra Fountain and Katie Hickey scoring three and two goals respectively.

Sandra Fountain, Katie Hickey and Karen Campbell ran well in the Junior Cross Country and the team was unfortunate to come second. The junior boys tried hard and came a creditable third – C. Fountain showed a lot of promise for the future. The Intermediate boys won their group with a fine team performance with P. Davies and R. Cuttle being exceptional.

The Senior girls ran for the first time with Louise Mendlesohn, Diane Clifford and Nicola Nice all running well; good performances also came from Sandra Turner and Claudia Gliozzi.

In the Senior boys' event A. Hickey came third and M. Wheatley fourth. A grouping from eighth to twelfth

showed the strength of the team which included D. Brook, T. Wills, D. Phillips, S. Swift, A. Fotheringham and A. Davies – a big thank you must go to Darran Brook who organised all the teams and captained the senior team.

Off the field, the House representatives D. Phillips and P. K. Selwyn-Smith put forward strong arguments in the Debating Competition, opposing the view that "American Foreign Policy is the Biggest Threat to World Peace". They lacked much support from the floor and were eventually beaten by a very persuasive Fylde team.

Our placing of fourth in the Music Competition did not reflect the effort put in by the House and especially the organisers D. Thornton and J. Youll. Notable performances were given by A. Perry who performed a guitar piece by Rodriguez and M. Mears who performed an extract from Jeff Wayne's "War of the Worlds".

I would like to wish A. Perry all the best in the future. He achieved a place at Cambridge to read Engineering and I only hope he takes fond memories of School House with him.

Finally I would like to thank my fellow House Prefects in running the House, for without their help it would have been impossible to do so. A special thanks must go to Mr. Clarkson whose inspiration and guidance has been felt by all in the House.

A. Fotheringham (Pre.)

## The Inter-House Debating Contest

This year's round of debates kicked-off with a contest between Kirkham House's Derek Hurton and Jonathan Waite and the Preston House dynamic duo, Walls and Kay. This first debate was given the rather curious motion "This House believes that he profits most who serves best" (another gem from J. S. Roberts, Esq.) proposed by Kirkham, and was narrowly won by Preston House thanks largely to Miss Walls's tour de force speech on the plight of the underpaid nurses. After this cracking start the two remaining Houses, School and Fylde met for a debate upon the motion "That American foreign policy is the biggest threat to world peace". The School House team of Peter Selwyn-Smith and Danny Phillips were confronted with the rather awesome task of opposing this motion; not an easy one under any circumstances. However, after several examples of dazzling oratory from Adrew Hewertson and Neill Richards of Fylde House, School were finally defeated. And so the final was well attended in the Hall on Monday, 2nd April, with the motion "This house sees no necessity for the official censorship of film, television or video", proposed by the old stalwarts of the Preston team, Chris Kay and Rebecca Walls and opposed by Andrew Hewertson and Neill Richards of Fylde. This, again, was a close run contest but the field was led by Miss Walls the result being an eventual victory for Preston.

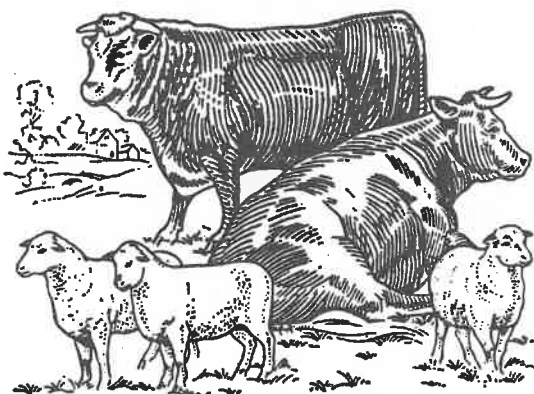
Finally, thanks must go to all participants, to the Chairmen and last, but by no means least to the adjudicators Mr. Watson, Mr. Roberts and Mrs. Boll for kindly agreeing to give up their lunchtimes and free periods.

Chris Kay, U6A



Iain Whyham, 5X.





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# K.G.S. SPORTS

## Cricket Reports

### 1st XI

P	W	L	D
11	1	4	6

Rather a poor record for the 1st XI during the Summer of 1983 with weak team performances producing low total scores against QEGS Blackburn (35), Arnold (37) and the touring side, Batley (59), with the only win coming against the Staff XI.

However, there were some good individual performances with the bat. Giles Hewitt, sometimes over-cautious, scored 41 against Burnley and 31 against Baines; captain Gary Bretherick hit an unbeaten 50 against St. Marys and 64 not out against the staff, and Simon Shaw produced a competent 42 against the Old Boys, indicating his ability.

Noteworthy bowling performances came from Graham Hull with 4 for 15 against Burnley and 3 for 40 against King Edwards, and for a fifth former he did show promise for the future, if not the temperament. A latecomer to the side, Chris Milburn, turned in 2 for 19 against St. Mary's and 3 for 40 against QEGS, both performances indicating potential for the future, as did the hat-trick of Steve Carruthers whilst playing for the 2nd XI. Bretherick topped the batting average with 28.7 and Milburn the bowling with 11 wickets at 19.5 runs per wicket.

We can only hope for better things next year as there were only three regular upper sixth form players and after half-term the team was mainly inexperienced fifth form players.

Re-award of half colours to: G. Bretherick. Award of half colours to: G. Hewitt, R. Lewis, S. Carruthers and G. Hull.

I. M. Scott

### 2nd XI

P	W	D	L
4	1	2	1

Having lost the opening match against Hutton by a mere three runs, the second eleven then played out a draw against Q.E.G.S., who needed twelve runs with just two wickets left when stumps were drawn. This match provided a remarkable unbeaten last wicket stand of 60 between Jobson and Platt, which almost doubled the score. After another draw against King Edward's, the season ended with a victory over Clitheroe. In this match probably the best bowling performance for any school team was produced by Carruthers who returned figures of 8 for 38, including a hat-trick (the first by a K.G.S. player in a school match for many years).

R. J. Browning

### U15 XI

Bad weather prevented the team from having opportunities to redeem itself after two poor performances in early May. Only against Hutton was confidence restored to the batting with Hardman (52 n.o.) and Warburton showing what could be achieved with sound technique.

Although the bowling lacked penetration, Goddard and Mackintosh showed promise. A more disciplined approach to net practice could have led to these bowlers receiving better support. Warburton was a capable all-rounder whose high standard of fielding was not often matched by other team members.

A. P. West

### U14 XI

The first half of the season was washed out, consequently the team suffered later from a lack of practice. No matches were won although there was a creditable draw with King Edward's Lytham.

In the few games that were played McAusland, the captain, batted consistently well, with useful innings from Bailey, Wilkinson and Lee. Ramm usually bowled well with good support from Wilkinson and Lee.

There is promise here, but constant application is needed.

B. F. Taylor

### U13 XI

A disappointing season, but there was a good victory over Baines G.S. Yates, Todd, Wincott, Reid and S. G. Smith all batted quite well on occasions. Yates, Kelly and Butterworth produced some encouraging batting and bowling performances. The team needs to improve its batting and bowling techniques and be more alert and agile in the field.

T. J. Bruce

### U12 XI

Although the team possessed bowling talent in Michael Rawcliffe, Julian Ward, Adam Ralston and Jethro Smith, the batting was rather weak. When James Musson, the captain and most competent batsmen, suffered a heel injury mid-way through the season, the side simply failed to score enough runs to give the bowlers a chance to win matches.

Michael Davies kept wicket satisfactorily and displayed a sound batting technique, John Baron had one outstanding match taking three good catches and hitting some lusty blows but the main difficulty was that the other batsmen lacked confidence throughout the season, failing to hit the bad balls hard and to run well between the wickets. However, there was plenty of enthusiasm and despite their poor record the side enjoyed the summer.

N. W. Gamble

## Athletics Report 1983

### Seniors

v. Lancaster R.G.S.	Lost
v. Rossall	Lost
v. Bolton	Won
v. St. Edwards College, Liverpool	Lost

### Fylde Coast Championships Won

Winners	Robert Gibson, 200m
	Sean Hickey, 800m & 1500m
	Christopher McCreadie, 110m Hurdles
	Andrew Pearson, Discus
	Trevor Allan, Robert Gibson, 4 x 100m
	Sean Hickey, Christopher McCreadie Relay

### Senior School Championships Won

Winners	Andrew Pearson, Discus
	Sean Hickey, 800m & 1500m
	Christopher McCreadie, Long Jump
	Trevor Allan, Robert Gibson, 4 x 100m
	Sean Hickey, Christopher McCreadie Relay

### Lancashire Championships

Sean Hickey, 800m 1st
Andrew Pearson, Discus 1st
Robert Gibson, 200m 5th
Christopher McCreadie, 110m Hurdles 3rd
Adrian Hickey, Discus 5th

All the athletics were spoilt by the exceptionally wet Spring and earlier Summer with K.G.S. athletes suffering more than most because of our poorly draining track. This meant cancellation of many fixtures and a curtailing of training which affected all athletes especially the juniors. Senior athletes achieved some fitness by training round the Wrea Green run and competing against opponents who mainly possessed cinder tracks.

The Inter-School results were disappointing, the injury to Andrew Rhodes and the illness of Adrian Hickey weakening the team but these matches served the useful purpose of pinpointing weaknesses in certain events in order that adjustments could be made in selection for the Championships.

The team peaked at the correct time and won the Fylde Coast Championships for the first time and the Senior Schools Championship for the third consecutive time. Team spirit was good with Christopher McCreadie, Sean Hickey and Andrew Pearson all playing leading roles in motivating the other athletes who performed well.

Without doubt the outstanding athlete was Sean Hickey who can claim to be one of the fastest three athletes of his age group in the country. He was selected to represent Lancashire at the English Schools Championship in Plymouth but unfortunately ran several seconds below his best performance. Nevertheless he has proved he possesses true class and I expect to see his career blossom in future years.

Christopher McCreadie captained the team with enthusiasm, sometimes neglecting his premier event to strengthen the balance of the team by competing in another event. Andrew Pearson has thrown the discus very well being unbeaten in all competitions.

Robert Gibson recovered his true form in the 200 metres, Richard Turner showed he is still a good hurdler when fit and John Bennett produced a good 400 metre run at the Senior Schools competition.

Trevor Allan, Alan Fotheringham, Darran Brook, Nick Barton, John Sharman, Philip Judge, Simon Robinson, Giles Ainley and Stephen Clay all performed well for the team.

Re-award Full Colours: Christopher McCreadie, Sean Hickey.

New award Full Colours: Robert Gibson, Andrew Pearson.

### Under 17

v. Lancaster R.G.S.	Won
v. Rossall	Lost
v. Bolton	Won
v. St. Edwards College, Liverpool	Lost

### Fylde Coast Championships Won

Winners	Glen Fleetwood, Discus and Hammer
	David Barnes, 1500m

### Lancashire Championships

Glen Fleetwood, Discus 1st
Mark Herrington, Discus 4th
Roger Cook, Shot 4th
David Barnes, 3000m 5th

The team performed remarkably well despite the injuries for most or all of the season to outstanding athletes Graham Ingham, who must have been favourite for the Lancashire High Jump title, Stephen Swift and Roger Cook. To win the Fylde Coast Championships was an excellent performance, even if Ian Davies and Robin Crisall experienced the agony and ecstasy of the result depending on their performance in the Pole Vault held after the championships proper.

Glen Fleetwood was the outstanding athlete beating the champions of Merseyside, North Yorkshire and Cumbria to win the Discus event in a Quadrangular County match with David Barnes performing well in the middle distance events. Others who performed well for the team were Mark Preston, Andrew Richmond, Mark Mort, Mark Herrington and Stuart McIntyre while Peter Cross, Christopher Lees, Ian Davies a natural Pole Vault and Timothy Gilmore all performed resolutely.

### Under 16

v. K.E. Lytham	Lost
v. Lancaster R.G.S.	Lost
v. Rossall	Lost

### Senior Schools Championships 4th

Winner	Mark Craven, Discus
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The season for the juniors never really became airborne through the poor early Summer weather, consequently the athletes did not achieve true fitness.

Andrew Goddard and Mark Craven have started to develop into outstanding Javelin and Discus throwers respectively and should be aiming for County honours next year, while Derek Hurton has developed well as a Sprinter and Triple Jumper, and Iain Whyham has shown potential as a Shot Putter and Discus Thrower. Stuart Robson, Paul Davies, Craig Seed, Simon Musson, Mark Livesey, David Whitworth, Robin Crisall and John Ralston all did well on occasions.

### Under 15

v. K.E. Lytham	Lost
v. Lancaster R.G.S.	Lost
v. Rossall	Won

### Fylde Coast Championships 4th

Winners	Sean Wilkinson, Javelin	
	David Lee, Sean Wilkinson	4 x 100
	Simon Heath, Shaun Wilson	Relay

### Senior Schools Championships 2nd

Winner	Sean Wilkinson, Javelin
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### Lancashire Championships

Simon Heath, High Jump 2nd
Sean Wilkinson, Javelin 2nd
David Lee, 800m 7th

At the end of the championships the athletes were approaching the fitness normally shown by the end of May consequently the best of the 3rd year athletes was not seen this year.

I feel however that the athletes possess talent notably Sean Wilkinson and Simon Heath who both represented Lancashire in a Quadrangular County match, and David Lee who has developed as an all rounder. Shaun Wilson has been ill for a great part of the term and consequently was only a shadow of his former self while Francis Gray, David Dickson, Julian Wilkinson, Stephen Licence, Nicholas Hamer, Craig McIntyre, Matthew Pateman and Christopher Doddenhoff all performed well for the team.

#### Under 14

v. K.E. Lytham       Lost  
v. Lancaster R.G.S.   Lost  
v. Arnold            Lost  
v. Blackpool C.H.S.   Lost

#### Fylde Coast Championships

Winners   Phillip Ryan, Triple Jump  
            Ian Knott, 75m Hurdles

#### Senior Schools Championship 5th

The team has not performed nearly so well as last year but if the athletes were matched weight for weight against other athletes they would perform with greater success. I feel in later years they will match opponents physically and must not become despondent meanwhile.

Michael Kelly, Philip Ryan, Ian Knott, Andrew Shaw all performed very well for the team while Simon Black developed well as a Discus Thrower. Others who performed resolutely were Martin Smith, Howard Cuttle, Jamie Brammer, Ronnie Hart, Anthony Smith, Paul Seed, Mark Yates, Anthony Bagshaw, Howard Clarke and Kirk Wilkinson.

#### Under 13

v. Lancaster R.G.S.   Lost  
v. K.E. Lytham        Won  
v. Arnold              Won  
v. Blackpool C.H.S.   Won

Despite never reaching full fitness the enthusiastic athletes showed a lot of promise for the future. Many athletes showed natural talent but Paul Whiteside, Andrew Jones and Michael Rawcliffe performed particularly well. When Adam Ralston learns to conquer his nerves he will be a fine Javelin thrower and Mark Whiteside, Richard O'Neill, Mark Lewis, Richard Moyes, Simon Hall, Craig Piggott, Mathew Heald, Paul Ribchester, Michael Davies, Laurence Singleton and Phillip Sharpless all did well.

B. Gornall

**STOP PRESS:** Summer Term 1984: K.G.S. wins Senior Schools Athletics Championship for 4th consecutive year, Fylde Coast Athletics Championship for 2nd consecutive year and Senior Schools Swimming Championship for the first time. Pictured are members of the victorious teams.



Back Row: Mark Mort, Mark Wheatley, Stephen Swift, Darren Thornton, Paul Reid, John Sharman, Roger Cook, Tim Gilmore, Chris Lees, Alan Fotheringham, Ian Davies.

Front Row: Andrew Richmond, Mark Herrington, Mark Preston, Adrian Hickey, Dave Barnes, Dave Kirkham, Richard Turner, Angus Leeson, Philip Halstead.

## Tennis

	P	W	L	D
1st Team	14	8	6	0
2nd Team	5	1	3	1

The first team suffered early defeats away to Blackpool C.H.S. and Hutton, but improved throughout the year to gain revenge over both at home. When the 1st and 2nd pairs were sorted out, Kirkham became a difficult team to beat. The team was often hindered by difficult court surfaces away from home, but the consistently outstanding efforts of R. Parker and I. Duckworth always ensured close finishes. On normal surfaces the anchorman pairing of S. Taylor and D. Kirkham clinched a last-gasp victory over the Arnold 1st pair to win the match. Perhaps the most notable win was our first ever over Stoneyhurst, aided by the surprise appearance of the 1st XV rugby captain, A. Pearson.

The 2nd team were unlucky with results, narrowly losing twice to Arnold and once to Hutton but playing well to defeat Blackpool C.H.S. and draw with Rossall. Mention must be given to the long-serving Chris McCreadie, always willing to turn out.

The U13 and U15 boys, though heavily defeated, showed plenty of enthusiasm but need more practice in the company of better players. The U13 and U15 girls also had little success but the ability is there, and coaching should bring the results.

Finally, on behalf of the members of the tennis teams, we would like to thank Dr. Summers, aided by Mr. Rushton and Mrs. Greaves for arranging the matches and giving up valuable time to persevere with us through our good and bad days. We look forward to what we hope will be an even more successful and enjoyable summer 1984.

S. Taylor (Pre.) and R. Parker L6A

## Boys Hockey

W	L	F	A
1	5	6	14

After losing 6-1 to Darwen Vale the team replied with a good 4-0 victory over a visiting German side. This was however to mark the peak of the 1st XI's performance. The last four matches were all lost, the final three being extremely closely fought.

The team's main fault throughout was a failure to capitalise on the chances we created in attack.

My thanks must go to all the players (especially Neil Percy, vice-captain, and Andrew Traviss, top scorer), and Mr. Sayer, our chauffeur/umpire, for all the time put in and enjoyment gained throughout the year.

K. G. Hardwick Pre. (Captain)

## Badminton

Badminton at Kirkham Grammar School is beginning to interest many pupils from the lower years who could prove to be outstanding players, and many players from the fifth and sixth forms who have already established themselves as keen enthusiasts of the game. One of the main reasons for the growing interest seems to be the facilities at Ribby Hall Leisure Park.

We have played one match to date against Arnold, but unfortunately they outplayed a weakened side — two out of four original players were injured. The final score was 6-0.

We have at least one more match to play, against King Edward VII School, Lytham, and hopefully more fixtures will come up in the summer months.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Rushton for all his help and support; S. Musson, R. Robinson, D. Brook, B. Taaffe, D. Taaffe, J. Webster, R. Parker and D. Lowcock (for turning out for the team at the last minute).

K. G. Critchley (Captain)

## Swimming Report 1983/84

Boys:	P	W	D	L
	11	7	1	3

Girls:	P	W	D	L
	7	3	1	3

This has been the second year that K.G.S. has had a full fixture list, and although the results are not quite as good as last year the opposition has been far stronger. The boys have gained victories over; Tarleton, Rossall, Hutton, Deyes H.S., etc., while the girls have beaten Hutton and Rossall.

With the girls' team, our strength lies mainly in the seniors, where Sarah Goldthorp has been outstanding throughout the year. Sharyn Rhodes, Nicola Garner, Louise Mendelsohn, Laura Sylvester, Michelle Simpson and Gail Hull, have all swum well.

In the U12 boys team; C. Kenward, Bagshaw, and Collinson have all performed well. The U13's have suffered due to the departure of Heald, but Paul Whiteside has been outstanding as have Jackson, Halstead and Bagshaw Snr. of the U14's and Hamer of the U15's. The seniors have maintained their very high standards throughout the season — losing only two of the fixtures to Bolton and the Bluecoat School, Liverpool. The relay team of Halstead, Barnes, Swift and Davies have been unbeaten as has Ian Davies in the breast stroke. David Kirkham has continued to be an excellent captain.

In the Senior Schools' Swimming Championships, Sarah Goldthorp gained two 1st places in the breast stroke and freestyle, as did Nick Hamer in the butterfly and individual medley. David Barnes was first in the freestyle. In the Lancashire Championships, David Barnes was 3rd in the freestyle and Sarah Goldthorp 4th.

The Inter-House Gala was again won by School, with Fylde a close second. Seven new records were set by; D. Kirkham (2), D. Barnes (2), S. Swift (1), M. Heald (1) and the School House Relay Team.

P. Smith

## Harriers Report

P	W	D	L
10	2	1	7

A rather disappointing season for the Harriers after such a good one last season.

The season started well with wins against Arnold and St. Mary's after only three matches. But in the remaining seven matches, a draw was the best result.

It may be coincidence, but it was after the first three matches that the Captain, Michael Butterworth, had to drop out of the team through injury. From then onwards, there was a definite lack of commitment and enthusiasm in the team. Attendance at practices and performance in matches deteriorated.

This was not true of all the team though, David Barnes and David Lowcock were the only runners to attend practices regularly, and both ran outstandingly all season.

Finally, thanks must go to Dr. A. C. Hall, in charge of the Harriers, for running with the team at practices and organising matches.

M. P. Butterworth (Captain)



## Senior Girls' Hockey

	P	W	L	D
Senior	1		1	
U16	6	1	5	
U15	2		2	

## Lancashire Schoolgirls' Tournaments

U16	4		3	1
U15	4		3	1

Whilst the results are disappointing the teams have played with considerable enthusiasm again and must not be discouraged.

This is the first year that teams have been entered in the L.S.H.A. Tournaments giving them invaluable experience by playing against a wider choice of teams.

During the year mention should be made of consistent good play by Sarah Goldthorp, with Helen Wignall as probably the most improved player. Goalkeepers are unfortunately a rare breed.

However, with a determined effort to improve basic skills and technique the prospects for next year are good.

R. F. Greaves

## U14

P	W	L	D	F	A
8	5	2	1	19	4

This has been a good season for the U14's who are at last beginning to play as a team and not as eleven individuals. The matches have not always been easy, with Arnold School proving to be a particularly difficult team to beat. Indeed, both our defeats have been at the hands of Arnold, each time the margin of defeat being only 1 goal. Once again we failed to beat Heversham G.S., the result being a goalless draw. It would seem that we have the ability to win this fixture but just couldn't make the most of our scoring chances on the day. On the brighter side, we won our matches against Broughton (4-0), Northlands (6-0), Elmslie (4-0 and 2-0) and Carr Hill (2-1).

For the first time we entered a team in the Blackpool & District Hockey Tournament, played at Queen Mary School. This was to prove a valuable experience from our point of view, as we met many teams not on our usual fixture list. We played 6 matches, winning 3, drawing 2 and

losing only 1, to Q.M. 'A' Team, the eventual winners of the tournament. It was heartening to see such enthusiasm and it is to be hoped that it is carried through to next season, along with a desire to develop the skills and techniques which are so valuable in match play. My thanks to Gail Hull who has captained the team with quiet confidence and to all those girls who turned out on so many wintry Saturday mornings!

I. C. Gault

## Netball

The U15 netball team have suffered numerous injuries which have reduced the team to 50% strength for the majority of the season.

Of their 18 matches, they have won 2 and lost 16, but despite their problems they have always played with enthusiasm and good team spirit. I would like to thank all the girls who have been willing to help out during the team's difficulties so enabling them to fulfil all of their fixtures.

The U14 team have played 14, won 7 and lost 7 matches. This team did not initially live up to the high standards which they achieved last year, mainly because they were resting on their laurels. However, after a few unnecessary defeats, some hard work and more serious practice brought about the much-needed improvement in both skill and attitude, and consequently, much better results. If this trend continues they should be rewarded again with the results which previously came so easily.

The U13 team have played 11, won 7 and lost 4 matches. There has been a good, all-round effort by all team members and progress has been made continually. This team once again won the Netball Tournament in Ostend, and from the whole coaching course, Esther Phillips was chosen as the most improved player. If this progress continues the team should do well in the future.

The U12 team have played 8, won 3, drawn 1 and lost 4 matches. After a rather difficult start to the season in which some hard matches were lost with very close results, the team have worked well to improve, and this term they have not lost any matches. They are now beginning to play as a team, and to work with improved concentration and skill.

N. A. Black



The Under 13 Rounders Team. Winners of the Blackpool and District Rounders Association Tournament.  
Back Row: Belinda Buckley, Helen Greening, Sandra Fountain, Sally Gladstone, Clare Hardman, Verity Reddy.  
Front Row: Esther Phillips, Ruth Chadwick, Sarah de Maine, Julie Collinson, Rebecca Simpson.

## Rugby Reports 1st XV

Captain: R. G. Turner      P   W   D   L   F   A  
 Vice-Captain: A. K. Hickey    23   14   1   8   400   245  
 Secretary: G. P. Ingham

This season has seen the re-establishment of Kirkham Grammar School as one of the North West's top rugby union schools consolidated, as can be seen by the record against schools on what is regarded as the hardest rugby circuit in the country. The school also reached the Semi-Final of the Fylde Seven-a-Side Tournament, the only seven's tournament entered, and won a very tough qualifying group at the nationally renowned Preston Festival to remain one of only eight unbeaten sides after the first day's play. The recognition of the playing standard of the side led to the selection for Lancashire Schoolboys Under Eighteen group of Roger Cook for six matches and Adrian Hickey for one match, the first players to gain Under Eighteen County honours since 1979-80 when Mark Taylor and Ian Aitchison were selected, the latter gaining International Honours – both players performed outstandingly all season.

The 1980-81 and 1981-82 XV's were weak teams, but the 1982-83 and 1983-84 XV's have played in the traditional manner of Kirkham Grammar School sides. This was despite over half the players from both teams at under fifteen level not entering the Sixth Form thus reducing the strength of the potential senior squad. If selection is taken from as large a sixth form as some of our opponents then replacement of these players is easier, but at Kirkham Grammar School the vacuum is harder to fill. This puts recent results into perspective and is a complement to those who stepped into the boots of those who would have been expected to fill First Fifteen places, especially when at no time during the past two seasons has the full side been available for selection owing to injury. The latest casualty was Graham Ingham who did not play a single game this season owing to an inherent spinal problem.

At the start of this season it was expected that a strong pack and hard running backs would dictate the tactics to be employed and this seemed to be the case during the early matches. However, after a magnificent forward effort against Cowley which gained no reward as the match was lost owing to odd refereeing decisions and the lack of belief that victory was possible, the pack never played with the same commitment and the dominance expected in the majority of matches did not materialise. After a promising start, four players found the effort of playing and training to a high level too much trouble which inevitably resulted in their demise. This was a waste of talent as the pack which played against Cowley could have ensured that 90% of matches were won instead of 66%. Simon Fielding was a strong prop and lineout blocker but the right hand side of the scrum never found a strong prop through which to transmit the drive from Roger Cook which resulted in the pack never achieving the expected scrummage dominance. Darren Mackey and Robin Parker jumped well at No. 2 in the lineout which meant that along with Roger Cook and Adrian Hickey the pack usually won more than the opposition in this set piece. The team lacked an open side flanker until the emergence of the young but fast and committed David Whitworth in a position which is so essential to pressure the opposition fly half and ensure the back row has the first two to every breakdown. The back row of Whitworth, Hickey and Parker or Mackey knitted together well as a unit complementing each other in strength. Angus Leeson's late return to the school brought experience and total commitment to the side, playing like a fourth back-row as all good hookers do. His approach to the game was an example to others as was that of Adrian Hickey who led the pack well, Roger Cook and Peter Selwyn-Smith. Mark Mort developed well late in the season as did another ex-3rd. XV warhorse David Watkinson who found enjoyment could be gained and what potential he had when he stopped listening to those who told him there is something amiss in training hard and playing for the

School, while Nick Tracey and Stuart Robson showed they had the talent to develop into good forwards.

The threequarters tended to be stereotyped in the early part of the season kicking away good possession once a position from which to attack had been established but all players gained metres of pace and developed considerably as the season progressed. The threequarters tended to lack the confidence to try the unexpected which is the difference between average and good backs until the 'rookie' winger John Bennett showed what could be achieved if players would take sensible risks and the confidence spread through the rest of the three-quarters although too often try-scoring opportunities were missed after excellent approach work. Mark Preston developed into a fine scrum-half being an incisive runner with the ability to spot a chance and becoming top try-scorer. His pass improved enormously after being weak, but he may yet find fly-half his best position. Simon Taylor played every game and was top points scorer for the past two seasons, scoring thirteen drop goals this season and brought stability and accurate kicking to the threequarters. Alan Fotheringham and Paul Reid gained in pace this season while Andrew Richmond and John Sharman were greatly improved players. Captain Richard Turner led the side with authority and obtained a good response from his team although suffering from an injury which restricted his speed and mobility. This was most frustrating for him as he felt his responsibilities keenly but he made the best of a difficult situation.

The main frustrations of the season were losing to Cowley and West Park when both matches should have been won, the latter being rewarded for snatching victory at the end of the game by being appointed 'Team of the Month' in the magazine 'Rugby World' – a back-handed compliment if ever there was one.

Disappointments were losses against talented, motivated opposition through playing with less than full commitment. To be beaten through lack of talent is forgivable, to be beaten when not giving all, is not. Successes were – beating Stoneyhurst College away for the first time, Hutton Grammar School for the first time in four years, Wirral Grammar School for the first time and the manner of victory against Marple Hall Grammar School and Hipperholme Grammar School.

At the Preston Festival the team was handicapped by playing without the bedrock of the pack Roger Cook, and Robin Parker, but won a hard qualifying group. The next day all matches were lost but during two of the three matches defeat was snatched from the jaws of victory against excellent sides. Nevertheless, the performances showed that Kirkham Grammar School is a match for anyone in schoolboy rugby and made many friends, being invited to play top Southern schools, invitations which may have to be declined owing to costs involved. To win the Preston Festival a full squad of players peaking together and remaining free of injury will be necessary. The three factors have not occurred simultaneously, but will occur soon I feel.

A weakened seven played for each other at the Fylde Seven's and performed excellently reaching the Semi-Final and only losing to the eventual winners Rossall, who had already won two competitions, in a very close match. Rossall return to our fixture list next season.

I feel the team enjoyed the season's rugby despite not touring this year. I hope those returning have realised the bigger the effort they make the more the enjoyment and satisfaction gained by playing to full potential.

*Colours Awarded:-*

*Re-award Full Colours:* Richard Turner, Angus Leeson.

*New Award Full Colours:* Adrian Hickey, Roger Cook, Mark Preston, Simon Taylor.

*New Award Half Colours:* John Sharman, Andrew Richmond, Alan Fotheringham.

B. Gornall

## 2nd XV

P	W	L	D
19	7	12	0

This has been a season of mixed fortunes. The team won its first five games due to some committed performances in which a high physical and mental work-rate could be seen. Our best performance was against the formidable Cowley, who were beaten 16-10, producing the only win of the weekend for K.G.S.

I would like to congratulate a number of young players on their progress this year, resulting in promotion to the 1st XV.

Many players deserve a mention, but the contributions of Mark Herrington, Steve Carruthers, Ian Davies and Andrew Goddard were particularly worthy of recognition.  
I. J. Partington

## 3rd XV

P	W	L
11	2	9

The record speaks for itself. There are many problems and difficulties for a 3rd XV not only the shortage of able players (on some days every available body was engaged in a match) but also the constant change of players in key positions (some team members being stolen by the 1st or 2nd XV) and the matches against much stronger opposition which fielded a regular side. Having made excuses for the results, one thing did come from the season and that was that the third set is a good breeding ground for future players in the senior sides, (even Eddie Watkinson made it to the 1st XV!) and it also maintains the junior players in competitive games throughout the season and means they are match fit when injuries occur in the other sides and this year was no exception.

Many notable performances were rewarded by promotion to the higher echelons, Thornton, Baldwin Scholefield, Hurton and many more proved to have the ability to play well in any team.

The two wins came against sides that had already beaten us earlier in the season, Arnold and Wellfield, showing, if nothing else, that we did improve as the season progressed. Who knows, a 3rd XV tour next year?  
I. M. Scott

## U14 XV

1983-84 was a season in which small sides were rare and large ones the norm. K.G.S. U14's, being a small side, were up against it from the start. To their credit they battled on gamely throughout the season and always played disciplined rugby from the first whistle to last. Even when on the receiving end of a large score their heads never dropped, when one might have expected them to. They believed that one day, when pitched against a side of similar stature, their turn would come and come it finally did in the last match of the season. Ermysted's were the opposition and all the techniques practised throughout the season were put to good effect, K.G.S. had finally reached a final whistle as a victorious side.

All the members of the squad should be praised for their efforts during the season and my thanks go to Wilkinson for his efficiency as captain.

R. J. Browning

## U13 XV

P	W	D	L	F	A
20	16	1	3	580	136

The above record shows that the under 13's have enjoyed an outstanding season, but not only in terms of matches won and points scored but also in the attitude and commitment they have shown, on many occasions throughout the course of the season, when confronted with extremely strong opposition.

The season began with a very poor display against Morecambe High School where no one could be pleased with their performance in a 6-10 defeat. This however proved to be the spring-board for better things and the team remained undefeated in the following thirteen matches. The unbeaten run included convincing victories over Blackpool Collegiate, Harefield, Heysham, Marple Hall, Heversham, Wade Deacon and Fulwood. However scattered amongst these easy victories were several severe tests against some of the North West's leading rugby schools.

The first of these came in a 16-16 draw against Cowley School in a match in which if guts and determination counted for anything a moral victory was won. This was followed by hard fought victories over King Edward VII and Hutton leading up to a 16-0 victory over Lancaster Royal Grammar School who had convincingly defeated Kirkham the previous season. 1983 was closed with a 26-10 victory over St. Edwards College and the new year saw the rematch with West Park who had defeated Kirkham 34-4 the previous year. The match was played in terrible conditions of driving rain and sleet and the Kirkham side showed much more appetite for the task and ran out winners 22-12. The unbeaten run was brought to an end by St. Mary's Hall who defeated Kirkham 16-4 and were the only side to outplay the under 13's all season. The rest of the season included several easy victories, a defeat at Macclesfield where the team played without a hooker and hence without the ball, and ended with a superb free running performance against Steve Turner's Knutsford team.

I have no wish to single out any particular individuals for special praise or criticism as I feel that over the past two years different team members have improved at different rates and come to the fore at different times, producing a well balanced team, with a powerful hard working pack and talented fast running backs, and if they continue to improve at the present rate they will have a very successful future.

Finally I would like to thank all the parents of this team for the tremendous support which they have given to the boys over the past two years which I am sure will continue into the future.

A. C. Hall

## U12 XV

P	W	D	L	F	A
11	2	0	9	88	215

Their record does not reflect the many creditable performances during the season. They gave a good account of themselves against Wade Deacon and West Park and only lost 4-8 on both occasions. Also against Arnold School towards the end of the season they showed tremendous spirit and commitment. Provided that they can improve the basic and unit skills they have the potential to develop into a very useful side.

Injuries to Francis, Kenward, C., Bagshaw and Bamber did not help their cause but the side continued to play with enthusiasm and aggression.

T. J. Bruce

## U15 XV

	P	W	D	L	F	A
'A' Team	20	16	0	4	302	126
'B' Team	4	0	0	4	53	87

The U15's have had an extremely successful and exciting season with results, especially in the Spring Term, that have proved them to be one of the strongest teams in Lancashire.

We began the season with a very big squad of 28 boys, most of whom attended a pre-season training week consisting mainly of fitness which proved extremely valuable to all. It had been decided to attempt to play a fifteen man attacking rugby style of game, a decision which the team found difficult to put into practice at first. All the skill and determination was there, but they had to learn how to channel it in the right direction for sixty minutes. In the Autumn Term, we lost to Cowley, Hutton and Lancaster but gained eight victories over schools such as King Edward VII, Marple Hall, Widnes, St. Edwards and Heversham Grammar School.

It was after Christmas that the team really exploded onto the scene with brilliant displays of hard, attacking rugby.

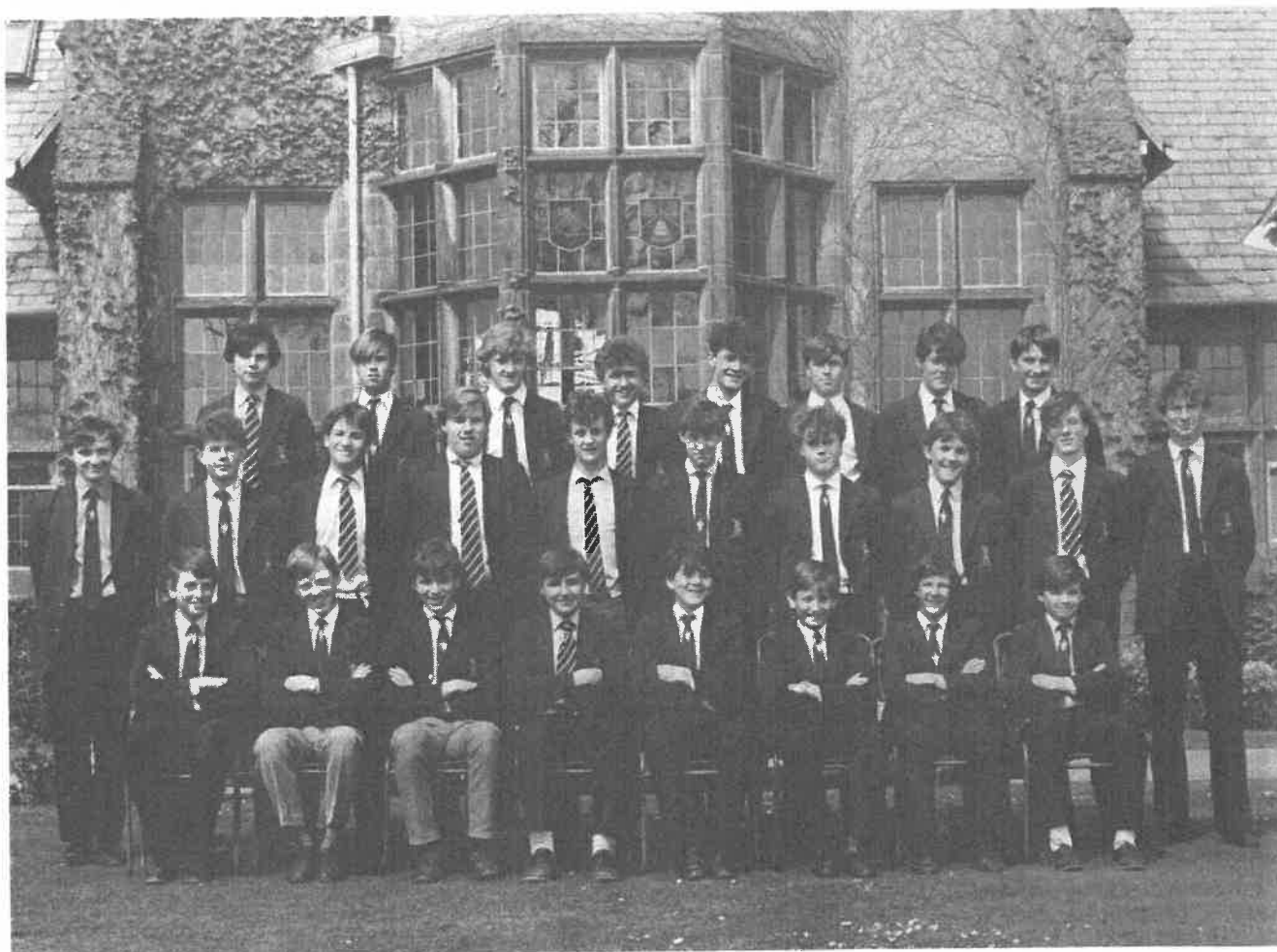
Consequently victories were gained over Stonyhurst, our old rivals Hutton and Arnold who previously had been undefeated.

Throughout the season, the team had been gradually building up both fitness and ability in readiness for the mammoth tour they were to undertake of Europe during the Easter vacation.

As a part of this preparation, a match was arranged against the school U16 team, which the U15's won 13-10. On tour, all the hard work put in during the year certainly paid off, as victories were gained over very good opposition. The Narbonne U15's were beaten 8-0, the Madrid U16's beaten 10-8, and the Lisbon U15's 12-6.

Throughout the season, S. Wilkinson, Lee, Heath, Hindle and McIntyre have all been outstanding and have all represented North Lancashire. Sean Wilkinson captained the side. Cookson, Bailey, Carter, Bamber, Wilson and Haslem have played well and Pateman, Hamer, Wyper, Wells and Abbott have developed as the season progressed. Next year, I would expect at least four of the squad to be pushing for 1st XV places, and finally, I would like to take this opportunity of wishing all the boys success in the future.

P. Smith

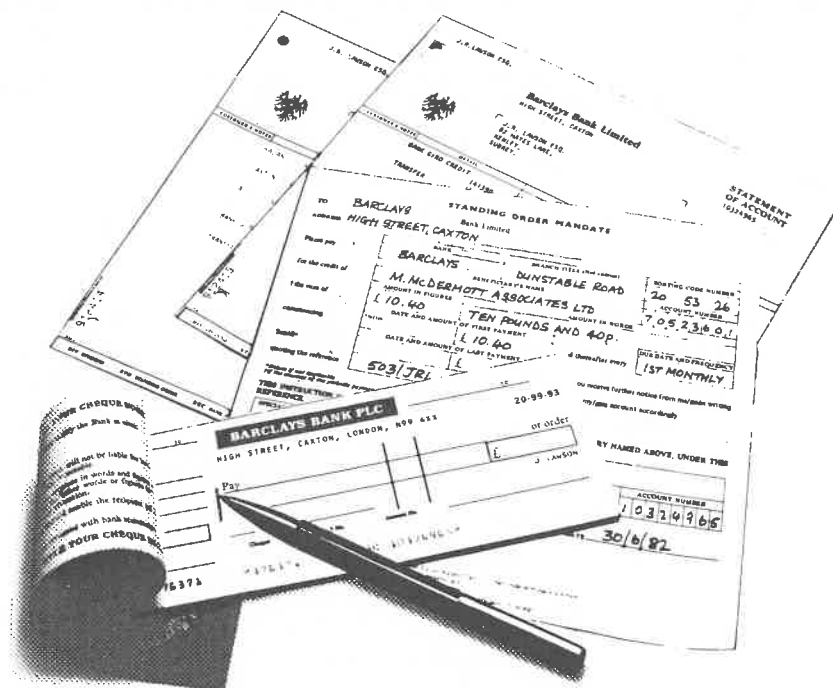


*The squad which toured Europe, Easter 1984.*

*Back Row: John Wyper, Matthew Hindle, David Lee, Sean Wilkinson, Simon Heath, Michael Bailey, Philip Bamber, Stephen Licence.*

*Middle Row: Shaun Wilson, Richard Green, Jason Wells, Francis Gray, Julian Wilkinson, David Carter, Nick Hamer, Martin Williams, Andrew Greening, Matthew Pateman.*

*Front Row: Andrew McAusland, Simon Abbott, Simon Whittingham, Alan Cookson, Craig McIntyre, David Dickson, Lee Fenton, Carl Haslem.*




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