



Nelson Brothers, Chorley



the balshavian

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The magazine of

Balshaw's

Leyland

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Comment

Now is the time to say Goodbye

by Colin Damp and Peter Watson.

Well folks, it's the end of the line, this is our last magazine as editors before we go the way of all editorial flesh. We hope you enjoyed our three editions as much as we enjoyed editing them. We must thank all those members of the committee who did such good work as sub-editors and for all they did to help produce "The Balshavian" each term. We must also thank Mr. Holmes for his assistance with advertising, Mr. Leathley and Mr. Rowley with subscriptions and Mr. Eccles for all his help.

It is also, very regrettably, Mr. Eccles' last magazine. A constant source of ideas and enthusiasm ever since the first edition of the new "Balshavian" appeared in 1965, now, nearly four years and eleven "Balshavians" later Mr. Eccles is ending his association with the magazine. It was he who always insisted that everything in the magazine should be the product of the pupils. He often provided the inspiration, when it was lacking, for articles which were developed by members of the committee. As a result of his guidance and help "The Balshavian" is now a magazine which has been lifted from the level of ordinary school journals to a place where we are now emulated by others. To produce a magazine of this calibre is no mean feat. Enthusiasm is always difficult to maintain from year to year, yet Mr. Eccles has provided the continuity vital to the magazine when editors come and go. Amongst the 'thousand and one' worries of printers, copy, finance, advertising, and sweating editors he remained imperturbable with advice and aid.

We are deeply grateful for all he has done for us and "The Balshavian".

In his place we welcome Mr. Tromans who has so willingly agreed to carry on the good work. To Mr. Tromans, to the new editors and to the new committee we offer our best wishes for future editions and hope that you, our writers and readers will support them in every way possible.

* * *

Committee members who have served during our editorship:—Joyce Proctor, Sally Thompson, Marilyn Hutchinson, Mary Houghton, Margaret Norris, Dorcas Howe, Carol Rennie, Anita Horrocks, Gillian Kirkham, Olwyn Catton, Peter Jones, David Lawrie, Frank Crowe, Leslie Waring, Brian Derrick, John Chadwick, Michael Foster, Christopher McKittrick, Ian Bleasdale.

Prefects Comment

by Marilyn Hutchinson.

I never fail to be entertained when I'm on prefect duty; the nature of the entertainment is sometimes dubious but it certainly exists. For example, the other day it was raining, so that meant that everybody stayed in classrooms for the duration of the lunch hour. I was checking that the classrooms were in reasonable order when, to my mild surprise, I heard the plaintive cry of a female from the next room. On further enquiry I discovered that the said female was being terrorised by another angelic little girl brandishing a couple of cow's eyes, which were, I was told, intended for dissection in the Biology Lab. "Sweet children," I thought, "full of fun."

We seem to have great potential in this year's lower forms; some of the boy members of the same may be noted for their ample share of energy, and loud voices, and cheek. Another lunchtime I was surprised to find a group of small boys in Room 3. Venturing to enquire why they were there, the toughest advanced importantly, planted himself right under my nose and, drawing himself up to his full three feet ten inches, announced "Fishin' Club; are you interested?" With a respectful "No", I withdrew from the room, an older and wiser prefect. The girls are equally promising. Why, only the other day, whilst watching field activities from Room 18, I saw a charming little blond girl knock a little boy flat in only ten seconds.

Considering these and various other incidents, I was prompted to recall what sort twelve-year-old I had been. The only incident which I considered to be of any moment was when I was gently whacked across the ears with a text book by one of the prefects because I had dared to address him as "Lofty".

Curious to discover what other prefects think about children, i.e. "little Balshavians", I broached the subject with various colleagues.

"What do you think Mike . . . about children?"

"Oh! I'm in favour; perhaps two or three."

"No, Mike, I'm asking for your view, in your capacity as prefect, of members of the lower school."

"Oh! In that case—subdue the masses!"

"Yes Michael. What do you think, Gwilym?"

"They're too tall."

"Colin, any views?"

"Well, . . . um . . . where should we be without them? Unemployment among prefects would be rife, would it not?"

Everybody seemed willing to make general comments but no one seemed to have anything constructive to say, when one champion of the working classes came up with the following—questionable—comment in verse form.

From their heads unto their feet
First formers are pure and sweet,
The second form, if they are good,
Are full of joy and youthful blood.
The third form girls are twice as nice.
The third form boys are full of vice.
The fourths have reason to be haughty,
If they remember not to be naughty.
Whilst in the fifths, divisions abrupt:
The girls are pure, the boys corrupt.

(Alan Heald).

All comments on the above controversial statement are invited for publication in the next issue.

Context No. 6

The Primary School

'We drew round Duncan Pickup'

by Joyce Procter and Mary Houghton.

The fresh scent of daffodils, hyacinths and tulips drifted out to meet us through the open doorway, and we were momentarily afraid we'd landed in the W.I. by mistake. But no. We were quickly informed by a charming little man with a moustache (Mr. Gillam, the Headmaster) who emerged from the Dutch Tulip Fields, evidence of the annual show of bulbs cultivated by the children, that it was indeed Roe Lee Primary School in Blackburn.

We were there to see how much the modern primary school differed from what we and most of our readers remember of our early school years. Roe Lee was particularly suitable for such a study because it practices the new Nuffield teaching methods. These lay especial emphasis on the practical and concrete aspects of such subjects as Science, French and Maths in order to teach them to five-to-thirteen-year-olds.

It is not the school itself which is new, but the methods of teaching — the actual classrooms being built round a quadrangle with a six-foot wide corridor running round the inside. Every inch of space is used, and we were under considerable strain to fight our way through the swarm of

children in the corridor, wielding paint pots, sticky glue brushes, cups of tea, buns and bowls of everything from plaster of Paris to plain water.

The bulb show is entirely in the spirit of the school's method of teaching which aims at self expression and self confidence and stimulating the child's sense of curiosity rather than filling the brain with just enough facts to pass the 11-plus. The abolition of this exam. in Blackburn allows more freedom to teach things which interest the children and which they want to learn. To quote Mr. Gillam, the teacher is "no longer a pedagogue at a high desk issuing orders, but an advisor and friend liable to be indistinguishable under a swarm of buzzing children." This is reflected admirably in Mr. Gillam's own relationship with his pupils which seems to be that of a favourite uncle rather than the forbidding giant of our early school-days.

As the teacher's role has changed, so have the types of discipline. Timetables are extremely flexible, as are the arrangements of desks. Classes tend to be divided into small groups of six or even less. The members of the group co-operate with each other on a project with as little instruction as reasonable from the teacher, allowing natural initiative to develop to the full. This informality of routine goes hand-in-hand with the appearance of the classroom. Desks are often huddled in groups or "work bays" sometimes with notice boards to display each group's work. The classroom itself is like Aladdin's cave with brightly coloured paintings, graphs, collages and models on view everywhere, plants thronging the window sills like a hot-house, and shelves loaded with scales, tin jugs, bottles, tape measures, shells, coloured pebbles, balsa wood, rubber bands, string beads, peg boards and even a microscope for the immediate use of anyone who wanted them. The point about such an arrangement is that when a child sets out to do anything, everything required is at hand so that he can sit down and start, possibly popping along to the library for information without any prompting or necessary permission from the teacher.

The range of subjects taught ("learnt about" would be a better phrase) is amazing. Many of the children do projects, often started quite spontaneously. The oldest year, girls and boys, does cookery, making anything from sweets to chocolate buns, and even sponge cake in the staff room gas oven. One of the first things we were asked was "Would you like a cup of tea?" — exit a girl of ten or eleven to return later with an excellent brew.

Cookery, however, is not the most unexpected subject. Children of five learn fractions here in the most extraordinarily simple way. A basic circle of sticky paper is cut up into halves and quarters and used for building simple pictures. The child grasps the concept of what fractions are through seeing them and using them and then explaining what he has done in words. "I made a man from two halves and two quarters." This is always the method adopted: first do the experiment, then write about it and whenever feasible, make a chart or graph of the result, so that English and Maths are inextricably linked.

Mr. Gillam's maxim is "I hear — I forget, I see — I remember, I do — I understand" and here it is put successfully into effect. We saw beautiful writing done by five and six-year-olds, which summed up a graph they had done about hair colour in their class.

At the beginning, the children have to be given concepts of shape, size, colour and weight. All this is done by experiment. "We drew round Duncan Pickup," said one little girl excitedly. They also cut out shapes and make them into geometric patterns. Children of seven and eight talk quite happily about regular and irregular hexagons, equilateral triangles etc. They are encouraged to measure and weigh everything in sight and in this way they begin to think constructively from a very early age.

When the youngsters have mastered the concept of dimension, they go on to area. Peg boards and rubber bands provide a useful variation on graph paper for finding the area of a square and hence devising a formula for the area of a triangle. In this atmosphere of experiment, text books have little relevance and have been supplanted almost entirely by work cards prepared by the teacher, by television programmes and by "environmental studies" including field trips to places of interest.

Everything is recorded and displayed for all to see and learn from. It is imperative that the child's work is seen to be important if he is to feel encouraged to pursue his studies. However slow a child may be, he goes at his own pace and gets as much encouragement as anyone else so that he knows he is doing something worthwhile.

We were a little surprised to find that Roe Lee does not use the "i.t.a." method of teaching children to read. It was felt that the need to make the change over negated any good effects that the system might have, and anyhow the standard of reading and writing we saw in five and six-year-olds seemed remarkably high.

The eight-year-olds and upwards learn French by the Nuffield system using tape recordings and flannelgraph. The ten and eleven-year-olds had previously tried two other systems using records and films and had started at the beginning again, but they could still shame some of our first year, we dare say. The emphasis is on spoken French, the accent being considered all important, and they were remarkably good at repeating the dialogues they had heard with actions to suit.

One aspect of life in this school which cuts across all ages is the puppet show. Every class has its home made puppet theatre and a collection of glove puppets with papier maché heads. Even the infants learn confidence and self expression in improvising plays, culminating in a puppet show given every year by the top class with the aid of Mr. Nicholson. It was a lavish performance this year presenting Jack and the Beanstalk and a variety show which included Shirley Bassey, a bull-fight and a magician sawing a lady in half.

At every turn it was clear to us that the interests of Mr. Gillam have quite an influence on the school. Apart from the obvious enthusiasm for children and teaching, his liking for poetry seemed to be behind the fact that classroom walls were adorned with such poems as Blake's "Tiger, Tiger" drawing lavish illustrations from the children as well as encouraging them to try their own hands at writing poetry. He is also a keen bee keeper and the three hives in the grounds arouse considerable interest during the summer when the children can see how a colony is formed and how the honey is made.

The school is also lucky to be endowed with large playing fields and a well equipped hall-cum-gymnasium. It is only fair to point out, as Mr. Gillam did, that the level of intelligence among the pupils is generally high. But even taking this into account, the achievement at Roe Lee was, to our eyes, tremendous. We found great enthusiasm in both staff and pupils. The children were assured and talkative, rarely shy, and we were told that when interviewed for "Children Talking" they talked the television people to death for three days!

The whole experience was an excellent example of how rewarding teaching can be. At four o'clock a remarkable number of children, apart from teachers' children, lingered behind. What better testimony than that?

Snow

by Alan Pickles, age 9, of Roe Lee Primary School

Snow, snow, beautiful snow.

Here it is, there it is, everywhere we go.

Children here, children there, little dogs and kittens.

But we must get well wrapped up with coats and fur and mittens.

Snowmen here, snowmen there, slides and skates and sledges.

What's that there? Oh yes, of course, the snow has covered all the hedges.

Look, over there: a dog has fallen down a hole; oh dear.

Ha, ha, look over there: some snow has fallen in that man's beer.

Chacun Pour Soi !

by Carol Rennie and Anita Horrocks.

Continuing the editorial policy of exposing the uninitiated to the incomprehensible, in sub-arctic conditions we emerged from the school building, to give you a blood-curdling up-to-the-minute report on the rugby knockout final. Huddled in a corner we watched thirty healthy rugby players troop out and take up their positions on the field. Soon the whistle blew and war broke out. In the first minute of play someone hared up the wing, hurled himself and the ball over a white line and a roar of triumph was heard from all three Worden supporters—a try. "For all you lot wot ain't acquainted wi' game", that means three points. Now, by converting this into a goal they get a further two points. A conversion consists of:

1. Opposing players retreat behind the goal posts.
2. After much argument one of the other team emerges and takes up position.
3. Digs hole in ground and with infinite care buries ball therein.
4. Head kicker takes aim and the ball soars over the bar to the satisfaction of his team mates and the apparent indifference of the opposers.

Five points now, and the Worden team are still going strong; from then on we were lost, as the ball sped up and down the field, whistles blew, players were trampled under foot and the linesmen bobbed up and down waving their flags. Anyway the game continued in what to us looked like impossible chaos. Eventually after fifty minutes of pitiless attack by Worden, who were nearly all members of the School 1st XV, the final whistle blew leaving them the victors with a score of fifteen points to nil.

The Hockey Final

by Colin Damp.

Monday March 4th 1968 was not my day. It was my first day of duty, I forgot to open the form rooms after lunch, the reporter from this noble rag charged with the task of reporting the Hockey Final was away at an interview leaving me to do it, and to cap it all, my house (Cuerden) lost!

At 4-15 p.m., coat on and keys in pocket, I sallied forth onto the field (The match, by the way, was between Farington and Cuerden). At 4-18 p.m. someone shouted.

"Bully off!" they cried.

"And y . . . Oh! Is that what it's called?" I said, and made note. At this point a sympathetic member of staff took me in hand and explained all about hitting the ball with the flat side of the stick, not raising the stick above the shoulder, something called "turning" and a thousand and one little intricacies of the game. Shortly afterwards, at 4-21 p.m., a "corner" was awarded to Farington. In answer to my timid enquiry, I was told that a member of Cuerden must have "committed a misdemeanour in the circle." I muttered something about the back stalls being more usual, but nevertheless took dutiful note of the fact. The first half, tonight consisting of twenty-three minutes, was made eventful only by the ball disappearing down a rabbit hole at 4-29, and being retrieved from the brook by Vicky Riding at 4-35. At 4-40 the Cuerden captain, Freda Southworth, attempted to deal with a high ball and was penalised for raising her stick above her shoulder. It later transpired that she was feeling somewhat under the weather and was practically rattling with aspirins. Dreams of a headline "DRUGS AT SCHOOL HOCKEY FINAL" were short lived, though, being murdered by the half-time whistle at 4-41 p.m.

The second half was more eventful. At 4-45 I was informed that Vicky Riding was rolling on. "What?" I asked, pictures flashing through my mind like subliminal advertising.

"She's got a roll on", they said. Wondering what it had got to do with me, I still made careful note of the fact after declining the kind offer of a rule book to study. It then transpired that due to the fact that the ball did not bounce five yards or feet or something into the field during Miss Riding's frenzied activities, a penalty was awarded to Cuerden and Kathleen Carr "rolled on" (What beautiful terminology this game has!). No advantage (in a non-sporting sense) was gained, however, because at 4-47 Miss Julia Holmes, fashionably turned out in snazzy yellow laced boots, regulation mini-skirt (sorry! Hockey skirt) and lemon bodice, scored for her team (Farington, by the way). At 4-51, the kindly member of staff made a dignified exit saying something about her husband's tea and 2F's Elaine Blake was sworn in as Official Hockey Advisor to the Editor of the Magazine.

At 4-54 something untoward appeared to occur at the far end of the field. Sensing my inability to comprehend, Miss Blake said simply "Feet against Judith Young". I thought this sounded an excruciatingly uncomfortable experience, but nothing appeared to come of it except that the ball had to be rescued from the hedge by Hazel Battersby.

At 4-57 the ball entered Cuerden's goal but it seems somebody was off side, a state of affairs I have never been able to understand in any field game, and so the goal was disallowed. For the rest of the match, my advisor, a member of Cuerden who was unable to play, continually yelled "Shoot" but nobody seemed to take any particular notice. I was told to say that Farington's defence was too good to let Cuerden through—by a member of Farington. The rest of the game moved along rapidly. "Feet" was given against Sylvia Crabtree, Kathleen Carr dropped her handkerchief, there was a foul in the circle (again) and "feet" was given against (of all people) Freda Southworth! Oh, the shame of it! At 5-04, however, the whistle went (never to come back? — Sorry!).

A triumph for Farington, a triumph for factual and objective(?) reporting, and to three very sorry cheers from Cuerden, with red legs (because of the cold, you know) and hair blown in all directions, the teams tramped off the field to thaw out.

R.I.P. by Carol Rennie and Anita Horrocks.

It's gone! What? The Newsletter! Oh, Is no-one moved to compassion by the disappearance of this service? Have your lives not been chaotic and your minds confused? Apparently not, for no cries of protest have been raised nor have any petitions been handed in to the editors demanding its return. Does it appear therefore that the Newsletter has been buried in Balshaw's archives never to see the light of day again?

This weekly catalogue which served us all so well for so long died a sudden death in the Winter of 1967 when the Magazine Committee decided that in spite of their valiant attempts to keep their fellow Balshavians well informed, their efforts were in vain as only a few pupils showed signs of having read our weekly effort. Contrary to popular belief the Newsletters were not to enhance the decorations but were in fact carefully compiled to give you full coverage of the week's events. Unfortunately, our efforts in relentlessly pursuing harassed members of staff, secretaries, captains and other keepers of the desired information did not seem to be appreciated nor did they seem to have the desired effect of ensuring that people turned up when and where required.

So it is with heavy hearts that we bid farewell to the Newsletter, which must surely go down in Balshaw's history as a valiant but, in the end, unsuccessful attempt on the part of "The Balshavian" to serve the school whose magazine it is.

(Footnote: Newsletters were produced in eighty consecutive weeks during term time and each week forty copies were distributed to different parts of the school).

More than a story of young love

A SURVEY OF SIXTH FORM FRIENDSHIPS

by Colin Damp and Mary Houghton.

Some sage once said that the three most important things a man does are to be born, to get married, and to die. In the nature of things, since we have precious little control over the first and last, it tends to be the middle one which dominates our existence. But before a man marries, he must get to know at least a few members of the opposite sex (in order to choose one of them) and because of our much stressed earlier maturity and the fact that education tends nowadays to carry on at least until the accepted age of majority, this necessary social mixing with the opposite sex inevitably occurs whilst we are still at school. Consequently, it is to this important aspect of school life that "The Balshavian" turns in its latest inquiry.

Among the 114 sixth formers who answered our questionnaire, 28 have a steady boyfriend or girlfriend, 49 "go out with anyone they like", 33 claim to be going out with "no one at present", and only 4 admit openly that they never go out with anyone. These results leave us wondering how many people who claim to be in the second and third groups are fooling themselves and those round them when they filled the form in, and really should go to make our last category a little larger. Undeterred, we went on to ask where first meetings took place.

Of the 28 "steadies", 10 met at this school, 3 at other schools, and 15 elsewhere. 18 of the 33 "in betweens" answered the question, presumably on the basis of where they first met their last "date", revealing 3 who met at Balshaw's, 3 who met at other schools, and 12 who met elsewhere. 45 of the 49 "casuals" answered, comprising 1 who uses B.G.S. as his "hunting ground", and 44 who preferred to meet their boyfriends and girlfriends elsewhere. We felt sure that the massive lack of interest in boys and girls here at Balshaw's must mean something, but unsure of what, we moved on to ask where they usually went on "dates".

Here, good news for ABC and Ranks, we found that the cinema was much more popular all round than dancing but, just to take the edge off the cinema managers' joy, other places (parties, tenpin bowling, restaurants, etc.) are more popular still, especially among the steady couples.

On the subject of who pays, we found that in the majority of all cases, the boy is left to fork out the cash. Most surprising, perhaps, is that only 5 of the 28 "steadies" usually pay for themselves. When you consider that 13 out of the 49 casual couples follow this practice, it may account for the comparative shortage of more permanent relationships!

Fearing that more serious relationships among 16 and 17 year-olds might be thwarted by parents demanding that their children be in by an early hour, we enquired until what time they were allowed out. Here, we found that the only variation was the expected one between weektime and weekend "deadlines". Neither the nature of the relationship nor the age of the person seemed to affect the times in the least, so much is it a matter of the personal preference of the parent.

When it came to how old the girl or boyfriend of the participant was, we discovered, significantly, that no girl was going out with a boy younger than herself, and only three boys had older girlfriends. Most boys went out with girls younger than themselves, and this trend was reflected in the girls who, on average, had boyfriends who were four years older than themselves.

This was again the case, at least as far as the weaker sex was concerned, with the kindred question of how old and how young a person they would go out with given a choice. Only two girls are willing to go out with boys younger than they are (and then only one year younger). The boys, however, state (some, we suspect, with tongue in cheek) that they will go out with girls between the ages of 9 to 35! The average boy, though, would consider dating a girl up to three years younger than himself and possibly up to about six years older.

When it comes to choosing a boyfriend or girlfriend, the people currently without are equally split between the four alternatives of appearance, intelligence, social background and personality as primary considerations. 30 out of the 49 going out with anyone they like, predictably put appearance first, a trend surprisingly reversed by the "in betweens" 22 of whom put personality first. If one wished to moralise; one could, backed up by the 23 out of 28 "steadies" who put personality at the top of the list, claim that the preoccupation with appearance is the main reason why more of the casual relationships have not become permanent ones. It is gratifying anyway to see that the most common grouping in order of importance of factors in choosing a girl- or boyfriend is: personality, appearance, intelligence and social background, with friends and relations being widely considered as least important.

As a matter of courtesy (or even expediency), however, the latter cannot be excluded completely. Apart from one who did not answer, those going out with anyone they like were equally divided when it came to the matter of concerning themselves with boy- or girlfriends' parents. Of those temporarily without dates, 26 answered the question, 11 showing a passing interest in their boy or girl's relations, and 15 showed no interest at all. Among the "steadies" predictably, 22 of the 28 show some interest, half of them showing considerable concern.

When the boot is on the other foot, however, the parents appear to show a considerable if varying interest in their children's choice. In the serious relationship category the parents seem to take a genuine interest in their son's and daughter's girlfriends and boyfriends. In the more casual relationships, the interest seems to become more of a protective concern, especially among the younger people, a natural and commendable concern too, if not always appreciated by the person in question.

Our last three questions were more particularly aimed at the 28 who are "going steady", but perhaps in the light

of the recent government announcement of the lowering of the age of majority to 18, the others' answers become just as important. Concerning attitudes to marriage, we asked which factor from a list consisting of: the Church, the parents' marriage, friends' attitudes and "other factors"; had affected their attitudes most. Indicative, perhaps, of the dwindling importance of the Church in teenagers' lives only 3 put it first. 47 claimed that their parents' marriage most affected their attitudes; 9 said they were influenced by their friends attitudes and 14 claimed other factors, mainly brothers' and sisters' marriages, to be more influential.

In answer to the question concerning the ideal age for marriage, most said they considered between 20 and 30 the best age for a man and between 17 and 25 best for a woman. These being the extreme ages taken from the answer sheets, a truer picture is perhaps given by the averages of 25 for men, and 21 for women. Mr. Justice Lately and his committee may like to know also that these ages are not entirely governed by financial considerations. In answer to the question "Do you consider yourself emotionally mature enough to marry?", 30 said they did and 76 thought otherwise, the remainder not answering at all. They may also be interested in the fact that the highest proportion of the 30 are sixteen-year-olds whilst only 7 of the eighteen-year-olds who will be given the right to marry under the new legislation) replied in the affirmative.

It therefore seems that the majority of teenagers between the ages of sixteen and nineteen who answered this questionnaire are not, by their own confession and by their action, since most of them only mix socially with the opposite sex as yet, emotionally mature enough to have the right to marriage without parental consent which it is the government's intention to give them. It is clear that most of us enjoy a healthy and friendly relationship with each other which is only a natural part of our physical and mental development, and in this the teenagers of Balshaw's, we hope, are typical of their contemporaries everywhere.

Where are they now?

by Margaret Norris.

Ex-Balshavian artist in news again.

Leyland artist Christine Beattie has been among the 29 post-graduate painters, sculptors and print-makers to exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford.

Old Balshavians emigrate.

Allan Frank Damp, his wife Eileen, née Nixon (both old Balshavians) and their children are emigrating to

America. Frank has accepted a post with the Boeing Corporation in Seattle which he hopes to take up in July or August. We wish him every success.

Break-away composer writes own Cantata.

Graham Jackson, the organist and choirmaster of Moor Park Methodist Church, Preston, has composed his own Passiontide Cantata called "The Triumphant Sacrifice". The Cantata has been performed by the Moor Park Methodist Church Choir with Graham leading the choir. Besides being a composer he is also a peripatetic music teacher for Lancashire County Council, visiting 18 schools each week to teach individual students the 'cello.

Ex-Balshavian Departmental Demonstrator at Oxford University.

Former Head Boy, John Lawton, after gaining a B.Sc. 1st Class Honours in Zoology at Durham, is hoping to be awarded a Ph.D. in Ecology. On the strength of this he has accepted a post as Departmental Demonstrator at Oxford which is the equivalent of an Assistant Lectureship.

Recent Degree Success.

Peter Wiggans, after gaining his Ph.D. at Manchester University of Science and Technology, has taken up a Lectureship at Widnes Technical College.

C. Nelson was recently awarded his B.Sc. degree in Mechanics at Salford University.

Librarians.

Miss Dorothy Pearce, librarian of the State of Jersey Library Service since 1965 has now been selected as Salford City Librarian.

Miss Kathleen Swift, also a librarian has been elected Associate of the Library Association. She was Assistant Children's Librarian at Lancashire County Council Headquarters before taking up her present appointment as Senior Cataloguing Assistant with Darlington Borough Library.

Recent Marriages.

Miss Elaine Tyrer, an old Balshavian, married Mr. Dennis Burgess. Both the bride and bride-groom work in the laboratories at Leyland Motors.

Miss Doreen Hewitson, an ex-Balshavian, married Mr. John Calver. The bride has just completed a course at the College of Librarianship, Wales.

Miss Barbara Bleasdale was married to Mr. Robin Hoole. Both are old Balshavians and Leyland Methodist Clubland members. Barbara is an occupational therapist and Robin is a forensic scientist.

Mr. Barry Hughes, a former pupil of Balshaw's was married to Miss Susan Johnson.

Miss Glynis Prendergast, an old girl of the School who will, no doubt, be remembered for her talents as a singer, recently married Mr. John Hargreaves of Nottingham. Mr. Hargreaves is a member of the Sadler's Wells Theatre orchestra and the couple met when they were both training at the Royal Academy of Music.

"The Playboy of the Western World"

by Peter Watson.

On the Friday of the school production I set out for the school play, arrived late, clattered to my seat and finally sat down.

I have always believed that "The Playboy of the Western World" is certainly a play to be seen rather than read. Not an easy play to produce convincingly its most demanding passages, such as the donkey-race sequence viewed from the shebeen, came across very effectively to the audience who did not feel robbed of spectacle but who became involved in another audience's reaction. Difficulties such as the necessary Irish accent were overcome with remarkable ease. All the cast coped with this problem very capably and more than one of them appeared to have Irish blood in his veins.

Christy was portrayed very sensitively by David Lawrie who judged the amount of yokel to instil in his character very finely. The gradual change in his character as the play proceeds was very subtly and cleverly achieved.

David Farrington as his da' faced a difficult task in a smaller but demanding role. He managed to convey rage always combined with a rather unbalanced air, ferocious yet timid, bold and finally cowering.

Red-haired, bitter-tongued Pegeen Mike landed Shawn Keogh a most realistic slap (somewhat too realistic I was told by the injured Shawn) which characterized the fiery and finely judged performance of Elizabeth Nightingale, who last year had such a different rôle as Miss Prism.

The injured Shawn was touchingly petulant in his pleas to Christy to 'keep off the grass' and Colin Damp gave a nice cameo of cowardice and fear.

Philly Cullen and Jimmy Farrell, John Curless and Frank Crowe proved to be true yokels and fitting companions to Michael James whose Irish accent and quite hilarious ad-libbed slapstick were typical of what we have come to expect of Ian Bleasdale. Together these three contributed a very large part of the much appreciated comedy in this play.

The rest of the cast were new to the glare of the spotlights but got over their temerity very well and gave every appearance of enjoying themselves. Nellie's famous line brought the House down on Friday night whilst David Nightingale and John Kazer proved the point that Saturday night is Gillette night in Mayo.

Having seen the scenery being erected (something of a drawback for the stage hands, I believe, as some of the mystique is lost), I was amazed when I saw the set. Beams, doors and walls had such an appearance of reality that I could not convince myself that they were not real. I heard conflicting views on whether or not the curtain should have remained open all the time but I remain undecided. What this really does prove was that the set stood up to minute scrutiny during the pleasant musical interlude, although I am not sure if the inhabitants of Mayo would be familiar with Strauss.

Working for the first time with mainly their own lights (which appeared one week and which now adorn the walls of the Hall), Mr. Shackleton and John Baker produced excellent lighting, which was always perfectly timed and never obtrusive.

It is probably wiser not to ask where or how the wardrobe department obtained some of the costumes — local tramps were probably only temporarily deprived of their attire. The results, including a stunning pair of my black rugby socks, worn with suitable panache by Philly Cullen, were certainly very convincing. Pegeen Mike's shawl was very eye-catching, as was the dress of that scarlet woman Widow Quin who was in purple. Altogether the costumes were very authentic, especially, I thought, those of the two peasants.

The appearance and make-up of the cast was the best I have seen for some time. The girls did not appear as painted dolls as can so often happen, whilst the male cast achieved a thoroughly natural uncaring appearance.

All the props were also very realistic especially the clock which developed a mysterious habit of chiming in morning assembly. The box-office assistants and Mr. Kidd also worked manfully as I can testify. I was one of the annoying people who arrived late on Friday and had to be kept out for a while.

This is a play which, in my view, is all the more difficult because portrayal of character is more important than plot. In the hands of other than the truly competent it is likely to be a dismal failure. That the highest possible standard was achieved by all concerned is entirely due to the in-

spiration and untiring efforts of the producer. This was in fact Mrs. Gregory's first production at Balshaw's and it is greatly to her credit that she created such a glitteringly successful event from what was in the first place little more than goodwill. She discovered talents where previously none had been thought to exist and managed always to encourage without ever ceasing to insist on the highest standard. Her enthusiasm proved infectious and all were quickly and happily involved in the team effort which resulted in three evenings of delight for all concerned.

"Alleluia - O Rejoice"

by Margaret Norris.

This year the Festival Youth Concert was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Friday, 5th April. Balshaw's was again honoured as they provided a small percentage of the choir and orchestra.

The Balshavian members represented were as follows:

Tenors: John Chadwick, Frank Crowe, Colin Damp.

Basses: Gwilym Jenkins, David Lawrie.

Flute: Sally Thompson.

Jonathan Iddon was also to have been a member of the group, but was unfortunately unable to attend because of illness.

The Choral Works performed were 'Blest Pair of Sirens' by Parry, and the Easter Hymn from the Opera 'Cavalleria Rusticana' by Mascagni. Judging from the applause, this was very well received. Both these pieces were accompanied by the competent Lancashire County Youth Orchestra. Other items were played by the Youth Brass Band. Finlandia, although an arrangement for brass of an orchestral work, provided a memorable finale.

The concert was a complete success and deservedly so, for hard work and tremendous effort had gone into it. There had been lunch time rehearsals at school as well as full scale rehearsals at Ashton-in-Makerfield and at Lancaster.

On emerging from the Hall afterwards one could hear above the usual hustle and bustle, some people desperately trying to hum or sing the various themes they had heard. We from Balshaw's enjoyed the evening tremendously, especially as the coach was waiting for us afterwards. (No! it had not been stolen this time!).

Congratulations to the musically talented Youth of Lancashire and to Mr. Black, Mrs. Fletcher and all concerned from Balshaw's.

We disclose!

by Gillian Kirkham and Dorcas Howe.

Our sensational survey into, wait for it folks, women's magazines! What excruciating free offer will we be honoured with next week, a pair of phsycoedelic glittering eyelashes or a pliable plastic cooking spoon? Is it time for a new intimate feature on the Royal Family, or is this the week for renovating your dressing table in three easy lessons?

After an intensive analysis we came to the world shattering conclusion that all the magazines were much of a muchness.

A prize of twenty guineas will be awarded to the first person who can work out the letter which occasioned the answer, "Don't worry Q.M. its' quite normal". Moving through the magazine backwards, as everyone seems to do, we reach the exciting account of Johnny's first words, supersanctimonious pious poems, and the simpering chit-chat of completely useless information.

Did you know that Derek Nimmo has yellow curtains in his bathroom and Malcolm Muggeridge has a stripped pine wall in his kitchen? All these pearls of information were gleaned from exclusive articles featuring the interiors of celebrity's abodes.

One of the redeeming features of these magazines seems to be the fashion pages with suitably exotic attire for tripping down Hough Lane on a Saturday night, and to set it off a bizarre coiffeur. But can anyone explain how such a great variety of styles emerge week after week when the little heads always seem to have the rollers in identical patterns?

On the whole, the short stories won more approval than the serials, which were invariably set in remote mysterious houses many moons ago, and left Daphne hanging on the cliff. Will Maurice get there in time? Turn on twenty pages to find out!

Then to sustain you after ploughing through these mammoth epics try this week's exciting dishes, which all the family will love, bubble and squeak and crêpe suzette.

Now don't try to deny it, you all read your horoscopes. What surprises are Capricorns going to have this morning, and what journeys are going to be undertaken by all Scorpians this afternoon? One thing is certain, next week most of us will again be buying another collection of assorted drivel.

The word is "Flexible"

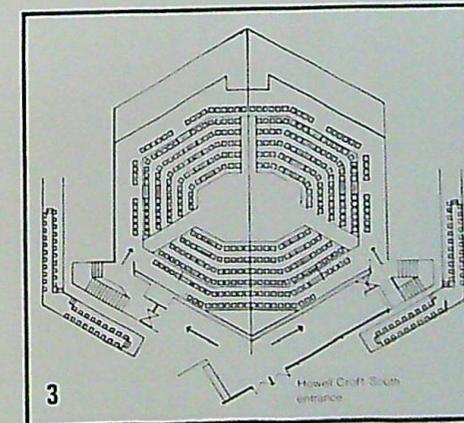
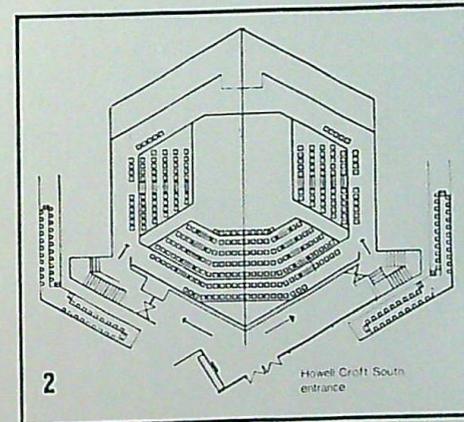
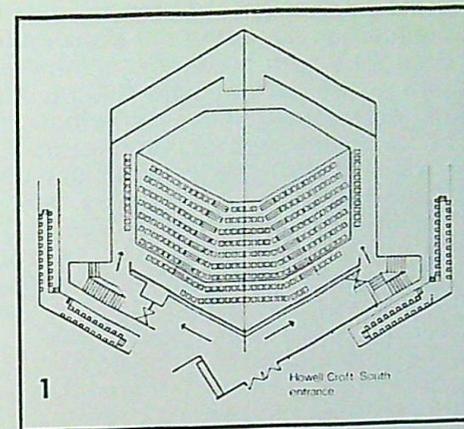
In the beginning was the word. And the word was "flexible". It was uttered by Mr. Robin Pemberton-Billing, now director of the Octagon, to Bolton Council on the 20th April, 1966. On November 14th, 1967, Britain's first professional flexible theatre opened with the world premier of "Annie and Fanny" by Boltonian Bill Naughton, author of the West End successes "Alfie" and "Spring and Port Wine". On November 27th, the Octagon was officially opened by H.R.H. Princess Margaret.

What is a flexible theatre? Basically it is one in which the acting area can be varied so that the audience can completely surround the "stage" ("Theatre in the Round"—see fig. 3), can look at a stage at the end of the building (but in this case without curtains—fig. 1), or can sit on three sides of the stage and have the actors virtually intermingled with them (see fig. 2). In order to do this it is obviously necessary to be able to vary the seating arrangements. At the Octagon this is done by means of an ingenious system of "bleachers", rather like big drawers, which allows the first row of tiered seats to slide into the second row, the first and second into the third, those three into the fourth and so on until all nine rows slide under the balcony at which level the auditorium is entered.

As well as these new possibilities of varying the presentation of plays, the Octagon Theatre has an equally refreshing approach to its place in the community. A "Schools Company", Saturday morning plays, youth and adult drama courses, art exhibitions, films, concerts and music and poetry recitals all form part of their programme.

This appears at first glance to be both exciting and admirable, but as an explanatory pamphlet on the theatre says "It is, of course, all very well to make sweeping statements like this, but putting them into effect is a different matter altogether." An ominously true statement.

In the explanation of the open end stage presentation, the pamphlet states "In the Octagon, no member of the audience is more than nine rows away from the stage. This . . . helps to emphasise the immediacy of the live theatre . . ." and says although this makes "greater demands upon the imaginative powers of the audience" that "this is as it should be, for it encourages an active imaginative participation . . ." Again in the exposition of "theatre in the round" it states "Once the audience has accepted the convention . . . they discover that there is a sort of 'imaginative release'." One



cannot escape the impression that the important words are "Once the audience has accepted the convention . . .". To an audience brought up on proscenium theatre with representational scenery, we cannot help feeling that the effort required for the "active imaginative participation" might well be so great as to impair appreciation of the play. The argument put forward that the proscenium arch "isolates the audience from the action of the play, and is therefore not conducive to involvement", besides reminding us of that of an operatic composer for building a roof over the orchestra pit, just does not ring true. We have seen excellent productions of "Othello" at Nottingham Playhouse and "Roots" at Liverpool Playhouse and the involvement in each case was nothing short of complete despite the fact that both theatres are built with the traditional proscenium arch. We would venture to suggest that any lack of audience involvement is possibly due to faults in either the play or its interpretation rather than the construction of the theatre, faults that are not likely to be remedied by simply putting the front row six inches away from the actors. Furthermore, to use the word "obsolete" in connection with the design of Nottingham Playhouse as one of the Octagon's assistant producers did, seems to us to display an unjustifiable contempt for the traditional theatre reflected, perhaps, in the fact that although the pamphlet states that the theatre was designed to include "the traditional proscenium arch theatre (by the use of tabs-curtains)" no production has yet been staged using this method of presentation.

Nowhere, in fact, during our conversation with Assistant Producer, Mr. John Michael-Wood, or in the literature he was so kind as to provide, does the word "experiment" appear. Yet this, we feel strongly, is what the Octagon, if seen in its true light, must be.

In its service to the community, however, the Octagon Schools Company, going out to schools and colleges in Bolton and district filling the vacant role of the drama teacher, goes a long way to fulfilling the task of creating "a lively Arts Centre with wide appeal." Likewise, the Adult and Youth drama courses held in the studio at the rear of the theatre and donated by the Gulbenkin Foundation do much to make the theatre a "centre where people can meet in a stimulating atmosphere." We regret to report, however, that the time of writing the art exhibitions, films, concerts, and recitals have yet to materialise.

Allowing, though, for the fact that the theatre is less than six months old, we hope that these features still have time to develop and provide their invaluable service to the community. We would also like to thank the Octagon for their hospitality and wish them luck in the future.

The Film of the Book

by Sally Thompson.

Writing an article on films — and films of books in particular — the thought struck me that any bald criticism of a film or films unknown, would be hopelessly out-dated by the date of publication, so I have decided to resort to writing more generally, trying at the same time to take specific examples from fairly recent and widely viewed films.

In the past forty years or so, the film has come to be accepted as an artistic medium in its own right. In the brief history of the film industry, the techniques of producing and of screenplay, of directing and of shooting have so advanced that though this can be called a "child of our times" yet, at the same time, its meteoric progress puts it on a level with the orthodox, established media.

A film can be either the producer's personal artistic achievement from a specially written script, or it can be based on a book. Here, coming to the subject of my article, it seems to me that another distinction should be carefully observed.

There must be a clear discrimination between, for example, a "serialisation" of a novel, and a created film. To quote the "Radio Times":—

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS by Emily Bronte —
dramatised in 4 parts by Hugh Leonard."

This adaptation of a novel into a visual form merely — and I emphasise this — merely for convenience puts the adapter under stringent obligations to change or omit as little as possible and to retain as much as possible the detail, construction and balance of the original.

However, if my memory serves me right, in the opening sequences of the film "Dr. Zhivago" the words "based on the book by Boris Pasternak" appeared. Its director, David Lean, was acknowledging his debt to the author. Had he said "David Lean's film of the book by Boris Pasternak" he would have been subjecting himself to the same limitations. As it is, he can use from it what material he likes, how he likes, to say whatever he wants. If he wishes to develop one aspect, or alter the theme, he is free to do so and any criticism on the basis of how closely he may adhere to the book is irrelevant. The film ought to be judged and valued as a new artistic creation, not as a rehashed version of someone else's masterpiece.

Having aired this personal view, it remains to be said that the difficulties of condensing a longer work into a film or serial necessitate some alteration of the text. The intentions, and as nearly as possible, the style of the original author, the adaptor should strive to retain.

Pettitalk

by John Chadwick and Christopher McKittrick.

Only recently there have been articles in the daily papers about teenage magazines and their effects on teenagers, and these are typified by the "Lancashire Evening Post" report of the Preston Standing Conference of Women's Organisations where the resolution was "This conference deplores, and feels it necessary to bring to public notice, the insidious propaganda being disseminated by the publication of immoral and perverse articles and photographs in magazines and newspapers designed expressly for the teenage market."

The types of magazine available for the "trendy teenager" are (a) the comic-type pamphlet intended for the younger teenager, (b) the "pop" magazines intended for both boy and girl adolescents, and (c) the women's fashion magazines which the rather older teenage female tends to buy. The first group is relatively unimportant unless the fantasy world of comic cartoons can be accepted as harmful in some cases; thus we discarded the possibility that the complaints were being made against this kind of magazine.

Turning to the second group, we found that nearly all the "pop" magazines contained basically the same material, the only difference being in layout. "Disc and Music Echo" being fairly representative of the group, we scanned its pages thoroughly.

Well, what do you expect when you hand your shilling over the counter and take possession of "Disc"?—Immoral and perverse articles and photographs? NO— but what you do get are articles composed of "canned" phrases and appalling English conveying a general atmosphere that the world of "pop" is one big family. The style is extremely chatty (e.g. Jonathan King's "I may be going to America this weekend. If I do, I'll give your love and report its messages to you.") These are the depths to which a Cambridge graduate has sunk, but he seems to get away with it every week.



The whole emphasis is on "pop" and the groups whose records are in the charts at the time of publication and the pattern hardly changes. Each week one of the big stars has something to say about the "pop scene", but the section of the magazine which provokes most disgust on the part of even the semi-intellectual reader is the record review section. All the "pop" magazines have these reviews and Penny Valentine is the reviewer for "Disc".

With such a contrived name she can hardly be expected to make good, sensible comments on a new record, and she proves this weekly. A review of Pet Clark's record "Cat in the Window" reads "I love the way Pet groans with longing on various words—so in my eyes she deserves a hit record, and therefore I love this record but I don't think it's going to be a hit." This is not a misprint as you, the patient reader, may think as you read through this passage, and then re-read it six or seven times—it is typical of the kind of article found every week on the pages of such magazines. We leave you to form your own opinions.

The main criticism, therefore, is not that these magazines are morally unsuitable, but they hardly contribute towards an "O-Level" pass in English Language.

"Petticoat" is a magazine aimed at the more mature teenager. It is rather exclusive and takes a position of its own—neither concentrating on "pop" nor fashion but a mixture of both and of other articles of interest to the modern teenager. Included in its pages are the heart rending and, in many cases nauseating and unreal serials and the gossip section known as "Pettitalk". Apart from these two rather pathetic sections of the magazine, there are sensible and informative articles on fashion, household problems such as stain removing etc., and general topics such as whether teenagers above the age of 18 should be enfranchised. But at the moment "Petticoat" seems to find it necessary to retain the serials and "Pettitalk" in order to attract readers.

In the third section—the women's magazines such as "Woman" and "Woman's Realm"—we still find a certain amount of these "feminine slosh", which Dorcas Howe and Gillian Kirkham "disclose" at greater length, but from these magazines also there is some desirable and useful information to be gained.

On the whole, then, although some grievances against the quality of teenage literature may be valid, we find ourselves in disagreement with the suggestion that these magazines contain merely immoral propaganda. On the other hand, we vote the majority of the magazines a miss and suggest that you spend your shilling elsewhere.

Junior View

Questions answered

We have received through the magazine a number of enquiries concerning the teaching of Latin. Many of our juniors seem to believe that because the language is not actually spoken by any country it can have little or no value. Mr. Downers' answer is set out below.

It would be foolish to suggest that everyone should learn Latin. This would be cruelty to many pupils, and to their unfortunate teachers.

However, for those who have an aptitude for the subject, Latin has very many real benefits. In fact, granted that aptitude, a student's education would be incomplete without Latin. This is a point which has been asserted by many scientists and men who do very practical work.

More than any other language, Latin provides excellent training in the structure of language generally. Because it is uniquely logical, economical and uncomplicated in its choice of words and expression, it has a marked effect on the student's English style. In this connection, it is worth recalling that at one time English grammar was not taught as a separate subject in schools: it was gleaned through the medium of Latin.

Latin provides a large proportion of our English vocabulary. Thus our knowledge of Latin vocabulary increases our knowledge of words in general and gives a greater variety and range of expression. Nor must we forget that the larger our vocabulary the wider our range of ideas.

Learning Latin demands patience, clear thinking and accuracy. The fact that it is unlike our own language causes us to think hard. The rigid discipline which it demands also produces determined and exact students who are unwilling to accept shoddy thinking. The Romans themselves provide us with much useful material for understanding life and the world around us. They had their limitations, it is true, but they, together with the Greeks and Hebrews, shaped the civilisation in which we now live.

The art of Sir Vival

(A series of useful hints on leading a trouble-free life at school). Submitted by a form which wishes, for its safety's sake, to remain anonymous.

* * *

"If you are naturally mischievous, gain the teacher's confidence at the beginning of term by working hard. Once you have created this impression you will not be blamed afterwards. The form-villain will catch it in the neck every time."

* * *

"If you have done something wrong, do not look up, but keep your eyes down. Teachers always go for the ones who look up and grin."

* * *

"Teachers are always right—even when they are wrong."

* * *

"Answer as many questions as you can in one lesson. Teachers get fed up and leave you alone for a week."

* * *

"Try to give the impression that you are shielding a friend. You will be thought a gentleman and get away with murder."

Prize Competition

Answer the questions below. Take the initial letter of each of the answers and rearrange them to form a separate ten-letter word. There is a 10/- Book Token for the first completely correct solution. You must have all the individual questions right and the ten-letter word. Solutions to Mr. Tromans.

- (i) The headgear of a nun.
- (ii) The thirtieth of November is this saint's day.
- (iii) The capital of Ethiopia.
- (iv) The Scottish school where Prince Charles was educated.
- (v) The name now used for the ancient city of Constantinople.
- (vi) Arsenal's ground.
- (vii) The handle of a sword.
- (viii) The drink served to the Greek gods.
- (ix) A metal that is liquid in form.
- (x) The monetary unit of Japan.

Last term's winner: Humble, M. Solution: Chimpanzee.

Contributed

C.E.M.

by Mavis Wright.

During the past term the C.E.M. group has been engaged in several varying activities. The first of the three meetings was a Debate when the House challenged the existence of God. After listening to the speakers: L. Waring and J. Curless supporting the motion and Mr. P. M. White and Mavis Perks opposing. The vote was taken and the motion was crushed with an overwhelming majority.

The films "The Long March" and "Food or Famine" hired for our second meeting, which although not as well attended as was hoped, reassured all who watched that money given to such organisations as "Oxfam" and "Christian Aid" was being used to the greatest advantage and that much more was vitally needed.

Representatives from the School visited the inter-schools Sixth Form Conference, held for the first time at Chorley Grammar School. On the theme "The right to live and the right to die" subjects ranging from euthanasia and vivisection were discussed in small informal groups. After which Dr. N. W. Preston and Brother Thornhill answered any questions arising from the discussions. The conference was enjoyed by all and we look forward to visiting other C.E.M. conferences to be held in the future.

I would like to thank all members of the committee and Mrs. Mears for helping to make the meetings the success they were.

Moonlight

by Susan Gwilliam, 1A

Rising slowly o'er the horizon,
Brightening up the fading light,
Its silvery light dark shadows casting,
Prancing, dancing through the night.
Whirling through the night of darkness,
Silhouetting trees so grand,
Lighting up each darkest corner,
Over and throughout the land.
Lakes' and rivers' water sparkling,
With the image of the moon,
But now the sun is slowly rising,
Morning will be coming soon.

Hockey

Captain's Report by June Holden.

Of the matches scheduled for this term two were cancelled on account of bad weather, as have numerous turn-outs.

Thus, the first team only played four matches this term. In the match against Wigan High School the team took revenge for the defeat suffered on the last meeting, but at Rivington the reverse was true, for after a 3—0 win last term the team lost 4—2, possibly because there were a number of reserves in the team; four members of the regular side being absent. One of these reserves, Jean Bibby, played so well on several occasions that she was finally, and deservedly, awarded a permanent place in the 1st team.

The other two matches played this term were each drawn 1—1. One of the matches was drawn by the last hit of the match, whilst the other was a disappointment as a winning goal was disallowed.

Perhaps if we look at our results as one does in the football world, where home matches are supposed to be easier to win, we could find some consolation. During the whole season only one match was played at home and that was the 3—0 victory over Rivington.

Seven members of the 1st team XI took part in an extra tournament this term. This was the Under 16 tournament and they were joined by 2nd team and Under 15 team members. This tournament proved to be a great victory for the team, and I am sure that the school must feel proud of their performance, for they played and won six matches, having only one goal scored against them.

I should like to congratulate the Under 16 team as well as thanking the members of all the teams, for giving up so much of their time. I hope that the tournament success augurs well for the future and a victorious 1st XI. On behalf of the teams I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Pickersgill and Mr. Miller for all that they have done for hockey at Balshaw's this season.

1st XI. J. Finch, J. Hodgson, K. Carr, A. Brown, C. Bradley, M. Gates, M. Wright, J. Holden, S. Cunliffe, J. Baker, C. Barron, J. Bibby.

Rugby

Captain's Report by David Baldwin.

Although the school possessed a potentially good 1st XV, the results were very disappointing and in no way reflected the true value of the team. This year's 1st team

contained several very good individual players who, unfortunately, did not blend together enough to form the basis of a really successful team.

The main factor contributing to the downfall of the 1st team occurred in the back division. Although this section of the team looked excellent on paper they were lacking a great deal on the field. Their tackling was very poor and their finishing also left much to be desired. If these points could have been improved upon the 1st team could have won well over half of their games.

As usual, the school entered a sevens team for the competition at Fylde. As in the fifteens games poor tackling and poor support for the man with the ball occurred and so the school played only two games — losing both.

The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the Singleton Sevens competition. The cup was finally won by Worden after a hard struggle with Guerden. The outcome of the competition was in doubt until the final game. The competition was played in a very open and sporting manner. A memorial to a very good player.

Fear

by Martin Roscoe, 4/4

P.C. Smith was used to locking up 'visitors' for the night and usually managed to do so without much fuss, yet this one struggled as if the little cell was a fiery furnace or the lions' den or the condemned cell at the very least. When the key was finally turned in the lock P.C. Smith heaved a sigh of relief and went back to his cup of 'char', hoping for a quiet night. He was quite unaware that for the man in the cell an hour of torment was beginning.

He had never been at ease in a confined space — the interior of cars and buses, small rooms, even his own familiar garden shed had always held some vague threat for him which he had been unable to explain. But never, so far as he could remember, had a key turned in the lock denying him all hope of escape.

He sat on the narrow bed and stared at the pale ceiling. Could it be that the walls were leaning slightly so that they were closer at the ceiling than at floor level? Although he told himself to be rational, he had the distinct sensation, growing stronger every minute, that the walls were menacing him, that the gap between them was decreasing, as was the height of his cell! He suddenly knew that he was going to be crushed, that he would soon be unable to breathe, that he would die like a fish out of water, gasping for air. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead and his chest seemed encircled by iron bands.

The cell seemed to sway slightly, then revolve, making him feel sick. He fell forward on to the narrow bed and buried his face in the rough blanket, clutching the sides as if for comfort.

And yet a small, calm voice whispered that he must hold on to himself, that all this was in his imagination, that apart from a certain leaning tower no walls had ever been known to meet the floor at anything other than ninety degrees and that short of an earthquake nothing could produce the sensation which he experienced

He must have called out in terror, for seconds later the observation hole was opened and a ray of light pierced the dim twilight of his cell. This narrow beam had a strange effect, it seemed to trigger off a memory of a similar terror when he had been imprisoned in an even smaller space, in total darkness, until a ray of light put an end to his agony.

The memory came flooding back into his consciousness. He had been a small boy, two or three years old perhaps, and he had inadvertently been locked in the wardrobe in a dark room until his mother had missed him and mercifully discovered him before he had gone out of his mind with fear. He wiped his wet hair from his face and smiled apologetically at the policeman who stood at the door. "Sorry", he said "I think I had a dream."

T. S. Eliot

by L. Waring, U.6.A

The following is a tribute to the leading poet of the 20th Century, T. S. Eliot. It is presented in the belief that Mr. Eliot's work is not entirely incomprehensible and those who think it worthwhile may find some explanation in the Collected Poems of T.S. Eliot, but personally I doubt it. Numbers in the text refer to appended notes.

THE HOLLOW LAND

"We are the hollow Land.
We are the Waste Men.
We are the Garbage Men."

Here in this land,
Is neither water
Nor hope of water;
But only the sound of dry winds
Over red, desert rocks
In our lost empires.

(The lights dim. The scene is a flat. Enter Sweeney stage left, enter smell of passage ways stage right).

SHE: "Oh, how thoughtless you buffoon
You've wasted half my afternoon".
SWEENEY: "My train was half an hour late
And now we can't communicate".
SHE: "I wonder why I never said before
I really find you such a bore".
FLOURISH, EXEUNT.

TIME is TIME
But not of TIME
Or in TIME
But bisecting TIME.
For without TIME
Was nothing made
That was made
On TIME. (1)

VOICE OF THE UNEMPLOYABLE
"Aw'm gooin to fettle t'clock.
Aw never knowed it stop afore:
It fairly bothers me;
Unless it's th'childer — or maybe
It's sumbdy gooin to dee." (2)

A sound of battle is in the land,
And of great destruction. (3)
Sono stanco
Sono stanco
Scusi, scusi (4)
Waste and void,
Waste and void,
Waste an (5)
Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss im Dichters lande gehen. (6)

Enter SWEENEY —
SWEENEY: "Upda tamata outasighta Bod-
hisave owsya fava". (7)

From afar THE VOICE OF THE EMPLOYMENT
OFFICER.
"Here in this land, is work for each
According to his station.
Here we will build churches to God
In this land shall be three churches
To one dwelling house."

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord. (8)
All you need is love, love. Love is all you need. (9)

The lights dim. But a shaft of holy light appears
On the horizon to herald the arrival of the Silent
Lady who will join with SWEENEY, uniting the
cultures of East and West London under God.

Ne nado govorit nepravdu detyam . . . (10)
That is not what I mean at all.

The suds are floating round Mrs. Brett
And her Yvette.
They wash their clothes int' Launderette. (11)

NOTES —

- (1) I have often noticed this phenomenon.
- (2) From WALTER EMSLEY. The clock is a mystic symbol representing time. The quotation shows the dilemma of simple people confused by the new morality.
- (3) From JEREMIAH Ch. 50 v. 22. This may be roughly translated as "The peace which passeth all understanding."
- (4) This represents the feeling of desolation wide-spread through Europe.
- (5) The monotonous repetition of this line is intended to make the reader experience a symbolic nausea in which state the truth may be revealed. It has this effect on Sweeney.
- (6) From GOETHE. I do not understand it but I have naturally changed it to serve my purpose.
- (7) Sweeney realises that he is the Risen God and delivers his message of hope to the Waste Men in a Buddhist incantation.
- (8) From JOHN BUNYAN.
- (9) From A POPULAR SONG. The sentiment seems to me to be particularly pagan and unchristian and is representative of the decline of modern culture and morals.
- (10) From YEVTUSHENKO. The passage seems to me to be a most pernicious piece of communist propaganda.
- (11) The Waste Men are saved and can continue in their everyday occupations. This was reported to me from Bury in Lancashire, it doesn't mean much but it sounds good.

The Road

by Lynn Greenway, 4/4

The weather remained hot and irritating. One did not feel like working or doing anything at all, except sitting down and absorbing the humid heat that lay all around.

To her it meant a slothful pilgrimage through the housework, dinner, a lazy afternoon, and then the lively exuberance of her son arriving home. Today was different, after eating the woman sat uneasy as she watched the sun glimmer and strike out over the room. It was the first time he would be coming home alone, crossing the road without her guiding hand enfolding his hot, sticky palm. He had made his first move away from her apron strings, maybe the last, she thought.

It was such a huge main road, and him, a small boy there on the edge, tottering on the brink. Well he knew what to do: look right, look left, she had told him often enough . . . but small boys liked to dash across the road, why only this morning . . . her thoughts blurred in the stifling air. She reasoned, what was the use of all this, he had to cross it alone sometime. When he was small, she saw him clearly, clutching her hand tightly, it was on one of these hot summer days, with round, sick eyes staring at the huge lorries and cars whizzing past him, terrified. That was when he had held two hands, hers and . . . well even then he was scared. She jumped up with alacrity, stirring the dense air, as she heard the swift, incisive screech of brakes dispelling the dull monotony of the heat. Quietly she sighed, gazing at the steady face of the clock, and passed a hand over her unruly hair. It was only three o'clock, why school was not even out yet, and it was only a cat sloping across the road.

She had a sudden impulse to go and meet him, that would have hurt his pride. She had seen it in his face, he had been determined to cross the road today, alone. It came between them like a sea, ready to engulf anyone who entered it, and destroy them. He could be . . . no! She switched on the radio to drown her thoughts. "The accident took place on the main road in the area, the boys name is . . ." A quick snap gave her release.

Why, she pondered, it might have been him, and I turned him off; I wouldn't hear his name. Fear had overtaken her. It had come to taunt her, his father had been killed on that road, knocked down mercilessly; that had changed their luck. They had rushed him to hospital, but it had been no use. She had told him he was the man of the house now and must look after mummy, to cheer him up. Now it

was as if he knew the road had to be conquered, it was the huge obstacle in his path. Here eyes flicked onto the clock, in less than a quarter of an hour school would be out and her son . . . the hot trickle of fear became a flooded pool. It could happen in a bright ray of sunlight, his eyes would be dazzled and he would run onto the road. Unmercifully she turned over the possibilities in her mind. He could run across and it would be over in a second, or be pushed by one of those boys from . . . her face became engulfed in sweat. She had surrendered to the fear which had been haunting her every hot summers day like this one.

She shivered. The heat suddenly died. She tried to force herself not to look at the clock. She knew it was too late. He would have left school and soon there would be the road. Inside she said a swift prayer, and sat, now more composed to face it. A few minutes passed by, maybe more, when she heard a brisk knock at the door. She rose, this was it, the end, already she saw a policeman standing on the step. Instead the cheeky grin of Billy greeted her, "John's playing with my new racing car an' my mum says can he stop for tea, please?" he panted.

"He came across the road alright?" she stared hard at him.

"'Course, please can he come and stay to watch the telly after?"

"Yes, but . . ." he was not a baby now she thought, "of course, just tell him to be home at the usual time," she replied smiling. The small boy ran off.

She closed the door, suddenly she felt light, almost gay, tomorrow perhaps Billy could come here for tea. Some nice cakes . . . she corrected herself; beans on toast and ice cream, yes, definitely ice cream on a hot day like today!

Sixth Form Society

Secretary's Report by Marilyn Hutchinson.

The S.F.S. is booming, blooming, and altogether doing very nicely. We had an ambitious programme last term and achieved every item apart from the newspaper visit, and a day trip to Skelmersdale which we were obliged to forego owing to lack of support. Viewing the whole achieved programme, one can observe that the theatre trips continue top in popularity, notably last term, visits to the Octagon Theatre to see the "Hostage" and "Antony and Cleopatra" were well supported and opinions of the theatre itself were generally favourable.

Another aspect of the Society's programme, the "talkabouts" and talks are less popular owing to the individual's anticipation of a boring evening. In fact, such meetings are rarely boring because they are designed to stimulate interest and invite comment. For example, the talk given by Mr. Ashmore from Manchester University Extra-Mural Department on "The Changing Face of Lancashire since 1800" was absorbing and illustrated by a series of excellent slides. "Talkabouts" are useful, and I cannot help thinking they would be more so if more people would come and discuss their views. The last "Talkabout" concerned the Magazine, the Editors of which were present to answer questions and provide information.

All our events are suggestions of members. Some are repeated because of their earlier success. This was the case with the two visits planned for the Spring Term. We organised a party of twenty members—mostly scientists—to visit Preston Observatory, about which everyone enthused. The second visit, to newspaper offices in Manchester, did not attract sufficient support and was cancelled.

Other notable Society "happenings" took place in school. The film "East of Eden" was regarded by some as "moving" and by others as "over-emotional"—comments which were promising if only because the film had made people think. The only trouble with films in school is that they are by far the most expensive item in the Society's programme and present attendance figures may not altogether justify their inclusion in future.

Finally, I never fail to be lost in wonder at the popularity of the Sixth Form Dance. Our Christmas Dance was a success because it had all the necessary ingredients; a versatile band; lots of people; a good atmosphere and original decor.

Generally speaking, I would say that planned events have found support which has been adequate, but that there are still too many who are reluctant to give their support. Remember that the Society's aim is to achieve the participation, and not just membership, of all those in the sixth form. In the committee meeting at the beginning of May, ideas will be discussed for reforming various aspects of the society, and for revising present features. All views should be made known. The Society exists to serve the interests of all its members.

The Other Club

by R. P. Davies, 1B.

Last term "The Other Club", the society for the benefit of the First Forms, has flourished, under a number of sections. Some, however, have faded. To aid with the

running of the various sub-groups several members of the Sixth Form have helped.

The Natural History section under J. Iddon has been especially successful. Under his leadership, several projects were undertaken. Notable projects have been done by M. Knapp, P. Connell, D. Robinson and C. McWilliam. Demonstrations in dissection have taken place in the Biology Lab. during the dinner hour, and the Club wishes to thank Mr. Beckett for his kind assistance. The dissections proved popular and successful, in spite of making one member of 1B vomit.

The original Train Spotting section has been enlarged to include the whole of the transport industry.

The archaeological society, under the direction of M. Foster has also made considerable headway, and a series of lectures on Roman Lancashire were well attended.

The Society has held a successful Balloon debate from which Winnie the Pooh survived unscathed and we look forward to more such debates next year.

It is hoped next year to fix a particular day of the week when the club will meet, since clashes with various rehearsals have occurred.

The Club wishes to thank Mr. White for his support.

Cross Country

Captain's Report by John Counce

The team has had a more successful season than last year, winning two and losing two of the four races. There has been some good team running with Nightingale being the foremost individual runner with Dunn and Willoughby as younger members running consistently well.

In the first match against Chorley we won, although our highest individual positions were joint third by Nightingale and Counce followed by virtually all the rest of the team in the next six positions. Our return fixture saw Nightingale win individually and the team once more victorious. Against a strong Wigan Grammar School team with much more experience we were beaten quite heavily our runners finishing from fifth to eleventh inclusive. Against Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School Blackburn we were beaten by four points with Nightingale and Crowe coming second and fourth respectively.

We hope that next year the team, which will include many of this year's running squad, will have an even more successful season and that the revival of interest in cross country running will continue for years to come.

Team from: Counce, Crowe, Nightingale, Dunn, Rawcliffe, Willoughby, Rimmer, Watson, Calvert, Rotherham, Stopford, Jolly (P), Kay.



Junior & Fourth Form Societies

Committee's Report.

It was with mixed feelings that the committees agreed to the amalgamation of the two societies at the beginning of the Spring Term. The most persuasive arguments were financial but, in any case, the move was to be regarded as experimental.

The main theme of the programme was the Wild West and it began well with a lunchtime film called "Stampede" which was "crushingly" well attended.

In March there was a two-hour punching, mining, drinking, kissing epic with the title "North to Alaska" which ended up as usual with the good "guy" getting the "dame". Although not nearly so well received as the previous term's highlight, "She", the general reaction was mainly favourable.

A week later a lecture entitled "The West, Fact or Fiction" was delivered by Dr. Rowe from Liverpool University to a large audience who were chiefly interested in the odd scraps of information which emerged at question time. Did you know which lady member of staff knew how to lasso a steer? Members were particularly grateful on this occasion to members of staff who agreed to release them from the final period in the afternoon. Such a gesture of support is indeed most welcome.

The series ended with a prize-winning film on breaking in horses called "Corral" followed by a confab in which various topics were discussed by the select group which attended.

Other events included an extremely absorbing film about insects and a debate on the subject of the superiority of women, which was remarkable chiefly because of the voting. There were three males and fifty-two females present yet the motion that women are superior received only thirty votes. Again at lunchtime there was an Abbot and Costello film which amused those who were prepared to be amused.

The term ended with a mock trial in which Charles I, contrary to the impression given by History text books, won his case. The whole affair showed a marked lack of "legal" guidance and the prosecution seemed to have far too many "friends" among the audience. Some witnesses did not know the answers to questions, nor was it very helpful when one who shall remain nameless asked whether Oliver Cromwell would appear for the prosecution or the defence!

Events this term — none. A term's rest while the weather is warm.

Mountaineering Report

by Eileen Godsell.

Owing to outbreaks of foot and mouth disease, Mr. Holmes was unable to lead more than two trips this year. The first was a day trip, the destination of which was at first intended to be Helvellyn. However, torrential rain and gale-force winds (some of the smaller members were in danger of being blown away) caused us to alter our route to descend to Patterdale via Deepdale.

Because we were all completely soaked within the first few hours of walking, rivers and streams, bogs and marshes proved no obstacle, we just plodded on regardless. Those fortunate enough to have remembered some dry clothes changed into them in the coach (thank goodness for wind-drops that mist over!) whilst the less fortunate had to sit, steaming quietly, all the way home.

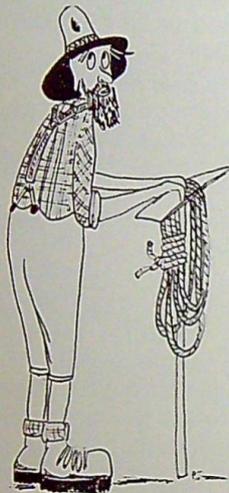
The second trip was a four-day Youth Hostelling holiday at Longthwaite during half term this year. For those who went by coach to Keswick, it was a long day beginning at 5.30 a.m. Three lucky (?) people had a lift with Mr. Holmes and arrived about an hour later, whilst three lazy souls only rose at 9 o'clock and set off in the direction of Longthwaite on their bikes. One, being even lazier than the other two, left his bike at Lancaster and arrived, appropriately, in a lorry. The walk from Keswick took us up Watendiath, on to Brund Fell and Kinn How, and down a long scree-run from the latter which brought us out at the famous Bowder Stone.

The Youth Hostel was most adequate but unfortunately there was no heating, which made us very reluctant either to go to bed or to get up and go down to breakfast. We spent our evenings either huddled round the fire reading and listening to the soft strummings of a guitar or generating our own heat during energetic games of table tennis.

Throughout the holiday, the sun shone brilliantly, the results of which were numerous freckles and some very red faces. Although most people were only up to their ankles in snow, some people were permanently coated in it.

On the first day, we attempted to reach Scafell Pike but found great difficulty in crossing Piers Ghyll and had to return along our former route. The descent, however, was far quicker than the ascent, mainly because we slipped rather than walked down. The second day took us up Glaramara, from the top of which we had a glorious view of most of the major peaks in the Lake District. The sun was so warm at one point that we stopped for about half an hour and sun bathed. We returned via the Langstrath Valley.

On the last day the party split up once again. The three cyclists set off, two on their bikes and one on foot, the main party, joined later by Mr. Holmes who obligingly took our heavier luggage in his car, set off up Catbells, whilst a few of us spent a very lazy and enjoyable day walking to Keswick, via Grange, Derwentwater and Portinscale.



Although we were very happy to sink into warm, soft beds once again, I am sure everyone wished the trip could have lasted longer. The hilarious incidents, brilliant sunshine and wonderful scenery combined to make the holiday one which will be difficult to forget.

Last Term's Weather

Last term was very dry and very cool. The rainfall and temperature were well below average after a rather mild and wet January. This was especially noticeable in February when easterly winds and a static anticyclone produced frost almost every night followed by cool, sunny days, occasionally marred by mist.

	from January 5th			
	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Average	Rainfall
Jan.	7.2 C	2.4 C	4.8 C	3.42 in.
Feb.	6.8 C	-1.5 C	2.65 C	1.09 in.
Mar.	10 C	1.7 C	5.85 C	2.48 in.
Apr.	9 C	-1.2 C	3.9 C	0.77 in.

to April 10th

Reading taken by —

David Loftus, Michael Baybutt, Frank Cocker, Brian Eagle, and members of Form 2L/II.

Calendar for the Summer Term

- May 8 Cricket: v. Preston Catholic College 1st and U/15 at home, 2nd and U/13 away.
- .. 17 Musical Evening in the School Hall, 7-30 p.m.
- .. 18 Tennis: v. Chorley Grammar School 1st and 2nd away.
Rounders: v. Chorley Grammar School U/15 and U/14 away.
- .. 25 Cricket: v. Morecambe Grammar School 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 at home.
Tennis 1st; Rounders 1st and U/15; v. Rivington Grammar School at home.
- .. 29 Cricket: v. Preston Catholic College, 5-00 p.m., 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 at home.
- .. 30 Whitsuntide holiday begins at 4-00 p.m.
- June 7 Leyland Music Festival.
- .. 10 Return to school.
- .. 15 Cricket: v. Hutton Grammar School, 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 at home.
Tennis 1st and 2nd; Rounders U/15 and U/14; v. Up Holland G.S. away.
- .. 20 Rounders 1st and 2nd year: v. Lostock Hall County Secondary.
- .. 22 Cricket: v. Ormskirk Grammar School, 1st and U/15 at home, 2nd and U/13 away.
- .. 26—Cricket: v. Old Boys, 6-00 p.m.
- .. 29 Cricket: v. Kirkham Grammar School, 1st away, 2nd and U/15 at home.
- July 6 Cricket: v. Preston Grammar School, 1st and U/15 at home, 2nd and U/13 away.
Tennis, 1st and juniors: v. Penwortham Grammar School, away.
Parents' Association Summer Fair.
- .. 13 Cricket: v. King George V. Southport, 1st at home.
- .. 15 Cricket: v. Staff.
- .. 16 House Music Competition, 9-20 a.m.
- .. 17 Cricket: v. Clergy, at home.
- .. 17 Sixth Form Dance.
- .. 18 Term ends after afternoon school.

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