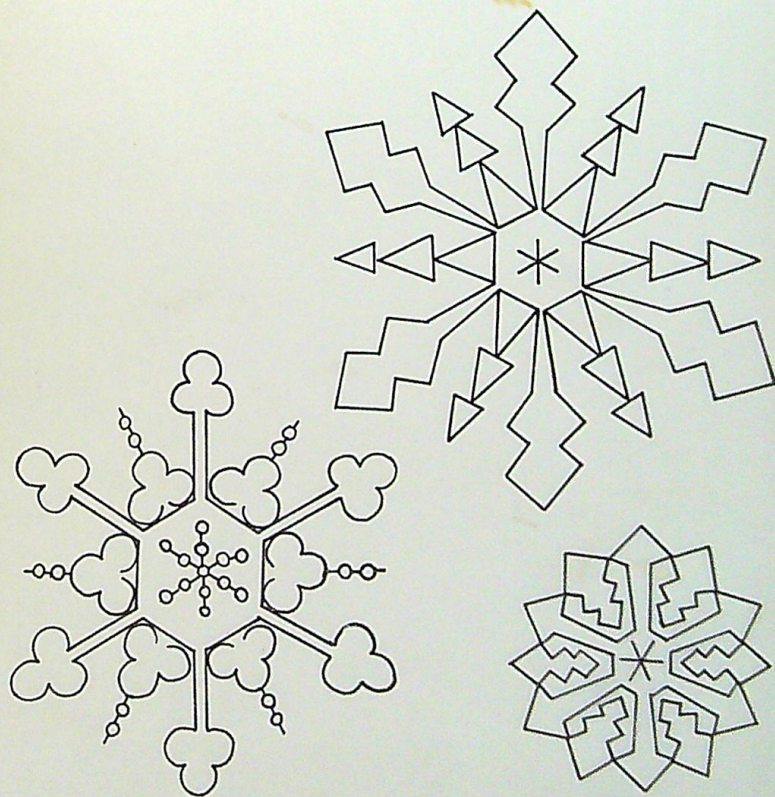


THE BALSHAVIAN



THE BALSHAVIAN

NEW YEAR EDITION

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Margaret Fowler



We are very pleased indeed to announce the award to Margaret Fowler of an Open Scholarship in Mathematics to Girton College, Cambridge. The remarkable nature of this achievement can be fully appreciated only if you bear in mind the ferocity of the competition. To begin with, there are far fewer places available at Cambridge for girls than for boys which has the effect of intensifying the competition even for places. Then Margaret's award indicates that the college thought her most promising of all the girls who applied. This is indeed a fine achievement.

What is perhaps even more remarkable is that hers is the second Open Scholarship won by Balshaw's girls in consecutive years. As you will doubtless remember, Dorcas Howe won a similar award in Geography last year; and for two such awards to go to the same school in so short a space of time is rare indeed.

The winning of a scholarship in Mathematics is from Margaret's point of view, a little ironical. In fact, she had no great love for the subject when she was in the junior end of school, and indeed when she started her sixth-form career she was still rather more interested in Physics than in Mathematics. She fully intended to read Psychology or Philosophy if she were accepted into a university and it was only the sure knowledge that she would have to write essays in those subjects that eventually deterred her. Mathematics came to her slowly at first and it was not until she was in the fourth year that she realised that she had any ability in the subject.

Even then, she did not particularly enjoy it. She first grew to enjoy the subject toward the latter end of her first year in the sixth. Then it was that she began to derive pleasure from achievement. She summed up the attraction of Mathematics in this way: you begin with a series of facts and a problem, an answer is required and it is up to you to succeed. It is a kind of battle in which there is untold pleasure in winning.

Just as Dorcas had done before her, Margaret first won a place at Oxford but waited for the results from Cambridge before deciding whether or not to accept. For both of them the wait was well worthwhile. When we suggested whimsically that this showed that Cambridge was less demanding than Oxford she smilingly rejected the idea. On the contrary, she claimed that it merely demonstrated Cambridge's greater wisdom. Of course, Cambridge's reputation in Mathematics is second to none (Wilkie was there) and she preferred Cambridge to Oxford anyway; apart from its reputation in Mathematics, she preferred its quieter, more rural setting. Indeed, she considers herself very lucky because she thought Girton the most attractive college she had seen.

Margaret does feel a little apprehensive about starting an academic life and to some extent about the novelty of the situation. But at the same time to begin so new a kind of existence is a fascinating proposition. Margaret is in no way excited or intrigued by the thought of being unfettered and independent at Cambridge; for she says that she has never felt restricted or inhibited during her stay in the sixth-form, that she always felt free and happy.

Margaret wishes to thank Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Rigby for all their help and particularly Mr. Catterall who has given so much of his time in helping her to prepare for the Cambridge examination.

Speech Day

Speech Day reports are notorious for being most uninteresting articles in any school magazine, in spite of the fact that the writers set out with the laudable intention of making their different and vital. Usually it is a forlorn hope; for the material of the average Speech Day is not inspiring or unusual but this time we fear we can offer no such excuse—there was a most unusual, even breezy atmosphere in the proceedings.

The evening began with the Chairman's Remarks. As usual, Councillor James Tomlinson was brief and to the point, dealing quickly and efficiently with his business.



Next came musical entertainment from the choir under the direction of Mr. Wood. The songs were particularly enjoyable and rather out of the usual run. Mr. Wood himself arranged two folk tunes—"La Paloma" from South America, and a traditional English tune, "Scarborough Fair". There was an interesting contrast between the sounds and effects produced by the two songs, and the audience clearly was enthusiastic in its reception of the performance of the choir, accompanied by Bannister and Birkett on guitars, and Judith Young on flute.

The Headmaster's Report spoke of the uncertainty of the School's future—whether we will become comprehensive or a sixth form wing. In spite of the uncertainty the School has had a very successful year. We now have more pupils and staff than ever before and academic standards have been very high. The Head pointed out that in English Language and Mathematics, subjects taken by everyone in School, the pass rates were 85% and 83% respectively, 20% above the national average in both cases. And passes in all subjects averaged 6 'O' Levels and 2.3 'A' Levels per pupil. New courses have been established: Human Physiology and Nuffield Chemistry are both innovations in this year's curriculum. In addition to this Mr. Kidd and his helpers are in the process of building an observatory, while building on the new Sixth Form Wing is progressing rapidly.

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W. J. H. Palfrey, Esq., O.B.E., Chief Constable of Lancashire, was chief speaker. He was a jovial character and approached the distribution of prizes in a quite unusual way. He had decided that Speech Day was for pupils and prizewinners; for, instead of dismissing them with a perfunctory handshake he spent a considerable amount of time with everyone who went up on to the stage and seemed genuinely to take an interest in the plans and hopes of everyone he met. The prize-giving was in this way protracted rather more than we are used to, but it made a refreshing change and certainly had the effect of making each prizewinner feel that his achievement was important. We waited with great interest and curiosity for his speech.

This proved to be very lively and spontaneous. His theme was that the young people today are, by and large, maligned; that they are the real hope of a better society, but that even so, we should not neglect to instil into them a moral discipline. Though the theme was quite simple, the speech was delivered with great energy, originality and conviction—nor was it short of humour.

Bonney, the Head Boy, proposed a vote of thanks which was seconded by the Head Girl, Shirley Rogers. As a token of appreciation, Shirley presented Mr. Palfrey with a French cookery book. This particularly pleased Mr. Palfrey since he is a very keen amateur chef. The evening was finally brought to an end by the customary vote of thanks to the Chairman.

EILEEN MILLS & ELIZABETH RYDING, L6A.

Mrs. Mears

At Christmas we said goodbye to Mrs. Mears, who left to become a full-time housewife and, much to her obvious delight, a mother. We are, of course, sorry to lose her, as she is herself sorry to be leaving us; but there can be no happier reason for her going and while we may regret her departure in many ways, we were thrilled to hear her news.

Mrs. Mears came to Balshaw's four and a half years ago after taking her first degree at Durham University and her Diploma in Education at Oxford.

Because Mrs. Mears taught Scripture she came into contact with nearly everyone in School, either through Scripture as an examination subject at Ordinary and Advanced Levels or through the General Scripture period. In this way her position was almost unique and her influence, always gentle and kindly, far-reaching. There are indeed very few members of the School who will not personally miss her.

Mrs. Mears said that her life here as Head of the Scripture Department had been a particularly happy one. We asked her if there was no point at all in the organisation and running of the School that she might criticize. She said that there was, in fact, one minor adjustment she would like to see. She felt that one period a week for General Scripture was insufficient and that it made continuity and the maintenance of interest rather difficult. At the same time she pointed out that there are only thirty-five periods in a week and that there was no Head of Department who would not like to see more time devoted to his subject. The plain fact of the matter was that it was just about administratively impossible to increase the teaching-time for any subject.

Mrs. Mears also ran the C.E.M. This, she felt, was a particularly worthwhile activity. Unfortunately, the number of members seems to be growing smaller and there has been a sharp decline in membership this year. Even so, those who remained seemed to be taking an even keener interest and much good work has been done for charity. Though this was, she said, pleasing, there is still scope for greater activity.

We all wish Mrs. Mears well in the future and hope that she will be able to find time to pay us a visit—and, of course, to bring the baby.

SUSAN SWIFT, U6A.

Mrs. Sharples

Mrs. Sharples, who lives in Fulwood, Preston, came to Balshaw's in September 1969 as a replacement for Mrs. Hardwick. As did her predecessor, she teaches principally English.

Mrs. Sharples was educated at the Park School, Preston, and qualified as a teacher at Ripon College of Education. From there she went on to Leeds University to take her degree, a B.Ed. (or Bachelor of Education). Since this degree is a relatively new University and College course, Mrs. Sharples has the honour of being the first ever B.Ed. to be appointed to the School. The degree course is rather unusual in its requirements in that all applicants have, first of all, to be qualified teachers and then to meet the standards of qualification necessary for university entrance.

The degree part of the course is divided into two sections: a study of Education as a subject in itself and one other specialist subject of the student's own choice. If for instance one wished eventually to teach Mathematics, then the course would be Education and Mathematics.

Mrs. Sharples found the study of Education particularly fascinating—especially those parts of it which related to pupils as personalities: Psychology, Psychoanalysis and the study of personality development. Another interesting feature of the course was research into secondary school syllabuses and teaching methods. This involved visits to a good many schools to interview Headmasters, staff and pupils, to look into syllabuses and observe the methods used by the teachers themselves. This she found most informative and very worthwhile. Indeed, if any pupils are contemplating such a course, she has no hesitation at all in recommending the B.Ed.

Apart from English, Mrs. Sharples has undertaken to help with Games and with the production of the School Magazine, by striving to increase the number of articles from the junior end of School. This has always been our most difficult problem and so, as members of the committee for "The Balshavian", we have a particular interest in wishing her well.

N. HOSKINSON & M. INGHAM, U6A.

Mr. Sumner

Mr. Sumner joined the staff in September, having previously taught in a large boys' school in Bolton. Bolton School is, in fact, two schools in one: a boys' Grammar School on one side of the road and a girls' Grammar School on the other, each independent of the other, though the boys affectionately refer to their sister school as "the second division across the road".

Mr. Sumner is teaching French and Spanish. Spanish is, of course, a fairly recent innovation in the School Curriculum; so we asked what he thought the particular value of the language. Mr. Sumner pointed out that it is very strange that when people in England speak of a world language, they usually mean English or French, but seldom do they consider Spanish in the same light. In fact, a very large proportion of the world's population speaks Spanish and, indeed, if you wish to listen to the World Cup commentaries some knowledge of the language could be distinctly helpful.

Mr. Sumner is married and lives in Preston with his wife and two children, one boy aged three and a little girl one year old. His main outside interest is in sport. Although he admits to being in the veteran stage, he still plays soccer in the Lancashire Amateur League as a midfielder man with one suspect leg. Having recently moved back into the Preston area (where incidentally he was at school) he is still in search of a cricket club. In spite of the fact that he is so interested in sport, Mr. Sumner is not an outdoor type. He much prefers a cup of tea in front of the television.

He did consider working in France for some time and very much enjoys the French way of life, but if he were to settle in France for a period of ten years or more, it would involve his children in some difficulties so far as their education is concerned. Now it seems impossible, or most unlikely, that he will ever leave England.

Mr. Sumner has enjoyed his first term at Balshaw's and has found life here very pleasant. We hope that he continues to do so for some years to come.

Mr. Wood

Mr. P. A. Wood, B.A., L.L.C.M., A.T.C.L., came to us at the beginning of the current academic year as a replacement for Mr. Black who has been convalescing after a long period of ill health.

Mr. Wood comes from Liverpool where he was at school as a pupil of Mr. Edwards. Indeed he still lives there and travels every day from West Derby to Leyland. On leaving school Mr. Wood went first to the University College of Wales, Cardiff, where he studied under the well-known composer, Alun Hoddinott. From Wales he went to the University of London to complete his training.

Mr. Wood's appointment to Balshaw's is in fact his first teaching post. Everything is for the time being very new to him and indeed when he organised the music for Speech Day it was his first such experience. His choral arrangements of "Scarborough Fair" and "La Paloma" were very successful and well received. Clearly, Mr. Wood has much to offer.

Mr. Wood believes that music should be a large and an important part of a school's life, that everyone can derive some benefit from music whether it be by taking an active part or merely by informed listening. Unfortunately, he added, there is always some resistance to the idea, especially from some boys, but he was hoping that the general interest in Music would grow. He especially looks forward to the House Music Competition which seems extremely valuable in that it provides a large number of people with the opportunity to make their own music and the rest with an opportunity to enjoy it. As far as active participation is concerned, Mr. Wood is planning to enlarge the choir and to start small instrumental groups so that we may eventually progress towards the formation of a school orchestra.

We wish Mr. Wood every success in his stay with us here at Balshaw's.

JANE MARSHALL, U6A.

How well do you know your decade?

MATCH THE EVENTS WITH THE DATES

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| i. October 10th, 1961 | (a) The Great Train Robbery. |
| ii. November 1st, 1961 | (b) The Aberfan Disaster. |
| iii. August 8th, 1963 | (c) England won the World Cup. |
| iv. November 22nd, 1963 | (d) The Six-Day War. |
| v. October 15th, 1964 | (e) Labour win General Election. |
| vi. March 11th, 1966 | (f) John F. Kennedy assassinated. |
| vii. July 30th, 1966 | (g) Chi-Chi goes to Moscow. |
| viii. October 21st, 1966 | (h) Boy Scouts allowed to wear long trousers. |
| ix. June 5th, 1967 | (i) Martin Luther King assassinated. |
| x. April 4th, 1968 | (j) Tristan da Cunha erupts. |

ANSWERS: i—f; ii—h; iii—c; iv—d; v—e; vi—g; vii—j; viii—b; ix—x; x—i.

Material compiled by BAMBER, L6A.

Poem

Dark-domed, spiral traps, one thud long past.
The darkness reflected back and forth
Across cold, uncharted stone,
Broken chains, worn talismen,
Lasting reminders of unseen crafts.

Senses held in slipping grasp, aloof but patiently waiting.
Knowledge gathers in black clouds;
The eyes deny but do believe,
Deserted, cringing
Before the hard impartial court—
Judge, jury, executioner; all present
In faceless uniformity,
Their roles ordained, their decisions made.
The punishment, death.

ROGER WILSON, L6Sc.

Mlle. Laure Vaillant

Mlle. Vaillant will be with us at Balshaw's for a year, as French assistante. She comes from Grenoble, situated in the heart of the picturesque French Alps. The town itself is in a low, wide valley with mountains rising either side. The old, original part of the town is quaint with houses huddled together, overhanging the narrow streets through which a cold wind swirls incessantly. However, Mlle. Vaillant explained, the Winter Olympics of 1968 occasioned the building of what amounts to a whole new town: a town hall, police and railway buildings, multi-storey flats, a skating rink and a new ring road. In addition the university was endowed with a new site about two miles from the town centre. Mlle. Vaillant was educated at Grenoble University where she studied English for three years. She is in England at present both to observe the English way of life and to put her English into practice. When Mlle. Vaillant returns to France she hopes, after another year of teaching practice, to make her career as a teacher of English in a French school. Mlle. Vaillant has however been to England before—working in a London office, picking blackcurrants in East Anglia, and walking in the Lake District. She has also travelled in Scotland, a country she particularly likes for its scenery and picturesque accent.

Mlle. Vaillant expressed admiration for English people, whom she has found to be more friendly than her own countrymen and perhaps more pleasant. The thing which most surprised her was the orderliness of our queues, especially for 'buses. She explained that in France everyone storms the 'bus the moment it stops. However, she had no really kind words for our weather which she thought markedly short of sun. I am sure that we all agree!

Mlle. Vaillant has found English schools rather different from their French counterparts. She mentioned first of all that French schoolchildren do not wear uniform and would probably resent it if they were asked to do so, but at the same time she added that French children felt no pride in belonging to their particular school. Mlle. Vaillant also commented on the prefectorial system which she feels is much more effective than the French system of student wardens in that it prevents that disagreeable feeling of mistrust. Another difference that was mentioned was the fact that the summer holiday in France lasts for two and a half to three months . . . "to the great displeasure of the parents" . . . added Mlle. Vaillant.

We wish Mlle. Vaillant every happiness in her stay with us and every success when she returns to France at the end of the year.

SUSAN DANIELS, U6A.

Age of Majority, Age of Maturity

When I took up the task of writing this article for the School Magazine, I looked for an opportunity to express my supposedly strong, independent view. Unfortunately, my enthusiasm lasted for only an hour during which time I had been able to construct only one profound, if confusing, sentence on the subject. The rest of my thoughts wandered from left to right and back again, without any real compatibility between the divergent views and even less in the way of a coherent pattern. I decided to delay but frequent reminders from "The Committee" pressed me on to try again. Since I am quite generously provided with Private Study periods, there was time enough, but still inspiration was not forthcoming. Then it was that I hit on the idea of conducting a survey among some sixty-odd of the Upper Sixth. In any case Sixth Form opinion and attitudes are likely to be more interesting than the pontifications of an individual. After I had been sharply reminded that the Library is a place of silence I transferred my interviews to the Common Room.

When I asked if they were in favour of the reduction of the Age of Majority from 21 to 18, all sixty provided a ready answer, though not all were prepared to give reasons for their conviction. In fact, 55% were in favour, 40% were against the idea, and 5% were doubtful.

If we now take the group which was in favour of the vote at eighteen, certain surprising features emerge. Certainly the most alarming statistic which came to light was that no less than 35% of this group failed to give any reason for their answer. This, of course, must suggest that the answers were quite unthinking; either because the question came on them too suddenly and without time for thought, or because quite simply they could find no really compelling argument to justify a natural choice. After all, it is a not abnormal reaction to accept privilege without question. Nevertheless, before we jump to the obvious conclusion (that far too many of our eighteen-year-olds would not be able to exercise their political rights in a mature or thinking way), it may well be wise to consider what percentage of the more mature voting public exercises its choice with due care and consideration. In fact, what we discovered about the voting eighteen-year-old could equally effectively be applied to the hitherto adult voting public. In this way it may be seen that there is no essential difference between ourselves and our elders and that what appeared at first to be a condemnation of the merely young is in fact a comment on the political awareness of society as a whole.

Fifty per cent of those who were in favour did, however, provide this, the most popular argument. An eighteen-year-old is mature, responsible, aware and experienced enough to run his own life and to have his say in the ordering of social, political and economic affairs. That is the argument in its entirety—no attempt to prove the validity of the sweeping assumptions, no examples of such virtues, nothing but what seems to me to be a rather arrogant if unshakeable belief in their own worthiness. In fact, it was almost obvious in some of the answers that some thought that not only were they fit to vote, but that their vote was in many ways more valuable than most of the votes cast at a General Election. Now, no one is suggesting that there is anything sinister in such arrogance—we are, when all is said and done, constantly reminded that youth is a time of being cocksure—but it is a very unobvious standpoint that has as its basis the dangerous belief that education and experience are synonymous. Certainly they are connected, but education is vicarious experience not first-hand experience, experience of life itself.

The remaining ten per cent gave for their reason the assertion that they personally felt mature enough to vote. They considered the arguments put forward in the paragraph above to be only on the edge of relevance, and that the only important consideration was whether or not the eighteen-year-old mind was, on the whole, mature enough to accept political responsibility. They felt quite certain that it was.

I was personally surprised to find as many as 40% of the Upper Sixth against the lowering of the Age of Majority and even more surprised to note the difference in tone and phrasing of the answers. They were altogether less forceful and vigorous in the stating of their view.

By far the largest section of this group—80%—made more or less the same point. They felt capable of accepting responsibility in all of the spheres of life which concerned only their own personal welfare: they had no dread of marriage, or of any of the other personal liberties, but they felt most uncertain about their worldly wisdom in so far as it might affect society or the futures of others. Even in accepting the responsibility for the running of their own lives they felt in some danger from the lack of experience; but the thought of being allowed to determine the careers of politicians and the national policy made them feel very uneasy indeed. It was very noticeable that this group never mentioned maturity at all, but, wisely, I think, maintained a discreet silence. Maturity is, after all, a state of mind peculiar to each individual, and so generalizations about the maturity or otherwise of whole groups of people are better left unspoken since they cannot be accurate or meaningful.

The remaining twenty per cent of the dissenters, rejected the lowering of the voting age on one simple but powerful point. They were not, they said, knowledgeable or experienced enough in politics to be of any real value in the settling of an election. This, of course, an essentially modest, self-effacing view, and again we may consider whether or not the remainder of the voting population is any more qualified in knowledge or political experience than those who feel so nervous about it. Not only that, but it is in some ways more mature to be able to recognise one's own shortcomings than to feel certain that one's view is infallible.

There was one curious pattern in the answers that may interest you. The boys, scientists and artists alike, were fairly evenly divided between the ayes and the noes; but the girls were in markedly different camps. The girl-scientists were almost unanimously in favour of lowering the Age of Majority, the girl-artists uniformly against. Doubtless some educational psychologist could make something of this information, and perhaps you can. To me, it is just a rather odd fact.

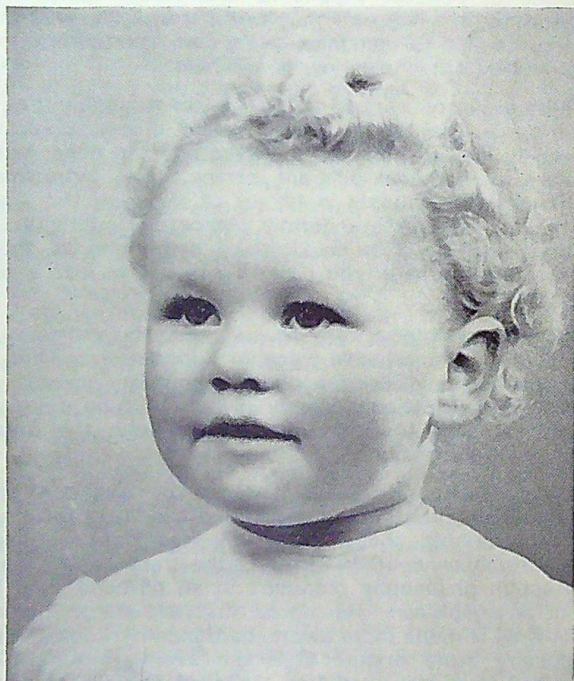
The poll, no matter how much it may be criticized, did reveal at least one valuable piece of information. That very few people had a clear idea of what maturity meant. The Oxford English Dictionary simply gives: "A fully developed, ripe adult stage". And that leaves you with the greatest latitude of interpretation.

Is it good enough to think that you are capable of sitting in a centrally-heated building, with long holidays, short hours and a comfortable chair, completely free from all serious worries—romance apart? Perhaps the truth lies in a piece of homespun philosophy produced in an off-hand way by a scientist rugby-player. He stated that a teenager, working for his living, is made more aware, hardened by knocks, and is of necessity more mature than the average student. He has learned from life more than the student will learn of life for many years to come. That is maturity.

L. CAUNCE-PEACOCK, U6A.

Who are they?

We have printed the following sequence of photographs with information below each picture. Each subject is a well-known member of the School. See if you can identify them.



SUBJECT A

This person was born in Chorley Hospital at an early age. It seems likely that having begun life in Hospital was a bad omen; for she has since contracted both measles and mumps in spite of the fact that she eats more than her fair share of fillet steak (medium rare). She takes size-7 shoes and has five fillings in her teeth. Her mother's name is Irene. She has a particularly awkward little sister and enjoys knitting—provided that she does not have too much of it to do.



SUBJECT B

Our second subject began life somewhat dramatically—by stuffing a baked bean up his nose before he had really got on to solid foods. He was taken to Hospital to remove the offending bean, but, much to his mother's embarrassment, the bean dropped out just as the doctor was coming through the door. His next trick was to balance on the fire-guard; he laughed so much when his mother had to fish him out of the fire that he went on with the routine until he was quite old. He has, however, grown up safely to be an omniverous male (though he does not like black pudding). As a boy he spotted trains.



SUBJECT C

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SUBJECT C

This lady was born in a humdrum kind of way and is an only child. She was very spoiled but did not know when she was on to a good thing—she would try to get her own way by pushing her luck—hence the frequent slappings. When she was seven she fell off the coal-shed into the dustbin. She was a very fat baby; in fact, so fat that she once got stuck in her high chair and had to be released by the fire-brigade. She fell in love with Eric at junior school and at the age of eight was engaged to him by the presentation of an old curtain ring. The engagement was for a year, but shortly after the wedding Eric divorced her when he caught her kissing someone else.



SUBJECT D

Our next subject was born in Preston Royal Infirmary. He has ridden on top of a petrol-tanker. Although he wears size-8½ shoes he has no particular ambition, other than to be successful. He is an only child who paints garages in trousers that are too long for him and ties them up with strong. Unlike the Eskimos he does not like snow—but then he isn't an Eskimo.



SUBJECT E

This subject was born in Burnley of a Gas Man and a Chemist's assistant. Suffered from measles, chicken-pox, mumps and a thousand other diseases of childhood. He moved to Gainsborough at the age of four and fell from his bicycle. He was an extremely forgetful boy and once came from a fish-and-chip shop carrying the salt and vinegar, leaving the chips on the counter. He was, however, an excellent choir boy, but his voice has now broken. He detested games but became a corporal in his School Cadet Force (at Wolverhampton G.S. where he knew Mr. Holmes).

Some Reflections on Hawkshead

The tiny village of Hawkshead, near Coniston in the Lake District, is a fine example of the damage that can be done by the tourist trade; for, although it was once an unspoiled Lakeland village, it is now crowded with tourists and, when they have gone, the evidence of their visit.

The natural charm of the village has been almost totally destroyed by the unsightly additions of a commercial era. Once it was pleasant to gaze at grey cottages huddled together under the wing of the church which was silhouetted on the sky-line, with clematis and ivy staining the stone with splashes of purple and cream. The village was in harmony. Now the softness of the greens and matured stone clashes harshly against the modern, dazzling, metallic shine of parked

cars and coaches. Cottages are mutilated by psychedelic ice-cream advertisements and red bus-timetables, radiating their own atmosphere of the hectic life one had hoped to leave behind. The cobbled Lakeland road, worn down by the constant weight of tourist traffic, that once wound lazily through the village is now made to look rigid by harsh, mustard yellow lines which trace its every move, round cottages and shops, constricting, denying the gentleness of its curves.

The fact that Hawkshead has often won the competition for the country's best kept village attracts many more visitors than it could in the ordinary way, expect. Ironically, Hawkshead's reputation as a beauty-spot has robbed it of much of its beauty. The village seems artificially rather than well kept. Never does a piece of newspaper spoil a window, never do you see clothes dripping from a washing-line or people eating inside a sunlit room. The cottages, though apparently gay, seem only superficially so. Gay curtains hang at spotless windows and well-nourished flowers grow abundantly in window-boxes, but it seems that the rooms behind them can never echo with the laughter of careless children. So stiff is the village that the cottages seem like cardboard shells, decorated but cold inside. The village seems devoid of character, a village made of black-and-white photographs. The most sincere part of the village is the graveyard; for it is not subject to prying eyes that have come to see a fairy-tale. It has never altered; it is real.

I do not dislike Hawkshead; I am merely saddened by it. What has happened there will happen to all the other little villages. I am not sure I wish to see it again.

OLWYN HOCKING, 3L.

Swingonella— The Eventful Life of a Jazzman

In Matteredale Road, just behind the School, there has settled a jazz man who has been famous in this country and throughout Europe for more than thirty years. His life, though interesting in itself, is significant of far more than the ups-and-downs of one man in a precarious and often fickle business—it provides a kind of guide through the major developments in the popular music industry.

Nat Gonella's music career began when he was just 9 years old. Then it was that he joined the brass band in his school. As a Poor Law School it was one of the main aims of the establishment to fit its youngsters for careers in the army by

providing a training not only in the three R's but also in two trades useful in a service life. The young Gonella chose to be trained as a bandsman and a tailor. However, a severe bout of rheumatic fever left him medically unsuitable for a life in the army and so he had to find himself a new career at the age of fifteen. He left school and joined a tailor in Great Portland Street, London. Though the shop was in a fashionable area and though tailoring seemed to offer a stable employment for life, the job lasted only four days. Sitting cross-legged sewing trousers in the heat of a midsummer window was far too restricting and far too uncomfortable for a boy of fifteen. He became an errand boy for a furrier.

About a year later a friend noticed an advertisement in a Stage paper. Archie Pitt and his wife, Gracie Fields, were about to launch a new review. Young brass players were needed for rehearsals and for training. Gonella applied and was accepted. Part of the review was the appearance on stage of a brass band playing marches, pieces of Lehar, and one or two dance tunes. Brass bands were popular then and commercial. Now, of course, they survive only on windswept bandstands at the seaside, playing to half-audiences of people in rugs who still remember light music—or in mining villages and motor works as a hobby. Commercially they are dead. Even so, the standard of musicianship then, as now, was high and the tour lasted for four and a half years. Music Halls were plentiful and each building offered groups of audiences who had never heard your show. It was possible, for instance, to spend three months in Manchester alone—the city had ten Music Halls with separate groups of audiences; and every little town had at least one Music Hall—Blackburn, Bolton, Bury, Burnley would all provide plenty of work for a band. Now that these theatres have either disappeared or been turned into Bingo Palaces, there is very little real opportunity for a budding young bandsman to get the grounding and experience he needs if he is to become a professional musician. So few bands are needed that what work there is tends to be shared out among a select few. Whatever the name of the band, the instrumentalists are virtually the same—only the name of the leader or the conductor changes. The domination of the variety bands by these top instrumentalists has become so pronounced that the musicians have their own nickname — “The Magic Circle”.

Working with Gracie Fields for so long turned out to be a lucky break for the young Gonella, and, indirectly, it was she who started him off on his career in jazz. Miss Fields, who was always generous and kind toward the people who worked for her, gave Gonella a gramophone and a few records. To these, he added the records of the jazz stars of America :



Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, Bix Beiderbecke and others. Very soon the brass band began to lose its charm and he longed for the freedom of jazz. He joined dance bands in Manchester and Brighton, practising new techniques, serving a kind of new apprenticeship. Very soon he joined his first big band, Billy Cotton. Commercial light music was his bread and butter but his heart was not really in it. At home with his records, he played jazz, and with a handful of his fellow musicians, he played jazz. There was no money in it, but it was what he wanted to do. Gonella's natural talent as a mimic came to the rescue. He bought a mask and appeared

as Louis Armstrong, singing in that gravel-throated way and copying closely the details of Armstrong's style. The public liked it—but only as a novelty; there was still no real market for jazz itself. In 1932, encouraged by Gonella's success, Louis Armstrong opened at the Palladium. It was a sell-out: every performance was booked up. But no performance held its audience for more than ten minutes. The audiences filed out leaving Armstrong dispirited on the stage playing only to Gonella and a handful of devotee-instrumentalists. Still England was too stiff in its taste for jazz.

After brief spells with the dance bands of Roy Fox and Lew Stone, Gonella formed his own band in 1935. The style of his band was different—a compromise between the jazz he wanted to play and the dance music the public paid for. He went for a disciplined swing in commercial tunes, producing in effect the kind of music which Basie has played for many years. At last things seemed to be going right—swing would lead gently and surreptitiously to jazz—but just as he had begun his first world tour, war was declared.

The Gonella band was in Sweden when war finally broke out and was well and truly stranded. He and his band made their way back to England by a circuitous and rather risky route. First they moved south into Holland. Here they found some consolation; for while the war would certainly disband a successful group of musicians, it did leave the route home particularly lucrative. All the other bands who would normally have been in competition, were away fighting at the front. The Gonella band had as many bookings as they could manage to fulfil. They left Holland the same day that the Germans invaded and made their way into France. France capitulated very quickly and the British population was escorted to Gibraltar—all but Gonella's ship which somehow was separated from the protection of the destroyers. For seven days the lonely little collier was exposed to enemy attack, and, in fact, was playing hide-and-seek with an Italian submarine. Eventually, the submarine attacked and, being Italian, missed completely with two torpedoes, surfaced to see what had happened and was riddled with bullets from the one Anti-Submarine gun aboard. It sank slowly and gracefully out of sight. Mr. Gonella, himself of Italianate name, claims in fact that had the submarine been German he would not be here now.

When he arrived home and his orchestra had been disbanded, he was placed in the Pioneer Corps. Anyone who seemed unusable was in those days put in the Pioneer Corps.—his name was Italian and he was a musician; it seemed logical enough! But, to his relief, he was soon discharged to entertain the troops at the front. He was attached to the

Royal Tank Regiment Band and travelled through North Africa, Italy and Sicily for two years until he was eventually demobbed.

Trying to reform a band in those post-war years was a nightmare. But in August, 1945, the Gonella Band was back in business. The shortage of top grade musicians meant a disappointing reduction in the standard of musicianship, but by increasing the size of the band it was possible to get a good sound and a lot of noise. It could not last and the big band quickly lost favour. Only two bands ever looked like surviving—Ted Heath and Cyril Stapleton. Both of these were London-based and were able to command work from the B.B.C., the last home of a struggling cause. In fact, Stapleton was very soon in trouble and Heath relegated to the dance floor. Solo singers were now in fashion and Ted Heath could prolong his existence only by hiring the top singers of the day to appear with his band—Dickie Valentine, Denis Lotis and Lita Roza.

Gonella, in desperation, dissolved his band and took up yet another career as a solo performer. In this guise he made the occasional record and the odd performance on radio, but things were looking grim. He made what looked like one last desperate attempt to get back into the band-business by reforming a group playing, of all things, bee-bop! It was in his own words, terrible! But it made a living. This kind of cacophony—or, headache music as he called it—could never satisfy a jazz man, nor could he believe in what he was doing, but there was no call for swing or jazz.

Then, quite suddenly in 1959, without any warning or any visible reason, jazz revived: in fact, it came to the surface for the first time. Since the thirties jazz had been the field of the enthusiastic amateur, of small groups playing only for their own pleasure. One or two of these groups, Humphrey Lyttleton, Ken Collyer, turned professional and began to make records that were a commercial success. The door was open again. Gonella reformed his band, playing what he had always wanted to play, jazz. They were a big success and in spite of other forms of music being tried at the same time—folk and skiffle—they were easily able to survive. The unfortunate thing is that once a form became commercially successful, everybody wants to "get in on the act". Immediately standards of musicianship are made to suffer and the public eventually and quite rightly rejects the form as worthless. Bad playing kills interest and opens the door to anything new or gimmicky that may come along. The jazz boom eventually foundered on this very rock and The Beatles brought their music to fill the vacuum. Just as Gonella had himself been guilty of bee-bop, many mediocre and even poor bands caused Lennon and McCartney to become the huge success that they

immediately were. Indeed it is interesting to note that Gonella himself, while playing at a Liverpool Jazz Club called The Cavern, had as a stand-in group to fill his band's interval, none other than The Beatles.

Now, he points out, the appalling lack of musicianship in the groups, the slap-happy approach with a maximum of four unimaginative chords, will surely lead to the downfall of their music in exactly the same way as it led to the downfall of the big band, light music, jazz, skiffle, rock-and-roll and so on. Indeed it is noticeable that the Hit Parade is increasingly finding room for classy solo singers: Sinatra, Armstrong, Vicki Carr and Andy Williams find it much easier now to get into the Top Twenty than they have done in the past few years. Even Vera Lynn, after something like ten years in the wilderness, can command a regular show on Television. What is even more interesting is that each of these regularly performs with the expert backing of a top-class band.

It seems that Gonella may yet again be starting a new career as a solo singer and trumpeter. That is indeed why he has moved to Leyland. Close as he is to the M6, he is able to move freely among the seventies' version of the Music Hall—the clubs. He now freelances from his own home and is never short of bookings and is able also to get those all-important Television appearances that bring an artist back into the public eye.

Cat Fight

They watched each other with fearsome eyes,
Beneath the deep and dark night skies.
Both hissed and made an awful noise
And had neat balance and lovely poise.

The cause? As usual, a female cat.
Above the fracas on the shed she sat.
The victor in this fight will never be known;
A boot from out a window soon was thrown!

It landed with a thud and gave them both a fright.
Away they ran—one left, one right.
And so came an end to the great cat fight,
And to the thrower, a peaceful night.

RICHARD ANDERTON, 1B.

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Comedy of Errors

Off beat? Original? The Liverpool Playhouse production of a "Comedy of Errors" certainly infused new life into Shakespeare's mistaken identity situation comedy. When I add that the music was supplied by "The Pentangle" and, incongruously, the Fourth Air Force Band, Hamburg, it should become obvious that the play was not set in an olde English type village amid a swirl of farthingales. It was, of course, a modern dress production, based on a military state. Naturally the slick, fedora-hatted jailer was present, with a goldsmith who reminded me strongly of Manny Cohen in "Never mind the quality"

Dromio and Antipholus, two of the main characters, were depicted as travellers in Ephesus, trying to find their respective brothers. The situation gradually became more complicated, as each set of brothers were also identical twins. The two Dromios, especially, proved to be an able slapstick duo, using a soda syphon to good effect in one scene. Adriana too, was naturally confused at possessing two husbands, one of whom seemed to be strangely attracted to her sister, Luciana.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature, apart from the acting, was the compact arc-shaped revolving set, which disclosed a two-storey house, behind its wicker street facade, complete with balcony and staircase, the rest of the scenery being composed of a few arches which rose and fell as necessary. Effective lighting in the flashback at the beginning of the play gave an unusual touch and helped clarify the situation.

This modern dress production could possibly have induced the greatest anti-Shakespeare fan to admit that there was something in it after all. For the majority, I think it gave the play more immediate impact, out of a story that had no high dramatic content, and depended solely on situation for enjoyment. However it was interpreted, it was an attempt at a relatively new venture in the theatre, and should be given credit for this. Judging from the audience's reaction it was a widely appreciated attempt.

LYNN GREENWAY, L6A.

Stratford

On the sunny morning of October the sixteenth a crowd of chattering, giggling sixth-formers, led by Margaret Ogden and Mrs. Gregory, swept down upon Leyland station. Clearly, they knew of our intended arrival because all the painters and

porters were scurrying around putting the finishing touches to the decorations. Someone did suggest tentatively that The Queen was coming, but we did not let that deter us.

We had expected that the actual travelling part of the trip would be rather uninteresting, but that was before we had discovered that the next carriage was full of certain persons from a neighbouring college in Preston. Our spirits perked up. Hastily we began to slap on our own and everybody else's make-up, but the operation was a sad disappointment. The rocking motion of the train and uneven bouncings across points and intersections made us so unstable that eye-casualties were high and eccentric lines sheeting queerly up from eyelid to temple not uncommon.

Our compartment was designed to seat six, but we were all friends together, and slowly the number mounted—that is until a certain familiar face popped up to remind us of our overcrowding.

As our train unloaded at one end of the town, it was very noticeable that the experienced residents of Stratford were in mass-retreat toward the other end. In the time before the performance was due to start, we decided to explore this historic and picturesque little town. There was so much that it would be educationally unforgiveable to miss. So we hunted out with great eagerness every boutique and restaurant in Stratford.

At 2-30 we began our climb up an incalculable number of steps to the Gods—sheer luxury in seating design! The play to be performed was "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—one so rarely seen that it attracted even we scientists. The performance of this rollicking play was extremely lively and effective and indeed so enjoyable that one left the theatre wondering quite why so few companies ever attempt it.

Our journey home was no less enjoyable than any other part of the outing, but rather less eventful. It was characterized by our consuming huge quantities of dried-up, curly, British Rail sandwiches and warm coke, and our singing sweetly until such time as, exhausted or unwell, we sought refuge in sleep.

JUDITH GRIMSHAW and others.

Sleeping Beauty

Clutching our seats, precariously balanced in the balcony of Manchester Opera House, we waited for the ballet to begin. Seat-belts and oxygen-masks would have made us feel a little more secure, nor was the tension eased by the inordinately long time it took the orchestra to tune its instruments.

Eventually the curtain rose to reveal a grand spectacle of colour and activity. The standard of performance was very high indeed—though this was only to be expected since the company producing the ballet was none other than The Royal Ballet and the leading part was danced by Dame Margot Fonteyn. The interpretation of each sequence had been very carefully thought out and obviously well practised; every detail, whether of technical skill or interpretation, was wholly admirable. The "character dancing", too, was amusingly performed and provided a little light relief that the more serious parts of the ballet could be enjoyed with a renewed interest and fresher spirit.

Dame Margot was, of course, charming, graceful and elegant; but she was to me perhaps a little disappointing. I had been led to expect something beyond ordinary excellence—that to see her was a kind of magic in itself. However, for a woman of nearly fifty she did show great technical skill, and much charm, stamina and grace; but I could find no magic. Perhaps the fault may be in me, or can it be that Dame Margot has, in her declining years as a ballerina, lost something of her old genius?

Even so, after many intervals and ice-creams, and when the performance came to an end, the audience clapped and seemed unwilling to let Dame Margot go. Obviously her beauty and grace had given pleasure to all, as it had to me. Indeed it was one of the most enjoyable evenings I have ever spent.

VIVIEN BLACKWELL, U6Sc.

Summer Morning

Wet on green and misty horizon,
The essence of pine on orange-coloured hills.
A shroud of mist covers the land,
Cool vapour on a farmer's hand.
Calls of invisible birds echo in the pine,
While clumsy cattle chew in the dew.
A summer breeze bends the corn,
And the sun hangs heavy in the sky.

D. NORRIS, L6Sc.

Nine-Minute Hell

"Drug has been administered
Counteraction at the ready.
Tell, tell, tell.
Who are you? From where do you come?
Who employs you?
Who are you? From where do you come?
Who are you?"

Two minutes have passed.

"Tell, tell, tell.
We will not harm you; we want to help you.
Tell, tell."

Winding, whirling
Everybody distorted, twisted
Nobody a friend. All men enemies
Until proven friends.
I am me. Who am I? I am.

Four minutes have passed.

"Please. Tell. You have only five minutes.
The antidote must be administered
Otherwise —."

Death is the disintegration of a body.
Death is.

Death is the cessation of the existence
Of a mass of flesh.

Six minutes have passed.
Six tortured minutes.

Time is a drag.

"Tell, tell, tell.
You have nothing to fear; we will protect you.
We are good to our friends."

Friends? A man is an enemy until proven a friend.

"We will help you. Who employs you?"
It is of little importance, but it will help.
We are your friends."

Nine minutes have passed.

Death is the cessation of the existence of a being.
Death is, Death is. And Death is.

SUSAN BREWSTER, 4/6.

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Metamorphosis

Across the valley,
There on that hill
Steeplly stony,
Woods and meadows,
A figure stands
White in death
Of powdery chalk,
Glowing rose in autumn
Evening sunlight.

She stands deep in my mind.

Unlocked by sleep
As in Rhodes Museum
The statue of Aphrodite
Stands in a locked cell
Bathed by light
Of a Northern aspect.

Yet the statue is alive
In sleep I wait for wakening
Metamorphosis from chalk
To human warmth.

To me she is necessity.
Life itself.

A. G. SWINDELLS, L6Sc.

Snow

Every Christmas, snow falls down
And gives the earth a mighty crown,
It makes each tree look clean and bright
And every house a lovely sight.

The snowdrops hang their pretty heads,
Warm and snug in their mossy beds,
The trees look withered and sadly bare,
As if no one could ever care.

The boys and girls are very cold
But won't go home; for they are bold
To play and laugh and sing and dance,
As they do their merry prance.

KATHERINE ASHCROFT, 2F.

Rats and Snails and Puppy Dog's Tails

The title is more than a little cryptic, but it does have a meaning, a significance, something which adds to the sum of human knowledge. It is also obviously a product of Sir's slightly twisted thought-patterns—it is alleged to suggest a review of the peculiar parts of the male make-up (a phrase which in these days may too often be literally applied). I, of course, your actual perceptive and indefatigable reviewer, will in the best traditions of the press, remain anonymous.

The male of our species is irritating in many ways; so many in fact that any attempt to make a comprehensive survey would result not in an article but a brace of volumes. Since this is the case I shall confine myself to the single characteristic which underlies so much of their more infuriating behaviour.

Men and boys alike are quarrelsome and stubborn. Just consider the games which young boys play: cops and robbers, cowboys and indians, are all designed in such a way that fighting becomes possible and when no game comes readily to mind they fight or quarrel about who has the biggest father, the best budgie-rig or something really controversial such as the likelihood of their being able to cross a snake-infested river unarmed. No matter how trivial the topic of conversation it can be inflated into the grounds for battle.

When they grow up it is just the same: in industry men divide themselves into sides (bosses and workers) just as they did when they were boys, and while they may seem to have progressed in that they do not often resort to fisticuffs, the same need to battle, to assert their will, persists. They show a pronounced tendency to go on strike and join a union—or, do I mean join a union and go on strike? Again, no pretext is too slight or too trivial for the adult male to band into competitive groups—at the soccer ground they even decorate themselves with rosettes in order to achieve a kind of battle, and a state of total war exists in which all reason is thrown to the winds. No true male is prepared to concede anything.

The strange thing is that they are not able to see their own folly. Indeed, they think it is the woman who is naive. They smile at her supposed inability to defend herself or to fight—they speak of the "poor exploited woman worker". However, when women band together, they join the W.I. and so have a better chance of talking, pay less in dues, and get assorted teas, suppers and even the odd dinner. A union member says less, pays more and does not even get a tea!

ANON, approx. 5/7.

The Ghosts

They prowl around the black of night
They climb the stairs, switch on the light
And if you're quiet you'll hear them call
"Come on now, friends, let's have a ball".

Then more appear, ghosts by the score,
Big ones, fat ones in by the door
In through the windows, thin and small
When all have come they start the ball.

The party now is in full swing
They drink and eat, they dance and sing,
They do not know I watch their ball
From a secret room within the wall.

The clock strikes three and thunder roars,
They return through windows and doors,
And I must wake—I've been asleep,
But it was good to have a peep.

ELAINE TURNER, 1B.

News of Old Balshavians

MR. ROY SIMPSON. We are very sorry to record the death of Roy Simpson in a road accident. He was working at the Chipping Campden Research Station in Gloucestershire, and was engaged in research there at the same time as he was taking a Ph.D. through Reading University. He had previously taken a B.Sc. in Biochemistry at Liverpool University.

DAVID FARRINGTON, a former Head Boy of the School, appeared at the Edinburgh Festival in University College (London) Dramatic Society's production of "The Importance of Being Earnest".

JEFF FEARNLEY has been a member of Newcastle University's Botanical Expedition to Turkey, collecting flowers and insects for research. The specimens collected will be sent to Edinburgh Botanical Gardens, Edinburgh University, and Amsterdam University, to help in the research of those establishments. That was not all that Jeff collected; he came back laden with souvenirs including a Turkish carpet, copperware and pottery.

PAUL TAYLOR has been appointed full-time pastor to five Derbyshire Methodist Chapels. He is at the moment a lay-pastor, having passed through Cliff College, but hopes to be an ordained Minister in the near future.

SUSAN BENNETT has gained a Diploma in Art and Design at the Manchester College of Art. Susan is now at Reading University studying for an Art Teachers' Diploma.

ROSEMARY MARKLAND has been appointed organist and choir master at St. Ambrose's Church, Leyland. She was previously organist at Bretherton Parish Church.

Marriages

ELIZABETH NELSON, B.A., M.Litt., to Mr. W. N. Jamieson, L.L.B., of Edinburgh. Rosemary Markland played the organ at the ceremony.

MARGARET FISH to Mr. D. M. Watson of Frenchwood, Preston.

JEAN SUMMERS to Mr. T. E. Holcroft of Chorley.

SUSAN BAXENDALE to Mr. A. Meggitt of Sheffield.

MAURICE WINN, B.A., to Miss Barbara Arnold of Lancaster.

WILLIAM DRAPER, M.Sc., to Miss J. Wood of Blackburn.

MARGARET STEPHENSON to Mr. R. D. Leighton.

SHEILA WHITNEY to Mr. J. P. Warner.

DIANA SALISBURY to Mr. D. I. Hall.

ROBERT PORTER to Miss S. Derbyshire of Leyland.

TERENCE CARTER, B.Sc., to Miss L. Bland of Knowie, Devon.

IAN BLACKHURST, B.Sc., to Miss S. M. Thurston of Grappenhall.

KAY SMITH to PETER BALDWIN.

HAZEL RYDING to Mr. D. I. Kellet of Clayton-le-Woods.

RUTH HOSKER to JAMES DEMACK.

GEOFFREY DEMACK to Miss C. A. Clegg of Leyland.

BILL ELLIOTT to Miss V. Holt of Thornton.

NORA RUKIN to Mr. F. A. Aylin of Stamford, Lincs.

CHARLES SCHOFIELD to Miss D. I. Catterall of Fulwood.
(Material compiled by Miss Leach).

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Where they went

The following pupils left school at the end of the summer term to take up places in universities :

Baldwin, D. J. (Manchester)
Balmer, P. S. (Nottingham)
Bleasdale, P. A. (Liverpool)
Catlin, C. A. (Manchester)
Chadwick, J. L. (Sheffield)
Challender, B. J. (Leeds)
Crowe, F. E. (Birmingham)
Davies, J. S. (Wales—1968)
Hargreaves, D. (Aston)
Johnson, K. (Manchester)
Kerfoot, R. J. (Emmanuel College, Cambridge)
Lawrie, D. S. (Goldsmith's, University of London)
Lindley, R. A. (Hull)
Saul, A. J. (Liverpool)
Smith, D. J. (Leeds)
Smith, R. G. (Manchester)
Stopford, A. J. (Liverpool)
Swarbrick, R. (Liverpool)
P. E. Beales (Sheffield)
J. P. Burgess (Liverpool)
L. M. Butler (Newcastle)
D. J. Cooper (Salford)
E. A. Horrocks (Essex)
C. E. D. Howe (Girton College, Cambridge)
G. Kirkham (Liverpool)
C. N. Rennie (Liverpool)
S. Thompson (Trevelyan College, Durham)
J. Threlfall (Trevelyan College, Durham)

To University Courses at Colleges :

Baker, J. (Kingston College of Technology)
McKittrick, C. (City of Liverpool College of Commerce)
Rimmer, P. (Bolton Institute of Technology)
A. K. Brown (Oxford Polytechnic)

To Colleges of Education :

Benlow, M. J. F. (Sunderland Polytechnic, Department of Education)
Chamberlain, P. (Trent Park College)
Cocker, G. E. A. (St. John's College, York)
Parkin, K. (Edge Hill)
J. A. Astley (St. Katharine's, Liverpool)
A. M. Baimforth (Saffron Walden)

J. Boulton (Northern Counties)
L. Burns (Middleton St. George)
K. Carr (Madeley)
O. Catton (Nottingham)
J. Coombes (Coventry)
K. Crook (Didsbury)
V. A. Dalton (Edge Hill)
J. A. Dean (Northern Counties)
C. A. Gardner (Worcester)
C. E. Higginson (St. John's College, York)
K. M. Higham (St. Katharine's, Liverpool)
S. M. Horsfield (Neville's Cross)
B. A. Kelly (Madeley)
I. M. Moon (C. F. Mott)
L. Moss (Whitelands)
C. A. Pincock (St. John's College, York)
S. J. C. Smith (Whitelands)

To Other Colleges :

Ames, M. (Lancaster & Morecambe)
Bleasdale, I. T. (Wigan School of Art)
Coulson, M. J. (Lytham College of F.E.)
Curless, J. (Central School of Speech and Drama)
Glover, M. (Harris College, Preston)
J. Bennett (Harris College, Preston)
E. Groves (Wigan and Leigh Hospital)
A. E. Mather (Liverpool College of Occupational Therapy)
S. McSherry (Wigan Technical College)
J. E. Morgan (Manchester Royal Infirmary)
M. Norris (Wigan Technical College)
C. A. Priest (Hollings College, Manchester)

Children of Biafra

Canvassing from door to door
To help Biafran children more,
Hungry, crying, thin and weak
Who will help these children meek ?

Picture poster in a street
Catching eyes where people meet
Full of colour and pity, too,
Who will help them, please will you ?

Collection boxes in the store
Will you help Biafra more ?
People walk past and take no heed
It is not they who are in need.

ALWYN JENKINSON, 2F.

Ten Thousand Dead

Ten thousand dead,
(At a very rough estimate),
Twelve thousand dead,
(At a very rough estimate),
Seventeen thousand dead,
And still rising.

"Is it wise?

We must seek peace!"

"No, we must retaliate!
I say press on, push the battle-lines forward."

"Murder!"

"It's the only way!"

Five hundred thousand dead.

"Why not get together and discuss the matter?"

"Impossible".

"Isn't - Is - Isn't - Is - Isn't - Is. It isn't."

Eight hundred thousand dead.

"Don't you see? The only way is to advance.
Our men are gaining ground all the time!"

"How much?"

"Two hundred yards."

"In how long?"

"A week."

"Proves my point. To advance
Is no solution."

One million dead.

"You and your points! Face the facts—
You are a coward."

"You are a murderer."

Two million dead,
Still rising.

JANE DECKER, 4/6.



We reckon that one out of every two young men who make a career in the bank will reach managerial rank, earning at least £2,230 a year. *Many of them will do so in their early 30's.* From then on, salaries can rise to £5,000 and beyond.



In most jobs girls have to be *better* than a man to enjoy a man's opportunities (and his pay).

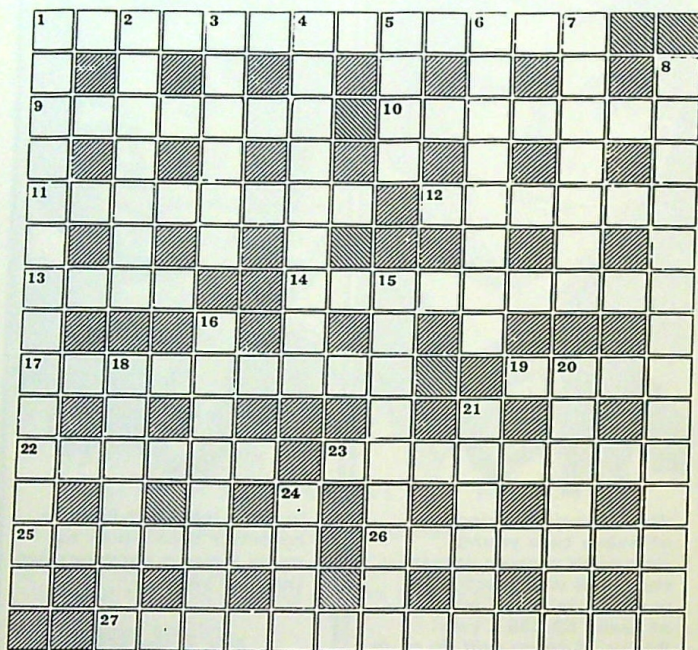
Not at the Midland.

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The Staff Manager, Midland Bank, Head Office, Poultry, London E.C.2



Midland Bank

Crossword



Clues Across

1. Sweet, vulgar and sharp. (9, 4)
9. Drank at this vessel. (7)
10. A jot coarse on a sore finger. (7)
11. Pick the king to be in charge of power. (8)
12. In a French river one is concerned with the sea. (6)
13. Impoverished statue. (4)
14. The slab I kiss brings forth the fire-monsters. (9)
17. The elder once discovered a savour. (9)
19. Bob precedes a backward dignitary as a wartime slicker. (4)
22. Not certain about international trick. (6)
23. Economize. (8)
25. Bun-holder. (7)
26. Nautical coalition of three banks. (7)
27. No strange drag just a descendant. (13).

Clues Down

1. Decaying seats. (6, 8)
2. Gloomy if not under a cardinal point. (7)
3. Snake-saints are vain. (6)
4. Communist bar, good French decoration. (3, 6)
5. If it's roses, there's never a sprig of them. (4)
6. An abbreviated Irishman can be friendly. (8)
7. Balances. (7)
8. Bull's Eyes level woe—and never been kissed! (5, 9)
15. Mr. Addison at the match? (9)
16. A foolish fellow thus to drown. (8)
18. The bell rings quietly inside, we hear. Very stylish! (7)
20. Long strips of cloth placed on little pegs. (7)
21. Cortezville, stout man! (6)
24. Let it be. (4)

Last term's winner : Lynn Greenaway, L6A.

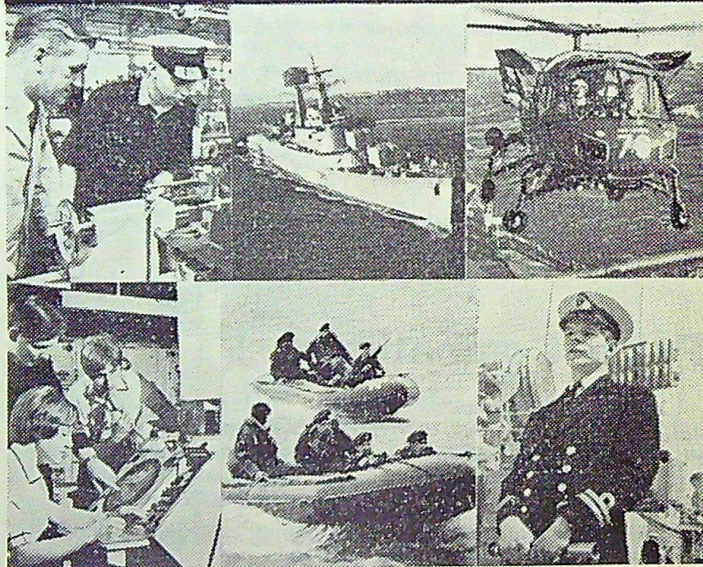
Prize Competition

Answer the questions below. Taking the initial letter of each of the answers, re-arrange them to form a nine-letter word. To win the prize you must have the final solution and the correct answer to each of the individual questions. The competition is open only to third forms and below.

1. An old state which is no longer independent but part of the U.S.S.R. Its capital was Riga.
2. Surname of a British General who led the successful North Africa Campaign in the last war.
3. French composer whose best-known works include Bolero, Daphnis and Chloe, and Ma Mère L'Oye.
4. Shakespearean heroine who drowned in a brook.
5. The poet who wrote, "A ship, an isle, a sickle moon".
6. Aeneas' father.
7. A kind of lock or an American University.
8. This king was murdered on the instructions of Mortimer, by being trampled to death under an upturned table.
9. The most efficient cleansing agent known to man.

This is not intended to be an easy competition, but one which you can complete only by using reference books or an encyclopaedia. Turner (3L) won for the third consecutive time last term.

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early as 14) and help you towards getting your degree.

Girls in the W.R.N.S. and Q.A.R.N.N.S.

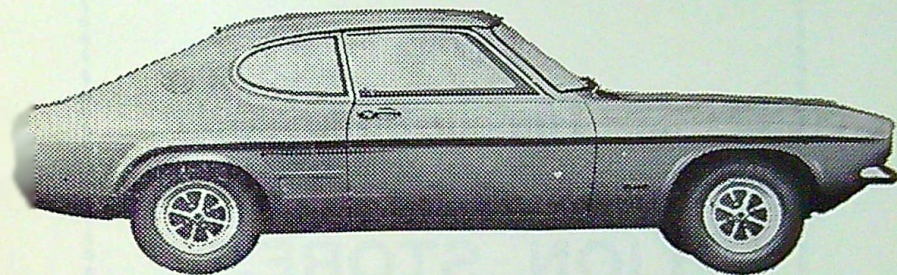
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If you'd like to hear more, send your name, age, school, and educational standards to:

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(25AV1), Old Admiralty Bldg.
Whitehall,
London, S.W.1.

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