

RAMBLER '68

The Smithills Grammar School Magazine



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Smithills Grammar School Magazine

Number Seven.

December, 1968

Committee

Paul White
Geoffrey Ball
Jaraslaw Czachar
Carl Gregson
Geoffrey Holland
Ruth Wooldridge
Jane Ward
Lesley Roscoe
Eric Scowcroft
Valerie Coleshaw
Paula Gregson
Anne Urmston
Anthony Young
Christine Clare
Pat Dixon
David Wolstencroft
Brian Holden

Editorial

Whatever you may think, it is rewarding for the members of the Magazine Committee to know that the result of their work is increasingly sought after. The 'Rambler' continues to reach a widening world of parents, public and private libraries, old pupils and friends. Interesting, too, that pupils long since left school, who in their day served on the Magazine Committee, continue to enquire after the health of the 'Rambler' and to beg for a copy of their successors' edition if there is one to spare. Again in 1968 it has been necessary to print more copies.

Unfettered by stuffy tradition we print almost anything. There is no uniform standard of literary merit and the eclectic reader will make his own judgment of the work of those to whom we have given the opportunity to see their work in print, in most cases for the first time ever, and every age group is represented.

It is depressing to realise that death, the bomb and destruction are our most recurrent theme but perhaps this is the tenor of our times and out of apparent hopelessness will spring new hope for the future. If our magazine did not represent the atmosphere of our age, it would be out-of-touch, artificial and dishonest.

The Committee thank the contributors and the contributors should now thank the Committee for the hours of gratuitous overtime that they have put into the making of this present edition. Long may this partnership continue! Especially is everyone grateful to Mr. Ian L. Forsyth, editor of the last three editions of the 'Rambler,' who has recently left Smithills for the beneficial air of Rochdale.

School Notes

School Terms 1969 :

Spring Term :	Tuesday, 7th January, to Friday, 28th March.
Half Term Holiday :	Monday, 17th February. Tuesday, 18th February.
Summer Term :	Monday, 14th April, to Wednesday, 30th July.
Local Holidays :	Friday, 27th June, to Friday, 11th July.
Autumn Term :	Monday, 8th September, to Friday, 19th December.
Half Term Holiday :	Wednesday, 29th October. Thursday, 30th October. Friday, 31st October.
Occasional Holidays :	
Municipal Election :	Thursday, 8th May.
Bank Holiday :	Monday, 26th May.
Spring Term 1970 commences on Monday, 5th January.	

Staff 1968-9 :

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

Mr. R. Aitchison	Mr. E. G. McAvoy
Mr. B. A. Ashworth	Mr. C. R. Mellor
Mr. J. M. Brown	Mr. D. C. Moizer
Mr. P. W. P. Bennetts	Mr. R. Ogden
Mr. M. Clarke	Mr. J. W. Oldfield
Miss E. N. Cox	Mr. K. W. Oxspring
Mr. G. S. A. Cox	Mrs. M. N. Pearson
Mr. J. F. Crate	Mr. J. R. Porter
Mr. D. Eccles	Mr. D. Pye
Miss M. H. Elsworth	Mr. T. Rushton
Mrs. S. Emerson	Mrs. G. M. Taylor
Mr. J. A. Farr	Mrs. K. M. F. Turner
Mr. G. Fothergill	Mr. T. N. Turner
Mr. R. E. Freathy	Mr. P. Wilcock
Mr. M. Green	Mr. D. Wolstencroft
Mr. E. Heaton	
Miss A. Hillerton	Fräulein M. M. Wörsching
Mr. J. H. Hodgkinson	(German Assistant)
Mr. B. E. Holden	
Mr. G. Kirby	Secretaries Mrs. M. B. Fearnley
Mr. J. F. Kitchen	Mrs. M. Morris
Miss M. K. Luce	Caretakers Mr. A. Sewell
	Mr. H. Makin
	Laboratory Steward Mrs. B. Duxbury

We should like to welcome Mr. J. H. Hodgkinson as Senior Physics Master; Miss M. K. Luce as assistant in the English Department; Mr. G. Kirby as assistant in the Mathematics Department and Fräulein M. M. Wörsching as German Assistant for the year 1968-69. We hope that they will be happy among us.

At the end of the Summer Term we said farewell to Miss I. Bradley, who has gone to teach Domestic Science at the Derby Street Girls' School, Bolton; Mr. I. L. Forsyth, now Science Adviser to the Rochdale Education Authority; Mrs. B. M. Greaves, who has become a housewife; Miss H. Hindley, who is teaching English at the Bishop Blackall Grammar School for Girls, Exeter and Miss J. M. Witherington who is teaching Mathematics at the Canon Slade Grammar School, Bolton.

We must also say farewell to Fräulein S. Eggert, who has returned to Germany and to Mlle. A. M. Cougoule, who has returned to France.

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 :
Miss G. M. Morgan on her marriage to Mr. G. Taylor.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Freathy on the birth of their daughter, Juliette Ann, on the twenty-second of September.

Prefects 1968-69 :

Head Boy : P. J. Allsop.
Head Girl : Christine Clare.
Deputy Head Boy : W. Winrow.
Deputy Head Girl : Kathleen Crook.

G. J. Ball
S. A. Chadwick
W. G. Cox
J. Czachar
J. Gilham
G. Holland
J. Jackson
P. Karmaz
D. Neville
D. Robson
E. Scowcroft
P. Sutcliffe
S. D. Wainwright
P. J. White
W. Worthington

Sylvia M. Blacklock
Janet Boardman
Barbara Catterall
Valerie G. Coleshaw
Joan Davenport
Margaret S. Evans
Caroline E. Hall
Piona E. Horrocks
Alison M. Howard
Diane Howarth
Maralyn Hurst
Jennifer M. Jones
Anne Sandiford
Karen J. Stone
Dorothy B. Sutcliffe
Joan M. Williams
Barbara E. Yates

ACADEMIC RECORD, 1967/68

FIRST DEGREE COURSES

Granville Bailey	Civil Engineering	Salford University
Susan Boardman	Social Science	Liverpool University
David Butterworth	Physics & Chemistry	Royal Holloway College, London
John Coochey	Social Studies	Salford University
David Croughton	Geography	Hendon Coll. of Technology
Brian Humphries	Geography	Liverpool University
Adrian Lee	Applied Biology	Salford University
Peter Lonnen	Physics	Imperial College, London
Geoffrey Matthews	Law	Liverpool Coll. of Commerce
Pauline Sandiford	History	Warwick University
Peter Schofield (1967)	Elect. Engineering	Manchester University
David Smith	Microbiology	Reading University
Michael Smith	History	Sheffield University
Colin Teasdale (1964)	Elect. Engineering	Liverpool University
Colin Trevena	Bio-Chemistry	Liverpool University
Glynn Wadeson	Sociology	Leicester University
Christopher Whiteside	Medicine	University College, London
Roger Williams	Civil Engineering	Leeds University

COLLEGES OF EDUCATION

Philip Ashworth	Poulton-le-Fylde College
Pauline Barlow	F. L. Calder College, Liverpool
Sandra Clarke	Edge Hill College, Ormskirk
Lindsey Fearnley	Chester College
Beverley Fiddes	Anstey College of Physical Education, Sutton Coldfield
Ann Gregson (1965)	Alnwick College
Julie Hall	Northumberland College, Ponteland
Brian Halton	Northern Counties College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Maureen Hampson	Rolle College, Exmouth
Alwyn Heaton	Derby Diocesan College
Valerie Heaton	St. Katharine's College, Liverpool
John Heys	Poulton-le-Fylde College
Carol Horner	St. John's College, York
John Howarth	Royal Manchester College of Music
Judith Ingham	Bingley College
Lorraine Kemp	Kirkby Fields College, Liverpool
Geoffrey Kershaw	Sunderland College
Susan Lever	St. John's College, York
Ruth Lomax	Whiteland's College, London
Jennifer Longton	C. F. Mott College, Prescott
David Lonsdale	(1967) St. Katharine's College, Liverpool
Alan Merrett	City of Portsmouth College
Brian Nicholls	Sunderland College
Pamela Nicholson	(1967) Newcastle-on-Tyne College

COLLEGES OF EDUCATION—continued

Christine Oddy	Gypsy Hill College, Kingston-upon-Thames
June Philipson	Madeley College, Crewe
Geoffrey Roberts	Sunderland College
Alan Scofield	Portsmouth College
Trevor Simpkin	Padgate College, Warrington
Geoffrey Simpson	(1967) Bishop Otter College, Chichester
Judith Taylor	St. Martin College, Lancaster
Joyce Turner	Coventry College
Hilary Walsh	Hereford College
Susan Willis	Leeds College

FURTHER EDUCATION AND EXHIBITION

Sandra Clarke	Occupational Therapy	St. Andrew's Hospital, Northampton
Darrel Crompton	Medical Technician Course	Northern Hospital, Manchester
Alison Horrocks	Henry Mather Foundation Exhibition.	

OLD PUPILS' ACADEMIC SUCCESSES

Jennifer Ainslie	Diploma in Applied Social Studies	Liverpool University
Joyce Allsop	Certificate of Education	
Glenys Barlow	Certificate of Education	
Susan Berry	Certificate of Education	
David Brownlow	Diploma ARMCM	Royal Manchester College of Music
Dorothy Hargreaves	Certificate of Education	
Pamela Hargreaves	Certificate of Education	
Pauline Farrimond	Certificate of Education	
Carole Fisher	Certificate of Education	
Ruth Fletcher	Certificate of Education	
Michael Heaton	B.Sc. (Eng.) (Honours)	Leicester University
Adrian Howorth	B.Eng. (Honours)	Sheffield University
Stephanie Longland	B.A. (Honours)	Leeds University
Frances Makin	B.Sc. (Honours)	Nottingham University
Graham Moore	B.Sc. (Econ.) (Honours)	London School of Economics
Judith Partington	Certificate of Education	
Barbara Porter	Certificate of Education	
Lauren Robinson	Certificate of Education	
Christopher Rogers	LRAM ARMCM (Class A)	Royal Academy of Music Royal Manchester College of Music
Linda Sargent	Certificate of Education	
Paul Shuttleworth	Certificate of Education	
Keith Spragg	B.Pharm. (Honours)	Bradford University
Pamela Vickers	Certificate of Education	

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

Distinction Award Joan M. Williams

Bronze Cross
 R. Dawson Alison Loynd
 C. Horrocks Joan M. Williams
 E. Morgan
 S. Parkinson

Instructor's Certificate
 Pauline Barlow Judith Ingham
 Sandra Clarke Jennifer Longton
 Beverley Fiddes Joan M. Williams
 Alwyn Heaton

Bronze Medallion
 Anita Allum Lesley Nightingale
 Linda Buckthorpe Lesley A. Parry
 Jean Demaine Sheila Powell
 Carolyn Hall Rosalyn Smith
 Julie Hall Angela Thomson
 Carol Hampson Stephanie Williams
 Alison Loynd Elaine Walsh
 Lynne Nicholas Barbara Yates

The following pupils were awarded certificates for speech at an examination held in the School Hall on 22nd July, 1968, under the auspices of the English Speaking Board :

Senior Grade V (Advanced)
 Susan P. Lever (very good pass)

Senior Grade III
 Margaret E. Evans Wendy A. Harris (credit)
 Paula Gregson (very good pass) Andrea C. M. C. Olsen

Senior Grade I
 Lynne Crompton Karen J. Stone
 Alison M. Howard

Senior Introductory Grade
 Jennifer M. Jones Philip G. Burgess
 Margaret Lamb Nigel P. Hamilton
 Anne Urmston
 Susan M. Wilson

We wish to thank Mrs. Christabel Burniston, F.R.S.A., (N.F.U.), L.R.A.M., of the English Speaking Board, for judging the candidates.

We wish also to thank Mrs. J. Walker, L.L.C.M., for acting as adjudicator in the English Reading Competition held in the School on 29th July, and to congratulate :

Elizabeth Entwisle and Stephanie Wilcockson
 on coming first in their respective sections.

Amounts of money raised for Charities during the year 1967-68 :

Salvation Army Social Welfare	£12	4	7
Sale of Stamps for Spastics	£3	5	8
Help the Aged Fund	£21	0	0
Thursday Offertories at Smithills Chapel	£21	17	0

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

Valedictory Service

At the Leavers' Service which was held, as usual, on the last day of the Summer Term the preacher was the Rev. Canon R. C. Craston, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul, Deansgate.

Careers Visits and Talks

During the year Mr. Heaton arranged visits and talks on careers, and parties from the fourth year paid visits to the following firms :

Walker's Chemical and Leathers Ltd.

Dobson and Barlow Ltd., Engineers.

Belmont Bleaching and Dyeing Co. Ltd.

Montague Burton Ltd., Tailors.

Bolton and District General Hospital.

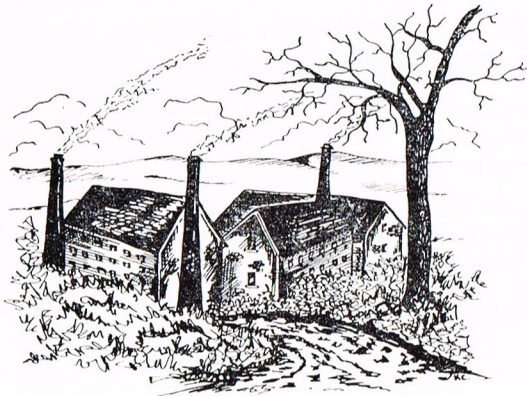
The usual visits by the Youth Employment Officer took place and representatives of the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy came to speak to the Fifth Forms.

During the Christmas Holiday Fifth and Sixth Form pupils attended Careers Conventions in Manchester and Bolton and, during the Spring Term, a wide and varied selection of careers was covered in a series of evenings organised at the Bolton Technical College.

PRIZEGIVING—1968

The most palatable and pleasurable History Lessons ever given within our walls provided the main part of this year's new and reformed Prizegiving. The theme was the social conditions and industrial history of a place like Bolton with emphasis on the "good old days" when the mill-master was king and the workers were little better than slaves. The various dramatic pictures of the mill, the workhouse and the drawing room were sharply drawn by actors and producers and the whole experiment was favourably received and, according to reports, even more widely acclaimed by parents and friends who were able to view objectively our new and courageous attempt to break out of the traditional Speech Day straitjacket.

On these two memorable evenings the guests of honour, who also presented the prizes and certificates, were The Mayoress, Mrs. Joan Ryley, and Mrs. R. Howarth, J.P.



EXTRACT Richard Oastler's report on "Yorkshire Slavery," 1832

"I have seen little boys and girls of ten years old: one I have in my eye particularly now; one whose forehead has been cut open by the throng; whose cheeks and lips have been laid open and whose back has been almost covered with black stripes: and the only crime that that little boy, who was ten years and three months old, had committed was that he retched three cardings, which are three pieces of woollen yarn, about three inches long. The same boy told me he had been frequently knocked down with the billy-roller and that on one occasion he had been hung up by a rope round the body, and almost frightened to death."

PRIZE LIST

FORM PRIZES

IA	Kathryn Booker, David Howarth
IO	David Harwood, David Haythornthwaite
IW	Rosemary Pearson, Margaret Platt
IIM	Kenneth Ball, David Grundy
IIW	Julie Holland, Anatole Kolomyjec, Susan Whittaker
IIR	Elaine Banks, Shelagh Noble, Michael Warwick
IIIL	Alan Jones, Jean Wooldridge, Angela Yates
IIIG	Hazel James, Adrian Marks, Philip Spencer
IIIM	Robert Peers, Andrew Peters
IIAlpha	Carol Hampson, David Wilkinson
IVA	Nigel Bolton, Ruth Carr, Stephen Holden, David Turner
IVB	Roger Dawson, Margaret Holland, Rosalind Kay
IVC	Sandra Couper, Janet Pudney

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

SUBJECT PRIZES:

Art	Julie Catterall*
Biology	Stephen Seddon*
Chemistry	Paul Heelis*
Domestic Science	Nina Lambert
English	Jennifer Smalley*
French	Anthony Young*
German	Gillian Mather, Ann Urmston
Geography	Leonard Morris*
History	Mavis Ramsden, Sandra Whyte
Latin	Anthony Young*
Mathematics	Martin Leigh*, Stephen Seddon*, Anthony Young*
Physics	Jean Demaine*, Paul Heelis*
Religious Knowledge	Helen Stewart
Russian	Peter Karmaz
Woodwork	Ralph Shirres*
General	Patricia Dixon, Carl Gregson, Maxine Makinson, Paul Wrigglesworth

SIXTH FORM

Lower Sixth Kathleen Crook, Joan Davenport, Peter Karmaz,
Douglas Robson, Barbara Yates

G.C.E. ADVANCED LEVEL

Art	Beverley Fiddes, Valerie Heaton
Biology	Adrian Lee, Jennifer Longton
British Government	Michael Smith
Chemistry	Colin Trevena
Economics	John Coochey
English Literature	Lindsey Fearnley, Susan Willis
French	Susan Boardman, Julie Hall
General Studies	John Coochey, Michael Smith
Geography	Brian Halton, Brian Humphries, Pauline Sandiford, Glynn Wadeson
German	Susan Boardman
History	Pauline Sandiford
Housecraft	Christine Oddy
Mathematics	Roger Williams
Music	John Howarth
Physics	Brian Humphries, Peter Lonnen, Roger Williams
General Prize	David Smith

SPECIAL PRIZES

MENTAL ARITHMETIC PRIZE for 1st and 2nd years

Ross Atack

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION PRIZE FOR ENGLISH SPEAKING

Junior School Stephanie Wilcockson

Middle School Elizabeth Entwisle

Senior School Paula Gregson

SIR ALFRED OWEN PRIZE FOR SCIENCE

Christopher Whiteside

JAMES SLADE PRIZE FOR DIVINITY

Jennifer Longton

CLAYDON PRIZE FOR MUSIC

Jane Ward

HEADMASTER'S PRIZES

Head Boy Christopher Whiteside

Head Girl Beverley Fiddes

G.C.E. ADVANCED LEVEL RESULTS

Philip Ashworth (GS, H, Ec)	Christopher Whiteside
Granville Bailey (M, FM, P)	(GS, P, C, B*, (S))
David Butterworth (M, P, C)	Roger Williams (M, FM, P*)
John Coochey (GS, G, Ec*)	Pauline Barlow (HC)
Darrel Crompton (B)	Susan Boardman (E, F, Ger)
David Croughton (GS, G, Ec)	Sandra Clarke (H)
Brian Halton (G*)	Lindsey Fearnley (E, H, G)
Stuart Henderson (GS, M, P)	Beverley Fiddes (A, B)
John Heys (F, Ger)	Julie Hall (E, F)
John Howarth (Mu*)	Maureen Hampson (Ec, B)
Joseph Howarth (GS)	Valerie Heaton (A, B)
Brian Humphries (GS, G*, M, P*)	Carol Horner (E, G)
Geoffrey Kershaw (G)	Judith Ingham (E, HC)
Adrian Lee (P, B*)	Lorraine Kemp (MS)
Peter Lonnen (GS, M, P*)	Susan Lever (E, H)
Geoffrey Matthews (G, Ec, F)	Ruth Lomax (G)
Alan Merrett (Ec)	Jennifer Longton (GS, E, S, B*)
Brian Nicholls (H)	Christine Oddy (E, G, HC*)
Trevor Simpkin (F)	June Philipson (G, HC)
David Smith (P, C, B)	Pauline Sandiford (GS, H*, G*, Ec)
Michael Smith (GS, H, BG)	Judith Taylor (E, F, Ger)
Colin Trevena (M, P, C*)	Joyce Turner (L, F)
Glynn Wadeson (GS, G*, Ec(S), B)	Hilary Walsh (H, F)
	Susan Willis (E, H)

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,
MS—Mathematics with Statistics, 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

Carl Gregson	Anthony Young	Jennifer Smalley
Stephen Seddon	Patricia Dixon	Helen Stewart
	Maxine Makinson	

SEVEN PASSES

David Bramwell	Leonard Morris	Jean Demaine
Paul Heelis	Paul Wrigglesworth	Lesley Roscoe

SIX PASSES

John Kemp	Dennis Tatton	Joan Gardner
Stephen Potter	Julia Catterall	Susan Holmes
Ralph Shirres	Susan Clegg	Ruth Wooldridge

FIVE PASSES

Wayne Buffey	Graham Rothwell	Jennifer Bibby
Martin Leigh	John Southworth	Janice Collier
Philip Logan	Ronald Waddington	Carol Thompson
David Mulligan	Stephen Whitehead	

FOUR PASSES

Ian Bruce	Christopher Webster	Nina Lambert
Howard King	Maureen Berry	Glynis Longbottom
Roger James	Audrey Dodworth	Jean Sutcliffe
Andrew Magee	Sarah Hayllar	Gillian Urmston
	Kathleen Holland	

THREE PASSES

Lawrence Bell	Philip Reason	Susan Disley
Steven Brindle	Kenneth Riding	Sylvia Harrop
David Nuttall	David Sharples	Susan Payne
William Poole	Cynthia Booth	Sandra Whyte
	Valerie Brockbank	

TWO PASSES

Michael Cain	Sandra Ashton	Christine Hallows
Richard Estall	Beryl Bleakley	Ann Haslam
Neil Keltie	Lynne Draper	Joan Lomax
Philip Pearson	Deborah Eastwood	Sylvia Sheridan
	Joan Eccleshare	

ONE PASS

John Hart	Linda Roberts	Ann Whenlock
	Christine Sanders	

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

The number in brackets gives the total number of passes

Frank Allen (5)	Glynn Wadson (8)	Susan Hennefer (3)
Philip Ashworth (7)	Christopher Widocks (3)	Alison Howard (7)
Peter Atherton (5)	William Winrow (6)	Elizabeth Hulme (9)
Geoffrey Ball (6)	Wayne Worthington (7)	Maralyn Hurst (7)
Philip Burgess (3)	Sylvia Blacklock (6)	Gillian Mather (6)
Stephen Chadwick (4)	Janet Boardman (5)	Andrea Olsen (7)
William Cox (5)	Sandra Clark (6)	Kathleen Pendlebury (8)
Nigel Hamilton (3)	Valerie Coleshaw (5)	
John Holt (5)	Lynne Crompton (6)	Mavis Ramsden (5)
Joseph Howarth (5)	Kathleen Crook (8)	Anne Sandiford (5)
Peter Karmaz (9)	Paula Gregson (8)	Ann Urmston (7)
John Keltie (5)	Margaret Grundy (5)	Jane Ward (6)
Christopher Livesey (4)	Annette Hamer (7)	Helen Whitaker (5)

The Team's Defeat

They trotted out confidently on to the green grass, the ten of them, then came the captain.

They, the sixty-odd thousand, wondered why he was last out from the tunnel. Perhaps he had forgotten his lucky charm, they thought.

Suddenly all eyes were on the centre ring. A shrill, piercing sound came from the man in black's whistle. The match had begun. Already the other team looked well-drilled. They called to each other for the ball which they seemed to monopolise. The home team, my team, seemed to be men without a mission for they lacked leadership, that vital thing in all team games. The captain played unusually badly and the whole team copied his example. He neither smiled nor encouraged. He looked nervous and unsure and then he scored a goal. Half the crowd cheered, half the crowd did not—he had scored for the other side.

The team went from bad to worse and some of the spectators wondered if it was a reserve match. No, the reserves were doing well, top of their league they were, and this team was heading for the bottom! I turned my head to the sideline and looked at the manager, the trainer, the reserve. I felt sorry for the manager—all his week's work gone to ruin. Number twelve had a frustrated look and the trainer looked capable of charging on to the pitch and trying to bolster the failing side all by himself.

Half-time hardly altered the score and side looked lethargic. The captain failed to set an example . . . the crowd had had enough. They jeered and cat-called at him but he surprisingly did not respond until some nice innocent character, a most faithful supporter, who probably still wishes to remain anonymous, threw a beer bottle at the captain. It lay on the muddy turf and so did he—quite unconscious.

Eventually the so-called game ended after Number Twelve had scored a goal, but all to no avail. As the team left the mud-bath their supporters chanted phrases of adverse comment about the captain, injured though he was. They wanted him to leave the club, he was so good, a dead failure.

Next day I had forgotten the match and was engrossed in a Sunday paper. In black and white I saw the headlines "Wife of famous footballer killed in car crash." Mainly through curiosity I read on. I realised that I knew her—and I knew him too. Feeling very ashamed I realised that it was I, along with others, who only yesterday had shown abuse to him. He must have played through the game with that tremendously sad and tragic burden. Nobody could blame him for playing badly, poor

man. I cursed myself that night for being so vicious. The team's defeat was not his fault, it was the manager's. He, the experienced boss, ought never to have selected him. Certainly it was not his fault, and on the following day I wrote to him on behalf of the supporters repenting for the savage behaviour that had been shown to him.

C. W. Herring (Fifth Form)

NOISE

The staccato clacking
Of shiny black castanets.
A rhythmical strumming
On a Spanish guitar
And the fluttering skirt
Spreading round the dancer's sharply stamping feet.

A pounding of hooves
As the horse approaches the fence.
A disappointing thud
As the bar is dislodged.
And a sympathetic sigh
From the watching crowd.

A rattling dice
In a little black cup
A click as it hits the table.
A cheer as the winner is declared
And a scraping chair
As the loser strides angrily to the doors.

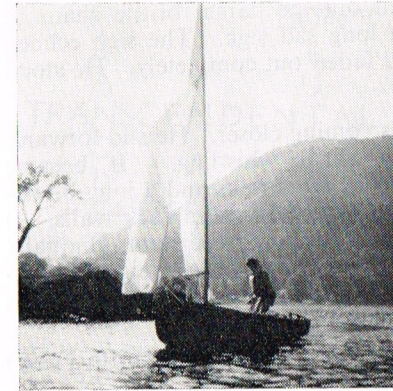
A shuffling of feet
As the congregation rise.
A fluttering of pages
As they search for the hymn.
And the loud notes of the organ
Drowned as the voices join in praise.

Anne-Mary Mackie (Fourth Form)

Ullswater '68

On arriving at the campsite which was situated on the banks of Ullswater near Patterdale, we proceeded to erect our tents in haphazard fashion on the campsite which was also very well positioned being only a stone's throw from the lake.

The following day, after an extremely cold and restless night, many of us went canoeing and encountered a huge paddle-steamer



which paraded up and down the lake. The backwash soon aided us in the art of capsizing. Although the first canoe capsizing occurred on the second day, we had longer to wait for the first dinghy capsizing when the wind sprang up. After an extremely long wait the "rescue" launch (which was generously lent to us by Mr. Holden) arrived at the scene of the capsizing. The rescue launch itself, however, needed rescuing frequently, and

was reserved for such duties as sinking cans which reappeared after a few seconds, and placing bright red "buoys" at strategic points on the lake for dinghy racing, but the "buoys" never stayed in one place. If, however, one managed to sail a dinghy to or on to the "floating" jetty, it was an experience in itself attempting to disembark, as the jetty was not very buoyant. It was built to hold two persons but rarely held one!

Other interests included excellent opportunities for fell-walking and we even managed pony-trekking. One of our many pastimes was fishing for a ball of string which Mr. Ashworth "inadvertently" dropped in the lake when trying to find the depth at one point. Mr. Moizer spent many hours fishing for this ball of string but all he caught was a half-inch minnow.

Each evening, after a long cooked meal we went off in packs to collect logs, even trees, for our large evening campfire. Many an hour was spent singing campfire songs and generally making merry and joking.

We all enjoyed the holiday which was made even more enjoyable by constant good weather, a very good campsite, and most of all the excellent way it was run by Mr. Ashworth and assisted by many members of staff. There was no room for complaint. We all hope there will be one next year and we thank once again all members of staff who took part.

G. Ball, J. Czachar, G. Holland (Sixth Form)

The End

The tomb-like tunnel blotted out the harsh, brittle chaos of the outside world. He sighed a long sad sigh. The sigh echoed around the walls, hit the roof and faded out completely. He stood there quiet and alone.

Suddenly he heard it. It was coming closer. He slid forward. The tunnel became filled with shrill whistling. It became thunderous, exaggerated and enriched by shrieks and a long blood-curdling scream that rang out against the hostile, black walls. It was unanswered and the whistling became more distant, gradually becoming inaudible. It was all over and peace reigned completely except for the happy chirping of a little sparrow who was having a dust-bath at the entranceway.

Ruth Carr (Fifth Form)

MAN'S GREED FOR POWER

Man claimed world, his wild intention,
His cave became Earth's first invention,
Mortal hands worn rough with toil,
Heaving boulders, shifting soil,
Instinct alone controlled his action,
Crude cave, achievement, brought satisfaction.

Man's brain developed, his ape retired,
History now proves that flint-stone fired;
Man's fight for knowledge then seemed brave,
Yet man is now Invention's slave.

Soon human life must face destruction,
Atom-bomb, man-made construction,
God's world's destroyed with radiation,
Man's dust lies dead in degradation.

Now God reclaims His dead attempt,
Is man considered or exempt?

Carl Williams (Fifth Form)

There is no truth in the rumour that the Russian National Anthem was written by Lenin and McCartney—they were just Stalin for time.

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DON'T WORRY BABY

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TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION

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It is very hard to say nowadays whether music plays a part in life or life plays a part in music. Whatever the reason, music plays a vital part in the life of the individual—in some cases of necessity and in others for pleasure, the latter group including 'pop' music.

Today's generation does not usually concentrate on listening to the music but merely use it as a form of background to another type of activity. If one takes the time and trouble to listen to it, however, one will discover that most records have a message, life-like themes such as a love theme, a protest against some form of violence or merely a catchy song designed to make people happy. In the following records that we summarise, as can easily be seen, each one conveys a message intended to be read and thought about.

About three years ago teenage attention was focussed on C.N.D. Protest marches demanding nuclear disarmament became regular occurrences and many protest songs telling of the horrors of nuclear fission were written. These records reflected the feelings of many people that war was hypocritical because boys were old enough to kill but not to vote and, although some soldiers did not believe in war, they still carried guns. Donovan's "Universal Soldier" blames war on men themselves because, if they had refused to fight, there would not have been wars in the past, nor would there be any wars in the present or the future. Barry Maguire's "Eve of Destruction" expresses the feeling that the world does not realise that it is destroying itself by war. We are inclined to think of war as belonging to the Eastern world but there is racial violence in America. If nuclear war does occur, there will be no escape for anyone. It is of no use to turn our

backs and try to ignore the situation—men can spend days out in space but they still return to an unchanged world. This song also says that people are hypocritical as we can hate our neighbours but we haven't to forget to say "Grace." In a world where human respect is diminishing, protest marches alone cannot bring peace.

"SATISFACTION"

"Satisfaction" was written and sung by the "Rolling Stones." It tells of the dissatisfaction of the younger generation in today's world. Since the 1914-18 war there has been created a new group of the population commonly defined as "Youth." Their status is neither child nor adult, but rather an outgrown child or immature and irresponsible adult. Falling, as it were, in midstream, these young adults cannot find any path of their own but they have to follow in the way of their elders. Because of this, these young adults have no responsibilities and lead a dissatisfied life, always following other people's advice and instructions. The "Youth" of the population has resigned itself to being set aside from the rest and therefore will not identify itself with any section of the population. All this we are told in the song.

From this record and others we begin to see that "pop" is the new politics. There is often more truth in "pop" music than in much of the political jargon offered up by members of the Government, and it is by records such as these that the older generation can find out how their own creation "Youth" lives and behaves.

"REVOLUTION"

"Revolution" composed and sung by the "Beatles" has recently been number one in the charts along with "Hey, Jude." It is obviously the "A" side of this record which has boosted its sales figures, but "Revolution" also has its own message to convey. As in every record the composer must have a reason for writing it whether this reason is conscious or subconscious. The theme of "Revolution" is the lack of willingness in the youth of today to co-operate or participate in mass violence of any kind. Former generations have said that to gain independence one must fight and that this procedure is an essential part of evolution. But young people have no wish to be involved in any kind of destruction and have no patience whatsoever with those who harbour violent hatred. In fact, they even object to the use for armaments, wars and violence of public money derived from taxation. The majority of young people is in such a state as not to know whose side to take, thus ending up confused and content to be separate and apart from any radical schemes and keeping their views and opinions parallel with their own thoughts and certainly not with the thoughts of the general public.

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“ SAN FRANCISCO ”

This record was composed and released in 1967 and is symbolic of the flower-power which swept the country in that year. The ambition of the flower-people was to create a world peace by holding meetings, some of which were called “ love-ins ” attended by weirdly dressed people. As a result of the movement certain species of flowers denoted the symbol of peace. However, as we already know, the attempts of these “ hippies ” or “ flower-people ” at creating peace were useless. All they did was to arouse the curiosity of the rest of the population who, in their turn, usually assumed that anyone who dressed in a different fashion or behaved in an extraordinary way was bound to be under the influence of drugs. As it was a universal movement, it was obvious that it had to be given a lot of publicity, and some of it was in the form of records like “ San Francisco ” by Scott MacKenzie. The unwritten social code of the teenager is also embodied in even the worst “ pop ” music you can buy. This social code is taught by the way the characters in the song relate to each other in telling teenagers how to live in a way they can understand and obey.

The “ Beatles ” started the trend of Meditation or exercising the mind with the idea that much could be accomplished by mind over matter. As a result Indian music began to influence many of the “ Beatles ” works as we hear in “ Within You and Without You ” in “ Sergeant Pepper, ” and “ Across the Universe ” on the “ B ” side of “ Lady Madonna. ” Following in the footsteps of the famous four, the “ Beach Boys ” visited the Maharishi and the result was “ Transcendental Meditation ” by Brian Wilson (on the L.P. “ Friends ”). This is meditation beyond the limits of ordinary experience. Some people think that meditation can set the mind free from worldly troubles and help them to feel glad to be alive.

As you have seen from this somewhat limited selection of records, each one has had its own message to relate. But there are hundreds of groups releasing records every week which sell chiefly for their sound quality and entertainment value.

With about eighteen L.P.’s to their credit the “ Beach Boys, ” an American group, are one of the most well-known in Britain. Over the past few years their music has changed considerably, but one fact is more or less certain and that is that their music is written to give pleasure and achieves this by being widely played in people’s own homes, in discothèques and in dance-halls all over the country purely for entertainment and relaxation. Their versatility in producing various kinds of music is one of the best in the field of “ pop ” music. This, together with the fact that their harmonization is superb, has contributed greatly to their rise in popularity.

So, in conclusion, it can be deduced that by no means does music constitute a minor factor of life, but rather the opposite. In fact, we think it is true to say that no-one would be quite as satisfied with life without the message of music.

Paula Gregson and Mavis Ramsden (Sixth Form)

“ HUNGRY BOOKWORM ”

A set of ten books stood side by side on a shelf. Each book had one hundred pages and, of course, two covers.

A hungry bookworm decided to eat through the pages of the books, covers and all. It started eating at the outside of the front cover of Volume One and ate through all the books and pages in front of it till it came to the back cover of Volume Ten which it did not eat. Then it stopped.

How many pages and how many covers did the hungry bookworm eat its way through?

Answer on page 64.

Dilip Kumar Kachhia (Fifth Form)

SOUNDS OF SUMMER DYING

The wind blows gently the grass above,
While leaves fall down from bending trees ;
The singing gull and the silent dove
Are flying in the cool sea breeze.

While strolling in the woods nearby,
Leaves rustle gently ’neath my feet ;
The wind in the trees softly sighs
To add to the autumn carpet deep.

As the slight breeze moves the sea to shore
And the ripples meet the silk-soft sand,
They part and are as one no more ;
Thus the autumn beauties are at hand.

Nigel Bolton (Fifth Form)

Prizegiving has been changed this year because the residents of Smithills have complained of loss of sleep due to the loudness of snoring issuing from previous Prizegivings.

It is not true that there is a “ Recovery Room ” for First Form teachers!

Case No. 68703

The last chords of "Immortal, Invisible" died away, the pupils sat down, and the Head Boy came forward to read the lesson. The only sound to be heard in the morning school assembly was that of the Head Boy's droning voice when suddenly, a long terrifying scream arose from the far side of the hall. Jean Entwistle gazed stupified at the large hairy spider which was slowly wending its way up the calf of her right leg.

"Do something!" she screamed to the girl next to her. "Don't just sit there, do something!" Chaos immediately enveloped the hall. Mr. Johnson, the fanatical biology master, rushed across the hall, paper bag and pencil in hand. Gingerly, he knocked the spider into the open bag and scurried off in the direction of the biology lab. Jean blanched, jumped to her feet, ran from the hall and out into the toilets, where she was violently sick.

As the school left assembly, Jean was seen being helped along the corridor by two masters, towards the Sick Room. After a good weep, she returned to her lessons about an hour later.

As the bell went for break, Jean hurried along the corridor towards room 28, where she hoped to see "Pasha," a boy in the year above her, whom she had a crush on. His real name was John Estall, but she called him Pasha as a code name so that he would never find out that she liked him. As she reached the door, however, she was overcome by a sudden dizziness. She watched the room spin round and around her, and then . . .

On hearing the commotion, John and his friends came out into the corridor, as somebody ran to call for help. Mr. Johnson who had been walking along the corridor at the time, immediately realised what had happened, rushed off to the biology lab. to get the freshly pickled "Arachnida" which he had placed in a jam jar full of alcohol, handed the jar to John, and dragged him down to the car. John held the jar cautiously, preventing alcohol and the spider from being thrown out on to the floor, throughout the mad dash to the hospital where Jean had just been taken.

The spider was identified as belonging to a very poisonous family of a tropical species, which had evidently bitten Jean's leg, judging by a small puncture in the skin. The Department of Poison in London was contacted immediately and the appropriate antidote was rushed to the hospital, accompanied by the wailing of police car sirens, in the hope that it would not be too late. Jean was given the antidote five hours later, as soon as it reached the hospital, but it was feared that some damage might already have been done.

She lay in a coma for three days and, when she eventually regained consciousness, she was totally insane, recognising no one, and in a constant state of delirium. She was placed in a padded cell for fear of what damage she might do to herself during one of her many fits, and she was kept under constant supervision.

All information about her condition after she regained consciousness was withheld at her school, and the rumours about her were many and varied. John, feeling that he had played some part in it, felt that he had some right to know the truth. So, the following Wednesday dinner-time, he set off towards the hospital, determined to find out. At the hospital the staff directed him, hesitatingly, to her ward. As he approached the ward, he was met by a male nurse, who cautiously asked what he wanted, and when he knew, whether he was any relation.

"I'm, er, I'm her brother," he said enthusiastically, but the nurse looked doubtful. However, there was no time for contradiction, as a blood-curdling scream pierced the tranquillity of the corridor; the kind of scream characteristic only of those who are insane. John stood petrified, as the male nurse darted into one of the many rooms, leaving the door ajar. As the screams were quelled, John crept nervously towards the door and pushed it slightly. The sight before him made a lasting impression on his mind. The walls, obviously padded, were covered with a dull, grey cloth. The room was empty except for a single bed, in which sat a thin haggard girl (who vaguely resembled Jean) gibbering meaninglessly as the nurse tried to hold her down. Suddenly she saw John and she stretched out her long bony fingers towards him. Her eyes dilated so that they seemed unnaturally large and her lank hair clung to her sweat-covered cheeks. Then, with a heave, she bellowed "Pasha! Pasha!" John, terror-stricken by the scene, fled from the hospital, and ran all the way back to school, all three miles of it. On arriving at school, he gasped out the story of his horrific encounter in a somewhat disjointed manner, so that there were doubts as to his own sanity, but it was all put down to lack of breath. By mid-afternoon he had seemingly recovered.

Jean, however, did not recover and continued to repeat the word "Pasha" for the rest of the afternoon; which intrigued her doctors. They felt that, at last, someone from her past life had made an impression on her, but, in her insane condition, she recognised John by a different name, not realising that John was Pasha in sanity to Jean. Thus they decided to bring John back, to see if any further progress could be made.

John stood outside the door, reluctant to enter, but was eventually persuaded by one of the doctors to go in. On his entrance Jean sat up and stared at him in her previous manner. John turned to run away, but the doctor was still holding his arm tightly, little realising John's state of mind.

"Pasha," she whispered faintly, her eyes staring more gently now.

"No, John! John! It's John I tell you!" he shouted.

"Pasha, Pasha." Her voice was gentle but her appearance was still wild.

"No, no, it's John! John!" he screamed, and on the last word wrenched himself from the doctor's grip, fled to the side of the room and tried to open a non-existent door. He clawed at the cloth, slowly sank to the floor and, with a sob, he fell into a faint, his eyes rolling in their sockets.

Six months later Jean, fully recovered, felt it her duty to return to that same room in which she had been imprisoned, to visit Case No. 68703—John Edward Estall (alias Pasha, who had given her back her freedom and lost his own).

Two Sixth Formers

PEACE

The birds were singing in the trees
and children played and bumble-bees
did buzz and work the whole day through . . .
One morning when the sky was blue
It fell.

Four minutes left, then finish, the end.
Your children you gather and pray God to send
a miracle large to save you at last
for a future cleansed of the errors past
But it fell.

There was just time to retaliate
and send one back before too late.
If they kill us, we'll kill them too
but, alas, they learnt . . . too late, too few
They killed.

The explosion and the mushroom cloud
cover the earth as though to crowd
off the earth Father, Mother, Sister, Child
all innocent, so meek and mild
All dead.

This is the end, of man no trace.
This is the end of the human race.
Now no war, no man to fight,
Alas, too late they saw the light.
Peace reigns.

Jean Demaine (Sixth Form)

I WONDER?

Sitting here in my cell
I wonder whether
It was really worth it.
Many people were injured.
Anyway,
I wonder what would happen
If the Americans
Did leave.

Kenneth Howard (Fifth Form)

Play the Game

The trouble with pupils on this base is complacency. Out of the 1,800 pupils in this school Housemasters find it difficult to raise a team of eleven players to take part in an event against another house.

Time and again Housemasters remind the non-active types that to take part in House activities one need not be a Bobby Charlton, Ron Clarke, Bobby MacGregor or any other brilliant sportsman or sportswoman. The object of a House system is to give everybody the chance of competing against one another and to prevent so-called egg-heads from vegetating and not taking part in team activities which, whether you like it or not, will face you in everyday life in the future. Universities and Colleges do not want academically brilliant yet socially backward persons, and even in a factory, it is almost unthinkable that one can obtain a job where one has to work entirely on one's own.

The House system is to help everybody. As I have said, it is not necessary to be a brilliant athlete. The dictionary defines team games as "diversions in which one must observe the rules and behave honourably either skilfully or unskilfully!"

Representing a House in games adds greatly to your Housemaster's report when you leave school, and I have heard many teachers say that academic work alone does not count. To get on in life needs team effort and discipline. Self-discipline can be learnt on the sports-field. It has been said that the British Empire has been won on the playing-fields of Eton, a claim which almost certainly is related to the great discipline and teamwork instilled into Etonians to make them great leaders of men.

This School, with over 1,800 pupils, is better provided than most for keen inter-school competition. Compared with other

schools, our base teams fare quite well, especially in basket-ball and cross-country, so why is it that there is lack of interest from those who are not quite good enough for base teams when House matches are announced?

The girls are the chief offenders and, in particular, the senior girls show a marvellous lack of interest in all House competitions. It is not because they are unable to compete, but their "Couldn't care less" attitude appals me because it discourages the few who are willing to make time to take part.

Has it never occurred to you non-competitors (I should like to say here that this article does not apply to anyone who does his utmost for his House and at the same time enjoys himself doing it) that you are of no value to yourself or the school unless you give yourself the chance of developing socially as well as academically. Work inside school is not the only side of school life and, if you do not owe it to yourself, you owe it to your Housemasters who go to so much trouble for your benefit to help you to "Play the Game."

David Mulligan (Sixth Form)

What I think about England

When I heard the name of England some time ago, I always thought of dirty and ugly regions. But as far as I saw England, I had to change my mind.

I was fascinated by the white rocks of Dover, and my greatest surprise came to me in the Lake District. It is a wonderful region and I could walk there for days in spite of the many stones and rocks on the ground. There is not so much forest as in the German "Alpen," although, in general, I think the English regions are not much different from the German ones.

I like the English people. All I met were very kind, especially the family I stayed with for two weeks. They all treated me as



if I belonged to them. English people are very calm and nothing can make them excited and restless. In England I learnt to be patient. At the bus-stops one body is standing behind the other and everybody patiently waits until it is his turn to get into the bus.

In the town you can see people of all sorts—women with curlers in their hair, girls painted like Indians for example, and some don't mind what they are looking like. Most of all I liked going to the big town shops where I often went instead of going to the Museum. I was very interested in English clothes. Some were cheaper and so I marched through the shops in case I should find something very nice and cheap.

English food is very good. All my friends think so as well. The English eat many chips, crisps, biscuits, toffees and cakes and they drink much tea at any time of day.

At the end I am telling you my impressions about English school because I don't like it very much. Pupils have to go to school from nine to four o'clock which I think is much too long. When they come home they are very tired and hungry. School dinner, you know, is very, very little. How shall big boys get full from that bit of meals?

By the way I don't like the School uniforms because pupils can't develop their own personality.

I think that is all I have to say about England. Of course there are many other things which could be told about but I don't like writing so much.

Annette Verrel (German Exchange Student, 1968)

A Childhood Memory

One of the happiest memories of my childhood was looking forward and planning for Bonfire Night. My grandpa used to organise a huge bonfire and for many weeks beforehand we were all busy collecting wood and inviting friends and relations to bonfire night.

I remember having a tin box and every week I used to count my fireworks, wishing for the Fifth of November to draw nearer. My excitement grew as mother was making parkin and treacle toffee and it was great fun collecting old clothes to dress the guy in. When the guy was finally made, he took up his position in my bedroom! And I really grew fond of him as he sat there in the corner with his battered old trilby, scarf around his neck and his worn, woolly gloves stuffed with paper. And, by the time it was bonfire night, I was sad to see him carried with great ceremony to the bonfire.

It was a great thrill as Dad set off my fireworks one by one, the brilliant colours and the bright lights showing all the happy faces, and everybody laughing. But all too soon, the fire died low and poor old Guy Fawkes was turned into ashes. I felt very sorry to leave my bonfire for another year, but to finish off the evening we all went back to Granny's for a potato pie supper.

Then, at last, I was put to bed, very tired but very happy, and this is one of the most happy memories of my childhood.

C. Bell (Fourth Form)

There is no truth in the rumour that prefects' detention is being replaced by the death penalty.

On Eastern Europe

This summer I acted as interpreter for a group of British engineers who were visiting the Soviet Union, the majority for the first time. In this article I shall say something about our experiences behind the Iron Curtain, in the hope that these might be of interest to those who are eager to see for themselves the exotic delights of Red Square, or savour the centuries old atmosphere of Prague, so recently ravaged by Soviet tanks.

As the good ship "Maria Ulyanova," named after Lenin's sister, steamed into Leningrad, our first view was not very impressive, the buildings looking drab and the people grim and unsmiling. Yet later we commented on the tremendous sense of activity—hotels, housing blocks and shops were in the process of being erected all over the city. The women especially seemed to play a great part in this, driving not only most of the numerous



trams, but also at work on the roads and building sites and even mending railways. But then, in the Soviet Union, everyone is equal. The transport system in Russia, unlike practically everything else, is highly reliable. Trams, trolleybuses and coaches run frequently to every part of the city, and however long the journey, the fare is either three, four, or five kopecks respectively, the difference in price arising from the degree of comfort each of

these modes of travel offers. Passenger comfort, incidentally, seems quite alien to the Russian mind, so we usually made use of the Metro service. The Metro stations are quite incredible. Mayakovskaya station in Moscow, for example, is a palatial edifice with its vast aluminium-covered arches with inlaid lighting, its murals and its huge bronze statues of Red Army soldiers and sailors.

The hotels we stayed in were clean and comfortable, although the Russian idea of a comfortable bed is a 2in. thick foam mattress on a flat wooden base. On each floor there was a lady in charge of the bedroom keys, who solemnly noted the time each key was taken in or out. Some of our party attached a sinister meaning to these ladies, but it is simply a traditional procedure and in a country which boasts of full employment, it keeps a number of women in occupations. On each floor there were

toilets with symbols painted on the doors depicting trousers and skirts to prevent mistakes. On one occasion, however, our group leader entered the "gents," to be greeted by a nasty look from a rather fat lady who was enthroned. He beat a hasty retreat, but found on checking that it was not he who had made the mistake.

We were soon to realise that our first impression of the city was most misleading. Built on one hundred and one islands, Leningrad, or St. Petersburg as it was originally called, was founded by Peter the Great. It is claimed that it was the first planned city in the world. Certainly, it is well laid-out and because of its geographical nature, it abounds in bridges and canals. Buildings in the centre are on a grand scale and some are very beautiful. The tour round Leningrad included a visit to the little wooden house where Peter planned his city; the cruiser Aurora which fired the first shot (blank) in the Revolution; the Smolny Institute from which Lenin directed the Revolution, and St. Isaac's Cathedral. I was particularly fascinated by the monument to Peter the Great, which is immortalised by the great Russian poet Pushkin, in his poem "Medny Vsadnik," "The Bronze Horseman." The statue depicts Peter restraining his mount, which symbolises the energy of the Russian people, as it attempts to surge forward, out of control. Crushed beneath the horse's legs lies a coiled serpent, meant to symbolise the traditional enemies of Peter, the Swedes. Facing the statue across the river stands the imposing Peter and Paul Fortress. Situated on an island in the Neva, it has, since Peter's time, guarded the seaward approaches to the city, and under the Czars served the useful function of a prison where political prisoners and malcontents could safely be incarcerated without hope of escape. Our guide

described for us in lurid detail, the sufferings and deprivations of its former inmates, especially those who had the misfortune of being consigned to the notorious punishment cell, a squalid little "room" about twelve foot square, with no light, heating or hot water. The same day we visited the Peterhof Palace built by Catherine and named after her father. This, of course, was a summer residence and is famous for its ornate fountains. At regular intervals, as one strolls through the grounds, one comes across a number of trick fountains, operated by a little man hidden in nearby bushes, who gleefully turns the water-jets on



and off to catch the unwary. Returning from this visit many of our number were thirsty and decided to risk drinking Kvass, a peculiar Russian drink sold from steel barrels in the streets at three kopecks a half-litre. It is a kind of beer, with a rather sour taste, distilled from bread, potatoes, turnips and other vegetables. I do not remember anyone trying it a second time.

A word about Russian organisation. In a book called "Inside Russia Today," by an American author, John Gunther, he says "Lenin was direct, pragmatic and logical, such un-Russian characteristics." I could not agree with him more. Wherever we went we had to wait whilst a long and heated discussion took place before a decision and a course of action was arrived at. In addition to this, we would never be certain that a bus would arrive for us at the time we were told. It could arrive at any time. If it arrived early we were expected to be there and get aboard. However, if it was late no apology was forthcoming and our Russian guide simply stood and grinned sheepishly. On another occasion, we were told to leave Leningrad for Moscow by sleeper train at 11-40 p.m. True to form the Russians changed the time of departure to 10-20 p.m., so after a mad dash to the station, we had only two minutes to spare before our train drew out. Russian trains depart without any prior warning of whistles or bells or any other sign that the train is about to depart. The train we found ourselves aboard was one of the older sleepers, and we discovered that our reserved compartments had been occupied by the natives, who had assumed because we were late that we were not coming at all. There followed a typical Russian argument which involved our Russian guide, the coach attendant (a lady of uncertain vintage), myself and the various illegal occupants, which was not resolved for some one and a half hours.

At each stop on the journey, villagers flocked to the restaurant cars to buy bread rolls, sweets, biscuits, bottles of lemonade and bottles of beer. We saw one unfortunate gentleman who, having mounted the train, leapt off when the train started to move and dropped most of his bottles on the track. As I have said, there is no warning when a Russian train leaves a station—it just goes.

On arriving in Moscow, we were greeted by a representative of Sputnik, armed with flowers, which he presented to the ladies in our group. After breakfast we were taken on the inevitable tour of the city. This included a visit to the Exhibition of Economic Achievement on the outskirts of the city. The exhibition park is dominated by memorial to Soviet cosmonauts, scientists and workers concerned with space projects. It takes the form of a titanium tower which sweeps up in a curve representing the path of the rocket and is about 200ft. in height. There are some fifty permanent pavilions dealing with various

aspects of achievement such as transport, technical and professional education and chemistry, but the main attraction for us was the KOCMOC (cosmos) Pavilion dealing with achievements in space.

Naturally everyone was eager to visit Red Square, incidentally derived from the Russian word meaning "beautiful," so that originally it meant "beautiful square." At one end stands St. Basil's Cathedral, erected by Ivan the Terrible in 1554-60. When it was completed, Ivan evolved a novel way of preventing the architect from ever creating anything so beautiful again—he ordered his eyes to be put out. Near the Cathedral stands the public execution block, the scene in Ivan's reign of ghastly tortures and death. Some



of us ventured to enter Lenin's Mausoleum, where one is carefully scrutinised by the guards on duty to make sure that proper respect is paid and those with hands in pockets are told in no uncertain terms to remove them. The atmosphere is chilling in the actual burial chamber where Lenin's body lies illuminated by a ghoulis orange light, in a chamber, and it is not un-

common for visitors to faint when confronted by the sight.

To change the subject to something a little less macabre—Russian cooking. Foreign food, of course, is usually one of the delights of travelling abroad. Not so in the Soviet Union, where I found a vast disparity between the quality and eatability of Czech and Russian cooking. Traditional Russian dishes, borshch and shchi (beetroot and cabbage soup) were quite tasty, but another favourite, buckwheat, together with some combination of gherkins, sauerkraut or wienerschnitzel and, of course, the inevitable smetana (sour cream), can be somewhat trying on the unaccustomed palate. Occasionally caviar appeared on the menu, but for some reason few members of the group seemed disposed to try the delicacy. A traditional Czech favourite is the "knedlík," a sort of dry dumpling containing raisins.

The ancient city of Prague, once Europe's leading centre of culture and civilisation, stands on the Vltava river (the main waterway of Bohemia), and has a very fortunate position in the heart of Europe. For that reason the city was the first to be influenced by the diverse cultural currents and styles which penetrated Bohemia and in the fourteenth century surpassed all the

cities of central Europe in size and beauty. The centre of the city is Prague Castle, perched high above the roofs of the capital. It originated in the ninth century and in the eleven centuries that have since elapsed it has maintained its outstanding position in the State. It is here in the Gothic Vladislav Hall that the President of the Republic is elected every five years. It was here that the hated President Novotny resided while viciously curbing the desires of the Czech people and, in recent months, his successor, President Svoboda (ironically, the Czech word for freedom), who has vainly tried to support his colleague Alexander Dubcek, in their struggle to introduce more liberal ideas into the life of the country.

The epithet "city of a hundred spires," coined during the reign of Wenceslas II, when the Gothic construction of the city culminated, is certainly not inappropriate. As one gazes out over the city from the Hrad, as the castle is called, a vast array of exquisitely sculptured spires meets the eye. Down below is the centre of Prague, Václavské Náměstí, Wenceslas Square, its upper end adorned with Myslbek's statue of Saint Wenceslas, a truly impressive sight, so recently disfigured by Soviet tanks.

It is difficult to avoid the subject of Communism, which inevitably rears its ugly head where Eastern Europe is concerned. Indeed, in the Soviet Union one is never allowed to forget the achievements of the Communist Party or the divine nature of Lenin. On almost every street corner we saw posters, placards and banners, urging the Russian people on to even greater feats of economic achievement or extolling the virtues of the Communist Party. Russian students in particular seemed quite delirious in their praise of the Soviet Government which, in their eyes at least, could do no wrong. (This was just prior to the invasion of Czechoslovakia). Western countries, including Britain, were dismissed as Capitalist ogres, eager to prey on the Soviet Union, the only true bastion of freedom. In Prague the atmosphere was more easy-going and relaxed without the rather sinister figure of the Communist Party lurking in the background. There is certainly no denying that the Communists have made great strides in many respects, particularly in the Soviet economy, but after the recent repulsive episode in Czechoslovakia, we in Britain are fortunate that we, too, are not within easy reach of the Soviet web. It might be a fitting reminder to quote a line from the great Czech novelist, Karel Capek :

"Nedat se, to je vsechno."

Not to give in, that is everything.

D. Wolstencroft



"Make up your flippin' mind!"

Anthony Young (Sixth Form)

A HOLE (Dedicated to Mr. Holeden)

A hole is round unless it is square or oval or any other shape for that matter. The price of holes is quite reasonable nowadays, especially if one buys wholesale.

A hole is for the filling of. I just thought I would bung that down.

Holes are becoming more and more important in the clothing industry. After all, all a vest is is thousands of holes sewn together. A hole is like a fish because you have to fillet. As the man said as he fell down the manhole, "Grate!"

Or as the matador said when he was gored, "Holé" and that's no bull!

David Wolfe (Fifth Form)

Katopholus

"Go on, Katapholus! Up the ladders! On to the roof! Fetch the kiddies' ball!" boomed the voice of ex-wrestler Joe Mulvaney. "Go on, Kat, you show 'em!"

As usual he had found something to brag about to his neighbours. After a tremendous effort Katapholus finally scaled the ladders, took the ball between his teeth and brought it down with him. He then lifted one paw and threw the ball to Joe's son Alex.

"Marvellous, Joe! Can he do anything else?" shouted one of his neighbours.

"Not yet," said Joe, "but I'll let you know when he can do a new trick."

"Can't he blow his own nose?"

"No."

"Can he stand on his head?"

"No."

"Can he balance on one leg?"

"No."

"Well, can he put his tail in his mouth?"

"No."

"Look, Fred, I'll have to go now or else my tea will be cold," said Joe becoming a little tired of his inquisitive neighbour.

"Can't he even balance on his two front legs?"

"What do you think I am," replied Katapholus, "a wonder dog?"

Nigel Bolton (Fifth Form)

LATE AUTUMN

The moon doth shine like a silver plate,
 The witches squeal and scream with hate,
 The children dress in clothes with laughter,
 Play in the attic, go through the rafter.
 Everyone playing; everyone singing;
 Horses neighing; church bells ringing.
 Wake up! You weary children, wake!
 Soon 'twill be fireworks, apples and cake.
 Hallowe'en night has come to an end,
 The witches their spells cease to send.
 Guy Fawkes, Guy Fawkes will soon be here,
 The bangs of squibs are in your ear.
 Watch your pets, the rabbits dear,
 Or harm will come to them, I fear.

Helen Couper (Fourth Form)

THE ASSASSINATION OF A CITY

Neon signs shining,
Woolworth's overflowing with children
Who cannot have what they want
Intermittent lines of football supporters
On the way to their vital match
Posters showing 3d. off everything
Cut-price discount
Double stamps
And eleven million other sordid uninteresting bits of information
Strictly Saturday afternoon shoppers
Elongated queues for the buses to the more densely populated
parts of the city
Fire engines with sirens blaring
Fleeing to an unknown part of the city
at least to those
who had not been killed in the fire

* * * * *
The visiting team's supporters on the way back to the station,
leaving a trail of broken windows and smashed notice boards.
* * * * *

Twelve o'clock
All has gone
No noise
No traffic
No one
It's all dead
Killed that afternoon.

Kenneth Howard (Fifth Form)

BLACK AND WHITE

Black and white bricks
Jumble and grate together
In a rising pile towards
Black and white houses
Which are and also
Used to be here where
Black and white people
Were happily ever after
Living each other's lives until a
Black and white bulldozer
One day came and
Reduced them all to
Black and white bricks . . .

R. Aitchison

A Day in my Holidays

I was sitting in my tent reading to myself as it was a dismal evening and the rain was pouring down outside—thunder was rumbling nearby and lightning was flashing in and out of the tent. The time was about nine o'clock in the evening and I thought I might as well turn in since there was nothing else better to do.

I woke up about an hour later for no apparent reason except the creaking of a pole swaying to and fro. The rain was still pouring down. Sitting up, I saw that the poles from the little canvas window must have been wrenched from the material as there was an ugly tear across the blue and orange cover. Suddenly I became frightened. Supposing the tent were to collapse in the middle of the night when we were in it, but it wouldn't, I said to myself, because it was a new one. I was very tired, I could hardly keep my eyes open and I fell asleep again.

In the morning I awoke to the singing of the birds and with a deceiving calm hovering over my head. It was not a family camp—only my mother and I—and as we had no car there was no chance of returning home. We had breakfast and then I prepared to read my book. Suddenly it started! The wind howled and blew a gale force from the direction of the sea just over the sandhills near where we were camping. The sea was in danger of coming over the sandhills and flooding the camp-site. Already our tent was in a bad state, torn in a few places where the pole had been put the night before to help to prop it up, and the pegs were coming out all round. Water began to pour in on to the groundsheet, ruining food in boxes and soaking clothes that had fallen from the clothes line above. We knew that the tent was going to come down as we dashed from one side to the other hammering in pegs that came out of the sand again and again. Finally we gave up. We rushed backwards and forwards taking as many things as we could carry to a bank near the tent. The rain was raging down and I could hardly stand up in the gale. I was soaked to the skin and "fed up" with everything. Then, just as we were going to start on the bed-clothes, books and other things, all the pegs on one side came up in a great gust of wind. The whole tent blew up over our heads and the main pole bent so that the tent doubled up and was impossible to right. My mother decided to find the nearest 'phone box and ring up my father. She said "Stay holding the tent until I come back."

In a few minutes the owner of the camp-site came round and took me to the "Rescue Tent" along with many other people. He told me he had given my mother a lift to the telephone kiosk but on arriving they had found the 'phone cut off by the storm, so he had taken her to a nearby house and they had let her use their telephone to ask my dad to come as quickly as possible.

The owner then asked her if she would like to stay in their caravan till my father came. Naturally, my mother was very grateful and came back to tell me in the "Rescue Tent," and, as we both had bikes, she rode off to the caravan and I picked up my handbag and followed. Unfortunately, my bike swerved in the mud and when I picked myself up she had gone out of sight. Reaching the road, I decided to turn left but I ended up at the wrong place. I turned round but now I was fighting against the wind and my bike was blowing over in the storm. In desperation I called in at the nearest house.

About an hour later and back at the caravan I was lying on a couch and my mother was boiling the kettle. It was all over and I was happier than ever before.

S. Watson (First Form)

THE GHOST OF THE GOLDEN HOUND

A ship set sail in days gone by,
The Golden Hound its name,
To seek for treasure on an isle
And ne'er came back again.

Hide your eyes, men, turn away,
There sails the ghostly Hound.
Others saw that dreaded sight
And they have all been drowned.

On moonless nights when all is said,
The Golden Hound glides by.
Around the sails a ghostly glow,
A-lighting up the sky.

Hide your eyes, men, turn away,
There sails the ghostly Hound.
Others saw that dreaded sight
And they have all been drowned.

All sailors dread to hear its name
And hide their eyes in fright.
It comes to warn of certain death,
When it glides the sea at night.

Hide your eyes, men, turn away,
There sails the ghostly Hound.
Others saw that dreaded sight
And they have all been drowned.

Sheila Kay (First Form)

REMEMBER THE EYES THAT PEER THROUGH HOLES

I am grown old, she said,

Not old, death. I don't want to
wave to you who are left.
The curtains swish down, slowly blotting out
with their gauzy softness even the little
holes till only hazy pictures are left.

Aided and abetted by imagination,
The determination
to find that monster hill,
now a gentle slope.

A past history so funny,
in retrospect, my sides
ache with laughter.
Oh the poor dentist whom
I kicked with a leg of
plaster, as he tried to
gas me for my first and last tooth out.

Oh the embarrassed
doctor who had to be told
I'd fractured my leg a
day after he'd examined
and pronounced me well.

I give thanks to the people I depended on :

My dad for helping
those at the hospital
to hold me down for an
antitetanus injection,

(the bane of my life.)

My mum for bravery and
fortitude in carrying
me across the road to the
infirmary to renew the
plaster at very regular
intervals, as I rode my
ramshackle old bike till it
dropped to pieces! My screams and
protests have never been heard since
when the ambulance men came.

I was a little five year old!

Who at a very tender age used to rock
the cot from side to side, from early
morning onwards, the steady creak, creak,
was very familiar till a nasty crash occurred . . .
The bottom fell out!

They are worn out now, those swaying curtains.
Now I remember,
I can still taste the sweet, sticky tea when my
hand, not guided by eyes, found the tea instead of
the handle.

Entranced eyes are enthralled,
I beam.
But . . .
Did I put the milk bottles out?
And . . .
Have I collected my pension?

Said she, I am grown old.

Maralyn Lord (Fourth Form)

The Name "BOLTON"

The name "Bolton" is extremely obscure and many theories have been put forward as to how it acquired this name. It is argued that the two townships of Great Bolton and Little Bolton belonged to a Saxon Prince or King and that they were appropriated to the support of the king's "Boda." There is little if any reason to doubt this, for according to England's early history it formed part of Northumbria, whose kings claimed all the land in their respective domains.

Some would have it that the Celtic "Bol" or "Bodel," a residence, gave Bolton its name, and "ton" a bog, meaning a place of residence in a bog. Another theory is that the name was originally "Both-well-town," which contracted to Bolton, and meant a place famous for its spawater and springs. The present Spa Road and Silverwell Street mark their positions.

Another early name was "Bolton-super-Moras;" Moras indicates "dene," meaning common marches, bogs, and from this it is clearly Bolton's association with Dean as mentioned in the Doomsday Book as Bodelton-cum-Deane.

Over the years the name of our town was written in various ways, e.g., "Bothelton," "Bothelton-le-Moors," "Bowlton," and "Bolton-in-the-moors." Now, by a Parliamentary enactment, it is "Bolton" without any suffix at all.

S. D. Wainwright (Sixth Form)

Kenya

When I arrived in England at the age of thirteen years, I had lived in Kenya for about eight years. Although I was born in India, I had been brought up in Africa and had lived most of my life in Nairobi, the capital city of Kenya. I used to go to a secondary school which was quite different from Smithills Grammar School.

Kenya has always attracted tourists from all over the world. The bracing climate and its unique places like Tree-Tops, Thomson Falls and the Escarpments are places that are highly valued. The Highlands of Kenya are over seven thousand feet high and there are many animals and birds that are never seen in any other part of the world. There are lions, leopards, cheetahs, impalas and rhinoceroses, and if one is lucky one may see a pride of lions or a lioness with many cubs sitting fearlessly by a tarmac road. There are many flamingoes in the bird sanctuary of Lake Nakum, and a snake park has been built near Nairobi's Coryndon Museum. In the Museum itself can be seen Dr. Leakey's "Nut-cracker Man," a human skull that is over six thousand years old.

The Nyeri "Tree-Tops" is really an hotel built on the trees and in its luxurious surroundings it is possible to watch from a balcony wild animals drinking water from the river-bed and roaming about quite freely under your very nose.

Kenya has sent some good runners to the Olympic Games and has achieved some quite good results, although it has experienced a bit of financial trouble.

I find that living in England for me is a great opportunity, and I think that this country is attractive in all ways; but Kenya is where I spent my earliest years and I shall always regard it as my home.

Harshad M. Kachhia (Third Form)

HOUSE OF GLASS

Occupied and thus
Defiantly alone
You stand.
Until you will splinter
And fall.

R. Aitchison

GRAVEYARD AT NIGHT

A graveyard at night is a mysterious land
With the owl who hoots its mournful call.
The dead leaves that wet from the dew do fall,
The eerie quietness that does surround
The graves of the dead that lie around.
Mist is the curtain that surrounds the dead
From their own private shed.
The coffin in which they lie in slumber . . .
Suddenly! Crack! What was that?
An intruder to this lonely life?
No! Just a twig that's snapped from a tree
by the rushing wind that through the graveyard howls
and stirs the leaves from off the ground.
And so the eeriness of the graveyard sleeps on
through the ages to eternity.

David Wooldridge (Second Form)

A GALLANT THING

And truly it was a gallant thing to see the crowning show
Valour and love, the royalty above, and the savage royalty below.
Romped and roared the lions with horrid laughing jaws,
They bit, they glared and gave blows like beams,
They had a wallowing might and a stifled roar it seemed.
A mighty man next jumped into the arena,
Now came the exciting moments of life and death,
To test the skills of a man fighting two savage beasts
With only a sword and two massive fists.
The man had no chance of killing and winning the savage game,
Though he was a valiant one to take this famous honour.
The man was scraped and scorched brutally,
His belly was chewed before his writhing eyes,
His flesh was eaten totally.
The beasts were pleased. They earned the fleshy food
And licked the ground to the last drop of blood.

The king stood still.
He gained his afternoon entertainment.
In front of him stood the glaring spectators.
He had realised the blindness of the past.
The death of the mighty man came very fast.
The king had nothing to worry about,
But he was very sorry for the life lost.

Dilip Kumar Kachhia (Fifth Form)

THE HUNT

Tally ho! bellowed the horn.
The pack led the merry hunt into the countryside
Searching the hedges, groves and pleasant copses.
They ran wild, howling, yelping, rambling through the tall reeds
along the river bank,
Seeking the "smell."

A biting wind twists the leafless trees,
Whipping the morning dew off the grass, chilling one's bones.
The horses' muscles protrude, their biceps taut, as they gallop,
gallop,
Riders in red and black, strained yet anxious faces.
This challenging countryside, a smear of danger.

Suddenly, a ball of rustic fur darts,
The hue of the pack, their eyes wild,
The riders close by, frantic,
Hooves pounding the earth.
The terrified creature so small, seeking shelter,
The hedge, over the bridge, across the field.

A vision of a wood looms in the distance,
An oasis perhaps.
Its lungs bursting, its eyes fiery red, this wanted criminal flees,
Its rustic fur streaked with mud.

In the shelter of the wood it rests.
But for how long?
The pack closing in, screaming for blood.
It rests no more.

The hounds, mouths frothing, search the undergrowth desperately.
Frustrated riders, whipping,
The horse, summoning every ounce of strength.
Scent lost, the interwinding thorns shielding their foe.
The trees standing erect, passing judgment.

Tally ho! He's there.
The bracken no longer shields.
The pack howls, rejoices, scrambling over the hedge.
The horses' hooves vibrating the earth.
The creature runs, helplessly, the savages close by.

Life slowly ebbing away, its heart pounds,
No hope.
The streaked eyes, a stricken body,
His pace slackens, the hounds' increase.
It darts, it weaves.
No hope.
They pounce —

Lynne Nicholas (Fifth Form)

SMUGGLERS

The call of the gulls on a Cornish coast,
Rugged and wild and free,
Fishing boats rocking gently,
On the calm, blue, Cornish sea.
The caves are exciting and beckon to me,
The pirate caves of the past.
And I run barefoot on the silver sand
Till I come to the old black mast.
They say that a pirate ship's buried there,
And only the mast is in sight.
As I kneel on the sand, I fall into dreams
Of the smugglers who came in the night.
I picture the boat gliding swift with the tide
To the mouth of the biggest cave,
And the helmsman is leering, a patch o'er his eye,
As he expertly rides each wave.
He steers the boat with practised skill.
Now I see his face so bold,
And the rest of the crew are a wicked lot
With their loot of yellow gold.
The boat glides smoothly into the cave,
I tremble with terrible fear,
I really imagine that they are back
While on holiday there each year.

Diane Rigby (Second Form)

THE DISASTER

It was not long after the disaster
That occurred at Aberfan,
I heard women weeping,
The men were keeping
a watch o'er the infants, now
a pang of sorrow is felt
by the rest of the world.
In Cuba the "slur" of the
pit was heard—
I'm sure.
Men with spades, shovels, hacks,
scurry about with tear-stained
faces.
The youngsters? They run races.
Well, they don't realise that
Their brothers and sisters are gone.
The women? They still weep.

Jacqueline Littlewood (Third Form)

Sponsored Walk

Disgusted! That's what we were. Disgusted!

We walked fifty miles and we got no recognition in the Chronicle at all. The other two hundred and fifty walkers in the School's sponsored walk received honourable mention—but why not us?

We set out at seven in the evening of Friday, 26th July, and walked and walked—Horwich, Chorley, Preston and finally Blackpool. We were all in high spirits at the start. "Oh, we'll walk there and back," said one. "Be there by midnight," said another. We reached Horwich easily and then Chorley. Here we stopped for a bite to eat and then with strength renewed—on to Preston. Well, we finally reached Preston Docks after a five-mile unnecessary detour and this was where it hit us. Dave decided to change his shoes, but only five minutes later he decided that that was a bad decision and changed back again. Once more we ate and drank and away we went.

Preston new road was ahead of us. Half way past the docks I stopped and laughed and then nearly burst into tears. The others came back and looked at what I had found—a sign with a pointing arrow and the words "Blackpool Walk." Evidently someone knew we were coming.

Ten miles from Blackpool there was a sign "Blackpool 10 miles." Two miles further on there was another "Blackpool 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles," which was all very frustrating. Finally, Blackpool in sight, we reached the windmill on the outskirts, ran up to it and all touched it at the same time.

We rested. After a while life slightly returned to all of us except one. James, out of sheer weariness, could not make it. The rest moved on leaving him to his fate (catching the bus home!). He managed to half-stagger, half-crawl across the road. The rest went on into Blackpool to Dave's grandmother to be fed on bread and jam. Everyone slept. James on the bus, the rest on chairs in Blackpool. Four weary worn-out travellers, but we intend to do it again, especially if there is hot-pot supper at the end of it all!

David Mulligan, Christopher Webster,
Roger James, Stephen Whitehead (Fifth Form)

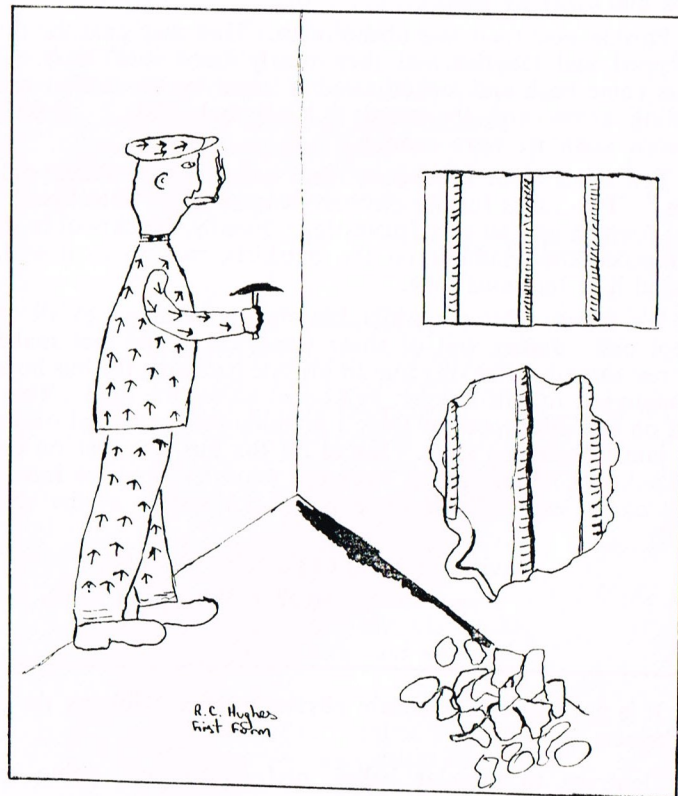
It is not true that a certain physics teacher is joining the three musketeers.

Contrary to popular belief, prefects are not going to be issued with fire-arms.

THE DEER

Your slender body flashes past and then suddenly stops. Your red coat quivers and you stand unsure what to do and where to go your head is turned towards me, I see two big, scared eyes staring at me. You take a step, as if to run away and then haltingly turn back and start to nibble at some buds timidly. Your long pointed dark-brown antlers, tipped with white, move as you raise your head and listen to the footsteps, which are growing nearer and nearer; a head appears and in a flash you are gone.

Joanna Szyszkowski (Third Form)



Walking to School in the Rain

As I awoke, I could hear cars swishing past on the wet road and the drainpipe gurgled and the leaves cracked. It was raining heavily and had been all through the night.

When I left the house, my eyes were blurred and the rain dripped off the trees on to my umbrella. I trudged down the road and skidded on the wet leaves. As cars passed, the windscreen wipers were on and the drivers were leaning forward trying to see through the mist. My hands had turned pink and blue and my feet were freezing, my ears stung and my nose burned.

As I stood at the bus-stop, I stamped my feet and watched the vapours from people's mouths drift into the atmosphere. When the bus came my stockings were splashed with muddy water. The windows were steamed up and there were damp coats and sharp-pointed umbrellas sticking out into the alleyway.

An arrival at the cloakroom everyone was shaking out his wet clothes and I thought "Autumn is really here."

Ann Greason (Fourth Form)

MY PARENTS

The golden gates are opened
On that sad day,
With farewells left unspoken
You quietly slipped away.

I came and sat beside your bed,
These are words I think God said,
"You've suffered more than you can stand
So come with me to a better land."

I lost two parents with hearts of gold,
How much I miss them can never be told.
I smile with others, alone I cry,
Knowing I didn't even say good-bye.

Though photos of you may fade away,
The memories I cherish will always stay.
Although the world I have to face,
No-one can ever take your place.

There are others, this I know,
But they were mine and I loved them so.
So, God, grant eternal rest,
For now I know you only take the best.

Ondina Boaro (Fourth Form)

SUNSET

As I stood on the edge of the peaceful lake, I watched the sunset. It was a beautiful evening. There was a slight breeze and the sun was a huge bronze ball surrounded by pink, red and orange streaks.

As geese flew by, the sun was clouded over. Then it seemed to grow brighter, but dimming now and again. The bed of the lake shone and glistened as if it were covered with shining diamonds. The reflection of the sun was interrupted for a second by a swan, as it gracefully, silently floated by.

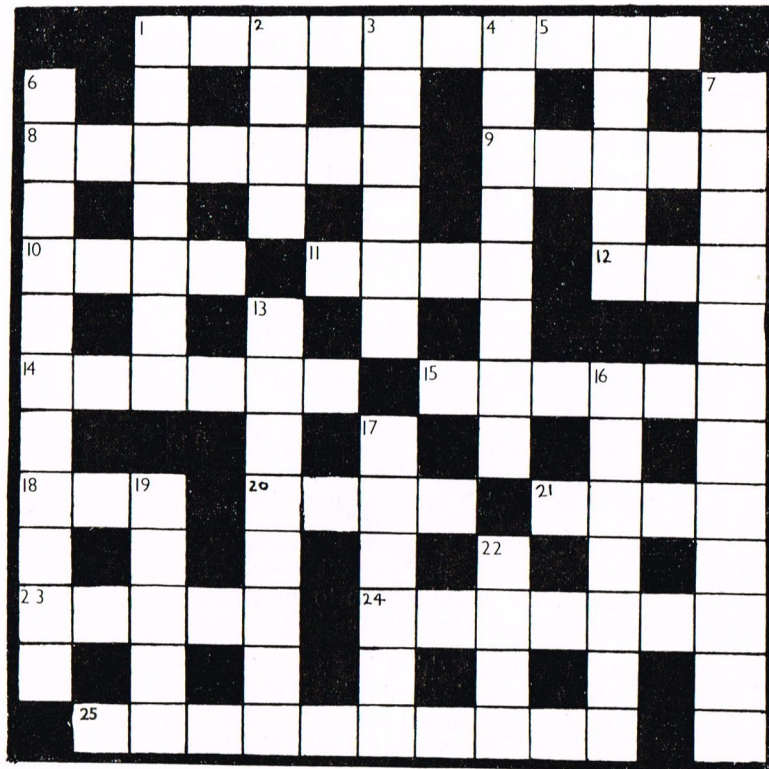
Gradually the sun sank behind the lake and everything was dark, except for a small yellow crescent above me.

The sunset was over.

Ann Greason (Fourth Form)

CROSSWORD

(Clues on opposite page)



Compiled by Anne Dearden (Fourth Form)

ACROSS

- 1—Does his music sound like heavenly bells? (5, 5).
- 8—Put in bondage in the eel vans? (7).
- 9—United Nations cravat? (5).
- 10—Stone-age society? (4).
- 11—Learner driver adds to the finish to make a loan. (4).
- 12—Canter without a tee? Nonsense! (3).
- 14—He may be seen in the Far East or America. (6).
- 15—Forces open to win them. (6).
- 18—If you change the lion's den, it'll be the finish. (3).
- 20—Going inside? Not I! (4).
- 21—Land measurement. (4).
- 23—Why's the letter central to this country. (5).
- 24—Eve has a tale which will uplift you. (7).
- 25—Military or surgical, they may involve life or death. (10).

DOWN

- 1—Royal Engineers played the billiard's shot. Saved! (7).
- 2—A smart whisky? (4).
- 3—The cricketer's the key. (6).
- 4—T.S. surrounds the German article and makes a crashing sound. (8).
- 5—Indispensable for helicopters but not aircraft. (5).
- 6—The king's in psalm 110. (12)
- 7—A fresh will—in biblical terms. (3, 9).
- 13—The Latin dog (sounds like Rip!) reveals the small container. (8).
- 16—En-lightning flashes? (7).
- 17—This name the French rue. (6).
- 19—Be quiet and remove the dampness! (3, 2).
- 22—The man with the hot fiddle? (4).

Solution on page

DEATH

What is more beautiful than Death,
 Yet what is more ugly than dying,
 Man fears death more than anything,
 Yet he also wants to reach life after death.
 Man takes precautions against that beautiful sleep,
 That eternal rest and peace,
 That ugly thing that eats up a man,
 Yet that thing that is compared in beauty to
 Nothing else in this universe.
 To set one's soul free,
 A soul that is more useful than this shell
 we live in, to die must be beautiful,
 Yet there is always that shadow.

Christopher N. Spragg (Third Form)

WOMEN AND PRAMS

IT IS A TWILIGHT PLACE . . .

The walls are drab and grey,
The floor shines dully.
The lights freeze half-circles
Of gloomy illumination.
The paint seems never to
Have sparkled green
And the sinks have outworn
Many pairs of hands
Which have toiled a lifetime

. . . FOR LOST SOULS.

THE WOMEN SIT AND STAND . . .

Two women and
A bundle of washing
Sit motionless on
an old bench
Their clothes are worn and old.
A woman scrubs
Slowly and dismally.
Two figures lean languidly
Close together
And talk as if for hours

. . . LIKE STATUES.

AND LAUNDERETTES ARE A THING . . .

The prams are like relics
They have borne washing
And children for years.
They are part of the place.
They don't seem to have moved
For years.
An old tub stands
Deserted and cast off.
The women too are frozen in the past
And are therefore wary—

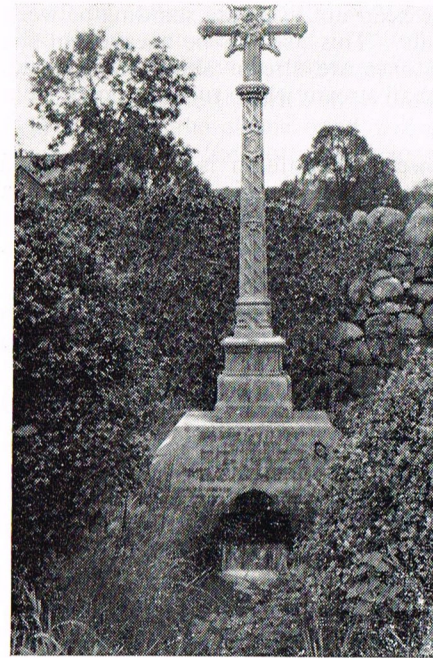
. . . OF THE FUTURE.

R. Aitchison

There is no truth whatever in the rumour that a certain Russian master is to take a school party to Vladivostok.

Pot smoking has been banned in school assembly this year.

Malham



Husband-Wife Tomb



Top of Malham Cove.

Malham is a small village in the Yorkshire Dales. Two miles north of Malham is the Tarn. The outlet from the tarn disappears into the ground at "Water Sinks" and makes its way underground at Airhead Springs two miles south of Malham. This has been proved by putting dye into the water and finding where it came up again.

Half a mile north of Malham is the Cove, which is a cliff face 240 feet high. A small stream runs out from the foot of the cliff, and this stream comes underground from an old Smelt mill near the tarn.

This stream then goes south and together with

the stream from Gordale Scar forms the River Aire.

The approach from Gordale Scar is a wide flat valley which gradually narrows towards the head until you are standing between two tall narrow limestone cliffs. This used to be a cave but the roof has fallen in and the stones are strewn about the ground. At the head of this Scar is a small stream which tumbles down from the top.

About two miles south-west of Malham is a village called Kirby-Malham; in the churchyard is a unique grave where a husband and wife, reputed to have quarrelled a great deal in their lives, are buried in a grave with a stream running down the middle. The husband lies on one side and the wife on the other.

The moorland country around Malham is very interesting walking-country, with good footpaths and views. The Pennine Way itself runs near Malham.

John R. Seddon (Third Form)

OWD AGE

'am a gettin' owd
An' ave ne'er 'ad a cowl.
'av 'ad yer cancer, yer drunkenness 'n' all
But this ne'er spoilt owd Jack Hall.

A give up cigs years ago,
It's baccy now, that's all a know,
But to me a luxury! ain't a car
It's just a plain cuppa char.

A sits 'n' stares at rain all day
'n' watches childer out at play,
Then I 'as a nod in mi chur,
A couldna' cur.

Sometimes ast go 'n' 'ave a walk,
'n' meet mi friends int' park.
Just now 'n' then mind you,
A'd go 'n' set upon a pew.

Yer wouldna' believe a used to be
One of yon kids art on t' spree
A suppose soon a'll be here no moo'er
A'll jest shut doo'er.

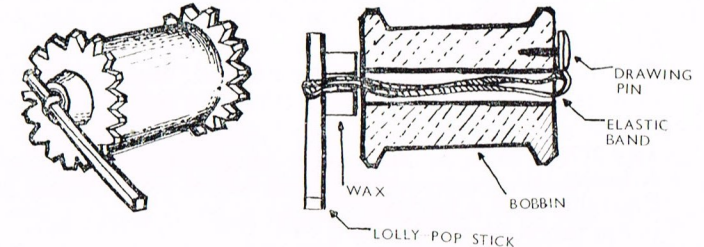
David Turner (Fifth Form)

The photography club has been disbanded following the discovery of female models in the dark room.

How to make a Cotton Reel Tank

This cotton reel tank is very amusing and also easy to make. The things you need are: a cotton reel, a thick elastic band, a piece of candle-wax, a drawing-pin and a lollipop stick.

First remove the wick from the candle-wax, and bore the hole wider so that the elastic band will slip through it, then cut teeth in the sides of the cotton-reel to enable it to get a "grip on



things." Next thread your elastic through the bobbin and the wax pinning it at the opposite end from the wax to the bobbin with the drawing-pin. Then anchor the other end of the elastic to the lollipop stick on top of the wax.

When you have finished wind the lollipop stick about ten to fifteen times and let your tank go. It will easily climb over rugs and thin books and many other obstacles. And don't forget to say "Tank you" for the parts you have used to make it!

R. D. Jameson (Second Form)

SPRING

The fresh new breeze
Sings through the trees,
New leaves painted
By a coat of green spring.
Arrays of flowers
Light up this dark earth
After its winter season
Now spring is arising
More life appears.
Happy life in this new world.
Lambs prancing,
Foals dancing,
Calves eating
The fresh grass.
Joyous to all
Is spring.

Julie C. M. McCrastle (First Form)

POEMS FOR THE NATURALIST

(Dedicated to the Biology Department)

A spider once was on a tree,
Hanging by its web,
When along came a gardener
Who cut the silken thread.
The spider fell.
To

its
death.

Moral: When your life hangs by a thread, beware the
careless gardener.

Two floppy ears,
A bushy tail
Emerging from a burrow;
Is it a rabbit, hare or fox?
It's hard to say
without more
information.

A frightened chirrup can be heard, of a sparrow
As it darts and weaves through the air
Pursued by the hawk, its courage is gone,
No shelter anywhere,
No room for bravery in the face of such odds,
It hides and survives to live another day.

Moral: All that twitters is not bold.

“Nature Lover”

Work is a Four-letter Word

Silas Bumbleweed stopped the alarm clock with his shoe.

With a resounding cry of “Geronimo,” he leaped out of bed, stubbed his toe on the leg of his bed and ran yelping into the bathroom.

“What a handsome brute you are!” he thought as he looked at the hunchback figure in the mirror. “And strong too,” he said feebly stretching his braces with both hands.

He splashed his face with water and pranced out of the bathroom and down the stairs.

“By gad, I feel fit today,” he ejaculated, the last syllable of

today being produced into a long wailing cry as he missed the ninth step and fell heavily to the floor, squashing the cat and executing a perfect rugby-tackle on the hat-stand. He limped away leaving the crippled hat-stand and a cat with eight lives left.

Squatting on the living-room floor he finished the ordeal of dressing.

At last Silas picked up his brown, tattered briefcase and plodded off to work. On arriving he rubbed his finger in the dust of their sign. “Bumbleweed and Gripewater,” he read, “Sole Manufacturers of B. & G. Woollen Kneecap Warmers.” A streak of white showed in the black dust and the woodworm shielded their eyes from the sun after being exposed to its dazzling light. “Good for a few years yet,” he said.

Silas was late again. Gripewater griped. He was a large man. How a man could spread out in so many directions at once and still stay in the same place completely confounded Silas.

That afternoon they had a customer! The first for seven years. He bought a thousand kneecap warmers with dud ten bob notes cut from cornflake packets.

That night Silas died with a smile on his face. The shock had been too much. Just that very day, on hearing the news, he had done a cartwheel on Gripewater's desk and lost his dentures in the inkwell. Gripewater had griped.

That, my friends, is what work can do to a man. Anyhow life goes on, Gripewater still gripes and the cat with eight lives sleeps peacefully.

G. Holden (Fifth Form)

A MOMENT'S THOUGHT

The clatter of a ruler startled the refrigerator into action with a complaining hum. The clock clicked on, undisturbed. Pages flapped flippantly by, while a frustrated pen scratched. A scalp shivered under the scrape of a finger-nail. A television talked temptingly, causing books to be slapped shut with sighs of shame. The chair slithered under the table and quietly creeping feet crossed the carpet. The refrigerator sank back to its silent state.

Margaret Vickers (Fifth Form)

It is not true that a certain music master pedals his car to school.

To make it easier for the head boy, it has been decided to read out the names of pupils NOT in prefects' detention.

Sunday

The morning began with a good breakfast of cornflakes followed by bacon and baked beans. Soon after breakfast, with a clear blue sky and the sun shining brightly, we all set off for the village.

At twenty past ten, with the church bells chiming and the sound of faint music from the organ, we entered the old Anglican church that stands in the centre of Grasmere. The first glimpse of the inside was wonderful and, although it is quite an old building, it was very beautiful. High up in the roof were old wooden



beams that made the church look homely and welcoming to visitors. The service with hymns, psalms and prayers and sermon lasted for about an hour, and after it was over, we went outside the church to see the lonely and rather dismal graveyard. There we found a very famous grave, the grave of William Wordsworth, the poet, who spent much of his life in this small church in Grasmere.

After looking round the quiet churchyard we crossed the bridge to the "Riverside" café which is separated from the churchyard by the flowing of the River Rothay. Sitting at some of the small tables with our drinks, we looked down into the still, clear waters to see large and small fish moving gently about the river-pools while around us on all sides danced the beautifully coloured little birds. When we came out of the café, we walked round a very interesting garden-nursery where flowers of every shape and size and nearly every colour mentionable were growing. Then, in time for one o'clock and hungry for our very enjoyable dinner we returned to camp.

In the afternoon soon we were off again, this time to Hawkshead where, after a brief look at the ancient and interesting parish church, our next visit was to the Grammar School which only looked big enough to educate a few boys. Inside the school stood the old desks, years old, and on one of them William Wordsworth had carved his name when a pupil at the school. He also had attended the parish church there as well as the beautiful old church in Grasmere where he was buried. Next we went on to yet

another church, this time a rather unusual cottage-church, the Methodist Church in Hawkshead, which has pews for only about two or three dozen people and, once an ordinary cottage, stands in a corner of the village square sandwiched between the King's Head and a small shop. Once inside we all sat down and Mr. Holden played the organ which must have sounded lovely from outside on the square as some American tourists came in to listen. After much persuasion I also played.



A few minutes later we had a quick look round an antique shop. The items inside there were terribly old and interesting, but, honestly, how expensive they were! It really makes me wonder if these old articles are worth so much money.

Soon we were on the move again and after a few miles we passed the home of Beatrix Potter, the famous author, but, as we were rather late on our journey, we had not enough time to stop. In fact, our next stop was at the ferry which took us and the cars across Lake Windermere to the village of Bowness. The sun was still bright above us as we reached the main street and found a small, friendly café. Climbing to the second floor, we sat down at some of the small tables and had brought to us strawberries and cream. What a treat! To follow this were scones with jam and cream. When everyone was satisfied the small party departed from the café and we made our way through the country-lanes back to the camp at Far Easdale.

Another tea of salad and strawberry gateau awaited our return and this was followed by a good sing-song in the marquee and later, tired out, we made our way slowly to bed. And so ended only one of the happy days of camp life.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE

	+		÷		=
×		×		+	
2	+	2	+	2	= 6
-		÷		+	
2	×	2	÷	4	= 1
=		=		=	

Just fill in the blanks in the square above.

Single whole numbers only to be used.

No noughts.

Work from left to right and top to bottom, taking the signs in order.

Solution on page 71.

A. Ashcroft and I. Whittle (Third Form)

A QUESTION OF AGE?

e.g., Car repair age?

Answer—Garage.

Do the same with the following. All answers must end in "age."

1—Age we drink.

7—Age of faith.

2—Clerical age.

8—Age of communication.

3—Age we all desire.

9—Age of idol-worship.

4—Soldier's age.

10—Age of theft.

5—Age of destruction.

11—Age of travel.

6—Mean age.

12—Age of imprisonment.

13—Age of mystery.

Answers on page 66.

Kenneth G. Ball (Third Form)

A HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

It came to me as the world went by,
I saw it laugh, I saw it die,
It took me hand in hand and then I understood
in my mind the thoughts that could
save the world and all that's good.

I saw a tree in beauty seen
Like in a sleep or a rusty dream.
A dancing stream of living blood,
A driving fame, it was no good
for me to live without it.
It drove me on to write about it.

The dream I live and hope to prove—
We're thinking bodies, we're on the move,
perhaps to death and chaos driven.
But to my new mind a chance is given
to make a move towards the end
of fighting, hate and a new-dead friend.

I wish you all could feel it too,
a driving dream strike home to you,
to live a life for all your race,
to your existence a bright new face.
Don't be afraid because you're first,
The last in line will be the worst.
A revolution has just begun—
It's a fight for love, it must be won.

And if with hatred you are moved,
Be kind, be gentle and tender grooved,
to have a thought for starving kids.
Among the bombs and in the midst
a crying baby's mother lost
and in this world a new mind tossed
among the death and decaying blocks
of bloody war and mind shell-shocks.

Don't be blind and unforeseeing,
Don't look now, the V.C.'s are fleeing,
So, what the hell, you don't care,
You'll stay home and wash your hair!
Are the Yanks still losing men?
How'd the Wanderers go on then.
Come on, think, crawl out of your cave,
before you're old and your mind's a slave.

Stephen Seddon (Sixth Form)

WATCH SPRING

As the hours tick on, as the days go by,
I curl with gyrating movements.
The watch ticks on,
The cogs grind and grate,
The second hand hurtles past,
The hour hand creeps but still
the watch ticks on.

I take the strain as I am wound up,
I stretch and curl unceasingly.
A hammer flies past,
A wheel grinds on
to the thump of the watch as
time ticks by.

A jolt,
and the watch falls fast to the hard
ground below.
Then silence.
But inside I am knocked off my perch
and roll towards the grating wheel.
I am caught by the wheel as it hurls its weight across.
Violently I am thrown
upon the spinning second hand
where I hang until it ticks
to twenty-five seconds.
The glass broken and shattered
I fall out to meet
the hard concrete.
I am free!

Philip Spencer (Fourth Form)

Sixth Form Geography Field Course, 1968

"Here was I in the heart of the Fens. The whole country as level as the table on which I am now writing. The horizon like the sea in a calm . . . Everything grows well here; earth without a stone as big as a pin's head; grass as thick as it can grow on the ground . . . and not the sign of dock or thistle or other weed to be seen. What a contrast between these and the heath covered sand hills of Surrey where I was born."

Thus wrote Cobbett, but he could scarcely have found the contrast greater than that between Rossendale and the Fenland of Lincolnshire, a contrast which provided the excuse to visit Skegness. For it must be admitted that the reason for going there was very ungeographical. It was known that at the Royal Hotel a Mrs. Allum accommodated field courses right royally—there was a talk of packed lunches including legs of chicken—and in this we were not disappointed.

In point of fact Cobbett was wrong; the Fenland is not as flat as a table, and here lies its attraction as an area for geographical study. Nearly flat, yes, but subtle changes in elevation now that floods are rare, have for centuries been recognised by the Fenmen, providing the sites for their red pantiled cottages, their churches and their market halls of flint from the chalk of the nearby Wolds. Not that the Fens are without more dramatic contrast, but these are mostly man made. How different from the medieval villages are the drained marshes along the coast from Skegness itself, now occupied by acre upon acre of holiday caravans, a sight to appal Cobbett. He found one great deficiency in the Fen "namely, the want of singing birds." Mercifully, our visit was out of season.

This then was the background against which the combined Geography Sixth Forms of Smithills Grammar and Technical Schools set out to practice such geographical skills as they possessed. They studied the physical landscape and the efforts of man to drain the marsh. They surveyed the use of the land, the development of villages both on the Fens and in the neighbouring chalk hills, and the towns: Skegness, the holiday resort; Horncastle, the old market town; Boston, the port, which once rivalled London in the volume of its trade.

The practice of geographical skills and the acquiring of new ones; the development of a keen eye and a spirit of enquiry; a new insight into the inter-relationships between man and his environment; these were the fruits of six days in "Skeggy." If the week was a success (and I am perhaps the last person able to judge this objectively, although I certainly enjoyed it), this success was due to hard work and a unity of purpose showed by all. It is this last that remains my own chief memory of the week. Perhaps the last words could well be those of our driver, Mr. Bill Broadbent—and we could scarcely have wished for a better. Addressing what I had come to call "the assembled rabble," as they were about to leave his coach for the last time, he said,

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen—and I mean that. Ladies and gentlemen are what you have been."

R. Freathy



Reflection on Skegness Field Course, 1968

On Wednesday, April 3rd, our coach set off, handsomely adorned with the portrait of our leader, for the beginning of my first geography field course. I was full of anticipation and some excitement. We had started preparations at school by being issued with formidable maps and notes which we had learnt thoroughly beforehand, of course! The journey was quite uneventful with a stop at Lincoln, where we eagerly explored the Cathedral, and then on to Skegness.

We drew up at the colourful and welcoming hotel and all clambered out. The bedrooms and the meal were all extremely good and we took this to be a good omen for the holiday—sorry, I mean field course! After the first evening meal came our first lecture illustrated by slides and maps. After making preparations for the following day everyone went out to explore this wonderful seaside resort with its one cinema, its one chip-shop and various “pubs.”

The excursions of the next few days proved to be of great value, but I still have difficulty in distinguishing between wheat and leygrass, though a river valley or a hill can now be distinguished quite competently!

An early morning stroll on the beach, a paddle for some of the less daring, and for the braver element a dip in the sea. It was amusing to see them rapidly turn from pink to blue and then take several hours and a warming breakfast before they regained their initial colour. Needless to say, they didn't keep this up for many days.

The weather was very good to us and after spending a morning on the beach counting wave frequencies and an afternoon on the fens alongside the coast, that exhilarating breeze had given us all a Skegness sun-tan. Our field study note-books were rapidly written up each evening and after that our time was our own. We all found our own place of entertainment and no questions were asked.

The last evening was full of celebrations both before and after our return to the hotel, and the result was that we were up rather later next morning. This was our day for leaving and it was with some feeling of regret that we departed from a most interesting and valuable field course. I am looking forward eagerly to next April with some nostalgia for last April, and to my second field course with even greater anticipation. I am now convinced that this was a worthwhile experience which has increased and clarified my knowledge of Geography.

Valerie Coleshaw (Sixth Form)

SELFISHNESS

Primitive medicines and beliefs
attempting to conquer
unbelievable pain.
Curable diseases
unnecessarily provoked
by the witch-doctor's
useless but often harmful mixtures.
Diseases that can either,
gradually or quickly,
suddenly or slowly
waste away, destroy,
a once perfect body.
Leprosy deforms, destroys
eats away, brings loss of feeling,
paralysis,
and the death and shedding
of fingers and toes.
These people suffer unnecessarily,
bear otherwise avoidable pain,
die through lack of help
and lack of knowledge.
In the black countries
there are many afflicted people,
malnourished babies dying
slowly, painfully.
Disease-ridden, wasted bodies
lie, rotting in the streets.
Distasteful sights to the human eye,
all because of the lack of knowledge,
lack of medical aid,
and the selfish attitudes
of most healthy minds.

Jeanne McKeown (Fifth Form)

ANSWER TO "HUNGRY BOOKWORM" PROBLEM

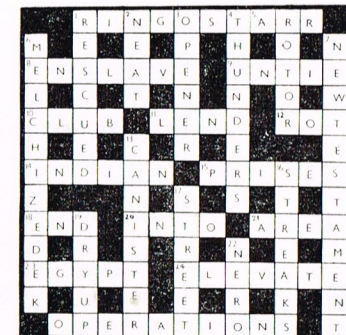
The bookworm ate eight hundred pages and sixteen covers. Volumes One and Ten were left untouched because it was between Volumes One and Two when it started eating, and as the back cover of Volume Ten comes on the shelf immediately after the front cover of Volume Nine, the bookworm only needed to eat through Volume Nine to reach the outside of the back cover of Volume Ten.

WAITING FOR DEATH

Here I wait in my cold, dark cell.
Outside the sun is shining—
But I'll soon be in Hell.
How much left? Just a few minutes more
Until I greet Pluto
On Styx' evil shore.
But now down the corridor footsteps are sounding
And with each advancing step
My heart louder starts pounding.
The footsteps draw near,
And with the grind of the key,
My body is gripped in the clutches of fear.
With Bible in hand the priest enters first,
And on bended knee
He blesses the cursed.
Oh, it wasn't my fault, I told them all so.
But they said I was lying
And to my death I must go.
Now into the corridor with faces all staring,
Black ones, white ones,
Not one really caring.
Then they fasten me in—as I sit in the chair,
I take my last mouthfuls
Of lifegiving air.
Death, death—a word that I hate.
Oh, I must stop them now
Before it's too late.
I open my mouth my innocence to yell,
But then there's a thud—
And I find I'm in Hell.

Stephanie Williams (Fourth Form)

KEY TO CROSSWORD



THE SIGN

Tuneless it sings
As far and wide
The old sign swings
From side to side.

While still it rocks
Its youth decays
And red rust mocks
Its former days.

Light ever dimmed
Strength failing fast
A dull reminder
Of the past.

Enid Cox

This poem expresses an opinion on the sign above a tobacconist's shop. When the tobacconist heard it he gave the following reply :

I may be old and have no voice,
And creak and groan: I have no choice.
My lights are dimmed, just as you say.
In other words, I've had my day.

All this would be so hard to bear
But for my friends, who with me share,
And swing with me in loud lament
The silent night, so rudely rent.

So let me give before I end,
Advice to you, my learned friend.
When you are old, you too will groan,
But if *you* swing, you'll swing alone!

ANSWERS TO "A QUESTION OF AGE?"

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1—Beverage. | 7—Homage. |
| 2—Parsonage or Vicarage. | 8—Postage. |
| 3—Marriage. | 9—Image. |
| 4—Courage. | 10—Pillage. |
| 5—Wreckage or damage. | 11—Voyage or mileage. |
| 6—Average. | 12—Cage. |
| | 13—Sausage. |

Letter from Chester

On arrival at College, I was engulfed in a deluge of printed sheets telling me when I should or should not do this or that. In addition there were many strange faces and buildings, all of which made me wonder if I would ever find my way about at all!

Soon I met other first years who were in the same predicament and we managed to get over the first couple of days until the second and third years arrived. Everyone tends to be very helpful and College life begins to settle down.

For the first few weeks everyone works quite hard and then settles into a pattern of work which in fact is not as hard as it first appears. There are also the trials to contend with. I chose soccer, basketball and table-tennis. There is a great deal of competition for these trials and you have a lot to be proud of if you get into the first team or even the second in some sports. Now I am in my third year I, as captain of basketball and table-tennis, have had to conduct the trials myself. I found this almost as difficult as playing in them.

Social life at College depends on the willingness of the students to take part themselves. There are not many watchers at College. There are numerous clubs and societies which cover almost anything that you care to mention. However, each club demands loyalty from its members and consequently it is a mistake to join too many, as frequently meetings or fixtures will clash.

On most Saturday evenings there is a dance at College. These are usually most enjoyable because everyone knows everyone else. Once a year there is a "let yourself go mad" week, known to the locals as the time to avoid students, and to us as RAG. For the sake of Rag, students are willing to do anything and everything, to raise an extra 1d. for charity. This culminates in the highlight of the week, the Rag Ball.

College is what you put into it. Give it a chance and it will be some of the best years of your life. Once the first fortnight is over and College is in full swing, there is no time to be homesick. However, it is a mistake to think it is all play. The students play hard, but they work hard as well. There are exams to be passed at the end of each year and this needs to be borne in mind all the time. Yet with the combination of steady work and recreation, I think that the student leaves college a much fuller person than when he or she entered as a fresher from school.

John Johnson

Letter from Imperial College, London

Haldane, Hofmann, Huxley . . ., Watts, Wells, Whitehead . . ., are but a few of the names associated with Imperial College, and present professors Barrer, Barton, Blackett . . ., continue this superb tradition. However, I shall ignore the impact that these have had on my thinking on academic matters and concentrate on more mundane matters.

I.C. is special in that it is a purely scientific college and therefore the students are rather insular and spend much time on discussing their specialisation. It is also a result of its scientific nature and its status as a college of intensive research that the students are hard-working and devoted (generally) to their subject. This is not to say that Union activities are not carried out enthusiastically, they are, (I.C. is noted for its frequent dances, etc.) but probably not with as much freedom as in many places.

The student is aided in his search for social activities by I.C.'s situation in central London. Indeed, a eulogist might say that it is ideally situated between the sophistication of South Kensington and the rural beauty of Hyde Park, as well as being next door to a convenient centre for assemblies—The Royal Albert Hall. To the Boltonian these advantages are obvious and welcome (i.e., somewhere to go if you have the money). However, not so obvious perhaps, are the disadvantages—like choosing somewhere to live. The choice is either a comfortable “home” life in Wimbledon or a similar suburb with the inconvenience of scheduled, crowded London tubes; or a central London bed-sitter with higher prices, no “home” life amenities, London landladies but no travelling. Most students, not in Hall, choose the latter, thus showing the power of the time factor and the possibilities of Union participation.

Most students at university join at least one club, either because it caters for their hobby (radio, chess, etc.) or for social reasons; these are very important, especially to help maintain a personal basis for the science student. Since I.C. has a very wide and integrated international population, I decided to join the International Relations Club, as the U.N.S.A. representative. The meetings of this club range from discussions of the U.N. and world problems such as racial prejudice to studies of a single country in all of its aspects. For instance, last week we discussed Japan; films were shown, Japanese food and drink consumed, speaker listened to, posters sold for OXFAM, all in an informal enthusiastic atmosphere. The evening was concluded with even more informal talking over the washing-up.

In conclusion I might say that prospective students should be determined in their devotion to science, should enjoy the freedom of London University as opposed to the musty tradition of

Oxbridge and should read “Love and Mr. Lewisham,” by H. G. Wells. But once here they should recognise the distorting influence that I.C. has on their personality and be prepared to balance it by widening their intellectual horizons. Then they will realise that university is not just a means to an end but also an end in itself.

N.S. Potts

Letter from Cambridge

I have before me an impossible task: to express in a few words the experiences of my first year at Cambridge. But to bemoan the inadequacy of my medium is to impoverish it yet further by consuming precious space, so with no more ado, I shall essay my commission.

The centre of the undergraduate's life at Cambridge is his College, in my case Downing—with its chapel, its library, its living-quarters, its dining-hall and its internal administration. I might add that we in Downing boast the largest Court of any in Cambridge. Each College is a self-sufficient unit within the larger concept of the University, so personalising the whole. I have found it a wholly satisfying system. There, in his first bewildering days, the freshman begins to come to grips with the surrounding strangeness until contact makes familiar the unfamiliar. The college is the centre around which grows a sense of belonging, of loyalty, of participating in a tradition.

The undergraduate, like Richard II, “needs friends,” and I found college in my first few days full of students anxious as people anywhere to make friends in a new environment. At this time comes initiation into the student custom of discussing art, literature, life, the football and cricket results, the world past, present, and future—in fact, everything under the sun—over the inevitable cup of coffee. These friends, this exchange of information and ideas, figure prominently amongst the benefits of University life.

It is truly said that you “read” a subject at University. For a bibliophile such as myself, Cambridge is a positive delight with its libraries—the University Library, the Seeley History Library, the College Library—and its bookshops—David's, Deighton Bell, Galloway and Porter, Bowes and Bowes and Heffer's.

Indeed Cambridge offers the opportunity to continue old interests and take up new; there is scope for all. This term I've joined the University Revolver and Pistol Club to take up shooting for the first time. Sport and Societies are organised at both University and College level, so you can, for example, debate at the College Debating Society or at the Union or at both—or you can go along and just listen like me. For me, reading History,

there is the College History Society, the Maitland and the University History Club. Then there are the theatres, the cinemas, and College Societies devoted to both, so that there are productions and showings, amateur and professional, commercial and otherwise, of many kinds and different standards from which to choose. In short, there is no earthly reason why time need hang heavy on the hands of the Cambridge undergraduate.

However, the University is a seat of learning and the majority of undergraduates, myself included, work hard. Teaching is the function of the University rather than of the College, and study is a complex of Directors of Studies, of Supervisors, of Lecturers. The great benefit, the concession of your maturity, is the freedom to organise your work within that framework of lectures and supervisions. It is a freedom that is rarely abused. The undergraduate who says he does little work is either a fool or he lies in his teeth. The opportunity here offered is too valuable and too hard-won for it to be otherwise. Leisure activities and recreation are vital and due time is devoted to them, but rarely are they allowed to obscure the primacy of study. Most students manage to combine the two in just proportion.

Much remains to be said of the architectural beauty and ancient splendour of the colleges, of the joys of punting on the Cam (particularly—I speak from experience—when someone else plies the pole), and of much else. But I began by bemoaning the limits imposed by space and now its exigencies demand that I draw to a close.

The most meaningful thing I can say about my experiences at Cambridge is that I have never regretted my decision to come here. Had I my choice to make again, I would choose this University and no other. Allow me to close by wishing that those of you who will go to University this year or in the years to come may be as fortunate.

Neal Rigby

Letter from France

Un an déjà s'est écoulé depuis ce jour de la rentrée où, un peu inquiète, je prenais mes fonctions d'assistante de français. Tout était nouveau pour moi et d'abord, ce rang de "presque professeur," auquel je me trouvais soudain promue. Je me sentais, je l'avoue, beaucoup plus proche par l'esprit, des élèves que des professeurs

Tout au long de cette année, de même que je me suis efforcée de détruire chez mes élèves l'image stéréotypée qu'ils avaient du Français, j'ai moi-même modifié mes idées sur l'Angleterre. Bien sûr je n'en étais pas encore à me représenter tous les Anglais

coiffés d'un chapeau melon et un parapluie au bras, mais tout de même, nous avons en France un certain nombre d'idées toutes faites. C'est ainsi que je m'attendais à trouver une école aux bâtiments sombres, aux longs couloirs solennels, aussi imaginez ma surprise lorsque j'ai vu des installations modernes, au milieu de ces pelouses magnifiques qu'on ne voit qu'en Angleterre.

C'était la première fois que je voyais de près une école anglaise et je fus étonnée de ce mélange de traditionalisme, que représente par exemple, le port de la toge par les professeurs et qui semble faire bon ménage avec des méthodes d'éducation assez modernes, par exemple l'existence des "perfects." J'ai du mal à imaginer la même chose en France.

Le deuxième chose qui m'a frappée c'est sans doute l'accueil que j'ai reçu. On prétend, en France, que les Anglais sont froids, et pourtant, je ne crois pas avoir rencontré de gens si accueillants qu'à Bolton et dans la région.

En même temps qu'elle m'a aidée à mieux connaître le pays, cette année, bien sûr, m'a fait faire de gros progrès dans la langue anglaise et m'a permis de me familiariser avec l'accent pittoresque des Boltoniens. Je n'oublierai jamais ces premiers jours de mon séjour, où j'ai vu soudain anéanties toutes les notions qu'on m'avait données à l'Université sur la façon de prononcer l'anglais.

Et puis, l'assistante jouissant d'une situation privilégiée, elle a si peu d'heures de cours, j'ai pu faire du "tourisme." Vous parlerai-je de la découverte que j'ai faite en Angleterre, de l'auto-stop? C'est ainsi que j'ai visité le pays de Galles, la région des Lacs, York, et aussi les "moors" si typiques de votre région.

Comme vous le voyez, cette année en Angleterre a été riche en expériences de toutes sortes, et le souvenir des matins froids, brumeux ou pluvieux n'arrive pas à atténuer l'excellente impression que j'en garde.

A. Marie Cougoule (French Assistant, 1967-68)

Christopher N. Spragg (Third Form)

ANSWERS TO MATHEMATICAL SQUARE

Across $6 + 6 \div 2 = 6$

$1 + 1 + 3 = 5$

$2 \times 2 \div 2 = 2$

Down $6 \times 1 - 2 = 4$

$6 \times 1 \div 2 = 3$

$2 + 3 + 2 = 7$

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

Maureen Hadcroft, after working for a few years for Exide Batteries, has recently been appointed Assistant Secretary at Bolton School (Girls Division).

After three years at Alnwick College in Northumberland, Judith Partington is spending twelve months at the Ecole Normale d' Institutrices, Rue St. Pierre, Mont de Maison, France. She is teaching English to 16-20 year old girls and a group of 4 year old children in the Preparatory school. The French Education Authorities are very keen that English should be taught to their youngest children at as early an age as possible.

Adrian Howarth, B.Eng., has accepted an engineering appointment with the Skelmersdale Development Corporation.

Keith Spragg, B.Pharm., has taken up a position as a pharmacist with Timothy Whites' Chemists Ltd.

Chris Rogers, L.R.A.M., A.R.M.C.M., has now gone to the University of Durham to do further study for the B. Mus. degree.

David Brownlow, A.R.M.C.M., is going on to do further work for the G.R.S.M. degree.

Stephen Roberts has been working in a hospital in Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., and has now returned to the University of Edinburgh.

Rosemary Hill, B.Sc. (Newcastle) is continuing her studies in Botany for the M.Sc. degree.

Ruth Fletcher is teaching Music and Physical Education at Chorley Grammar School.

Joyce Allsop is teaching at St. Paul's, Astley Bridge, Primary School, Bolton.