

THE  
BALSHAVIAN



# THE BALSHAVIAN

## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

Nancy Blundell.  
Kathryn Bradshaw.  
Joyce Cooper.  
Marian Gray.  
Wendy Eaton.  
Christine Griffiths.  
Susan Harrison.  
Christine Hilbert.  
Ann Langton.  
Stan Sherlock.  
Jennifer Taylor.  
Ann Wood.

Cover Design by Janet Prince.

**JULY 1971**



# Contents

## PAGE.

### G E N E R A L.

3. Clayton House and Cuerden House Reports.
4. Farington House Report.
5. Mr. W.J. Downer.
9. The Changing Face.
11. Speech Day
15. Mr. Fearnley - Balshavian Weather.
16. Celebrity Interview - Basil D'Oliveira.
21. The School Play.
22. Aikido.
24. Mr. Miller.
25. How not to produce Shakespeare.
28. Langdale.
31. Aspects of Wales.
33. The New Polytechnic.
36. Senior Crossword.
38. Preston Chronicle.
41. Rugby Report.

### M A I N L Y F O R J U N I O R S.

42. Under Fifteen and Under Thirteen Rugby.
44. Limmericks.
47. Find the Name - Competition.
48. Montwill on Nursery Rhymes.
49. Journey by Night.
51. Jolly Hockey Sticks.

# GENERAL

## C L A Y T O N H O U S E R E P O R T.

Although we had a not very good start to the year as far as sports were concerned, we gradually improved our performances in both hockey and rugby. Both rugby and hockey teams reached the finals of their respective knockout competitions. The hockey team beating Cuerden by three goals to two while the rugby team was less fortunate in being beaten by Farington.

We hope that the House has every success in the coming Summer Sports and does as well as we feel it can if we all put in the necessary effort. We all owe a great many thanks to David Boocock and Judith Baker who have done so much to organise the sports and games for the House and who have been instrumental in raising the enthusiasm of our members.

The House Party which took place in November was a huge success and it was evident that all who came, both pupils and staff, enjoyed themselves. We would like to thank Helen Meadows for the hard work she put into the party to ensure its success.

Thank you too, to all the many members of the House who have helped us through the year and made this a happy and successful time.

Susan Eagle.

## C U E R D E N H O U S E R E P O R T.

If this year has not been too successful for Cuerden, it has been enjoyable, and there has been no lack of effort.

The House party was most successful, we think you



will all agree, and we were very pleased that Miss Bromley, our former House mistress could be present after her stay in Africa.

We think we would have won the hockey leagues had not several of our players been transferred to the first team; as it was, we lost to Worden on goal average only. We lost the final of the knockouts 3-2 to Clayton in a hard-fought match. In the Rugby leagues we again came second; but were beaten by Clayton in the knockouts. For the events on Sport's Day, special congratulations are due to all those who won their events, with many thanks to everyone else who helped Cuerden in any way.

We would like to wish all members of Cuerden a greater success next year.

L. Cuerden.  
F. Nelson.

---

#### F A R I N G T O N   H O U S E   R E P O R T .

The year began for Farington with the House Party which proved to be very successful and which was well supported. The Theme was "Country and Western" and many of our sixth-formers who had notions of themselves as latter day Pearl Whites and romantic figures of the silent screen, were inspired to produce startling effects in their appearance. The food, too, and part at least of the dancing followed this chosen theme, much to the delight of one large rugby player whose unlimited energy threatened to exhaust his many partners.

However, fortune was not quite so kind to us in our sporting activities and, in all honesty we have little to boast about in this direction. The girls, although they fought well in the senior divisions and showed considerable promise in the junior, had no real success in the Hockey Leagues or in the Knockouts. The efforts of the boys, on the other hand, did in part compensate for this

by winning both the Rugby Knockouts and the Singleton Sevens. Their success in these competitions was, of course, made a little easier by the fact that we have a great many members of the first team, but this, in itself, backfired on the House in the League games in which members of the first team are not allowed to compete. Sports Day brought us little more joy, though we were very grateful to all those of our members who gave of their best against the odds.

No House can avoid times in which things do not go well, but we do not despair. Instead, we hope that the good spirit of our members and the promise of our juniors will eventually bring the success that we all hope for.

Susan Lee.

---

M R.   W. J.   D O W N E R.

At the end of term we shall lose the services of Mr. W.J. Downer, who, apart from one break in the war years, has been with the School since 1935. As Head of the Classics Department, Careers Master, Librarian and Producer of School plays, his contribution to the life of the school has been immeasurable.

Mr. Downer was born in London of Irish parents, a circumstance which, he claims, he has never quite lived down. He went up to the University of Oxford and graduated from there with an Honours degree in Classics in 1934. In fact, Mr. Downer stayed on for one more year to take the Diploma in Education before coming on to Balshaw's in the September of 1935. Balshaw's was to be, in fact, his first and his only school.

On his arrival Latin was, of course, already well established as part of the school curriculum, but not so Greek. In his first year of teaching Mr. Downer introduced Greek to the sixth form and has ever since made it available as an additional ordinary-level course for anyone whose career or interest inclined them in that direction.



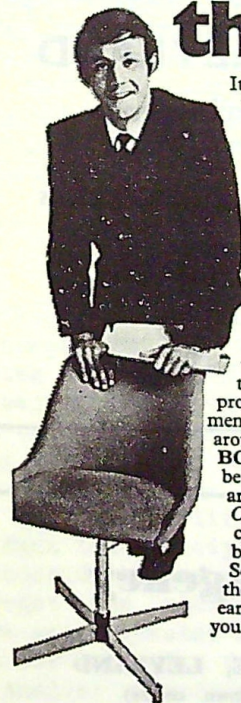
It was also in 1935 that he first took charge of the Library and he continued the good work for thirty four years, finally handing over the duties of Librarian to Mr. Shackleton in 1969. The principal reason for his withdrawing from the Library was that his other duties, as Careers Master, were beginning to make huge inroads on his time. Mr. Downer first took up responsibility for Careers in 1937, and it is perhaps here that one can see most clearly his qualities as a schoolmaster. He has worked tirelessly, with great patience and understanding to provide the best opportunities for all pupils.

Mr. Downer has always been truly a Balshaw's man: his own two sons were educated in the school and he has always been closely identified with its life. His production of thirteen school plays are still remembered with pleasure by those who saw them. Four productions especially caught the imagination of the audience: "St. Joan", "School for Scandal", "The Mikado" and "Pirates of Penzance" are still frequently mentioned in Staff room conversations. As a member of the Staff cricket team he was particularly valued for his fielding. Indeed, he does claim to have taken one catch, but it was for his un-nerving effect on opposing batsmen that he was usually placed at a kind of extraordinarily silly point. Those who survived the threat of his austere presence, invariably fell to his secret weapon, the extemporising of Pindaric Odes just as the bowler began his run.

We wish Mr. Downer a long and happy retirement and hope that he enjoys the time that he will now be able to devote to his many and various interests - from ambitious carpentry approved by Mr. Boardman, to delving in dictionaries for strange words and even stranger etymologies with which to bamboozle his colleagues.

We shall be sorry indeed to lose a man whose scholarship, dignity and genuine care for the welfare of his pupils has done so much to raise the quality of life in our school.

# Join the lively crowd at the Midland



It's people like you who help to make things go at the Midland. The lively young crowd, who use their talents, intelligence and energy to run things efficiently. The conditions are excellent; so is the pay and the opportunities to get to the top. Come and join us soon.

**GIRLS.** You can not only get the same pay as the men, but extra money for extra responsibility as well! We encourage you to get on—to study, if you wish; and you have the same chance of promotion to management jobs as the men around you.

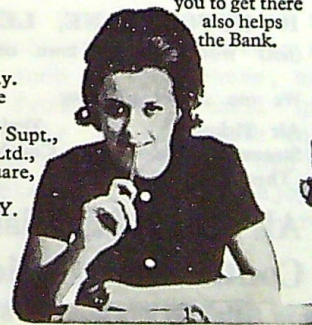
**BOYS.** Your prospects of becoming a bank manager are better than you think. One in two of our young career men get to branch manager level. Some make it before they're 35! You can earn £6,000 and more if you're exceptional.

Helping you to get there also helps the Bank.



Write to us today. We would like to talk to you.

The District Staff Supt.,  
Midland Bank Ltd.,  
12 Winckley Square,  
Preston,  
Lancs., PR1 3EY.



## Midland Bank

A Great British Bank



## **PARKINSONS of LEYLAND**

**High Class Confectioners**

*Specialists in Fresh Dairy Cream Cakes*

**17, Golden Hill Lane, & 22, Hough Lane**

**THE**

## **Leyland Travel Agency**

**Tel.: 22595 and 21384**

**10 HOUGH LANE, LEYLAND**  
(near Woolworths in town centre)

**We can supply all your**

<b>Air Tickets</b>	<b>Train Tickets</b>
<b>Steamship Tickets</b>	<b>Coach Tickets</b>
<b>Theatre Tickets</b>	

**All types of British and  
Continental Holidays**

**Open: Monday to Saturday 9 a.m. to 6-30 p.m.**

**Fridays until 7-30 p.m.**

## THE CHANGING FACE.

An interview with Mr. W.J. Downer.

When Mr. Downer began teaching at Balshaw's, we were only three hundred strong compared with the seven hundred or more who attend school now. All the blocks which are outside the main building did not exist at all in those days and only nine members of staff, all male and all young, were responsible for teaching the pupils. The fact that the school was small did much to determine its character.

The atmosphere of the school was rather more intimate than is possible with the sharply rising numbers of recent years. This is not to say that the school is now at all unfriendly or unusually formal, but if one considers the difference for the individual member of staff between knowing the majority of three hundred pupils and knowing the majority of seven hundred pupils, it becomes clear that the degree of personal contact between teacher and pupil must in some way be affected.

The type of life in school, too, was rather different. The fact that discipline was, on the whole tighter than is now considered educationally sound did not in any way restrict the attitudes of the pupils. On the contrary, there was a greater awareness of belonging to the School - it was more of a family than it is now. But, of course, the smaller school lends itself very much more readily to the creation of such an atmosphere, and many of the benefits we derived from being a small grammar school would be quite impossible to re-create in this a larger unit. Just imagine, for instance, the old House Hike. What was once a practicable and highly enjoyable jaunt would now be so difficult to organise and control that it is out of the question.

The Balshavian of thirty or more years ago was also



different from his modern counterpart, but this is true not only of Balshavians - it is true of children in general. The pupils of the old school were rather more ingenuous, perhaps because life itself was less sophisticated than now. The comparative sophistication of our newer Balshavians is, in terms of the society in which they live, a quality to be admired, but it does not seem to bring the kind of happiness that one associates with the more ingenuous child. The modern schoolboy seems not to get much fun out of life compared with previous generations. The reasons for this may be many and various, but whatever they may be, let us content ourselves by merely remarking that it is so.

Academically the school has changed, too. The range of subjects offered now and, even more particularly, the combinations of subjects is much greater than it has ever been before. There is also much greater scope for the pupil interested in the more practical subjects. Opportunities both within the school itself and also in relation to further education are considerably widened.

There is, however, one matter of regret for Mr. Downer as he comes to his retirement - the national decline of the Classics. It has, in spite of enthusiasm shown in this and other isolated schools, long been something of a Cinderella - now it may well become an eccentric spinster. The Classics are traditionally an academic discipline whose passing will be regretted and even mourned by many practising teachers, and not only Latin masters at that.

In all, Balshaw's now is a school which offers every opportunity of success for its pupils, and it has always been a good school to teach in - as one can easily see from the number of men who have stayed with the school for the whole or very nearly the whole of their working lives.

Susan Harrison, L6 Arts.

## S P E E C H D A Y .

Speech Day was originally planned for December the eleventh but, because of doubt and uncertainty surrounding the electricity strike, it seemed unlikely that we would be able to get through the proceedings without being plunged into sudden and alarming darkness. Unfortunately, in postponing the event we ran into difficulties because of the postal strike and, since the spring term had begun for most of the universities and colleges, the vast majority of Old Balshavians were unable to attend.

The Chairman of the Governors gave the opening address welcoming everybody and introducing Mr. Wood's madrigal group, who sang very well indeed and set off the evening in good style.

In his eleventh Annual Report, Mr. Bleasdale drew attention to the ever-increasing size of the Sixth Form, now standing at something in the order of 170 members, drawn from our own fifth year and from five local secondary modern schools. He went on to say that it was almost inevitable that, with such a rise in numbers, there would be more pupils coming into the sixth form who would find it rather difficult to follow a three-subject course to Advanced Level. Indeed, we were already facing the problem to some degree. He went on to say that in view of this situation it seemed sensible to think in terms of a new kind of examination to run alongside the present system - an examination more suitable to the requirements and inclinations of large numbers of the new sixth-formers. While on the subject of the Advanced Level examination the Headmaster commented on the disparity between arts and science students who apply for traditional academic courses in universities. The minimum entrance requirements for science students were now very obviously lower than for arts students. The full repercussions of this



situation were still to be felt. Mr. Bleasdale was pleased to be able to report that the congestion which had troubled the School for the past few years was now effectively relieved by the opening of the Sixth Form Block and two new temporary classrooms. Now it was hoped that staff-accommodation which had long been inadequate could be extended.

Dr. H. Wilkinson, Principal of the Harris College and of the new Polytechnic, took for his theme as guest speaker the nature of freedom and responsibility. He pointed out that schools often have their own special problems in this direction. It might, for instance, be difficult for senior pupils to see the relevance of certain rules, but they would do well to consider that it would be grossly unfair to relax for them the very rules which they had to enforce among the younger pupils. We have to accept restrictions on our individual freedom in order to preserve the greater freedom of society as a whole. Rules, said Dr. Wilkinson are not entirely sacred but have to change to suit the changing circumstances of the people whom they serve. But in this process of change we must be careful to guard against throwing out one set of rules before we have clearly formulated another to take their place. He went on to say that the responsible student must work to justify his existence, to become a useful member of society with a positive contribution to make. He also discussed the role of the Polytechnic in fitting the student for his place in the world and concluded by wishing us all the kind of success that would lead to the building of an improved society.

Dr. Wilkinson's speech was most interesting and informative and the evening's ceremony passed most agreeably for us all.

Wendy Eaton, L6 Arts.



THERE'S NO BULL . . .

. . . about that Pinta, so good health! Order your fresh Milk, Yogurt, Cream, Butter and Eggs from your regular, reliable Salesman NOW!

**MILK MARKETING BOARD**  
**RETAIL SERVICES**

**SCHOOL LANE, BAMBER BRIDGE**

Preston 36849



# *Mangnalls* for school shoes

ALSO, COME AND SEE SOME  
OF OUR TRENDY SHOES THAT  
ARE DELIGHTFUL TO WEAR  
FOR OUT-OF-SCHOOL OCCASIONS

**MANGNALLS: 17 CHAPEL BROW: LEYLAND**

## M R. F E A R N L E Y.

Mr. Fearnley, who joined us at the beginning of this term, is a graduate of Newcastle University, where he spent five years and took a B.Sc. in Botany and the Diploma in Education.

During his stay in Newcastle, Mr. Fearnley led a very busy and an active life: he was International Secretary to the Christian Union and lived in a Hall of Residence with foreign students, welcoming them and helping them to settle into life in England and within the University.

Mr. Fearnley was also a member of the Newcastle University expedition to Turkey, collecting specimens of insects, seeds and flowers for museums and for research.

Mr. Fearnley, after having taught for a time at Marsh Green, Wigan is looking forward to teaching in his old school and especially to the luxurious new science-block that has been added since he was a pupil here.

Tina Griffiths. L6 Arts.

## B A L S H A V I A N W E A T H E R.

This year has, so far, been remarkable for its sunshine and its mild temperatures, which have combined to produce a really splendid show of blossom in the Leyland Gardens.

January was especially mild with the thermometer never falling to freezing point while on January 11th the temperature rose to 12.2°C (54°F). The lowest temperature of the winter term was recorded on March 11th (-3.7°C).

The term was also remarkably dry, only 5.71 inches of rain being recorded in the 13 weeks.

Our good fortune has continued into the summer term, the first six weeks having produced only 3.05 inches of rain and many splendid sunny days.

	Av. Max.	Av. Min.	Mean.	Rainfall.
January	8.5°C	3.1°C	5.8°C	1.68"
February	7.5°C	1.8°C	4.65°C	1.89"
March	9.5°C	0.7°C	5.1°C	2.14"

I.K. Hughes.



C E L E B R I T Y I N T E R V I E W .

Basil D'Oliveira was born, as you may well know, in South Africa. He was married to Naomi in January 1960, and has two children, Damian aged 10 and Shaun aged 6.

- 1) When did you first come to England?  
April 1st 1960.
  - 2) Where and when did you begin to play cricket in England?  
Middleton C.C. (Central Lancashire League.)  
April 1960.
  - 3) How did you break into county cricket?  
After a fairly successful time in League Cricket and a few Cavalier tours abroad I was finally convinced by my friend Tom Graveney that I could make a success of County Cricket. We decided this in the Hotel Metropole in Karachi during one of those Cavalier tours. I joined Worcestershire in 1964.
  - 4) These are troubled times in sport, with referees in soccer, rugby and boxing increasingly under attack. Now it seems,umpires are not to be exempt from criticism. What is your attitude as a professional cricketer to this situation?  
I always admire and respect these men who in my opinion do a thankless job. I am only human and at times feel a little bit annoyed at some of their decisions. But I accept them as human error and can certainly put up with it. After all the game won't be much without them.
- a) Do you believe that English umpires are always or usually right in their decisions?  
I don't believe they are always right. This is impossible. But they are honest men who endeavour to do an honest job. That's good enough for me.
  - b) Do you believe that batsmen given notout against their better knowledge should "walk"? Why or why not?  
I think this is something certainly up to the



**Basil d'Oliveira**



individual. Speaking for myself I prefer to walk. This happens mostly with catches so I will be walking before the Umpire has made a decision, anyway. I don't think I could live with myself knowing I am deliberately cheating.

- c) How relevant is the amateur concept of "sportsmanship" to the professional game?

This again is somewhat a personal thing. You are what you are. We all respond differently to certain situations. You are obviously harder and tighter when you are earning your livelihood from the game. But this doesn't change my attitude to sportsmanship and fair play.

- 5) These are days, too, when the influence of the television commentator is strong. How do you react to these almost commonplace remarks about your game?

- a) That you are a nervous or uncertain starter? Are you in fact, a little ill at ease at the beginning of an innings, or is it simply that like anyone else, you can get the odd duck?

Believe me I can get more than the odd duck!

Basically I don't respond to the medium of Radio T.V. or Newspaper. They can't tell me anything that I don't already know about myself. But I do take a savage delight out of proving these people wrong. Particularly when they endeavour to say you are no good or not worth your place. But I always make a point of doing this on the field of play. I won't say I'm a nervous starter just a little bit slower than most.

- b) That you are a player of natural ability rather than technical skill?

Natural ability I think is somewhat akin to technical skill. Basically we all try to play straight and correct. Where the difference occurs is in the hitting of the ball. Overseas players tend to hit the ball more often, and more violently than the English based player. But having come from the warmer climates

you have to try to become a tighter and sounder player in England in order to combat the varying conditions. All players have natural ability. The secret is to make your style work for you under all conditions. That is skill and ability.

- 6) How important is coaching? Can you "make" a player? What are the dangers?

Being an uncoached player I'm not a great believer in Coaching. But I think it is important to have a coach to guide you. I don't think you can make a player. But you can guide a player into becoming a lot better. This is obviously a question which takes a lot of time and space to explain. And I feel I can do a lot of harm by trying to explain such a vast aspect of the game in a few sentences. So I will have to leave it at that.

- 7) Which players have you most admired? What qualities in them have impressed you?

I have admired Geoff Boycott's dedication, Ray Illingworth's ability as a Captain to read players, wickets and situations and, above all, supreme coolness under all sorts of pressures. The grace and charm of Colin Cowdrey and Tom Graveney. The violent and often overwhelming approach of Gary Sobers. The beautiful approach and action of John Snow, and the glorious timing of the ball by Graeme Pollock in full flow.

- 8) How important is courage? Does the professional ever fear for his bodily welfare to the same extent as the schoolboy facing the local speed-merchant on a village pitch?

Courage obviously is required and a great essential in all walks of life in different ways. The same applies to Cricket. Nobody or better still no batsman likes fast bowling. The only difference is some show it more than others. To face up to bowling at 90 miles an hour or stand a few feet from the bat takes a lot of nerve and courage. In Cricket as in



other walks of life, some have more than others.

9) You are perhaps the most popular player in the modern game and there clearly are times when you cannot fail to recognise that the crowd is with you. How important and helpful is this kind of support a) to you and b) to the player in general?

It is very nice to know that I maybe the most popular player in the game, although there are many arguments for and against this. However, it is nice to know and indeed very pleasing to find the crowd are behind you. At the same time I have obviously sensed this on many occasions and it has brought an added pressure, because you start dreading the fact that you could and might let them down with a bad performance. Other players might not rise to this sort of situation. The opposition I feel tries harder to bring you down. This is good because it at least makes you react to them. Cricket being a team game I always feel a little bit upset because I'd much rather, prefer the praises, support and applause to go to the whole team rather than a few individuals. Nevertheless those things do happen, and the most important thing to me is always to be thankful and to realise that the game will always be bigger than the man.

---

### THE SCHOOL PLAY.

These days, to go to a live performance of a play has, quite apart from the pleasure to be derived from the production itself, the distinct advantage - and even virtue - of freeing us from the addictive tedium of television. It came as a very welcome change to be present at the performance of so colourful and so delightfully three-dimensional play as the School's production of "Midsummer Night's Dream". The first entrance of Titania and her

retinue was indeed breathtaking, - vivid colours contrasting against the sparkling white of the queen's costume and the black and silver of Oberon's.

But there is more to it than just the effect of colour on the eye, there is the sense of participation in a unique performance - no pre-recorded predictability here, but something alive.

It must be difficult to maintain a freshness of approach in a play so well-known and frequently produced as "A Midsummer Night's Dream", to avoid slipping into the humdrum, hackneyed manner, but the actors showed considerable zest and their enthusiasm was infectious. Baybutt, as Puck, charged suddenly down the centre of the hall with such a deal of conviction and so convincing a trip that no one in the audience was of a mind to disbelieve him when he stated that he had "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes". Nor was Helena's energetic pursuit of Demetrius any less real - one could not decide who most deserved one's pity; Helena for the obvious frustration that she felt, or Demetrius for the very effective pestering to which he was subjected.

Perhaps the most striking achievement of the play was the ingenious use of the very limited space available on the school stage. There are many scenes in the play where a large number of characters are on stage simultaneously, and yet there was no sense of restriction. The effort was helped by some very thoughtful use of scenery which was kept to minimum so that it would not clutter the action and yet placed and used most effectively. There was also a pleasing balance between the simplicity of the set and the elaborate and gay costumes. One scene was especially remarkable for this effect: the presentation of Titania's throne.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable and refreshing evening's entertainment and Mrs. Gregory and all who took part deserve our heartiest congratulations.

Kathryn Bradshaw, L6 A.



## "AIKIDO!"

Early last September it was with a mixture of surprise and apprehension I discovered that a fellow-pupil in the Lower sixth was a girl with a most unusual hobby. In her spare time, Lindsey Pybus has studied the Japanese art of "Aikido" to the extent that she is now the proud possessor of a "green-belt" in the art.

From the ancient Japanese word;

meaning "way of harmony", Aikido is the art of self-confidence, self-defence, and the control of body and mind enabling the individual to live in harmony with mankind.

Established in Japan in the early nineteenth century, Aikido was only introduced to England during the 'twenties. Until fairly recently it was taught exclusively to the Japanese Imperial Guards together with Judo, Karate or Kendo. In England today, only about three hundred people practice Aikido, four of the clubs being in the North West. Lindsey's parents organise three of these clubs; two in Manchester and one

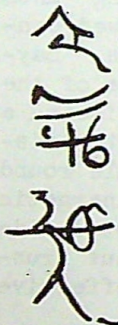
in Wigan. Mr. & Mrs. Pybus are both Aikido "black belts" and Lindsey's brother, Duncan, a junior "blue belt" with two stripes. Lindsey herself is the highest-graded person of her age and is qualified to teach Aikido techniques.

The Pybus family is attracting considerable attention at the moment - only recently they appeared on Granada television demonstrating their self-defence techniques. To quote Lindsey on the difference between Aikido and an art such as Judo:

Aikido is a quiet art, unlike Judo in that Judo techniques ones pponent falls directly at one's feet, whereas in Aikido he can fall anything up to twenty feet away and still land gracefully!"

Understandably, Lindsey always preceeds me in the dinner queue, and is treated with awe by at least one beefy Upper-Sixth form boy!

Ann Wood LV1 Sc.Be.



Your Schoolwear needs are specially catered for by

## "ECKERSLEY'S"

As appointed agents for the supply of girls' uniform to Balshaw's we aim to give every satisfaction

TRUTEX - MONTFORT - BRETTLES - HEATONEX  
WOOL AND HABERDASHERY

A private fitting room is available

155 TOWNGATE, LEYLAND

PHONE 22550

## J. FISHWICK & SONS

COACH AND TRAVEL OFFICE

CHAPEL BROW - LEYLAND Tel. 21207

Luxury Coaches



Excursions and Tours : Private Hire

Catering and theatre tickets for private parties

Agents for leading British and Continental

Tours



British United Airways and express services

throughout the U.K.



M R. M I L L E R.

We very much regret that since the writing of this article, Mr. Miller has died in Preston Royal Infirmary. It was decided to retain the article because, in effect, it is a testimony to the long and devoted service which Mr. Miller has given the school over a great many years. We shall all miss his cheerful company and offer our deepest sympathy to his wife.

Almost everyone in school will have seen Mr. Miller riding around on his bicycle or umpiring hockey matches but most of the juniors will be unsure of exactly who he was and many of our more senior pupils unaware of the many remarkable things about him.

Mr. Miller was born in May, 1886 and under the sign of Taurus. This is held to be of some significance in that Taurus allegedly has the power to invest its people with the quality of strong-mindedness, not to say stubbornness. It was this characteristic perhaps more than any other that altered the course of his life.

Mr. Miller began what was a very promising career as a musician: he played the French Horn in the Dublin Philharmonic Orchestra for nine years and also appeared as an extra for the Carl Rosa Opera Company. It seemed he was set for a life in Music, but suddenly he just gave it all up, because he preferred to play sport. It was a decision that in some ways he regretted, but it led to a full and different life.

When he joined the Royal East Kent Regiment, he turned down the opportunity to go to Army's school of music at Kneller Hall, but at the same time he was able to enjoy to the full the many and various sporting facilities afforded by the Army. He represented the Army at hockey whilst serving in Africa and also played cricket for his regiment at Capetown, Durban and Ladysmith. In 1922 he won the Men's Open Tennis Championship held at Saraphan in Palestine.

Once out of the Army he joined Barrow Cricket Club and was their professional in the North Lancashire League for nine years and his life was after that time very closely linked with sport. He had been for many years a hockey umpire registered with the county and had, in this capacity, umpired regularly for Leyland and given his services very readily to the School.

The thirty-five years which Mr. Miller spent with the School were happy years both for him and for all those who worked with him. It is to a large extent due to his efforts that we have so many of the sports facilities available now to members of the School. The four grass courts we use Mr. Miller levelled by hand, raked, set and fenced. In the same way he constructed the area for cricket nets which used to be at the bottom of the field. Of course, he gained, too, from his labours; for by improving the facilities he was able to create the right conditions for bringing on Balshavian talent in his capacity as coach. Until quite recently he still found time to help young players in the evenings.

Mr. Miller, although retired, liked to keep up contact with the School because, he said, there were many people here who had been very kind to him, and children whose cheeky company he always found refreshing.

As one can see easily enough from the course of his life, Mr. Miller believed very firmly in the old maxim that "variety is the spice of life". Certainly it stood him in good stead; for he saw the world, did most things and to the last, led a very active life.

Ann Langton, L.6A.

HOW NOT TO PRODUCE SHAKESPEARE.

The Century Theatre's production of "Twelfth Night" was certainly eccentric, but in the contemporary staging of Shakespeare we are used to that. Indeed, we almost expect a degree of novelty, but this production went beyond the merely unusual and moved into the realms of the ridiculous.



It all began with the solemn lighting of the joss-sticks before an Indian throne. This had us puzzled and many of our number could be seen furtively checking tickets and programmes to make sure that we were at the right play. The matter was eventually made plain when the stage-lighting revealed a group of musicians playing Indian instruments. Orsino, in spite of his name, was seen to be a Persian-cum-Indian prince (his costume was rather indeterminate) puffing hard on a hubble bubble pipe. He put down his pipe, held his hands together above his head in that attitude of prayer which we have come to accept as belonging to the Middle East, and, giving a passable impersonation of Peter Sellers, said;

"If mewzig - be ze fud - of lov, - pley onn".

His accent thickened through the speech until he broke off to resume smoking his pipe. It was not a happy start and the more far-sighted members of the audience began to buzz uneasily as they considered some of the problems that were going to arise as the result of this interpretation.

Their worst fears were realized; we had Malvolio as a Sikh prostrating himself towards Mecca calling upon Jove! The box-tree, no longer possible in an Indian location, was replaced by a large, grotesque and only just decent statue of a female Buddha, all while Shakespeare's text was assuming that it was a box-tree and not a statue at all. The mind began to spin. How, for instance, was Malvolio going to wear cross-gartered yellow stockings when he was already in long silk trousers? The answer was that at the appropriate moment he changed into an Indian Boy Scout with shorts. There was a persistent struggle between the terms of this oriental interpretation and the terms of Shakespeare's European text. Of course one can justify the basic idea - that the producer saw in the emotional self-indulgence of the characters of the play an eastern influence, or a parallel with the romantic attitudes of remote territories. However, to maintain a consistently oriental interpretation made demands on the audience's tolerance which were frankly unreasonable: we

had Fabian dressed like a young Nehru encouraging a European duel with what looked alarmingly like scimitars. This was not merely a struggle - it was a jumble of incomprehensible ideas.

This problem was bad enough in itself, but when the other characters emerged they increased the level of confusion. Sir Toby was fresh from the pages of Somerset Maugham, a degenerate Britisher in a linen suit and cummerbund mopping his brow against the heat and raising his trilby to Olivia. He was disturbingly colonial. His gull, Sir Andrew, wore shorts to denote his immaturity, and, just in case the point had been missed, he was made to swing like a bored and naughty child from an ingeniously if artificially introduced swing, - and to throw a paddy beating his feet on the floor. Again each of these ideas, if taken separately has some significance, but the inter-relationship of the parts became steadily more incongruous.

Viola's costume was exactly that of her brother, Sebastian - a hippie outfit from California. Sebastian was an amoral pot-smoker drawing deeply on his source of inspiration and speaking through a thick narcotic haze, the purpose of which seemed not very obvious. Antonio was a deep-south negro dressed in a jerkin and wellington boots. Olivia moved from century to century as she changed her clothes, and from country to country.

Unfortunately, the faults lay not only in the staging. There were parts of the play which were totally misinterpreted. In the early scenes, if the play is to make any sense at all, Olivia is under the influence of a self-indulgent melancholy and has cut herself off from life. The producer, alas, made her giggle her way through this early section in a way which made nonsense of the play's purpose. The producer had obviously decided to break from tradition at all costs.

To break with tradition is not necessarily regrettable, but to base that break in wilful misinterpretation and to reconstruct the separate parts of the play without considering their relationship the one to the other is an exercise that is better not undertaken.



## LANGDALE

The morning of Thursday the eighth of April was dull and chilly, but we all turned up laden with rucksacks, bobble-caps, hiking-boots and plasters. By means of a fast coach and the Motorway we were quickly into Grasmere, where we were to bid farewell to the party of Geographers led by Mr. Reese and Mr. Smith, the latter proudly sporting a kind of bibless, bracerless pair of hot pants.

After driving through Grasmere's narrow streets for a while, we discovered that we had unwittingly left Ramsden with the Geographers; so Stanley of the psychedelic Noddy-cap was sent to retrieve him. Soon we were on our way again and caught our first glimpse of Bow Fell towering in the distance, its peak out of sight, hidden in mist and cloud. This was, in fact, our original destination but Mr. Hardwick decided that in the conditions it was not entirely safe; so a lower route was chosen - to the Pike of Stickle, Harrison's Stickle and Pavey Arch. In all honesty, it was a great relief to some in our number, who had visions of themselves perched precariously on narrow ledges. Before we had reached the Langdale Valley someone had eaten most of our emergency rations.

The coach drew to a halt at the Dungeon Ghyll Hotel and there was the inevitable hurried scuffle and hunting round corners before we eventually set off on the actual walk. Our route followed the Langdale Valley to a bridge just below Rosset Ghyll. This part of the country-side was flat and pleasant and from this section we could watch the tiny specks which were rock-climbers tackling the sheer faces of the Raven Crag or take in the majestic atmosphere of mountains that rose on every side of us. Some enjoyed the opportunity for a leisurely talk while others took pleasure in the sensation of boots on the springy turf. When we reached the bridge over the stream we felt that we could go happily on for ever at this gentle pace. Rosset Ghyll was, however, a rude shock. It was much steeper when we were standing under it than it had seemed

from a distance and it was only after much panting that we managed to reach the top, only to discover that Entwisle, who had, much to our disgust strolled up the slope as though it were flat, had been waiting there for the best part of half an hour.

We rested a while and revived ourselves with cold, fresh water from a mountain stream and then made for a spot just below the sugar-loaf peak of the Pike of Stickle. Here we would have dinner. But before we could eat we had to negotiate a squelching, boot-sucking bog which lay between us and the Pike. It took us half an hour to reach our appointed eating-place. Above the noise of earnest munching could be heard the steady voice of Anne Hill singing the praises of Ireland and the Irish. Some of the more energetic among our party immediately scrambled up to the summit of the Pike of Stickle while the more sensible members of the expedition simply lay back, watched them and quietly allowed our food to settle.

Once the party had been reunited we made off for the next peak, Harrison's Stickle. From here the Langdale Valley opened up to give a wonderful view with the grey water of Windermere away in the distance. From the Stickle we moved on to Pavey Arch, from where we could see Stickle Tarn a few hundred feet below us, nestled among the hills and reflecting their beauty in the still, clear water. Not unnaturally this is a favourite resting-place among hikers.

Our descent was by means of a long, steep path and it was only at this point that we discovered that Anne did not much care for heights, but the thought of a night alone on the Fells soon persuaded her that even an unsure and scrambling descent was better than its alternative. Half way down Alison twisted her ankle, but luckily the injury was not too severe and we were able to reach the bottom by six o'clock as we had planned.

Outside the Hotel we flopped onto benches with cans of lemonade and the crumby remains of our packed lunches,



## A Career in

# Supermarketing

Have YOU both mental and physical stamina?

Can YOU lead others?

Are YOU capable of really hard work?

Have YOU a flair for display?

Do YOU get on with people?

If you have 4 'O' levels, preferably with Maths, and can answer "Yes" to these questions, write to:

The Personnel Dept.

**E. H. BOOTH & CO., LTD.**

FISHERGATE, PRESTON

for further information on joining the company as a trainee manager.

Thinking of decorating?

Then pay a visit to

# Maurice Brooks

19 CHAPEL BROW  
LEYLAND, PR5 2NH

Telephone: 21657

We have everything for decorating and the most up-to-date wallpapers and paints in the district by all the leading manufacturers. We have a delivery service to all parts.

only to be hailed by strong-looking groups of Geographers striding out of Mill Ghyll, followed by a long line of sixth-formers, and, eventually Mr. Reese still under his own steam.

Weary but feeling we had achieved the very nearly impossible we sailed home along the Motorway to the conflicting strains of "Danny Boy" (inspired by Ann), "She's a Lassie from Lancashire" (a kind of counterblast) and "Old McDonald had a Farm" (for which there seemed to be no real explanation).

Susan Gwilliam, 4/7.

## A S P E C T S O F W A L E S .

There is, providentially, no official name for the small group of would-be mountaineers who spent four days in Wales during the Easter Holiday. Suffice it to say that Stan, Willem, P.A.F. and Sir comprised the invading Saxon crew who plainly disgusted the roving hordes of carnivorous Welsh sheep - nationalists, every one.

Bendy Mawr is a climbing-hut admirably situated in the Pass of Llanberis. To a climber a hut is a kind of palace. I ask anyone who has tried to survive in a soggy tent pitched on a bog in a dark night. This hut was kindly loaned to us by the Rucksack Club. Unfortunately we found on our arrival that the nationalistically inclined mains had blown up in anticipation and protest; we consequently spent a rather frustrating afternoon waiting on the good offices of Caernarvonshire Electricity Board. At six-thirty that evening we agreed to go out on the fells and accordingly left Pen y Pas at ten minutes past seven to traverse Crib Goch and Crib y Dyssal in the evening light. The gathering darkness was impressive and it was decided to move on - to the summit of Snowdon. At least this is a feat not yet achieved this year by the mountain railway; it has been snowbound. For the madness of climbing Snowdon in indifferent light, Willem is squarely to blame;



for only he had not set foot on the summit before. The somewhat precipitate descent down the PYG track was led in its latter stages by P.A. ("It's-only-round-the-next-bend") Fairhurst and finally gave place to some very welcome rest and refreshment.

A late start next morning found us on our way in glorious conditions up the north ridge of Tryfan, but only after a short yet distressing argument with a Welsh Nationalist sheep fence which Sir had managed to lose. Tryfan is a fine scramble, but not for the fainthearted: the R.A.F. uses the Ogwen valley as a practice ground treating all on the fells to superb views of Phantom jet fighters sweeping low into the valley to bank steeply, turn right over Bethesda and out to sea. The ascent of Tryfan is finally completed by jumping the gaps between two monoliths that form the summit - Adam and Eve.

Bristly Ridge leading to Glyder Fach presents a fine challenge to the competent scrambler. Let us say that it is no place to contemplate the Highland Fling. It was perhaps the finest ascent of the holiday, leading to the summits of the Glyders. We descended by way of a fine snow-valley to the Devil's Kitchen. On the descent Stan claimed the "Fall of the Month", sliding fulltilt for considerable distance on his posterior only to be arrested sharply by a piece of Welsh Nationalist slate. Of course, he made the most of it and claimed to have been seriously damaged.

The walk up Carneddau on Thursday was threatened partly by fatigue from our previous exertions, but principally by Welsh Nationalist cloud. Only on the way down Pen yr ole Wen did our gentlemen realise the wisdom of not going up it. As we wearily approached the Ogwen Tea Shop, the owner saw us coming and, like all good Welsh Nationalist Tea Shop owners, especially when faced by this situation, promptly closed.

Friday morning brought us a pilgrimage - to Joe Brown's shop, where ice-axes and fibreglass safety-helmets are manufactured, and where climbers feel important. After

lunch in a well cleaned and tidy hut we left for home. We felt we had eaten well, walked hard and slept hard. It was all thoroughly enjoyable and worth every minute's planning, packing and travelling.

R.H.H.

---

### THE NEW POLYTECHNIC.

an interview with Dr. Wilkinson.

In his address at our annual Speech Night, Dr. Wilkinson told us of the proposals to create a new Polytechnic in Preston based on the work of what is now the Harris College. If indeed these proposals go through, and there seems no doubt that they will, then clearly it will greatly increase the availability of higher education for local schools. Equally clearly, the facilities offered by such an establishment will be of considerable help to many of our Balshavians.

Dr. Wilkinson began by giving us a brief outline of the further education. During the 1820's and 1830's society felt the need to give both general education and practical training to apprentices and employees: in other words, a more directly useful form of education than was otherwise available to them in the more traditional kind of school. These new schools, the Mechanics' Institutes were in fact the fore-runners of the present day Technical Colleges and Polytechnics.

The beginnings of Technical Education were humble enough; the grants and general finance came from "Whisky Money" and it was quite the standard joke of the time that teachers had to distill "wisdom from Whisky, brains from beer and genius from gin". To begin with they worked mainly in the evenings and offered only a very restricted kind of education, but it was a peculiarly relevant form of education geared to the needs of its students, to the terms of their future life. But despite their humble beginnings the technical institutions developed rapidly,



and quickly established themselves as centres of an alternative form of education, ultimately equalling the standards of universities in some of their courses. At first, the fact that it was rooted firmly in working-class movements and aimed at practically useful rather than academic training, led to differences between the Polytechnic and the university that were both historical and social. We asked Dr. Wilkinson to explain these differences.

He explained that whereas self-governing universities were financed by the University Grants Commission from central funds, polytechnics were under the control of, and financed by the local education authorities. The local authorities were obliged by statute to provide education and had to spread their funds economically over the whole range of schools and colleges for which they were responsible. As a result, higher education, that is, above G.C.E. Advanced Level, and mostly for those over eighteen, had in the past tended to get less generous provision than the same levels of course would have had in a university. To ensure a more appropriate provision, the higher courses, particularly if they are full time, will in future be concentrated in a limited number of thirty polytechnics. These will do nearly all the full-time advanced courses of degree or near-degree standard outside the universities. They will do only high-level work but will provide it in many fields and in an environment nearer to that of a university.

It will still be true that over the whole broad range of courses offered, the majority of polytechnic courses will tend to be more vocationally based than their equivalents in the universities. Not all the courses, however, will lead necessarily to degrees, - some of them will be directed towards other qualifications necessary for practice in professional fields.

Some of the best courses offered are the Higher National Diplomas in a variety of subjects. These are the equivalent of an ordinary or pass degree from a university. One of the greatest advantages of many of the H.N.D

courses is that the student takes a sandwich course, spending half his term working in industry and the other half working on the academic side of his course in the Polytechnic. There is evident in the attitudes of the Polytechnic a close link with industry, a link that reminds us strongly of the original motives for the creation of technically-based education. Dr. Wilkinson pointed out that some who wished to take up a particular career in a profession may be better advised to take a purely academic course whether in a university or a polytechnic.

Polytechnics have taken significant steps towards a status comparable with that of the universities: they have introduced staff and student representatives on governing bodies and departmental committees which can exercise considerable influence in the changing of courses and even in creating totally new ones, where the need may be felt. Now the student in a polytechnic has more opportunity to influence democratically the nature of his own education. The Students' Unions are beginning, too, to provide very reasonable facilities and services, though, of course, they cannot all as yet provide the same services as a university union which has the advantage of having been longer in existence.

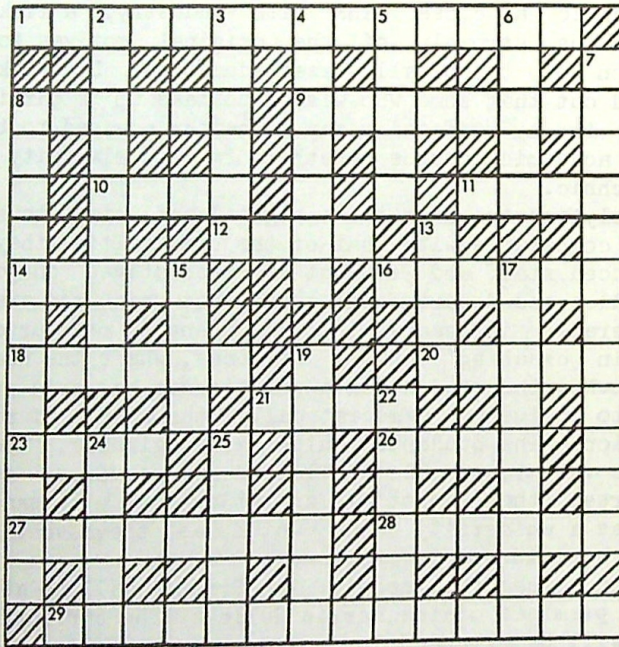
The actual Polytechnic in Preston will be at first in the premises of the Harris College. The current buildings will be extended to provide accommodation for several thousand fulltime students, one thousand of whom are already in full-time courses at the college. They may eventually be recruited from all over the country, much as a university recruits its students now. Those in part-time education will be recruited on a purely local basis. The greatest problem faced by the Polytechnic at the moment is to find suitable accommodation for the large numbers of students who will quite suddenly move into the area that is simply unused to dealing with them.

The polytechnic will develop from the nine existing departments, each of which will expand by offering a much

(Continued on page 52)



# Senior Crossword



## CLUES ACROSS.

1. Climb either end and produce a rhyme. (5.5.4.)
8. The backward endless soldier to a Spanish shout - jolly (6)
9. Favourite right proud to be a Sonneteer. (8)
10. Vain object of worship we hear. (4)

## CLUES ACROSS (continued).

11. Scarlet desire. (4)
12. High spot returns to a wheel. (4)
14. Wise shrub. (5)
16. Makes one extremity fast (3.3.)
18. 'Ark points - it's deserved. (6)
20. A wet kind of Irish boy (5)
21. Girl found in Dover Avenue. (4)
23. Moves jerkily to the brewer's yard. (4)
26. Act alternatively and go through it. (4)
27. Vessels in the dark ants. (8)
28. Irritable dwarf. (6)
29. We sold white rod to fabulously naughty creatures. (3.4.7.)

## C L U E S   D O W N .

2. "Met'er again, we hear", was the sharp reply. (9)
3. Gay drink-maker (6)
4. The quality of a junior demon? (7)
5. Made an outmoded appointment. (5)
6. Blimey! an American soldier-dog. (5)
7. Apply to H.R.H. in good works. (13)
8. Paint in which East meets West? (7.5.)
13. Meek writer (4)
15. Grimace - return to dance. (4)
17. Agenda in favour of weight. (9)
19. Indian coins and one old penny confused, contemplated (7)
22. An American soldier in a fuss is slow. (6)
24. The drink with a kick. (5)
25. Fat French day. (5)



The earliest histories of Britain are contained in Chronicles such as the ones preserved in the Parker and Laud Chronicles and the Cotton Manuscripts covering the local events of Abingdon and Worcester. Hitherto the Preston Chronicle, dating from the eighth century A.D., has been little known, largely because this work originally discovered by Sir Richard A. Kemple found its way into the hands of private collectors. Only now can we of "The Balshavian" bring to you, unexpurgated and fully annotated a translation from the original script. The notes are by the leading American scholar, Klaus Berg. The transcription below is from the Chorley fragment.

It befell in the days of Hrothclug the Unsteady when he had dominion over the Valley of the Singers(1), and all the land that lay between the town of Pres(2), and the settlement of Glothwig the Irascible(3), including the village of Walter the Long(4), Krogbind the Sour did take him a wife. Now in order to spite his enemy, Kraftig the Lightfingered, whom he hated because he suspected him of having stolen his runes, Krogbind married the daughter of his enemy. This Kraftig was the richest man in all the Valley of the Singers and dwelt in an ever-diminishing forest(5). His daughter, Ethel was not unbeautiful and when Krogbind married her there was great mead-drinking in the Hall of Hrothclug but the missing runes were not forgotten. Kraftig did set Krogbind on fire. This was in the year of the invasion when the brigands of Long Fell(6) came down and sacked Hasbyrig(7).

1) The Valley of the Singers. Presumed to be the area now known as Leyland, having originally been spelled Layland, lay meaning song.

2) The town of Pres. Preston.

3) Glothwig the Irascible. A notoriously violent headman of his village, whose temper led him to be nicknamed "Wiggy the Cross". It is almost certain that the village here referred to is Croston.

4) Walter the Long. The taller of two Walters inhabiting the same village, the other being Walter the Unlong. Walter the Long could beat Walter the Unlong at

## LEYLAND GARAGE CO., LTD.

OFFER THE FINEST SERVICE  
IN THE AREA

SALES  SERVICE

INCLUDING  
NEW FORD CARS & COMMERCIALS

- ★ ALL MAKES OF USED CARS
- ★ SERVICING FOR ALL MAKES
- ★ ACCIDENT REPAIR SPECIALISTS
- ★ ESSO OILS AND PETROL
- ★ SPARES AND ACCESSORIES

VISIT US TODAY  
AT  
TOWNGATE - LEYLAND

21766



## There's no safer place for your savings than the Trustee Savings Bank

### Ordinary Department

Up to £10,000 may be deposited Interest  $3\frac{1}{2}\%$   
The first £21 of Interest is Free of Income Tax.

### Special Investment Department

Up to £10,000 may be deposited

Interest  $6\%$  subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal  
 $7\frac{1}{2}\%$  subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal

Cheque facilities available; full particulars on application  
to

**PRESTON TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK**  
Chapel Brow, Leyland  
Telephone: 21531

SHOP AT

## J. TUSON LTD.

**MEN'S and BOYS' WEAR**

Official Stockists To

BALSHAW'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL

STOCKISTS OF

WELLFIELD AND WORDEN SECONDARY SCHOOLS

ALWAYS A LARGE SELECTION OF MENS AND BOYS  
WEAR BY LEADING MAKERS.

at **66 HOUGH LANE, LEYLAND**

Tel: 21378

and **248 LEYLAND LANE**

Tel 23833

fisticuffs and so assumed control of the village, now known as Higher Walton (settlement of the Higher of the two Walters).

5) The ever-diminishing forest. Whittle-le-Woods.

6) Long Fell. A wild area to the North of Preston infamous for marauders.

7) Hasbyrig. Euxton.

Alexander Bamkein and Martin Roscrenn.

## RUGBY REPORT.

With only three members of last year's first fifteen in School, we realised from the first that we would have difficulties. Mr. Smith worked very hard to rebuild the team, But our inexperience proved to be an insuperable problem. Inexperience shows in the crisis, when doing the right thing should be second nature, an instinctive response. For too many of us the response was just that bit too slow and things did not go well for us.

Our opening match was, as usual, against Ormskirk - a traditional fixture which we find a reliable guide to our chances in the remaining matches. We lost to Ormskirk and to most of the other sides we played. In fact, we won only twice, but the team's spirit was excellent and everyone enjoyed and learned from the games we played. This year's experience will be a considerable advantage to us when we begin the new season. Indeed, we look forward with some confidence to good results.

The team was selected from: Sherlock (capt.), Fairhurst, Fairclough, Norris (J), Bradley, Nelson (D), Kay, Corlett, Aspden, Golder, Birkett (G), Tyrer, Oakes, Forshaw, Roscoe, Robinson, Carr and Ramsden.

In the Fylde Sevens we began well and beat a Halifax team in the first round by six points to three, but the match was a hard one and still feeling the effects we had the misfortune to meet Cowley, a very powerful team, and were beaten. The team was Tyrer, Golder, Carr, Corlett, Sherlock, Robinson and Norris.

S.R. Sherlock.



# MAINLY for JUNIORS

## UNDER FIFTEEN RUGBY REPORT.

Without reaching any great heights, this year's side has generally played well. The most pleasing feature of the side has been its ability to overcome difficulties of its own creation. Finding a suitable pair of half backs proved to be the major problem in the first term, but eventually Eagle was paired with Eastham and in the second term the team produced its best football.

The forwards were usually heavy and solid enough to dominate the tight scrums and to win their fair share of ball in the loose, but getting good ball from the line-out was a constant problem. The backs ran well on occasions, but tended to stand still when accepting a pass. In general they relied on individual efforts - which at least resulted in some very spectacular tries.

The side was admirably captained by Eastham and he deserved to lead a winning team. The side was chosen from: Eastham (capt.), Jones, Addison, Lowe, Southworth (J), Pallett, Eagle, Norris (H), Whiteside, Montwill, Bolding, Pilkington, Southworth (D), Taylor, Baybutt, Robinson, Norris (K), Cocker, Rameil, Gregson, Corlett, Ritchie, Holmes and Gelder.

Results.				Points.	
Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Agst.
16	7	1	8	225	168
D.L. Worthing.					

## UNDER THIRTEEN RUGBY REPORT.

On the whole, this has been a memorable season, principally because of the unflagging enthusiasm of the

greater part of the playing squad. We were fortunate in finding height and weight together with speed and skill in certain positions. The scrum functions with vigour if not always with a deep comprehension of the finer tactical points, but they made significant progress as the season progressed.

Barnes made a noble effort to fill the position of hooker which was eventually filled more successfully by Wakefield. Cook, Dobson, Southworth and Pincock formed the basis of a sound and powerful pack, ably led by Cook. The advent of Hinchliffe at number 8 heralded a more efficient and consistent service to the backs. Wing forwards were not easy to find and it was here that we had our most serious weakness.

Holmes and Bidgood, joined later in the season by Eccles, did most of the significant thinking and running in the back division, and Holmes made a conscientious captain when Southworth was promoted.

Owen kicked some fine goals during the season and Brewster was very steady and consistent at full-back. Perhaps the most pleasing thing about the individuals in the team was the appearance on the team sheets of so many first year boys, who will clearly form the basis of a good side next year.

All who played and practiced made a valuable effort that brought us eleven wins against only four losses. Part of the credit, too, must go to several parents who gave invaluable vocal encouragement from the line, especially Messrs. Barnes, Bidgood, Heaton, Holmes and Cook.

The team was chosen from: Brewster, Barnes, Bartlett, Bidgood, Cook, Campbell, Crook, Derrick, Donkin, Dobson, Eccles, Heaton, Hinchliffe (A), Hinchliffe (D), Haworth, Hodgson, Holmes, Morris, Owen, Pincock, Southworth, and Wakefield.

Results:				Points.	
Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Agst.
15	11	0	4	266	94
R.H. Hardwick.					



T H E S E R F

I'm the daughter of Harold the Serf.  
All day my father breaks the turf,  
They look at us as if we're dirt  
And cannot know how much they hurt.  
To leave our land we need permission -  
Even for a holy mission.  
We're sold in markets, broken wrecks,  
Animals with rings round our necks.  
Belinda Donachie.

L I M E R I C K S.

There was a young fellow called Max  
Who filled his back pocket with tacks,  
He thought he was bright  
But soon got a fright  
When he tried to sit down and relax.  
Morris, 1C.

There was a young man named Bright  
Whose speed was much faster than light.  
He set out one day  
In a relative way  
And returned on the previous night.  
Bentley, 1C.

There was a young man of Kent  
Whose leg got stuck in a vent;  
He tried to get out  
But his legs were too stout  
And they came out terribly bent.  
Mayor, 1C.

There was a young man of Surrey  
Who cooked a large pot of curry  
He ate up the lot  
Straight out of the pot  
And dived in a lake in a hurry.  
Anon, but 1C.

Only the Best is Good Enough for your Family

Buy from

**JIM WALKER**

127 TOWNGATE, LEYLAND

Telephone: 22866

BEST QUALITY BEEF, LAMB, PORK  
DANISH BACON, COOKED MEATS, CHEESE

Civility and Friendly Service

FOR THE

**Tops in Pops**

(Minerals, Crushes, Cordials, Fruit Juices, etc.)

VISIT

**LION STORES**

**HOUGH LANE,**

**LEYLAND**

MATTHEW BROWN & CO. LTD.  
MINERAL WATER FACTORY  
BLACKBURN.



# What's a 17 year old want with a bank account?

To keep your money safe, for a start. (Like it's easy to lose old socks, but how many banks get lost every year?) And to get yourself a cheque book. With proper identification (such as a personal letter, passport, or even driving licence) you can pay by cheque practically anywhere, and at any time you're short of ready cash.

Your cheque book makes it easier to keep track of your money, too – it guarantees you statements whenever you request them.

If you're going on to college, an account with Barclays can help you budget, so your grant doesn't run out before the term does.

Or if you're going straight out to work, you can have your salary paid directly into the bank – no fear of losing your hard-won earnings.

Finally, you may want an account with us because it's just plain sensible. You don't have a fortune now, but you've got a lifetime of earning ahead of you. Thousands and thousands of pounds. Managing that money – making the most of it – can become pretty complicated. Eventually you'll appreciate the help your bank manager can give you. Call in at your local branch today and have a chat. We look forward to seeing you.

**BARCLAYS**

a good bank to get behind you.



## FIND THE NAME.

Each sentence contains a girl's name, hidden among the letters. Can you find them?

- The tall Red Indian and the cowboy are friends.
- It is strange that the fire never seems to go out.
- Is it true that James and Ralph are cousins?
- "Quickly, John, get help".
- The lender, not the borrower, charges interest.
- It was a musical ice-show.

Tracy Holmes, 1D.

## JUNIOR COMPETITION.

To win the prize you have to find the answer to each individual question, take the initial letter of each of the answers, and from those initial letters construct a word on the anagram principle. The first correct solution to reach Mr. Tromans wins a prize of a 50p book token.

- Christian name of the Olympic athlete, Keino.
- Welsh university attended by Prince Charles.
- Composer who wrote the "New World" Symphony.
- Surname of two writers with the initials, D.H. & T.E.
- An island characteristic by its hot springs and ice.
- The king whose throne was usurped by Henry Bolingbroke.
- This football club plays at Gigg Lane.
- Abel's killer.
- Colour of the spectrum which appears between green and indigo.

Competition open only to pupils BELOW the fourth year.



## MONTWILL ON NURSERY RHYMES.

The other night because I had nothing better to do. I took down a book of nursery rhymes. It was the first time I had ever read them quietly and, immediately, they seemed different. When we used to sing them or chant them rhythmically they seemed quite ordinary and harmless, but reading them like this, I was impressed by their bloody, cruel and inhuman stories.

Just consider, for instance, the story of Humpty Dumpty. This poor, unfortunate egg-head of a fellow suffers mutilation as the result of a fall. Children are unmoved by it and even derive pleasure from the drawings which accompany the rhyme - drawings in which Humpty's life is literally spilled among the broken pieces of shell. The fact that his plight cannot be mended never disturbs the child's song as his head nods to and fro like a metronome.

Similar unconcern is to be found in the story of Jack and Jill both of whom suffer fractured skulls, at least Jack does, though the symptoms of Jill are a little less plain.

After encouraging children to be callous about other people's misfortunes, we take it a stage further and actually bring them face to face with cruel attitudes. The story of the three mice is most unpleasant. First we remark without the slightest trace of feeling that the mice are blind and marvel at the aimless way in which they run straight towards the heartless wife of the farmer. Of course she has a knife with which she cuts off their tails. Why? Certainly not to kill them. To be cruel and savage towards them? It seems to be the only possible answer - and yet, we tell small boys that to pull insects apart is a terrible crime and if they do it too often, send them to the psychiatrist.

I then began to consider what part of the nursery rhymes which I sang had stuck most vividly in my memory. To my great delight I discovered that they were all fairly horrific in one way or another - not that the horror

delighted me, but that my theory was supported. Fragments came flashing back: the sudden descent of a spider that caused me some trouble when I was asleep, and then there were the dreadful antics of that fellow, Georgie Porgie, not to mention the appalling fate of the old man who would not say his prayers.

I wonder, why it is that children are still taught such disturbing and apparently harmful stories?

A. Montwill 4/1.

---

## A JOURNEY BY NIGHT.

The frost sparkled on the cobbles. The moon was bright and the night air clear and still. The only sound came from the horses as they became impatient, their smooth coats gleaming in the moonlight.

I picked up my skirt and stepped into the carriage. The driver cracked his whip and we began our journey. The horses started to trot and I felt the effects of the cold night. As I looked out of the window the thin blades of grass were picked out by the light of the moon and trees growing here and there were silhouetted against them. We kept a steady pace and soon I had become accustomed to the steady, rhythmic jolting of the carriage and to the sound of hoofbeats.

The road that had once been muddy was now frozen, shining clear ahead of us like some expanse of glacier. The bright surface was occasionally broken by a rabbit or a hare, or perhaps a rat scurrying for home. A solitary owl hooted in the distance. We crossed a bridge over a small, meandering river that sparkled as it turned and twisted below us.

The road was steeper now and in the distance we caught a glimpse of a small village on a hilltop. We had been travelling for something like an hour and as we entered the village we could hear the noise of singing and merrymaking drifting down from the tavern. At the tavern we tethered the horses and I went to stretch my



legs, taking a stroll down a narrow cobbled street. The houses were very close together and had gaily painted shutters. In the quiet of the street I could hear my footsteps echoing from the houses. I wrapped my cloak round my shoulders and returned to the carriage. The driver flicked the reins and we began the second half of our journey.

We turned out of the main street of the village on to the coast road. Below us the waves rose and crashed down onto the rocks. The roar was continuous and the air was crisp and clean. The sea seemed black and deep and moonlight caught the pools among the rocks.

We stayed on the coast road for about five miles and the cold sea-wind blew in through the windows. Then we made our way inland, and into the forest thick enough to block out the moon and to suggest some danger from highwaymen. All was black and the trees appeared to be dead. I looked behind but could find no reason to suppose that we were being followed. The wheels creaked on the rough track and it was not until we were beyond the edge of the forest and into the reassuring light of the moon that we saw anyone. Then a group of six or seven riders overtook us, their horses sweating. They might have been smugglers - or, they might have been anyone at all.

Our horses slowed down and stopped. The driver climbed down - but, to our relief, he had only gone to open a large, white gate. We passed through the gate into a large estate. It was just possible to make out the shapes of deer against the smooth grass among the lumpy shadows thrown by shrubs and trees. A privet-hedge surrounded the house, whose roof-tiles shone like silver. This, together with the pallid appearance of its light stonework gave to the house a ghastly, almost translucent air. We were happy to see the house disappear as we passed it safely by to continue our journey.

Unexpectedly and with an awful suddenness, a cloud covered the moon. I shivered. But soon we were approaching my uncle's house. The lanterns were still lit outside and behind them I could see in my imagination what I knew was

there; a log-fire. As I entered the porch I turned on my heel. It was just turning to light. Yellow and pink stripes began to break in the sky as the horses were led to stable and I moved into the warmth and comfort of my uncle's hall.

Jackie Morris. 3L.

---

JOLLY HOCKEY-STICKS: - OR A READER'S GUIDE TO THE ENGLISH SCHOOLGIRL NOVEL.

Yes, folks, here we are again, back at dear old St. Fanny's. A new term has begun and coaches arrive from the station carrying happy, laughing schoolgirls and, as we roll through the noble and imposing gates of the beloved school a joyful shout goes up and hockey-sticks are waved in jubilation.

So begins our average school story. Enter the heroine. Of course, she is that much publicised individual, the New Girl. I wonder, why it is that this new junior invariably falls foul of the Head Girl? Are we to assume that in every school there is some prefect whose sole aim in life is to bring about the expulsion of an innocent first-former by deceitful means? And why is it that the Head-mistress, the instant she claps eyes on our heroine, turns green utters terrible moans and reaches for the smelling-salts? What is the mystery which links the beautiful and aristocratic Arabella with the sinister Head? Find out in Chapter XII.

But before we race on to Chapter XII bursting with curiosity, there is the inevitable Midnight Feast. If the stories are to be believed, it is every schoolgirl's burning ambition to leave the comfort of a warm bed, creep downstairs at the dead of night to the music-room (or some other convenient place) to eat sardines and seed-cake. From this point there are two basic possibilities: they are either (a) that the unwitting innocents are discovered by a righteous Games Captain or (b) that all suffer the natural consequences of overeating and have to spend the



next day under the punitively eagle eye of Matron.

However, to return to our heroine, who is still bravely suffering persecution from staff and prefects alike. It is now chapter XII and time to reveal Arabella's true identity - Secret Agent Extraordinary of M.I.5. The wicked Headmistress is working for a foreign power, manufacturing a revolutionary new rocket fuel in the Labs. while everyone but our ever-alert Arabella is asleep. Arabella sees the faint glimmer of the Bunsen and hurries to investigate. Meanwhile the Head grows careless and the fuel explodes, setting fire to the Lab. But all is not lost. Finding the door a solid sheet of flame, our indefatigable agent scales the drainpipe at the risk of life and limb to deliver the Head (who had been overcome by fumes) into the arms of the very British Police. Soon afterwards the Head girl leaves, it having been discovered that she was the accomplice of the treacherous Headmistress.

And so ends the most exciting term St. Fanny's has ever known. Arabella, now the pride of all small girls, retires from the Secret Service while she is still at the top and settles down to bring honour to the School.

Susan Hazelwood, 5/6.

---

The New Polytechnic (continued from page 35).

wider range of courses through a much greater flexibility of combinations of subjects. This pool of courses will, it is hoped, be extended by the influence and participation of the students themselves who will be able to propose the introduction of any course that seems both relevant and sensible. The full range of courses already available can be studied at your leisure simply by consulting the Prospectus which is on display in the Sixth Form Common Room.

We thank Dr. Wilkinson not only for his information, but also for his friendliness and hot coffee on a cold day.

Joyce Cooper and Hazel Battersby, L6 Arts.