

Balshaw's  
Sixth Form Soc/  
Next meeting -  
Date 21. 12.  
enable the committee to me-  
sity who intend to be pre-  
ore 4 p.m. Name FRIDAY

News and Views  
Games: Saturday, a  
Rugby - 1st

CHOIR REHEA

MESS

TUESDAY  
WEDNESDAY

SPE

## The Balshavian

RUGBY.  
School 1st XV v. St. Joseph's College  
(Away.)  
Sat Dec 11 P. 65.

Park-  
Baldwin  
Porter  
Hartley  
Wink

Moss  
Brown

Bradley  
Marsden  
Hunter

Forrest  
Singleton  
Lemmon  
Smith  
Edwards

IN-OUTS AND SOCIETIES.  
Junior Hockey Practice at 1.10 pm.  
1st + 2nd XI Practice at 4.10 pm.  
Leagues at 4.10 pm.  
Year Gym Society at 4.10 pm.

NATIONAL SAVINGS

onal Savings  
- Junior P' will be

S. C

meeting in

January, 1966

The magazine of  
**Balshaw's**  
Leyland

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## The Difference Between Us

An Editorial View

"Waste of time," "Why do they bother?" were the comments one girl made when the new Balshavian came out. There may be other people of the same opinion, but judging by the reaction to each new edition, I don't think this can be true.

Over the last few years, school magazines have become more informal, and have been able to reflect individual opinion in a far more liberal way than has previously been achieved. Yet certain remarks made recently, have criticised the relative narrowness and immaturity of state school magazines in comparison with those produced by independent schools. Although we are not convinced that these criticisms are entirely justified we are also aware that in any case we are not in any position to judge. All that we are able to do, is comment on two characteristics of state schools, which in our opinion tend to have a narrowing effect.

Firstly, independent schools take pupils of 13+, while their state counterparts have to cater for children from the age of eleven. This undoubtedly will have an effect on the standard of contributed work, if the magazine is to be truly representative.

The second point concerning state schools is probably more fundamental and more widespread in its effects. How much does the average reader of this magazine expect to receive from school? Replies to questionnaires, letters and articles that we receive, as well as our own observations suggest that good examination results and a good job, are the limit of ambition—like end-products from a factory! It is not our purpose here to comment on this, but simply to compare this with the attitude which prevails in the good independent schools. In such schools, though examination success is important, it is not the only thing which is worked for. As for the good job, that is probably a certainty anyway!

In an independent school, there is both the will and the means to "get something more out of school." The aim at such a school is to make your mark, but in a wider sphere than that of just examinations. Perhaps home background assists here, for the parents of independent schoolchildren are usually at least second generation intellectuals, people who see more clearly what education is all about, and that it is not just a matter of success in examinations. The main result in an independent school is that not only is there some element of encouragement from home for pupils to do more than just pass exams, but there is a 'success motive' attached to this encouragement. In fact, although motives may often include personal ambition, there is a positive urge to do something constructive for the school. And it is probably this as much as anything else that accounts for the difference between us.

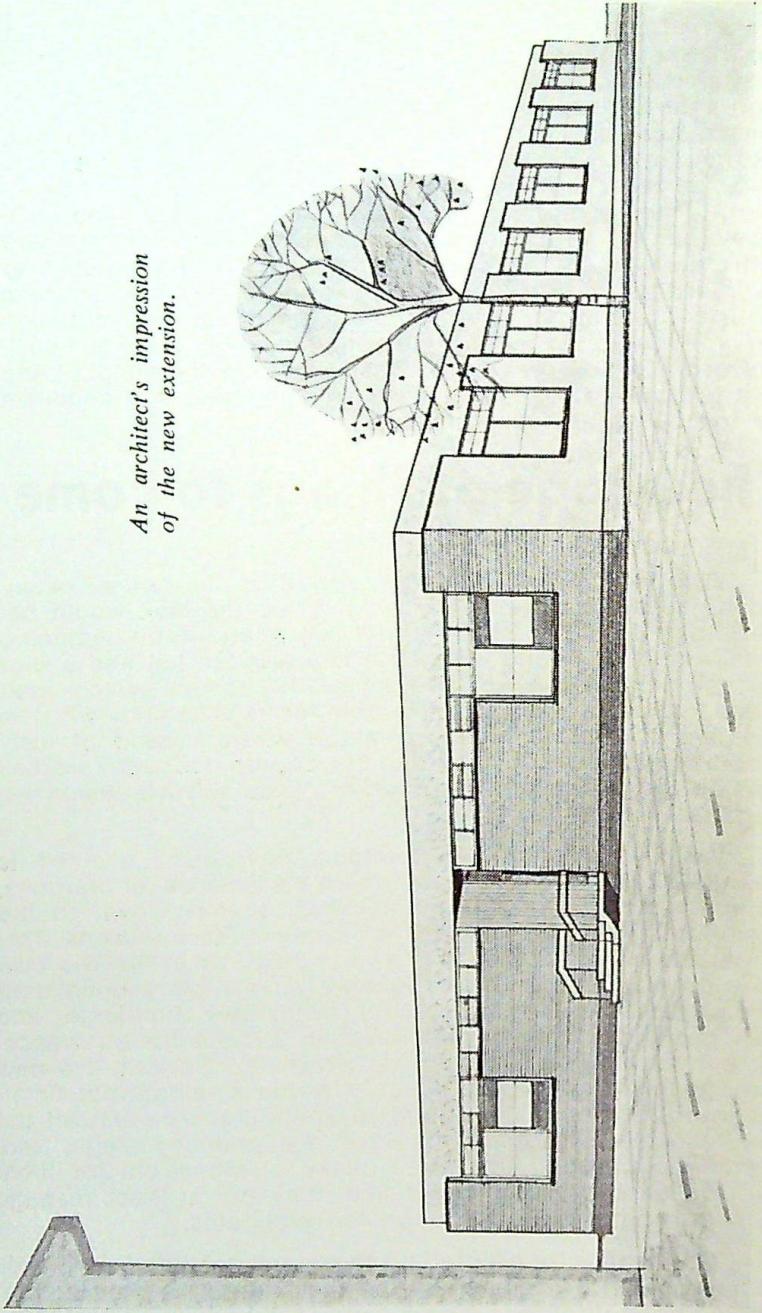
## The shape of things to come

by Derek B. Forrest and John Smith

When we were detailed to report on the School extensions, we did not realise how involved the task would be. Certainly, it did not seem so difficult when, at the beginning of the term, someone erected a tiny wooden hut and a wire cage, much to the amusement of the school, which used these two objects as prime targets for its schoolboy wit. The girls were probably more affected when a gang of lusty labourers began to dig up one of our precious rugby pitches (inside the wire cage of course). Amid this confusion we began our inquiries.

We learned that the building now being erected is designed to relieve the pressure on the Science laboratories, which has forced some poor souls to trek down to the Methodist School and the Church Hall for their lessons. This apparently is to stop in September 1966, when the two new physics laboratories and the biology laboratory open their doors to scientists. Together with new buildings and benches goes what is described as 'a generous allowance' for new equipment and books, which Mr. Beckett, the new biology master, says could go towards a refrigerator or an incubator. Indeed, it is good to know that members of the teaching staff were consulted at the planning stage, and, although financial limitations make it impossible for them to have all that they would like, they did at least manage to exert some influence upon the architects.

The roof to be erected on these present buildings is only temporary and at some time in the future (the date not yet having been decided) a new storey will be built on top of the



*An architect's impression  
of the new extension.*

present one. This will have a quite unusual feature—a lecture theatre, which Mr. Rigby says will be used for demonstrations and will be so designed that everyone will have a clear view of what is going on—a very welcome improvement, in the opinion of one who can remember all too well watching experiments perched precariously on a stool at the back. Although Mr. Bennison will acquire his two new chemistry laboratories only in this second stage of the building, he will have had, in the meantime, what is now the Biology laboratory for teaching chemistry, as well as the present chemistry laboratory.

This brings us to the question of what will happen to the part of the school thus released from scientific duties. We anticipate that current plans will bring much rejoicing to this year's lower sixth and a little disgust in the present upper sixth, for there are hopes that the long awaited Sixth Form Common Room may well come into being in September. It will, in due course, be furnished with what are described as 'easier chairs' and tables with something for making coffee in a corner. As for the actual use of the room, this is a matter which will have to be discussed at the appropriate time by those who will be involved. This proposed common room will be in what is now the Advanced Physics Laboratory.

In the more distant future we can expect the library to be moved from its present entirely inadequate accommodation to what is now the Junior Physics Laboratory and later there may also be small Sixth Form Study Rooms, too, for 'A' level sets which at present only partially occupy rooms intended for twenty-five to thirty people.

Looking even further into the future there are many other things planned both large and small. There will probably be a new gymnasium and there is a remote possibility of a swimming pool being built. The hall too may well be extended laterally. A suggestion, which will please those who wish success to the house system, is that there might be four separate dining rooms, supplied by two central kitchens. Even the lavatories might well be moved inside the school and the present lavatories used to make badly needed sheds for bicycles, or even motor-cycles.

However, we must point out that many of these ideas may well prove to be castles in the sky, depending as they do on government policy and subject to changes in the educational system. At any rate, we do not think anyone can argue about the benefit which these changes would bring to the school. We fully support any attempt to improve our present entirely inadequate facilities, which so frustrate and infuriate staff and pupils alike.

# Hallelujah

by Judith Topping and Susan Walsh

The programme for this year's Christmas Concert was more ambitious than it has been previously, as it included excerpts from Handel's "Messiah." The school was ably assisted by a number of parents, friends and Old Balshawians, adding the extra support of their mature voices.

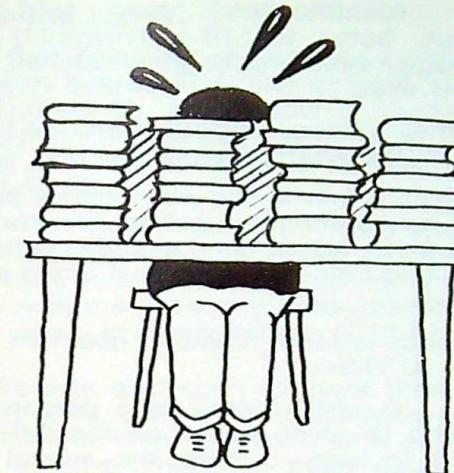
The first part was in the traditional fashion of our school concerts, consisting of solos by members of the school. These included such items as a flute solo by Sally Thompson, a duet by Judith Topping and Judith Stansfield, the latter being a pupil from Blackpool Collegiate, a string trio played by Kathleen Ratcliffe and Ryding F. on the violins and Judith Topping on the piano, a four part carol sung by the musically inclined members of staff, and a "Christmas Suite" for violins and recorders.

Carols were willingly and enthusiastically sung, between the mentioned items, by both choir and audience, accompanied on the piano and organ, and vigorously conducted by Mr. Black.

There were two intervals, the first only short in order to give the choir a rest before their big ordeal. Refreshments were served in the second interval; tea and biscuits were served to the audience in the dining hall; tea and biscuits were served to the adults and the members of staff in the choir; but what about the rest of the choir? We had to be kept from public view in Room 7, and be content with orange juice and . . . er . . . NO biscuits. Was this to avoid autograph hunters and the press? Or was it that they wanted to save us from members of the audience demanding their money back?

The performance of the "Messiah" was divided into two parts. As a contrast between the recitative and aria, the recitative was accompanied on the piano by Mary Houghton and the aria and chorus were accompanied on the organ by Mr. W. Rigby. The audience certainly seemed to enjoy it, if we are to judge from their enthusiastic applause. The three soloists, Miss Glynis Prendergast, Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Parker, after their excellent performance were presented with gifts as a token of the appreciation of all.

Thanks must also go to the people who helped to make these evenings a success by their work behind the scenes. These include Miss Wallbank and Mr. Wilkinson who were in charge of refreshments, their helpers, and the ushers.



"Hard at it every night"

## Life at the Top

### What is a Sixth Former?

An overworked, misunderstood, depressed creature (L.VI.A.).

*A sixth-former is a person whom teachers finally realise is a human being with a mind of his own. (Lower Sixth).*

A person who is bored by work but would love to act. (L.VI.A.).

Perhaps a person who at school considers himself superior and later in life finds that he is an inferior person. (U.VI.A.).

An under-privileged, hard-worked being with not too much leisure time. (U.VI.A.).

*A sixth-former is, in essence, an overgrown schoolboy (or girl) who has decided to stay on at school for a further two or three years in order to continue his education. The vast amount of knowledge acquired enables the ex-sixth former to achieve a higher status and salary in a job which will entail him forgetting all that he has learned in the Sixth Form. (U.VI.Sc.).*

A person who is expected to behave and talk in a mature manner, but not expected or even permitted to have his own opinions and ideas. (U.VI.Sc.).

Identification: grey skirt,  
jam butty tie (if privileged!)  
baggy eyes and bulging satchel.  
(U.VI.Sc.).

A sixth former is almost superhuman—he has to be able to stand up to all the strain exerted on him.

A sixth-former is one who holds a position of great responsibility in school life. He is the one who SHOULD set an example in behaviour, manners and tidiness for the rest of the school. (U.VI.Sc.).

A sixth former is kind, humane, obedient and immaculately dressed. (U.VI.Sc.).

A sixth former is a person who is given some responsibility to help to keep the school running smoothly. (U.VI.Sc.).

A sixth former is a person who effects to manage without money in order to have more later on. (L.VI.A.).

*Someone who doesn't need to wash his hands before second dinner. (L.VI.Sc.).*

#### Reasons for staying on.

Primarily because everyone with reasonable O level results is expected to stay on and when we think about leaving we are made to feel that we are deserting the school and about to sink into the depths of ignorance. (L.VI.Sc.).

My reasons for staying on are that I wish to take my A levels in preparation for a university or college course. I believe that a few added years of schooling can benefit the rest of my life in many ways. (L.VI.Sc.).

I stayed on into the sixth to obtain sufficient qualifications for university and to improve my general education. I enjoy the trust placed in me and the better relations with the staff. You realise that they too are human beings. (U.VI.Sc.).

*In order to keep off working for another two years and possibly to get a better job later on. Also the life here is too good to miss. (U.VI.A).*

Because I don't know what job to do. (L.VI.Sc.).

*To cause vast expense to the nation, of course. (L.VI.A).*

#### Expectations and reality.

When I first came for my interview after the 11 plus, I saw chaps with beards and girls in grey wandering about. I looked at them in awe. Now I realise that one is basically the same in the sixth form as in the first. I dread to think what the squirts in the first form will think of me next year. (L.VI.A).

They seemed to stroll around all day doing nothing and no-one seemed to mind. It was the promised land after five years of enslavement. (L.VI.A).

Prefects and sixth formers then seemed next to gods, they were to be feared and we were terrified when we were with anyone who dared to give cheek or even disobey. Now there seems to be very little respect. How have we failed? (U.VI.A).

*I expected that it would be much better than it is. Lower down in the school one expects the sixth form to be a sort of intellectual holiday, which it certainly isn't.*

I expected the work would be more concentrated. I was right. (U.VI.A).

One expects greater freedom and greater responsibility—in fact we get neither. (U.VI.Sc.).

The effect of entering the sixth form is quite startling—the staff treat you like human beings. You are allowed to express your own views and opinions but as a result of having been suppressed in the lower school many find it difficult to do so. (U.VI.Sc.).

*I expected to have a good and open relationship with other sixth formers and members of staff but this has proved well nigh impossible as a result of inadequate facilities and the too few opportunities of meeting together outside the classroom. (U.VI.Sc.).*

A sixth former such as myself expects to be treated on a par with those of the same age who have left school. This does not imply that I have the "I'm a big boy now attitude" but I did expect to be treated differently from people in the lower school. (U.VI.Sc.).

I expected some startling revelation about superior knowledge and how to acquire it overnight so that I would be able to take part in scholarly conversations and write on learned subjects. So far I have been disappointed. (L.VI.A).

Sixth form life is what I expected and more and I really enjoy it, although I often grumble—who doesn't? (U.VI.Sc.).

**Comments: benefits, criticisms, missed opportunities.**

I was expecting to be treated in a more adult way and indeed I am, but it's hard to change from regular homework every night in the fifth forms to weekly dollups to be done in our own time. Could the change not be more gradual so that we can adjust ourselves more to working on our own? (L.VI.Sc.).

There are opportunities to read a great deal and this seems important to me. Although we are only given a small amount of responsibility it is still more than we would have as apprentice junior assistant labourer's mates. (L.VI.A).

I have nine lessons outside school in rooms belonging to churches. This I dislike. Apart from the inconvenience and the primitive conditions, valuable time is lost in travelling to and fro. (L.VI.Sc.).

*The attitude of far too many members of the sixth form is totally inadequate and this more than anything else is the reason why the staff are not able to treat us as responsible beings. (U.VI.A).*

There should be a different uniform for ALL members of the sixth and not just for the upper sixth because it is rather hard on parents to have to buy a new uniform for such a comparatively short period of time. (Lower Sixth).

I enjoy being able to talk to members of staff more freely. I feel that being in the sixth form gives me a chance to decide what I really want to do when I leave school and I appreciate the guidance from members of staff in such matters. (U.VI.Sc.).

*I think that any opportunities that we may have missed are more than compensated for by the opportunities which we have gained by staying on at school. (U.VI.Sc.).*

In the sixth form one is expected to join in the social and other activities provided. This, I feel, is quite unnecessary as one has plenty to do without having to keep coming back to school. (U.VI.Sc.).

*A sixth form course tends to narrow one's field of interest instead of broadening it. (U.VI.Sc.).*

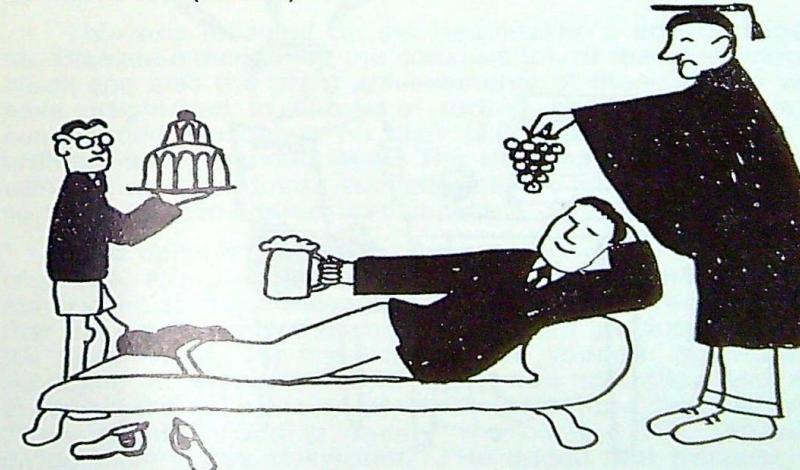
Sixth form life has certainly broadened my outlook on life. (U.VI.A).

There is too much specialisation and too few opportunities to go beyond the examination syllabus. (U.VI.Sc.).

I regret not attending all the special functions—lectures, theatre trips, etc.—which are arranged for us. (U.VI.A).

*Some teachers believe in doing a lot of unnecessary work. It would be much better if we concentrated on the syllabus more. (U.VI.A).*

There is a lot of talk about more privileges but it is difficult to see what form these could take, or do we expect to be waited on hand and foot, by lower school and staff alike, constantly pampered, our every want immediately attended to? (U.VI.A).



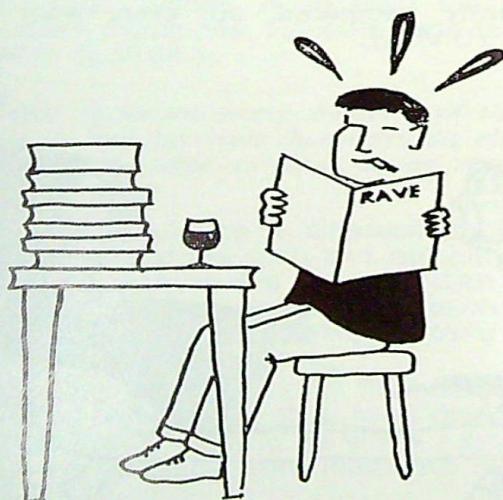
By discussions and lectures on non-syllabus subjects I have become more aware of the world around me. I feel more independent and more confident than when I became a sixth former. (U.IV.A).

Lower down in the school it should be made clear what life is like in the sixth form and just what is expected of the sixth former. As it is when one enters the Lower Sixth one is quite unprepared for the transition. (U.VI.A).

*Too many sixth formers seem determined to limit their sixth form activities to the narrow confines of the classroom, refusing to commit themselves in any way to academic and intellectual pursuits either at home or in activities arranged for them at school. (U.VI.A).*

The sixth-former expects much from the staff but is not willing to do anything in return. (U.VI.Sc.).

Sixth form life is what you make it. It can be a big skive, if that is what you want, or it can be sheer boredom, or, if you're really dedicated, which of course we all should be (but are we?), it can be stimulating, engrossing and a joy. (U.VI.A).



## A Select Occasion

by Linda Kidd and Kathleen Glover

Here it was at last, the long awaited day when the hard working members of the school were rewarded for the past year's work. These lucky individuals were up in the balcony, while down below, because of the great demand for tickets, parents were noticeably squashed.

The lack of parking space for the many affluent car owners was very noticeable, and as yet there seems to be no solution to the problem. However, it has been suggested by one member of staff that we should use the tennis courts as a car-park! But clearly this is of secondary importance compared with the lack of seating space.

Up in the balcony we were armed with pen and paper, waiting for the proceedings to begin. We felt quite confident of being able to take down the speeches, but when it came to writing this article, we were at a loss, wondering how to approach it. Helpful suggestions were given — "Make it humorous and lively." "Criticise." "Don't make it boring." However, taking into account the restrictions, we have tried to compromise.

The Chairman of the Governors, Councillor James Tomlinson, introduced Dr. Fogg, Director of Engineering at Leyland Motors, who distributed the prizes, and announced that Lord Robens would be our guest of honour in 1966.

Musical entertainment for the evening was ably provided by the school choir, under the direction of Mr. Black.

This was followed by the Headmaster's annual report. Mr. Bleasdale mentioned the construction of the new science block and also the great achievements of those pupils who have progressed to places of further education. He also commended the pupils on their G.C.E. successes both at ordinary and advanced level. The Headmaster was pleased with the number doing Applied Science but regretted that so few boys considered teaching as a career.

Then came the climax of the evening — the distribution of prizes, followed by Dr. Fogg's speech. In his opening remarks he sternly condemned ivory towers. He emphasised that the country now depends on efficient industry and that the responsibility for this lies with the younger generation. He asked the teachers to give us a wide education and not to regard the sciences as apart from literature and the arts. "They are undivided in nature," he pointed out, "so why divide them in the classroom?" He added that because of

the uncertain future, some of the younger generation think we should live for today. He insisted that this was the wrong attitude to take, and we must view these people with contempt.

Many people throughout the country have the idea that School Speech Days are out of date and should be replaced by more informal occasions. We hope that most members of the school will disagree with this idea for there is a certain atmosphere (not of boredom as some pupils who do not attend seem to think) which would not be apparent on a more informal occasion. We do have one suggestion to make however. The guest addressed his speech to the pupils but only a small minority of these are actually present. Would it not be preferable to give the whole school the opportunity of attending Speech Day, even though this would mean that it could not be held in the school hall?

## For those who couldn't Make it

*Extracts from the Speech Day programme for those unable to be present*

### Old Balshavians who have gone to University:

Open Scholarship in Classics, Exeter College, Oxford:—  
Blundell, J.  
To St. Anne's College, Oxford:— J. Beattie.  
To University of London:— E. Barker, G. Prendergast (Royal Academy of Music)  
To University of Liverpool:— Smith, G. D.  
To University of Leeds:— Slater, J. M., Weaver, J.  
To University of Manchester:— Jackson, K.  
To University of Aberystwyth:— B. H. Ratcliffe.  
To University of Hull:— Thompson, A., Montwill, J. K., Harrison, D. W., Hodkinson, P. M.  
To University of Newcastle:— Toppin, J. M., Hill, G., Fearnley, J.  
To University of Leicester:— D. Banks.  
To University of Nottingham:— E. Mylroie.  
To University designate of Surrey:— Ormerod, A. J., Barton, J.  
College Exhibition in Natural Science, Downing College, Cambridge:— Wilson, R. J. (left 1964).  
To Manchester College of Art:— S. J. Bennett.

### To Colleges of Education:—

Alsager — G. Hill  
Bingley — J. P. Wain  
Chelsea College of P.E. — J. Furness  
Derby Diocesan — M. G. Hall  
Didsbury — A. Davies, K. Fleming  
Easthampstead Park — K. Harrison  
Eaton Hall — M. Stephenson  
Elizabeth Gaskell — D. L. Hosker, S. Hutchinson  
Kesteven — P. A. Challender  
Kingston-upon-Hull — S. J. Pickthall  
Oastler — C. Wilkinson  
Rachel Macmillan — R. C. Christie  
St. John's, York — N. H. Rukin  
Southlands — A. Crabtree  
Westminster, Oxford — J. M. Puntis, D. M. Salisbury

### To Colleges of Technology and Art:—

Isleworth College of Technology — F. A. Thompson  
Wigan and District Mining and Technical College — I. Cooper, E. D. Pickup, E. M. Saul, A. C. W. Swarbrick  
Blackpool Technical College — S. Bennett, M. E. Barlow  
Horwich College of Further Education — P. Louch, J. Gray  
Sumlock Business Training College — D. A. Woods  
Harris College of Art — C. Johnson

### A. E. Hocking Memorial Prize, 1965:—

Blundell, J., Jackson, K., D. Banks

### The House Winners of "Knock-out" Cups:—

Rugby Football (Winners of the Wanklyn Cup) Cuerden  
Hockey — Cuerden  
Cricket — Worden  
Rounders — Clayton  
Tennis — Cuerden  
Athletic Sports — Clayton  
Relays — Worden  
Cross-Country — Farington

### Winners of the League Championship Shields:—

Rugby Football — Cuerden  
Hockey — Worden  
Cricket — Farington  
Rounders — Clayton  
Tennis — Worden

### Winners of the "Silver Griffin" awarded by the Old Boys' Association for Scholastic Merit:—

1964-65 — Farington

### Record of School Teams, 1964-65:—

Cricket 1st XI	...	...	...	9	2	4	3
Tennis 1st XI	...	...	...	5	3	—	2
Hockey 1st XI	...	...	...	13	12	1	—
Rugby Football 1st XV	...	...	...	16	11	—	5

### Athletics

- Winner of Victor Ludorum Cup, 1965 — Taylor, A. P. (Cl.)  
Winner of Victrix Cup, 1965 — F. Newsham (W)  
Head of Batting Averages, 1965 — Moss, B. (W)  
Head of Bowling Averages, 1965 — Sumner, J. (Cu.)

### School Colours 1964-65

- Rugby Football — Park, S., Barton, J., Edwards, S., Forrest, D., Moss, B., Hunter, P., Marsden, J.  
Hockey — M. Hall, J. Harper, R. Graham, H. Ryding re-awarded to K. Smith, D. Hosker, J. Furness, E. Park, D. Schofield.  
Athletics — Taylor, A., re-awarded to Newsham, F.  
Cricket — Hodkinson, P., Brown, T., Moss, B., Unsworth, G.  
Tennis — D. Hosker, F. King, B. Woodburn  
Rounders — Re-awarded to M. Hall, K. Smith, A. Thompson, D. Schofield.  
Cross-Country — Taylor, P., Pearson, M.

### Special Prizes:—

- To the Head Boy, presented by the old Students' Association, Blundell, J.  
To the Head Girl, presented by the old Students' Association, P. A. Challender  
For Loyalty, Service and Example, presented by the Parents' Association, J. Furness, Hodkinson, P.  
For Art, presented by Mrs. J. Foster in memory of her sister, Miss K. Whewel, A.R.C.A., A. Davies  
For Music and Singing, G. Prendergast  
For Science, presented by the Chairman of the Governors, Councillor James Tomlinson, J.P., Hill, G., Jackson, K.  
For English, presented by the Head Master, A. Thompson  
For Modern Languages, K. Cookson  
For Service to the School, presented by the Rotary Club of Leyland, E. Mylroie  
For Good Work for the School Magazine, K. Kazer, J. Topping

## The Cost of Living

*A look at Community Service*  
by Pamela Beales

We are sure that the majority of people will agree that England has as great a need for volunteers as Africa or Asia: but are the majority of people aware of the actual work these volunteers do? Are they even aware of the organisations that exist?

Do you know, for instance, that since its establishment a little over a year ago, the community service volunteers (C.S.V.) has sent out, approximately 1,000 helpers from its headquarters in East London. Students, apprentices and police cadets have been sent to hospitals, centres for the handicapped, approved schools, and in the case of one boy to an old Seamens Home. Here he found the job anything but easy, many of his suggestions for entertainment being turned down, especially bingo — on the grounds that they would quarrel and throw pennies at each other! The men themselves often shocked him.

"Their eating habits are coarse and then, bathing them, some of their bodies aren't particularly pleasant."

Another difficult job is that of teaching English to immigrants — the problem being how to open with a large class of non-English speaking pupils, as one person said:—

"The first difficulty was that they didn't seem over anxious to learn. At first they get bored after 15 minutes and start hitting each other."

Approved schools and centres for the mentally handicapped welcome 'helpers' with open arms, as do welfare officers who introduce their helpers to parts of the town 'that no nice young lady should see.' The experience gained from such work is invaluable, although many are left with a feeling that they have just scratched the surface.

Throughout the country there are many who are physically handicapped, and the National Association of Youth Clubs runs a scheme especially for these people. They borrow a house in the country and take a party of approximately 32 with 32 helpers to spend a week there — 7 similar weeks are organised during the year — both disabled and healthy pay £7 to go. The work here is hard for helpers — a day beginning at 7 a.m. when they help dress the ones who can't manage. After breakfast there are five sessions which can be attended — Gadgets and Aids, Art, Out and About, Photography and Show Business — the end product of the last being a special Show on the last night. During an afternoon tennis, archery and painting are organised, or perhaps one of the girls will have her hair

done by two of the volunteers. After tea there is an hour's reading — and for the non-handicapped, the only quiet hour of the day. The evening is finished off with a film, usually a musical so that everyone can join in and sing.

We might turn now from national organisations to social community service, and in order to show what is done we have taken Leyland as an example. The most publicised service seems to be the W.V.S., which is most notable for its 'Meals on Wheels' Service to old age pensioners. Old age pensioners have organised whist drives, and here again the W.V.S. play a large part in providing refreshments. Church youth club members also hold special services at the old folks' home, and they often collect wood and food for those who live alone.

In Leyland too, there are two special youth clubs — one for the mentally handicapped, the other for the physically handicapped. These are organised by the county, and helpers include teachers from local centres. The refreshments here are provided by the W.V.S., the W.I. and bodies from local industries, who take it in turn to come. The pleasure derived from these clubs by both the handicapped and healthy is immeasurable.

From time to time we hear of efforts being made by sixth formers, such as the very commendable scheme started by sixth formers at Blackpool Grammar School:— they divided themselves into groups and visited the local clergy and welfare officers in order to find out the social problems in Blackpool — and within a few weeks many were visiting and assisting old people. The scheme did not stop here, but in fact spread to other schools in the area, and as a result many old folk last Christmas got the pleasant surprise of food, carols, and above all — company. Perhaps a similar project could be started in Leyland — if someone would only take the lead!

This article has been an attempt to show what is being done by volunteers in England — but it must not be assumed that this is a rather romantic way of spending one's time, because it is not. As one boy replied when asked why he would not become a full time social worker: "I don't think I've got the guts to do it . . . it's a killing profession."

#### SUCCESS

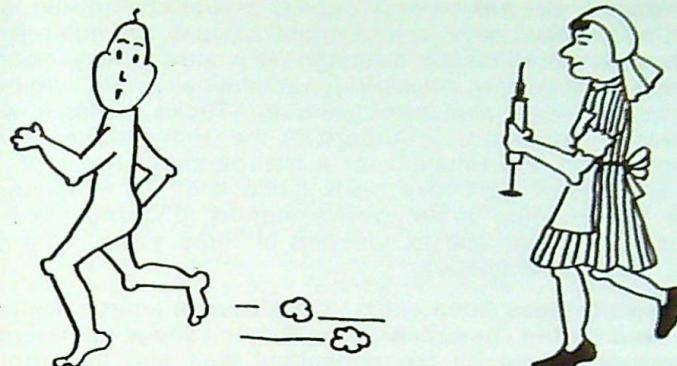
*We wish to record the following successes in the world of music, all of which were achieved in the Associated Board Examinations.*

Violin:

Kathleen Ratcliffe—Credit.  
Jane Marshall—pass.

Clarinet:

Olive Catlin—credit.



*What next?*

## A Look at Nursing

by Sandra Dewhurst and Diana Schofield

On a wet wintry afternoon we politely elbowed our way through hundreds of flower carrying visitors to the Reception Desk at Preston Royal Infirmary for an interview with Miss Massey, the Deputy Matron. The next afternoon we found ourselves in an empty Reception Hall of Sharoe Green Hospital, nervously waiting to interview Miss Lomax, the Matron.

We would like to emphasise that after the interviews with both Miss Massey and Miss Lomax we feel the present conception of nursing by the general public is very outdated. On the other hand, no girl should enter this profession with a glamourised idea of nursing as depicted in television programmes which give an entirely wrong a detrimental image to nursing.

A girl wishing to become a state registered nurse must be eighteen years of age and have at least two subjects at Ordinary level, one of which must be English Language or Literature. If she has not obtained these Educational requirements, she must pass the General Nursing Council Examination. Clearly academic qualifications are not in themselves sufficient and certain characteristics are essential, namely tact, kindness, gentleness and conscientiousness, with a pleasant personality and a sense of purpose in wanting to contribute towards the welfare of humanity.

When a girl has been accepted as a student nurse, she goes to Brindle Lodge, a fine country house five miles from Preston, for preliminary training. This introductory course consists of anatomy, physiology, communal health, elementary bacteriology and basic nursing. Those students who achieve a satisfactory standard in the above subjects are accepted into the Hospital for a trial period of two months. The successful girls take parts I and II of the Preliminary State Examination within twelve months following the Preliminary Training, and at the end of three years, take the Final State Examination.

During these three years, she follows a course of study approved by the General Nursing Council and supplemented by lectures given by the consultant staff and the tutorial staff of the hospital with practical demonstrations in the school.

Having obtained State Registration the successful student will have the opportunity of gaining special experience in the wards or departments or to do midwifery training. In the fourth year most girls go in for the midwifery course which lasts twelve months and become State Certified Midwives.

The State Enrolled Nurse is one who is interested in nursing as a career but who does not wish to undertake the theoretical work necessary for State Registration. This two year course appeals to those who are practically rather than academically minded. Every pupil nurse will be prepared for and required to enter for the Assessment arranged by the General Nursing Council. This takes place approximately 18 months after the commencement of training and consists of a short written paper and a practical test on the ward where the Pupil has been working. If a candidate is successful in passing the Assessment, she will continue to gain experience until the end of the two years when she becomes eligible for Enrolment as a State Enrolled Nurse.

Throughout her training the student nurse lives in the Nurses Home at the hospital or at one of the Continuation Hospitals to which she is temporarily allocated or in one of the nurses hostels. Only in their third year can they live at Home or in a flat.

A recent government report namely the Platt Report stated that girls with 'A' levels could train as a nurse in conjunction with a university, e.g. Crumpsall Hospital with Manchester University. They study theory at the University and then go to the Hospital as a supernumerary for two years. After this training they are awarded a Diploma in Nursing.

Student nurses work a 42 hour week. In their first year they earn £365 with £143 deducted for board and lodging and uniform etc. In the second year £390 p.a. less £143. In the 3rd year £420 less £143. As an S.R.N. Staff Nurse they start at £690 with a yearly raise to £800. Ward sisters start at £890 and can reach £1,205.

The qualified nurse has a wide choice of fields in which to work as a Sister Tutor, a midwife, a district nurse or even a Health Visitor. A comparatively new branch is Industrial nursing and of course there are opportunities in the Navy, Army and Air Force nursing services. Many nurses go abroad notably to America where there are modern hospitals affording better pay.

Although the move towards improvement continues all the time, the inadequate hospital facilities are widely publicised and of course these are a source of frustration. Nevertheless there can be little doubt that conditions have greatly improved and nursing is far more attractive than it has even been before. Shortage of nurses continues to be a major problem and it would seem to be a logical conclusion that the more nurses there are the better their conditions.

## Our Comprehensive Future

*Below is the resolution passed at meeting of Divisional Executive on 20th October, 1965.*

*Resolved — That in connection with the Re-organisation of Secondary Education in the Division the Lancashire Education Committee be urged to proceed with caution because of the peculiar difficulties relating to the area; the Divisional Executive is, however, agreed that the Scheme III (variant) is the best Scheme available, provided difficulties in connection with zoning, the size of schools, complementary specialisation, ample financial provision and the position of the Church can be satisfactorily resolved.*

### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIVISIONAL EXECUTIVE OFFICER'S COMMENTARY ON THE SITUATION IN OCTOBER 1965

"That this house, conscious of the need to raise educational standards at all levels, and regretting that the realisation of this objective is impeded by the separation of children into different types of secondary schools, notes with approval the efforts of Local Authorities to re-organise secondary education on comprehensive lines which will preserve all that is valuable in grammar school education

for those children who now receive it and make it available to more children; recognises that the method and timing of such re-organisation should vary to meet local needs; and believes that the time is now ripe for a declaration of national policy."

\*

When Government policy in connection with secondary education was endorsed by the House of Commons in the above motion passed on the 21st January this year, the Lancashire Education Committee had already decided to "go comprehensive" and to abolish the eleven plus procedure. For some time, therefore, a Joint Working Party consisting of Members of the local Divisional Executive and the Teachers' Organisations have been discussing the implications of this decision as it affects the County and Church of England Schools. The position of the Roman Catholic Schools is to be examined by a separate Working Party shortly to be convened.

\*

The difficulties in connection with Scheme III are mainly twofold. Are there likely to be sufficient Sixth Form students in the area to make possible a Sixth Form College which could offer a sensible range of subjects? In any case, even if it was thought that numbers were, or would be, sufficient, where would such a College be established? In Chorley or in Leyland?

And then, in addition to all these difficulties, the Working Party has had to face the fact that the future development of the area has now become very uncertain because of the talk of a possible new town. From enquiries made, there was insufficient information available to make it possible in any part of the Division to embark on a re-organisation scheme which would be based on any fair assessment of future needs. Other objections apart, there seemed little point in recommending any of the above schemes as permanent solutions if, after a year or two, it could be found that the plan acceptable now was totally unsuitable in a new situation which might have then arisen.

This uncertainty about the future is the main reason why a variation of the Scheme III — the Sixth Form College idea — has found favour in the Working Party and has now become the recommendation made by the Divisional Executive to the Lancashire Education Committee. The merit of the Scheme put forward is that it is thought to preserve much of what is good in the present arrangements. At the same time, it is sufficiently flexible to be adapted in the future when it is known what long-term arrangements could be most satisfactory in the light of developments.

The Scheme which is being recommended envisages the future development of all the existing non-Roman Catholic Secondary Schools in the Division, including the present grammar schools, as Comprehensive Schools for children from 11 to 16. Two, or possibly three, of these schools would have attached to them Sixth Form Wings in which pupils wishing to stay on for further studies would be concentrated. The schools which have been mentioned for these Sixth Form Wings, are the present Chorley Grammar School, the present Balshaw's Grammar School and possibly Chorley St. Michael's Church of England School.

Instead then, of having one Sixth Form College as suggested by the County Authorities the proposal is that the Sixth Form students would be divided between two or maybe three Sixth Form Wings and it is interesting to note that the Circular of the Department of Education and Science about Comprehensive Education gives its blessing to a variation of this sort.

There are, of course, a great many details still to be resolved in connection with a scheme of this sort. As has already been indicated, Comprehensive Schools, by their very nature, ought to be large enough to offer a wide range of subjects and opportunities to pupils, and, at least initially, it might be necessary for the secondary schools in the area to agree on certain fields of study so as to avoid unnecessary duplication and provide an overall comprehensive range of activities.

The way in which the Church of England Schools would fit into the arrangements will also have to be examined in detail although agreement in principle has already been reached.

It will also be necessary to decide if the existing school buildings will lend themselves to the scheme envisaged. The Department of Education and Science has made it quite clear that no Special funds can be made available merely to assist the implementation of comprehensive proposals. The only hope, initially, is to make modest adaptions to existing buildings. As numbers justify further building, planning will have to be thought of in terms of the new situation.

These matters and many others will be the subject of the discussions to take place within the next few months with Head Teachers, School Governors etc. The views of Parents will also, of course, be welcomed. There is no guarantee, at this stage, that the scheme suggested is capable of operation and the Divisional Executive may well have to re-consider the whole matter, on a different basis, in the light of further research. Then, even if the detailed Scheme appears to be satisfactory, there is no assurance

that the Lancashire Education Committee and/or the Department of Education and Science will accept it.

What is certain is that no new Scheme can come into operation before September, 1967, at the earliest. It is, of course, understood that during any transition period, children will not be moved from one school to another and those who have embarked on a particular course — for example, at a grammar school — will be permitted to see this course through, undisturbed.

## This and That

### Work-free work

Do you find school difficult? Does work get you down? Does learning exhaust you? If your answer to these questions is 'Yes' then take heart, the brave new world is at hand. If press reports are to be believed—bearing our own efforts in mind we usually take all we read with a pinch of salt—then the days of learning-free learning are at hand. We are told that students at Cambridge have demonstrated the effectiveness of sleep learning. Apparently all that you need to do is to have the required information read out to you whilst you are asleep—tape recordings are ideal for this—and all the facts are instantly memorised. Now we know why those classroom sleepers always seem to do so well in examinations.

Perhaps even more attractive and less demanding are the possibilities being explored by biologists who have recently suggested a chemical basis for memory. Cannibalistic flat worms, it appears, absorb some of their victims' memories along with their bodies when they eat them minced. Experiments on rats have shown that extracts from the brains of rats, who have learnt some particular response, can be injected into the brains of other rats with the result that learning achieved in the normal way by the first group of rats was passed on to the second group which had been denied all the usual opportunities for learning. Just think of it, a course of injections for 'O' level! Imagine the queues waiting for their injection of Calculus. Have you had your Roman Britain injection yet?

### Trend-setting

Question : How long will it be before the Free Wheelers are hired to perform at Speech Day?

### What kind of pupil are you?

We feel that we are failing the best traditions of "popular" journalism in continuing to deny our readers the opportunity to know themselves. So in order to relieve you from the anxiety state which results from lack of self-know-

ledge we offer a few multi-response character questions so that perhaps from now on you will know how good a pupil you are. (Compiled by Linda Mead and Judith Topping).

- 1 How do you wear your school hat/cap?
  - (a) Pulled down over your eyes.
  - (b) Hanging precariously on the back of your head.
  - (c) Perched neatly on your head.
  - (d) Not at all.
- 2 When do you do your homework?
  - (a) At a set time every night.
  - (b) During the commercials.
  - (c) In bed.
  - (d) On the way to school.
- 3 How do you get out of games?
  - (a) "Persuade" mother to write a note.
  - (b) Feel sick.
  - (c) Look sick.
  - (d) Wouldn't dream of it.
- 4 You are put in detention, do you
  - (a) Accept it as your own fault and apologise?
  - (b) Argue?
  - (c) Make a mental note to get your own back?
- 5 If someone spilt gravy on you during dinner what would you say?
  - (a) You stupid fool!
  - (b) "Oh dear. Please don't worry about it."
  - (c) Or just scowl as you daub the offender with custard.
- 6 What would you do if the person next to you was copying in a test?
  - (a) Tell the teacher.
  - (b) Cover up your work.
  - (c) Move it nearer so that he can see better.
  - (d) Purposely write the wrong answer.

Now check your score :

- |          |       |       |       |
|----------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. (a) 1 | (b) 1 | (c) 2 | (d) 0 |
| 2. (a) 4 | (b) 1 | (c) 2 | (d) 0 |
| 3. (a) 1 | (b) 2 | (c) 1 | (d) 3 |
| 4. (a) 3 | (b) 1 | (c) 0 |       |
| 5. (a) 1 | (b) 2 | (c) 0 |       |
| 6. (a) 3 | (b) 2 | (c) 1 | (d) 0 |

If you have scored 13 points or more you were either cheating or you are an extremely good pupil.

If you have scored between 8 and 12, at least you're honest, but you must try harder this term.

Less than 8? Oh dear! Perhaps you were marking the answer which seemed most attractive to you. You'd better hurry and throw away the marks before anyone sees them—we have!

# Per Ardua ad Ducem

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award  
by Christine Parker and Barbara Higham

This scheme is applicable to girls after their fourteenth birthday and up to their twentieth birthday. There are three stages in the award, known as the Bronze, Silver and Gold. These stages are progressive i.e. the work in the Bronze stage counts towards that required for the Silver stage, and the work for the Silver stage counts towards the Gold award. It is possible to enter directly for the Gold award, but the Bronze and Silver requirements must be met.

At each stage work is required under the following four sections — (A) Design for living, (B) Interests, (C) Adventure and (D) Service. For the Gold Award there are three additional requirements — a course in Everyday Nursing, a week's Residential Training Course and Practical Service to the community for a period of six months.

This summer we completed two sections of the Gold Award:— the Residential course and the Adventure Section.

During the first week in August, thirty-four girls from England, Ireland and Scotland converged upon the quiet seaside town of St. Annes-on-Sea, for a Christian Leadership Training Course. They did not mean us to escape — there were chains on the windows and we had a clocking-in card to make sure that we got our (beauty) sleep. Throughout the week lectures were given on various aspects of leading young people, not only with the idea of training us to be leaders, but also to make us aware of those characteristics of children which must be taken into consideration when teaching.

Handicraft sessions were helpful in showing us simple objects which children can quite easily make, and in giving us hints about visual aids to use during lessons. P.E. and games sessions proved rather strenuous (!) especially as circuit training is not the usual practice before breakfast at home!

Entertainments were few and far between, but much fun was derived from beetle-hunting in the open-air swimming pool with the custard ladle. The cat which belonged to the place where we stayed, provided endless fun, by creeping in during our absence and sleeping on the beds. One night the rain was beating against the windows and the moon was shining brightly. One of the girls was awake, and suddenly a black silhouette leapt onto her shoulder. Turning round she saw the cat's eyes staring at her through the darkness. Softly the cat padded across her back and landed on the next girl's bed. However, she was not so

slumber-wrapped and quickly waking, flung back her arms. We didn't see the cat for dust!

Our observance of etiquette had to be at its best, for all the time we were being watched — our attitude, personality, courtesy to others, manners at the table — all this was scrupulously noted and our final assessment was made partly on this behaviour.

After the course we had to write up a log of what we had done during the week. Notes from the lectures were included and so were illustrations, postcards and photographs of the various activities during the week. This counted for a lot in the final assessment, presentation, neatness and originality being taken into account.

The second week in August, we spent walking round the Lake District with our belongings strapped to us — (we had a 25 lb. pack each). The purpose? — to undertake an expedition in connection with the Adventure section of the Gold Award. This was to be an expedition of not less than six days and five nights away from home covering at least fifty miles on foot. Nights had to be spent in tent, barn or YHA hostel. We travelled round staying at YHA hostels, and our expedition covered the area between Keswick and Windermere. Training for this, preparatory to the expedition included camp craft, country code, map reading, compass work and a bit of geographical identification. This was a most enjoyable and exhilarating week for the five girls who went. It was found to be a worthwhile project. Perhaps those who cannot appreciate the countryside, would not have undertaken this, and they certainly would not have enjoyed it, had they gone.

Perhaps this brief outline of the scheme does not give much insight and perhaps there seems little work to it. But we started the Bronze award in the summer of 1962. Since then, we have gained the Bronze, Silver and half of our Gold award. This has been achieved by sheer hard work on our part, and at the cost of two or three nights every week spent on the activities. When we have qualified for the Gold Award, we hope to go to Buckingham Palace to have it presented by the Duke of Edinburgh. We hope to have achieved this by May of 1966 and we feel that we can at least say that we have genuinely earned it.

We wish to offer our congratulations to Kathleen Kazer, a former editor of this magazine, on her success in obtaining a place at Newham College, Cambridge, and to the Head Girl, Julia Lake, who has been awarded a place at Girton, Cambridge.

## Man or Machine

A Junior Editor's View  
by John Baker

Shining new bicycles, for first formers, gradually decreasing in splendour as you reach the higher forms — school bus passes — even the idea of walking to school. These ideas of methods of transport for coming to school may soon be a thing of the past.

Now it is the "done thing" to roar down the drive on your 'Honda', or even weaving your way through (or over!) the other pupils, in your car.

Gone are the days when a happy schoolboy jumped out of bed ready to face up to the hardship of trudging to school through snow and ice. Now he can sleep on until his mother, shouting against a background of pop music, tries to get him up. For now he has fast motorised transport that will get him to school on time.

If this influx of pupil motorists continues, we may see the coming of the Drive-in school (of course another idea from America).

This may all be very well and it would be misguided and futile to resist the inevitable. But there is one aspect of this increased reliance on machinery that is in danger of being overlooked, this is that the machine is tending to become a scape goat for human failings, and if anything goes wrong it is always the machine that gets the blame. In other words we no longer feel personally responsible for our own failures. For instance, "Oh, -er-er, the car wouldn't start sir," or "The bus was late, sir," instead of "Please sir, I overslept."

## Mr. Sharrock

by Peter Bleasdale, 4/6.

Although Mr. Sharrock has been employed as caretaker at Balshaw's for only one year, caretaking has been his occupation for the past sixteen years. Mr. Sharrock's official working week is a basic forty-two hours — every weekday and Saturday mornings — but his actual working time is subject to the exigencies of the job. In winter time one of the major tasks is the provision and distribution of heat

throughout the school buildings, necessitating an early morning stoking and late stoking. Consequently his working hours are longer than in summer time.

The occupation of caretaking includes many tasks which we 'laymen' would not associate with it, for instance Mr. Sharrock does many minor electrical and plumbing repairs — but not a word of this to the relevant trade unions.

Another facet of his job is school time. It is he who determines what time the dinner-ladies shall serve their daily offering, it is he who decides that the bell should be rung to determine the end of each laborious Latin lesson. He is generally in command of time at the school and he uses B.S.T. — Balshaw's Sharrock Time — because, you see, he looks after all the school clocks.

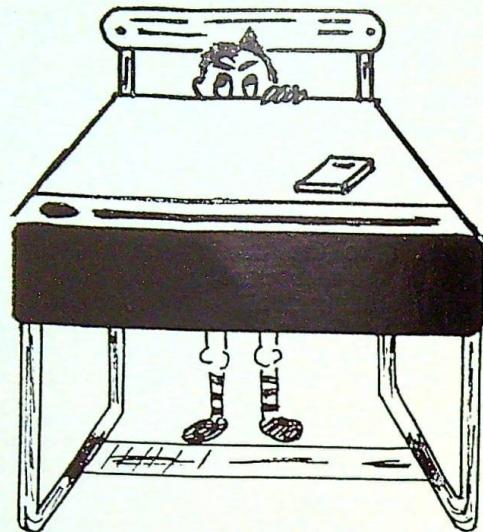
The cleanliness of the building is a source of pride to the school and can only be attributed to Mr. Sharrock and his bevy of four lady helpers who tediously yet meticulously clean all the rooms and cloak-rooms daily. At this period in time this is no easy task since the builders' workmen are busy creating as much dirt as is humanly possible. Mr. Sharrock says that he would appreciate the scraping of shoe soles by the souls who delight in trudging through the 'glorious mud', before entering the school buildings.

Mr. Sharrock says that his job is similar to that of Mr. Roocroft, the groundsman "except that Mr. Roocroft works outside and I work inside." He also said that Balshawians "aren't such a bad lot really" when asked to compare them to the pupils of St. Mark's, Chorley, which was his previous place of employment. When asked if he disliked any part of, or the whole of, his job he stated quite categorically that if he did he would find other employment.

Mr. Sharrock is entitled to three weeks holiday a year but after listening to his description of the many tasks which are his responsibility, it seems remarkable that he could be spared for this length of time.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO HAVE FORGOTTEN . . . to buy Mr. Bull a Christmas present, he has compiled a post-Christmas list including:  
(a) a pseudo-plastic bound set of the best of Ian Fleming.  
(b) a Percy Thrower do-it-yourself kit.

We are proud of Mr. Holmes, who is an active member of the Northern Rescue Organisation, and went to the aid of three boys missing on Bleasdale Fells. We are now trying to organise a search party to go to Bleasdale Fells, to look for Mr. Holmes.



## First Impressions

by New Balshawians

I awoke very puzzled on the morning of the 31st of August. This was 'D' Day! Aches and pains appeared from nowhere. I didn't know whether I was excited or nervous: time alone would tell.

\*

After putting on my uniform I admired myself in a mirror. To me the reflection was marvellous. All my books were in my brand new brief-case. What was the secret of the green bag? Happy thoughts in anticipation of being outside were in that bag, hockey boots, gym shoes, T-shirt and a grey flannel skirt.

\*

When we arrived at the school my heart pounded as we walked down the drive. I wondered whatever it would be like to come from being a senior girl at a junior school to be a junior girl at a grammar school.

\*

There were so many girls that I almost felt frightened and very strange.

\*

The school looked so big that I thought part of it must be unused.

My first impression of the school building was how big it was in comparison with my old school which only had four classrooms. I thought that I would never find my way around.

\*

As we walked down the drive I felt very uncomfortable because everyone seemed to be looking at us. Somebody said "Oh heck, here come some more."

\*

How lonely I felt and how small amongst such a crowd of girls. Gone were all the familiar faces to which I had been accustomed for the past four years.

\*

We soon met some of our friends and didn't feel lost anymore. When the bell went there was a rush and a crush to get into school. I was surprised at this because I had just heard so many people saying how they hated school. Yet here they were rushing to get in first.

\*

When the doors opened for everyone to go inside there was a gigantic uproar as they crowded into the school like stampeding elephants.

When the bell rang for us to go into school I was pushed about because everyone was trying to get in at the same time. I thought to myself "This must be a happy school as they appear to be eager to get back to their lessons after their long holiday."

\*

When the bell went I was literally propelled up the stairs and through the swing doors.

\*

I don't suppose I really realised how many people there were at Balshaw's till we got into the Hall—gosh! there's hundreds!

\*

I went into the Assembly Hall and found a seat. There was chatter all round but it fell slightly when the Masters and Mistresses came in. Then another Master came in (a few days later I discovered that he was the Head Master) and we all rose to our feet.

\*

I went into the Hall for assembly and just as I sat down Mr. Bleasdale came in and I had to stand up again.

\*

I was rather bewildered when we went into the Hall and I could not sing the hymn for gazing around looking at the new school.

When my name was called out I got up and walked out of the Hall. Our form mistress was waiting for us. She showed us to our form room. We were shown to our places and told to sit down. I made friends with the people next to me and from then on I knew it would be very hard work indeed.

The first thing our form mistress asked for was our dinner money.

I was very eager to find out about the lessons.

I didn't realise there were so many hours in a day until we wrote down our time-table of lessons. I felt that I would never remember the names of all those teachers.

What a welcome sound that dinner bell was—I was ravenous! Off we went to find that there was no room for us in the dining room. We were sent into the medical room, better known as the tuck shop.

After dinner I went out into the playground and I was enthralled by the grass on which we were allowed to play. At our other school we had to play on the tarmac.

There was no afternoon break. This was surprising because at my other school we had afternoon break.

As I walked home at the end of my first day, I couldn't help thinking how different it was from my previous school and I wondered whether I would be as happy here as I was there.

On Wednesday we had General Science upstairs and trust me—I got lost!

Everything is more arranged and there is a huge time-table to follow. I wonder how everything will fit in?

There are six hundred pupils in the school and sometimes they seem to get in your way.

My first impression of science is that there seems to be a lot of long words but it is interesting.

I like the teachers that I've met and I think they try to make the lessons interesting for us. In fact as the week wore on I found that I was really enjoying some of the subjects which I had expected to be quite dull.

At first it was very strange and bewildering but most of the prefects were very helpful. It must be very nice to be a prefect.

I think the girls' uniform is quite smart and I like the little grey skirts we wear for games and gym.

I enjoyed it very much but all the time I kept wishing I was back at my old school. Why I had that feeling, I couldn't explain.

I think I have settled in now and I seem to like it. All the teachers and prefects are so helpful in every way.

Balshaw's is a very friendly school.



This term has proved a box-office success for the Physics Lab. Cinema; capacity crowds have swarmed in to see each epic. It has been decided not to renovate the lab, with velvet seats and a vast Panoramic Todd-A-O screen, for we have heard a rumour that the so-called new science wing is really being built by J. Arthur Rank.

# Mrs. Hoole

by Pauline Beales and Barbara Eastham

At the end of November Mrs. Hoole, the laboratory assistant, left to "take up domestic duties." During the five years she was with the school, Mrs. Hoole, though enjoying her work, found it hard. Her many tasks included ordering supplies, cleaning bottles and even typing out science examination papers.

When Mrs. Hoole first came to the school there were not, as there are now, three separate sciences, but only general science. Mrs. Hoole thinks, because of the new system, there are more opportunities open to sixth formers. This led on to the question of the condition of the laboratories. Very overcrowded, was her first reaction to the question. Otherwise they were quite well equipped, though there is room for improvement. So the new laboratories would be a great asset to the "scientists" of the school.

As mentioned before, Mrs. Hoole had a full time-table. She worked from nine till five, five days a week. During the whole year she would have ONLY thirteen days holiday (working all through the school holidays) plus Christmas and Easter.

We all wish Mrs. Hoole happiness in her new life.

## Slips of the pen

or, English as she is wrought.

Gaul bladder, Gold bladder.  
\*

Silver beach, Mounted ash.  
\*

Starchy proteins.  
\*

Stomache.  
\*

Some bacteria are photogenic, i.e., they cause disise.  
\*

Ivarrigated, veriaged, veregrated, verrigated, ferygated.  
\*

The aparatus needed are: trogh, . . .  
\*

Hydrocolic acid.  
\*

Derainium, gyramium, gernium.

## CONTRIBUTED

### Nine Lives

by Anita Horrocks, 4/6.

He had decided. This was the night he was going to do it. They would go for a drive and he would come back, alone.

He remembered her terrified scream and the other happenings as a nightmare. He thought back; again he saw the road slipping away underneath the car and then the cat. Its eyes, green darts, burning deeply into his brain. She saw it too and wrenched the wheel from his hands, and turned it, to avoid that stupid cat. A wall loomed before them; she screamed and then he felt a paw, delicately feeling his face. He opened his eyes and looked into two green ones that stared and stared at him, mercilessly, he thought. He was suddenly afraid.

He was walking away from his dying wife. Should he turn back to help her? — No, he was free at last.

He was now on the outskirts of a town. No-one was about and everything was dark. There was only one light from a shop down an alleyway. Perhaps he could sleep there.

He sensed that he was being watched. He glanced round and in the roadway stood a cat whose green eyes were looking accusingly at him: his wife had had green eyes. He made a vicious lunge at the cat, missed it and carried on down the alley.

Eventually he reached the shop door and knocked. No-one came. He knocked harder, hurting his knuckles. Then he heard a noise from inside. The door opened.

Before him stood an old lady. She looked kind, but there was something strange about her. Nevertheless, he asked if she could put him up for the night. She agreed and beckoned him in.

For the first time he noticed that the shop was crammed full of curios, mostly of animals, and the number of china cats was unbelievable. He picked one up, an ugly misshapen thing, and studied it closely. It fascinated him. The old lady smiled, "So you like cats too, do you?"

He nodded.

"Come on, I'll show you to your room," she added.

He was now very weary and as soon as the old woman had left him, he sank thankfully down on the bed and fell asleep.

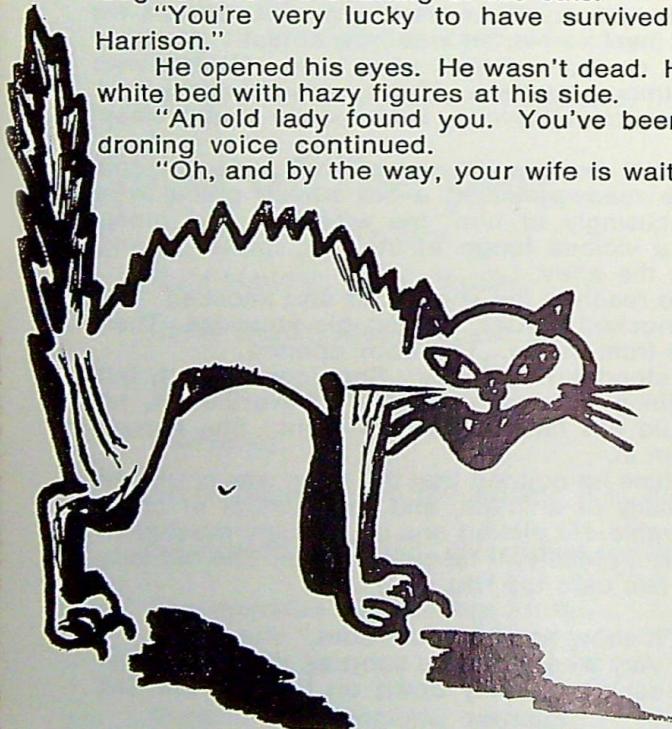
During the night he awoke. He did not know what had disturbed him, but as he dozed, he heard a creak and opened his eyes as a sliver of light cut the darkness of his room; and a shadow glided in through the door, a cat. It came closer and closer. It jumped on the bed. He could feel its body brushing against him, then he saw its eyes, They were green but they were human, full of emotion and hatred. He hit it. It screamed horribly, just as his wife had done. Now there were thousands of cats. He struck out. Their eyes were green pools of cruelty waiting to engulf him. His struggles became frantic. He was shouting like a maniac; his arms and face were covered in blood. Their claws were tearing at him; they came on and on. Then, in the midst of this tumult, a figure appeared, a woman; as it came nearer he saw it was his wife. She was laughing harshly. She had come back to punish him. She came nearer, her green eyes piercing him; her hands were claws, the fingernails red with blood, his blood. She came on and so did the cats, on and on; they were suffocating him. He was drowning in a whirl-pool, which was sucking him down and down into the blackness and all he could hear was her laughter and the snarling of the cats.

"You're very lucky to have survived the crash, Mr. Harrison."

He opened his eyes. He wasn't dead. He was in a huge white bed with hazy figures at his side.

"An old lady found you. You've been delirious," the droning voice continued.

"Oh, and by the way, your wife is waiting to see you."



## Fog

by Alex Bamber, 2/L2.

The fog lies like a grey blanket over the town.  
It muffles the voice and numbs the brain.  
It swirls in wraiths through letter boxes.  
As I walk through the fog,  
I feel that I am sleepwalking.  
Whichever way I look,  
I see the fog all around as if it was a prison.  
I cannot escape,  
It holds me tight like a fly in a web.  
No light penetrates the roof of the prison.  
The walls close in on me blotting out the world  
I look for a door but there is none.  
Suddenly there is a door of light,  
It grows until it is large enough for me to escape.  
I rush through the door into the light.  
Even as I look the fog begins to disappear,  
The sun comes out and shows its cheery face,  
My nightmare is at an end.

\*

## Storm

by Carole Crane, 2L/2.

Down, down, the rain lashes down  
Like tiny heaving whips, thousands of them  
Behind you, in front of you, everywhere around,  
Beneath you and on top of you.  
Shining, glittering diamonds fall like teardrops,  
Down from the saturated trees,  
Like an old man bent in half by age  
The trees bend and twist all round.  
The withered leaves and the raindrops are hurled,  
Together in one whirling mass, then forced down  
By an unknown hand, only to be scooped up again  
Into the black, gripping endless sky.  
The trees are flung together,  
They seem to be caught in a whirlwind;  
The houses shudder and seem to creep nearer  
together,  
Searching for shelter from the cold.

# A Question of Authority

by A. J. Lawrie, now at Lancaster University.

There's a wide gulf between school and University. This is how the story goes and in some sense it's true. It depends on the school and the University. They used to tell us that we would shortly be experiencing a freedom such as we had never known. As far as I was concerned, about the academic side of University life, this was not altogether true. I enjoyed comparative freedom at Balshaw's and the step up to University was easy. Here, at least (Lancaster), there isn't a complete lack of regimentation: tutorials are compulsory; you can miss lectures if you like, but tutorials are a bit sticky if you miss too many — after all you can't talk for an hour about something you haven't heard of. Everybody hands in essays late, but everybody hands them in.

I think it is important that self-discipline in the Sixth Form, within a broad frame-work of rules, should be encouraged. It's only an extension of this system that the sixth former will find when he gets to University — a warranted extension only if irresponsibility declines as you get older.

Obviously the new undergraduate will find freedom in his eating, sleeping, playing, loving, and dressing habits. But then there should, I think, be freedom in these things. Self-discipline, common sense and, in the end, poverty and fatigue are pretty limiting factors.

# A Letter from Madagascar

by Sylvia Myroie.

I've purposely sat in the garden to write this letter hoping some of Madagascar's atmosphere infuses itself into the words. It really is a lovely garden with three tier lawns and little flights of steps, English rose trees next to exotic bamboos and a banana tree peering over the hedge. Just round the corner lives our hen, Jezabel, who was brought by our gardener, Georges, as a present for the 14th October (Independence Day). No one has ever given me a hen before and I think it was a first time for Jezabel too, as she squawked loudly. We were supposed to kill her for lunch but I simply couldn't have eaten her after knowing her, so now we are hoping she will provide us with eggs. This function doesn't seem to interest her, unfortunately, as she spends her day eating rice and pecking at the red earth.

When I first arrived at Madagascar's airport which is only a mile from here, the red earth was the first thing I noticed. It made everything look so gaudy and England seemed so sedate in comparison. A little committee was waiting to welcome Margaret (a graduate volunteer) and me. If it hadn't been holiday time the whole school would have turned up but as it was, our reception committee contained Barbara, the young teacher whose bungalow I share, Nari, the young Malagasi head-master who has a Sociology diploma from Swansea University, nearly all of the teachers and some distinguished and/or inquisitive parents. The customs men, hearing we were volunteers gave us our luggage without so much as a peep inside, so very soon we were introduced to the mission car.

"It" is a Renault quatre which breaks down frequently, has a permanent rattle and won't cause any tears when we trade her in for a new car next week. As we rattled off to the accompaniment of farewells (all in French) the fact came home that I should have to teach in French and spend a good deal of my time conversing in French. My conversational ability was nil. Now I rattle on with the most appalling grammar mistakes, but at least have hardly any difficulty understanding the language or in making myself understood. Teaching in French is very easy because the technical words are almost the same as English and any words I don't know I say in English and call it pronunciation practice.

When I saw the Ecole Johnson that first afternoon I simply couldn't believe it. Large bare rooms with cracking plaster and the dingy remains of white-wash were filled with ramshackle "desks", homemade, with benches attached and hollows scraped out for biros. Stained plywood tacked to the wall served as blackboards and this plus chalk (none of your dustless brand) was the sum total of our equipment. Troisieme form room had rat holes complete with inhabitants, though now these have all been blocked up, and one does not hear the patter of tiny feet quite as often. Sixieme was really the last straw — over seventy pupils crammed four to a desk, age range from eleven to sixteen. Now this form has been divided so, although this means three hours extra a week, I don't feel I am addressing a public meeting any more.

Before we came there had been quite a plague of rats and poor Barbara who has a "thing" about them, was scared of opening the cupboards. At it was when she opened the broom cupboard a month ago a smallish one jumped out. I was teaching at the time so she screamed for Rakoto, our pint-sized cook who looks like a Cornish pixie, and after locking him in the kitchen heard him killing it with great gasps and beating of brooms. The only other little visitor we have had was a dusky coloured field mouse

who ran around the book case. This happened when we were having supper so Barbara leapt for the nearest chair and ordered me to find Nari to come and kill it. It was pouring with rain — the rainy season is just about to begin — so I slithered around in the red mud and fell into an open drain before I found him. When we returned, Barbara insisted I stand on a chair too as she couldn't have born it if the mouse had come near me either!

The bungalow is very comfortable. When I first arrived we had an old tin bath which took four hours to heat and a blackened paraffin stove which made us wait half an hour for a cup of tea. Now we have a shower (at the moment the tin bucket variety, soon a gas one) and a gas stove which gleams white and modern in our kitchen. We also have a flush toilet of which we are very proud. One becomes very lavatory minded here as clean toilets are conspicuous by their absence and many houses have a hole in the ground — with a concrete surround of course!

We are only 30 miles from Tananananve where we have a flat so we visit the big city quite often . It looks very much like a town in the middle of France with its wide straight main avenue, terraced cafes and expensive boutiques. Many French people went home after Independence but most of the teachers in town are French and the Malagasi there are very Europeanised. The Americans have a N.A.S.A. base near here and two astronauts came to visit it a month ago. We went to greet them at the airport and they looked so exactly like young, healthy American base-ball players that I could hardly believe they had had such an experience.

I've bought a guitar which I play very badly but which is seized upon by the boy boarders. I'm hoping to learn some Malagasi folk songs, which are slightly polynesian before I come home.

Travel here, if you haven't a car, is by Taxi-Brousse. These are usually great blue dormobiles which look exactly like ice-cream vans. People pile their belongings and shopping on the top (anything from live ducks to tables) and the vans rattle along round bends at 100 k.p.h. until someone shouts that they want to get off, or they run out of petrol. If this last happens the driver's mate hitches to the nearest garage for more and the passengers have to pay their fare in advance to pay for it. These vans turn over very frequently or lose wheels and fall into ditches at the side of the road or a rice field. I try to use the faster, more comfortable shooting brake type of taxi-brousse which break down nearly as often but which are nearer the ground if an accident does happen, and which actually have windows to keep out the dust. No times are fixed for these buses — you go down to the market place and wait for one to fill

up. When it does you go. If it doesn't you are transported up and down the village whilst the driver toots his horn for customers. The rule is never make a definite appointment if you are travelling by taxi-brousse.

I'm very happy in Madagascar and recommend voluntary service to any sixth former before university. If anyone would like a Malagasi pen friend write to me and I'll forward the name of one of my brighter pupils. I've changed my name to my second one Sylvia as the children couldn't pronounce my first name. I'd love to hear from anyone with sixpence to spend on an airmail letter.

Goodbye for now,

Sylvia Mylroie.  
Mission F.F.M.A.  
Arivonimamo  
MADAGASCAR

## Torment

by Martin Roscoe, 2L/2.

Like a poor soul in torment moaned the wind all night.  
When the first grey, cold light of dawn made visible the  
havoc he had caused—  
The broken branch,  
The toppled chimney stack,  
The sapling snapped—  
I thought his eerie crying would now cease.  
But soon he howled again and shook the doors and windows,  
As if to force an entry into the homes of men.  
And all my cheerful morning thoughts he drove away,  
With his lamenting and his broken sobs.  
All day he screeched as if in agony.  
And now night falls again—

## Futility

by Joyce Dean, 4/O.

Wasteful barren war,  
Devoid of all sense.  
Sending men forward  
to battle in fields of bloodshed and Terror.  
Officials taking, listing  
Men who don't want to go.  
Fight for your country's honour!  
Obey, and die like a dog!  
It's too late to pray,  
but not to mourn.  
They think of gains  
never losses.

# Sailing Day

by Jennifer Taylor, 1B.

Look lively lads, come lend a hand,  
We're off to sea again.  
With a fair wind blowing from the land,  
Towards the bounding main.  
Heave on the capstan's bars, me boys,  
We're off to sea again.  
The chain comes up with a rattling noise,  
From out the bounding main.  
Now up aloft, out on the spars,  
We're off to sea again.  
Shake out the sails me lucky tars,  
Over the bounding main.  
Coil up that rope, swab down the deck,  
We're off to sea again.  
And land becomes a distant speck,  
Across the bounding main.

# A Matter of Routine

by Pauline Beales, 4/6.

For years Cyril Weathersly had kept strictly to the same boring schedule, day after day, year after year — until now. Could he not have a change just once in his life. "Perhaps I could mm . . ." he pondered for a while." Suddenly, with a leap that could have easily broken the world high jump record, he lept on to the bar.

For a moment he looked quite sad. A thin smile started, his cheeks went red — a giggle — then a thunderous roar of laughter, nearly shattering the whole stock of glassware. For once in his life he was free — free from nagging wife, pestering children, and mean, nasty boss.

Suddenly he burst into song. The type of song not fit for some people's ears. His laughter had calmed down now, but then:— Really if my wife could hear me. What a laugh! "Really Cyril, not the sort of thing I would have thought at all suitable!" The quiet murmur grew into that huge roar again:— "What a scream. Very funny, don't you think?" turning to the barman.

"Hilarious," he said dryly, "have you quite finished?" The barman was quite used to this type of drunk. Bored with life, usually. On the odd occasion you could get a man who had come up on the pools.

"Sorry." Cyril got down off the bar, walked over to a table and sat down. He thought for a while, 'I have my rights, I'll do what I want. I never dance, she can't stand it. Myself, I quite like a spot of tap-dancing'. He eyed the table all over. 'Mm, nice surface — why not!'

Up he jumped and the next moment was "tap-dancing." He "danced" solidly for an hour. Quite incredible for a man of his age, but the thoughts of his dreary life kept him going. Suddenly, as if at the click of the fingers, he stopped and sat down. A thought struck him like a flash of lightening. 'I must sober up. Got to get home!'

"You, a black coffee."

Since he was used to this, the barman had some ready; "Yes sir."

After five cups of this reviving drink he was in a reasonable state. He spent half an hour tidying himself and finally he was ready for home.

As he rang the door-bell Cyril felt slightly guilty, but a lot happier.

"Hello Cyril, had a good day? Do wipe your feet."

"Perfect. And you?"

"So, so. You know Mrs. Brown? She's got a daughter of twenty. Well, you know what I heard? Last night . . ."

He sighed. Here we go again. Back to the old routine. Back to the nagging, talkative wife, back to the pestering children. 'I suppose they do care. She'd kill me if she knew. Ah well, I don't talk in my sleep, thank goodness!'

# Protest against War

by Janette Smith, 4/O.

Must there always be war?  
Why must the lives of hundreds of  
people be brought to an end?  
Do the homeless have to suffer?  
And must the world suffer destruction?  
The brilliant skies, and buffeted  
red clouds  
Must never be seen again.  
Never! must the deadly sirens,  
Echo through the sorrow.  
Never! never must we fight  
Others who are armed,  
Not for Kingdom, Country or Universe,  
Not for life or death.  
We are tormented by War,  
But we must refrain,  
We must refrain.

# The Crucified City

by Peter Balmer, 4/6.

The narrow street was choked with the usual summer deluge of tourists to the Hiroshima market. The picturesque stalls selling joysticks, silk Kimonos and myriads of other mementos to the insatiable and gullible American tourists were kept constantly busy. The frail but hardy women wore their traditional dress to please their camera-happy customers.

"Yes, this is a genuine hand-made Otoku vase." Sufficiently persuaded, the delighted American purchased, then trundled away with her vase, burbling joyously to her companion. "How gay these people are. You'd hardly guess they'd been hit by the bomb."

Kiora-ola re-arranged her ware and waited for her next customer. This was her first of the day despite the advancing hour. Kono her husband was tired she told her colleagues. He was working too hard. Besides he had a slight chill or something. They walked away shaking their heads philosophically and looking back with pity. She bit her lip trying to keep back her tears and struggled desperately to convince herself.

Throughout the day memories of their courtship over twenty years earlier flashed through her mind. The envy of her friends, her unending love — and the feeling of guilt when her parents were killed by the bomb while she was out with Kono. She endeavoured to contain her emotion. She met the cheerful faces of her customers with an assumed waxen smile. Who was she to destroy the image of the modern Hiroshima? To reveal the scars both mental and physical left by a disaster too terrible to describe.

At last, as the crowds dispersed she packed away her goods and took leave of her friends. She was glad to be alone and to be able to go home but she dreaded what she might see. As she walked along the narrow streets she recollects all the pictures she had seen in the atom bomb museum. But they were old cripples, not gay young men like Kono.

As she turned off the street into the front garden the withered flowers seemed to mock her. She ran to the door her heart pounding with fear. She called for Kono and ran crying into his room. All that she had dreaded had occurred. There he lay his features already bloated, squirming on the floor crying, with an anguished expression that only the agony of the "sickness" can give. She knelt down beside him, strangely calm. The guilt of twenty years was gone and she and Kono were to suffer the long way, the painful way.

# Hockey

## Captain's Report

The season opened with a draw against Newton-le-Willows in a game which due to pouring rain, lasted only ten minutes each way. We have been very unfortunate in having bad weather, thus four of our matches have been cancelled. The matches we have played have been clean fast games, enjoyed I think, by all members of the teams.

A match with Blackpool Arnold ended in a draw, but we gained a decisive victory against Chorley Grammar. After half-term, however, the 1st team seemed to lack cohesion, and we lost to Blackpool Collegiate. The team found their co-ordination whilst playing against Ashton-in-Makerfield, a match which we won by two goals to one.

The Second XI has been more successful than the first XI, having lost no games at all, and winning every game except for their match against Arnold School, Blackpool. The Under fifteens have won two and drawn one out of their three games, whilst the Under Fourteens have won both their games.

I would like to thank the members of all four of the school hockey teams for giving up their time, not only on Saturday mornings, but also during the week for practices out of school time.



# Rugby

## Captain's Report

The 1st XV have completed over half the season's fixtures and so far have maintained a 100% winning record. The school's record number of victories has already been equalled and with eight matches still to be played after Christmas, it looks certain to be shattered.

The success of the team is probably due to the fact that most of last year's fairly successful fifteen have stayed on at school and are again available. The only two changes have been at centre and wing threequarter where Hartley and Winn respectively have proved more than adequate replacements. Team spirit throughout the term has been tremendous and has also played a major part in keeping the record intact. Next term there promises to be several exciting matches and it will be interesting to see whether the team can continue to "deal majestically" with all opposition.

The 2nd XV have again tried hard but with little success, winning only two out of their nine matches. They showed early promise with a good victory in their first match, defeating Ormskirk by 8 pts. to 3 pts., but have since won only once against Morecambe. Nevertheless they have shown some improvement in recent matches and we look for better results next term.

The Junior team have been rather disappointing and are having a mediocre season. Perhaps a little more endeavour in the New Year will produce better results.



# S.C.M.

## Secretary's Report by Patricia Marsden.

The Student Christian Movement or the Christian Education Movement to give it its new name has been very successful this term. We have had three meetings based on this year's theme which is "Should we care for others."

The speaker at our first meeting was Councillor Mrs. R. B. Kelley, J.P., a well known personality in Leyland and a governor of the school, who gave us a very interesting talk on her work as a magistrate. At the second meeting two students from the Josephine Butler House at Liverpool, who are training to be social welfare workers, came to speak to us about their work and their studies. Finally at our last meeting a very enlightening talk was given by Mr. Maude about his experiences as a probation officer in the Leyland and Preston area.

The highlight of the term was an outing to Manchester to see the film "The Greatest Story Ever Told," the story of the life of Christ. When someone suggested arranging a trip to see this we didn't really expect to be able to fill a small coach, especially as we were not allowed to go in school time, but the response was overwhelming and consequently we had to hire a double decker bus. Everyone seemed to enjoy the evening very much and the general opinion was that for a film of this type it was very well produced.

We have about a hundred members, forty of whom are regular attenders, but we would like to take this opportunity of appealing to more boys to come and join us.

# The Wind

by Coral Cleminson, 2L/2.

The wind outside was hard and harsh,  
Grasping the trees and wringing them with invisible hands,  
Even the greatest of trees were helpless in its grasp,  
Moaning and groaning in the wrath of  
The mighty wind.  
Picking up paper with its mighty hands,  
Sending it bowling over the great lands,  
Hats and scarves are torn from the grasp,  
Doors and windows banging and shuddering in  
The mighty wind.  
The darkened sky shows no bright colour,  
The whistling wind in our ears singing,  
The gale force wind driving the rain away  
Relentlessly.

# Parents' Page

by the Secretary of the Parents' Association

At the present time the members of the Parents' Association are endeavouring to design their part in the affairs of the School.

Three years seem to have gone by very quickly since the Association was formed, numerous meetings have been held, discussions taken place, questions have been asked, and money-raising efforts have proved most successful.

After all our initial enthusiasm, let us pause for a moment and ponder some of our outstanding problems.

**Question:** When is the next parents' meeting?

**Answer:** We wish we could publish our programme for a year ahead. We did try in the early days, but the problems of fixing subjects for meetings and arranging speakers so far in advance make this almost impossible. It is worth noting that very few ideas for meetings are put forward by members; if you would like to have a meeting on a particular topic please let one of the Committee members know. What would interest you will almost certainly interest many other members.

**Question:** Why aren't we told when meetings are taking place?

**Answer:** The delivery of circulars is, we admit, the cause of much frustration. Well meaning pupils often come home so absorbed in solving homework problems that the circular letters about the next meeting, if not destroyed, lost en route, or used for some other purpose, more often than not remain undelivered. The cost of sending all communications through the post would cost far too much these days to be covered by the annual subscription of half-a-crown per family.

**Question:** Would it not be possible for members of the Staff to attend Parents' meetings?

**Answer:** We are a Parents' Association, not a Parent-Teachers' Association. Members of the Staff are nevertheless always most welcome at meetings, and at some recently, notably those on the subject of Comprehensive Education, questions asked by Staff provided a good deal of matter for discussion. We are grateful to the Staff for the help and encouragement they have given us, particularly at last year's Summer Fair.

**Question:** Why aren't more parents members of the Association?

**Answer:** Well your guess is as good as mine! It is surprising, though, just what a very small proportion of mums and dads have enough interest to become members. Why don't you join at the next meeting?

## Footnote

Following our success last year we hope to hold another Summer Fair in July 1966. If you received gifts at Christmas, or for your birthday, which fall into the "white elephant" category, why not get rid of them now to a member of the Committee? Our bran tub needs replenishing with lots of small gifts.

## War

by Brian Abbott, 2F.

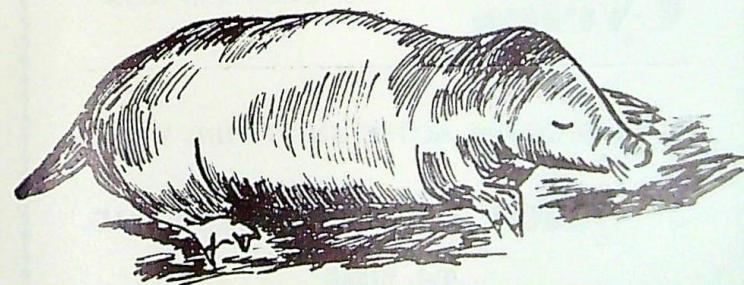
The last straw was when ugly mounds of earth were pushed up on the lawn.

The war was on!

The moles with an underground defence system proved to be good soldiers. In single file they moved along their secret routes all in smart velvet suits. They captured much food while pushing up their attack mounds at the same time.

Meanwhile the opposing forces also prepared to attack. Steel traps were found and baited, next a passage was found in the moles defence system and the traps were set. Other passages too were opened and had traps set in them.

Soon after, the moles began another attack, hurrying along their passages, unaware of the waiting ambush. One after the other they followed the bait into the trap and were caught. When the victors returned they found that their ambush had been successful. The cream of the mole army lay dead.



Advance Notice  
of the School's Spring Production



## H.M.S. PINAFORE

in  
THE SCHOOL HALL

at 7.30 p.m.

29th and 31st March  
1st and 2nd April



Refreshments  
Parking

Adults 3/6d.

Children & Students 2/6d.

### SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

The first prize of one guinea was awarded to Anita Horrocks for her story "Nine Lives." Very close runners-up were Pauline Beales and Peter Palmer. All three stories have been included in this magazine.

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