

RAMBLER '67

The Smithills Grammar School Magazine



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Smithills Grammar School Magazine

Number Six

November, 1967

Committee

Glyn Wadson

Joyce Turner

Beverley Fiddes

Susan Boardman

Judith Taylor

Lorraine Kemp

Adrian Lee

Sandra Clarke

Ruth Lomax

Ian Forsyth

Brian Holden

Editorial

The response both inside and outside the School to last year's "Rambler" was magnificent. Even after every copy was sold there was still a queue for more, and many were disappointed.

This year the Editorial Committee again thank all contributors as they present their choice of the wide variety of writing, quips, puzzles and pictures that have been offered for inclusion. Some have necessarily been rejected but we ask them to try again for a place in this "top circulation" journal.

The Committee has maintained its traditional pen and ink cover picture with a different coloured heading. (These cover pictures make a very nice collection when seen side by side, and it is our hope that many will preserve the whole set covering their School career). Just for the record we have this year included prize lists for two years, so that, in future, the prize list in the "Rambler" can be right up to date. Subsequently, there will be only one prize list, the most recent one, in each issue of the magazine.

This edition marks the tenth year of the School's existence and, as is well known to any wise man, it takes any educational experiment ten years to prove itself. We hope that the first lot of University results published here will prove to be sufficient congratulation to the Bolton visionaries who first decided, a decade ago, to create a school where none had been before.

School Notes

School Terms 1967-8:

- Autumn Term 1967: Monday, 11th September, to Friday, 22nd December.
- Half Term Holiday: Monday, 30th October. Tuesday, 31st October. Wednesday, 1st November.
- Spring Term 1968: Monday, 8th January, to Friday, 5th April.
- Half Term Holiday: Monday, 26th February. Tuesday, 27th February.
- Summer Term 1968: Monday, 22nd April, to Wednesday, 31st July.
- Local Holidays: Friday, 28th June, to Friday, 12th July.

Occasional Holidays 1968:

- Municipal Election: Thursday, 9th May.
- Bank Holiday: Monday, 3rd June.

Staff 1967-8:

- Mr. R. W. Clements, Headmaster.
- Mr. R. H. Leithead, Deputy Headmaster.
- Mrs. B. Hall, Senior Mistress.

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|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Mr. B. A. Aitchison | Mr. E. G. McAvoy |
| Mr. B. A. Ashworth | Mr. C. R. Mellor |
| Miss I. Bradley | Mr. D. C. Moizer |
| Mr. J. M. Brown | Miss G. M. Morgan. |
| The Rev. P. N. Browne | Mrs. E. Morgan |
| Mr. P. W. P. Bennetts | Mr. R. Ogden |
| Miss E. N. Cox | Mr. I. W. Oldfield |
| Mr. G. S. A. Cox | Mr. K. M. Oxspring |
| Mr. M. Clarke | Mrs. V. Oxspring |
| Mr. J. F. Crate | Mrs. M. N. Pearson |
| Mr. D. Eccles | Mr. J. R. Porter |
| Miss M. H. Elsworth | Mr. D. Pye |
| Mrs. S. Emerson | Mr. T. Rushton |
| Mr. J. A. Farr | Mrs. K. M. F. Turner |
| Mr. I. L. Forsyth | Mr. T. N. Turner |
| Mr. G. Fothergill | Mr. P. Wilcock |
| Mr. R. E. Freathy | Miss J. M. Witherington |
| Mrs. B. M. Greaves | Mr. D. Wolstencroft |
| Mr. M. Green | |
| Mr. E. Heaton | Fräulein S. Eggert |
| Mr. B. E. Holden | (German Assistant) |
| Mr. J. F. Kitchen | Mlle. A. M. Cougoule |
| | (French Assistant) |

We would like to welcome Mrs. B. Hall as the School's new Senior Mistress, Mr. R. Aitchison (English), Mr. J. F. Crate (German), Mr. D. Eccles (French), Miss E. N. Cox (Biology), Mr. R. E. Freathy (Geography), Miss G. M. Morgan (English), Mrs. E. Morgan (French), Miss I. Bradley (Domestic Science), the Rev. P. Browne (Religious Instruction), Mrs. S. Emerson (Domestic Science), Mrs. M. N. Pearson (English), Mr. D. Wolstencroft (Russian), Fräulein S. Eggert (German) and Mlle. A. M. Cougoule (French). We hope that they will be happy among us.

At the end of the Summer Term we said farewell to Mrs. H. M. Medora who has taken up an appointment as Senior Mistress at the Forest Gate High School, London.

After many years of service to the School, Mr. P. Eadington has left to become a Lecturer in Geography at the Alnwick College of Education; Mr. J. G. Banks has transferred to the Bolton County Grammar School, and Mr. B. L. Ramsbottom has taken up a new venture outside the teaching profession. Mr. L. N. Atkinson has been appointed Head of the English Department at the Hindley and Abram Grammar School, and Miss B. M. Hanley has become Head of the Biology Department at the Burnley Girls' High School.

We must also say farewell to Mr. A. Jasper who has taken a position as Lecturer in Education at the Padgate College of Education; to Mrs. J. Ault, who has taken up further study at the University of Salford; to Miss S. Gidman, now teaching in Horsham, Sussex; to Madame G. Cartigny, who has returned to France, and to Herr K. Hildebrand, who has returned to Germany.

Miss A. Hillerton has been seconded to take an additional course of further study in Domestic Science for one year at the University of London.

To all of these we wish every success for the future in the new work they have undertaken.

Our best wishes for their future happiness go to :

- Mr. M. Clarke on his marriage to Miss Marie Hartigan.
- Mr. C. R. Mellor on his marriage to Miss Margaret Fleet.
- Mr. K. W. Oxspring on his marriage to Miss Vera Halliday.
- Mr. J. R. Porter on his marriage to Miss Christine Blundell.
- Mr. L. N. Atkinson on his marriage to Miss Yvonne J. Winter.
- Miss B. M. Ramsbotham on her marriage to Mr. J. W. Greaves.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. Ogden on the birth of their son, Nigel; to Mr. and Mrs. Turner on the birth of their daughter, Lisa Marie, and to Mr. and Mrs. P. Eadington on the birth of their daughter, Katherine Jane.

Prefects 1967-8 :

Head Boy : C. J. Whiteside.

Head Girl : Beverley Fiddes.

Deputy Head Boy : P. V. Lonnen.

Deputy Head Girl : Susan Lever.

G. Bailey	Susan Boardman
D. F. Butterworth	Christine Claire
B. Dagnall	Sandra Clarke
B. Halton	Lindsey Fearnley
S. M. Henderson	Julie Hall
J. J. Howarth	Maureen Hampson
J. P. Howarth	Alwyn Heaton
B. Humphries	Alwyn Heaton
G. A. Kershaw	Carol Horner
G. D. Matthews	Jennifer Longton
B. Nicholls	Ruth Lomax
A. Scofield	Christine Oddy
D. L. Smith	June Phillipson
M. Smith	Pauline Sandiford
C. P. Trevena	Judith Taylor
R. N. Williams	Joyce Turner
	Hilary Walsh
	Susan Willis

Congratulations to Neal Rigby on being the School's first student to enter Cambridge University (Downing College), Pauline Sandiford on winning the prize for the Goodenday Essay, Stephen Seddon on being chosen to play for the Bolton Town Association Football Team, Peter Allsop who was selected to play for the Bolton Area Grammar Schools Association Football Team, Peter Karmaz who gained equal first place for Under-16's and Michael Smith on winning sixth place for Under-18's in the National Chess Congress, Beverley Fiddes on winning the Singles Championship and Beverley Fiddes and Joyce Turner on winning the Girls' Doubles in the Bolton Charity Tennis Tournament, and to Christopher J. Whiteside and Roger Williams who won the Boys' Doubles for the second year in succession.

ACADEMIC RECORD, 1966/7

FIRST DEGREE COURSES

Michael Abbott	Electronics	Southampton University
Stephen Atherton	German & French	Manchester University
Shirley Barlow	Botany & Zoology	Manchester University
Jean Berry	Biology	Portsmouth College of Technology
Philip Broughton	Electronics	Southampton University
David Dean	Maths. & Physics	East Anglia University
Jeffrey Duckworth	Struct. Engineering	Wigan Technical College
Janet Entwistle	Domestic Science	Bristol University
John Horan	Chem. Engineering	Bradford University
Keith Ingham	Architecture	Manchester College of Art and Design
John Kitchen	Chem. Engineering	Leeds University
Mary Pearce	Archaeology	Sheffield University
Neil Potts	Chemistry	Imperial College, London
Neal Rigby	History	Downing College, Cambridge
Robert Thompson	Mathematics	Birmingham University
Jennifer Ward	Medicine	Manchester University
Christopher Williams	History	Leeds University

COLLEGES OF EDUCATION

Marlene Atkinson	Nottingham College of Education
Ina Bancroft	Kesteven College of Education, Grantham
Dorothy Barnes	Shenstone College, Bromsgrove
Gillian Bleakley	Shenstone College, Bromsgrove
Janyce Bushell	Bulmershe College of Education, Reading
Joan Davison	College of Domestic Science, Leicester
Karen Else	Matlock College of Education
Kevan France	Didsbury College of Education, Manchester
Vivienne Greenwood	Sunderland College of Education
Lynn Gresty (1966)	Coventry College of Education
Leonie Heap	Trent College of Education, Enfield
Jean Higginson	Mather College, Manchester
Anne Hobson	College of Domestic Science, Leicester
Alison Horrocks	College of All Saints, London
Judith Jackson	Coventry College of Education
Jacqueline Jones	Northumberland College of Education, Ponteland
John Jones	St. Martin's College of Education, Lancaster
John Mossley (1966)	The College, Chester
Nancy Olive	Northumberland College of Education, Ponteland
Pauline Salisbury	Poulton-le-Fylde College
Eileen Simpkins	Padgate College of Education, Warrington
Lynne Sutcliffe	The College, Chester
Jennifer Taylor	Madeley College of Education, Crewe
Shirley Taylor (1965)	John Dalton College of Technology, Manchester

Lynda Ward (1965)	Cheshire College of Education, Crewe
Betsy Williamson	Northumberland College of Education, Ponteland
Susan Woods (1964)	Mather College, Manchester

FURTHER EDUCATION

Karen Coleman (1963)	Teacher of Mentally Handicapped Children, Harris College, Preston.
Janice Knowles	Institutional Management, Elizabeth Gaskell College
Pauline Lander	Bakery & Catering, Bolton College of Technology
Pamela Nicholson	Pre-Diploma Course, Bolton College of Art
Margaret Ridding	Chiropody, Salford Technical College
Sheila Ross	Physiotherapy, Liverpool School of Physiotherapy
Peter Schofield	Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth

OLD PUPILS ACADEMIC SUCCESSES

Carol Ainslie	Certificate of Education
Jennifer Ainslie	London University—Sociology—BSc (Honours)
Linden Appleton	Certificate of Education
David Ashworth	Flint College of Technology—Chemistry—H.N.D.
Stuart Barker	London University—Chemistry—BSc (Honours)
Margaret Blackhurst	Institutional Management Association Certificate
Ann Bleakley	Institutional Management Association Certificate
Duncan Chadderton	Newcastle University—Law—BA (Honours)
Kathryn Evans	Certificate of Education
Anna Frydman	Aberdeen University — Biological Studies — BSc (General)
Roderick Greenhalgh	Salford University—Chemistry—BSc (Honours)
Rosemary Hill	Newcastle University—Botany—BSc (Honours)
Joan Holgate	Certificate of Education
John McClusky	Salford University—Chemistry—BSc (Honours)
Jean Ridings	Certificate of Education
Brian Taylor	London University—Physics—BSc (Honours) Dora Belasco Prize and Medal for Meteorology

The following pupils have won Swimming Awards during the year:—

Bronze Cross

Jean Gibbons	Susan Spence
Jacqueline Jones	Joan Williams

Instructor's Certificate

Shirley Barlow	Jean Gibbons
Susan Spence	

Bronze Medallion

Ina Bancroft	Judith Taylor
Julie Catterall	Joyce Turner
Karen Else	Sheila Ross
Beverley Fiddes	Pauline Salisbury
Kirsty Hughes	Ann Smith

Judith Ingham
Lorraine Kemp
Susan Lever
Jennifer Longton
Jane Newsham
Janice Oakley

Phillip Buckley
Peter Gleaves
Robin Lomax

The following pupils were awarded certificates for speech at an examination held in the School Hall on 7th June, 1967, under the auspices of the English Speaking Board:—

Grade IV

Carol A. Horner (very good pass)
Pauline C. Barlow
Maureen Hampson (good pass)
Susan P. Lever (distinction)
Lindsey M. Fearnley
Beverley J. Fiddes (credit)

Grade III

Pamela L. Nicholson
Jennifer Longton
Lorraine O. Kemp
Judith M. Ingham
Janice M. Knowles
Jane Ward (good pass)
Deirdre K. Livesey

Grade II

Jean Gibbons

We wish to thank Miss Jocelyn Bell, B.A., L.R.A.M., L.G.S.M., A.D.B., F.L.A., of the English Speaking Board, for judging the candidates.

School News

The whole school has been decorated during the summer holiday. The lower part of the walls has been treated with a specially hard schoolboy-resistant paint which incidentally also has a very up-to-date and pleasing appearance. Various designs of wallpaper have been introduced to increase the illusion that school can be almost as pleasant as home.

The Librarian is most grateful to all the Old Smithillians who have presented books and book-tokens to the Library.

Hundreds of young trees have been planted on a tip near Bradshaw Brook which had been covered with a layer of earth. Those pupils who worked on the job found that the heat beat back off the inhospitable desert which was like the rain-furrowed territory of the North West frontier province. But they were spurred on by the vision of a cool, green forest that will be of benefit to generations yet unborn.

Others have given up some of their spare time to working in the Bolton Central Library. They were cleaning, classifying and cataloguing old maps of Bolton, mainly of the nineteenth century. All became very interested in the work they were doing and they were highly praised by the Librarian.

We wish to thank Mr. P. Sharpe, B.A., Head of the English Department in the Modern School, for acting as adjudicator in the English Reading Competition.

Amounts of Money raised for Charities during the year 1966-7 :

Community Youth Volunteer Association	£3 19 7
Santa Claus Fund	4 0 0
Collection for the Aged	£20 13 0
Collection for Spastics	£5 11 0
Thursday Offertories at Smithills Chapel	£27 0 0

We wish to thank the Vicar of St. Peter, Halliwell, for his kindness in allowing us the continued use of the Chapel.

At the Leavers' Service, which was held, as usual, on the last day of the Summer Term, the preacher was the Rev. D. Ashworth, B.Pharm, Curate of St. Thomas, Halliwell.

Parents' Evenings were held on :

- February 28th for the Vth Form.
- April 24th for Ist and IInd Forms.
- May 15th for IIIrd and IVth Forms.
- July 19th for Lower VIth Form.

Careers Visits and Talks

During the year Mr. Heaton arranged visits and talks for members of the Senior School. The visits have been to local firms and included a variety of manufacturers.

They were:—

- Walmsley's Engineering Works.
- C. Turner's Paper Mill.
- Burton's Clothing Factory.
- Astley Chemical and Dyestuffs Company.
- Hawker Siddeley Dynamics, Lostock.
- Bolton District General Hospital.

A Careers Evening held on 7th March was addressed by Mr. J. Barrett, of the North Western Electricity Board; Mr. H. P. Travis, of the Bolton Hospital Administration Board, and Miss M. Robinson, of the Civil Service Training Department. Further talks were given by a member of the Banking Profession and an officer of the Royal Marines.

The pupils also heard a talk at the "Meet the Navy" exhibition.

PRIZE GIVING—1966

Prize-giving for the Academic Year 1966-7 took place on Wednesday, 10th November, 1966, when the guest of honour was Miss Margaret Bain, M.A., D. Univ. Paris, former Principal of Edge Hill College of Education, who gave the address and presented the prizes.

PRIZE LIST

FORM PRIZES

FORM

IM	...	A, Jones, Jannette Humphries, Maralyn Lord, Jean Wool'dridge
IO	...	M. Boardman
IP	...	Kathryn Winnard, Freda Young
IIA	...	Ruth Carr, Jacqueline Benyon, D. C. Turner, Wendy Harris
IIB	...	Vivien Cropper, Mary Daniels, Christine Mayoh
IIC	...	Susan Sutcliffe, Margaret Lamb
III	...	A. C. Young, L. E. Morris, S. Potter
IIIG	...	Donna Wilcockson, D. Bramwell, C. Gregson
IIICr	...	P. F. Heelis, R. S. Shirres
IVA	...	P. Karmaz, Dorothy Sutcliffe, Sylvia Blacklock, Barbara Catterall
IVB	...	Christine Brooks, P. J. Watson, Joan Williams
IVC	...	L. Brown, E. Scowcroft

G.C.E. ORDINARY LEVEL PRIZES (Grade 1 °)

SUBJECT PRIZES

Art	Beverley Fiddes
Biology	Pauline Sandiford°
Chemistry	D. Butterworth, D. Muschamp
Domestic Science	June Phillipson, Susan Willis
English	Barbara Spencer°
French	Susan Boardman
Geometrical E. Draw'g	R. Allen, C. Whiteside
German	Norma Shaw
Geography	Ruth Lomax, G. Matthews
History	Barbara Spencer°
Latin	N. Shaw
Mathematics	D. Muschamp°, D. Butterworth°
Music	John P. Howarth
Physics	P. Lonnen°, C. Whiteside°, R. Williams°
R.I.	Jennifer Longton°
General Prizes	D. Smith, Julie Hall, Sandra Clarke

SIXTH FORM

Lower Sixth	N. Rigby, M. Abbott, N. Potts, Janet Entwistle
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G.C.E. ADVANCED LEVEL

Art	Andrée Bowen
Biology	B. Roberts
Economics	N. Burtonwood
English Literature	June Scarr
French	June Scarr
General Studies	G. A. Howard
Geography	N. Burtonwood
History	D. Roscoe, C. Williams
German	S. Atherton
Mathematics	D. Pemberton
Physics	G. A. Howard
General Prizes	Elizabeth Williams, A. Owen

SPECIAL PRIZES

MENTAL ARITHMETIC PRIZE for 1st and 2nd years
Christine Hooton

FRENCH ORAL PRIZES

Ist year	F. Spencer
IVth year	Christine Brooks
Vth year	F. Chapman

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION PRIZE FOR ENGLISH SPEAKING

Junior School	Janet Isherwood
Middle School	Jennifer Jones
Senior School	Rona Nightingale

ALFRED OWEN PRIZE FOR SCIENCE

I. Hulme

JOHN GOODENDAY ESSAY PRIZE

N. Potts

JAMES SLADE PRIZE FOR DIVINITY

Glynis Walker

CLAYTON PRIZE FOR MUSIC

F. Chapman N. Jackson

HEADMASTER'S PRIZES

Head Boy	J. Johnson
Head Girl	Elizabeth Williams

G.C.E. ADVANCED LEVEL RESULTS

D. S. Ainslie (P, B)	Barbara Blunn (GS, E, F)
S. Atherton (L, F, Ger)	Susan Booth (E)
I. Birtwistle (M, P, C)	Andrée Bowen (A, B)
N. Burtonwood (H, G(S), Ec(S°))	Kathryn Broughton (E, A)

F. E. Chapman (F)	Carol Cockcroft (G, B)
J. Duckworth (P)	Sheila M. Collier (F)
R. Forrest (M, FM, P)	Kathleen Cross (E, B)
G. S. Gittins (M, FM, P)	Lynn M. Gresty (E, H)
I. Guffogg (GS, H)	Carol Hardman (S)
G. A. Howard (GS°, M, P°, C)	Ann Heywood (E)
I. Hulme (M, P°, C°)	June Kirkby (Ec)
J. Hunt (P)	Janet Lever (G, Ec)
E. N. Jackson (E)	Sandra McNally (F)
J. Johnson (GS, F)	Marilyn Moores (E)
D. A. Lloyd (G)	Carol Price (M, P)
A. Owen (GS, G, Ec, M)	Margaret Rees (P, B)
D. Pemberton (M°, FM, GED)	Sheila Ross (B)
A. Perris (G, M, P)	June Scarr (E°, H, F)
B. J. Roberts (P, C, B(S°))	Maureen Sladen (F)
D. W. Roscoe (E, H°, Ger)	Glynis Walker (S)
B. Styan (B)	Jennifer Ward (P, C, B(S))
C. D. Williams (GS, H°, F, Ger)	Elizabeth Williams (CS, G(S°), Ec(S°), B)
Susan Blackburn (H, F)	

KEY:

A—Art, B—Biology, C—Chemistry, E—English Literature, Ec—Economics, F—French, G—Geography, Ger—German, GED—General Engineering Drawing, GS—General Studies, H—History, L—Latin, M—Mathematics, FM—Further Mathematics, Mu—Music, P—Physics, S—Scripture Knowledge, (S)—Special Paper.
° indicates either grade A or 1 in special paper.

G.C.E. ORDINARY LEVEL RESULTS

Vth FORMS

Eight Passes

P. V. Lonnen	Susan Boardman	Pauline Sandiford
D. L. Smith	Sandra Clarke	Norma Shaw
C. J. Whiteside	Julie Hall	Susan Willis

Seven Passes

R. Allen	Lindsey Fearnley	Judith Taylor
D. F. Butterworth	Valerie Heaton	Joyce Turner
G. D. Matthews	Ruth Lomax	Hilary Walsh
G. Wadson		

Six Passes

J. Coochey	Maureen Cavanagh	Jennifer Longton
D. Croughton	Beverley Fiddes	Wendy Roscoe
A. J. Lee	Maureen Hampson	Jill Shacklady
D. C. Muschamp	Carol Horner	Barbara Spencer
C. P. Trevena	Judith Ingham	Susan Weston

Five Passes

P. H. Ashworth	B. G. Nicholls	Jean Fare
G. Bailey	G. Roberts	Carol Lawson
B. Dagnall	A. Schofield	Susan Lever
J. J. Howarth	R. Williams	Lynn Martin
A. R. Lee		June Philipson

Four Passes

T. Simpkin	Pauline Barlow
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Three Passes

D. Crompton	P. J. Turner	Elizabeth Gregory
J. Heys	Lynda Bateson	Patricia Halliwell
G. Kershaw	Shirley Clark	Gloria Horrocks
H. A. Longworth	Susan Delves	Patricia Ridgway
A. Merrett		

Two Passes

P. J. Allsop	Pamela Cockton	Marion Laithwaite
M. Grundy	Jean Gibbons	Deirdre Livesey
J. P. Howarth	Janice Knowles	Pamela Nicholson
Christine Birchall	Pauline Lander	Jane Ward
Lynn Burrow		

One Pass

E. Cummings	Sandra Newton	Susan Williams
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The following have added to their passes at G.C.E. 'O' level

The number in brackets gives the number of passes

I. Birtwistle (9)	Janyce Bushell (6)	Pauline Salisbury (6)
C. Nicholas (7)	Carol Cockcroft (8)	Susan Spence (7)
S. Partington (6)	June Kirkby (6)	Jennifer Ward (9)
N. Rigby (9)	Rona Nightingale (4)	
B. Styan (9)		

PRIZE GIVING—1967

This year's prize-giving, when the guest of honour was Prof. C. B. Cox, M.A., M.Litt., Professor of English in the University of Manchester, took place on Wednesday, 8th November, 1967.

The prizes were presented as follows by Mrs. C. B. Cox.

PRIZE LIST

FORM PRIZES

FORM

IM	...	Stuart Aldred, Geoffrey Cross
IP	...	Anatole Kolomyjec, Alison Hatch
IW	...	Lauren Sinclair, Susan Whitaker
IIA	...	Martyn Boardman, Alan Jones, Janette Humphries, Jean Wooldridge
IIB	...	Stephen Cooper, Carol Archer
IIC	...	Ian Collings, Brent Williams
IIAlpha	...	Stephen Hindle, William Mitchell, Carol Hampson
IIIL	...	David Turner, Ruth Carr, Wendy Harris
IIIG	...	Roger Dawson, Rosalind Kay
IIICr	...	Derek Bailey, Robin Lomax
IVA	...	Leonard Morris, Stephen Seddon, Anthony Young, Patricia Dixon, Jennifer Smalley
IVB	...	Carl Gregson, Donna Wilcockson
IVC	...	Paul Heelis, Ralph Shirres

G.C.E. ORDINARY LEVEL PRIZES (Grade 1*)

SUBJECT PRIZES :

Art	Steven Gregory, Kathleen Crook
Biology	Alison Howard*
Chemistry	Robert Harrison
Domestic Science	Marilyn Bromley
English	Joan Williams*
French	Joan Davenport*
German	Sylvia Blacklock
Geography	Robert Harrison*, David Neville*, Douglas Robson*
History	Alison Howard*
Latin	Peter Karmaz*
Mathematics	Joan Williams*
Music	Geoffrey Ball
Physics	David Robson*, Jaraslav Czachar*
R.I.	Andrea Olsen
Woodwork	Stephen Gregory
General	Geoffrey Holland, Paul White, Christine Brooks, Prudence Forsyth, Alison Holland, Diane Howarth, Dorothy Sutcliffe, Karen Stone.

SIXTH FORM

Lower Sixth

Roger Williams, Susan Boardman, Christine Oddy, Susan Willis

G.C.E. ADVANCED LEVEL

Biology	Janet Entwistle, Anne Hobson, Jennifer Ward
British Government	Christopher Williams
Chemistry	Janet Entwistle, Jennifer Ward
Economics	Anne Hobson, Mary Pearce
English Literature	Neal Rigby
French	Neal Rigby, Lynne Sutcliffe
General Studies	Geoffrey Simpson
Geography	Betsy Williamson
German	Stephen Atherton
History	Neal Rigby
Housecraft	Anne Hobson, Jennifer Taylor
Latin	Stephen Atherton
Mathematics	Michael Abbott, Robert Thompson, Philip Broughton
Physics	Michael Abbott
General Prizes	David Dean, John Horan, Michael Smith

SPECIAL PRIZES

MENTAL ARITHMETIC PRIZE for 1st and 2nd years

Alan Jones

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION PRIZE FOR ENGLISH SPEAKING

Junior School	Philip Carter
Middle School	Wendy Harris
Senior School	Susan Lever

ALFRED OWEN PRIZE FOR SCIENCE

Neil Potts

JOHN GOODENDAY ESSAY PRIZE

Pauline Sandiford

JAMES SLADE PRIZE FOR DIVINITY

Alison Horrocks

CLAYDON PRIZE FOR MUSIC

Judith Jackson

HEADMASTER'S PRIZES

Head Boy	Christopher Williams
Head Girl	Mary Pearce

G.C.E. ADVANCED LEVEL RESULTS

Michael Abbott (M*(S), FM, P*, GS)	Jean Berry (P, B, GS)
Stephen Atherton (L, F, Ger)	Gillian Bleakley (G, B)
Philip Broughton (M*, FM, P)	Janyce Bushell (E)
David Dean (M, FM, P)	Joan Davison (E, B)
Jeffrey Duckworth (G, M)	Karen Else (H, S, B)
Kevan France (P)	Janet Entwistle (P, C(S), B*(S))
John Horan (M, P, C)	Vivienne Greenwood (G, B)
Keith Ingham (P, C)	Jean Higginson (A)
John Kitchen (M, P, C)	Anne Hobson (Ec, B*, HC)
David Lonsdale (H, F, GS)	Alison Horrocks (E, H, S)
Clive Nicholas (Ec)	Judith Jackson (F, Ger)
Neil Potts (M*, P*, (S*), C(S))	Jacqueline Jones (G)
Neal Rigby (E*(S*), H*, F*)	Rona Nightingale (A)
Peter Schofield (M, FM, P)	Nancy Olive (E, G)
Geoffrey Simpson (G, Ec, GS)	Mary Pearce (H, Ec, F)
Michael Smith (E, H, F)	Sheila Ross (B)
Robert Thompson (M*(S), FM, P(S))	Pauline Salisbury (B, HC)
Christopher Williams (BG*, F)	Eileen Simpkin (Ec)
Marlene Atkinson (E, F)	Lynne Sutcliffe (L, F, Ger)
Shirley Barlow (P, C, B(S))	Jennifer Taylor (E, B, HC)
Dorothy Barnes (F, B)	Jennifer Ward (C(S), B*(S*), GS)
	Betsy Williamson (G*, A)

KEY :

A—Art, B—Biology, BG—British Government, C—Chemistry, E—English Literature, Ec—Economics, F—French, G—Geography, Ger—German, GS—General Studies, H—History, HC—Housecraft, L—Latin, M—Mathematics, FM—Further Mathematics, Mu—Music, P—Physics, S—Scripture Knowledge, (S)—Special Paper, * indicates either grade A or 1 in special paper.

G.C.E. ORDINARY LEVEL RESULTS

Vth FORMS

Eight Passes

P. Karmaz	Christine Brooks	Diane Howarth
D. Neville	Prudence Forsyth	Dorothy Sutcliffe
P. White	Alison Holland	Joan Williams

Seven Passes

R. Harrison	Barbara Catterall	Judith Mealar
G. Holland	Kathleen Crook	Elizabeth Pendlebury
D. Robson	Joan Davenport	Karen Stone
P. Watson	Marie Hammond	Barbara Yates
	Jennifer Jones	

Six Passes

J. Czachar	Jean Caswell	Elizabeth Hulme
J. Jackson	Margaret Collier	Maralyn Hurst
W. Worthington	Margaret Evans	Glynis Jones
	Annette Hamer	

Five Passes

G. Ball	Sylvia Blacklock	Margaret Kay
A. Bispham	Maralyn Bromley	Deborah Mellonby
R. Bromley	Fiona Horrocks	Andrea Olsen
I. Brown	Alison Howard	Joyce Openshaw
E. Scowcroft	Kathryn Hunt	Joyce Parry
S. Wainwright	Susan Jeffers	Jennifer Payne
W. Winrow		Linda Simpson

Four Passes

M. Booth	I. Mangnall	Irene Earp
S. Gregory	P. Sutcliffe	Judith Moore
J. Holt	Janet Boardman	Anne Sandiford
	Valerie Coleshaw	

Three Passes

S. Chadwick	J. Keltie	Mavis Ramsden
W. Cox	Lynne Crompton	Helen Whitaker
P. Jones	Margaret Grundy	Pat Whittaker
	Caroline Hall	

Two Passes

F. Allen	C. Livesey	Susan Hennefer
P. Atherton	W. Thomasson	Gillian Mather
D. Austin	C. Widocks	Linda Spragg
P. Burgess	Paula Gregson	Ann Urmston

One Pass

K. Halliwell	N. Hamilton	Barbara Woods
	Jean Shepherd	

The following have added to their passes at G.C.E. 'O' level

The number in brackets gives the total number of passes

P. Allsop (6)	T. Simpkin (6)	Lorraine Kemp (4)
P. Ashworth (6)	P. Turner (5)	Janice Knowles (6)
D. Cromton (6)	R. Williams (6)	Carol Lee (8)
B. Dagnall (6)	Pauline Barlow (7)	Susan Lever (6)
M. Grundy (6)	Shirley Clark (5)	Deirdre Livesey (4)
J. Hevs (6)	Susan Delves (6)	Jennifer Longton (7)
John Howarth (4)	Susan Eastham (7)	Jean Morris (7)
Joseph Howarth (6)	Karen Else (7)	Pamela Nicholson (4)
G. Kershaw (6)	Jean Gibbons (5)	June Philipson (7)
Adrian Lee (7)	Elisabeth Gregory (4)	Susan Spence (8)
Andrew Lee (7)	Maureen Hampson (7)	Barbara Spencer (8)
A. Merrett (6)	Jean Higginson (7)	Jane Ward (5)
	Judith Ingham (7)	

EXPERIENCES

The Philippines

We lived in Marikina, a suburb of Manila, on the island of Luzon, in the compound of the factory where my father worked. The Philippines are a group of several thousand islands lying between Borneo and Formosa. The islands were discovered by Ferdinand Magellan and named after King Philip of Spain. The names of the main islands are Luzon, where the National Capital, Manila is situated, Mindanao, Mindoro, Palawan, Leyti, Bohol and the Visayan Islands. The recognised language is English but every province has its own dialect and most of the natives speak Tagalog. The main crop is rice and the Philipinos also grow bananas, pineapples, avocado, mangoes, papayas, calamansi and coconuts which are used for the production of copra.

The factory and two other houses were surrounded by the compound wall on three sides and on the fourth flowed the river Marikina. All around the wall and along the river bank at intervals were guard huts with armed guards as there was a lot of crime in the Philippines.

One of the sights not to be missed is Taal volcano which is very unusual because in the middle of the volcano is a lake and in the middle of the lake is another volcano. Another place not to be missed is Pagsanhan Falls which are a marvellous sight and can only be reached by going over several rapids in a canoe.

We made friends with a very nice English family, and we often went on our holidays together to the Hundred Islands. These islands are all of volcanic origin but most of them have small sandy beaches. You can always have a whole island to yourself because there are many of them! The days at Hundred Islands began with an early breakfast followed by a lot of swimming before the heat of the day. We went to the islands by a motorised outrigger whose boatman we had been introduced to on the mainland. On arrival we scrambled out of the boat into the water in our old jeans and blouses which we used to wear over our swimsuits to avoid being burnt by the hot sun. After all, it was the Tropics!

Quezon Island, one of the larger islands, had the most wonderful strip of water just off the beach. Masses of coral and shells of different bright colours were there and little flowers that shrank into the rock if you touched them. All these we were able to see clearly through a mask. For swimming we wore gym shoes because some of the coral was not coral at all but a dangerous kind of fish which, if it stung you, made you go black from the

waist upwards. There was no cure for this and you soon died! There were lots of other curious fish which could all be seen in an aquarium on the mainland. It was better to see them there!

The time at Hundred Islands was gone all too soon and we had to return to Manila—but there were more holidays.

One Easter we went up to Mountain Province whose capital is Bagnio. On another occasion we visited the Mount Data rest-house from which there were many beautiful walks and on one of them we went into a tropical jungle. Setting off with ten adults and six children, soon half of them had turned back, and at the end only one adult, another girl and myself were still plodding on. We kept our spirit up by singing our version of "It's a long way to Tipperary" which went "It's a long way to Data resthouse"—much to the surprise of the natives who listened to our singing.

We also visited the eighth wonder of the world, the Banawe rice terraces, which were in existence two thousand years ago and are still being added to.

Altogether we had a most enjoyable two years in Manilla. We have kept up our friendships and we have many souvenirs and cine films with which we can often return to the Philippines whenever we wish!

Anne-Mary Mackie (Second Form).

Canoe-Camping, 1967



The pioneers set off on a bright July morning to canoe their way into Wales on the Shropshire Union Canal. There was a great air of achievement surrounding the official launching of their mighty craft, which had taken many a long month to build, and even though our skill in handling them did not at first match our

ability in building them, we soon found it was possible to canoe in a straight line.

Our expedition led us through some beautiful countryside and the occasional picturesque village where food supplies could be purchased and where we were able to camp for the night. On the whole, our camp sites were quite reasonable, but spending the night in a field next to a wild stallion is not one of the most comforting thoughts to sleep with.

After five days we reached our pre-arranged camp-site at Trevor, near Llangollen, and here we had a day's rest in preparation for the return trip down the river Dee. The journey led us through much rougher waters and few survived the escapade without a good ducking, but dampened spirits were quickly forgotten in the breath-taking excitement of shooting, sometimes helplessly out of control, down the swirling rapids.

The whole trip was certainly a great experience for all concerned and one which will be long remembered even by those casual observers who made not always the nicest of comments at the sight of our passing.

All the party would like to thank Mr. Ashworth, Mr. Moizer and other members of staff whose enthusiasm and endurance in this project made the whole holiday possible—and all eagerly await the next trip.

Christopher Whiteside (Sixth Form)

The Bullfight

We were lucky to get seats at the corrida as most of them were sold. We managed to get the cheapest for 75 pesetas (about 9/6d.) because they were facing into the sun when it was at its height. Our journey to the arena had been by taxi which is the least expensive form of travel in Madrid. Policemen on horseback were controlling the large crowds outside the arena, using large clubs and swords. Our tickets were for the Grada, the top storey of the three-storey arena, and as we arrived the bullfight was just about to start.

It began with the great parade led by three matadors, followed by one toreador and a few picadors. According to the programme the picadors' horses would be blindfolded so that they could not see what was happening and we also learned that they had had their vocal chords cut out so that they would be unable to scream when in pain.

The main procedure is to let the bull out to a fanfare of trumpets and then to let it get accustomed to the arena to give it some sort of chance against the toreadors with their pink-coloured cloaks who enter the arena from various protected entrances. They

taunt the bull, using their experience to avoid the bull and delighting the capacity crowd who show their appreciation by shouting "Olé." In the course of this bullfight, much to our disappointment, no toreadors were injured!

When the bull has been tired out, a lone toreador with a pair of bandilleros enters the ring. He thrusts these stakes into the bull's neck with a great deal of skill. When a few pairs are entangled with the bull's neck-muscles, the picadors enter on their heavily padded horses with their barbed lances. The bull charges the horses and, just at the right moment, the picador plunges his lance into the bull's neck. Eventually the bull's neck is tremendously weakened and now splattered with its own freely flowing blood the bull has not a dog's chance against the experienced matador who begins on his own to avoid the mad, charging bull with glorious body swerves which seem so easy to him, while the bull tries in vain to kill him. The matador then takes his curved sword and faces the "moment of truth" when he proves himself to the crowd by standing directly in front of the bull and then, avoiding the lethal horns he plunges his sword into the bull's neck in exactly the right place to pierce its heart. The bull then collapses in its death throes bringing up blood and looking like one big bloody mess. If he has been good enough, the matador may be awarded the ears of the bull by the president.



The last bull in the arena at Madrid granted our wishes. The matador in the ring was El Cordobes, the glamour boy of the arena and a twenty-one year old multi-millionaire. At the "moment of truth" the big-headed matador was just about to kill the bull when it suddenly lunged forward at him thinking itself yet too young to die. El Cordobes reeled back with one of the bull's horns right through the top of his leg. The bull detached itself but was distracted from Cordobes by a toreador who drew it away. The crowd was silent as the badly injured matador took another sword. Again the "moment of truth" failed to arrive as the charging bull tossed the matador quite a few yards piercing the same leg in about the same place. Cordobes rose again only to collapse and be carried off. The crowd booed and pelted him with cushions as he left.

On came another matador, Gregorio Valencia, who showed us how to kill a bull in two easy lessons. He walked off with the

bull's ears and so brought an end to the day's events. The injury toll included seven dead bulls, one badly injured matador, one picador with a gap in his ankle where a bull's horn had taken a piece out while charging his horse, and one picador's horse which was fooled by the swerving bull and ended up with a very badly gashed chest.

Dave Bramwell (Fourth Form)

Where do You Live

"Where do you live?" was the question I was asked almost every day when I first came to live in Bolton.

My answer was "At the Fire Station," and I knew that my answer seemed incredible. "Don't you mean by the Fire Station?" they said. "No," I replied, and then I went on to explain that I lived in a flat at the Fire Station.

Our flat was on the first floor with the fire engines underneath. My first impression of living there was one of noise and of people bustling about all the time. Bells seemed to be ringing all day and most of the night, but in a very short time I found that I did not hear them consciously at all.

Through the front windows we could see the gas-works and timber-yards and from the back windows we looked out over the centre of Bolton. My bedroom window looked out over the drill-yard and it was quite a usual sight to see the firemen drilling there.

Now that we are living in a house of our own I look back with mixed feelings on my short stay at the Fire Station.

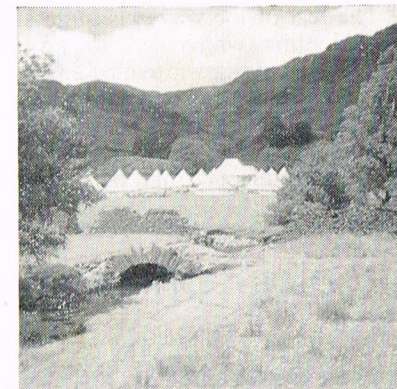
Carol Archer (Second Form)

Coniston Old Man, Dow Crag and Easy Gully

The car ride with which we began our journey must have been something of a strain for the staff, as they decided to stop for a cup of tea at a cafe. After this we set off up an easy looking road, but as we emerged from under a railway bridge I nearly had heart failure at the sight of the road suddenly steepening to an angle of nearly seventy degrees.

Having been left a couple of hundred yards behind we stragglers managed to catch up by the time we reached the gate at the end of a tarmac road. The path that we found ourselves on led around the "Old Man." We steadily climbed up and round and keeping well behind the others—we were so very thirsty that a couple of handfuls of water disappeared from all the healthy-looking streams.

The party stopped for lunch by the side of Goats' Water Tarn and after that the path that led us on most of the way was an old Roman path called Walna Scar Road. On one side of the Tarn stood Dow Crag and towering above on the other side was the "Old Man" himself. Mottled grey scree surrounded the Tarn on all sides broken only by a sudden patch of dirty green grass. We angled up the scree with rocks flying, and just about half-way up I managed to get my feet buried in sliding rock. I couldn't move but with reassurance from Mr. Pender I was able to edge my way across to him. The going was a bit easier from there upwards to the mountain rescue post which acted as a homing-beacon.



The box which was very large contained a stretcher supported on wooden ski-runners. The stretcher was very heavy and had straps for the patient and rescuers. The box also contained first-aid kit, blankets and emergency food rations and it had been placed there in memory of two climbers who had been found dead in two consecutive years at that spot.

As we reached the foot of the gully we did not know what we were in for. We were quite high up and one small slip could have been fatal. I set off behind Tomlins, leaving Mr. Moizer and Mr. Pender sitting further below on a rock. As I came to the foot of a slippery ledge I had to wait until Tomlins had gone under a sort of natural arch before I could start because there were some very loose rocks. I looked at my hand. It was shaking like a leaf. I am terrified of heights and did not think much of the idea of rock-climbing. Suddenly a rock came hurtling down towards me. I didn't look at it. I just ducked. That was it. I broke down and cried. Tomlins yelled down to Mr. Moizer, who immediately raced up all the rocks closely followed by Mr. Pender, without displacing one. I was sitting down on a sheltered rock and we waited for about five minutes while my two "shining knights" had a "fag" each.

Then as soon as we set off again someone dislodged a large rock which flew towards me. I was in such a state of shock that I simply looked at it until the last split second when I dived to the ground. Mr. Moizer handed it off and it fell to the ground looking quite lethal. With shouts of encouragement from above we struggled on upwards. By this time I was a complete and utter

wreck but it did not seem to affect my climbing very much. I dared not look anywhere except at my feet and where I was putting my hands. It was difficult getting to where the others were as we had to stand flat against a rock with one foot on a ledge not much more than half an inch wide. Although I was almost too frightened to move, we all succeeded in reaching the summit where a photograph of the expedition was taken.

The rest of the way was quite easy. Following an old disused water pipeline which led to an even more derelict pumping station, we came down a nice easy way by way of the old copper mines into the village of Coniston, where the end of our most laborious hike was celebrated with a cool drink of milk. That night, owing to our late arrival back at camp, everyone awaited a welcome dinner that had been delayed because of our adventures.

Kirsty Hughes (Fourth Year)

Autobiographical Facts

“Brrr . . . It’s cold.”

These were almost the first words I uttered when I arrived in England at the age of ten years. I had until then lived in a village by the sea in Jamaica where my day began at about six in the morning and ended at eight o’clock at night. After getting washed and dressed in the mornings (sometimes I walked the mile or so to the sea for an early morning dip) I did my chores which were making my bed and dusting and changing the flowers in the vases. It was lovely to go into the garden early in the morning when all the flowers and leaves were covered with sparkling dew-drops. And now, when I think about it, it must have been even lovelier to be sure of enjoying this all the year round.

I had my breakfast at about half-past seven and after changing once more into my tunic, I would collect my friends or be collected by my friends and set off for school. It was always fun going to school because we stopped at the shops to buy sweets and got to school with about half an hour to spare, during which we played games such as rounders or cricket, and sometimes the teachers joined in.

We had assembly at nine o’clock as soon as the bell rang and although we had all the usual lessons, we didn’t have time-tables. It was fun not knowing which subject we were going to do next. We were only sure that we had P.E. on Monday afternoons. We did a lot of poetry, mainly by American poets like Longfellow, and sometimes we had Monitors, who were the same as Prefects, to teach us.

I suppose the standard of education was pretty high because, when I came to England, I had to re-do some of the things I had

already done, and I was placed fourth in the form in my English junior school. We also had break and lunch-time at the usual times and most people—including me—went home to dinner.

In the evenings when I got home I changed into ordinary clothes, had my tea and spent the rest of the day playing out.

At week-ends I would have a lovely time in the sea, visiting relatives, going to the pictures or shopping in the nearest town and going to Church on Sundays.

Living in England is a great change but I don’t really mind. England is very beautiful but I will always prefer Jamaica.

Oh! for some sunshine!

Dorrett Thompson (Second Form)

A JOURNEY

A journey—the donkey pricked up his ears
There hadn’t been a journey for years and years.
Who were this couple he had to carry?
A man named Joseph and a woman called Mary.
They were going to a place called Bethlehem
But carried no food or precious gem.
Their journey ended at a tiny inn
But then there was tragedy—no room within.
They slept in a stable, poor and bare,
And our Saviour Jesus was born there.

Joan Eccleshare (Fourth Form)

BOLTON WANDERERS

Lee is a striker, the penalties he takes.
Phillips a dribbler, the goals he makes.
Rimmer was voted most popular of all,
While Napier in the air always gets the ball.
Bob Hatton will be great as Ridding said he would,
And Bromley scores goals as no other could.
Hoppy is the goalie, fantastic in the net,
With Smith as reserve let us not forget.
Lennard is underrated and really gets up speed,
While Byrom scores goals which is just what we need.
Marsh is the latest, a match for any man
And with Farrimond to help him, they do all that they can.

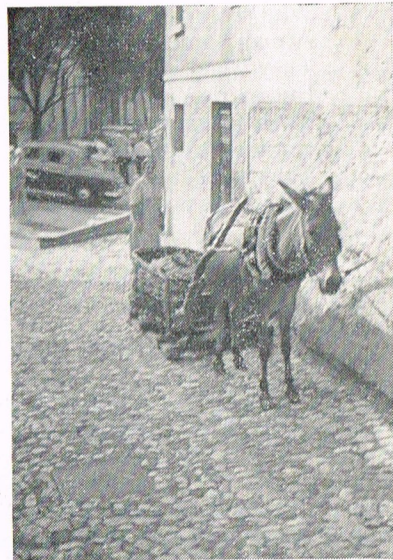
Kenneth Riding (Fourth Form)

Italian Holiday

With about a month's supply of food soon to be consumed on the journey and sporting a huge Union Jack we went by coach to London, train to Folkstone, evening sail to Boulogne and through the French night to breakfast at Basle, with enduring memory that French trains were not designed with comfort in mind—eight in a compartment for six and seats that forced you to sit upright or slip off the edge and thoughts of sleep ward off by telling ghost stories.



Morning took us to Milan and on to the Hotel Claudia at Malcesine on the shores of Lake Garda. Soon we were customers at the local coffee bars, remembering vaguely our instruction to be in by ten o'clock. Here we quickly became regulars enjoying the musical offerings of its well stocked juke-box and paying visits to a rather expensive beer-garden and open air dancing at the "Costello" in an exotic setting between the lakes and the mountains where the cheapest wine at five and tenpence a bottle tasted distinctly like vinegar. Eventually we settled for a glass of orange, still at five and tenpence but easier on the palate. No wonder admission was free! So, supplied with two thousand lire worth of orange juice, it only required an anonymous member of our party to knock the table and spill the lot, leaving us with about half an inch each of the precious liquid to complete the evening.



Sunbathing on the jetty was pleasant but uneventful, and on only one occasion did we go swimming before breakfast. We enjoyed a full day trip to see the sights of Venice and another trip across the lake to do some shopping in Limone. The time passed

very quickly and soon we were packing our suitcases for the return journey. For the less fortunate ones there was a peeling sunburn to show for the holiday and for the rest a healthy sun-tan and a wealth of souvenirs.

Susan Willis and Julie Hall (Sixth Form)

NOISE

I like noise—
The scratching of chalk,
Gossip and talk.
The shot of a gun,
The sound of fun.
The screams and shouts
From the roundabouts.
The noise of cars,
The banging of bars.
The noise of the fair,
The scrape of a chair.
The slam of a door,
A bang on the floor.
I like noise.

Rosalyn Wilcock (Third Form)

THE SEASONAL WOODS

The river slowly rambled on
And with its currents swept
The aged twigs which fell are gone
But the seeds the country kept.

Soon winter was upon the wild,
The birds were scrounging food.
Old Mother Nature, she just smiled
And kept her thoughtful mood.

The blue-tit with its nest of four
Was hunting for some tea
So if the young ones asked for more
She'd have to go and see!

The sun did shine to thaw the land,
The birds came out to sing,
The beavers came to join the band
And rejoiced to see the Spring.

Carl Williams (Third Year)

FICTION

Shoot'n'

"Why you yella-bellied, lilly livered, wet-bottomed, milk-drinkin' cattle-thievin' low downsidewindin' varmint! Yew jes' trod on my toe!"

"Ah sure din' mean to . . . yuh know full-well it was a accid." "Ah know no such thing, yew wus spoilin' fer a fight . . . What's that? . . . yew ain't spoilin's for a fight? . . . way ah sees it yew jes gotten yurself wun, yew jes gotten yurself a dool hombre. Yew know who ah em . . . No? Waal, ahl hav to introdoose maself, ahm John Gunn. Me'n ma brother 88mm, 25pdr, an' Sister Bertha, we're the reel big shots round these yar parts . . . oh yeah, jes to make the dool stick, ma li'l old pinkie wants to say solong . . ."

(Pause while victim is dug from out of the floorboards and reassembled).

"Oh Vic, you caint fight Gunn, he gets plenty of practice fightin' his brothers!"

"Yuh mean . . ." "Yeah honey, he's a professional Gunn-fighter."

"Oh no!" (This exclamation because of last "joke"?).

"An that ain't all, darlin'. Him and his brothers they're real women gogetters, most women caint resist 'em, but John, he's had more women in one week than his brothers have had in their lifetime!"

"Oh no! . . . yew caint mean . . ." "Yeah honey, he's the fastest Gunn in the West! There's talk that he's the man who shot the "I" out of Matt Dil on."

"Look, Alice, there comes a time in every man's life when he's got to face things, he's got to look round and face himself in front of his face behind his back, and say 'My! are you beautiful . . .' But that's not all, he's got to face the problem, climb the mountain, ford the stream, jump the chasm, bridge the universe, and he's gotta say 'I know what I am, and I know my capabilities and my identity, but I've got to overcome these,' he's got to say . . . er, he's got to say . . ." "What's he got to say honey?"

"Ah don't know Alice, maybe he should jes stay quiet."

"Vic, youve gotta see sense, people have seen Gunn fell a giant bear at 40ft., smash a mounatin eagle in mid-flight, an' kill 60 lawmen with just a flick of his finger . . . an's he's even deadlier with a gun!"

(Sunset! Two black figures face one another at opposite ends of the town's street . . . the huge black figure that is Gunn casts a shadow which stretches the whole length of the street . . . dust rises and falls in small wispy clouds as it is caught by the faint but bonechilling breeze. Tension-filled faces colour the windows, every citizen is present with the notable exception of Doc. Macafferty, who's swilling medicinal brandy while he fills in "cause of death"—suicide whilst the balance of the mind was disturbed . . . Barry the undertaker is busy attaching the brass plaque to the small coffin—"Vic, R.I.P." (ripped in pieces).

"S'funny," thinks Vic as he sees the cloud of drooling vultures hanging over his head.

Gunn's evil face emits hate, his eyes are smouldering coals, his lips are drawn back over his glinting teeth, and his head is enveloped in a small "nuee ardente" formed as a result of the black smoke puffing out of his ears.

Vic didn't look worried . . . more like sick. He was enveloped in a pale green glow. The only sound that could be heard as he moved forwards is that of knocking knees and chattering teeth. Windows started cracking . . .

The two men advanced slowly. That is, Gunn advanced slowly, for by the time he had taken two leather-flapping, holster-slapping strides the distance 'tween them had vanished

Two hands flashed simultaneously in blurs of speed to holsters, and in one lightening movement two silver guns whipped up, cracked sharply and bucked viciously, 1,23456, times.

Reader, would you believe it (you wouldn't) but those 12 bullets met in mid air in 6 little flashes.

But by this time everyone had gone home to bed . . . strange how quickly people lose interest, isn't it?

Glyn Wadeson (Sixth Form)

THE WHITE RAT

A little white animal kept in a cage—
It looks like a photograph from a page
Of a rodent book.

The rat's pink eyes are gleaming and bright
His fur on end, ears pricked with fright.
He knows what lies behind that door
Where he and his friends are bound to go—
Very soon he will die
And for what sin?
So morbid children can dissect him.

Sylvia Harrop (Fourth Form)

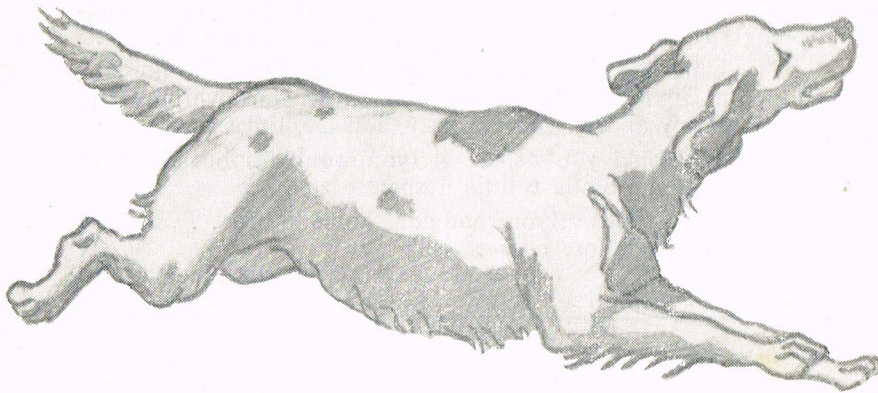
Action

I climbed up behind him on to the shiny black leather seat, steadying myself by holding his jacket. He jerked forward as he kicked the pedal-starter, then a tremendous roar filled my ears. At first we moved slowly, then we quickly gathered speed and left the café far behind us.

The wind whistled through my head and my hair streamed out behind. We turned on to the motorway where the grass verges spun before my eyes. The midnight blue sky was filled with glittering specks as the engine roared into the silence of the night. Our bodies swayed with the motion of the bike as we rounded the corner. Under the pale moon shadows of trees danced over the tarmac.

Gradually we slowed down as the busy town roads approached. Now the wind was warmer against my face. In the place of the roadside trees stood the street lamps shining down and we came to a stop at the traffic-lights. In front of my house I climbed down and thanked him for the lift.

Susan Clegg (Fourth Year)



Martyn Boardman (Second Form)

Early Morning in Spring

Peacefully walking down a narrow country-lane and taking in all the joys of Spring, I looked to my right and saw some lovely little lambs prancing around their mothers. Hearing nearby the sound of a newly-born calf I quickly turned away from the lambs and walked across the lane to a field where calves and cows were lying down together, some so young that they were quite unable to stand.

In the field beyond a Shetland and a Dun pony were grazing peacefully with their ears forward; they looked as if they were listening to the singing of the birds. I walked on further along the lane and deeper into the country. Flowers were beginning to raise their heads from their slumber and ahead of me rising high in the clear sky was the sun. At the roadside I stopped, sat down on the grass, and took a snack from my pocket. As I was eating my sandwiches, my nose became sensitive to first the smell of the dewy grass and then the smell of the rich soil.

Suddenly darting from behind a bush a rabbit rushed across the lane.

Barbara Wetterer (Second Form)

ALONE—IN THE DARK

A creak, a bang,
A clatter, a clang,
Noises you hear when you're in bed
Alone.
The cry of an owl, a scream, a howl,
Alone.
Alone in a deep, dark, dull room
With only the thought of gloom
To keep your company.
One, two, three,
Trying—
Trying to get to sleep
By counting sheep.
But all in vain.
For there are still the creaks, the clatters, the clangs,
The howls, the screams, the owls and the bangs,
When you're alone.

Nancy Thomasson (Second Form)

THE PIKE

Every thing lies still and silent on the lake,
In the weeds just off shore, a sinister shape lurks,
It's thin streamlined body well camouflaged in the weeds
Hovers perfectly, it's ruthless jaws waiting for an easy prey.
Suddenly with one powerful sweep of his tail the pike is gone—
He streaks like lightning from a thundercloud
To seize his helpless victim in his powerful jaws—and with one bite
His teeth meet at the bone and break the back of a small roach.
The pike turns its powerless prey and devours the dead fish whole.
Then again all is still and silent on the lake.

Ralph Shirres (Fourth Form)

The Routine of a London Bus Conductor

It was foggy, as usual. I can't see why people come to London. Adventure maybe? Not likely, not here, it's dismal here. I mean look at me, I've been in London all my life and what happens? Eight pound odd a week on the buses. What a life!

Ah, Piccadilly, the terminus, just about time for a smoke then back to the depot for lunch. Do you know that our canteen must serve the worst cup of tea this side of Tower Bridge?

We get some queer customers on this bus, you know. An old gentleman got on the other day and said that he wanted to go to the terminus. He sat down, then at the next stop a queue of people got on, and lastly an old lady. Soon the bus was full and the old lady had to stand up whilst this old gentleman sat down. The old man looked a bit rough so I asked him nicely if he would stand and let the lady sit down. The old man just replied "No" very firmly, so I shouted "Fares please," and walked away.

Suddenly he took off one of his shoes and threw it at me. Luckily it flew past and hit the pavement outside. He got up and hobbled furiously off the bus, frantically looking for his shoe and cursing the old lady like mad!

Well, we are off again. Wouldn't it be fantastic if our bus could take off into space picking up passengers from other planets? It would make the job more interesting. The whole universe at my feet, floating through space without a care in the world. Just imagine all the heavenly bodies floating around you. You and another world, your secret with space and the scientists. Nothing could happen like that on the tube. There it is all hustling, pushing and barging, but here it is out of this world.

We could pick up intelligent beings from Mars, Venus or even the Moon! The pay would be higher, too. Four thousand a year, plus danger money. I would build a bungalow for the wife and kids and what's that nasty smell? Now what did I tell you about our tea? I can think of more pleasanter ways of waking a fellow up without pushing a pot of transport tea under his nose. Can't a man dream now, or does he not get any peace?

Well, it is back to the old routine again. Who would be a bus conductor? If you are foolish enough, you are welcome to it.

Marilyn Baines (Third Form)

IT HAPPENED LONG AGO

St. Bridgid

Perhaps you have never heard about St. Bridgid. She was the greatest of all Irish women. Born about the year 453 at Faughart, near Dundalk, the daughter of a noble man, she grew up a very lonely but kindhearted and intelligent girl. The legends tell of her boundless pity even when a child, for the poor and afflicted, and of her kindness to animals. Even the birds came to eat out of her hands and when she played in the fields the lambs followed her, and she was loved by every living thing.

Rich nobles sought her hand in marriage, but Bridgid had decided to dedicate her life to the Church. She became a nun and visited many many parts of Ireland where the people were pagans, helping them and teaching them about God. The goodness and charity of Bridgid are still remembered in Irish history, and her name is often mentioned among Irish families. Many towns, such as Kilbride or Kilbreedy (the church of St. Bridgid) have been named after her.

Under the shadow of a great oak tree which overlooks the River Liffey giving the name Cill Dara or Kildare—the Church of the Oak Tree—to the place, she founded her church. Kildare became known far and wide as a great centre of religion and learning. It had a monastery, and under the direction of the first Bishop of Kildare a metal work school was founded there for the making of beautiful chalices, bells and shrines.

St. Bridgid not only built a large convent with schools, farms, dairies and hospitals, but as an old Irish writer said, "She never turned her mind or attention from the Lord even for the space of one hour." Bridgid also tended sheep on the Curragh of Kildare, and she often carried wood to the houses of poor people.

Although to us, St. Bridgid is one of the less well-known saints in the whole of Ireland she is one of the best loved.

Wendy Harris (Third Form)

Smithills in 1595

A mere seven years after the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada had been speedily flashed as far as Bolton-le-Moors and beyond by primitive bonfire-beacon, this wearisome and traditionally unpunctuated legal document was written. It describes the transference of the Smithills Estate upon which the School has

had the singular good fortune to be built from Ranulph Barton to Richard Shuttleworth after whom two of the School Houses have been named.

This indenture made the fourteenth day of November in the seven and thirtieth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady Elizabeth by the Grace of God Queen of England France and Ireland Defender of the Faith between Ranulph Barton of Holme Hall in the county of Nottingham Esquire of the one part and Sir Richard Shuttleworth of Smithills in the County of Lancaster Knight of the other part witnesseth that he the said Ranulph Barton as well for and in consideration of the performance in part of a certain award in writing indented heretofore made between the said parties by Sir John Popham Knight Lord Chief Justice of England and Sir Edmund Anderton Knight Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas bearing date the tenth day of this instant month of November in the said seven and thirtieth year of Her Majesty's reign. Know also for and in consideration of a certain sum of good and lawful money of England to him the said Ranulph Barton by the said Sir Richard Shuttleworth Knight at and before the ensealing and delivering of those present contracted and paid whereof and whereunto the said Ranulph Barton doth acknowledge and consent himself to be well and truly satisfied and paid and thereof and of any part and parcel thereof to be fully and clearly acquitted acquainted and discharged for ever by these presents he the said Ranulph Barton hath granted bargained aliened and sold unto the said Sir Richard Shuttleworth Knight and his assigns all that the Manor or Lordship of Smithills with the appurtenances in the said County of Lancaster of the same together with the water corn-mill in Halliwell commonly called Smithills Mill and all and singular messuages houses edifices buildings barns stables orchards gardens lands tenements meadows flooding-pastures and hereditaments whatsoever now or late occupied or enjoyed with the Manor House of Smithills set lying or being within the towns hamlets fields and territories of Smithills Halliwell Heaton Horwich and Sharples now or later in the proper manurance or occupation of the said Sir Richard Shuttleworth Knight and his assigns.

Sir Richard Shuttleworth Knight was "to pay yearly unto the said Ranulph Barton his heirs and assigns . . . the annual and yearly rent of sixty-five pounds of lawful money of England at the Feast of Pentecost . . . and likewise peacefully and quietly from henceforth receive and take of his own use during all the said time the rent of the tenements before mentioned whereof any let trouble spite vexation disturbance claim or demand shall yearly cause to be paid all rent and services to the chief lord of the said messuage and common-land."

It appears that after a number of years from the death of

Sir Richard Shuttleworth the property was to be returned to Ranulph Barton or his heirs :—

"And that then the house edifice and building of the land tenure and hereditaments late the inheritance of the said Ranulph Barton—and now in the proper manurance and occupation of the said Sir Richard Shuttleworth Knight or of his assign or assigns thereof shall be in as good care and reparation as they be or better. In witness whereof the persons above named intermemorably to these indentures have put their marks."

Evidently all witnesses were able to write as is shown by seven proper signatures. On many contemporary documents it is by no means unusual to find that the "Marks" such as those referred to in the document were in the form of a simple and rather crude cross such as all modern citizens are credited with the ability to make when they vote for their Member of Parliament! The document is very difficult to read, although written in English, and the abbreviated transcriptions above have been carefully read by Mr. B. Claydon and his friend Mr. R. Newton, who sadly has passed away almost immediately after the completion of his work on the document.

The original which was consulted by Mr. Claydon and Mr. Newton is now in the possession of the School Library and, together with the fact that pupils of the School are able to take part in worship at the Smithills Chapel where they stand on ground that his nurtured Christian worshippers since 793 A.D., this document forms part of the connection of the School, now barely ten years old, with a very long history which would do credit to many of England's older schools.

B. E. Holden

Dove Cottage

William Wordsworth was born in 1770 and passed away in 1850. He lived at Cockermouth and his father sent him to a small Grammar School in Hawkshead, where he carved his name on the desk. He was nine years old at the time. When he was seventeen he left Hawkshead and went to Cambridge, and after leaving university he returned to lodge at Dove Cottage with his sister Dorothy. The cottage in those days was on its own on a small country road overlooking the Grasmere Lake. It was quite small and the rooms downstairs at the back are on a level with the ground outside. There are three downstairs rooms with a kitchen and a pantry where butter and groceries were kept, and in one of the bedrooms is a cabinet which opens up so that the wash-bowl can be placed in it.

Upstairs there are four rooms of which one was Wordsworth's bedroom with a large four-poster bed. Next to this is the library where he used to do his writing. Here is his favourite chair and couch. Another room is where he used to entertain his guests, and another he had built specially for his three children. Coming downstairs one sees a door leading outside into the garden where big stone steps go up into the trees. A wooden garden seat covered by a canopy of trees is where the poet did his thinking, and behind some ferns just facing the kitchen was his only source of drinking water, a well which Wordsworth dug himself.

He married a woman named Mary Quillian and their three children soon made it necessary to leave the little cottage, so they moved to a place one and a half miles further up the road, but soon the children were grown up and left home and then he had all Rydal Mount to himself. This is where he died after a long life at the age of eighty. His last long walk was to Sykeside, Grasmere, to visit Molly Fisher, who had formerly been one of his servants. Recently, in 1965, one of the poet's descendants called Christopher Wordsworth passed away.

Lynne Bousfield (Fourth Form)

Saint Columcille—An Irish Saint

Long ago there lived an Abbot of kingly race. This abbot was St. Columcille, who has always been loved by the Irish people. An old writer said, "There was not born in Ireland a person more loved or more wise or of better family than Columcille. Along with St. Patrick and St. Brigid he is one of the three patron saints of Ireland.

St. Columcille was born at Gartan, Tirconaill, in the year 521, and was baptised by the name of Columba (a dove). As a child he spent so much time in the church that the children in Kilmacrenan, where he was brought up, gave him the name of Columcille or the Dove of the Church. He is best known by that name. St. Columcille belonged to the Royal House of the O'Neill's—King Niall's son was his great-grandfather, and he was related to the Ard-Ri who reigned at Tara. We are told, "Noble was the family of Columcille. He was offered the kingship of Ireland, but refused it for God."

Columcille passed several of his early years in the school of Moville, Glasnevin, Clonard and Aranmore. He also studied Irish history and poetry under an old Leinster poet called German. He returned to Aileach at the age of twenty-five, a scholar. Having been ordained, he obtained a tract of land from his cousin, Aedh, on which to build a monastery. This place in later years was Diore Coluim Chille—oak-grove of Columcille. The city of Derry

stands there today. The Saint was very fond of his oak-grove on the Foyle and wrote several poems in its praise.

If all Alba were mine,
I would rather have a plot of ground,
In the middle of pleasant Derry,
My Derry, my little Oak grove,
My home and my little cell.

He founded many other monasteries, too. The most famous of these were Durrow and Kells. From these monasteries came the beautiful, illustrated books which are now in Trinity College, Dublin. The fame of Columcille for piety and wisdom spread all over the country, and he is still remembered well today.

Wendy Harris (Third Form)

The Wright Brothers and Earlier

Why must man fly? Throughout the ages man has progressed from one stage to another and has always wanted to go further. The invention of the aeroplane was already half-completed when the final move in the game was eventually made by Orville and Wilbur Wright who first flew at Kittyhawk in South Carolina in a simple by-plane along a sort of railway track instead of the now customary runway. Soon a flight across the Channel was made and then across the Atlantic to the United States in planes that became more advanced at each stage. So the aeroplane was developed from the simple Wright by-plane to the modern jet bomber with all its complicated equipment such as radar and even small computers. All the time more advanced plans are being made for new V.T.O.L. and S.T.O.L. aircraft.

Strange as it may seem, the first person to fly was a boy. He had not built the plane himself. It had been constructed by Sir George Cayley, the man who is now called the father of flying. The year was 1852 and the plane was some sort of glider. After this many attempts were made, mostly with steam engines, and all of them were more or less of a failure. Many experimenters, however, contributed to the success of the Wright brothers. Amongst them was Leonardo da Vinci, who lived about five hundred years ago and designed and built many model aircraft which flew well. Models were also built by Pénaut, and these were powered by twisted rubber which is now called the "rubber motor." Hensson was one of many who failed with a steam driven plane, but Lilienthal, Pilcher and Chanute were all successful with wearing a pair of wings, running from the top of a hill and then gliding. There were, however, many who realised the need for a powerful source of energy that was light in weight and experimenters tried many different forms of engine powered by

gunpowder, clockwork, twisted string, rubber and metal, all of them unsuccessful.

About the turn of the century the Wright brothers entered the scene. They wrote to the Smithsonian Institute asking for copies of everything that had ever been written on flying. These documents they studied intensely and by 1900 they had designed a glider which was ready to fly. They tried it out on the lonely sand dunes of Kittyhawk, South Carolina, mainly on control lines without a pilot. Sometimes, however, they did actually pilot it and their method of control was what is now called "wing-warping," that is pulling the wings into shape by a system of wires which is still used on some gliders today.

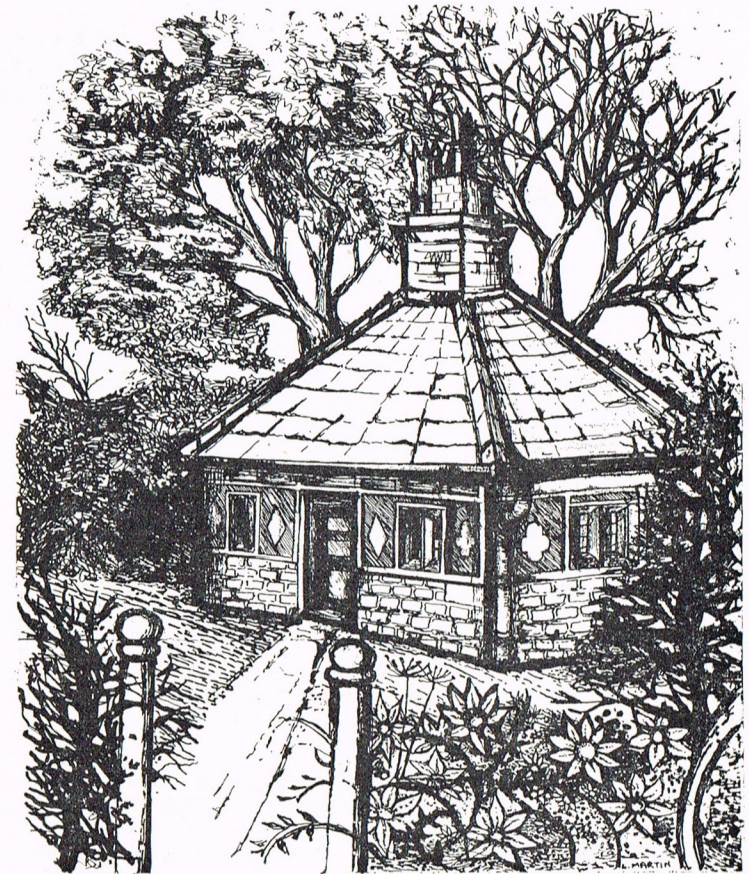
In the year 1901 trouble struck for Orville and Wilbur. A tent and workshop had been constructed but it was a flimsy affair with a roof of tar-covered paper upon which they collected their water when it rained. Orville was sick and progress was very slow until their lonely establishment was invaded by a great swarm of mosquitoes lasting for four days. For the Wright brothers and their companions, E. C. Huffaker and D. A. Spratt, the flying season of 1901 was finished. In 1902 their hangar was enlarged to make living quarters for the four, there were no further hitches and they progressed steadily. There were more problems in 1903 when the whole building had to be knocked down and rebuilt with a new hangar and new living quarters after a 50 m.p.h. wind had increased to 75 m.p.h. and a battle between the four men and the wind to keep the roof on had lasted all night and water was pouring in at the south end of the building. Eventually they managed to get their flier in working order powered by a 12 h.p. petrol engine which they had made themselves.

On 14th December, 1903, they were ready for flight. Wilbur won the toss, climbed into the flier, opened up the throttle and let go the check-wire. Off he went down the hill acceleration increasing until he took off, rose steeply, stalled and fell backwards into the sand. Fortunately, not too much damage was done, but by the time everything had been repaired it was 17th December and then it was Orville's turn to fly. He opened up the engine, let loose the check wire and off he went down the slope. Increasing speed as he went, he slowly but surely rose into the air, reaching a speed of about 35 miles per hour and increasing the length of flight from twelve feet to one hundred and twenty feet. The small audience of five were dumbfounded that the brothers had flown at all and they watched patiently as the brothers prepared for each flight and wondered at the flights they made.

The Wright brothers did not stop at that. They made flights all over Europe in their much improved bi-plane. The pilot was now able to sit beside the engine and the plane was able to land on an undercarriage.

Christopher Makin (First Form)

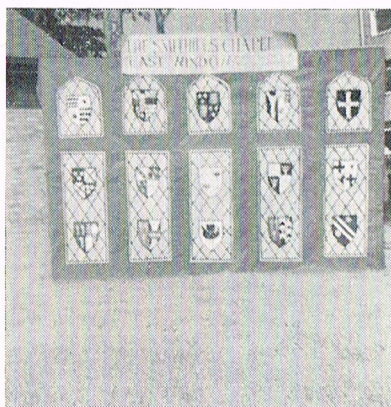
SMITHILLS LODGE COTTAGE



Heraldry Society

The accompanying illustration, unfortunately only in black and white, is a photograph of a large size reproduction in full colour of the stained glass east window in the chapel of Smithills Hall. This work had engaged the attention of the keenest members of the Heraldry Society from all three schools, and it provided a creditable and attractively colourful display at the Schools' Open Day last term.

The heraldry in the reproduction is enhanced by being shown against plain glass and lead lattice-work from which the superfluous coloured borders and oak-leaf decoration of the real window have been removed. It is, of course, a matter of opinion as to whether the Heraldry Society has improved on the original or not.



Reading from left to right (top row first) the coats of arms depicted are those of Sir Richard de Hoghton (High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1540), Henry Stanley (Fourth Earl of Derby and Lord Lieutenant of the County), the Royal Arms of the Tudors, Thomas Cranmer (Archbishop of Canterbury), Sir Richard Molyneux (High Sheriff of the County in 1556), the Standishes of Standish, Peter Stanley of Hooton, Roger Asshaw of Hall-o'th'-Hill, near Chorley, Lawrence Asshaw of Shaw Hall, Flixton, Sir John Holcroft, Richard Henry Ainsworth, Richard Ainsworth, Sir William Langley (Rector of Prestwich), Peter Ainsworth, the Arms of the County Borough of Bolton.

Most of the coats of arms were probably made between 1533 and 1579 and the rest when the window was remade after the fire of 1858. It is thought that the arms of Archbishop Cranmer are the only extant example of these arms in stained glass in the country. Moreover, it may be that the members of the Heraldry Society have found here evidence to confound an eminent English authority who writes, "The heraldic cockatrice is said to have its tail terminating in a dragon's head. In English heraldry, at any rate, I know of no such example." (Fox-Davies, Complete Guide to Heraldry). Maybe the author does not know of any such example—but we think we have discovered one in the Smithills window.

It is to be seen in the middle shield of the bottom row (usually hidden by the altar flowers). The arms are those of Sir William Langley, Rector of Prestwich (Argent a cockatrice sable) who was a beneficiary in the will of Andrew Barton (the occupant of Smithills Hall before 1548).

Why not go and have a look for yourself at the remarkable and perhaps unique phenomenon of a cockatrice tail terminating in a dragon's head!

B.E.H.

IMPRESSION

There's water here somewhere but maybe not . . . There's certainly a light of dazzling intensity . . . like magnesium which surely clouds my mind . . . performing lazy spirals within the bounds of the infinite—my subconscious.

Fireflies flicker and flit around never lighting on any visible surface but flash and flicker like myriads of minute multicoloured neon signs they never stay long enough to make the distinction.

There's water here but maybe it's blood . . . where's the wound, the sensation, the recollection?

A depth of black, a wealth of neutrality of indeterminate size. Maybe there's sound. Who knows? Who cares?

Why bother rememberreminiscerecollectreturnreplacerejoin? That wonderful emerald light diffusing with strands of shimmering crystal ruffling in a nonstirring Absence. Ah infinity at last approaches as a tunnel end rapidly it bears down on me with shafts of massive zero encasing vacuum . . .

Glyn Wadeson (Sixth Form)

THE WIND

It's in every crack, it's in every nick,
Under a rock and over a stick.
Up mountains it races, never to stop
It's destination, of course, to climb to the top.

The summit soon over, it descends just as fast,
Great fields of bright flowers long ago passed.
It rushes and dashes as quick as a star,
It can't keep it up, it's too swift by far.

Rosilyn Smith (Second Form)

OPINION

On Education

The present generation of school-children is the unwilling focus of a new public upsurge in social benevolence. Never before have such drastic changes been made to the way they are taught. The whole system of secondary education is under review, the most radical change being the compulsory introduction of comprehensive schools everywhere to follow the total abolition of the "11-plus." Whatever may be said about selection at 11 years of age, some kind of selection or streaming is essential if the best use is to be made of all levels of intellect.

Experience in other countries where comprehensive schooling is the rule has shown this: In the United States many parents are turning to private schools where streaming is the rule. Some kind of discrimination, however disguised, is inevitable even in a comprehensive school. One advantage of the secondary modern school is that it allows children to reach the peak of their performance without being overshadowed by their more academically-ambitious fellows. The remedy for class distinctions between schools is to make the modern schools what they were meant to be, by the expenditure of more time, thought and money, rather than to condemn non-academic children to a form of education to which they are wholly unsuited. Modern schools, which were supposed to liberate the less academically-minded from the tyranny of examinations and give them a worthwhile general education, have conspicuously failed in their purpose. The less enterprising have become dreary places in which to mark time until working life begins, and the better ones, under pressure from both parents and employers, have introduced examinations. The fact that some have passed these, under great handicaps compared with the grammar school child, and gone on to higher education is a proof of the folly of selection at 11 years. Smithills schools form part of a base system . . . an unfortunate cross between "the best of the old" and the now-inevitable comprehensive.

The idea is a moderate success. Its main failing is that it attempts to mix pupils socially but not academically. This kind of compromise will not do: each local education authority should go either all comprehensive or not at all, although it must be said in all fairness that the project was a bold attempt to experiment in ideas that at the time were relatively new. One very large difficulty has arisen, however, from the incomprehensible fervour of the present Government to ram comprehensives down everyone's throat *à toute vitesse*, so that the initiative of the Bolton education authority has been ignored and a recent plan towards the introduc-

tion of total comprehensive education in Bolton is turned down by the Ministry of Education as the change would be too slow. The base schools were not built to be adapted into comprehensives at the drop of a word from Whitehall . . . to reconstruct new buildings after only a decade of service is unthinkable (I hope). Such is the dilemma of the local authorities.

What, then, is the future of the public schools and boarding schools? It is a noble sentiment indeed to afford each child equal opportunities, but to force a man who wants his son to have the best education possible, regardless of expense, to send him to a comprehensive is not only intolerable, but bordering on dictatorship.

How do teachers react to the swing to comprehensive? The problem of finding enough teachers is troublesome anyhow. Many have serious misgivings about the comprehensive system. The carefully built up structure of incentives would be destroyed, especially for secondary modern school teachers, whose special experience in the more difficult kind of teaching is likely to rank lower in esteem than academic qualification. Many valuable members of the profession would probably drift away if they no longer saw any chance of reaching the top. Surely it would be nicer of the Government to devote a little more time and money to recruiting new teachers to fill the comprehensives when they come instead of their immediate demand to turn comprehensive.

The attitude of the Government seems to be that since class distinction is manifold in adults, the best way to cure it is to start with children whose opinions are not yet fully formed. The trouble with this kind of attitude is that by encouraging pupils to mix, you are more or less underlining the reason for it. Class distinctions of a more serious kind occur in comprehensive schools, as a recent "Sunday Times Weekly Review" article reveals. It is only natural that in the whole of society people tend to form little social groups consisting of others of roughly the same intelligence or who have a common interest. In my opinion the change to comprehensive education is worth-while if only because everyone has the same status school-wise. The sociological benefits are debatable.

Other topics under review are the syllabuses up to G.C.E. "O"-level. This is indeed a welcome development, for some of the present ones are so far removed from practical application as to make the subject unnecessarily uninteresting.

There are many debatable points regarding the actual rules of school attendance; for example the compulsory attendance at a religious service first thing every morning.

After providing every one with equal opportunities to enjoy the comforts of a good education, the country as a whole fails

dismally to follow this up with opportunities of a good job with prospects, hence the understandable "brain-drain" to more prosperous countries. This is a more complex problem, however, related to the university level of education and is too vast to be elaborated on here.

I read recently that the Conservative Party has apparently reversed its position and is now in full favour of the introduction of comprehensives, the abolition of the "11-plus" and maybe even that of the "O"-level examination, its function to be taken over by the Certificate of Secondary Education.

The only question that a simple "guinea-pig" pupil like myself can now ask is "What comes next?"

M. J. Abbott (M.VI.Sc.)

Our Modern Dilemma

The progress of a civilisation depends fundamentally on the attitudes of those who constitute that civilisation. Any form of civilisation must depend upon communication between its inhabitants and, if one believes in a human sense of right and wrong, then the civilisation becomes a store of wisdom for ever growing as the society extends its limits and therefore its field of communication. However, once the people in the society become self-satisfied and indolent, they become convinced that communication between themselves and other individuals is no longer necessary and society begins to decline and rot at its very foundations. The truth which must be inherent in the majority of human beings can be magnified by a mass of people all of whom are bound together by a tolerance of variety, an insatiable curiosity, and who, as a whole, reflect a much greater truth than any one person alone. In this way each member of the community can find out more about other individuals within the community, until each person can encompass within his character the characters of all his companions. Ultimately he will become they and he will become part of them. In this way man progresses as a whole towards God. However, the tendency is towards anti-communication, but this can only produce a stagnant society which without the qualities of compassion and curiosity must decline.

The Victorian era brought with it rigid discipline and rigorous censorship. Today the reaction from this period is radical almost to the opposite extreme. The frantic destruction of the rules set by the church and the upsurging working classes at the turn of the last century has brought with it moral problems previously concealed by ignorance and the meaningless codes set up by "those in high places." These questions have to be answered by

the ordinary person. The void has led to a sense of aimlessness and a sense of logic which at times seems chaotic. For some these lead to an inability to cope with life, leading to drug-taking and increased crime figures in an age when wealth is more evenly distributed than ever before. Nowhere is this more apparent than in America, where the consumption of dangerous drugs has recently increased startlingly. Thus the Communists have reason to poke at this and call it "Imperialist Decline." Perhaps the metamorphosis from the Victorian era to the present day was too much to occur in a mere sixty years, and perhaps it defied the delicate balance of evolution by refusing to accept much that had gone before, and perhaps it was radical to the extent of being short-sighted. At any rate, this vast change cast bewildered remnants from the Victorian Age into a social environment which seemed to have no place or respect for them. They have to accept what must appear to them to be a gaudy, meaningless compromise. Did they have nothing worth having?

In my view, the ideal state must consist of a place where all points of view can exist side by side linked by a mutual tolerance if not by anything else. In this ideal state people must be given equal rights, and democracy comes nearest to this ideal, although it is so clearly open to gross misuse. Democracy assumes that the majority will always do the right thing, that "government for the people by the people" is always correct. But suppose that the majority wish to increase their wealth by the practice of racial discrimination or by a misuse of the class structure, then in a democracy a Government would be formed to implement this corrupt policy—and to me this seems highly likely and, under these circumstances, it could be the right thing to become a fascist and to force a dictator on the people because as a democracy they would practise corruption. Therefore, to prevent this corruption, the people's rights must be strengthened by a "moral minority." Also, it would seem to me that a split of 49%—51% in a General Election could, if the policies of the two major parties were at opposite extremes, produce general strikes and a refusal to work on behalf of the 49%. Obviously then, democracy is not very economical. The Communists of China and the Fascists of Spain must believe that democratic government is too weak, that its ideal is too rigid to accept the immense variety of man, and that the only way to govern successfully is to tell men what to do and not to wait for centuries in democratic indecision. These people can point to the Western world, pick out its obvious weaknesses and laugh at its uncertainty, but they omit to mention the obvious fact that they are only dodging the ultimate for a while and the fact that democracy will be the people's final test. They will either grasp the opportunity to progress to a position of infinite variety where tolerance is paramount, or they will misuse their freedom to further their own ends, thus producing a short-sightedness terminating in inhuman ego-mania.

With reference to racial prejudice, both the Communists and Western Governments alike were, and still are, guilty of exploitation not only of the coloured people's wealth, but also of their rights. The Chinese Government sends aid to the Africans proclaiming equal rights for all men, while their real motive for sending aid is to influence the Africans along anti-western lines. It is a kind of blackmail in more than one sense of the word. America gives aid to India on a massive scale on the unwritten condition that they do not turn Communist. In this way the rights of the poor peoples of the world are diminished not only by poverty, starvation and drought, but also by the impositions of the wealthy countries on which they rely for their survival. The poorer countries are indiscriminately used in a tug-o'-war between the world's major powers. Need I cite more than the war in Viet Nam? It is true, I feel, that people in this country do not practise what they preach. Most people realise that racial discrimination is wrong, but the majority are guilty of it in one form or another. For example, the people of this country are not willing to tolerate black neighbours or the cultures of the coloured peoples. Almost as a matter of course they either accept or make sure that the coloured peoples are socially and economically inferior and certainly not socially and economically competitive. Are they frightened that they would not be able to compete with these people on equal terms? Perhaps this frightens them into discrimination! Thus, under conditions of forced integration, the herd instinct prevails, separate communities are set up and a kind of social warfare is in progress, lowering both the social and moral fibre of the community. This short-sighted attitude cannot prevail—either the rich communities of the world sacrifice their high standard of living to raise that of the poverty-stricken nations to subsistence level, or they continue as they are doing now to send aid in insufficient amounts as a token of "white man's charity" which will result in what I feel can only be a world war. Indifferent people cannot be allowed to live it up in Europe and America while millions are dying in China and India.

I should have thought that the purpose of the arts in our time was to provide a counter-balance to the increasing importance of the technological revolution. The arts, however, instead of detaching themselves from the machinomania, have become so involved in illuminating their own faults that they are providing no relief from our high-pressure society. The best-sellers today mostly consist of a mixture of sadism, psychology and sex, and they are being produced on a tremendous scale. What has happened to nineteenth century Utopianism? The importance of the theatre in the local community has decreased considerably so that on the whole they now have poor audiences and rely heavily on Government subsidy. Nowadays, with so many gaudy competitors, does the theatre stand any chance at all? The

initiative, instead of lying with the people, lies with the money-grabbers and with machines such as television. Nowadays, everything and nothing is done for the people which produces a growing aimlessness in the community. Unless the community snatches the initiative, this growing aimlessness can only increase the decadence of an already partially decadent era. People should have a responsibility for Government policy and for the arts. These are the rights our ancestors spent centuries fighting for and we are casting them away as if they meant nothing. We never have a radical government, just a neutral policy for neutral people. The people must take their democratic right and demand positive action—the ideal of democracy can never be allowed to stop and stagnate, otherwise it is doomed.

Increased wealth has given the working class a "snob value" previously found only in the aristocracy and the upper middle classes. This is a bad thing in that it gives people the delusion that material wealth means everything. Those who previously represented a community have split up, believing that they no longer need a social life and that communication with other people can be replaced by their material gains. There is no need to go further than the home to appreciate the luxuries of this technological age. As a result, people have become self-satisfied, self-idolising, apathetic and inconsequential ego-maniacs. The new distribution of money controls, as it has always done, the extent of this kind of snobbery. Apparently morality is all right as long as you have no money, but given money, morality is thrown to the winds and an attitude of "I'm all right, Jack" prevails.

The decline of the church and the increased standard of living have gone hand in hand with technological developments since the Victorian era. The illumination by science of certain phenomena previously regarded as supernatural or religious omens has brought with it an immense decrease in believers. The people's growing discontent with religion has, perhaps, forced them into casting away not only their faith but also the morality which forms the basis of most major religions and, incidentally, the whole moral basis of mankind. Coupled with this is the fact that the increased money-status given to the working classes has proved too big a step to be taken in the space of so short a time. This is apparent from the riotous living of the 1920's. Both these facts together have produced a society dedicated to decadence. Their morals have been almost forgotten and, if they were ever mentioned, it was only to be classed as "restrictions on the individual."

Now it becomes clear that the solution lies in the hands of the individual as I have tried to point out. Indifference must be stamped out and the moral bases which have governed men's lives for centuries under the guidance of the church must reappear in the morality of each individual. This individual morality must be stamped on the policies of all democratic Governments, so en-

abling humanity as a whole to at last take a positive line. Such action would produce a community capable of expansion through the tolerance and understanding of its individual members. Each person must become an integral part of society. He must never lose his sense of responsibility towards the community as a whole, and he must be linked by compassion with the feelings of his fellow men. But, if individual men fail to take this line and continue in their present apathy, the result will be that individuals cease to be individuals, become complete self-centred and there will be no communication and no understanding or sympathy. They will cease to improve as human-beings and decline as failures, each one less than human and a dumb freak.

Neil Potts (Sixth Form)

PERSEUS

Perseus went to greet the king
Without a diamond or a ring
So with his face a deep, deep red
He vowed to chop the Gorgon's head.

Before three sisters did he find
Each one was toothless well as blind
One eye, one tooth between them all
They led dear Perseus to the call.

With magic sandals on his feet
From which the Gorgon has to beat,
With a shield like shimmering sun
The famous fight has now begun.

Slyly the Gorgon makes a start,
Perseus moving like a dart,
Then the Gorgon's final roar
And soon the Gorgon is no more.

Carl Williams (Third Form)

THE CIRCUS

The crowds are waiting all around,
The band begins to play,
Their music fills the air with sound
Because it's circus day.

The lions pacing up and down,
The horses eat their hay,
The monkeys start to laugh and frown
Because it's Circus day.

Kathleen Greenhalgh (First Form)

FACT

The Sufferers

Looking at this man's hand you would probably think that he was eighty or over, and it had probably become like that from the first or second world wars. In thinking this you would be wrong. This man is only thirty. Then you would say, "Well, he's probably been in an accident." You would be somewhat right—this man has been in an accident, but not an accident on road or rail or even in an aeroplane. His accident was leprosy. He is one of the many sufferers from leprosy in the hot countries of the world.

His leprosy began several years ago. First it was sores and chafed hands. Then it became deep cuts. Then, two years after, he was labelled as a leper and turned out of his village. In his country leprosy is a sin and to have it is to be the evil spirits' accomplice. He wandered about the country, going from village to village, seeking welcome, but he was turned out of each village to which he came.



Then, a year later, he stumbled into a village half-blind and nearly unable to walk because of his leprosy. Here they took him in and said he could wait until the white missionary and doctor arrived. When finally the doctor and missionary did arrive, the leper lay in a hut on his own too weak to stand and walk any more. They did what they could to help him, but this man's disease had gone too far. His cheeks were gone, his eyes had been eaten away and his whole body was one seething mass of disease-ridden flesh—or should it be bones? because there was not much skin left.

Looking at this picture you will probably say "Poor devil" and forget it, but he is not the only sufferer from leprosy in this

world. There are thousands just like him with nobody to care for them and not enough medicine to help them. I am not asking you to go and help them as a missionary but, at least, to think of them. Do not write them off as dead and too far gone. Just think of them and their sufferings.

Hazel James (Second Form)

The Jodrell Bank Telescope

Situated on the Cheshire plain is the world's largest radio-telescope, built for Manchester University under the direction of Sir Bernard Lovell. The construction was completed after five years work in 1957.

Its gigantic size can be assessed by these facts. There are fifteen thousand tons of concrete in the foundations, the reflector bowl weighs seven hundred and fifty tons and has a diameter of two hundred and fifty feet, and the weight of the whole structure which is capable of revolving through three hundred and sixty degrees is two thousand tons.



Since its completion in 1957 the telescope has been in constant use mapping the millions of galaxies in our universe and also tracking satellites in space research. The radio-telescope is manned by the scientific staff of the Universities of Manchester and Keele and it is open to the public on most days.

David J. Hughes (First Form)

Baseball

To many people in Britain today, especially those under forty years of age, baseball is glorified rounders. I say those under forty years of age because before the war baseball was probably Britain's most popular summer sport. Agreed, it may resemble rounders but only in the fact that the bat is round in shape (the baseball bat is three times as big as a rounders bat and much thicker) and that men run along base-paths to bases known as first base, second base, third base and home-plate. The baseball field is a square known popularly as the baseball diamond because this is its shape as it appears to the batters. The rounders field is not this shape at all.

Abner Doubleday is generally recognised as having invented baseball in 1839, long before soccer was ever thought of, which in itself proves that baseball is not a new game. He copied the game from an old American game known as "One Old Cat." There are other derivatives of "One Old Cat" known as "Two Old Cats" or "Three Old Cats" with the number determining the number of bases used. Thus baseball has not even any historical background connected with rounders. Incidentally, Doubleday is thought to have been born in Britain, so that it is wrong to say that baseball is a game that only an American would be silly enough to play.

The first teams to come to Britain were the Philadelphia Athletics of the American League, who later moved to Kansas City, and the already famous Boston Red Sox. The pitcher at this time was G. A. Spalding, who became the founder of the Spalding sports equipment firm.

There was, however, no real interest in baseball until Spalding came over a second time, this time as manager of the Chicago White Sox, and this time Britain and most of Europe began to take baseball seriously.

The year 1901 saw the foundation of the National Baseball Association with many clubs formed in conjunction with soccer clubs. The most famous baseball teams in Britain at this time were Everton, Tottenham Hotspur, Fulham, Leyton Orient, Derby County and Brentford.

In the next thirty years baseball grew at a rapid rate until in 1930 there were thirty professional and semi-professional leagues. Bolton had its own baseball team and originally Raikes Park was built to accommodate baseball. Attendances at British games were very high and many clubs had capacity crowds at nearly every match.

During the war over half the top players in the country were killed and this really put an end to baseball in Britain. However,

in 1962 the major leagues started again and the domination of the Stretford Saints has been the main feature of the league programmes while in the Major League South the top players are more evenly distributed, making the Pennant Race much more even. The Champion of England is decided by a three game series between the winners of the Southern League and the winners of the Northern League. In the last series the Stretford Saints beat the Ruislip Venturers two games to one.

Those who still think that baseball is dominated by the Americans can be proved wrong by the fact that nearly half the players playing in the two American major leagues come from abroad, and a recent series played in Brazil between America, Brazil and Peru was only just won by the Americans in a play-off. Last year the winners of the National League, Los Angeles Dodgers, made a tour of Japan, playing the top Japanese clubs, winning only two games and losing thirteen.

Baseball may get into the 1972 Olympics. It only just missed next year's, which shows that baseball is not being dominated by any country, as this is the standard requirement needed to enter the Olympics.

Alan Merrett (Lower Sixth Modern)

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FISH?

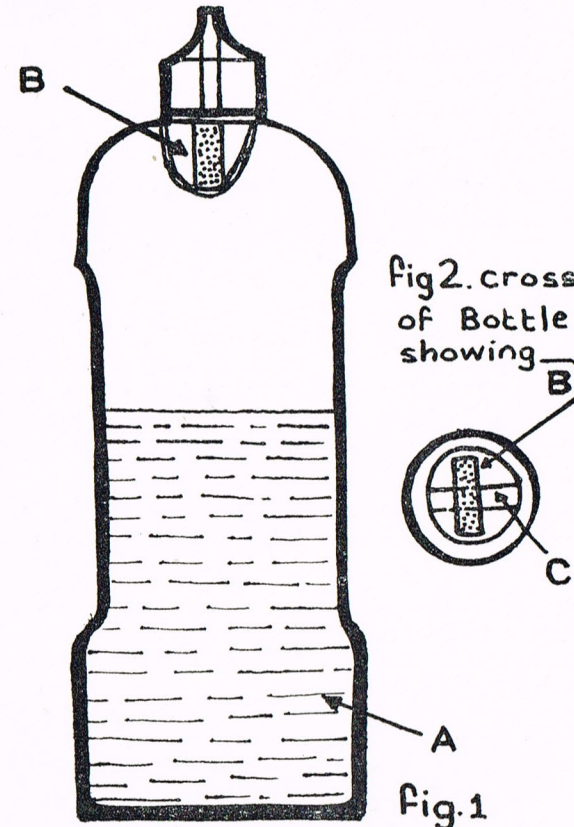
1. Do you know the name of the Canadian Pike?
2. Do you know what young eels are called?
3. Do you know what the barbules of fish are used for?
4. Do you know the length of a trout after three years growth?
5. Do you know which fish is called the bull of our waters?
6. Do you know which two fish are called doctor fish?
7. Can you name four carnivorous freshwater fish?
8. Do you know which freshwater fish live in both fresh and salt water at some time in their life?
9. Do you know which fish is nicknamed a "snig"?
10. Do you know which fish are nicknamed flukes?
11. Do you know how an archer-fish catches insects?
12. Do you know where a stickleback lays its eggs?
13. Do you know three differences between a roach and a rudd?
14. Do you know at what depth in the sea a cod lays its eggs?
15. Do you know whether these fish are born as fry or eggs: shark, thornback, skate, black bass, bream, pike?

R. A. Estall (Fourth Form)

(Answers on page 61)

Make Your Own Fire Extinguisher

Using a plastic liquid-soap bottle as the container, fill it two-thirds full with a mixture in the following proportions: Two parts of vinegar to one part of water shown as "A" in the accompanying diagram. Then put two teaspoonfuls of sodium bicarbonate on a square of rice or tissue paper and make into a pellet which should be placed inside the nozzle of the soap-bottle as shown at "B" in



the diagram. The pellet is held in place by two pieces of $\frac{1}{8}$ " by 1" sellotape crossed as shown at "C" in the diagram. The nozzle of the soap-bottle is then replaced in position on the bottle and your fire-extinguisher is complete.

To extinguish your fire, assuming you have already got one to hand, turn the bottle upside down and shake until fizzing can be heard. Then squirt! And the best of luck!

Andrew Shuttleworth (First Form)

The Small Faces

Steve Marriott, Ian McLagan, Kenny Jones and Plonk Lane, otherwise known as the "Small Faces," have been together as they are now since November, 1965, and their "hit" records have been "What cha gonna do about it?" "Sha-la-la-la-lee," "Hey girl," "All or nothing," "My mind's eye" and "Here come the night."

Plonk Lane, the bass guitarist, used to work on a fair and, after several other jobs, he worked in a music shop where he met Steve Marriott and asked him to play the piano with a local group. Since then Steve and Plonk have been friendly, and Ian McLagan, who is nicknamed Mac, used to play with a group called Boz's People, but he later joined the "Small Faces" to replace Jimmy Winston in 1965. Plonk, whose real name is Ronnie, is so called because of the way he plays the guitar.

Steve Marriott, who plays the lead guitar and is their vocalist, has taken parts in "No Hiding Place," "Mr. Pastry," "Mrs. Dale's Diary," "Dixon of Dock Green," Peter Sellers' film "Heavens Above," "Living it Up," and a third film made by all the "Small Faces" called "Dateline Diamonds." He also played the part of the Artful Dodger in "Oliver." His first job was as a dish-washer, but he was sacked after dropping some plates. More recently he has been engaged to a girl from Manchester, but broke it off after five months because the girl's parents would not let her marry him.

The "Small Faces" have been offered parts in films with Brigitte Bardot and Jayne Mansfield, but had to turn them down because they were too busy.

After being together for over one and a half years, the "Small Faces" have had two No. 1 hits, of which one was written by Steve and Plonk, and as a result they have been established as one of England's best groups.

Jill Hammond (Third Form)

COWS

Cows are big,
Cows are strong,
Cows give milk,
But they can't sing a song.
Cows chew cud,
They flick their tails,
To ward off fleas
Around their knees.

Philip Reason (Fourth Form)

CAULDRON OF DARKNESS

The gloomy darkness and distasteful air
Swirling like a huge black serpent,
The appearance of a smoke-filled room,
No room to breathe. Thick black smog
Pouring out of laundry chimneys.
The heat and sweat in a mistful street,
Cobblestones hot and steamy, reflecting
The horrible plague. A large hole swallowing
Up the very streets and buildings, breathing
Out this hovering fog.

The feel, the touch, surrounding people,
Voices piercing this huge thick curtain.
Where do these phantoms come from
Venturing in this alien place?
The stench of smog, chimneys, drains and rain
Renewing the whitewashed face of buildings
With a layer of filth and dirt.
It feels like steam, unbreathable, untouchable,
But it is there lurking above the city streets.

What is this coming out of the fog?
A huge black mass illuminated by several
Hazy shapes. A building covered by layers of soot.
Roads cluttered with rotting papers, cores
Of apples and litter floating in this weird sea.
Car headlamps come this way, that way, horns
Screeching, screeching brakes, the noise in this
Blanket of fog.

What a depressing sight. The noise,
The filth, the fog brings disaster, evil, and
Leaves its sign on the black city building.
A haunting, ghostly appearance. Lights stand
Alone on this terrible night and the
Noise comes to a halt. What has happened?
People huddled round fires hoping for the
End of this nightmare will come, take
Glances into the world beyond.

David Mulligan (Fourth Form)

Is it true that Mr. Clements is to put up a "No Dumping"
sign in the staff car park?

Why the sudden limelight for the Hippies? This school's had
"Flower-power" for years.

Rumours that Mr. Forsyth is to join the Octagon Theatre
company are completely unfounded.

THE ABERFAN DISASTER

It happened in the morning
At a school for the very young.
The bell had finished ringing.
The songs had all been sung.
The classes were of girls and boys.
The Head was in his study,
When suddenly there was a loud noise
And everything turned muddy.
The teacher tried to open the door
And the children tried to hide,
But she got flung back on the floor
And so the children died.
Many people rushed about
To help in any way.
Suddenly someone gave a shout
And there more bodies lay.
A whistle was blown when a body was found
And everything went mild.
The parents would gather round
To see if it was their child.
The bodies were taken to the chapel
Where parents were crying away.
One little girl was still holding her apple
Which had been for her lunch that day.
The searching went on all day and all night.
The mud was shovelled away.
Two little hands still clutched tight
Were found in the mud as they lay.
One woman was up to her waist in mud
Searching away in vain
Till her son who in the corner had stood
Ran to her without any pain.
"Oh Mum, it was awful," he said,
"I didn't know what to do.
I ran to the corner and hid my head—
I thought I was trapped till I saw you."
When the funerals all took place,
The Queen came in her car.
She had a very sad look on her face
As she saw the school from afar.
Men, women and children died that day.
The school was crushed into bits
And many people still will say,
"It's all because of those pits."

Christine Taylor (Third Form)

ON THINKING IT OVER (SCHOOL)

Wake up, wake up, it's time to get up
You're going to be late again.
Come on, hurry, it's time you were up.
I open my eyes, there's a haze in my brain.
School! I won't go. I hate it. Oh! Go away.
It's gorgeous in bed. I could stay here all day.
But out I get into the cold, cold morning—
The sun is out but I am just dawning.
I'm up. I'm dressed.
School is a pest!
Where's all my homework—it's in my bag—
Should be abolished—it's only a drag
I hate school—
I feel such a fool.
With my stupid old briefcase—
Going to school. Oh! What a place
It's not so bad really—
I say this quite freely.
I'm signing off now—
I won't take a bow.
My work isn't worth it—
It was but a forfeit—
Of ten minutes of my time.
It's half-past eight, cheer up. Never mind
It's only eight and one-half hours
To home-time.

Paul Jones (Fifth Form)

AN ADDITION SUM

	£	s.	d.
1. An old fashioned bicycle ...			
2. A royal hat			
3. A hard rock			
4. North and South Poles			
5. A pig			
6. A haircut			
7. A leather-worker			
8. A Ruler			

Total

Kenneth Ball (First Form)

(Answers on page 61)

MEDITATION

Oh isn't life grand with luck in your mind and a girl in your hand and the grass swaying gently in the glistening morning-breeze, and I'm thinking, lying dew-covered damp but happy. Oh isn't life grand with grass swaying in the breeze and a dew-covered girl in your mind and luck in your hand.

While you sing till the sky shines—the earth joins in and blackness turns to restive gold—a cool dewy wind strokes your face and that girl in your hand completes the equation.

But the sun gets grilled to a medium rare—trees shatter and splinter before your mistfilled eyes, the nonexistent clouds materialise and in the same instant disintegrate and the breeze buries itself in the hollowed out ground.

Life's fire a glistening starry wrapper closed and fastened against the cold is hidden good and it's so fine and easy.

Glyn Wadeson (Sixth Form)

THE WAR

The war is bad,
The war is mad,
Men have died,
Women have cried,
The ghostly noise come by this way,
Of sirens wailing all the day,
Planes fly by,
Then men die.

Down in the waters;
The big ships sail,
Ready by the guns,
Waiting to fight,
In case enemy planes come into sight.
Along comes a plane,
An enemy plane
Dropping the bombs,
That cause all the pain.

Oh why do they have these terrible fights,
Why can't they look forward to the beautiful sights,
Of the future to come;
If any.

Margaret Holland and Susan Hamer (Third Form)



Tree Planting at Bradshaw
July, 1967

GIVE UP THAT FAG

Some people say "Posters are an awful drag,
Always saying 'Give up that fag'
On walls, in schools, in public bars
And by the road for those in cars."

They never take notice of what they say,
They even give up their weekly pay,
Burning their money away all the time
Just because they are weak in mind.

If you start smoking at your time of life
You're heading for trouble and pain and strife.
Keep your money and save it for years
Before you have cancer and worry and tears.

Gillian Marsden (Second Form)

THE SQUIRRELS AT FRESHFIELDS

The squirrels at Freshfields
Are small as can be.
They live in a pine-wood
Near to the sea.

I saw them one summer
As I walked to the shore—
First one tiny creature,
Then two, three or four.

They came from the tree-tops
To the place where I stood
And the nuts which I offered
They took for their food.

They are hiding in winter
From the snow and the rain,
But in summer at Freshfields
I'll see them again.

Eunice Duckworth (Third Year)

THE TOY SHOP

The toy-shop, it sells everything
From a teddy-bear to a diamond ring.
As I look through the window bright
I see such a lovely colourful sight—

Dolls with black hair, dolls with red.
Dolls that put themselves to bed,
Golliwogs with straggly hair
Seem to smile as they sit there.

A little old man with a crooked nose
Comes to tell you the price of those
Which he then wraps up in a paper-bag
And writes down the price on a very small tag.

Then away you take your treasured toy.
It's going to give you pleasure and joy,
And as you go to bed that night,
You think of that toy-shop closed up tight.

Lauren Sinclair and Christine Walker (Second Form)

ANSWERS TO "AN ADDITION SUM"

1.		1¼	Penny farthing
2.		5 0	Crown
3.	14	0 0	Stone
4.		0½	Two far things
5.	1	1 0	Guinea
6.		1 0	Bob
7.		6	Tanner
8.	1	0 0	Sovereign
Total		<u>£16 7 7¾</u>	

ANSWERS TO "DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FISH?"

1. Muskellunge.
2. Leptocephalus (singular).
3. To grope in the mud for food.
4. Three inches.
5. Carp.
6. Tench and Stickleback.
7. Pike, Perch, Trout, Chub.
8. Eel, Trout, Salmon, Sturgeon.
9. Eel.
10. Flatfish.
11. They spit water on them and eat them.
12. In a nest which it builds.
13. The rudd has redder fins, a larger upper lip and is slightly fatter.
14. Midwater. Its eggs float to the surface.
15. All are eggs except the shark, which is born alive.

Next year a new school society is to be formed—the Rice Growing Club—to meet on the school pitches. (Bring your own bamboo-shoots).

COLLEGE LETTERS

Letter from London University

The first term at University is the one in which the student does not work, meets more people than he has previously done in his lifetime and learns how quickly a grant can be spent on seemingly nothing.

Work seems a far-away thing as the wide-eyed fresher roams the corridors of the London School of Economics, being conned into paying society subscriptions in return for an invitation to a sherry-party. Indeed, the first three weeks can most profitably be spent on a round of such parties. Lectures are little more than glorified reading-lists at the beginning, and for some of us they never rise above this rudimentary stage.

It is very comforting to realise on meeting fellow students that at university work is regarded as the same kind of occupational hazard as it had been in the sixth form at school. Mention of work brings books into the picture and, if I had bought all the recommended books, my grant would only have lasted three days, so that it is vital that one should borrow as many books as possible and that buying should be extremely selective.

Finance is the source of all student problems, and unfortunately it is usually the first problem to arise. Rents in London are artificially high and accommodation is shoddy to say the least. The British landlady would be lost without tins of baked beans and tea-bags. Once rent has been paid and food and books bought, one's unrealistic grant has long since disappeared and so recreation must necessarily be inexpensive or free. The L.S.E. is excellent in this field if all the opportunities are taken advantage of. Films, debates and television are all available and the Students' Union bar is always well-peopled.

Relationships between staff and students should play an important part in university life, but, unfortunately, this is not the case at L.S.E. One student once protested that in a whole year he had seen his tutor on only one occasion in college but four times on television. The answer seems to be to get on with one's work independently and leave the state-paid tutors to notch up their appearances on "Panorama." Girls have found that staff approachability is inversely proportional to the length of their skirts.

In conclusion, college life requires from a student a variety of attitudes—one needs to be independent as well as gregarious, light-hearted and certainly not too conscientious, as many problems need to be ignored if some degree of sanity is to be retained.

Neil Burtonwood (L.S.E. 2nd year)

Letter from The Royal Manchester College of Music

The two years I have been at college here have been very happy years for me. There are two main reasons why this has been so. The first has been my own love for music, and the second the many friendships I have made. Like any other subject, music has its ups and downs, but on the whole, if a student looks for these two things, he will enjoy his days at college to the full.

The R.M.C.M. is not the finest building in Manchester but it contains a friendly bunch of students numbering about four hundred (some bunch!). All the professors I have met are friendly and keen to help, and most seem to have a good sense of humour. For some reason, humour and music seem to go together in others as in me, so I fit in very well. I believe that a sense of humour can help anyone to carry the burden of life's worries and troubles.

The biggest difficulty facing a student musician is finding facilities for practice. Very few have the will-power to do four or five hours per day, and this is what is required for one's principal study—mine is the violin. There are so many other things to do, such as drinking coffee or whatever you like to drink throughout the day in and between classes. Whilst this is all very pleasant you have to remember that you are taking a performer's diploma in music, not in coffee-drinking. Unfortunately it is sometimes difficult to find a spare room to practise in, but don't despair, you can always fill in the time with more coffee while you wait.

To be serious for a moment, it is a joy to study music at Manchester, and I can thoroughly recommend it. There is always something new you can be doing to extend your knowledge. Much can be learned by going to concerts and listening to performances both on record and on the radio, and Manchester students are really lucky as far as live concerts are concerned.

If there is anyone at school wishing to study music at college they should take Advanced level music first if they can, for they will find it of great value later and, incidentally, within the next few years they will find that a new college building will have been provided for them.

I send my best wishes to all those still at school who are hoping to take up music as their career.

David Brownlow

Letter from Salford University

In one way when I started at University, it was as though I was just starting in the first year at Smithills, for on each occasion the main thing that struck me was the size of the buildings in com-

parison with my ex-school building. At the beginning, I did not know anyone on the University campus whereas when I began at the Grammar School I went there with about ten others from my Primary School. However, I was relieved to see that everyone else was in the same fix and this made it much easier to talk to the others, for everyone was trying to be friendly. The Students' Union, in order to make the task of getting to know others and the college more easy, had organised dances and various meetings, one of them in a large "pub." The dances were a great success with music provided by well-known beat groups such as "The Fourmost" and Cliff Bennett and "The Rebel Rousers." At least, they were well-known in those days!

On the Thursday of the first week I had to go to the University for registration, and there I was given my course time-table. I was surprised to find that the week consisted of only twenty fifty-minute periods, most of them lectures but four of them were for practical work. Work started on the first Monday that I was there and everyone on my course was five minutes early at the first lecture. On the arrival of the lecturer we sat down to what was to be a fifty minute session of copying notes from the board. Soon we had covered in that single lecture as much work as we had been accustomed to do in three weeks at school—and my hand was numb! As the weeks rolled by fewer and fewer people attended the lectures and some were always late. The lecturers never seemed to bother about this, for they leave it to you to make the decision whether you want to pass or fail. My own attendance record was most regular for I had no wish to be amongst the one-third of the course who would be asked to leave at the end of the year.

But life at the University is not all work. There are innumerable distractions such as societies and usually a dance on Saturday nights, but perhaps the most popular way of spending an evening is in the Union bar talking to your friends. The societies cater for every kind of sport and interest you can think of, and the monotony of the work is relieved, and life at the University is made more bearable even if one only goes to one or two society meetings each week.

You can easily make life at the University happy and enjoyable if you want to, but if you prefer it the other way, you can also be completely miserable. It all depends on you.

J.B.

En Flanant

Alors que je suis en Allemagne, songeant à mon séjour à BOLTON voilà que Virgile me revient en mémoire: "Optima dies . . . prima fugit." Je ne pense pas que ce soit les plus heureux jours de ma vie que j'y ai passés, mais à quelle allure n'ont-ils pas

fui! C'était il y a un an et pourtant hier mon arrivée en cette ville de fumée, mon anglais si mauvais et ma chasse au "flat"!

Est-il possible que l'automne ait bercé la rose tremière, que l'hiver ait poussé ses gros nuages de plomb, que le printemps ait fait fleurir la jonquille et l'été ramené l'hirondelle pour moi, tout cela pour moi?

Je laisse là-bas un morceau de ma vie, mais je ramène tant! D'abord tout ce que j'ai appris en un an dans le domaine de la langue et de la civilisation, quant au reste ma voiture aurait pu vous le dire, lors du départ, j'avais à peine la place de m'y asseoir, coincée que j'étais entre une caisse de livres un abat-jour et ma raquette de tennis, qui m'a, tout au long du voyage, dangereusement menacée!

Mais j'aimerais, et cela les jours prochains me le diront, avoir acquis un peu d'humour. De cet humour qui vous fait rire de vous-même quand vous vous sentez ou trop sérieux ou ridicule! Si j'en rapportais un grain, de cet humour, j'aurais alors dépassé mon simple sens de l'ironie, qui m'a fait, voici deux ans, jeter quelques notes concernant mes impressions sur l'Angleterre alors que j'avais, pour la première fois, fait connaissance avec la "Blanche Albion." J'étais alors près de Brighton, dans une famille et censée améliorer ma langue. Je dis censée car au milieu d'un monde aussi international que celui que composaient deux suédoises, un allemand et mon hôteesse dont la cuisine était le royaume, vous devinez que j'ai amélioré ma connaissance de . . . l'architecture locale dont j'étais éprise! Et ma foi, c'est en français que j'ai dit à Sompting, mon admiration pour son charmant clocher saxon et si j'ai parlé anglais c'est par erreur et pendant dix minutes à un clergyman . . . français! Consolée vous l'erreur a été vite dissipée, grâce à notre heureuse prononciation du mot "reredos" et bien vite c'est en la langue de Racine que nous échangeons notre amour commun de la cathédrale de CHICHESTER.

Mais je reviens à ces notes du temps passé et je ne partagerai avec vous que les rubriques chapeaux et trains comme étant les plus "striking"—O! ces amours de petits "bibis" (=chapeaux), on affectionne le tulle des deux côtés de la Manche, ici de préférence sur les plages et dans les salons de thé, là-bas dans les cérémonies de mariages! La différence réside dans le lieu d'utilisation et peut-être dans la manière aussi. En fleurs, en fruits, en jardins, en étages, bleu-ciel, rose-bébé, feu incendie, de tous les tons, de toutes les formes. Les salons de thé en regorgent et qui papotent et qui sirotent l'éternelle "nice cup of tea"!!

O! Ces adorables trains du "Far-west"! Jusqu'à leurs portes cintrees et leurs coussins moelleux vous excitent l'imagination et vous vous y croyez! Tout est prêt on démarre: il toussote, une secousse . . . Raté! On recommence on avance de deux mètres,

c'est une erreur. "Plenty of time" pour se caler confortablement et soudain il stridule, il hurle, il rugit à vous donner la chair de poule-s'arrêtera-il? Sans doute, mais j'ai peur que vous ne puissiez en descendre N'ai-je pas manqué, la descente à LEWES mon esprit cartésien m'ayant fait chercher la poignée de la porte à l'intérieur du wagon, lorsqu'une station plus loin le secret m'en fut révélé: un gentlemen ouvrit la fenêtre, passa le bras tout entier, actionna je ne sais quel mécanisme et le voilà sur le quai!

Ma foi, y réfléchissant bien je pense qu'on est aussi ridicule, sans doute des deux côtés de la Manche, mais j'aimerais à croire que l'on sache le reconnaître et en rire chez nous aussi.

Au revoir donc BOLTON que j'espère bien revoir et merci à tous les amis qui m'ont aidée. Je me souviens de tes cheminées, mais je n'oublie pas surtout tes collines douces que la saison fait grises ou bleues, triste ou gaies et qu'animent les seuls cris aigus des "lapwings."

Genevieve Cartigny.

Letter from Germany

Ein Jahr ist nun vorbei seit ich zum ersten Mal in meinem Leben ein englisches Gymnasium betrat. Mein erster Eindruck von Smithills Grammar School war "grossartig"—mein zweiter "Welch ein Lärm." Zwei Eindrücke die mich dann das ganze Jahr hindurch begleiteten.

Dann begannen meine Bemühungen in Konversationsstunden deutsche Laute aus englischen Schülern hervorzulocken. Manchmal war mir sogar der Erfolg eines ganzen Satzes beschieden. Ich muss gestehen, dass mein Respekt vor allen, die eine Fremdsprache lernen, gewaltig gewachsen ist. Aber ich denke, dass es eine gute Sache ist, ein oder zwei weitere Sprachen ausser der eigenen zu sprechen und zu schreiben. Wenn mein Jahr an Smithills Grammar School ein klein wenig dazu beigetragen hat und dem einen oder anderen geholfen hat, ein bisschen dazu zu lernen, nun, ich denke, dann hat es sich gelohnt.

Ich möchte diese Gelegenheit versäumen, mich bei all denen zu bedanken, die mir so nett geholfen haben und zur Mitarbeit bereit waren. Das Jahr in Bolton wird mir sicherlich unvergesslich sein—in vielerlei Hinsicht.

Klaus Hildebrand (Deutscher Assistent 1966-1967)

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

Frances Makin, who this year will finish her course in Zoology at the University of Nottingham, managed to save enough money from various working holidays to pay for three months in the United States travelling from coast to coast by Greyhound bus. Although she was apprehensive about being alone with so many Americans she made many friends and has since entertained here a girl with whom she stayed in California. She has also spent this last summer hitch-hiking to Greece through France, Switzerland and Italy. Among the Greek islands she was able to visit Paros and Crete, and the return journey took her from Athens to Thessalonika and then through Yugoslavia, Italy, Austria, Germany and Belgium, living as the inhabitants live and obtaining as many reductions in the cost as possible, all on the strength of the magic word "studente," which seems to be the password to most museums and art galleries, especially in those countries where the travellers spoke no word of the language. Frances hopes to go on V.S.O. to work with a medical team on the appalling problem of birth control in India and to try to understand the inequality of wealth and opportunity that exists between the two worlds.

At the university she has also met other Old Smithillians, Ian Hulme and Susan Berry, who has also been to Greece this summer and is enjoying her teaching course very much.

Gillian Newton, who is doing Classics at the University of Hull, is enjoying herself and has been combining business with pleasure by touring the ancient monuments of Greece during the summer.

DISTINCTION FOR OLD PUPIL

Brian F. Taylor, B.Sc., has been awarded the Dora Belasco Prize in Meteorology for 1967 by the University of London. The prize is awarded to the Final Degree student who most distinguishes himself in Meteorology and consists of a bronze medal and twenty-five pounds.