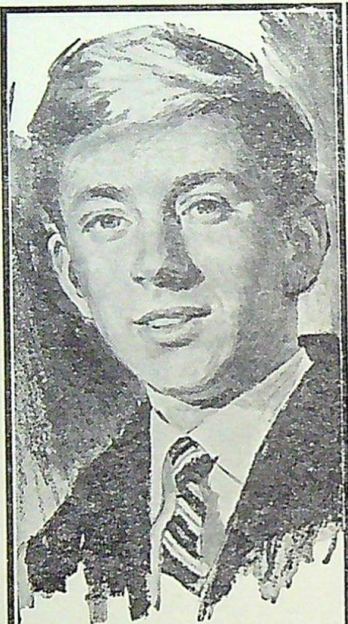


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May, 1969

The magazine of

Balshaw's

Leyland

Page

1	Contents
2	Editorial
3	The shape of things to come
4	Ex Libris
7	Mr. R. W. Lunn, C.B.E.
8	Through a looking glass, darkly
10	Classics with the kids
11	Feathers
12	Hockey Report
13	Rugby Report
16	Farington House Report
16	Cuerden House Report
17	Worden House Report
17	Clayton House Report
18	The year in focus
19	Sixth Form Society
19	The Knitters
22	In search
23	Storm
23	Mad dogs and
24	Friday night and Saturday morning
24	Artists
25	Advertising and 'The Balshavian'
27	Brass
28	The problems of a Christian
29	Scientists Wax Potential
30	Mr. Ramm
32	Fabcat
35	Mount Grace
36	New Town
41	A neglected poet
44	Senior Crossword
45	Prize Competition
46	Calendar

Editorial Committee

L. Caunce-Peacock, M. J. Dunn, P. Harrison, N. Hoskinson,
M. Ingham, Anne Eccles, Pat Johnson, Jane Marshall,
Jacqueline Wade, Christine Walsh.

Editorial

The time has come again for a change. The Magazine Committee that has served so loyally and well for the past year is now involved in urgent preparation for the Advanced Level Examination and has retired from office. We thank them for their strenuous efforts and hope only that we are able to maintain the standards they set.

We are aware of an unfortunate shortage of material written by juniors and of interest to them; but we can print only that which we receive and hope that for the next edition more junior work and articles will be made available to us. We have introduced a Senior Crossword into this issue because there seemed to be popular demand for it. Since we are offering a ten-shilling book-token for the first correct solution, it cannot be expected that the working be easy. Nevertheless, we would welcome comments from the sixth on the difficulty or otherwise of the competition so that we may fix accurately the appropriate level of difficulty—if indeed there is any need for adjustment.

We were very pleased to hear that Mr. Bull has attracted the attention of the anthologists and so enhanced his reputation as a poet. To celebrate the event Mr. Bull has written for the Magazine an article, appropriately enough, about a poet whose reputation, he feels, does not match his ability. Our congratulations also to Christine Barron who, with her partner won the Junior Mixed Doubles at the National Badminton Championships. Less pleasant news was that Mrs. Gregory had been involved in a road-accident, but, we are pleased to note, she is back at school again. Her enforced absence meant the postponement of the Sixth Form's production, "The Crucible".

Finally, we wish all those involved in public examinations good luck and friendly papers.

(Editorial Committee).

The shape of things to come

For some time now, rumours have been circulating round the school about the possibility of new, separate accommodation for the sixth form—a kind of luxury building to be run on the lines of a college. I therefore decided to investigate the matter by going to the Headmaster; for you can never rely on rumour, no matter how well-informed the source may appear to be.

Unluckily my first two encounters, without appointment, brought only the reply: "Sorry young man, can't see you today—I've got a . . ." as the Head and his voice disappeared round the corner. Eventually, after many days of patient waiting, I did manage to get an interview.

Mr. Bleasdale explained that work would begin this autumn on the erection of a new block to house about 120 people and that it was intended that the building be finished by 1970.

The building is to be a two-storey block not dissimilar in external appearance from the science-block. The new block will be a more-or-less self-contained unit in which there will be provided cloakroom, dining, social and reading accommodation for the Sixth Form.

The "feel" of the place will be rather different from the usual school atmosphere of marble corridors and wooden seats. It will be both more comfortable and quieter. Soft, upholstered seats and fitted carpets will supplement the more traditional school fittings. It is hoped that other amenities will include a more varied menu with a choice of dishes—though, of course, simple economics will restrict the number of dishes available. It seems unlikely that the new library and common room will be large enough to cater for the needs of the whole sixth form. Consequently there may be two of each. The library would have to be divided into two sections: junior and senior, to avoid the duplication of books.

The Headmaster was not very willing to make any firm or positive pronouncements on the running of the new wing. He said that nearer the time of completion he would ask for sensible suggestions from the sixth-formers and hoped that the administration of the block could be conducted with a greater degree of sixth-form participation. Even so, there would be none of the more outrageous forms of liberty. Any one who thinks in terms of the freedom to smoke in school is in for a sad disappointment.

The sixth-form wing is, as I see it, a progressive step, giving improved accommodation and a more democratic approach to school-life. However, since it will accommodate only 120 people, it is certain, even now, to be too small to cater for the fast-rising numbers in our sixth-form.

(P. Harrison, L6Sc.).

Ex Libris

Even those among you who are not well acquainted with the school library cannot have failed to notice that there have been great changes recently. We hope that our labours shall not be in vain.

The old library was considered by everyone to be much too small for the needs of a school the size of Balshaw's. After considering many ideas for improving the existing library, it was decided that the best thing to do was to move the books to another, larger room. Mr. Downer, Mrs. Hardwick and Mr. Shackleton planned and executed the operation.

The remarkable muscular power of the fourth-form boys really came into its own in the first manoeuvres, which consisted generally in hauling large, dusty boxes of weighty books to room 12 where they were stored over the holidays. Immediately after the Christmas holidays the sixth-form librarians, helped by some fifth-form girls, began the task of placing the books on their new shelves. Mr. Downer presided over the operation, wise and omniscient, Mrs. Hardwick handled the public relations side while Mr. Shackleton was in charge of the supply-lines, regulating the flow of books.

Surprisingly quickly, the new library began to take shape. Laboriously we thundered through the pages of the "Dewey Classification Book", separating and cataloguing books on all topics, and trolleys bearing "Roderick Random" and "The Greek Lexicon" sped from section to section. Despite the enormity of the task and the delay in the arrival of new furniture the new library was completed before half-term, largely in dinner hours.

At the moment the library is fully operational and seems to be well used by both pupils and staff. New features have been introduced: a reference section has been started and each of the various sections is being constantly supplemented.

The position of the new library is a definite advantage, away from the congestion near the entrance, the hall, the staff-rooms and the staircase. The noise-level is considerably reduced and the quietness is enhanced by the very pleasant view of the grounds from the windows, providing a more soothing atmosphere altogether.

We are much indebted to Mr. Downer, Mrs. Hardwick and Mr. Shackleton and we hope that their efforts will be rewarded by the careful and considerate use of our new facilities.

(Jacqueline Wade, L6A.).



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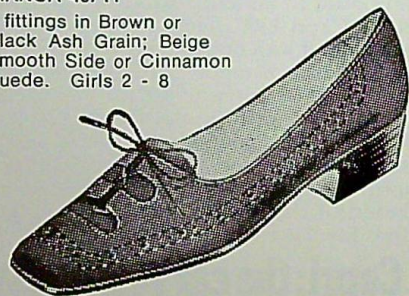
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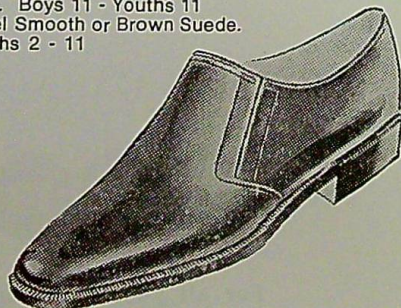


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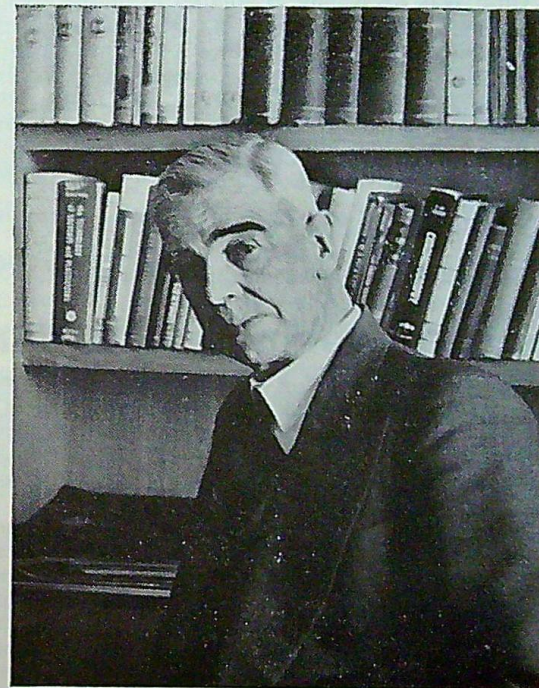
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Mr. R. W. Lunn, C.B.E.

We are very sorry to have to announce the death of Mr. R. W. Lunn, C.B.E., a foundation governor of the School. Unfortunately his death occurred just as the last edition of "The Balshavian" was being printed; so it has been necessary to hold up the obituary until this current issue.



Mr. Lunn joined the Leyland and Birmingham Rubber Company in 1918. He very quickly came to hold a responsible position in the company and by 1930 had become a director. In 1959 Mr. Lunn was appointed chairman and held that position until he retired in March, 1968.

His contribution to the company was considerable; in the 1920's he produced a series of papers introducing entirely new conceptions of the physical structure of natural rubber—nor were his activities confined to strictly industrial or scientific matters.

He was a man deeply concerned with his company and for all those who worked in it. He cared for his employees as if they were his family. Much of his work during the last twenty years in the rubber industry was connected with the

prevention of accidents that were common among the workers in rubber. His work in this direction reached its climax when he developed and applied what are now known as the Lunn Safety Principles. For this and for his other valuable contributions to accident-prevention in the Rubber Industry he was awarded, in 1955, the C.B.E. Some years before this award he had been the first recipient of the Hancock Medal of The Institution of the Rubber Industry for outstanding service.

Mr. Lunn was especially interested in young people and became a governor of our school in 1964. During 1965 the Rubber Company installed some new equipment using solid fuel; the installation was formerly opened by Lord Robens. The opportunity was too good to miss; Mr. Lunn, who was always convinced that the best service to young people was to provide incentive and encouragement for their educational advancement, persuaded Lord Robens to provide a prize to be awarded annually.

We in Leyland, and especially in this school, are indebted to Mr. Lunn.

(Carol Rennie, U6A.).

Through a looking glass, darkly

Having racked my brains to think of a title sufficiently enigmatic to cover up the lack of theme in this article, I bow to the ingenuity of the magazine committee who, following in the steps of the previous committee, will slowly drive themselves insane trying to formulate suitable headings for other similarly obscure works.

To return to the article proper, consider the profound philosophical thought: that time distorts the truth. Is it not true that looking back on our childhood days we see them sunnily through a rose-coloured haze? Life was so much simpler then. Significantly perhaps it is the time before I started school that now seems most memorable. I can never remember feeling tired; I regarded sleep as a fatuous waste of time invented by adults for the sole purpose of getting a few hours of peace and quiet. To prove my utter disregard for the idea I once tried wearing my Tee-shirt and shorts under my pink flanelette pyjamas with teddy-bears on. I did not believe in staying in bed a moment longer than was necessary. Before you rush out and try the idea for yourselves, I must warn you that it is rather hot and uncomfortable and terribly easy to strangle yourself.

But life was much more pleasant in many ways. These were endless days—or so it seems—with nothing to do but play. And when school did start, it was exciting—although one or two people (whose names I shall tactfully withhold since they would scarcely have the scandal proclaimed in the Common Room) cried for their mummies. Yet what could be more absorbing than drawing little houses and trains, or

weighing bags of beans or pretending to be a tin-soldier with stiff legs? We conveniently forget the unpleasant times.

To carry the argument a stage further, is this not why the juniors seem less obedient and certainly much more impudent than we imagine we were at the same age? Prefectorial mutterings have been heard to echo along the sacred corridors: "I'm sure we were never so bad" or "I was terrified of the prefects when I was in the first form."

Think about children's television. I was, until recently, firmly convinced that the programmes now screened were not half as good as those of ten years ago. What could equal the thrill-packed tension of "The Railway Children" where the little girl ripped up her red flannel petticoat to make a danger flag and save the train from catastrophe? Only the subtleties of "The Magic Roundabout". But were those earlier programmes really so scintillating? If you watch a programme that has been running long enough for you to make a comparison between your reaction five or six years ago and your reaction now, it may reveal the illusions you preserve about the past. Unfortunately, the only programme I could find on which to conduct this superb psycho-analytical test was "The Woodentops". Not exactly the material I was looking for but one cannot have everything. The drama ensuing from Spotty Dog's knocking over the milk pail on Mrs. Woodentop's clean kitchen floor, was not up to the standard I had expected. Perhaps these things were really much the same in the past as they are now. The thought is sufficiently depressing to be conceivably true.

Indeed the more closely one thinks about the past, the less attractive it becomes. In fact it is all rather embarrassing. I can remember insisting that everybody had to watch Andy Pandy come out of his basket—just in case he got stuck! Then there was the time I gaily jumped in the sixteen-foot-deep-end when I could not swim; or the day I managed to plough my bicycle into a stationary car which just happened to be in the way. The worst time was when I developed a craze for do-it-yourself presents—apologies to "Blue Peter". One six-foot-tall-crepe-paper-Christmas-tree would have sufficed. Two were rather overfacing. Of course, it is because these things happened such a long time ago that I can bear to talk about them. I have only just seen the funny side of the day I was stuck up to my knees in an extremely succulent swamp. I am still not amused by another nameless sixth-former who just stood and laughed while I scream for help—a scientist, naturally.

The more I consider the past, the more pleased I am that it is indeed over. It is just as well, except that in those days I was never faced with the problems of trying to end an article for the school magazine without sounding either supercilious or sanctimonious. Perhaps I should just blurr into the page like a pop-record—trivial and unfinished.

(Dorcas Howe, U6A.).

Classics with the kids

The sight of two hundred teenagers on the platform of the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall at grips with Mendelssohn, Brahms and Handel was a welcome change from the oddities on television who drool dolefully over their departed dolls. How pleasant instead to hear some dignified music!

We left school at 3.45 p.m. as rehearsals were due to start at 5.30. On arrival at Liverpool we were provided with free cups of tea in the foyer. The pupils squatted on the floor to devour their sandwiches, though 'devour' is hardly the correct word to apply to Eileen who invariably conducts herself in the best traditions of the Girl Guides.

Janet was the most spectacular. She had brought a thermos flask full of tomato soup which she washed down with Pamela's orangeade, thus ensuring that the colours matched as they went down. In the meantime the boys had disappeared. It is remarkable how often boys of 17 disappear on the least provocation.

All around us were girls of every description—big girls grasping piccolos and small girls struggling with double basses, fat girls with flutes and tiny tots with trombones. Capacious contraltos clutched precious manuscripts to their ample diaphragms.

Rehearsals came and went and it was soon time for the concert to begin. As I sat through the first item—Mendelssohn's setting of Psalm 94 "Come Let Us Sing"—I noticed how angelic Crowe appeared in this setting. This was an aspect of Crowe's character which I had not previously suspected. Was this the boy who had skilfully manipulated the aces when playing bridge with his friends in the bus?

As I reflected how agreeable it was to sit in an atmosphere free from smoke, the orchestra embarked on the second item—Brahms' Academic Festival Overture—my favourite in the programme. This was quite a pleasing performance even though the conductor had some difficulty in keeping the cellos and violins together at one point. And what did it matter if the trombones did not quite hit the first note of a phrase? Hitting the first note is in the lap of the gods anyway.

Strauss' Tales from the Vienna Forest came next. Sally Thompson's flute warbled bewitchingly like a bird in the woods as the choir sang the tunes of this well-known waltz. At Liverpool the conductor worked hard to keep choir and orchestra together through the frequent changes of tempo, but at Blackburn the transitions were smoother.

The fourth item was four movements from Bizet's L'Arlesienne Suite which started on approximately the right note. Much to the conductor's embarrassment, the audience persisted in applauding each movement, but he rightly ignored them. After the Minuet, a baby cried out something which sounded like 'Bravo' whereupon the audience applauded more vigorously than ever.

The last item before the interval was 'Zadok the Priest' by Handel. If this composer had been living to-day he would surely have written a special flute part for Sally. As it was she sat there with folded arms, flute on knee, admiring the conductor's beard. At one point she was startled to hear the trumpets come in with a piercing blast. She looked in their direction but soon turned back to look at the conductor, apparently deciding that boys will be boys.

During the interval hundreds of school children milled around the foyer and stairways clutching Kit-Kats and cups of Coke. I gave up the unequal scramble for a cup of tea.

After the interval it was the turn of the County Youth Brass Band. The playing was neat and precise and the conductor obviously enjoyed himself. I preferred the performance at Liverpool to the one at Blackburn where I had the feeling that I was back in one of Munich's monster beer halls. Still, I suppose it is no mean achievement to play as well as a German band.

I must confess I do not like transcriptions of orchestral pieces such as 'Pique Dame'. A brass band cannot possibly get the same delicacy and variety of tone colour as a symphony orchestra. However, the brass band arrangement would no doubt go down well with those who do not know the orchestra version.

The last item—Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1—was spoilt at Liverpool by the choir being drowned by the brass, though at Blackburn this mistake was rectified. However, the composition is incongruous nowadays for it is barely conceivable that this Land of Hope and Glory will be made mightier yet when we contemplate wild-cat strikes and comprehensive education.

On the return journey, Crowe and Cronies sang (?) a most dismal ditty about a corpse in a coffin, rotting and being eaten by worms. Was this a delicate hint that Fate is about to knock at my door? If so, I consider it somewhat tactless for them to conclude with the chorus "How happy we shall be".

(B. L. Wilkinson).

Feathers

Sunday morning, bright and breezy,
Tickled noses, feeling sneezy,
Long and droopy, fluffy beauty,
High-class lady, very snooty.
Makers of a youthful feeling,
Emblems of the extra pound,
Pretty, dainty, Mother's dealing
In Dad's wages—gone aground.

(Lesley Grimshaw, 3G.).

Hockey Report



	P.	W.	D.	L.	C.
1st XI	5	2	0	3	8
2nd XI	3	1	1	3	11
U15	5	1	1	3	9
U15	1	1	0	0	10

First Team: J. Finch, J. Hodgson, K. Carr, A. K. Brown, C. Bradley, J. Procter, M. H. Wright, C. Higginson, P. Cunliffe, J. Baker, C. Barron.

This, the 1968/69 season, has been the worst for many years. No fewer than thirty-eight matches were cancelled as rain, snow and ice made conditions impossible.

At the beginning of the season all looked well; the teams were showing great potential and the first team looked especially strong with nine of last year's team still in school.

We were just beginning to get into the swing of things and to find our form when the bad weather set in and confined us indoors. It was most disheartening and, we feel sure, had the weather given us a reasonable run, we would have reached a much higher standard.

We have this year entered eight tournaments in each of which several exhausting matches were played in quick succession. Our overall performance was good and we certainly were among the better school sides, but, for some reason, actual victory eluded us for a long time even though we were always fairly near the final. Eventually the school made it. The Second Eleven played magnificently in the Fylde Tournament, and won the trophy which is now proudly on show in the display cabinet opposite the staff entrance.

The season took a turn for the worse again and we ended our programme in disappointment. The final matches against Wigan had to be cancelled; for when the weather had allowed the pitch to be made playable, an influenza epidemic spoiled it all. This was the unkindest blow of all because we had arranged a feast so that we may finish the season in style.

We thank Mrs. Pickersgill, Mr. Miller and Miss Bulmer for their patience and encouragement through the season and all those who played for the School. We wish much better weather and good fortune for the teams who will represent the School next year.

(Angela Brown, U6A.).

Rugby Report

Once again the School's First Fifteen has had a very mixed kind of season. Things began well when we won the opening games, beating Sedbergh by a handsome margin and Stonyhurst by two points in a very tight game. We also contained Kirkham, one of the strongest sides in Lancashire, until the last few minutes of the game, when they got the better of us. Even so, it was a most creditable performance. After these games we had a less successful time until Christmas, when we regained some of our early poise and determination. Although we had only two players awarded colours in the last season and less than half of last year's team, at our best, we looked a very promising side. The team was chosen from:

Challender, Baldwin, Mortimer, Saul, Kelly, Curless, Toppin, Smith (R), Chadwick, Smith (D), Clavert, Woods, Parker, Sharples, Miller, Bonney, Hargreaves.



The second fifteen under the captaincy of Kerfoot, again had a rather poor season. One of the greatest difficulties that faces our second teams is that they have very few fixtures and so, little opportunity to strike real form. Most of the schools we play do not arrange second fifteen fixtures; it is not easy to maintain a side at a good pitch when weeks pass between games.

The season came to a close with the Fylde Sevens Competition. The eventual winners were Cowley who beat Marple Hall G.S. in the final. We got through the first round of the competition by beating Chetham's Hospital 10—5, but went out in the second round by 8—6 to Fleetwood G.S. The Losers' competition was won by Stonyhurst College.

The junior sides met too with mixed fortunes, the Under Fifteens winning five of their fifteen games, and the Under Thirteens, seven out of their thirteen fixtures.

(D. Baldwin, U6Sc.).

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Farington House Report

The first two thirds of the school year have not really been very successful for Farington, its main distinction being the joint holders of the Rugby Leagues Shield. However, what it has lacked in winning it has made up for in team spirit and keen co-operation, and one hopes that this enthusiasm will be rewarded in the Summer Term, especially in the Music Competition and on the Sports field.

The main social event, the House Party, which now seems in the distant past, went off smoothly, and on behalf of the House I would like to thank Mrs. Hardwick, Mrs. Nicholas and the senior girls who provided excellent refreshments. We wish, too, to thank Mr. Downer who has organised House affairs very efficiently through the year.

(Chris. McKittrick, U6A.).

Cuerden House Report

The House has once again excelled itself on the sports field. Following the success of the girls in the Hockey Leagues, the boys were joint winners of the Rugby Leagues. The House that shared the championship was Farington. We also reached the Knock-Out Final. Our greatest achievement however, was in winning the Singleton Cup. The competition was decided in a sixth-form game with Clayton which we won by 11 points to 5. We were especially pleased to win this competition because last year we lost the Cup on a points average and no decision which is not clear-cut seems satisfactory; so we thin kit poetic justice that we should win it outright this year.

After the Easter break we hope to retain the cross-country championship for the third consecutive year. The juniors have already set us well on the way by establishing a useful lead. Stephen Bonney is working very hard too on the competitors for the sports in the hope of retaining the championship.

We had hoped to hold the House Party on St. Valentine's Day, but this was not possible and in spite of the fact that it had to be reorganised at very short notice, it was a great success. After the customary games for the lower school, we sat back to enjoy a comedy-film. Next came light entertainment from John Dawson and the Cuerden Cuties, and folk-songs from David Lawrie and Frank Crowe. As usual the staff organised the event most efficiently and we thank Mr. Hilditch, Mr. Rigby, Miss Thompson and Miss Rosbotham for their efforts in the party and through the term.

(John Chadwick, U6A.).

Worden House Report

We of Worden are pleased to report a successful year so far—especially for the boys, who played magnificently to win the rugby knock-out competition. We did less well in the rugby leagues but still performed creditably as did the girls in the hockey knockouts. Unfortunately most of the sporting ability among the girls in the House is concentrated among the younger members. This means, of course, that they always have to play against older and more experienced players. Nevertheless, they battled on gamely to become joint-winners of the hockey leagues with Cuerden.

Our House Party was extremely well attended and enjoyed. The Christmas spirit was rife at the time and a festive occasion was enjoyed by all. Our rather more adventurous refreshments were well received and for this we extend our thanks to Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Mears without whose assistance the party would have been a less tasty event. Once again Mr. Wilkinson successfully arranged the games at the beginning of the party, adding to the fun by producing prizes of sweets from an apparently bottomless suitcase.

We would like to thank all our members for their support this year and we hope that they will do us as well in the forthcoming Sports and House Music Competition.

Carol Rennie and David Baldwin).

Clayton

We wish to thank all those who have taken part in our House's activities during the past season. Although we have not done outstandingly well on the Sports field, the girls managed to win the Hockey Knockouts with convincing victories over Cuerden and Worden. The junior boys finished second in the cross-country. On the social side the House Party seemed to go very well and we hope that everyone who attended it had an enjoyable time.

We also take great pleasure in welcoming Mr. Rowley as our new Assistant Housemaster, in place of Mr. Holmes, and hope that he will enjoy being with us for a good many years.

We thank Miss Doherty, Mrs. Pickersgill, Mr. Smith and Mr. Rowley for their help and guidance and hope that our members support us as loyally and well in the coming term as they have in the past.

(Christine Barron, Valerie Dalton & Frank Crowe).

The Year in Focus

The committee of Focus, the middle school society born last September, found themselves faced with a problem which was no less difficult for having been forseen some considerable time ago. The society had to cater for the interests of pupils in the school ranging from the more microscopic members of the Third Form, to the towering giants (physically and intellectually) of the Fifth. It was decided that the 68/9 programme should be a combination of full length feature films, shorter documentaries, with debates and two mysterious "Record Sessions" to be held at lunchtime. The success of this choice can perhaps be judged from the fact that the society enjoyed the eager support of the First and Second Forms, who swelled the ranks as associate members, and of the Sixth Form, who swelled the coffers as paying guests at more than one film.

These long serving members, who had come up the hard way, via the Junior and Fourth Form Societies, realised that the Summer term offers too many diversions for effective society activity, and consequently, our programme came to a close in March. Even then, the fine weather was considerably reducing attendance figures at the lunchtime meetings, to such an extent, in fact, that on one occasion, staff and projectionists almost outnumbered the audience!

The programme started in fine style, however, with three short films and "The Great Race" in three consecutive weeks, and although the latter film had already been seen by many of the audience, they evidently thought it of sufficiently high quality to merit a second viewing. During the dark days of Winter, members continued to brave the elements for the sake of seeing the feature films, and to brave the documentaries for the sake of avoiding the weather. (Royal Doulton pottery, I mean, really!). "Charade", and even the grisly "Lord of the Flies" drew large audiences, but without a doubt, the greatest response was to the magnificent performances of Peter O'Toole and Richard Burton in "Becket".

The first, and as it transpired, only Record Session, rapidly developed into a running battle between the staff, whose main concern was to keep the volume down, and the numerous D.J.'s who all seemed to prefer different records, the audience being meanwhile reduced to the role of helpless, if vociferous, bystanders.

The Balloon Debate suffered not only from a lack of preparation on the part of the speakers, but also from the middle school diseases of apathy, and the desire to be entertained, so that participation from the floor was minimal. The second debate, "That this house believes students should be seen and not heard" was more successful, the speakers having obviously worked hard on their speeches, and all present were deeply involved in the discussion when the bell for the afternoon session forced the chairman to close the meeting.

In all, it would appear that the more traditional features of the programme enjoyed greater success than the experimental innovations but falling is part of flying, and we are already looking forward to next year's activities. Maybe YOU can suggest something?

(S. Winberg et al).

Sixth Form Society

If you should chance to hear great and feverish activity coming in waves of sound from room 19 during the time that is more usually set aside for lunchtime recreation, do not be alarmed. It is not the sound of dissenting librarians holding a strike meeting for better conditions; it is the sound of your ever-faithful Sixth Form Committee dreaming the impossible dream and so on, working wonders, gaining for your special benefit entry into atomic power stations, newspaper offices and theatres, making arrangements for films to be shown in the common room, organising dances, discussions and record sessions.

Nor do their labours go entirely unrewarded; for though the reaction to their efforts is on occasions mixed, attendances are usually very good—especially visits and the end-of-term dances, occasions of great social moment. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that films and record sessions are less faithfully attended, and that the occasions tend to pass off with an air of apathy. It seems strange that out of a total of nearly 180 sixth-formers we can muster no more than a couple of dozen for films which, when all is said and done, are very much more recent than those shown on television and certainly more interesting. In a great many cases, films which were not long before their showing in the common room packing them in to the town and city cinemas, are almost ignored by our members.

Often we scratch our heads and wonder what form of entertainment could meet with universal approval. Clearly dances and visits cannot be held every week. But we shall persevere.

(M. J. Dunn, L6A).

The Knitters

The knitting circle was started by the C.E.M. for the purpose of knitting blankets. We meet each lunch time in Rooms nine and ten to knit blankets, six-inch square by six-inch square, till a blanket is done. We enjoy it, naturally, and it keeps us off the corridors—but that isn't why we knit. We knit the blankets for Biafran refugees that are suffering and starving as a result of their civil war. It is just as easy as feeling sorry and much more pleasant—so why not join us?

(The Knitters).

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In Search

On the 29th of March we were to report on the Chorley Hockey Tournament, he said. What a better place to go, thought we, than Chorley to do our reporting? After all, there was a kind of logic in it, Chorley being Chorley.

Came the dawn and we were up with it, all enthusiasm and lack of bias. We discovered that it is cold that early in the morning; so we put on our black-and-white scarves and bobble-hats, not biased or anything like that you understand. On our arrival at Chorley Grammar School we found a lot of green and blue stripes and he-man legs. Even at that time in the morning and at that distance we thought to ourselves these don't look much like hockey-players—not the same grace, not the same elegance, and altogether too many muscles. Rugby teams! That's what they were, rugby teams! So we hollered to the referee. Was this the wrong place to find a hockey tournament? The only hockey tournament he had heard of was at Wellfield, or was it Worden? Well, as you can imagine, that sapped our enthusiasm a bit. Travelling in the wrong direction in the cold light of an early morning is not really our cup of tea.

But we gritted our teeth and made a feeble attack on Wellfield. Ingham said that we had to keep calm; for we were now in control of the situation. With steady breath we entered the Wellfield grounds, full of assurance and Ingham's calm—and then panicked. Off we went like shots out of a gun, straight to the playing-fields without asking. We could see four teams, two of which were playing soccer. This, too, did not look much like a hockey tournament. The soccer match was quite interesting; so we watched it a while before trailing on to Worden. Somehow we both trusted the other and moved in a sort of compromise direction. "Where's Worden?" I asked. Ingham did not know either—he thought I was taking him! Still, telephone directories are a mine of information. The only 'phone box we could find was unusually popular among those seeking shelter from the rain, but our turn came. And what a directory—a bedraggled, rain-sorry spectacle with its pages stuck together! "Found it," he said and patiently read out: "Worden School, Leyland". A great help! That did it! Home, James!

On our way through Leyland we came across a female sixth former sitting idle in a fruit shop. She knew where Worden was. Turn right, right again, then left. Off we went on our unsponsored walk, tired, weary, wet and all for the magazine. Then on the horizon, unmistakably, school bicycle sheds. At Worden two hockey teams were gossiping to each other. Again unlikely. Obviously we had lost the scent. "Ring him", said one of us—don't remember which. A small boy was wittling away at the remains of a telephone-box with his penknife, but the instrument worked. We rang School first and were told quite firmly that the

tournament was being held at Chorley Grammar School. Well, that was more than we could stand—so we did ring him. Our last sixpence went into the slot, but this being a dodderly sort of contraption, we were surprised to see sixpences shower out of the reject-slot. We had hit the Jackpot! But he was out.

We made for our fire and rang again from there—it cost us nothing. He suggested that an account of our wandering might be amusing.

We have since discovered that the tournament was held at both Wellfield and Worden, and that the tournament concerned only four teams. No wonder we could not find them! However, we are pleased to report that our teams won both tournaments and have medals to prove it. The trophies are on display in the school cabinet. And we got a cold.

(N. Hoskinson and M. Ingham, L6A.).

Storm

Roars of sudden thunder,
Brilliant streaks of lightning
Lighting up the sky,
Fattened drops of rain that fall,
Faster and
Faster—
Another clap of thunder,
Another
Streak of lightning—
Then
The thunder doesn't roar
And no lightning-flash.

(Susan Isherwood, 2F1).

Mad Dogs and

Trapped
Between dust-covered grass verges,
The black, rubber-coated tarmac
Shimmers its way to the horizon,
Unmoved by the tyres' relentless pounding.
Tired lorry-drivers chewing gum,
Bulging out of their sweat-soaked vests,
Eyes screwed up against the sun;
Children, bleary-eyed in hot, black cars,
Mesmerised by stroboscopic lines,
Wait for the sun to go away.

(Dawson, L6Sc.).

Friday night and Saturday morning

At four o'clock every Friday, when most people are rushing home to get their weekly dose of "Crackerjack", a small minority among us trudges to its weekend job, in search of cash. The jobs vary from helping on farms to waiting-on in restaurants, but the most usual type of weekend job is helping in a supermarket.

Supermarket-work falls into two categories: either working on the till (affectionately known as "Till-bashing") or filling up the customers' bags or the shelves. Most people prefer to fill the shelves because much of the time is spent in the warehouse, well away from the eagle-eye of the manager and, more important, away from the always-right customers. If you are unfortunate enough to be involved in serving the public, your patience is most sorely tried. To give you some idea of the kind of situation in which you find yourself—the greengrocer was asked for five pounds of potatoes, but would he please make them all small ones as the customer had a long way to walk. Other requests we have had have been for "constipated orange-juice" and "nut biscuits". We also serve a number of the more straightforwardly awkward customers who can never quite believe that the goods you have packed in their bags are the same as the ones they bought, nor that you have packed them at all. It is hard, too, to find room in the bottom of bags to pack the shopping in—often the bags already contain month-old tacky toffee remains and we have even opened a bag only to discover a poodle disputing the packer's right of access.

Stocktaking is the real nightmare. We know that there are 337 pairs of rubber gloves in stock; we know because we counted them all, one by one. And of all days on which to conduct this operation, and of all times, they choose after hours on Saturday.

(Linda Pedley, Susan Swift and Pauline Gettins).

Artists

What would you do without us? Festive decorations for House Party and Dance, posters, scenery—these do not, unfortunately, just materialise. Yes, tucked away in our little cell, the magicians of the art world toil and perspire to satisfy your aesthetic demands.

At any time you may find us among the cardboard and paint. If you peep through the fairy grotto of tinsel-glitter or behind the winged fantasies to Bill and Ben sprawled on the floor, you may catch a glimpse of paintbrush sweeping gracefully across paper, manipulated of course by a dexterous hand and followed with a furrowed but eager brow.

What do we do in Sixth Form Art? Well, between blocking sinks with plaster of Paris and toiling till midnight on those architecture essays, let's face it folks, anything can happen.

In preparing for our future careers in art schools and colleges, we try our hand at whatever is within or without our limits, and, above all, we enjoy ourselves.

There is more than one way of skinning a cat—and more than one way of painting—most of them very jolly and quaint. There was the time we swung plastic, paint-filled bottles Tarzan-like over large pieces of paper. The effect was very good, especially on the floor—until it came to mopping up. Then we projected glorious multi-coloured patterns onto a screen with polaroid lenses and melted a pair of sunglasses.

We are devoted creatures, serving the cause of Art. We suffer, too. Hours we have spent on Preston Docks making sketches and paintings despite what you might loosely term distractions. We sat for hours in the Turkish-Bath atmosphere of the greenhouse as well, striving through our perspiration to form a pictorial composition. But is it worth it? It is psychologically good for us: we make effigies of each other, without or without holes, or heads. It is, in our own little room, a crowded but homely atmosphere and it provides us with a release from our frustrations and an escape from the demands of existence. What would we do without our little art-room?

(Christine Walsh, L6A.)

Advertising and the Balshavian

A SURVEY

The magazine committee was a little startled to hear that the chairman of a leading advertising agency had said in public that seventy-five per cent of outlay on advertising was a waste of money. If indeed the chairman was being serious, it was a startling announcement both because the amount of money so wasted is incalculable and because by making such an announcement he seemed to be damaging his own company's image. We could not let this pass and decided to check the truth of his allegation by running a survey among the forms from the third year to the sixth—assuming, of course, that all pupils below the third year would be early to bed and so miss I.T.V.'s intensive bombardment of the subconscious. One hundred pupils were given a list of items and asked to assume that they had been sent shopping by their mothers. Each general item had four brand-alternatives, and each pupil had to select one of the brands assuming all four and no other to be in stock. The results were matched against advertising-time on Television and from these figures we drew our conclusions. Of course, we accept that our survey can apply only to the schoolboy's shopping habits and has no necessary relevance to the psychology of Mums. Even

so, we do not feel it likely that the variation between Mum's choice and ours will be very great; so the figures will, we hope, reflect what is in general true of the buying public. After all, many of the choices made by the pupils will be governed by the sure knowledge that Mum can't tell Stork from butter.

The survey did in some measure support the theory that it is very easy to waste money by ineffective advertising, but it also showed quite clearly that not to advertise at all considerably reduces the sales potential of your product. The quality, not the quantity of the advertising seems to be the most important factor in boosting sales.

Each set of brand names was arranged in order of the intensity of the advertising campaigns and the only positive result that became immediately obvious from the answers was that number four in each set (the one that received no publicity on the Television screen, or very little publicity) had a potential sales-figure of only 12% and most of that twelve per cent was accounted for by only one product. Clearly, not to advertise at all is a mistake.

The other 88% of potential sales was divided equally among the other three advertised groups of products, but in general, there was no special reward for the one that spent most time, and therefore, money on salesmanship. Indeed, some of the most intensive campaigns led to the poorest return. Bristow's Lanolin Shampoo and New Zealand butter are two cases in point. Both have advertised very widely, but neither of them recorded more than a 12% success. If, as we suspect, it is the quality of the advertisement that sells, then clearly there must be something wrong with the approach of these two advertisements. In fact, both are plain statements of the quality of the product; but significantly, both are short of pictorial interest; there is nothing to catch the eye, and by catching the eye, involve the imagination so that it may invest the product with some remarkable quality.

Of the most successful products, five cornered nearly 70% of their respective markets: P.G. Tips, Kellog's Corn Flakes, Robertson's Jam, Silvikrin Shampoo and Bird's Eye.

One obvious factor common to all five of these advertisements is that each of them has a recognisable picture which is an essential part of the appeal made, and all these pictures are in some way connected with either nature or the natural world. Somehow, we are persuaded that to buy these particular brands is in the days of chemicals and harsh ingredients, to return to natural goodness. The sun shines its vitamins down on all those who eat nature's own breakfast, Grannie's honestly made rural jams are made even more honestly, a big and rolling arable land guarantees the purity of all that comes from her, and the best way by far of guaranteeing your hair's health is to encourage and stimulate the oils that naturally condition your most important beauty-aid. But perhaps the master-stroke and certainly the most impressive advertising gimmick is to suggest that by drinking a certain brand of tea,

you are being kind to monkeys, and ten thousand chimpanzees can't be wrong. The successful message is that if it's natural it's good.

The next most successful group of advertisements was that which suggested that a product brings glamour and success to your life. In spite of its persistent claims, Camay does not create nearly as effective an image as does Lux. But Catherine Boyle and copious lather is hardly as appealing as the thought that by washing in Lux, you can rival nine out of every ten film stars. Black Magic, too, provides a rich, classy world into which you can munch your diamond-studded way, as anonymous French craftsmen make each piece for you, by hand. It is rather like having your own caviarre flown over specially.

The third most effective form of advertisement is that kind of campaign built up slowly and unspectacularly over the years—slow, persistent, gentle persuasion. Heinz Soups and Persil reap the reward of years of patience and, for the Balshavian, handsomely outsell their rivals.

You may, of course, object that your choice is not influenced by advertisement at all but that you buy Persil, Heinz, Bird's Eye and so on because they represent the best quality, and experience, or your mother's experience, has taught you to distinguish between the new, cheap, the flashy and that which has consistently shown merit and value over the years. And you may be right, but you cannot be sure why you originally established your particular brand-loyalty. Was it a clever advertisement that led you, or your mother, to try the make that is now habitually so good?

One thing is clear above all others: the right kind of advertisement makes a very great difference to the climate of public opinion surrounding the product. But, then, that is the public and the public is other people, not us.

(M. J. Dunn, L6A.)

Brass

You may have wondered what causes the noises that come every Monday at one o'clock from room 22. Well, the higher-pitched sniggering noises are made by the trumpets of Boocock and Norris; the rasps come from the second trumpets of Farrow and Earl; the sliding raspberries are blown by our tame trombonists, Baybutt and Eagle, while the most vulgar oompahs come from Loftus's treble euphonium.

We are tutored by Mr. Evans, an ex-Balshavian, and though we are short of instruments (all the school's stock has been loaned to the current members of the Brass Group), we would be very happy to welcome new members. If you have an instrument of your own, why not apply for membership to Mr. Evans?

(D. Loftus, 3G.)

The Problems of a Christian

Being a Christian is not exactly a disadvantage—more of a difficulty. If it is known that you are a Christian, every word you speak, every move you make is watched with great curiosity. It is like living your life in public, your every thought and smile subject to the nod of approval or the smile of criticism. It is not really that people mean to be demanding or unkind in any way, but they believe that a Christian is somehow different from them and so worthy of observation. This means, of course, that the Christian is quite automatically in a position of responsibility; not that he is specially qualified to bear it, but it is his whether he likes it or not.

It is a strange thing that every one who is not a Christian has very firm and uncompromising views on exactly what Christianity is. Superhuman standards of behaviour are expected of anyone who believes in God, and this is worrying because no matter how unrealistic or mistaken such demands may be, it seems that if you contravene in any way the standards set by others, you are letting down the reputation of your faith. Our short-comings are taken to be evidence of the weakness of Christianity itself.

Perhaps the most alarming of our difficulties is in merely talking about our religion. All too readily people will attack our belief, ridicule it, scorn it; but we may not preach. Very few non-Christians are prepared to accept that one speaks as a Christian without preaching. Most of the points we would wish to make in defence of our faith are declared inadmissible on the grounds that we are not being invited to give a sermon. It is all very odd—and very frustrating.

The only way to convince people that Christianity works is not to argue about this or that phenomenon, but to show them by example. This is, of course, extremely difficult, because you can never match up to people's expectations of your behaviour; and though we try to give of our best in lessons, there is always someone who is better—often a great deal better. For mere mortals, convincing people that Christianity is good, is very nearly impossible.

Nevertheless, a belief in God is an enormous help in dealing with one's own day-to-day problems. It does not make them disappear like magic, but it does give you strength to face them in a way that you would otherwise probably never manage. Psychological you say. Perhaps, but I prefer to think it something greater than that.

(Tina Griffiths, 4/5).

Scientists Wax Poetical

WRITINGS OF A CYNIC

We've been told to write a poem.
Heaven knows what's goin'
On this paper, stained with ink:
Frustrated tears, snips of boredom—
Suddenly my conscience calls
From cobwebs in dark, dank halls
Of mind—yes, mind.
You did not suspect
Did you, that children of science? . . . but yet . . .
You said, dear Sir, in one brief lesson,
To command our thoughts in one session
Of mature pity for the dying,
Homeless, starving, snivelling, lying,
Burning, protesting, wondering, sighing,
Self-centred, gossiping, unfeeling, bullying,
Thoughtless strips of worthless humanity,
With floral wallpaper bearing down
On books of Physics and dusty corners,
On wandering minds, on one great question:
What are we doing here? Where are we going?
Why do people pretend that they care
About others starving Devil-knows where?
Why are they shocked when people die
Trying to make people wonder why?
Still bodies of youths, bowed figures of mothers;
Why do they matter above all others
As long as people are around to see?
Oh, this confounded, thick-headed humanity!
No one really cares;
They have their religion.
Religion, the blood of civilization—
Civilization: take care of yourself and hide behind religion.
To sacrifice the person for the cause,
To have to make unnatural laws,
To gossip, to fear, to show no emotion,
To live and hide in great commotion.
Please, God, stop . . .
Life is wrong
It's twisted, warped; it staggers along
Like a blind man stumbling Heaven-knows-where—
To Freedom? Life? To really care?
Perhaps to a cliff with a fast-crumbling ledge,
And then what? Well, think—you are there.
Do you still pretend to care?

(Elaine Ramsbottom, L6Sc.).

Mr. Ramm

We were very fortunate to find, in Mr. Ramm, a temporary replacement for Mr. Gorton. Indeed it was a rather unusual sequence of events that led to his appointment here at Balshaw's.



Mr. Ramm and his wife were about to sail for Nigeria in November of last year to work in association with the Sudan United Mission, an interdenominational missionary society; but civil war between Federal Nigeria and the breakaway state of Biafra caused the missionary society to delay the sailing of its missionaries. Understandably, they did not wish to find themselves in the position of having to ship back to England people they had only just shipped out to Nigeria.

In anticipation of the voyage, Mr. Ramm had resigned from his teaching-post in London at the end of August and consequently found himself, in September, without a job. During November and December he worked in a corn mill and in the meantime applied, successfully, for the temporary post as teacher of mathematics at Balshaw's.

In January, 1965, Mr. Ramm was called by God, a call which for him came in the form of a deeper insight into the value of agricultural missionary work. God spoke to him through the Bible and in particular through the words of Christ: "As the Father has sent me, even so send I you." This message was strengthened for him by the parable of the talents in which men were commended for the degree to which they utilised the gifts they were given. He feels that God was, through the Bible, telling him that he should use his

abilities in the most useful and productive way. So it was that he applied to a missionary college and began the course in September, 1965. Here he became especially interested in the agricultural programme of the Sudan United Mission called "Faith and Farm"—hence his intention to go to Nigeria.

"Faith and Farm" seeks to help people in a practical, physical way as well as in spiritual terms. Farmers are helped by the introduction of relatively new methods such as the use of bulls and a single-furrow plough as opposed to the primitive hand-hoe. Fertilizers, insecticides and newer improved strains of crops are used to increase yields and cut down losses in storage. Christian farmers supply neighbours with modern materials, demonstrating that God is interested in the whole of man's life and experience. In addition to practical help, the mission sets up training-centres for young men, who later go out to farm their own land more productively.

It has often been said that it is wrong to interfere with a people's way of life. However, Mr. Ramm and his wife cannot accept this. Certainly, as a missionary, one is the guest of the nation in which one stays and so should understand the traditions and culture of its society; but the only way to God is through Jesus Christ, and it is, therefore, essential to introduce Christianity if the missionary is to achieve his aim. If this is interference, it is certainly not wrong. What is more, Christian missionaries are in Nigeria because the Nigerians themselves wish them to be there.

Many people object, too, that there is enough Christian work to be done in this country without going overseas—that one should set one's own house in order first. Mr. Ramm concedes that there is clearly much to be done in England but points out that it is part of his belief that God has a plan for the life of every Christian. This plan may be for some individuals that they work here at home, but for others the call may be to go overseas—as the Christian is concerned only with doing the will of God.

The civil war in Nigeria is a difficult business. Basically it is a conflict between two tribes, the Hausa and the Ibo. The Ibo broke from Federal Nigeria and now seek to hold the independence they gained by doing so, but their territory is valuable and the Federal Government seeks to enforce re-unification, seeing Biafra as part of Nigeria. There seems to be no easy solution and Mr. Ramm does not feel that he can make any forecasts as to the likely outcome, but hopes only that a speedy solution can be found to relieve the country of its protracted suffering and inhumanity. The politics of the problems are not in the province of Mr. Ramm and he is not concerned with taking sides—only with the hope of a settlement.

The actual date for Mr. Ramm's sailing is not yet fixed.

but it seems likely that although they had originally hoped to sail after the Summer term, their going to Nigeria may well be delayed for a couple of years. Whenever they go, we wish them well.

(M. Ingham, L6A.).

FABCAT

Those people who spend their lunch hour circumnavigating the science block will probably have noticed three or more boys slaving over a hot soldering iron in the Physics Workshop.

These boys are building the F.A.B.C.A.T.—or, to give it its full title, the Fast Acting Binary Counter and Timer. A nucleus of three boys is spasmodically helped, or hindered as the case may be, by a number of other enthusiasts.

We would like to clarify here and now exactly what F.A.B.C.A.T. is. Contrary to popular opinion it is neither a computer nor a bomb, nor a radio, nor simply a thing. It is in essence a high-speed electronic counter. It is fully transistorized and if you are interested, it contains 36 transistors, about 160 resistors and numerous capacitors, inductors, diodes, rectifiers and so on.

Basically this counter counts in the binary as opposed to the denary system. The denary system is the one everyone uses with numbers 0 to 9; the binary system has only two digits 0 and 1. This is very useful as a one can be represented by a switched-on bulb, and nought by an unlit bulb. This is the basis of F.A.B.C.A.T. However, some slight modifications have been made to make it easier to read the number displayed on the counter.

To enable us to count bigger numbers, there is a mechanical counter operated by an electro-magnet on the end of the faster switching electronic part. This enables us to count up to one hundred million at up to about fifty thousand times a second. By attaching various sensors we can count such things as objects passing through a beam of light (extremely useful for counting your fingers). We are planning, too, to put on a device that will switch the counter on for one second or a tenth of a second very accurately and if we put a high frequency signal into it we can find what the frequency is very much more accurately than by conventional means.

The counter is very little affected by temperature and so remains accurate in all our room temperatures.

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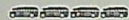


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Mount Grace

These are the days of reorganization. All across the country the position of the grammar school is being slowly but surely eroded and the protagonists of the various causes are taking up cudgels and doing battle. It is not my intention here to argue the case for any particular form of education, but simply to explain life as I found it in one of the first comprehensive schools to be built in this country.

Many people have a horror of new schools—apart from any resentment there may be against a system that threatens the existence of the grammar school, modern buildings are often thought to be simply ugly, squared-off concrete and glass jutting into the sky. Mount Grace was established in 1958 on a site that had previously been the grounds of a manor house. The natural beauty of the environment was carefully preserved when the school was planned. The wooded walks of the manor house are now the footpaths that wind through lawns. Even the squirrels have stayed on in the trees.

The sheer size of the school is, of course, a problem. It has been necessary for administrative convenience to divide the school into two separate units half a mile apart, a lower and an upper school, with the change-over taking place at the end of the second year. Nevertheless, there is a strong corporate spirit in the school. The house system is very strong and competition for the House Trophy is keen. Societies, too, provide a variety of interests that enable the school to function effectively as a social unit.

With so many pupils to supervise, the teachers would obviously have difficulty in keeping an eye on any mischievous characters there may be in school; so there is a large number of prefects in the upper sixth and a posse of monitors in the fifth form whose job it is to seek out offenders. Neither the prefects nor the monitors have the power to punish but must report wrongdoers to the member of staff on duty who decides the severity of the punishment, usually detention—or, in the case of one teacher, a midday car-wash. The policy of the school is, however, to encourage self-discipline by treating the pupils as reasoning, responsible young men and women. The system has, on the whole, worked very successfully. Of course, there is always a minority for whom no system would work, but that does not invalidate the overall success, nor the worth of the attempt.

An essential part of the school is the council. This is made up from two representatives from each year in the school, who discuss reforms and regulations or alterations to school affairs. It often happens that such councils can be ineffective simply because no one takes any notice of them, but in the case of Mount Grace a great deal has been achieved.

They have managed to persuade the authorities to fit a fire-escape, change the material used for the girls' uniform and supply new dining-room furniture.

The school does suffer, in some respects, from the proximity of two fashionable grammar schools and, of course, some of the parents in the district choose to send their children to Barnet or Enfield. It is difficult, therefore, to compare performance in public examinations, since so many of the pupils at Mount Grace take C.S.E. Percentages are meaningless. Even so, the results have been most creditable. Last summer, thirty-seven fifth-formers passed in five or more subjects in G.C.E. at Ordinary Level and eighty-four in less than five subjects. Only a few of our pupils stay on into the sixth form; for most of those with serious ambitions toward A-Level go to Barnet or Enfield. Nevertheless, thirteen of the upper sixth last year passed in three subjects, thirteen in two subjects and eight in one subject.

In a school that caters for such a wide ability-range some streaming is necessary. There are four streams, each subdivided into three groups. Each subject is setted so that a pupil who happens to be weak in one subject and stronger in another is not placed in the position of having to endure working with others who move too quickly for him in his weaker subject or too slowly in the stronger. In this way each individual pupil has a good chance in each subject to develop his special abilities to the full. In accord with the aim of equal opportunity for all, the Speech Day Prizes are awarded not according to achievement (which is often the result of ability) but for the greatest amount of progress made in the year. Service to school, house and community is especially rewarded and there are prizes for anyone who passes in more than six subjects at O-Level.

The staff and pupils of Mount Grace are rightly proud of the progress that has been made in the eleven years that the school has been open.

(Margaret Tillotson, L6A.).

New Town

The probability for many people of a considerable change in their environment as a result of the "new town" development is causing anxiety in the area of Leyland and Chorley—especially among those who are at the moment enjoying the pleasant countryside and who have carefully chosen the site of their house so that they may live in peace and rural areas, unaffected by the noise and bustle of the more concentrated forms of civilization. Now, it seems to them, they are in

danger of being built up. Because of this general fear and many others, I went to Chorley to put some questions to Mr. Kenyon, the local Member of Parliament.

We have read a great deal in the past few years of Skelmersdale and of the enormous difficulties that face the new town there. It seems that the population is more anxious to leave the area than to stay. One of the most urgent problems causing the population of the new town to become unsettled is the high rent being asked for properties in the area. I asked Mr. Kenyon if it was likely that the same thing could happen in our new town, or if the Authorities had any plan to keep rents down to a reasonable level. Mr. Kenyon's answer did little to dispel the fears of those who anticipate a high housing cost. He pointed out first of all that the actual development of the new town has nothing to do with the government—it is the province of a government body which has not yet been set up. Mr. Kenyon could not therefore give a firm answer or any assurance that rents would be held at a reasonable level beyond the statement of his own opinion that it was not necessary for rents in one area to be the same as the rents in another, since each area's rents were determined by the individual circumstances and conditions.

Many people fear new towns because they believe them to be essentially negative, taking away peace and serenity and contributing nothing to the area they swallow other than a noisy bustle of overspill. I asked Mr. Kenyon if he had any sympathy with these views. He said that he had a great deal of sympathy though added that he did not envisage this state of affairs in the Preston development. He gave reasons, too, why the nature of the development is likely to be very different from the Skelmersdale area. Skelmersdale is a straightforward overspill from Liverpool where whole communities were simply transplanted into a new area. He went on to point out that in our case, eight to ten thousand workers already travel into the area to work; they are already part of the community in some ways and it is these people who will be the first to be re-housed in the new town. There is no question of merely transferring an old community into a new environment; the new population will be drawn from a wide area.

We have heard, too, of the optimistic redevelopment of areas which have failed at least in part because of the area's inability to attract new industry to support the population. Was there any danger of a similar turn of events here? On this point Mr. Kenyon was very confident. The area has had no difficulty in attracting industry in the past—indeed, it is already a very successful part of the country. If you add to this the fact that there is at the present time special financial inducement for firms to move into development areas, the

position is very hopeful. Mr. Kenyon said that whilst he was not absolutely certain, he thought the financial inducement would be agreed by the Development Corporation and the Government.

Of course, one of the greatest dangers in developing new areas lies in the failure of the planners to provide adequate cultural and recreational facilities. The result of this is sometimes that the absence of centres of entertainment causes social discontent. People become bored, juveniles for want of something better to do take to vandalism or worse—the elderly yawn incessantly before their lonely fires and everyone becomes uneasy. This, Mr. Kenyon pointed out, is a matter for the development authority—he could not therefore give any opinion or observation.

Because planning has not always been careful enough in the past, because boredom has caused young people to enter into vandalism 'for kicks' and, moreover, because new town developments have usually in the nature of things been imposed on agricultural communities we have heard many harrowing tales of farmers losing their crops either through wilful damage or through large-scale pilfering. Certainly the farmers on the edge of Skelmersdale have made their feelings very plain on the matter. Now our area too has a great many farms and already some of the farmers are becoming apprehensive for their livelihoods. I asked Mr. Kenyon if he knew of any plans to protect the livestock and fields. Again the reply was that this was a matter for the local corporation, and he had no sure knowledge of any such measures being adopted, at least not yet.

I raised the question, too, of people who had built expensive properties in and outside villages. They naturally fear that the crowding of their houses will cause them to decline sharply in value. Mr. Kenyon was very firm on this point. The value of the houses will ("if the new town fulfils its purpose") increase, not decline. The answer seemed a little surprising, for, generally speaking, the greater the privacy, the more pleasant the view, the higher the price. Of course, the demand for houses in the area should be greater, and perhaps that would counterbalance the loss of aesthetic appeal in the surroundings. Anyway, Mr. Kenyon was quite sure.

What has caused people to become angry over the new town development, however, has been the way in which the business has been handled. To many interested parties it seems that the plans are being steam-rolled through, within the letter of the law, but allowing the minimum opportunity for objections or, at least, making objection difficult. Only twenty-eight days were allowed for objections to be lodged.

I asked Mr. Kenyon why so short a notice had been given, in view of the fact that most organizations which would be interested meet only monthly. Mr. Kenyon pointed out that twenty-eight days is the statutory time laid down, and that it was not in any way a case of sharp practice. He was quick to note that these local organizations have been meeting for the past four years. Therefore, there has been ample time for objections to have been established. In real terms, the organisations had from before Christmas until the end of January to raise objections, about five weeks in all—and this seemed reasonable.

I asked too why informative meetings had been abandoned. Again this was, he said, a statutory matter. Public meetings will be held and anyone who wishes may raise objections there.

Perhaps the most sinister-sounding of the administrative quirks is that the plans for the new town will not be produced until after the final date for objection; so, it seems on the face of it, that objections are most effectively forestalled simply because you cannot know if there is anything you find objectionable. But it is not as sinister as it seems. Mr. Kenyon pointed out that at the moment the area is only proposed; that it is not certain what exactly the area is going to be. It is therefore a waste of time to produce detailed plans when even the general outline is still unsure. People whose houses have to be demolished for the new development to take place will be able to object to the Development Authority when the details of the plans are made known. Under the new Housing Bill, the compensation terms are much more generous than before; so we are not likely to meet with the distressing situation of a man losing most of his life's investment simply because someone wishes to build a road.

The name of the new town is something we all of us know best about. Whatever name is chosen, we could all choose one better. The name it seems will probably be chosen in the end by the Minister.

Mr. Kenyon patiently answered all my questions, but it was noticeable that he was carefully avoiding giving his own opinions on the desirability of this or that. Parliament, he said, is divided on the issue, so are the Local Authorities and the Political parties; there is in all a broad measure of disagreement. Mr. Kenyon's job is to represent the will of the people—this means that he must be independent and objective and so he declined to give a personal view. He is simply a representative, albeit an important one.

(L. Counce-Peacock, L6A.).

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A Neglected Poet

The Rev. Charles Tennyson-Turner, M.A.

Charles Tennyson, the elder brother of Alfred, was born in 1809 and educated with him at Louth Grammar School by the horrendous Vicar of Louth, an experience which did not apparently sour his naturally sweet nature. He became Vicar of Grasby, near Caistor, where he spent a long and happy life and brought up his family in what his poems indicate was a gentle and civilised ambience.

His Sonnets, over 300 in number, were printed in four small collections during his life, the first in 1830 just in time for the great Coleridge to read and praise them, but they were not collected and published as a whole until 1880, after his death. In spite of the doubtless limited circulation of these small editions, he became known gradually. Henry Bradshaw, the great English scholar, was reading the 1830 sonnets at Cambridge about 1850, and speaks of them with appreciation. Alfred himself "unhesitatingly pronounced some of them among the finest of the century". What it is to have a loyal brother! However, the future Laureate may well have been right.

Palgrave, friendly with the Tennysons, must have read them carefully. He called them "idyllic, sincere, pathetic, and subtle", but did not include one in the "Golden Treasury", as far as I can verify the numerous editions of that work, (in which the poems of Marvell e.g. vary from one to six at different times).

When Alfred Miles published his "Poets and Poetry of the Century" about 1895, he included sixteen of the Sonnets, together with a short biographical note. His choice includes "Letty's Globe" and the "Lattice at Sunrise", but the other 14 are not, I think, remarkable.

Palgrave did include seven of the Sonnets in his study called "Landscape in Poetry" (1897), and wrote with appreciation of his "fine detail, tender thought" and pathetic humour", qualities which James Spedding, the editor of the 1880 "Complete Sonnets" has dwelt on. Palgrave compares Charles with William Barnes, in their "unsurpassed tenderness for childhood".

About 1900 William Sharp published "Sonnets of the 19th Century" and included five by Charles, three of them being "The Lattice at Sunrise", "The Buoybell", and "Ocean". When Grierson came to write his chapter in the Camb. Hist. later he mentioned these three, which looks as if he relied on Sharp's choice, but he made special mention of "Letty's Globe", as a sonnet "in which art and nature seem to have

combined to produce a poem surprisingly felicitous alike in conceit and execution".

It was in fact the only sonnet by Charles selected by Quiller-Couch for *The Oxford Book of Verse*, so that between them Q and Grierson may be said to have put it definitely on the literary map, at least for the time being.

When Q came later, in 1912, to choose the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, he omitted Letty, feeling perhaps that she had her place already; the four he chose were far from being among the best. Apart from the "Steam Threshing Machine" they do not impress. So far what seems to me one of the best, "The Lion's Skeleton", has not appeared in any of the selections.

At last a really good selection appeared, in Benn's well-known "Sixpenny Poetry Pamphlets", about 1930. This contains 30 or so including "Letty", "The Lion's Skeleton", "The Lattice", the "Steam Threshing Machine", and in fact most of the more noteworthy sonnets. Readers could now form a good idea of the author's work, pruned of many rather pietistic and moralistic sonnets which have no special merit; those in a "minor Wordsworthian key" as Grierson put it.

"The Lion's Skeleton" draws a grim and impressive picture of its subject, the head and tawny mane alone adhering to the otherwise fleshless skeleton on the desert sand. Its unflinching realism should make those who lightly dismiss Charles as a mere Victorian sentimentalist, think again. The sonnets in which he speaks with tender sympathy of the hare, the robin, in winter, and even the scarecrow, are also admirable.

However, in spite of Miles, and Grierson, and Benn, and Sharp, I think it may be said that the poet is still known only to a very small number. How much is he read?

It is always interesting to find out who is being read, or remembered. During the last few months I have seen mention, in the popular press, of Gilbert Thomas, John Davidson, Humbert Wolfe, T. B. Aldrich and (in the "Daily Mail") quite an extract from Sir William Watson, while in a recent detective fiction I found a mention of that absolutely minuscule poet E. H. Blakeney, with lines from his "Ode on the Jubilee of Queen Victoria", reserved after 80 years or so of oblivion.

We cannot be certain therefore that comparatively large coteries, or covens, of Tennyson-Turner readers do not flourish up and down the country. I classify him as a "neglected" poet with full realisation of the risk I am taking.

Nevertheless, I would say that one poem, and one alone, has been able to start, or sting, readers and critics into life. I mean of course the inimitable "Letty's Globe", to which we must now turn our scrutiny. I quote it in full that the reader may form his own opinion.

Letty's Globe

When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a coloured sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all the frontiers. How she leaped,
And laughed, and prattled in her world-wide bliss;
But when we turned her sweet unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
"Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!"
And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

I liked this sonnet when I first read it, in the *Oxford Book of Verse*, and have followed its varying fortunes with interest. When I last read it, to an Arts Sixth group, it was received with amusement and I think some contempt. Obviously it seems to angle, in a fairly unsophisticated way, for the old stock responses—charm of childhood, baby fingers, golden hair, etc., and is a fair target for any prowling Leavisite. Letty would not survive for five minutes in the jungle of the Cambridge English School.

However, if we may escape from the savage passions that rage beside the Cam, and take a long cool look at the poem from the point of view of the *Oxford Humanities*, certain other things become apparent. I mean the contrasts implied, for instance between the small child and the vast earth she embraces; between her fragility and the armies of marching men who have crossed Europe in search of killing and plunder. (Remember the poet was born in the time of Napoleon). Between her innocent harmlessness and the crimes perpetuated by adults. Not excluding perhaps even the thought that she will become an adult if time permits.

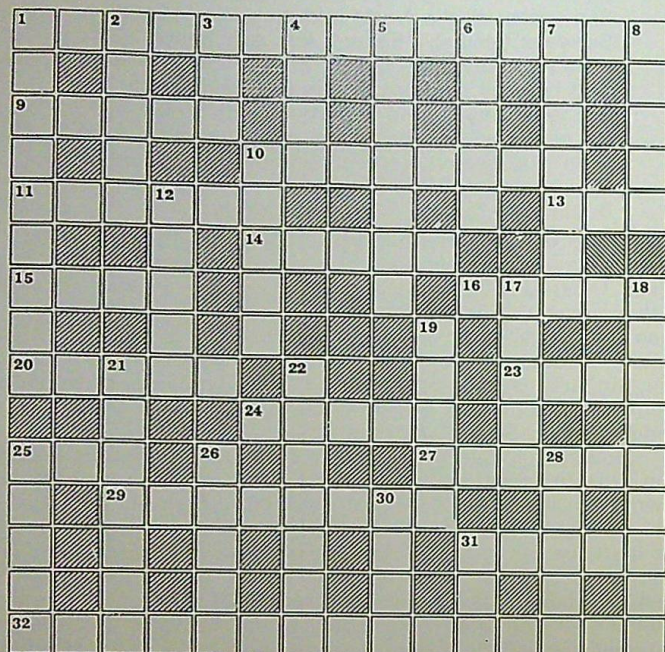
These considerations, or something like them, were no doubt in Grierson's mind when he spoke of the poem being "felicitous in conceit". Was he altogether wrong?

I must pass on to note briefly that the ?????? George his Penguin "Victorian Verse", published this year. And that the critics gave her a far from hostile reception. One called her a welcome discovery, rescued by Mr. Macbeth, he implies, from oblivion. Roy Fuller, Oxford's new Professor of Poetry, in his review (*Daily Telegraph*), admitted that "even the awfulness in someone like Charles Tennyson-Turner ring a bell, as the end of his sonnet about the little girl playing with a globe"—he then quotes the last five lines of the sonnet, and it is the only poem he does quote in his column review, from the whole anthology.

I am content to leave the case there. I believe Letty is in for another long lease of life.

(A. J. Bull).

Senior Crossword



ACROSS

1. United in Albion (8,3,4).
9. Between two points the back way is simple (5).
10. Introduce a hostelry, eggs and Lawrence (8).
11. The joint is a backless game (6).
13. Mixed drink in the meadow (3).
14. Equality is a city (5).
15. A long holiday-journey to a city (4).
16. The remains of a railway are loud (5).
20. The territory of Gorboduc, Hyperion and Ulysses (5).
23. The backward cross will open (4).
24. In the East there is such a noise (5).
25. Wickedness is fashionable, we hear (3).
27. A quiet spot by the water can say many things (6).
29. They can carry back mountains (8).
31. Soothe the scholar first (5).
32. The play turned us into custard (5,10).

DOWN

1. To be close to Mr. Heath is to be lost in the gloom (9).
2. Famous for its daring towers? (5).
3. A colourful Vietnamese town (3).
4. No fellows are significant (4).
5. Confused sea round a Scotsman brings tears to the eyes (7).
6. Mother round about a fantasy (5).
7. Hope to be sick for the drowned beauty (7).
8. Heather lost in an American garden (5).
10. Supply (5).
12. "Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt . . ." (Keats).
17. Vimy tent pole (5).
18. Severity (9).
19. Stumbles on journeys (5).
21. Fraudulent civil offence? Twist! (7).
22. Affectionately greet the bird for order (7).
25. Change bread measure (5).
26. Complaining birds? (5).
28. Classic junk room (5).
30. Get up on your hind legs. Admiral (4).
31. The receptacle is no longer with us, we hear (3).

Prize Competition

Answer all the questions below. The initial letter of each answer forms an anagram. To win the 10/- book token you must have all the answers correct and solve the anagram.

- (i) Surname of the author of "For Whom the Bell Tolls".
- (ii) This explorer just beat Scott to the South Pole.
- (iii) The colour of France's racing-cars.
- (iv) Caracas is the capital of this country.
- (v) Second name of the man who rebelled against the sale of Papal Indulgences.
- (vi) MP. who caused a panic about the probable increase in Motor Taxation.
- (vii) Name of a girl who was changed by Zeus into a white heifer.
- (viii) Instrument for measuring height above the ground.
- (ix) Surname of the composer who wrote "Tam o' Shanter".
- (x) The fastest-swimming fish.

Last Term's Winner: Turner, 2LI.

Solution: Parallel.

Calendar

- Apr. 30 Cricket v. Chorley G.S. (1st and U15 teams away). Evening fixture.
- May 3 Sports Day.
- .. 10 Cricket: v. Preston Catholic College (1st and U15 home, 2nd and U13 away).
- .. 17 Cricket: v. Morecambe (1st and U15 home).
Tennis: v. Blackpool Collegiate (1st and 2nd home).
Rounders: v. Blackpool Collegiate (U15 home).
- .. 24 Spring Holiday begins.
- .. 31 Spring Holiday ends.
- June 7 Cricket: v. Preston Catholic College (1st and U15 away, 2nd and U13 home).
Tennis: v. Winckley Square (1st, 2nd and U15 away).
- .. 14 Cricket: v. Hutton (1st and U15 home, 2nd and U13 away).
Tennis: v. Chorley (1st and 2nd home).
Rounders: v. Chorley (U15 home).
- .. 21 Cricket: v. Ormskirk (1st and U15 away, 2nd and U13 home).
Tennis: v. Ashton (home).
Rounders: v. Ashton (1st, U15 and U14 home).
- .. 28 Cricket: v. Kirkham (1st home, 2nd away).
Tennis: v. Maghull (1st, 2nd and U15 away).
- July 3 Cricket: v. Stokes Hall (1st home). Evening fixture.
- .. 5 Cricket: v. Preston G.S. (1st and U15 away, 2nd and U13 home).
Tennis: v. Upholland (1st and 2nd away).
Rounders: v. Upholland (U15 away).
- .. 10 Cricket: U16 Six-a-Side Competition (Chorley).
- .. 12 Cricket: v. Southport (1st and U15 away, 2nd and U13 home).
- .. 14 Cricket: Annual Staff Match.
- .. 16 Cricket: v. The Clergy (home).

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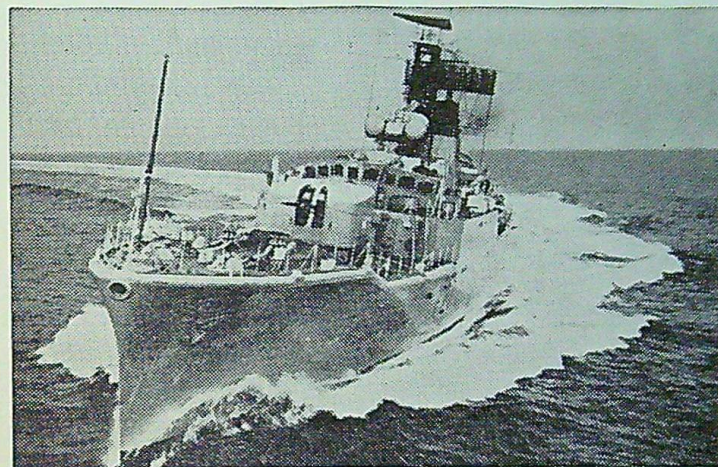
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