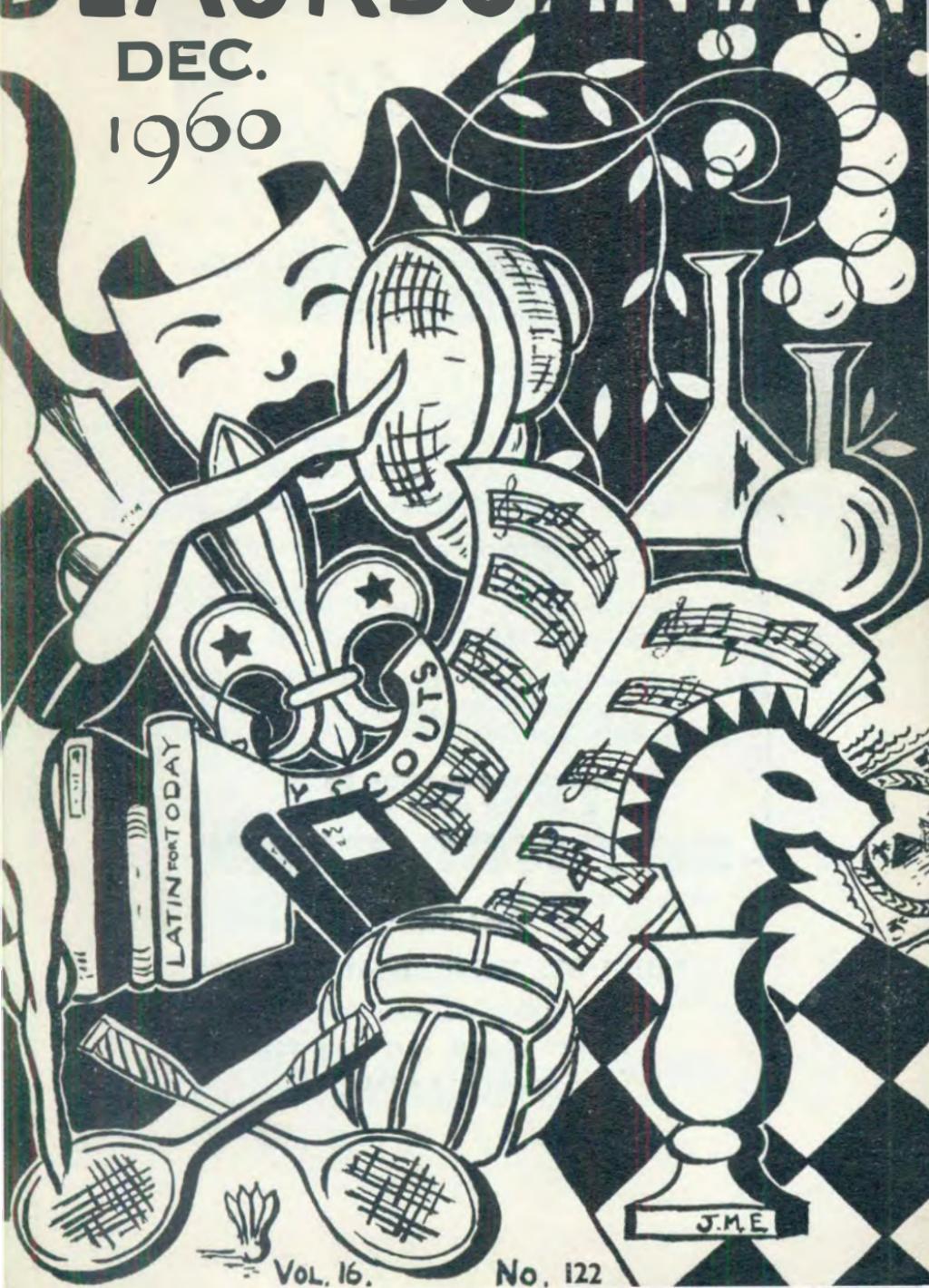


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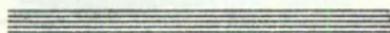
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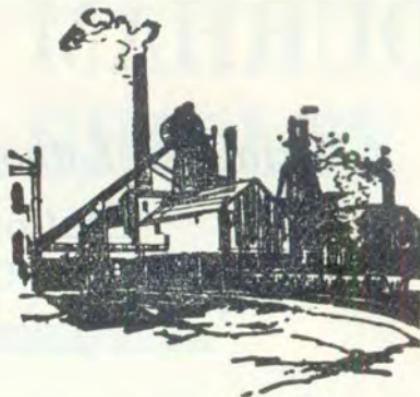
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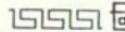
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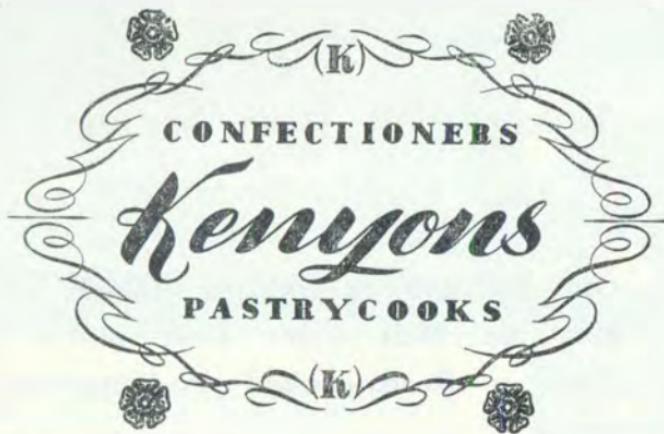
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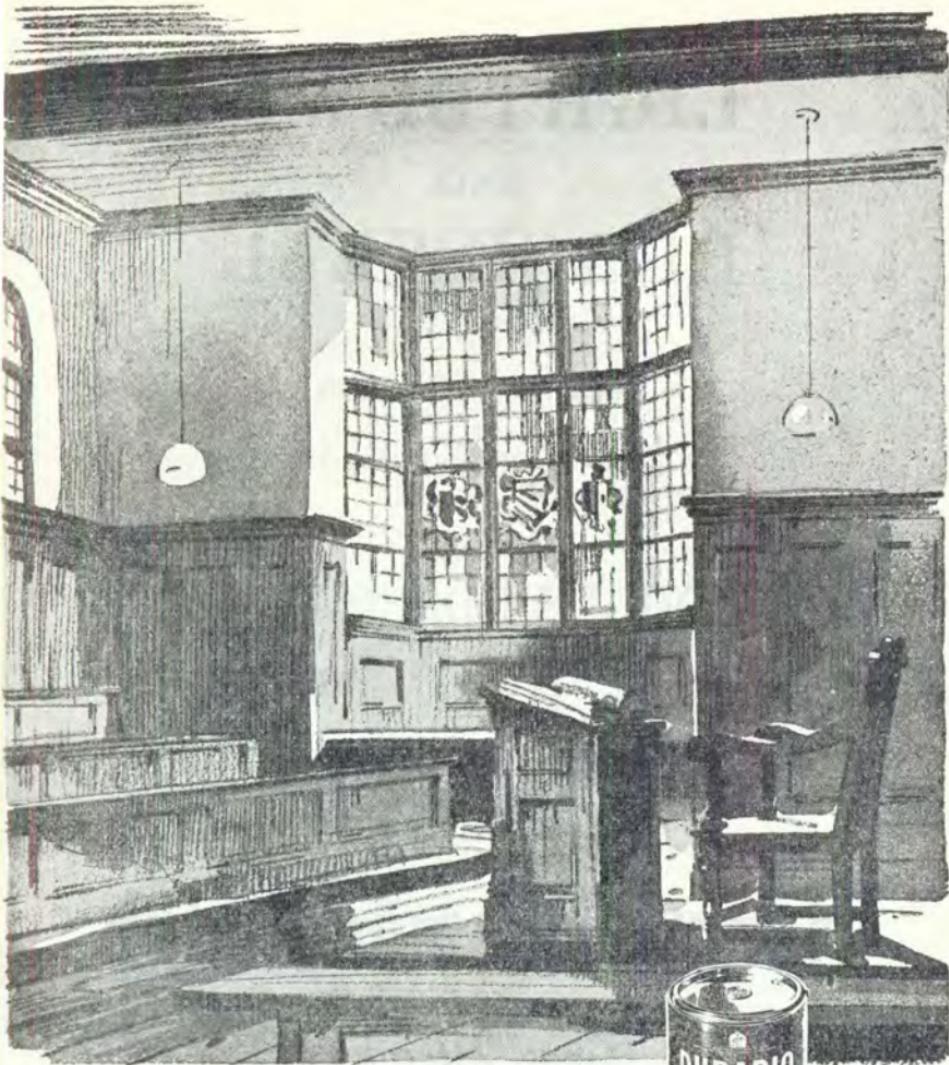


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The Blackburnian

DECEMBER, 1960

No. 122



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Editor: D. E. Ambrose.

Editorial

A YEAR ago a plea was made in this editorial for support for school societies, especially from the sixth form. Although there is still much room for improvement, some interest appears to have been stirred up by various means. The successful formation of a new society—the Historical Society—on top of those we already have is a good sign. The Sixth Form Club, too, has shown encouraging signs of renewed vigour. The showing of a number of good feature films, and criticism upon them, has attracted enough attention to whet the appetites of boys from some of the other activities of their club; activities which have ranged in the last year from an investigation into spiritualism to a visit to see Brendan Behan's "The Quare Fellow" in Manchester.

On the strength of this promising volume of continued support a special effort has been made this term to ensure proper organisation of the Sixth Form Club under a committee (with the Headmaster as President) of staff and boys. Details of the types of visits to be made, and the types of guests who will be invited from time to time to address us on some specific subject, can be found in the Sixth Form Club report in this magazine.

What is the chief purpose of this sort of sixth form activity? Above all it acts as a complement of the work done by both staff and students in the school. In this society—and the debating society

— students can come along and thrash out among themselves ideas on politics, religion, and all current or perennial matters of interest and importance. People can come along with their ideas (and prejudices) express them, have them criticised, and afterwards go away mentally stimulated and with a truer, more honest picture of what is going on in the world today.

For obvious reasons much of this type of argument—though healthy and constructive—cannot take place in the form room. A definite syllabus has to be completed in school time, and also the informal atmosphere of an evening meeting is more conducive to thought on a wide variety of topics, especially when there is a guest speaker.

The importance of such discussion is this: during the school day we can learn about the geographical, linguistic, historical and religious structure of our world. In this type of debate we can put together that knowledge and out of it draw conclusions upon philosophy, morality and politics: we can put it together and feel born in ourselves the first spark of real, hard thought. In the tenor of what Lord James said on the last school speech day, the real purpose of education is not merely to teach us enough facts to pass an ordinary or advanced level examination, but to teach us to be full, thinking human beings, fit to have a voice and a vote in the increasing complexity of modern life.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE Michaelmas Term began on 10th September, and ends with the annual School Speech Day on 16 December.

Summer Term:—

Mr. G. J. Crompton—to be Assistant Education Officer, Doncaster.

Mr. W. J. Farley-Hills—to King Edward VI School, Southampton.

Mr. L. W. Hodgson—to the Adams Grammar School, Newport, Salop.

Mr. A. Metcalfe—to teach at an Army school in Singapore.

Mr. G. M. Wells—to take up a post at Ottawa University.

Mr. R. H. Wilkinson—to teach history at the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle.

We welcome the following new members of staff:—

Mr. J. Byrne, B.A. (Sheffield University), Latin and French.

Mr. B. Eastham, B.A. (Manchester University), English and General Studies.

Mr. R. D. Eaton, B.Sc. (Durham University), Biology.

Mr. R. A. Hargreaves, BSc. (Manchester University), Physics.

Mr. P. W. Iddon, B.Sc. (Manchester University), Mathematics.
 Mr. R. A. Jones, B.A. (Liverpool University), Senior German Master.

Mr. J. W. Pursey, B.A. (Jesus College, Cambridge), Classics.

Mr. Eastham is an Old Boy of the School. Mr. Jones was previously teaching at Ashton-under-Lyne Grammar School, and Mr. Pursey at the Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe.

Mr. Harry Leyland, of Blackburn Rovers, has taken Mr. Smith's place at a part-time games coach.

G.C.E. Results

Eight State Scholarships, a record number, were gained, and we congratulate the following heartily on their successes:— B. J. Aspden, D. M. Child, I. M. Gillibrand, G. R. Gilmore, P. E. M. Jarrett, T. Swan, K. I. Wilkinson, B. Wilson.

There were 23 distinctions and 194 passes at Advanced Level, and 510 passes at Ordinary Level.

Peel Foundation Awards were gained by the following: B. J. Aspden (Henry Harrison Modern Language Scholarship), K. Klemm (Richard Thompson Modern Language Scholarship), G. R. Gilmore and K. I. Wilkinson (Eli Heyworth Memorial Scholarships), I. M. Gillibrand, T. Swan and B. Wilson (J. E. Fielding Scholarships).

Numbers in the School have risen again, and there were 880 at the beginning of term—783 in the main School (168 in the Sixth Form), and 97 in the Junior School. The full-time teaching staff has been increased by one to meet this rise in numbers.

A new system of tutors has been inaugurated in the Arts Sixth this term. Each member has been assigned to one of six tutors, who will be responsible for his programme of work and general progress throughout his time in the sixth form.

Final negotiations with the Ministry of Education concerning the new playing-fields development are now nearing completion; and the work will begin in the spring with the grading and development of four pitches on the undeveloped part of our own land, and similar work to produce an additional pitch on the land over the brook which has been leased from the Old Blackburnian Association.

During the summer holidays new floors were laid in the Radcliffe Wing; walls and ceilings in the Holden Laboratories were redecorated, and the laboratory floors were sanded and sealed. Big School floor was also sanded. Early this term the Upper Playground was re-surfaced.

The new record-player in the Garstang Room, designed by Mr. Watson and built by the school joiners has been in frequent use for dinner-time and after-school concerts, and for teaching

purposes. The acoustics of the Garstang Room (the old library) have proved to be excellent.

On November 14th a course of speech-training classes was inaugurated. They are being conducted by Mrs. Alice Stirrup, L.G.S.M., A.L.C.M., in Hartley House in the dinner-hour; and 123 boys are taking part, in six classes on three days of the week.

During the first year of working our new kitchen, under the direction of Miss Sheila Ellerton, the Supervisor, amply proved itself; some 600 dinners are now being produced daily.

Mr. George Cansdale, well known for his many television appearances, gave two lectures in the school on November 17 on the subject of Ghana and its animals. In the morning he spoke to the seconds and Junior School, and in the afternoon to the sixth form. His lectures were illustrated by colour slides, and he brought with him a python and a bush-baby. A photograph appears in this magazine.

The Annual Swimming Gala was held on October 18. For the Second place went to Hawkins, with 34 points. Third, fourth, fifth third year in succession Frobisher led the field with 55 points. and sixth positions went to Howard, Drake, Raleigh and Grenville respectively. Four new best times were set up, and a butterfly-stroke event was introduced for the first time.

W. Howe won the Senior Middle School Championship.

W. Howe has swum for Division 2 (the North of England section) of the English Schools' Swimming Championships.

We congratulate J. Miller, 6 Sc., on becoming the Lancashire Junior Badminton Champion.

The School Scout Troop won for the second successive year the Scout Shield in the annual Sports at Witton Park in July; their relay team broke the record for that event, and J. Smalley broke the records in the 100 yards and 220 yards.

R. Smethurst is the latest member of the School Scout Troop to gain the Queen's Scout Badge. M. Stirrup has become Blackburn's first Wolf Cub to win all fifteen proficiency badges. A party of twenty-five scouts spent a fortnight this summer at the International Scout Chalet at Kandersteg in Switzerland.

D. David won every section he had entered, including a silver cup for dramatic recital, at Fleetwood Music and Art Festival.

I. K. Piper has broadcast in "The Bane of the Library" in July, and in "30—60" in November.

Reports and photographs appear below of the two visits to America and Minorca made by senior boys in the school this summer.

It is with very deep regret that we record the death, on September 30, of Michael Smith, prefect and member of Upper Sixth Science. A tribute to Michael Smith appears below.

MICHAEL SMITH 1953—1960

FOR a school to be robbed of one of its members by death is fortunately a rare event, so that when it does occur the impact in sharp. The School was profoundly shocked to learn of the untimely death on October 2nd of Michael Smith, aged 18, just when he seemed to be on the threshold of a promising career.

In his quiet, unassuming way he had moved steadily up the school and passed into the Lower Sixth with an excellent record of O level passes. There he developed rapidly, early establishing himself as an earnest student with a keen sense of responsibility. Unfortunately, he suffered a serious bicycle accident, and had to spend a term in hospital, and his health thereafter was never robust. Nothing daunted, he insisted on continuing with his studies. In June of this year, just before he was due to take A level papers, he again had to go into hospital, and actually took his examinations there. It was a testimony alike to his ability and to his courageous spirit that he gained good passes in all his four subjects. He returned to school in September, full of enthusiasm and as cheerful as ever but after a very short time he was again taken ill and this time there was to be no recovery.

Excellent as his scholastic record was, it is not primarily as a student that we will remember him, but as a person. During his last two years there must have been many occasions when it would have been easy for him to become discouraged, but he impressed everyone who knew him by his cheerfulness, fortitude and optimism. He refused to be daunted and was never heard to grumble. His good nature his readiness to be of service, and his friendly and lovable personality earned the affection and respect of his fellow-prefects and form-mates and of the staff. We recognise his loss as tragic, but affirm that a life that earned such affection and respect has not been lived in vain.

To his parents and brother we can do no more than offer our sincere sympathy, the school, too, will long remember Michael Smith.

In memory of Michael Smith, his parents have made a generous donation for the benefit of the science facilities and of the prefects room; and a Physics prize has been endowed by his aunt, Miss Jean Fielden.

THE TEACHING STAFF

IT is not often that a school has the good fortune simultaneously to have the services of two such splendid young schoolmasters as Mr. Farley-Hills and Mr. Metcalfe, both of whom left us in July last to seek further experience elsewhere.

Mr. W. J. Farley-Hills was a product of Chatham House Grammar School, from which he proceeded to Brasenose College, Oxford with a State Scholarship and an Open Scholarship in

Natural Science. He graduated with high honours in Physics with a special pass in Nuclear Physics and, after a brief period of teaching at Marlborough College, joined the science staff here in September, 1955.

At once he endeared himself to boys and staff alike by his manifest enthusiasm for teaching and whole-hearted devotion to the interests of the boys. This was particularly true of the juniors, with whose enthusiasms he identified himself in a very special way. As form master, class teacher and games supervisor at Lammack he was indefatigable in their service, and there must be few schoolmasters who can speak more informatively of young people than Mr. Farley-Hills.

His special work in the Science department was carried through with equal zest, and I record with especial pleasure and appreciation his constructional work and workshop activity. He designed and assembled a remarkably accurate model of the Holden science block which, with other of his many exhibitions, was greatly admired on Open days. He managed the Camera Club and Crystal Set Club, whilst his colour films (with attendant commentaries) of junior school activity were feats of exceptional skill and amazing realism.

Tenacious of truth and uncompromisingly assiduous in the maintenance of true professional standards, "F.H." won respect and affection on all sides. We shall miss his fresh enthusiasm and the almost startling directness of his views, but wish him well in his new responsibilities as Physics master at King Edward VI School, Southampton.

Mr. A. Metcalfe was an old boy of the School, from which he proceeded to Leeds University to qualify with honours in English and English Philosophy. After his period of military service, Mr. Metcalfe returned to his old school in September, 1956, as teacher of English and French. From the outset he proved himself a stimulating and gifted teacher with an effective disciplinary control, obtained without effusive or studiously harsh manner.

Not only did his scholarly approach evoke response in class, but his quietly restrained and considerate manner established for himself a respect and regard that was reflected in an ever growing circle of friends and sphere of influence. He undertook duties and "out-of-class" responsibilities without fuss or question; and so ably did he cope with these demands in his time that it became difficult to resist the inclination to put an ever increasing load of work on him. Even so, the list of his activities includes presidency of the Badminton Club, secretary of the School Xmas Card, presidency of the English Joint Play Reading Society, Staff representation on the Sports Committee, Master-in-charge of under 13 soccer, joint organiser of School travel and, by no means least in importance, brewer-in-chief of Staff luncheon club tea!

Outside School Mr. Metcalfe was equally active, enriching the

community life of his home town by Church work, public lectures and in numerous other ways. But throughout it all there remained undimmed the desire for further world travel—particularly in the Far East which had so enthralled him during his service period. Then came the opportunity of combining this with his professional duties, and his appointment as English master at the Alexandra Grammar School, Singapore, whilst our loss, is his great opportunity. In this, as in all things he attempts, go our very best wishes.

F.T.

VALETE

The following, now Old Boys, are assured of our best wishes for their future success:—

Aspden, B. J.; Bailey, D. I.; Bancroft, J. I.; Barber, W.; Basker, D.; Barton, T. A. M.; Bates, G. T.; Bassett, P. C.; Bishop, A. J.; Blackwell, T. J.; Bolton, J. E.; Bleasdale, A.; Bowker, K.; Bracken, J. S.; Bradshaw, A.; Brownlow, A. C.; Bullough, N. C.; Burnie, F. J.; Chadwick, C. K.; Chadwick, P. D.; Chapman, M. D.; Cheetham, K. M.; Cooper, T.; Crabtree, D. G.; Crehan, A. S.; Cropper, J. A.; Cunliffe, B.; Dawson, P. M.; Dawson, R. P.; Eatough, A. C.; Eddleston, B. N. F.; Edmondson, G. M.; Edmondson, D.; Edwards, F. G.; Entwistle, C. J.; Entwistle, G. J.; Fairclough, R. S.; Fowler, P. R.; Gillett, J.; Gaskell, P; Gillibrand, I. M.; Gilmore, G. R.; Green, A. B.; Green, P. M.; Gregson, G. H.; Hacking, S. E.; Hall, M. R.; Harding, M. J.; Hargreaves, M.; Heald, P. S.; Heaton, T. D.; Hindle, D.; Houlden, W. R.; Horrocks, J. A.; Hulme, J.; Hunt, R.; Illingworth, J. D.; Jarrett, P. E. M.; Jeffrey, R.; Kay, J. B.; Klemm, K.; Kenyon, G.; Kenworthy, P. S.; Kenyon, J. H.; Kilby, B. C.; Lear, J.; Lewis, D. W.; Lord, K. W.; Marginson, M.; Morley, K.; Mossop, P.; McMyler, J.; Olsen, P. C.; Onslow, P.; Owen, T. P.; Parker, I.; Parker, M. F.; Parsons, M. C.; Parkinson, G. S.; Parkinson, H. R.; Parkinson, J. R.; Parkinson, W.; Partington, D.; Phipps, D.; Platt, M.; Porter, R. A.; Priestley, J.; Rawstron, F. A.; Reeves, R. D.; Readett, G. H.; Reich, R. W.; Rhoda, R. R.; Rischmiller, J.; Root, G. R.; Ryley, D. B.; Schofield, P. W.; Sharp, R. F.; Shaw, H. W.; Shepherd, G. M.; Smith, D. R.; Smith, G.; Smith, R.; Smith, T. Staveley, R. K.; Stocks, I.; Stoddart, W. J. M.; Stone, A. H. M.; Swan, T.; Swire, P. R.; Tierney, R. G.; Vlies, P. R.; Walker, M.; Walmsley, J. P.; Walsh, A.; Walsh, J. C.; White, M. H.; Whittle, I.; Wilkinson, K. I.; Wilson, B.; Wilson, M.D.R.; Whitehead, R.; Whiteside, J. C.; Winsor, D. G.; Wishart, J. D. S.; Wynne, A. E.; Wynne, J. T.; Yates, J. F.; Young, I.

SALVETE

We extend a warm welcome to these boys who have entered the School:—

Drake: Barlow, K.; Cartmell, J.; Chadwick, N; Cottan, J. P.;

Crompton, P.; Dawson, W. T.; Duckworth, J. H.; Gardner, M.; Gerrie, D. R.; Gorton, D. A.; Hindle, A. J. M.; Hodgson, E.; Houldsworth, J. M.; Knight, J. C.; McNeill, H. H.; Reed, P. A.; Rogerson, C.; Schofield, R.; Thomas, M. H.; Tyson, D. M.; Wilson, P. J.; Wrigley, F.

Frobisher: Bird, B. M.; Bradley, N. S.; Carter, C. H.; Carter, S. H.; Clark, B.; Crutchley, N.; Fletcher, P. A.; Gibson, T.; Gorton, K.; Grimshaw, A. J. C.; Holden, C. C.; Jack, W. D.; Lawson, D. S.; Mather, P.; Powell, I.; Robinson, I. J.; Sharples, P. R.; Stevens, P. E.; Walmsley, P. N.; Watson, W. M.; Wilkinson, M. R.; Wilson, A. A.; Woods, P. S.

Grenville: Boyes, G.; Chippendale, I. H.; Clarkson, P.; Cummins, G. I.; Hargreaves, R.; Hawcroft, N.; Houlker, L.; Hutchinson, M.; Kay, M.; Kemball-Cook, D.; Kershaw, M.; Lavery, D. W.; Leeming, M. M.; Rostron, C.; Rostron, P. B.; Rothwell, J. D.; Stirrup, M. B.; Titchiner, T. J.; Tomlinson, A.; Wharton, D. J.; Wiggins, K.; Williams, S. R.

Hawkins: Blackwell, B. H.; Blezard, M. J.; Bruce, D. P.; Dixon, J. H.; Fisher, P. E.; Hart, I. J.; Henderson, I. R.; Jenkinson, R.; Jepson, D. J.; King, I.; Lewis, R. K.; Mercer, T. J.; Murray, J. S.; Parker, P. G.; Riley, M.; Rowe, J. C.; Smith, G. F.; Vines, C. D.; Wainman, K.; Walsh, P. E.; Warbrick, J. F.; Wynne, D.

Howard: Chorlton, P. F.; Collison, D.; Cookson, P. J.; Coverley, J. B.; Dodds, C. G.; Earnshaw, I.; Hilton, S.; Horsfield, F.; Hudson, I. P.; Iddon, P. M.; Lamonby, H. S.; Morris, J. B.; Murphy, P. V.; Paisley, J. S.; Shepherd, S. C.; Slater, D.; Simpson, G. G.; Singleton, J. H.; Sowerbutts, A.; Wallace, E.; Warburton, J. K. H.; Wignall, P. G.

Raleigh: Bolton, P.; Caffrey, E. N.; Churchill, A. R.; Eden, A. C.; Edwardson, T. W.; Evans, G. R.; Evans, I. S.; Frost, D.; Hopwood, C. J.; Lund, M.; Marshall, R. C.; Mellor, D. J.; Mitchell, P. J.; Moore, A.; Moreton, A. J.; Mortimer, I. D.; Mycock, D. E.; Scholfield, M. W.; Smith, W. J.; Stones, M. J.; Waite, M. J.; Ward, P. J.; Woods, M. J.; Worthington, M. J.

SCHOOL FOOTBALL

THE School this year retains six of last year's team. P. L. Jones has been appointed school football captain and H. Bendix has been appointed the vice-captain. The defence has now settled down and is becoming very strong, and the forward line, although rather small and lacking fire power is improving weekly. The team has tried to play football whatever the conditions and the outstanding characteristic has been the fighting spirit. On several occasions the team has been behind at half time only to fight back and pull the game out of the bag.

For the last few matches the school has been using the con-

tinental 4—2—4 system with great success, and when the link with the forwards is perfected I think that many schools will have to struggle to give us a good game.

FOOTBALL REPORT

FOR the first game of the season, the First XI travelled to Manchester G.S. A great deal of good open football was played in mid-field, but the school fell down in the attack, due to the efficient fall-back method employed by the Manchester defence.

Half time: Manchester G.S. 2, Q.E.G.S. 0.

The second half saw a revival by the school and they successfully dominated mid-field play, but again the opposing defence held firm under pressure.

Final: Manchester G.S. 2, Q.E.G.S. 0.

Wade; Cox, Horrocks; Brewer, Bendix, Jones; Parkinson, Holding, Taylor, Almond, Davies.

On September 21st, the School entertained Clitheroe R.G.S. This was a needle match in the home-and-away struggle for the Peter Cross Cup. The school played uphill in the first half, and were quite happy to have held the strong opposing side to a 1—0 lead at half time.

Half time: Q.E.G.S. 0, Clitheroe R.G.S. 1.

In the second half, the School was in a rampant mood, and after the equaliser by Brewer, Parkinson added 2 more goals for a well-deserved win.

Final: Q.E.G.S. 3, Clitheroe R.G.S. 1.

Wade; Cox, Horrocks; Brewer, Coupe, Jones; Parkinson, Holding, Taylor, Almond, Davies.

The game with Barrow G.S. proved the best game of the season so far. The visitors began vigourously but the School defence held out successfully until a few minutes before the interval when Barrow went ahead. The School was not crestfallen for it has been behind many times at half time having played uphill in the first half.

Half time: Q.E.G.S. 0, Barrow G.S. 1.

After the interval, the school side was soon level through Parkinson. What was not expected was the Barrow revival and another goal for their side. Again the School drew ahead and Davies scored the equaliser a very few minutes from time.

Final: Q.E.G.S. 3, Barrow G.S. 3.

Wade; Cox, Horrocks; Brewer, Coupe, Jones; Lindsay, Holding, Davies, Almond, Parkinson.

The old rivalry between the School and St. Mary's College was soon apparent in a well-contested match. The School, well served by Jones' ability to win the toss, once more played uphill in the first half and were unlucky to be 1—0 down at half time.

Half time: Q.E.G.S. 0, St. Mary's College 1.

After the interval, the home team were in a rampant mood and dominating the play, ran out easy winners with goals by Parkinson, Davies, Lindsay and Almond.

Final: Q.E.G.S. 4, St. Mary's College 1.

Wade; Cox, Horrocks; Brewer, Bendix, Jones; Lindsay, Holding, Davies, Almond, Parkinson.

The School travelled to Oldham for their second away game of the season. Hulme led well by their inside forward captain, easily cut the School defence whose half-backs failed to link up with the forwards.

Half time: Hulme G.S. 2, Q.E.G.S. 0.

Hulme continued their attacking, and led the School defence a pretty dance. Their forwards added three further goals, and it was left to Jones to score the School's sole effort through a mishandling by the Hulme goalkeeper.

Final: Hulme G.S. 5, Q.E.G.S. 1.

Wade; Cox, Horrocks; Brewer, Bendix, Jones; Lindsay, Holding, Davies, Almond, Taylor.

The School's visit to Huddersfield Amateurs hardly turned out to be a happy one. Perhaps, this gives the wrong aspect to the match. The home side played well but were not overpowering, and the School played their best football to date but were thwarted by very effective 'keeping by the home goalie.

Half time: Huddersfield Amateurs 2, Q.E.G.S. 0.

In the second half it was surprising that it was the School who should tire rather than the "old men" and the Amateurs won comfortably but not with as much ease as the score suggests.

Final: Huddersfield Amateurs 6, Q.E.G.S. 0.

Wade; Cox, Horrocks; Coupe, Bendix, Jones; Holding, Brewer, Davies, Taylor, Lindsay.

The next home game was against Stand G.S. who last year had an excellent team. This year however, the School dominated the play. Parkinson put the school in the lead but Stand equalised.

Half time: Q.E.G.S. 1, Stand G.S. 1.

In the second half the School almost annihilated the opposing defence and finally ran out winners to the tune of 6--1. Further goals were scored by Parkinson, Almond 2, Brewer and Holding.

Final: Q.E.G.S. 6, Stand G.S. 1.

Wade; Cox, Horrocks; Coupe, Bendix, Jones; Holding, Brewer, Davies, Almond, Parkinson.

The School entertained another men's team on half term, Northern Nomads. The play was scintillating, with the Nomads running out narrow leaders by 1—0 at Half time.

Half time: Q.E.G.S. 0, N. Nomads 1.

After the interval the School fought hard and after a beautiful cross field run it was fitting that the captain Jones should centre hard and Almond was there to crash home the equaliser.

Final: Q.E.G.S. 1, N. Nomads 1.

Wade; Cox, Horrocks; Coupe, Bendix, Jones; Holding, Brewer, Davies, Almond, Parkinson.

Perhaps the most keenly awaited match of the term that with arch-enemies Bolton School, led to a very keenly contested match in appalling conditions. The School were away to a good start and were leading 2—0 after a very few minutes through goals by Brewer and Davies. But Bolton fought back and scored before half time.

Half time: Q.E.G.S. 2, Bolton School 1.

After the interval, Bolton School hit back hard but the school defences beautifully marshalled by Bendix and with Cox and Jones outstanding, and Davies covering well ably held out in the quagmire.

Final: Q.E.G.S. 2, Bolton School 1.

Wade; Cox, Horrocks; Coupe, Bendix, Jones; Holding, Brewer, Davies, Almond, Parkinson.

R.I.D.

SECOND ELEVEN FOOTBALL

THE concept that the 2nd Eleven is a preparation for the 1st Eleven rather than an independent team has been emphasised by the fact that the same eleven have never been fielded on any two consecutive weeks. Nevertheless despite this initial handicap a moderately successful season has so far been enjoyed. Five games have been won, four lost, and one drawn.

To make the best use of available players the forward line adopted an M formation—a scheming centre forward with the two inside men lying up-field. Gibson, Taylor and Snape have all played the deep-lying game—experiencing both success and failure. The goal-scoring role of the inside-forwards is reflected in the team's tally so far. Seed, who has played consistently at inside-forward, has 9 and Gibson and Snape each have 8.

Similar positional changes have been necessitated by the promotion of Coupe to the 1st Eleven. He began the season as centre-half and both Preston and Morris, usually full-backs, have been switched to fill this position. The two half-backs, however have been comparatively fixed; Bamber (capt.), covering the left flank and Foster the right. Yeoman service has been done by Skillen the goalkeeper, and Winterbottom, a most useful utility player.

The season began very brightly with a good draw against Manchester G.S. (4—4) and a win, away from home, at Clitheroe (6—2). The following three weeks, despite a lapse against Barrow (2—5) resulted in wins against St. Mary's (3—0) and Hulme (6—2). However, with the coach trip to Huddersfield, inspiration departed. Threec consecutive defeats were suffered at the hands of Huddersfield Amateurs (1—3), Stand G.S. (2—3) and Bolton School (3—6). The downward trend was halted with a fine win against Baines (2—1), when the team responded magnificently to the challenge of losing a player ten minutes after the kick-off. This victory was consolidated the following week by a big win against Bolton County G.S. (9—2). Long may the revival continue.

The team, I am sure, would like to extend its thanks to Green for being our regular linesman and Mr. Fish for his guidance. Those sessions at Friday break do much to compensate for an ever-changing formation.

Manchester G.S.	4—4
Clitheroe R.G.S.	6—2
Barrow G.S.	3—5
St. Mary's College	3—0
Hulme G.S.	6—2
Huddersfield A.F.C.	1—3
Stand G.S.	2—3
Bolton School	3—6
Baines G.S.	2—1
Bolton County G.S.	9—2

UNDER 13 XI FOOTBALL

THE team has continued in successful vein having won 6 of its 8 matches to date, although we still have difficulty in settling down on hard grounds with a light ball.

Results:

- v. Manchester G.S., lost 3—4.
- v. Clitheroe R.G.S., won 7—4.
- v. St. Mary's College, won 4—2.
- v. Hulme G.S., Oldham, won 14—1.
- v. Hayward Schools, won 8—0.
- v. Stand G.S., lost 2—4.
- v. Bolton School, won 4—2.
- v. Baines G.S., won 4—1.

The following have represented the School this term: Fairhurst (capt.), Upton (vice-capt.), Mason, Marsden, Bryan, Baron, Young A., Young C., Morris, Addison, Bowskill, Ainsworth, Masters, Sagar.

T.P.B.

VISIT TO AMERICA

FIVE senior boys from the school were among a party of fifteen (plus two adults) from Blackburn, Bury and Preston who spent the greater part of this summer in the United States of America. Armed with cameras, rolls of film, and wallets which were to return home much lighter than they had been when they left, we sailed from Tilbury dock aboard the Q.S.S. Arkadia on the 26th July.

On the 3rd August we docked at Quebec for half a day. We just had time to disembark and get a brief impression of this spacious and pleasant city before it was time to get back on board for the final stage of our sea voyage, taking us to Montreal, where we spent a day or two before going across the frontier into

America. Some of us took the easiest way of getting acquainted with Montreal right away: we booked seats on a conducted tour in an open bus.

The island of Montreal (which is about a thousand miles from the open sea) is dominated by the mountain originally called in French 'Mont Réal,' and now Mount Royal. It is pleasantly wooded and full of remarkably tame squirrels. Motor vehicles are not allowed up there; visitors must go up either on foot or in a horse-drawn carriage. On the topmost point of Mount Royal there is a hundred-foot-high iron cross, which is lit up at night time by two hundred electric light bulbs, so that it is visible at all times from the city below. The city of Montreal itself stretches from the water's edge to the foot of Mount Royal.

We left Montreal on the 16th August and crossed into the U.S.A., passing through the beautiful New England scenery of Vermont and New Hampshire. It had been arranged that each member of our party should stay with an American family for a period of three weeks, some in the district of Andover (about thirty miles N.E. of Boston) and others at a resort on Cape Cod. Throughout this period none of us saw much of the rest of the party: each joined whole-heartedly into the life of his particular family, and we were all well on the way to becoming real All-American-Boys by the end of this time; except, that is, for the English accents, which were too valuable to lose. The English tourist's greatest asset in the States is the fact that he can show the Americans how English is really spoken "back home where it all started."

Thirty miles in an eight-cylinder car on those magnificent American highways is barely a thirty minute drive, so a number of us had the opportunity of making several visits to the city of Boston, and got to know the whole district very well during these three weeks. The families took us on long journeys into the White Mountains where people fish, swim and sunbathe during the summer, and go ski-ing in the winter. Some of us went to see the second "Mayflower" and Plymouth Rock; others spent some of their time swimming and water ski-ing at the numerous excellent beaches and lakes in New England.

The one thing that all eight of us in Andover did together was to appear on a programme on colour television from a studio in Boston. It was a daily programme with a general appeal, like "Tonight," though not nearly so well organised: in fact most of us wondered how the thing ever got on the air. The producer didn't seem to know what was happening next, and the compere—cheerful and confident before the cameras—between items could be seen dashing around behind scenes in search of the person he was due to interview in a few moments' time. Incidentally, our enjoyment of it all was considerably enhanced by the fact that we met Miss Massachusetts 1960 and her predecessor, who were on the same

programme. Later that evening a number of us went to see the Boston Red Sox baseball team play the New York Yankees.

We visited Drive-In Movies, where you can watch a film from the comfort of your own car: we visited Drive-In Restaurants, where you can order a meal and eat it—still in the comfort of your own car. But the things which seemed to typify to all of us the most striking feature of the country as a whole—its vastness and spaciousness—were the shopping centres. They are, as their name implies, great blocks of shops (sometimes the size of a small township) situated just beyond the outskirts of town, where people can buy anything from a broomstick to a suite of furniture, or from a bicycle pump to the legendary “solid gold cadillac.” All the different shops are moulded spaciously and gracefully into one attractive design, surrounded by square-acre upon acre of parking grounds (the envy of every British motorist who sees them). Most of these centres are open and clearly floodlit until half-past nine in the evening, sometimes later.

When the time came for us to leave New England we travelled on to Washington, and we all met to compare notes on the “home-stay” in our hotel there. We were all of us completely free to do exactly what we wanted during the “city tour,” which was one of the things that made the whole visit such a hugh success. At no time were we stifled by an excess of organisation in the form of people waiting to meet us everywhere, to show us the sights and insist on giving us the full history of every grave in the cemetery. In Washington, however, most of us seemed to do the same things though at different times: we went out to the home of George Washington; went to the top of the Washington Memorial (taking the lift, or walking all 898 steps—depending on individual athletic enthusiasm); and paid a visit to a session of Congress. Incidentally, it was so hot in Washington (almost a hundred degrees, with a humidity of 70 per cent.) that we all had to make about four changes of shirts etc. every day in order to keep reasonably comfortable.

In Philadelphia we again stayed with families for a couple of days, then moved on to the Henry Hudson Hotel, West 37 Street, New York.

To describe fully what we did and what can be done in New York would be virtually impossible in anything under 5,000 words. It is a city of surprises—one Sunday morning a couple of us ran into a mob of placard-carrying foreigners staging a demonstration in the centre of the city—with endless possibilities for the energetic visitor. Sleep is denied to those who wish to see all of New York in all its colourful phases. A sail round the island is a “must” to get the full benefit of a view of the skyline. Then the lights of night time have to be seen to be believed—Time Square, for instance, where 24,000 dollars’ worth of electricity is burned up by the thousands of brilliant signs every night. We visited the

United Nations Building, the Rockefeller Centre, the Guggenheim Art Museum, the hundredth floor of the Empire State Building, and some of us managed see a couple of shows on Broadway.

We flew back to London Airport from New York just forty-eight hours before the commencement of school this term. The two of us who were returning to the school—Brewer and Ambrose—just had time to catch up on a few hours' sleep before appearing in Big Hall for the first assembly.

D.E.A. & J.B.

UNOFFICIAL HOLIDAY IN MINORCA

SCHOOL was dismissed on the 14th of July, and that same evening the five of us, John Haworth, Fred Seed, Norman Whalley, Gordon Taylor and myself left Manchester for Barcelona. Two days later we arrived, only to find that it was "siesta" time and we could not get a taxi to take us to the hotel. Eventually we got one however, and after a short rest we began to make acquaintance with the very beautiful city.

As it happened, four of us were to prolong our acquaintance with Barcelona, as we could only get one ticket for the boat to Minorca, and Fred Seed took that and went on ahead with Mr. and Mrs. Collier who met us in Barcelona on the day after our arrival. We were to follow on the next boat two days later. Our stay in Barcelona was not uneventful, and part of the time was spent in trying out Spanish food on the principle of "eat first, and ask what was in it after." After five days in Barcelona we left on the trans-mediterranean boat for Minorca.

Twelve hours later we were on the quayside in Mahon with Mr. Collier and Fred Seed, being introduced to one of the Spanish boys from the village of Alcaufar. Two hours later we had unpacked and settled down in the cave which was to be our home for the next ten days. We soon made friends with the other teenagers who were holidaying in the village, and they were of six different nationalities.

Our adventures on Minorca would be too numerous to relate here, but adventures and new experiences were many and varied. Each morning we would get up at eleven o'clock and go swimming with the other boys and girls until it was time for the afternoon meal. Siesta filled in the time until the evening when we either went on a short walk or were invited to a dance at someone's house. It was because of his gallantry to the ladies at these dances that Gordon Taylor received the nick-name of Don Juan. Several times octopuses were brought in from the creek by swimmers or fishers. and once or twice we caught fish for supper and enjoyed them.

The cave was about five yards from the edge of the creek,

and its furniture consisted of five bunks, a table, and five stools. lack of space gave it rather an untidy appearance when towels, clothes, suitcases and books were left on the floor and draped over the beds and because of this we named the cave "La casita del desorden" (Chaos Cottage).

Our last memories are of the last night we spent in the cave. It was John Haworth's birthday, the following day and we went to bed at about 11 o'clock. John, however, insisted on keeping us awake, so just after midnight we told him it was now Tuesday and therefore his birthday, dragged him out of bed and threw him into the creek. We sang "Happy Birthday to You" as he climbed out of the water, much to the delight of some of the other teenagers who came down to see what the noise was about.

We left on Tuesday evening and said "adios" to the many friends that we had made. The journey home was uneventful apart from some mislaying of tickets in the South of France.

We would all like sincerely to thank Mr. and Mrs. Collier for making this holiday a success.

WATSON, E. G., 6A.

VICTORY

AS he toiled through the desert the old prospector poked his mule playfully in the ribs, more to show his delight at being back on the trail with him than to hasten him along—for the mule was incapable of hurrying. For twenty years this man had prospected through the desert of Arizona, panning the streams and boring the rocks for gold, and, though he had never found more than enough with which to eke out a bare existence, he was firmly convinced that someday his luck would turn and he would make a rich strike.

He had just been into the nearest town to get supplies for a few months, and he had a hunch that this time he would make his fortune. Perhaps this feeling was caused by the rememberance that on his last trip he had found the runs of al old Indian cave civilisation in the desert, and it was rumoured that treasure was often buried in these places and as far as he knew no-one else knew of this place.

After several days hard going he camped one evening at a water hole within sight of the ruins, and awakening at the dawn the next day he pushed on in order to have the whole day in which to explore. The town was built after the custom of the Pueblo Indians, in tiers, running straight up the side of a red sandstone mountain. The ancient adobe houses were now overgrown with cactus plants which hindered the old man's progress, and for some of the way he was forced to hack out a path. He chose the largest house of the town as being the most likely to contain the entrance to the burial cave. The climb was not an easy one—he fell several times, and was several hours before reaching the building of his



THE STAFF 1960—1961



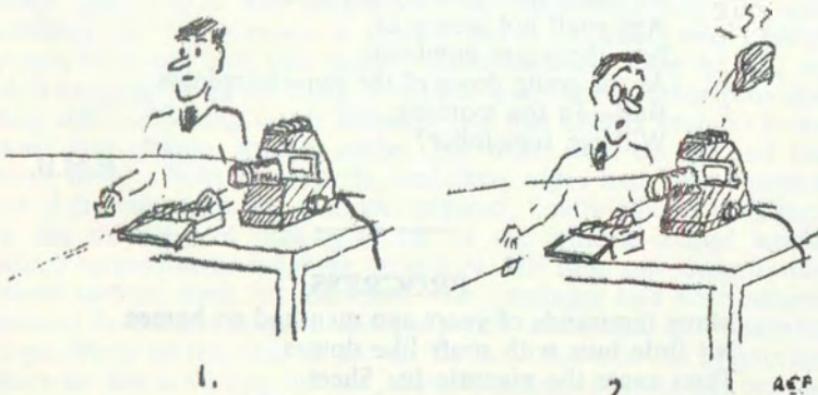
MR. GEORGE CANSDALE INTRODUCED HIS PYTHON TO THE
HEADMASTER WHEN HE VISITED THE SCHOOL.

choice near the top of the mountain.

Eventually he squeezed his body through a hole in the roof and found himself in a large empty room. The only entrance seemed to be that hole in the roof but on closer inspection he found a ring in the floor. This he tugged and twisted and was finally successful because in another corner of the room a flagstone turned on a swivel. Looking down he saw steps into the black darkness beneath. These he descended carefully, until one suddenly caved in and he fell headlong to the floor below. Picking himself up he cursed soulfully those long-dead Indians for not leaving a respectable ladder.

He walked gingerly along the passage and came suddenly into a large cavern lit only by a hole in the roof. The old prospector lit a match and stopped suddenly, his heart beating wildly; for in the corner of the cavern was an old iron box which he decided, upon examination belonged to the same period as the Pueblo Indians. He picked it up and put it on his shoulder and continued along the passage until he eventually came out upon the other side of the mountain. When he arrived back at his camp he examined it thoroughly. A large lock was soon disposed of by means of an axe and hurriedly tearing open the lid he plunged his hands inside. Not jewels, not ingots or anything valuable met his eyes, but lumps of rock and a hideously grinning skull. "Huh! My luck's sure out," he muttered to himself, "I'll break the darned thing, an' seizing a hammer he smashed the relic with savage blows. Stuck with a kind of putty to the inside of the forehead were two huge diamonds glittering like evil eyes. He could now retire a wealthy man.

J. FORREST, 4B.



THAT CLOUD WILL FALL

Happy People!
Young as they are
Sorrow later,
Near—Nay, far!

Life is happy,
Griefs, though heavy
Will seem so light,
When darker days replace these bright.

Freedom now is our unknown pleasure,
For years, it seems, it will never cloy,
But, — That cloud is coming,
Please . . . save our joy.

Time is endless,
Life is long,
It seems an age,
But then . . . We too must turn the page.

Blindly, we laugh upon our way,
Drugged—by life itself, maybe,
Rushing amid the cities strife
Fighting for our glimpse of life.

Boys and girls,
Nay! Men and women,
At least in our minds we're ten feet tall,
Surely—Oh! . . . It will never fall.

YOUTH AS A SUNSET

We grow not old,
As those who pass by grew old.
Age shall not weary us,
Nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun—happiness
But!—In the morning,
Will we remember?

R.H.B.

PROGRESS

Many thousands of years ago men had no homes,
No little huts with roofs like domes.
Then came the gigantic Ice Sheet
Which from the land took all trace of heat.

These long haired men were little better than apes,
 They looked at things with unintelligent gapes.
 When they wanted to talk they used "ugs" and "glubs."
 Then clouted each other with over sized clubs.

Progress has changed all this,
 Now everything is happiness and bliss.
 People are normally kind to each other
 And, perhaps, may treat everyone as brother.

For entertainment there is radio and "T.V."
 On which "Rock'n'Roll" stars scream as loud as can be.
 They have strange haircuts and make funny sounds
 While moving about in leaps and bounds.

The appearance of one of these things,
 Who, some misguided people say, actually sings,
 Is rather like our predecessors of old
 That died out because of the great cold.

IAN J. IBBOTSON, 2D.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

IT was on John's sixth birthday that his aunt gave him a toy carpentry set. It was only another toy to him since his father was rich and there was no lack of presents, or of people to give them to him. But his father saw it in a different light. Many years ago he too had been given just such a set of tools, and it had set him off on a career which had brought him to the head of his own timber business. He hoped that John would follow in his footsteps, and encouraged the boy as much as possible, bringing him home pieces of wood and helping him to do anything difficult. John didn't show any enthusiasm for carpentry, however, and couldn't see the purpose in cutting pieces of wood into smaller pieces of wood, and then nailing them together, when he had no skill to really make anything; until one evening his father provided him with something rather different. He had always brought home until then simple, straight pieces, but these were curved and too short to take hold of properly, and their edges had been rounded off. John was irritated, then exasperated, finally aflame with rage at the difficulty of making a cut in the crescent-shaped wood, which seemed to be laughing up at him. His little saw slipped, and blood spurted from his left hand. His forefinger had been almost severed below the knuckle and the shock made him ill for several days. When he felt able to get up, he went down to his playroom; there on the table was his saw, distinctly stained a reddish brown. Feeling sick, he ran outside and threw it into the river which ran

alongside the house. His father was getting out of his car as John walked back. "John, where have you been? The doctor said to keep you in bed till at least tomorrow." There was no reply. "What's the matter, John?" "Dad, don't even let me touch a saw again." John was sobbing softly. "Now then, boy, come inside. Calm down, and let me tell you something. At the age of twelve, your grandfather sent me down to the woodyard and, let me tell you, I had to enjoy it or it was just too bad. Not long after I started my short sleeve was caught on the circular saw. My arm was ripped to shreds"—John looked down, ashamed, at his feet—"and it was all the doctors could do to save it. I didn't want to see that saw again, like you, but my father made me. I fought my fear and conquered it, and now I own that woodyard."

The thought hadn't occurred to John that he was afraid, and he resented the implication that he was. Despite his father's encouragements, which became more and more irritated, he refused to handle any carpentry tools.

In John's first week at the Technical High School which he found himself attending he had to take a woodwork lesson. The master humiliated him before the class when he discovered the boy standing in front of his bench staring dumbly at the saw in his hand, only half-hearing the cruel jibes directed at him. One of his friends asked him later: "Why didn't you say you didn't want to do woodwork when they sent you the form about it?" These words puzzled John, but he said nothing at home about the matter and tolerated his woodwork lessons, which passed to a continual accompaniment of sarcasm from the master in charge.

As John neared his fifteenth birthday his father could imagine him in the timber yard. He had a strong pair of shoulders even at that age and would soon do a man's work, and he told his son so at every moment. John was above the average in Geography and French at school and, without any strong feelings on the matter, thought he might like to stay on and sit the G.C.E. His father had other ideas, however, and told the headmaster of his intentions. John didn't relish the prospect of the woodyard, but when his father took him from school he had to do something, so decided to give timber its chance. He soon hated everything to do with the woodyard and told his father of his wish to leave. "That place has payed for your living for the past fifteen years!" exploded his father. "You leave it now, and you'll leave this house and forfeit any claim to my money!" For the first time John felt dislike of his father as well as resentment, but had no wish to prolong the argument. He continued his job and after several months was transferred to the production department in which a small amount of furniture was made. He liked the men he now worked with, but found no happiness at home. "Well, how have you enjoyed your work today?" his father would sneer. "You don't need to say you haven't, because it'll make no difference." John

would say nothing, go and lie reading on his bed. In fact, he didn't mind his work so much now, but found himself more and more disliking his father. After a full year's work, John was given a saw by his father. It was shortly after his sixteenth birthday, and John remembered the events of ten years before. It was really a magnificent tool, said the writing on the box, with teeth specially shaped to promote a minimum of noise. His father gloated over it. "You ungrateful puppy, if this does not make you recognise my kindness to you, I don't know what will!" he said, before John had been able to thank him. Something made him reluctant to use the saw, perhaps the fact that, like that other, it was a present.

One morning later that year a heated row could be heard in the palatial residence which overlooked the river. Indeed, people had heard them for several weeks. The beginning was when John's father had visited the workshop one day and asked him why he was not using his new saw. John, not wishing to seem ungrateful, had said that he had had it at home to clean and had forgotten to bring it that morning. His father wondered why the boy should have taken it home, when he could have had it cleaned here. There was no sign of the saw in the room still known as the "playroom," and he went up to his son's bedroom. He found the saw wrapped in tissue paper, glinting from the floor under the bed where John hadn't pushed it fully into its box. When his father reappeared in the workshop with the saw and began to hurl insults at him, John required all his strength to constrain himself from attacking the man. His palms were cold and sticky, his fingers twitched, and he felt the muscles tensing in his forearms.

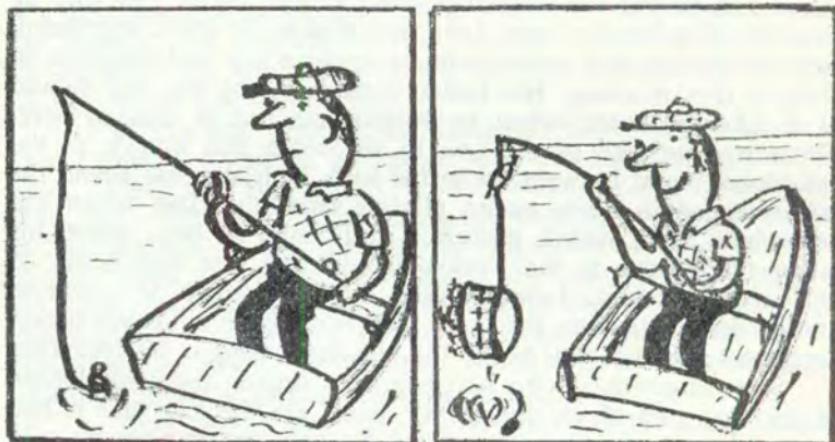
Soon afterwards John had begun to dream about his hatred of the saw, and of its donor. He didn't use the saw and it had remained under his bed. He vented his pent-up emotions in wild nightmares, in which he found himself with the power to destroy all he hated. One morning the maid—whose rooms were annexed at the rear of the house—came in to prepare breakfast, and found one of the dining-room chairs sawn into regular lengths of wood, in a scattering of sawdust. John was unconscious of what he had done, but his father regarded it as an act of spite and said as much in no uncertain terms. These happenings continued; every morning some piece of furniture was found destroyed. And every time John's father's anger increased, and the boy began to defend himself more strongly.

This particular morning little attention was paid to their quarrel by the maid, who was by now accustomed to them; but this was different, for during the night John's father's favourite possession, the set of tools in a presentation box which had been the first he had ever owned, had been systematically sawn to pieces. It was perhaps to the good that the maid paid no attention.

The next morning, on the chimes of half past seven from the grandfather clock in the hall, the maid carried the master's break-

fast upstairs and opened the door to the man's bedroom. A scream and a crash of crockery rang out, followed by a thud on the floor. John awoke in his room opposite and sprang into the corridor. His foot felt the warm coffee spilled on to the linoleum, and his eye met the body of the maid, breathing with difficulty and pale as a ghost. He entered the room slowly, gasped with horrified astonishment, and fell sobbing to his knees. There on the blood-stained bed lay his saw, alongside a tidy pile of limbs.

A. ASHTON, U6A.



W.S.D., 5B.

THE TRESTLE BRIDGE

A WHITE stab of lightning changed the black rain clouds above the village of Timperville to grey for an instant. The signalman, Percy Stewart, huddled in one corner of the small signal box on the lineside, took a serious view of the storm. As the wind rocked the little wooden cabin and blew the streaking rain water from the gutter in torrents down the window-pane, he visualised the one hundred and fifty foot long trestle viaduct which spanned the Black Rock River. He thought of the excessive rain which had fallen in the last few hours. Would the bridge withstand the swollen torrent? Another flash of lightning interrupted his thoughts. Lightning! The trestle bridge was made of wood! Alec, the Assistant Signal Man, who sat in the opposite corner of the cabin, glanced at Percy. "I am going to examine the bridge," he declared, as he took his oilskin from the peg behind the door and picked up a lighted lamp. The wind was stronger than he had imagined, but he gritted his teeth and set out for the bridge. It took over fifteen minutes to cover the two hundred yards which separated the box from the viaduct. He stepped on to the wooden catwalk which led over the bridge beside the track. The wind seemed determined to hurl him into the swirling waters beneath, but by holding his lamp with one hand and clinging to the handrail with the other, he managed to stagger across the bridge. All was well.

A new fear struck him on his way back. If the river had swollen to excess, it might shift the foundations of the viaduct, which were nothing but wooden piles. Meanwhile, James Thompson, in the signal box at Boltash, five miles distant on the far side of the viaduct, pushed the knob of his block instrument, which sounded a gong in Percy's cabin. There was no response. "Perhaps he's gone out for some fuel," thought James, "He'll need it tonight too!" Five minutes later he pressed the knob again. A stranger stood up, and stepping over Percy's prostrate body, he walked to the instrument and repeated the call. James then gave four beats on his instrument and the gong rang four times in Percy's cabin. The stranger repeated the signal, indicating that he was ready to accept the train.

The express hissed into Boltash. Sparks flew out of the chimney of the engine, and the driver's cab glowed with the light from the roaring fire.

Alec lay face downwards on the bridge, the oil from his shattered lamp trickled along the catwalk, not two feet away from his oilskin.

Alec was unconscious. He had slipped on the catwalk, crashed his head on the railway line, and dropped his lamp. Only the rail under which he had jammed his leg, prevented him from sliding under the handrail and down into the raging race of water. A buzz in his ears brought him to his senses. He tried to move his trapped leg, but began to slide and grabbed the track just in

time. As soon as he touched the rail his hand vibrated. He managed to put his ear on the line—there was a dull throbbing. The Sleeping Car Express! The numbness in his body made him feel remarkably helpless, and it was only the drum in the rail that prevented him from relapsing into a daze. He tried to stand up, but could not move his leg and so was obliged to lie and listen to the hum of the train. He looked towards the signal box, in time to see the station lights come on and five men, armed with automatic weapons, stride on to the platform.

Alec knew that the express carried goods of considerable value. He realised that the approaching express would be compelled to halt on the swaying trestle, a great risk in such a strong wind which could easily blow the train off the bridge, resulting in a great loss of life. It was his duty to prevent the stopping of the train, as he presumed Percy had been overpowered. He could not signal to the train for he had smashed his lamp, and a dark pool of paraffin lay on the catwalk.

Driver G. W. Morris, of the express rubbed the window of his cab with a wad of cotton waste. He was about to open the regulator (for the train did not call at Timperville) before crossing the bridge, when he saw the distant signal at danger, and immediately applied the brake.

There was only one thing Alec could do to prevent the hold-up of the train. Ignoring the pain in his trapped leg, he worked his body into such a position that he could thrust with all his strength on the signal wire, which he could just reach. This action moved the signal arm to the "Off" position, allowing the train to pass.

A spark from the ashpan of the engined ignited the spilt paraffin, setting fire to Alec's oilskin. At the same time the weight of the engine on the rail crushed Alec's leg to pulp. The remaining tissue could not hold the weight of his body.

The express accelerated through Timperville, carrying its dozing passengers to safety.

Had the guard looked back, not only would he have seen the astonished faces of five thieves on the platform, but he would also have seen a limp body fall in flames from a trestle bridge into a raging torrent.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." JOHN LEIGH, Form L.6A.

THE FINAL HAND

ATENSE silence pervaded the atmosphere surrounding the Cologne "poker tournament." To this annual event came poker-players from all over the world, young and old, experienced and uninitiated. For Maurice Lestrade it was no new experience; he had competed in every poker tournament within living memory, and was, in effect, a professional, although the plaque over his door at Paris pronounced him a doctor of medicine. His poker

had completely superseded his medical practice. And why not? He was nearly the best in the game—but he had never come first in a tournament. Even in minor congresses, there had been someone to beat him, and consequently he had rolled up a phenomenal number of second and third prizes—but no firsts.

This time it had been different. His psychology and bluff had come off to the full extent—and, in addition, luck had been on his side. It was now the last hand, and only by an outright loss to all the members on this table could he fail to secure first prize. This was all the more gratifying this time, because he had announced his retirement from competitive poker after the Cologne tournament. After all he was nearly sixty-five, and his concentration was beginning to fail.

His rival, who had so often beaten him, Hermann Weiss, dealt. Maurice noticed the deck-inversion, but he calculated that Weiss had slipped up and dealt from the wrong end. It could be an extremely clever trick to make him think that such was the case. No; he dismissed the idea and looked at the last five cards he would be dealt in a professional game. Two jacks, an ace, or three and a four. The ace, three and one jack were of the same suit. A flush? It would be good psychologically. Yes;—a voice broke into his thoughts. It was Weiss: "Coming in, Monsieur?"

"Oui, oui." He put his "ante" in the pool, and drew two cards, an eight and a king. He wanted neither. Things seemed desperate, but Maurice knew he could probably bluff his way out. What to do? If he asked for another two cards, his opponents would guess he had made no progress. But if he asked for one —. It was a chance he had to take. He knew better than to suppose that Weiss could be bluffed into assuming he had four jacks. By the time he had come to the last draw, he had four of his flush. He picked up his last card. The ten of clubs, would mean a royal flush (since he had already somehow got hold of the ace, king, queen and jack). He picked up a joker. That was it? He had won! But by instinct, he frowned instead of smiling. Weiss opened; "ten francs," he said. "Call and raise you ten," replied Maurice. Weiss smiled: "and raise you another ten." Maurice returned the smile, and decided to get it over with. "See you," he half-laughed, and putting in a last ten francs he displayed a Royal Flush. "Very good," monsieur," replied Weiss, "but . . . er . . . a . . . five fours!! The old master had been beaten. All too late he saw Weiss' cunning deck-inversion in its true light—a clever trick, designed to look like a mistake. After thirty years of tournament play, he had thrown away his best chance of a first.

Despite the fact that the prizegiving and general celebration were yet to come, the tournament was over for Maurice. He pushed his chair back, and walked out without his hat and coat although it was pouring, and as he walked, two solitary tears fell from his eyes.

THE HERITAGE

THE night was a pale, crystallized cocoon, frozen in the milky flow of moonlight washing over it. The moon was bleached white skull spilling rays of death and cold over a sleeping world of ghosts now yielding its last traces of reality to creeping, seeping ground-mist which curled in smokey wreaths around the trunks of the trees and made an undulating, grey sea of the ground. Over the whole scene, frozen in a moment of time, reigned the music of silence, an unplayed, eternal theme.

In a bedroom in one of the numerous small farms a boy lay on his side in bed watching the moon through the window. His was a half-existence: half of him was a man irregularly lit by the moon the rest was an indeterminate part of the blackness around. The window was a frame to a fantastic surrealist painting, stolen from reality. A faceless silver coin set against a canvas of sombre blues and blacks lanced its gleaming shafts beyond the arbitrary glass-pane limits. Like a miraculous searchlight it sought the boy out, held his gaze, hypnotized him . . .

Quite unexpectedly the sky wavered. Flickered, as if preparing to yield to a blackness gnawing at it from the other side . . .

The blackness was sleep.

The morning air breathed a stillness and calm into the new day as the boy slipped through the garden gate and slowly walked towards the rising dawn. The sky was a mottled abstract overhead, like the huge smooth flank of a dappled mare, as he left the lowlands behind him and took the lonely road across the moor. A blood-red sun did a fantastic balancing act on the thin wire of the horizon. Soon it would rise upwards, higher and higher, until drained of its colour, it would become a white, molten, circular flame. For the moment it was, a huge, red eye, whispering, beckoning, softly seducing . . .

As he walked the world around moved, changed, fell away behind him as the miles rolled by at a surprising pace. Greyish blobs that were stones grew larger and more menacing as he approached until they loomed menacingly over him like grim guardians of austerity, and then, their challenge met, they dwindled away into a nameless obscurity behind.

Now his smooth young cheeks were flushed with the effort and his breath was coming faster, yet his step never slackened. He did not know why he was walking nor where he was going but still he felt as if he were being pulled—drawn—towards something he could ill afford to ignore; that the world of today had changed, was somehow subtly different from that of yesterday.

It was the difference between body and soul actual and ideal.

Weariness was clutching at his flagging limbs but he ignored it for he knew that on the other side of that rise just ahead was what he was looking for.

He started to run. His legs were going like pistons: his eyes

were moist and bright with expectation and his arms flailed frantically as tipped, fell, and was up again reaching towards his goal.

Then . . . at last! the road before him was an enchanting serpent which coiled down into a cool greenness that was a valley. And there was a river! flawlessly blue like the heart of a sapphire. His lips mouthed a single word—"Magic!"—and he started downwards. The sun shone brightly on the roofs and turrets down below, and from the glittering medieval town a hum of life, of people and romance floated gently, temptingly upwards . . .

He walked forward. His step was slower now but not through fatigue. It was the lazy, unhurried step of kings, of a young lord come to claim his heritage.

They found him the next morning. He was dead, but painted with the colours of life. There were those who did not know and mourned his passing. But there were some who afterwards recalled a half-memory of something that had haunted the fringe of their little group.

A cherubic, golden-haired boy with laughing blue eyes that seemed to hold a mild rebuke for their lack of understanding.

F. J. SEED, 6 ARTS.

WHALLEY ABBEY

THIS ancient institution is situated near the centre of Whalley, not far from the Church. The present grounds are guarded on one side by the River Calder and on the other side by a large stone wall.

Unfortunately the whole of the Abbey is in two sections, one part of which (the smaller) belongs to the Roman Catholic Church, and of which the larger belongs to the Church of England. The warden's house and the Conference House are what used to be the Abbot's lodgings. The old stables have been restored and are now lived in by the gardener, the cook and the odd-job man. The Gate-house is lived in by a charming old lady who charges admission to and sells photographs of the Abbey. The Western Gate (which was always separated from the Abbey as it was from here that the monks would give food to tramps, pilgrims and other wayfarers) is in a state of disrepair.

The Abbey was built by the Cistercian monks and was one of the largest and most important monasteries in Lancashire. After the Pilgrimage of Grace and the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1559 the Abbey came under the two families of the Ashetons and the Bradleys, and finally, the Ashetons alone. Only the Abbot's lodgings, the stables and the entrances were maintained, and the rest of the Abbey fell into decay.

Much of Harrison Ainsworth's novel, "Lancashire Witches" was centred on the village of Whalley, the Abbey, the famous Hill

of Pendle, and the villages and hamlets of the surrounding area, although the book was not actually written in the county of Lancashire.

Some of the ruined parts of the Abbey can easily be picked out: for example, the floor of the octagonal Chapter House has a definite octagonal shape. However, the day stairs have disappeared and only a few traces of their foundations now remain.

K. BARTLETT, 3C.

A DAY'S FISHING

I love to go fishing
With hook and rod and line,
And sit beside a quiet stream,
And hope the day keeps fine.

I cast my line in some deep spot
And trust the fish will bite,
I hope the catch will be so big
I'll have to pull with might.

As yet I've never caught a thing,
The fish just don't seem bold,
So when my fishing day is o'er
I've only caught a cold.

"TIMBER" 4E.

MEMORIES

The sweet sickly odour of pine woods,
The crackling of Autumn leaves.
The dewdrops glistening on a spider's web,
The finding of shells when the tide starts to ebb.
These are the memories that I have loved.

Russet pears, toadstool rings,
And tiny tinkling gurgling springs.
Apples rotting in the orchard below,
The fluffy, white flakes when it starts to snow.
These are the memories that I have loved.

God made them all for you and me,
These I have mentioned and all you can see;
These I have loved and always will,
Remember, cherish and love them still.

A.P.P., 5G.

THE LOYALIST

Fat men, thin men, tall men, short men,
 All their names we "dinna ken,"
 But we know their blood is red, or might
 It even be blue and white?

Their loyalty they share,
 And they are proud,
 They all make up,
 A loyal crowd.

Fathers, sons, mothers, daughters,
 They make us the great supporters,
 What'er their names, Smith or Morgan,
 They all do shout their famous slogan.

Although in summer the sun is hot,
 Up Duke's Brow most of them trot,
 But though it's not goals but overs,
 They still remember "Up the Rovers!"

M. W. HENSHAW, 5G.

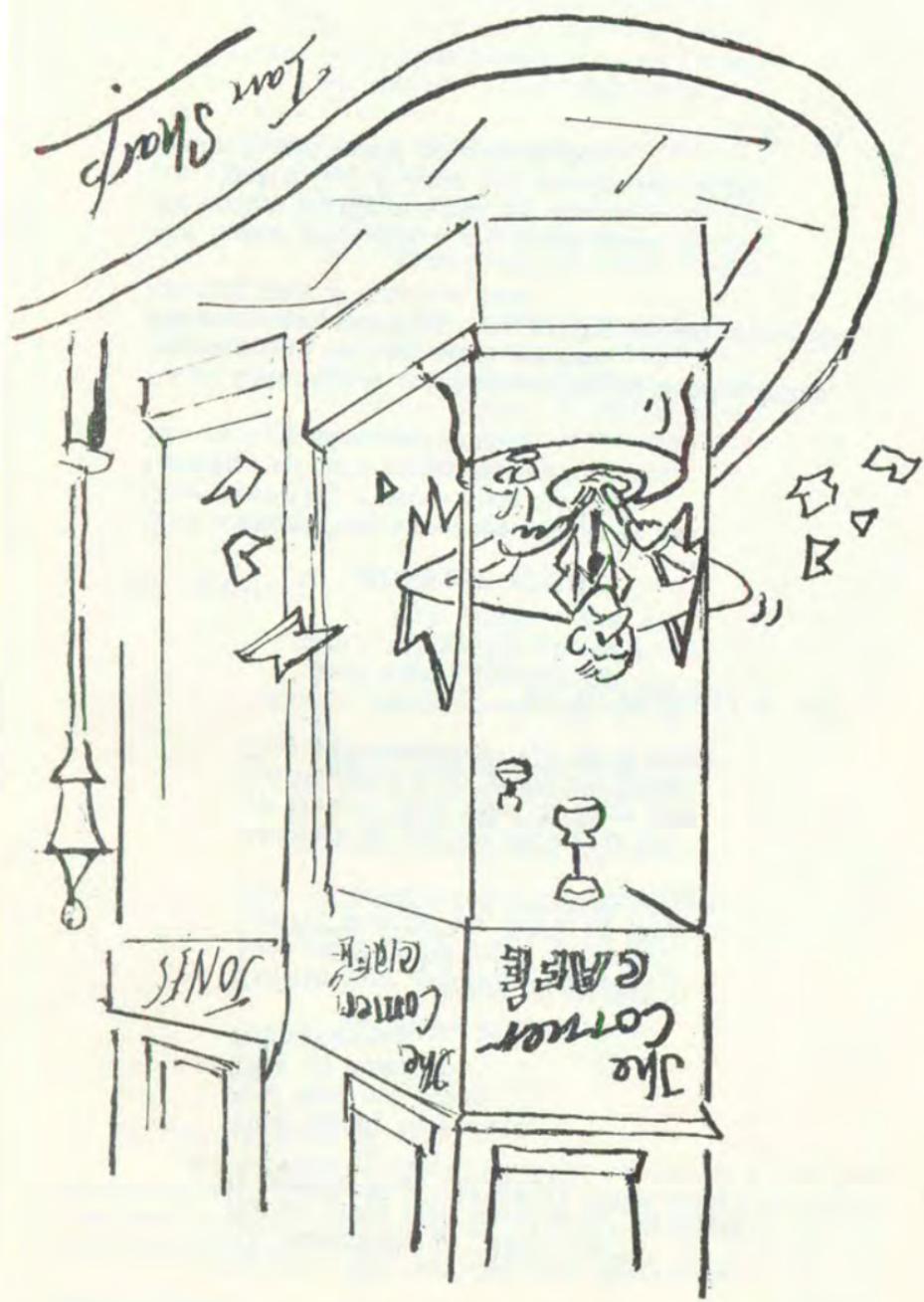
BONFIRE NIGHT

With a whoosh and a roar the rockets fly up,
 Once more Guy Fawkes rules the land.
 His effigy splendid in grandad's old pants,
 Sits on high, silent and grand.

As the Catherine wheels spin on the old wooden frame,
 We forget all the hard work we had,
 Finding wood, climbing trees, getting soaked to the skin,
 Looking back it wasn't so bad.

The flames leap high as we stand round the fire,
 We declare it's the best one we've seen,
 Just think if Guy Fawkes had done as he ought,
 Bonfire Night would never have been.

C.R., 2A.



HOUSE REPORTS

DRAKE HOUSE REPORT



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

FIRST of all I would like to extend a warm welcome to all new members of the house, and I hope that it will not be long before their achievements in both sporting academic activities bring credit to the house. I would like to say a special word of welcome to Mr. Percy, our new housemaster, who is already taking a very keen interest in our sporting activities.

Last term rounded off a very successful year for Drake. On the cricket field, our three teams all reached the finals. The seniors won the Gilbert Sames' Cricket Cup, the first time for many years, and the U/13 eleven also won their competition.

Last term, we said good-bye to some of the senior members of the house and we wish them every success in their new fields. However, there have been few changes to the house this term. Brewer and Bamber remain House-captain and vice-captain respectively. Irvin and Holding remain from last year's prefects and Boyes as a house prefect. We congratulate Bamber on being appointed deputy head of the school, and Seed and Timperley on being elevated to the position of school prefects.

The house football eleven has only played one match this term, against Grenville. After a shaky start and being two goals down within fifteen minutes, Drake fought back and clinched victory in the last minute to win by 6—5. Our U/14 eleven, however, has not done so well. In the first round of the Forbes Cup Competition, they were knocked out by a bigger Hawkins side by 4—0. Better luck next time.

The annual swimming gala took place this term. Drake finished in 4th place, but this was not due to any lack of enthusiasm or effort on the part of the boys who took part. Our thanks go to, A. J. McLeod, our swimming captain, whose work was invaluable, and to Holden who won the U/15 free-style event. With this kind of enthusiasm, I am sure Drake will do better in future years.

In the academic field Drake are not doing too well. Our position in the Marsden Merit Competition must be improved so let us have harder work and effort from all members of the house. However, our congratulations go to all members of the house who have gained points.

House prayers this term have been held in Big School and I would like to thank G. Bond for playing the piano at our weekly house assembly, and to the housemasters for the leadership and zest they give to the singing.

J. BREWER.

FROBISHER HOUSE REPORT



SIR MARTIN FROBISHER

AT the end of last year we reluctantly said goodbye to some of our senior members, among them being Bullough, the House Captain, Smith, Aspden, Harding, Rhoda and Kay. To them and all other boys who left the ranks of the House we wish every success in the future. On behalf of the House I would like to welcome every boy who has joined us this term and hope he will help maintain the high standards set by his predecessors, both in the academic and sporting fields.

At the beginning of term Totty was appointed House Captain with Child as his deputy and they are being ably supported by

Davis, Read D. M., Pendlebury, (School Prefects), Hindle, Read I. S. and Entract.

Davis was elected Football Captain, but so far this term neither the House Ist eleven nor the Under Fourteen eleven have played in the House Competition, but judging from the enthusiastic response at the trial match, this years team should have a most successful season.

However, without a doubt, the most important event of this term has been the Swimming Gala, and here again the high standards of the House in this sport have been maintained by Read and his team, who retained the Fielden Trophy for the second successive year. Congratulations to all the swimmers especially Howe, who again won the Senior Championship, Read, Pendlebury, Ormerod and Bamber.

House Prayers this term have been held in 3A and 3B form rooms and we must again thank Mr. Kay for leading the hymn-singing, which has enjoyed moderate support from the majority of the House.

As only one mark sheet has been published to date I will refrain from comment about our showing in the Marsden Merit Competition, for this issue of the Magazine but surely some improvement can be made on last year's lowly position.

In closing this report I would just like to ask the members of the Middle School to pull their weight a bit more in the activities of the House and help place Frobisher where we rightly belong—at the very top.

R.N.T.

GRENVILLE

THIS year, as usual, we must say farewell to the well-known faces of many of our house stalwarts, but at the same time we see the faces of the younger boys, who, in the years to come will uphold the tradition and respect of this House and School.

Our house captain of last year, J. C. Whiteside, who has served the house so well, has gone to Liverpool University to study electronics. I. Whittle, a school prefect, and our house pianist, has also left to undertake a university career. We must also say goodbye to T. J. Blackwell, a house prefect. To all these boys, and to others who left before finishing their sixth-form studies, we wish all success and happiness in their future careers.

P. L. Jones and G. Lindsay have been appointed school senior prefects and Jones has been appointed house captain. I. D. Moorhouse and A. Ashton have become school prefects and R. Goldstein, R. E. Fielden and D. Lowe house prefects.

The whole school, but particularly the members of Grenville who knew him best, were grieved to hear of the death of Michael Smith, a school prefect, and a boy remarkable for his cheerfulness. I think we may remember him best in the words of Mr. King, as, "a boy who loved his House and School, and was loved by them."

At the end of last term house cricket colours were awarded to Gregson and Ashton and re-awarded to Moorhouse, Lindsay and Jones.

P. L. Jones has been appointed school football captain for this season. The house 1st XI has only played one game to date and were very unlucky to lose a real thriller against Drake by 5 goals to 6.

Our under-14 XI, under the able captaincy of Holt, were beaten 8—2 in the first round of the Forbes Cup Competition by Howard, who, from the touchline, seemed very large and impressive opposition.

It hasn't proved to be our year with regard to swimming for in the school swimming gala, we finished in the bottom position despite the enthusiastic leadership of Lowe.

Our performance in the Marsden Merit has exceeded our most optimistic estimates and we congratulate the following boys on a really excellent, record total of 21 points: Hawcroft, Titchiner, Holt, Jones, Morris, Stanley, Marsden, Hope, Ashton, Richardson, Nash, Duerden and Bell. Well done. Keep it up.

House prayers this term have been in the Garstang Room. We have discovered a successor to Whittle on the piano in the



SIR RICH^O GRENVILLE

others who left before finishing their sixth-form studies, we wish all success and happiness in their future careers.

person of Haydock who has accompanied us in our hymn singing, most skilfully.

I feel that if every boy pulls his weight in all he does for the House this could be a year of achievement in many fields for Grenville.

P.L.J.

HAWKINS HOUSE REPORT



SIR JOHN HAWKINS

AT the end of last term we said goodbye to all the House officials, and we wish them all the best in the future. It is to be hoped that the loss of Alan Bradshaw will not have too disastrous an effect on the House performance on the sports field. The cricket team, last term, were defeated by Drake in the final of the Gilbert Sames Cup, this was partly due to a somewhat depleted team.

Turning from the past to the present, we would like to extend a hearty welcome to all newcomers to the House, particularly to Mr. Iddon, a new House Master.

We congratulate Cox, Forbes and Wilson on being appointed school prefects, Cox being also appointed House Captain. Astley, Fairclough, Morris and Smethurst have been appointed as House Prefects. Wilson is our representative on the Sports Committee.

Cox has been elected Football Captain, with Morris as his deputy. The U.14 XI has played one match, beating Drake 4—8, the team shows great promise and is under the captaincy of James.

Smethurst was elected Swimming Captain, and under his leadership the swimmers gave Hawkins second place in the Gala. This is a tremendous improvement over our performances in the past few years, and augurs well for the future. Special mention must go to Barker and Eccles, Barker having created a new school record in the U.16 breast stroke.

Although the official result has not yet been disclosed, it is known that Hawkins did extremely well in last year's Marsden Merit Competition, and it is hoped that this success will be repeated this year.

I take the opportunity to thank the House Masters for their support in all House activities, and Mr. Dewhurst for his inspired piano playing at House assemblies.

The House record for punctuality has been excellent over the past two years, keep this up Hawkins.

D.M.C.

HOWARD

AS is usual at the beginning of a new school year the House extends a very warm welcome to all its young newcomers and especially to Mr. Jones who had now joined our band of house-masters. We also wish the best of luck for the future to all those who left us at the end of last year.

This year Renwick is our house-captain, Wade has been appointed a school - prefect, and Matthews, Allsup, Smalley and Davenport have all been appointed house-prefects. Wade is also our captain of football and Matthews our captain of swimming.

With the house in order after the hectic beginning of term, we entered into the Swimming Gala under the captaincy of Matthews. After a hard struggle we finished third, being narrowly beaten by Raleigh.

The house opened the football season with a fixture against a strong Raleigh team and was beaten by three goals to two. Well done Juniors!!

Unfortunately far too many boys are arriving late at school, in the mornings. It only takes a little extra effort to arrive here on time, so will those concerned please do all they can to correct this fault.

Howard enters the School year with sound prospects of success, but this depends entirely upon the ability of its members from highest to lowest, to give of their best and to improve our position in the Marsden Merit Competition.

J.G.R.

RALEIGH HOUSE REPORT

AT the end of the last school year Mr. Wilkinson departed to take up a new post in Newcastle Grammar School: he had played a very full part in all house activities in the comparatively short time he was with us, and our best wishes go with him in his new appointment. In his stead we have been joined by Mr. R. D. Eaton (Biology) and Mr. A. Eastham (English). We extend to them both a warm welcome.

Other house appointments this term are as follows. D. E. Ambrose has succeeded P. E. M. Jarrett as House Captain, has also become Deputy Head of School; B. Parkinson has been made a



LORD HOWARD



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Senior Prefect (and Captain of School Athletics); H. F. Bendix and J. M. H. Maidment have been made full School Prefects.

The main sporting event in this Michaelmas Term is, of course, the inter-house swimming gala. Unfortunately the house managed to gain only fifth place this year. Haworth (our new swimming captain) is to be congratulated on getting together a team at all, however. Many of our senior swimmers left school at the end of last year, so that he found it difficult to get enough boys to represent the house in all events. Nevertheless, the team is to be commended for a valiant effort: no doubt in future galas, when the senior ranks have been swelled by the many younger swimmers who came forward for the junior events this year, Raleigh will have a happier result to publish in the Christmas magazine.

In football the house has enjoyed better fortune. In the one match played at the time of writing this report, the house team has defeated Howard by three goals to two. H. F. Bendix deserves a special word of congratulations, too, on being chosen to play for the North Lancs. Grammar Schools.

House Prayers this term have been held on the first landing of the Holden Laboratories. A completely new method of enlivening the hymn-singing in this part of the school has been instituted by Evans, UVG A. He has recorded on tape an accompaniment to all the hymns for this term, which he played on a church organ. The appropriate hymn has been played back on the school tape recorder each Thursday morning this term.

Lastly we extend a special word of welcome to all new boys in the house this term. We hope that the feeling of house spirit has already been kindled within them by our weekly meetings, and that each one of them will do his utmost to keep Raleigh in the forefront of school activities—both academic and sporting—in the months and years to come.

D.E.A.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

LIBRARY REPORT

IT is with great pleasure that many generous gifts to the Library are acknowledged. Mrs. J. M. Marsden has given a large number of books dealing with History, Classics and English, including the Cambridge Ancient History, the Cambridge Mediaeval History, and the Cambridge History of English Literature. As there is no longer sufficient room to house the first two sets in the Library, they will be kept in the respective subject rooms. Other kind gifts have been received from Messrs. Seed and Gabbatt, Ltd., Mr. T. Crehan, Mr. N. Jepson, Mr. Reeves, Mr. H. H. Gillibrand, T. Owen and R. I. Davies. It is expected that

by the time these notes appear over one hundred books will have been put into the library this term.

Thanks are also due to those sixth-formers who helped with the Library Check last term; especially to those who gave a hand when it became clear that the allocation of time in the Sixth-Form Course to the Library Check would not allow it to be finished without inconvenience. Unfortunately, the losses revealed were considerable, if not as bad as last year's scandalous total, and amount to not less than £40 worth, nearly half of this in the History section alone. The return of any of the missing books listed below, or information about them, will be most welcome.

K.L.W.

Library Books missing in the Annual Check, July, 1960.

English.

- Dryden: Selected Poetry and Prose.
- Lowes: Convention and Revolt in Poetry.
- French: A Chaucer Handbook.
- Tillyard: Studies in Milton.
- Dowden: Shakespeare's Mind and Art.
- Ward English Dramatic Literature, Vol. I.
- Bradley: Shakespearian Tragedy.

Humour.

- Cuppy: The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody.
- Langdon: More in Fun.

Modern Languages.

- Young: Linguafun (French).
- Duden: Bildwoerterbuch (German Picture Dictionary).
- L. de Vega: El Amor Enamorado.
- Aveline: Voiture 7, Place 15.

History.

- Fuller: Decisive Battles of the Western World, Vol. II.
- Routh: They Saw It Happen 1485—1688.
- Belloc: Oliver Cromwell.
- Melrose: Mr. Gladstone.
- Stenton: William the Conqueror.
- Trail: William III.
- Crankshaw: Gestapo.
- Davis: England under the Norman and Angevins.
- Poole: From Domesday Book to Magna Carta.
- Trevelyan: History of England.
- Collingwood: Roman Britain.
- Pickthorn: Early Tudor Government (Henry VIII).
- Bryant: Years of Endurance 1793—1802.
- Various: The Tudors and Stuarts.
- Thompson: Lectures on Foreign History 1494—1789.

- Wakeman: Ascendancy of France 1598—1715.
- Cecil: Conservatism.
- Hutchinson: Pictorial History of the War, Vol. II.
- Teare: Evader.
- Richardson: Wingless Victory.
- Millar: Maquis.
- Masters: Up Periscope.

Economics.

- Hawtrey: Cross Purposes in Wage Policy.
- Robertson: Money.
- Robinson: Economics of Imperfect Competition.

Classics.

- Catullus: Catulli Carmina.
- Yates: Geometrical Tools.
- Russell: Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy.
- Lambe: Advanced Level Applied Maths.

Guide Books.

- Ward Lock: Paris and its Environs.

Fine Arts.

- Jacob: How to Read a Score.
- Beethoven: Score of 3rd Symphony.
- Statham: History of Architecture.

Religion.

- Ramsey: St. Paul the Traveller.

Sports and Hobbies.

- Jessop: Teach Yourself Golf.
- Bronson-Howard: Handbook for Skin-divers.
- Williams: All Star Football Book.
- Milne etc: Coin Collecting.
- Laidlaw-Dickson: Aeromodeller Annual 1955-56.
- Various: Aeromodeller Plans Handbook.
- Bell etc: British Hills and Mountains.

General Paper.

- Howard: The Proper Study of Mankind.
- Chase: Guides to Straight Thinking.
- Hoggart: The Uses of Literacy.

Various.

- Anon: A Career for the Graduate in Industry.
- Anon: The Guiness Book of Records.
- Mason: The Gilbert Harding Question Book.
- Various: Essential Knowledge for All.

Fiction.

- Clarke: *Prelude to Space.*
 Dumas: *The Three Musketeers.*
Twenty Years After.
The Man in the Iron Mask.
 Huxley: *After Many a Summer.*
 Maupassant: *Short Stories.*
 Severn: *Forest Holiday.*
 Sayce: *The Splendid Savage.*
 Wyndham: *The Day of the Triffids.*
 Wallace: *The Law of the Four Just Men.*
 Wells: *First Men in the Moon.*
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NEW ADDITIONS TO THE SCIENCE LIBRARY

- Intermediate Electrical Theory—Heckotoll-Smith; presented by K. Morley.
 Physical Chemistry Made Plain—Mandleberg; presented by G. R. Gilmore.
 Molecules and Crystals—Arkel; presented by D. B. Ryley.
 Iron Exchange—Solmon Hale; presented by D. B. Ryley.
 A Guide to Biochemistry—Harrison; presented by J. M. Gillibrand.
 Outlines of Entomology—Imms; presented by J. M. Gillibrand.
 The Thirteen Steps to the Atom—Charles-Noël Martin; presented by I. Whittle.
 The General Principles of Quantum Theory—Temple; presented by K. Morley.
 The Magnetic Properties of the Nickel Iron Alloys.
 Radio Studies of the Universe—Davies Palmer; presented by K. I. Wilkinson.
 The Individual and the Universe—Lovell; presented by A. G. Livesey.
 Atomic Spectra—Johnson.
 Electrolytic Manufacture of Chemicals From Salt—Hardie; presented by Imperial Chemical Industries.
 Ammonia Manufacture and Uses—Harding; presented by Imperial Chemical Industries.
 Extraction and Fabrication of Aluminum; presented by Northern Aluminium Company.
 A Text-book of Zoology. Vol. I.—Parker Haswell.
 Elements of the Universe—Eeaborg and Vabns; presented by J. M. Gillibrand.

- Foundations of Wireless—Scroggie.
 Optics and Sound—Podghom.
 Fundamentals of Optics—Jenkins and White.
 Human Blood Groups and Inheritance—Lowler and Lowler;
 presented by M. D. R. Wilson.
 The Use of Tracer Elements in Biology—Overend; presented by
 M. D. R. Wilson.
 Simple Experiments with insects—Kalmus; presented by M. D. R.
 Wilson.
 Rubert Hooke—'Espinasse.
 A Short History of Science Ideas to 1800—Singer; presented by
 G. P. W. Wilkinson.
 Laboratory Glass Blowing—Port and Hendley.
 An Introduction to Workshop Practice—Ellis.
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SIXTH FORM CLUB

A DETERMINED effort is being made this year to infuse new life into this club. A committee with representatives from staff and boys has been formed under the paternal eye of The Headmaster. It is hoped that the aims stated in the Year Book will be realised more fully than in the past. Already actual visits and talks have resulted and the reception from the Senior School has been very encouraging.

The first evening D. E. Ambrose and J. Brewer gave us their impression of American life. The talk was illustrated by slides taken this Summer during their visit to "The States." The views of New York at night were especially memorable.

At this meeting a trip to see "The Quare Fellow" by Brendan Behan was proposed and the response was very gratifying. Two coach-loads eventually set out for The Library Theatre, Manchester. The enthusiasm created for this Irish playwright was enough to send various members of the School, both staff and boys, racing off to Blackpool to see "The Hostage." The earthy wit and variance of mood from comedy to pathos was much appreciated.

A film was arranged for the following meeting and "The Tale of Two Cities" starring Dirk Bogarde was seen. This film classic was well received and a vivid impression of the French Revolution will long be retained.

Thus it can be seen that activities have ranged widely. A visit from the Editor of "The Evening Telegraph" should prove very interesting and extend this range even wider. Any suggestions for visits and meetings will be very welcome. It is your club and it is up to you to maintain this early vitality.

R. H. BAMBER.

THE SCOUT GROUP

Group Notes.

Since the last report was made, we are pleased to record that the Group retained the Shield on the occasion of the Annual Sports arranged by the Local Association. Numerous hikes were undertaken by Scouts during the summer holidays; larger parties went to Whitewll, Wales and Kandersteg.

There has been a large demand for places in the Group this term, and both Junior Troops are at full strength. We are pleased to extend a welcome to Mr. B. Davies, as Scoutmaster of the Eagle Troop, and to Mr. R. D. Eaton, who is assisting with the Kestrel Troop.

The Annual Parents's Meeting, held on 10 November, was well attended. A full report on the year's activities was given by the Group Scoutmaster, and there were talks on the summer ventures by Mr. Mercer and Mr. Whittle, illustrated by a colour film taken by Paul Haslam. Tribute was paid to the work of many parents on the various committees, and particularly to the services of Dr. M. E. D. Jarrett in his capacity as Group Secretary for the past four years. Mr. J. Bolton was nominated as his successor, and we appreciate the willingness with which he agreed to accept this office. Committees were elected for the following events: Parents' Dance (Friday, 20 January), Jumble Sale (Friday, 10 March), Motor Treasure Hunt (Wednesday, 7 June). Refreshments were served and parents had an opportunity to meet the Scoutmasters.

Kandersteg, 1960

On Friday, 15 July, 22 scouts and 3 Scouters left Blackburn for a fortnight's stay at the International Scout Chalet in Kandersteg, Switzerland. We were greeted by pouring rain, but although the weather remained only fair, we were fortunately not compelled to change our programme.

The first three days were spent in visits to Oeschinensee and Blausee (The Blue Lake) and in hiking to the Gemmi Pass (9,500'). On Thursday we departed by train for a day in Italy. The sun shone brilliantly as we travelled via the Loetschberg and Simplon tunnels to Stresa on the shores of Lake Maggiore. We crossed to the small island of Isola Bella by boat, and passed our time in swimming, sunbathing and buying souvenirs. On the following day the Seniors and junior patrol leaders climbed First, a high mountain overlooking the Kander valley, whilst the younger boys had a shorter hike. On Saturday we went to the summit of the Niesen by a remarkable cable railway. After attending morning service on Sunday, we had a free day in preparation for our major venture on the following day. This was a climb, in beautiful sunshine, to the Loetschen glacier, and a long descent to Goppenstein, where we caught the train back to Kandersteg. The remainder of the week included a day's sightseeing in Berne and a further visit to Oeschinensee.

The Chalet was occupied by other troops from England, but we had the opportunity of meeting many Scouts of different nationalities, including Swiss, French, German and American. We entertained some Italians to lunch, and were later challenged to a football match with them. Most of the party were accommodated in the new American Room which is very spacious and pleasant.

On behalf of the party, I would like to thank Mr. Tate, Mr. Whittle and Christopher Wilkinson for making possible such a memorable holiday.

R.S. (6S).

Wales 1960

On the morning of the first of August, a party of five Senior Scouts from the Eagle Troop—A. J. McLeod, D. M. Child, J. R. Taggart, G. Pinson and G. M. Shepherd—left Blackburn for a hiking-camping holiday in North Wales. We arrived at Llanrwst in the beautiful Conway valley late in the afternoon and camped the night on a nearby farm. During the following four days we explored the Snowdon Range, that is the Horseshoe Ridge, and the Blyder Fach area from a base camp which we established near the Pen-y-Gwryd.

We were very unlucky as far as the weather was concerned. All the peaks were enveloped in mist as we were climbing them, and on the Thursday we remained in camp all day for fear of having it wrecked by gale-force winds and heavy rain.

From the first Saturday we spent a few days among the greener hills to the N.W. of Beddgelert, by extensive pine forests; then we moved over to Llanberis. The last day, Wednesday, was spent at a delightful spot by the sea on the Lleyn Peninsula, before returning home in the evening.

Our thanks are very much due to Mr. Mercer who very kindly provided transport with his dormobile caravan, which we needed to make this trip so enjoyable and successful.

A.J.M. (6S).

Senior Troop

At the beginning of the Autumn term the senior sections of both Troops were amalgamated into a single Senior Troop. The amalgamation is experimental and could be discontinued if it were not to work well, but in the first few weeks of its existence the new combined Troop has in fact worked very well and successfully, and the decision made at the beginning of term would seem to have been a wise one. The Troop's present strength is 19 of whom 16 are still at School. The other three who have left school we are very glad to see whenever their new commitments allow them to join us.

In September four patrols, each of two scouts, competed in the Senior Test Camp organised by the District Commissioner and

his staff. It proved to be a most enjoyable weekend and, although we did not win the competition, all the entrants gave a very good account of themselves.

The Climbing Course organised by the County Staff was held in the Lakes over an October weekend and saw two of our members having their first taste of rock climbing on Scout Crag in Langdale and on Dow Crags at Coniston. Since then, along with yet other members of the Troop, they have been observed departing, laden with ropes, in the direction of Cadshaw rocks, our own local "nursery slopes," not perhaps so impressive as the Lakeland mountains but equally enjoyable for a few hours' climbing.

Heartiest congratulations are offered to Roger Smethurst on the award of his Queen's Scout badge, the first, we hope, of several more to come. He is hoping to receive his certificate from the hands of the Chief Scout at Windsor next April. Several of the Troop have yet to gain their First Class badge and this is being given precedence in our training programme. We are also hoping to arrange a series of classes for the Ambulance Badge, which is a compulsory qualification for the Queen's Scout. This term six of our seniors have passed the Despatch Rider Badge and two the Handyman, both of them Public Service badges.

We have started to put in a more permanent ceiling to our Troop room, replacing the present tough paper lining with hard-board. This is being done by small bands of volunteers at weekends.

Outdoor plans for the future include a proposed hike at the New Year using tents, and a hike at Easter using Youth hostels. Whether both will take place as planned remains to be seen, but reports will doubtless appear in future issues of the Blackburnian.

Kestrel Troop

We extend our greetings to Mr. Eaton, who has joined the troop as Assistant Scoutmaster. Paul Haslam has been appointed Troop Leader. The new patrol leaders are G. Bolton, R. Brown, G. Charnley and F. Crawford-Grundy, whilst H. Rurlander, D. Renwick, M. Mowforth and S. Duxbury have been appointed as their seconds. During the course of the term A. Hindle, R. Ormerod, P. Bolton and P. Sumner have been enrolled, whilst the other recruits are expected to have passed their necessary tests in a few weeks' time.

Congratulations are extended to R. Brown and H. Rurlander on gaining the Second Class badge and the latter has also been awarded the Reader's badge. Instruction this term has been devoted to first aid and to knotting, and it is hoped that all scouts will have progressed one stage further in these tests before Christmas. On Friday, 4 November we also had a preview of the short colour film of Kandersteg, taken by Paul Haslam, which was to be shown at the Annual Parents' Meeting.

G.B. (5A).

Eagle Troop

We welcome to our troop all the recruits who have joined us at this term's meetings. We offer our congratulations to those who have passed their Tenderfoot, and who are now invested as scouts.

Mr. Davies has now taken over as Scoutmaster, and we extend a welcome to him in this post. He has installed a system of troop meetings by which every other one is devoted particularly to training. This will help up to increase our numbers of first and second class scouts more easily. A number of successful "stunts" have already been carried out this term. I think all of us have enjoyed these immensely, and we thank the Scouters for them.

A successful camp was held at Whitewell during the summer holidays. It was held in order to give some of our scouts first hand camping experience, and was both enjoyable and instructive.

Four scouts have taken the first class hike this term. These were Bob Ibbotson and Robin Sowerby, Hugh McLeod and John Smalley. Despite the weather, I think these hikes were successful and we offer our good wishes to the scouts concerned, and hope they have passed.

As a troop, we look forward to another term of enjoyable Scouting.

J.R.S. (5B).

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SOME years ago a report appeared in the Year Book that the formation of a Historical Society was imminent. This proved premature, but the seeds were sown.

In view of the unprecedented number of History students in the 6th Form this year, it was decided to form a Historical Society. Mr. Eastwood accepted the office of President, D. J. Nicholson was appointed Secretary, and an advisory Committee was set up.

So far there has only been one meeting this term, when Mr. Sharple-France, the County Archivist, gave a talk on Local History and showed some extremely interesting documents. The attendance was very good, but rather weak from Lower 6 Arts. I hope this will be remedied.

Later in the term we will show a film on Christopher Columbus, and we hope to hold a discussion, (as opposed to a debate) on some controversial historical topic. On November 9th a party of 7 attended the Historical Conference in Bolton. This was a novel idea and the support from this school (in fact from all Lancashire) showed that is likely to prove worthwhile.

We are indebted to Mr. Eastwood for his help and advice, and other members of staff and boys for their support.

I am sure this society will continue to flourish. Generally, it is open to the Arts 6th, but for films etc. the 5th Forms will be included.

D. J. NICHOLSON, 6A.

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

AT the beginning of term officials of the society were elected. Mr. King was re-elected as President and a committee formed consisting of J. S. Read as secretary, R. O. Allsup as treasurer, D. J. Astley as senior visit secretary and D. B. Harker as junior visit secretary. It was decided that each member should contribute a small subscription to cover the cost of hiring films and other accessories. The meetings this term commenced with a film show on "Mining for Nickel" which described in detail the methods used for mining nickel in Canada. It was very satisfying to see such a good attendance at our first meeting.

Two further meetings have been arranged for Michaelmas term. A lecture evening, when two of our members are giving lectures on two remote subjects of science, has been arranged for mid-term and a second film show for end of term.

The senior visit section has paid a visit to Altham coke works and the junior section has travelled a little further afield visiting T.M.M. Research at Haslingden. The junior visit section hopes to visit I.C.I. at Clitheroe before the end of the present term.

I would like on behalf of our society, to express our gratitude to the management of local firms, who have willingly arranged for our members to tour their premises and also to the various film bureaus, who have kindly lent us films.

J.S.R.

JOINT ENGLISH PLAY READING

FOR once New Year resolutions have not only been carried out but exceeded! No less than five plays will have been read by the end of the first term—a record? Enthusiasm has been apparent on both sides of the fence—though it has been given a more numerical significance by the girls. On one memorable occasion "West Side Story" was played as a liqueur to Dylon Thomas' "Under Milkwood." There has been at times a notable reluctance to don one's coat and face the weather. Such has been the hospitality at both ends.

However, to descend to a more mundane level: three plays have been read so far. Wolf Mankowitz's "Romanoff and Juliet" was chosen to break the ice and very successful it proved. The author's wit was greatly savoured especially one gem, "too anonymous to be possible," which appeared in the stage directions. For the second session we resorted to the newly acquired equipment and records at the Grammar School. An American recording of "Under Milkwood," was played and although the Welsh tang was lacking the wit and pathos emerged very effectively. The most recent meeting was held at the High School

when "The Insect Play" of the Capek Brothers was read. The snail's lisp will long be remembered.

When at the next meeting we shall have read a Sean O'Casey we will have ranged very widely. These plays should be read by most Sixth Formers and more support is always welcome. A mixture of business and pleasure can be most enervating.

R. H. BAMBER.

MIDDLE SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY

THE society has held four debates this year. In the first members of 5b debated the motion 'This house believes that, for the majority of children, a boarding school education is unnecessary and positively harmful.' Mr. Lord and Mr. Walker, proposing, were defeated by Messrs. Sharp and Clarke in an excellent debate. The second debate was on the motion that "This house believes that every boy should help in household tasks," and Messrs. Almond and Byron went down to Messrs. McLeod and Bryan, who proposed the motion. Next came a debate between Messrs. Cox, Haworth, Clegg and Hanson, on whether the British Police Force should be equipped with firearms. Finally Mr. Smalley and Mr. Bland defeated a motion, proposed by Mr. Walker and Mr. Hardacre, regretting the abolition of National Service. There will be more debates before Christmas and it is to be hoped that they will be as well-attended as all the debates so far have been.

P.B.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

AT a general meeting at the beginning of the term, D. J. Nicholson was elected Secretary as successor to D. M. Child. The Society is extremely grateful to Child for his work during the past three years. Wilkinson remains Treasurer, and Duckworth (6.A), Haslam (U.6.Sc). and Leigh (L.6.A.) complete the Committee.

The Committee have arranged a programme for the season, and the meetings were opened this term by a very enlightening talk by Mr. Collier on Java. The attendance of more than 30 boys was very encouraging and maintained the good standard of last year.

Later this term Mr. Watson has promised to give a talk on the Yorkshire Dales, and we hope to close with a series of films on Brazil.

We are very grateful to Mr. Tate for his advice and support, and to all those who have supported us(I hope they will be considerably encouraged by the small financial levy!).

D. J. NICHOLSON, 6.A.

ORCHESTRA REPORT

FOR the whole of this term members of the Orchestra will be practising for the School Play. We are playing various works by Purcell, Handel, Beethoven and Rossini. I should like to thank the members from the High School for giving up their time to come and help out the string section. In spite of this help, however, we still need more strings, and any boy who plays the violin, viola, cello or double-bass (with a bow please!) and who wishes to join the orchestra, should see the Headmaster, Mr. Miller or Mr. Mercer. We are also very short of brass instruments, and any trumpet, trombone or French horn players would be very welcome to swell our brass section.

D.P.B.

FIELD STUDY COURSE

A PARTY of sixth form biology students spent a week at Juniper Hall Field Study Centre during the summer holidays. The centre is situated in beautiful countryside at the base of Box Hill. Each week the warden, Mr. Sankey, conducts a different course and our week was devoted to the study of insects or entomology. A lecture was given each morning followed by experiments in the field. Techniques of collecting insects were first tried and the produce from beating, sweeping and creeping were bottled or "tubeulated." On returning to the laboratory these specimens were identified and any special features noted. Later in the week night insects were collected using a mercury vapour lamp placed on the front lawn of the centre. Aquatic insects were also collected after much splashing in ponds and bogs, wielding nets and specimen tubes. The last day at the centre was devoted to a form of examination in which all the parties from all schools were split up into groups of four and were issued with instructions to catch, identify and count various insects showing special features. A group of judges studied the work of each group and a prize was awarded to the winning four. It is pleasing to record that these four were all members of our party.

In all a very enjoyable and instructive week was had by all the members of our party, and I should like to thank Messrs. Shaw and Eaton for organising and accompanying the party.

MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

THE purpose of the Mountaineering Club is to obtain instruction in the basic principles of rock climbing, and to engage in the more leisurely pursuit of fell-walking.

This term valuable experience has again been gained by many members at Cadshaw Rocks, Darwen, under the leadership of the Headmaster and Mr. Jenkins.

The club wishes to thank the Headmaster and Mr. Jenkins for their interest and leadership.

There is room for additional members in the club and anyone wishing to join should contact P. J. Kirkham, 6Sc.

P. KIRKHAM, 6Sc.

MUSIC SOCIETY REPORT

IT is a great encouragement to the organisers of the Music Society to find that attendances have rapidly increased this term. The new lunchtime concerts are particularly successful, and our thanks must go to the Headmaster for the use of the Garstang Room and the excellent record-library he has put at our disposal. We would also like to thank all those members of staff and boys who have lent or offered to lend their records.

The officers for this year are: **President**, Mr. W. A. Lawler; **Vice-Presidents**, Messrs. Fish and Akroyd; **Treasurer**, J. G. Renwick; **Secretary**, D. Smalley.

At our first meeting this term we heard Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto and Rachmaninof's "Variations on a theme of Paganini." More recent meetings have included Schumann's Piano Concerto, Dohnányi's "Variations on a Nursery Song," Tchaikovsky's "1812" and Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" Marches.

The school record-collection and the Music Society funds are both open to donation, augmentation or supplementation. The President has already kindly donated a record of Old English Keyboard Music, for which we are very grateful.

I am also happy to report that the various school-parties arranged for outside concerts have been on the whole, successful. Several more are contemplated for the near future; details will be posted on the main notice-board.

D.S., U6A.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

THIS season we have had several new members, and the attendance has been most encouraging. We would like to see some of the sixth-formers who play in the dinner-hour in the library coming along regularly, because some excellent chess is being played by them. The Society meets at 4-15 in 3B room every Tuesday.

The main event this term has been the first leg of the school-championship. The team were exempted to the next leg, and we had 32 other entrants. These split up neatly into 4 groups of 8, and we played a five-round Swiss-system.

The winners were:

- group 1—Baxendale, L6A.
- group 2—Boyes, UGA.
- group 3—Brown, 5A.
- group 4—Sowerbutts, 6A.

They will play in the next round with the team.

The headmaster generously financed the buying of some very good sets and boards for match-play. We are very grateful to him, they are very much appreciated by all.

In conclusion, I should like to thank Mr. Lawler on behalf of the club for his work and guidance as President.

P. MURPHY, L6A.

THE STAMP CLUB

THE stamp club has continued its activities during this term in 2B form room. Attendances have increased during the past term, but membership from the upper school is still lacking. Stamps from a collection have been on sale at bargain prices during the term, and it is hoped to continue the sale next term. The standard of duplicates has been quite high and many bargains were obtainable.

The members wish to express their gratitude to Messrs. Holt and Davies for their attendance at the meetings, and for the valuable advice which they gave to members throughout the term.

P.W., 5A.

RAILWAY SOCIETY REPORT (MICHAELMAS TERM 1960)

AT the end of the summer recess, senior members of the society visited the main London sheds, and everyone seemed to enjoy this trip. At half term, there was a trip for the whole society to Manchester, which turned out to be very successful. This term there have been two meetings to discuss future trips, and on the Friday night following half term a film show was held. Films shown were "The Elizabethan," and, "Railway Modernisation," and a number of colour slides.

There are two proposed trips for Christmas, one for the juniors to Leeds and the other for the seniors to Sheffield.

All members extend their appreciations for the work, that Mr. Winkley is doing for our society.

M.R.S., 5B, A.C., 5B.

FISHING CLUB

MORE interest is required at the meetings discussing a trip. One trip sea-fishing at Glasson Dock, was cancelled through lack of interest.

New members to the club are always welcome and anyone wishing to join should contact either Duggan 4E or Toppng 4C.

BADMINTON CLUB

THIS term we have had quite a large number of boys wishing to learn the game, and so we were very fortunate in obtaining a second club night. Now fourth and fifth forms meet on Wednesday nights, and the upper fifth and sixth forms meet on Friday nights.

Our team this year is considerably weakened by the departure of P. Schofield, J. Whiteside and D. Barker. We are indebted in particular to Schofield, who was team captain for two years, and

whose enthusiasm it was that led to the varied match programme that we now play.

Finally, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking both Mr. Jones and Mr. Pursey for their work on behalf of the club, and who have stepped admirably into the breach created by the departure of Mr. Metcalfe.

At the time of going to press, we have played four matches, and have won them all.

19 October, v. St. Silas's, Home, Won 6—3.

3 November, v. Lower Darwen Cong., Away, Won 6—3.

9 November, v. Clitheroe R.G.S., Home, Won 9—0.

16 November, v. Darwen T.C., Home, Won 6—3.

R. D. ALLSUP.

FRENCH PLAY-READING SOCIETY

FIYE meetings have already been held so far this term, alternately at the High School and in the Garstang Room. So far "Les Précieuses Ridicules" by Molière and Racine's "Tartuffe" have been read and "Britannicus," also by Racine, has been started. Plays are being chosen with a careful eye on next June's 'A'-level set books. It is hoped that planning of this sort will encourage more sixth-formers to attend the meetings, which are of benefit to all those wishing to improve their spoken French.

The existence of the new equipment at school has proved very advantageous to the Society. Mister Watson has already been kind enough to lend several recordings of French plays and it has been a great help to hear "le français tel qu'on le parle."

Thanks are due to Mr. Fish for his conscientious work for the Society, and also to Mister Ackroyd who has graced us with his presence at several meetings. It is hoped that the society will increase and swell in number as more members of the sixth realise the benefits it holds for them.

F.J.S., VIA.

GARDENING CLUB

DUE to uncertain weather and early darkness our meetings are now suspended until spring. Much work, however has been done.

The border around the lawn facing Hartley House has been planted with perennials and the rockery has now been prepared for what we hope will a colourful display next season.

In the greenhouse, the cacti get even higher and the different shapes even more astonishing. Several types of new seeds are in the boxes and cuttings from the last year plants have been potted. By doing this regularly we hope to increase the stock of plants in School.

P.S.O., L6 Sc.

A FAREWELL

AUTUMN is a time of sadness: the trees, epitomes of methodic change, again are bare and bleak; the birds hear again the far-off call to follow which none can refuse, as if some long-lost pied piper suddenly appears on the hillsides of our country; the fields again prepare, in light green clothing, for the winter; and all their living tenants exert their last frantic attempts to prepare for their long oblivion. So too, there comes to Man, strangely and uncontrollably, a feeling of uncertainty and depression: a loss of faith in the basic goodness of mankind, and a shadowing of hope in future times. The homestead fire, piled high with fallen timber, reddens the faces of its supplicants, as the aged sage recounts the bright sunlit days of Victoria's England, where Autumn and Winter never came, but left our country ever to enjoy the warm, complacent glow of a strange mingling of Spring freshness and Summer stability.

I know such a man: he recounts his old tales to any listening ear in his broken and ruined cottage, which cowers and shivers in a gentle fold of the bleak moorland. His life, as he says, has been overshadowed by the strange mystery of the moorland, echoed in every rushing stream which cuts its barren earth; echoed in the lonely cry of the curlew as it hovers and swoops in the vacant sky of Autumn; echoed in the whispering heather and the vociferous winds. This one small house, built by the hands of his grandfather to shelter his family of the conventional dozen or so, had watched, one feels with perhaps a perplexed eye, three generations rise to manhood, only to fade again into the rugged landscape, silently and almost without meaning. The old man, standing at his faded and cracked oak door, his grey hair gently ruffled in the breeze and his work-worn, unsteady hand raised in kindly farewell to the might and power of the universe, appears in the long battle for survival as a withering leaf in the darkening Autumnal days.

And as his young friend, a member of a different generation, almost of a different world, quickly makes his way down the mossy path, the old man will stand and strain his darkening eyes, against the evening light, across the moorland to the old road. There his mind's eye sees with nostalgic delight the image of another small boy, who once would run in apprehension and to watch the well-to-do folk of the district, driving home from church in smart carriages drawn by stately horses. There, in later years, this same boy walked happily with a pretty village lass, who was soon to go on a longer journey into misty and more uncertain highways. And now he casts his eyes around his cottage, sees the climbing ivy on the stone walls, and the falling and decaying masonry, the over-run garden and the now uncultivated moorland. And the tear that falls from a smiling face, and the gentle sigh from a broken voice, are to him an emblem of hope. For he knows that after the deluge of Autumn has been swept away by the

destruction of Winter, the Spring must come, and with it a new way of life and a new hope of peace and joy, a hope which he cannot share because then he will be a part of that kind earth from which the promise must spring.

"A MOORLAND LAD"

R.I.P.

THE FIRE

Here is Saturn's fiery rim;
This glowing surface light that dim.
Now a comet's tail sweeps high,
Now it falls away to die.

The image on the retina prances
Soars and leaps in Pagan dances.
It is the flame of love, of hate.
Its upward climb must soon abate.

And, falling back to its base source,
Salvage but memories of its course,
Unlimited, emotion-fired,
And yield to death when life is tired.

This flame is you. See how it changes!
Now skirting the rim of those black mountain ranges,
Then, sinking low into despond,
Forgets its lovely, unsung song.

This flame is life; its gradual growth
Which found its origin in sloth
And darkness, sinks into its grave,
A tiny, ashen, heat-carved cave.

METAPHYSICAL.

THE PRISONER

Bound, he longed for freedom.
And what is freedom?

The football match, the tennis club,
The library, the village pub,
The hills in spring, the hills all white.
The galaxies at night
— that's freedom.

The rush-hour crowd,
The wireless loud,
The mountain walk,
The chance to talk
— that's freedom.

The wind in the trees.
The summer breeze.
The top of a tower,
The battle for power
— that's freedom.

The birds at night, the birds by day,
The smell of new-mown hay,
The Church oppressed,
The "ten-year" test
— that's freedom.

Rock n' roll,
Election poll,
Concert hall,
Atomic fall
— that's freedom.

Freedom is like the wind,
Something intangible, but there;
A force which when grasped,
Slips through the fingers, just like air,
But it is there

If only he were free, not bound;
But he is free
. . . . Free from the world and all its cares,
Free from temptation's snares,
Free in his captivity.

D. SMALLEY, U6 Arts.

"CUTTY SARK"

ON a recent visit to London I went to see the 'Cutty Sark,' a sailing ship, which is in dry dock in Greenwich on the south bank of the River Thames. She was placed there as a permanent memorial to the men of the Merchant Navy.

The 'Cutty Sark,' was launched at Dumbarton on the Clyde in November, 1869, and was registered in London.

She was a tea clipper, this meant that she brought tea from China and she raced with other ships because the first back to port got the better prices for the tea.

But soon steamers captured the tea trade, and the tea clippers

were forced to transfer their attention to the wool trade from Australia.

As an Australian wool-clipper "Cutty Sark" out-distanced all her rivals and proved herself one of the fastest ships that ever moved through the water by the power of sail above, and on one occasion covered three hundred and sixty three miles in twenty-four hours.

But soon the steamers captured the wool trade and the captain sold her in 1895 to a Portuguese firm who changed her name to "Eerreira." She sailed with this firm for twenty five years. After this another Portuguese firm bought her and re-named her "Maria do Amparo."

Then in 1922, She was purchased by an English sea captain who re-rigged her and gave her back her original name.

When I went there I saw paintings and photographs, models and relics that showed us how the men were accustomed to having to "rough it" during these hard sea voyages. The "Cutty Sark," during her racing days, had many strange experiences—including a captain who committed suicide by throwing himself into shark infested waters; a mate who committed murder, and a captain who bred collie dogs.

On 25th June, 1957, "Cutty Sark," at rest in her last berth, was opened to the public by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

Anyone going there can see the officers and crews quarters as they were when the ship sailed. In the captains room there is a long table with chairs placed round it, and a coal fire at one side.

On the lower deck is displayed a collection^{*} of figureheads, among which appear Gladstone, Disraeli, and Abraham Lincoln, some of these figureheads have been taken from ships that have been wrecked on our coasts.

We were surprised to notice school desks on the lower deck which were obviously in use. We then learned that evening classes are held on the "Cutty Sark" for training boys who wish to go to sea, or men who are interested in sailing.

The "Cutty Sark's" curious name, which means short chemise, or short skirt, was taken from Robert Burn's poem "Tam o' Shanter," wherein a witch pranced about wearing a short skirt.

R. S. KEMP, 4E.

PENS

PEWS are classed in most English written encyclopaedias as 'instruments for writing.' As this is the case, these handy utensils must have a long, eventful history which is impossible to relate in a few paragraphs. However as the pen is in such great demand these action-packed days, I thought that perhaps you might like to learn a few facts about it.

The fountain pen is one of the descendants of the famous quill pen. Quill pens are known to have been in use in the seventh century and were frequently used up to the middle of the nineteenth century when the feathers were used to make mattresses. Quill pens are now out of fashion. They were made out of the feathers of a goose or when the geese had taken to hiding, feathers from a swan, crow, eagle, owl, hawk or turkey. For writing very fine lines crow feathers superseded the goose feather, and some people preferred swan feathers. It was found that generally the best quills for pens came from the second and third feathers of the outer, left wing of a goose. The feathers being plucked from the unfortunate bird in spring.

The first known writing utensil was the stilus which had a pointed bodkin of metal, hone or ivory.

The ancient representative of the modern pen is the columns. Some people called them arundos because they were made from a hollow, tubular stalk of grass, perhaps a reed, growing in the marshy districts. As can be perceived a great advance has been made—it is much earlier to spell pen than arundo or even calamus.

It was in the year when Mr. S. Percival became Prime-Minister of Britain that Joseph Bramah attracted the writing public's curiosity by slipping a nib into a holder. Messieurs Hawkins and Morgan made further advancements by making the nibs of horn and tortoise shell; the nib points being made of diamond or ruby. A pen in those times was very dear to a person. Later, because diamonds and rubies were becoming more and more difficult to obtain, the points were made strong by placing a thin layer of gold over them.

Many people believe that metal pens are comparatively new. They are wrong. A man found a bronze pen when he was spending his time digging around Pompeii. If you don't believe me just go to Naples museum and look at it!

The first machine-made pens were made by John Mitchell, and popularized by James Perry.

Continuing with the metal pen, we find that they were common in the mid-nineteenth century; and Dr. Samuel Priestley used one in seventeen-hundred and eighty.

The type of pen which is the most popular today—the fountain pen—was produced from an old idea. Its popularity began around eighteen-hundred and eighty when it became one of our more essential items of use. Many were sold, evn, though most people could not write. Millions of fountain pens of many different colours are produced and sold each year. In order to see how the little 'blotter' works it is best to buy one. Many pens are plated with metal-alloys and these sell like quick-silver.

Ink contains a certain amount of water and the caps of the fountain pens are there principally to prevent the water in the ink

evaporating, not to stop people from having ink-stains over all their clothes.

A great advancement which enables a person to write a book on Mount Everest, in the humid jungles of the Amazon or even in the fog of London and Manchester was the manufacture of pens made from stainless steels in nineteen-hundred and twenty-six.

The pen which has sprung up this century is the ball-point pen. In several countries patents had been taken out before 1899 but the ball-point pen did not become mass produced till 1944.

A man working in the quartermaster general's office of the United States wanted a writing instrument with an ink unaffected by climate, dry, and which lasted for a long time. True to American tradition he got it.

The ink used in a ball point pen is viscous and contains spirit-soluble dyes or oil-soluble dyes. I am sure you have been dying to hear this.

All the world wants now is a person who will invent everlasting ink—any ideas?

D. E. ROGERSON, UVG. A.

DREAMING

At night when I lie in my bed,
And read the map above my head,
I think of all the places where
I'd like to go by sea and air.

To Holland and the Zuider Zee
And stop at Amsterdam for tea,
Then on to see the sights at Berne
And spend the night by Lake Lucerne.

To Pisa with its leaning tower,
And, after spending just an hour,
Move on to see the George Cross Isle,
Then come home happily for a while.

DAVID GARTSIDE, Trans A.

YOUTH, A QUESTION?

Children asking.
Tell them? No.
What did we do?
Why? . . .

Shaking hands,
Friends and neighbours,
How's your mother?
Yes? . . .

Growing older,
Time to come,
Lets not bother.
No? . . .

Water, running,
Arnold's river,
Pace deceptive
Well? . . .

R.H.B.

FIRE BRIGADES

EVER since the beginning of time we have been in danger of fire. That is why, towards the end of the seventeenth century the first fire brigades were formed. They were usually formed by insurance companies and were far different from anything we see today.

House-owners paid regular sums of money to these companies and in return a small badge—the mark of the particular company—was fixed prominently to the front of the house. Should the house catch fire, then the owner could rest assured that the company's fire-firigade would be at his disposal. But this so-called "fire-brigade" consisted only of a group of men with buckets of water.

The firemen of old had little or no means of protection. All they carried was a large axe. Compare that with the special suits, helmets, boots, axes and most important of all the breathing apparatus which forms part of their normal equipment today. In the year 1860 the fire tenders were drawn by horses, but steam engines were being used to pump the water, and by 1905 steam was being used to drive the tender as well as pump the water. Petrol-driven tenders were seen in 1908, although the water-pumps were steam-driven. Fire brigades are also called out to rescue people, cats and even horses which have become trapped! They also help in train crashes, again freeing animals and people and helping to disentangle the coaches and trucks. Where there is a danger of burning oil or petrol firemen wear asbestos fire-suits and face-shields.

The French have a machine which covers the flames with a chemical foam, starving them of oxygen and thus choking them.

The threat of fire is as great on water as on land, and special techniques have been developed for this sort of fire-fighting. Often the fire can be tackled from land; but often a fire-boat such as London's "Massey-Shaw" can cope better. The latest and best means of fire-fighting is in Swansea harbour. It is able to move through the water backwards, forwards and sideways at a speed of five knots, the water being drawn up through its huge "legs." There are three platforms each a little higher than the one before with hoses all around them.

K. ASPIN, 4E.

DISASTER

HAVE you ever felt the cold nip of the North Atlantic? Have you ever seen her icy, choppy waters? These are the things Captain John Larsen saw when he set off from Bergen in Norway on his great adventure.

He was on leave in Bergen when he was summoned to the naval offices and told by his superiors that there was an iceberg at large in the North Atlantic which had been the antagonist of many a sea captain. So far the sea captains had failed to overcome their opponent who had sent many of their vessels to Davy Jones' locker. His superiors wanted Captain Larsen to annihilate it. On the last day of January Captain Larsen's ship was sailing out of Bergen. The ship itself was a sea worthy vessel and carried the latest in radar equipment. A few weeks later the "Seal" neared its objective. The weather had held out but the captain did not like the thick, overcast clouds overhead.

It was late one night. It started with just some slight drizzle. The captain thought nothing of it, but as the night went on heavy bellows of wind came from the port bow, the ship began to rock from side to side. The wind grew louder and the rain came stronger and all of a sudden there was crash of lightning which set their ear drums throbbing. While the captain was rolling over the main deck other hands were sent sprawling from the various stations. The ship was out of control! And then it happened! The ship foundered on a half submerged iceberg and it was every man for himself. All were seated in the lifeboats but the tempest still raged and it was not long before the lifeboats were swashed by some floating object. The men were all floundering helplessly in the cold rough water when the captain espied a black mountain looming up into the darkness. "Swim for it, lads!" was his cry. Presently they were all safely on what was the iceberg which the skipper had come to destroy. There was a flat shelf of ice upon which the crew clambered. They spent the night taking turns to signal with torches. Luckily the storm abated and towards dawn their distress signals were sighted! Aboard the rescue ship, wrapped in blankets and sipping rum, the captain pondered—what he had come to destroy had saved his life and the lives of his crew.

W. S. CROSS, 4B.

THE OLD MASTER

"I've sold it Brush—'The Night Watch' You copy it."

Brush Peters took a gulp at the bottle.

"Who's the sucker?"

"A doddery ex-schoolmaster. Name of Flannery."

Brush's bottle clonked on the table.

"Thin as a pencil—seems to have graphite in his veins?"

"The same. But he signed the cheque."

"Old Flat Foot Flannery!"

"Know him?"

"Once . . ."

"promised delivery next week. So it's the midnight oil for you, and here it is."

Whitehall Whittaker deposited a bottle of scotch beside the half-emptied bottle.

Brush Peters shuffled towards the easel under the attic North Light.

"You're rationed for hooch . . . get paralytic and . . ."

Whitehall exhibited a flick knife, then strode from the room.

The name, Flat Foot Flannery had induced a reminiscent mood in Brush. He saw Old Flat Foot clearly in his mind's eye:

Old Flat Foot under the Flag at Empire Day.

Old Flat Foot attending the School sports.

Old Flat Foot on the platform at Speech Night.

Dear Old Flat Foot—how he'd pleaded with him to take up art . . . And but for . . . he glared at the whisky.

How had he got into this mess? He'd had fame, and whisky had filched it. He'd had international reputation, painted half the celebrities in Europe, but whisky had sullied the reputation. He slumped heavily on a chair, and mused. He was a tool for a con man. A forger of Old Masters. What would old Flat Foot Flannery think of his blue-eyed boy now?

He lurched to his feet, stared at the pile of blank canvasses, and at the stacked assemblage of rare and valuable paintings stolen from museums, galleries and private collections by Whitehall and his cronies.

Suddenly, as he searched for the original Florios 'The Night Watch,' his liquor-blurred conscience smote him . . . he turned and swung a slippered foot at the winking whisky.o

Thomas Ulverston Flannery trembled with exultation as his withered fingers plucked the sleeve of Homer T. Haven, art collector for the American Palette Society.

"Come, my friend, see this specimen of Florio's later period—the sixties, when he entered into the happiest phase of his life. See it. Revel in the rich and subtle colouring and blending—at the figure drawing . . ."

Homer T. Haven looked indulgently at his old friend, touched by his enthusiasm.

Flannery fumbled with a wall switch. Concealed light threw a wide canvas into relief.

"A fine effort," whispered Homer, then felt sickened. How could he tell him, this myopic, enthusiastic character, that a crook had sold him a fake.

Homer T. Haven felt wretched. How could anyone swindle such a nice old guy? But Flannery didn't realise he'd been cheated. His half-blind eyes were an asset, shielding him from the truth. Not that the painting was a poor, or obvious fake. It was brilliantly

done—by a first-class artist. He might have been taken in by it himself, had he not known who owned the original.

"How did you find it?"

"It found me," smiled an enraptured Flannery. "A dealer sold it to me privately."

"Did he give you a receipt?"

"He gave me a good reason for his not doing so."

"I'll bet he did," smiled Homer, cynically, adding, "Did it cost you much?"

"A few thousand—but what is money to me? I had money left to me. Few teachers can save much, as you must know. My wife always maintained that art influenced a home. When I'm gone, it must hang in the school hall."

"Would you let me buy it," urged Homer, feeling that for once he could afford to be altruistic. What were a few thousand dollars? It was a good copy.

"No, I couldn't sell it, not even to you Homer."

Cigar angling from taut lips, Homer took his leave.

A giant tramp of a fellow was singing in the street. Odd what people could get away with in England.

"Steady, chum," urged Homer, as the drunk staggered against him.

"Under the Night Watch' is a Raphael," sang the drunk.

Homer's delicate sense of smell was afflicted by a revolting vat of scotch.

"I'm serious—under the 'Night Watch' is a Raphael . . . Can't let Old Flat Foot Flannery down . . . was a trump to me, hic . . . "

Homer, still bemused by the knowledge that Mr. Flannery had been duped, sold a fine fake, was arguing within himself as to whether he, Homer, should have insisted on buying the valueless copy.

What the drunk was trying to say, reached into his mind.

"Are you sure?" whispered Homer.

Sure, course I'm sure, I painted it, didn't I . . . The Night Watch by Florio . . . his . . . on the back of . . . hic . . . a Raphael . . . hic . . . "

The drunk staggered on, but Homer retraced his steps.

He was breathing heavily when he faced Flannery again.

"Say, Bud, I'll give you fifty thousand for "The Night Watch," he pleaded.

A BAXENDALE.

WINTER

The moon has become low and yellow
The fruits have turned gold and mellow.
The leaves are falling,
The hearth is calling.
And Winter is on the way.

We've had the bonfire and burnt the guy,
And Hallowe'en has since passed by.
The sun is sinking,
The children are thinking,
That Winter is on the way.

Shop windows are gay with candles that glow,
And pavements are covered with crisp new snow.
Jack Frost is stealing,
The bells are pealing,
And winter has come at last.

G.R.G., 2A

SEASONS

When spring is in the air,
And flowers bloom everywhere.
And all the birds do sing,
For once again it's spring.

When summer-time is here,
And holidays are near,
And the sun shines down in a glorious ray,
To burn the face of the young at play.

When harvest time is near,
We know that Autumn's here.
And all the leaves are falling fast,
And then we know that summer's past.

When snow is on the ground,
And frost lies all around,
The birds can't find a place to stay,
So they spread their wings and fly away.

M. WOODS, 2A.

CONTRASTS

When stubborn lamps refuse to burn,
When pipes are choked and milk won't churn,
When roads are wet and thick with mire,
And torrent rains put out the fire,
Then in the city I would be,
A line of shops each side of me,
A cinema of steel and glass,
And electricity and gas!

But when the sun its blessing sheds
 Over the yellow ricks, and threads
 The wood's green shade with gleaming rays,
 And wakes the flowers on the bramble sprays.
 I stand on a hill where the free winds blow,
 And look on the city down below.
 And wonder why men ever went
 To live beneath that smoky tent!

VILLAGER.

A REMARKABLE OLD CAR

THIS old car that I know belongs to my father. It is a 1927 Alvis Tourer with collapsible hood. It is painted maroon with black mudguards and black wheel rims. The car ran all through the war and as near as we can tell she has covered 350,000 miles and is still going strong. On both sides of her bonnet there are painted in gold letters the words 'The Old Superb,' and many people know her for miles around. Once in the year 1947 when there was a snow drift on a moor nearby and 150 cars were stuck there, my father asked to go to the front because the car had more body clearance, and in second gear the old car bucked her way through the snow, making way for other cars. Another incident was when the old car caught fire outside a garage and the fire went to one of the leads which was coupled to the horn. She blew her own horn in long loud blasts to summon people to her aid!

J. G. FAMHILL, 3C.

MY FLIGHT TO NIGERIA

WHEN I was ten years old my father who was in Nigeria made arrangements for my mother, sisters, my brother and myself to fly to Enugu in Nigeria.

After having all the inoculations against small pox and yellow fever and receiving our passports, we left home early one morning in July.

We arrived at London Airport Terminal at 1 p.m. where our luggage was weighed and passports checked. Then we were taken by bus to London Airport West. Our flight number was 291 and we waited in the lounge for our flight to be called over the loud-speaker. At 1-55 p.m. we were called to our plane and taken by a small bus along the runway to B.O.A.C. Argonaut.

We took off on time at 2-5 p.m. and in a few seconds were airborne and flying over the Thames towards Brighton. Soon we were across the English Channel and flying over Dieppe, Paris, Dijon and Geneva. Then we saw Mont Blanc rising above the clouds like a razor-edge peak with the top covered in snow. Below we could see the brown and green valleys, and a few chalets. We

circled the mountain then the plane turned slightly to the right and flew on to Turin and Genoa.

Soon we could see the blue Mediterranean sea and the Italian coastline, and also the Isle of Elba on our right. We followed the coastline for another twenty minutes then flew inland to Rome, landing on the runway at 5-10 p.m. After having a look round the airport we took off for Tripoli at 6 p.m., passing over Malta on our way. Landing at Tripoli airport about 11 p.m., we really felt the heat which was about 90 degrees, and we spent an hour taking refreshments under the shade of a tangarine tree. Taking off again from Tripoli at midnight we flew over Ghat and the Sahara desert in darkness. Kano was our next call where we had breakfast in the open lounge at the airport. From these we travelled in a much smaller plane called a Dakota. This took us to Joso, and Enugu landing at 1 p.m. where my father and the native servants were waiting to greet us.

R. SUTCLIFFE.

CONSTELLATION

God's blanket covers all the sky,
Denies man's penetrating 'why?';
And through the fabric-rents there peeps
A light, come from Eternity.

Men call them stars, but who can say
The nature of their scattered ray,
Or tell why they shine on our earth
And feebly light our gloomy way?

At night when minds are all asleep
The angels through the star-tears peep,
And for our sins, they send the dew
To show us that they know, and weep.

MAVERICK, U.V.G.(B).

NEGATION

TIME jerks along its way, the inane leaps indicated by a slim metal finger, a pocket dictator of immense power, stabbingly vicious in his antics.

Coffee swirls, whirls, follows the moving spoon like a bound slave—it circles because the spoon circles: a sense of power, I move the spoon. Compressed sugar dissolves, bubbles. Smoke drifts: past plastic flowers, oily hair, varnished nails, creased skirts, tinted locks, pseudo frieze—peeling at the corners, with Parisian blue. Heat, sweat, noise: people. Nothing so interesting as a crowd: heads bob, yellow teeth flash grins, unshaven affected accent, rounded knees, worn eyes, flushed faces, grubby handkerchief— anonymity.

Same coffee, same conversation, same leg-tan, same nubile shapes. Standardisation: orderly, precise, military, progress for food and conversation. One cubic centimetre of milk, two blocks of sugar, three slices of conversation—pleasure to feed the public! Precision—convenience become monster, prostituted into a lie, a pervading, gripping lie. Even in the street?

Gust of air: damp, murk, grey eyes passing, hurrying, purposeless, serving the gorging god of precision, standardisation—man made! Neon lights: wedges of mechanical light driven, strident, into the gentle darkness. Reality?—one carries it within one.

R. H. BAMBER.

IN ROMAN BRITAIN

WHEN the Roman legions invaded Britain no defending army barred their way. They advanced quickly across south-east England and settled along the line of the Thames estuary. Later on they moved forward again and occupied all of southern England and the Midlands. There they stayed for the next three hundred years or so, and by and large people were happy under the Roman's rule.

The Romans did much for Britain. They built fine roads along which troops could be moved at great speed if trouble should break out in the west or north. They built themselves towns, Bath, St. Alban's, Colchester are just three of the towns. The Romans did all this with a purpose. They had to stay in Britain and they intended to make themselves comfortable. But more important than that they thought that if they made life comfortable for the British they might come to accept Roman rule. In the north and West, the Romans had to keep armies ready for action. But in the south the Roman experiment worked. There were large well heated villas, some with their own forms. There was a forum or market place in each town. There were hot baths like the ones at Bath and at St. Alban's there was even a theatre. To-day we remember the Romans because they built the only good roads that England was to have for many years. But in those days the people were grateful to them because they brought peace and security which lacked before the Romans came to Britain.

R. N. HORNSBY, 3C.

A TALE WITHOUT AN END

JIM DUCKWORTH was getting old, he had reached the age when a man looks back with affection to his younger days. He had spent the early part of his active life in Surrey, but had moved up North in his later years. Here, among the bleak, black chimneys of an industrial town, his wife Jane had died. Now Jim was alone, completely alone.

It was a Saturday afternoon, one of those when the shopkeepers rub their hands and house-wives fill their purses to the



WHALLEY ABBEY. DAY ROOM AND PARLOUR.



WHALLEY ABBEY, CONFERENCE HOUSE.
Photos by J. Bloomfield to illustrate article by K. Bartlett.



**UP-UP-AND-UP, THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING,
NEW YORK.**

(See "Visit to America").



MEMBERS OF THE SIXTH FORM IN THE SUN OF MINORCA.

full and set off on a spending spree. Jim had decided to have a short walk, and his wanderings had brought him to the town centre; has he made his way through the jostling crowds he felt his utter loneliness more acutely than ever before.

The jostling of the crowds and the length of his walk had tired him so he sat down on one of the municipal benches to rest for a while. As he sat on the cold wood bench, set back from the main pavement, his loneliness flooded over him, he felt as he had never felt before in his life, cold and insecure.

He looked about him at the people passing by; women, fat and bloated with short, greasy, cropped hair, wearing head-scarves and bootees. Their faces were not the faces of women but of statues, hard and impregnable. Their eyes were cold and hard, telling the story of years filled with strife and oppression, mirroring in their blank stare images of weaving sheds and spinning-looms, tight and cruel, mouths that had spat out words of regret to hungry children and drunken husbands. He saw their mouths, broken friends, words of sympathy to crying children, and words of prayer to an unhearing God. All those harsh years were echoed in those ruddy gashes.

He examined too their hands, bulbous, stunted and calloused, scarred with donkey-stone and door-steps, broom handles and washing-tubs, fire and water.

All that was despicable and crude was in these women and he hated them, all pity was dashed out of him by their repulsiveness, one cannot pity a lunatic, pity is destroyed with fear and hate.

Then he turned to the children for surely a child has tenderness and warmth, but they wore leather jerkins and green caps with cloth badges sown on them. They screamed and shouted and had red purply knees or stubby wet hands. They were dirty, cold and sticky.

All around him was dirt and wet and the sweaty squalor of the industrial north. He was hemmed in by ugly people and dirty sooty buildings, all his organs of sight, taste and smell were sickened and he wanted to vomit.

What had happened? It hadn't always been like this. He thought of the girls of his youth, girls with soft, delicate skins and deep understanding eyes, he recalled their voices, warm and tender, their presence calm and comforting. He remembered too the children they bore, clean and sweet and quiet.

Then, as always, his mind wandered back to Jane. He recalled how he had been before he had met her, not alone, but as if he were only a fraction of his possible self. Jane had cured that, she had made him whole. With her he had been secure, he had felt as a cat when it nestles into a carpet before a blazing fire. Her arms had been for him a shield against the cruel, harsh world. Her body had been a door against the bitter wind of life. Yes Jane had done all that, but that was all gone.

"You little devil, wait till I get you home, I'll kill you!"

"Bang! Bang! I got you, you're dead."

'Eh! Oh! oh yes officer I'm O.K., just admiring the view."

"The view, that's a laugh the view." J.A.H., 6Sc.

THE OLD WIND PUMP

THE way to the old wind pump was down a little winding lane leading off the main road through our village. The lane winds down a hill to a hollow where the brook bubbles merrily along to the river. Standing on the bank rearing its head to the sky was the wind pump, its sails ever searching for winds from the heaven. Its purpose was to pump water to the house at the top of the hill.

It was a moody pump; at times its sails turned lazily in a gentle breeze, but a gale would send them racing round at a terrific pace. In the summer, when the wind was absent, it lazed and laughed at men from the house carrying water in pails. At times it developed a horrifying squeak for want of oil, and at nights it sounded like a hundred ghosts clanking their chains.

Now alas, the wind pump is no more! No longer do we see its racing sails or hear its song. "I pump I pump, I pump—." In its place stands a tiny wooden hut housing an electrically driven pump working to its master's will, and the only sound we hear is a monotonous drone.

ELLSON, 4E.

FATE

THE ribbons of street lamps danced on the waters to the rhythm of the cool sharp breeze and the throaty growl of a river tug's hooter vibrated from the distant wharves. In a way it was symbolic, symbolic of the life he was about to leave; symbolic of the worries which the dark waters could so easily cover up.

And yet, why did he linger there? Once his leg was over the parapet the rest of his body would follow voluntarily and all would be erased.

He had not taken the decision on the spur of the moment. It had built up inside him. He resented those who had thrown him out of a job, those who had driven him to alcohol. He was alone all alone. His life was as black as the cold, clammy mist which enshrouded him, Society was his enemy . . . there was no one for him to turn to. Surely beneath those glistening ripples was a life so very, very different from this? Surely anything was better than this existence of misfortunes anxiety and distress? His heart yearned for peace and his brain cried out for rest.

And yet his foot was heavy so strangely heavy. It took a great deal of determination to edge it over the parapet. He was sweating sweating because all of a sudden he had become afraid. The water would be cold he would only be aware

of it for a few minutes but it would be cold. It did not appear quite so ready to welcome him as before . . . instead of peace he saw a great question mark beneath the dark ripples. He shivered. Why was everything so quiet! It was as though the whole world was waiting on the banks of the river . . . as though the whole population were standing motionless, waiting for the splash.

Slowly his head turned. He saw the long, broad avenue of the bridge spread out between the rows of glowing lights. Surely this was the avenue to a new life? Surely no misfortune was so bad that it meant casting his body into the jaws of the icy river? He looked at his hand. It was the same hand he had had since the day he was born. The leg which lay trembling on the parapet was his own . . . nobody could take that from him. He slowly dragged it back over the stone sill and all his enxieties seemed to fall to the ground with it. He heaved a sigh of relief. He would tread the avenue to a renewed life . . . surely at the end of the bridge lay some of the joys, some of the pleasures, some of the delights of his childhood? His steps echoed through the mist . . . they gave him confidence . . . he was making that noise . . . he was making his mark on a world which had been so inhospitable to him . . . he was pounding it beneath his feet.

He did not see the taxi. All he felt was a sickening thump down his right side and the whole world went spinning away at an oblique angle . . . They say he was one of the happiest-looking corpses they have ever seen. E. BOYES, U6 A.

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The Old Blackburnian

*A Review and Reminder of
Old Boys' Activities*

BY OLD BOYS FOR CLD BOYS

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Editor: MR. W. H. PROCTOR.

OBITUARY

CANON FREDERICK RILEY (1885-93)

Canon Frederick Riley of Armidale, New South Wales, died in September, at the age of 86.

Canon Riley was educated at Griffin School and won a scholarship to Queen Elizabeth's, where he eventually became Head Boy. He proceeded to Oxford and graduated in 1897. After working as a curate in Manchester, Adlington and Pendleton, he accepted the post of assistant curate at St. John's, Launceston, Tasmania and was so successful in his work there that in 1906 he was appointed Rector of Queenstown and Rural Dean of the West Coast. In 1913 he was urged by the Archbishop of Melbourne to accept a naval chaplaincy on board Australia's chief battleship, "H.M.A.S. Australia." On his discharge he was appointed English tutor in history and literature on the staff of the naval college in Jervis Bay. His work at the college was highly praised and it was only at his own urgent request that he was permitted to resign.

In 1918 he accepted a nomination for the parish of Walcha. After four years there he moved to Armidale, where he became a Canon of St. Peter's Cathedral. He held this appointment for six years before moving to the vicariate of St. Mary's, Sidney.

To his relatives and friends we extend our sincerest sympathies.

NORMAN ROBINSON (1920-1927)

It was with profound regret that we heard of the death of Norman Robinson. For the past few years he had not enjoyed the best of health, but he had been so active that it was a great shock to hear that he had died suddenly on 23rd November.

Norman attended the School from 1920 to 1927 and was always interested in games, playing for the first eleven at cricket and Frobisher at football.

For many years he served on the committee of the Old Blackburnians' Association and was also Treasurer of the Football Club for several years and Chairman since 1957. He was a most enthusiastic and conscientious Chairman who spent a considerable part of his time and energy in looking after the ground and pavilion at Lammack, attending meetings and taking an interest in all the four teams of the Club. He was not content to sit back and let others do the work, but set an example of personal service to all members.

We offer our deep sympathy to his widow and children.

LETTERS FROM THE UNIVERSITIES

To the Editor of "The Old Blackburnian."

OXFORD.

24 NOVEMBER, 1960.

DEAR SIR,

Old Blackburnians, Oxford

1. **Last year's graduates:** David McClean, David Haworth, Michael Sharples, Tony Robinson.
2. **Gone down:** Michael Sharples, Tony Robinson, Maurice Gavan, John Grayson.
3. **Absent:** Harvey Bolton, teaching for a year in Germany.
4. **Remaining:** David McClean, David Haworth, Michael Beetham, Adrian Eddleston, Gordon Haymes, Tom Sharratt, Chris Wilkinson.
5. **Come up:** Brian Wilson (St. Cath's).
6. **News:** Nil.

Yours etc.,
O.B.s, (Oxon).

To the Editor of "The Old Blackburnian."

DOWNING COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

7 NOVEMBER, 1960.

DEAR SIR,

Undergraduate O.B.s are very few and even further between, though there is a 'large concentration' of three freshmen at Downing College. The Old Blackburnians have five undergraduates in residence, which is a very poor showing compared with other schools of a similar size. Bolton School, for instance, has 26 undergraduates here, and many other schools of 700—800 students have 15 or so undergraduates. It is, perhaps, time that the school tried to increase its numbers here.

Despite this lack in numbers the interests of the O.B. undergraduates range over a wide field, from Girton, to Newnham, to Saffron Weldon and even London. It is also refreshing to see that, on being questioned, most of the O.B.s had a vague notion where the main lecture theatres are, and it has been known for some of our numbers actually to enter them at the early hour of 9 o'clock in the morning.

With all good wishes to you, Sir, and to the School,

We remain,

Yours sincerely,

O.B.s (Cantab.).

To the Editor of "The Old Blackburnian."

THE UNIVERSITY UNION,
OXFORD ROAD,

MANCHESTER, 15.
NOVEMBER, 1960.

DEAR SIR,

Once more it is our pleasant duty to send our report to the "Old Blackburnian." At the time of writing, Michaelmas Term is but three weeks old, and as usual the freshers are still in the process of settling down to University life.

This year we have welcomed four freshers to Manchester—Messrs. Riley (Metallurgy), Gilmore (Chemistry), "Gooch" Kay (Pharmacy), and Entwistle ((Engineering)). We wish them all the best in their studies.

Still hard at it are Ray Longworth and Ivor Whalley, both third year B.Sc. pharmacy students. Ivor is now the Assistant Secretary of the University Pharmaceutical Society and has also been elected President of the Old Boys' Association, Manchester Branch, for this year.

W. J. Cunliffe gained first class honours in his B.Sc. examinations in anatomy, in June, and has been invited to read a paper at the Anatomical Society in London in November. Hoping to follow in Bill's footsteps, possibly, is John Marshall who has been made

a Prosector in anatomy. A. J. Lomax, this year's Manchester Old Boys' Branch Treasurer, is continuing satisfactorily in medicine. J. Clayton, a third year engineer, is to be seen at fortnightly intervals in the Union in a vivid sports jacket using his charms in selling the University newspaper, which often contains several of his own articles. Our only mathematician, Ian Malloch, now in his second year, has been elected Secretary of our Old Boys' Branch this year. He has arranged a social evening at Q.E.G.S. in November to enable the O.B.s at Manchester to keep in close contact with their former school.

Still teething in the Dental School are C. Tattersall, I. Pickles, and P. T. ("Stan.") Pearson and we hope (at the time of writing) that Trevor Howarth will be successful in his finals later in the year. Peter Bannister is still in Needham Hall of Residence and is keeping the old Q.E.G.S. flag flying there. Down at "Tech.," George Carter and Peter Sharples are merrily plodding along. Chris Alderson is now doing a year's research in engineering.

Following up last year's success, we have arranged another Annual Dinner in Manchester for Q.E.G.S. Old Boys who are Manchester University graduates or undergraduates. This will be held on Thursday, February 23rd, 1961. Will anyone who has lost touch with our O.B.s Branch, and is interested in coming, please get into contact with any present member or Mr. Kemball-Cook as soon as possible?

Although we are widely dispersed throughout the University, the Blackburnian spirit keeps our small O.B.'s Branch intact, and the enthusiasm for this never seems to dwindle.

Our best wishes, Sir, to yourself, the Staff, and the School.

We remain,

Yours sincerely,
O.B.s (Manchester).

To the Editor of "The Old Blackburnian."

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON UNION,
GOWER STREET, W.C.1.
EUSTON 8126.
27 OCTOBER, 1960.

DEAR SIR,

At a special "service" held at Imperial College on Sunday, 23rd October, 1960, it was decided that a letter ought to be sent to the Editor of 'The Old Blackburnian' expressing our disappointment that the London branch of the Old Boys Association had not received any new members from School this year. It was indeed with deep regret that we noted that the School would not be represented by a first year undergraduate in a University of over 20,000 internal students. Those who failed to accept the challenge of a London education will not find elsewhere the amenities which this great city possesses. Those of us in London would like to express

through your pages, sir, if you would give us the space, some of the advantages which London has over the provincial universities.

Probably the most obvious advantage is that London is not dominated by its University as are some of the smaller cities. Despite the large number of students attending the University—it is the largest collegiate university in the World—the students account for on 0.2% of the total population. The student is not confined to the University or the College for all his interests. However obscure his particular interest or hobby may be, he will be able to find others with a similar one. He has every opportunity of meeting all types of people outside his own particular sphere; this is an opportunity which is grasped with both hands by most London students.

At the same time all the more conventional tastes are catered for in great abundance. The theatres and cinemas of the West End are too numerous to mention. There are performances of concerts, ballet and opera every night of the week; each week there are numerous art exhibitions. If your tastes are not quite so high-brow then Soho will be able to appease your appetite.

However, the advantages of being a London student are not confined to the amenities provided by the city at large. The University has a Union which is as fine as any in the country and the facilities provided there are duplicated usually in the Colleges, especially the larger ones.

In spite of the scarcity of numbers the London branch has been quite active. In the early part of the year a dinner was held by the parent branch of the London Association. This was arranged to coincide with the Blackburn Rovers v. Arsenal match at Highbury and a similar function has been arranged for the ensuing year. The President of the Old Blackburnians' Association, Lord Justice Ormerod was present, along with the Headmaster, Mr. H. King and some fifty Old Boys. The sequel to this dinner was a supper, arranged by the parent branch, to which all the present undergraduates were invited along with a number of older Old Boys who acted as hosts to the students. This was held on the 13th. October in the London School of Pharmacy, which was secured for us by an Old Boy, Mr. S. B. Challen, who is a lecturer there. The students would like to thank their benefactors for the excellent evening which they had on that occasion. As a result of this "get-together" the students arranged a meeting on 23rd October when it was decided that a meeting should be held once a month during term time.

It was with great pride that we heard that Neil Ramsbottom had been awarded a "purple" for Judo. Neil is now a green belt and it is rumoured that he has thrown at least three unwelcomed guests out of the window of his second floor room. Colin Priestland has been awarded colours for swimming and is now captaining the water polo team at Queen Mary College. While Colin was rowing

for the College at Thames Ditton Regatta he met another Old Boy, George Pilkington, who was rowing for Imperial College. Meanwhile Arthur Sandford has stopped running—except for refereeing football—to become Chairman of Entertainments Committee and a member of Union Council at University College. "Dicklet" Mercer, who is living in the wilds of Notting Hill Gate near Mr. Moseley's offices, has found that gliding is to be preferred to travelling on the Tube, and he can be seen gliding into Imperial College each morning on his magic carpet. Dave Maudsley is playing regularly with the School of Pharmacy 1st XI football team, despite the immense amount of work which he claims to be doing. Robin Vickers is trying to get a job with one of the large transport undertakings for when he completes his degree next year—as he explains he always did like playing with buses and trains. Alan Ainsworth was last seen descending into a cellar coffee bar in South Kensington accompanied by a young lady in black stockings who is reputed to be a beatnik. Unfortunately no-one has seen Edward Peacock this session so we have no news of this Fellow of the Royal College of Music.

That just about concludes the views and news from London this term. In conclusion the Old Boys in London extend to you, sir, and to the School our best wishes for a successful year.

Yours sincerely,

O.B.'s (London).

THE LONDON BRANCH SUPPER

On Thursday, October 13th, the newly formed London Branch of the old Blackbunians' Association held its first social occasion. This took the form of a supper party in the refectory of the School of Pharmacy Building of London University in Brunswick Square. The party was composed of 14 more mature O.B.s who acted as hosts to 8 very new O.B.s all of whom are at present studying as Undergraduates at various Colleges of London University.

The party assembled from 6-30 p.m. in the Students' bar, which the University authority kindly made available for the occasion, and at 7-30 p.m. a move was made to the Dining Hall. After grace, pronounced by the Branch Chairman, Mr. H. Brogden, an excellent supper was served and enjoyed by all present. Seating was informal but so far as it was mathematically possible the 8 young guests were dispersed around the tables alternately with the hosts.

After the dinner a telegram from the Headmaster was read to the assembly by the Association's President, Sir Benjamin Ormerod. The text conveyed the Headmaster's best wishes for a successful evening and expressed his regret at being unable to join

the party because of a previous important engagement on the same evening.

After a vote of thanks from the Chairman to the Secretary for his work in organising the occasion and to Dr. S. B. Challen who is on the Staff of the School of Pharmacy, for his part in supervising the catering arrangements, the party continued until 10.30 p.m. when reluctant farewells were mingled with mutual expressions of hope for similar social occasions in the future.

List of Old Boys Present

Guests	Hosts
Mr. A. J. Ainsworth (at Imperial College).	Sir B. Ormerod.
Mr. D. V. Maudsley (at the School of Pharmacy).	Mr. H. Brogden.
Mr. P. Mercer (at Imperial College).	Dr. S. B. Challen.
Mr. C. R. D. Priestland (at Queen Mary College).	Mr. F. A. Stonehouse.
Mr. G. R. Pilkington (at Imperial College).	Dr. J. E. Varey.
Mr. Neil Ramsbottom (at Imperial College).	Prof. G. Manley.
Mr. A. Sandford (at University College).	Mr. T. Gibson.
Mr. R. Vickers (at University College).	Mr. W. Sanderson.
	Mr. F. Tyson.
	Mr. K. Knott.
	Mr. H. L. Schollick.
	Mr. H. Wilkinson.
	Lt. Colonel J. Whitaker.
	Mr. E. B. Norman.

We here append the address of Mr. E. B. Norman, at 3, Kemnal Park, Three Gates Lane, Haslemere, Surrey so that those Old Boys who are within easy reach of London and who have not so far made contact with the activities of the London Branch may easily do so at their own convenience.

OLD BLACKBURNIANS A.F.C.

The Club is fielding 4 teams in the Northern Section of the Lancs. Amateur League once more. New Committee Members this term are A. C. Eatough, B. Guest, J. King and the new Hon. Treasurer of the Association, Mr. Ray Smith.

Members are enjoying the extended facilities at Lammack, in readiness for when the second pitch is available.

In the F.A. Amateur Cup, O.B.s were beaten 4—1 at home by the powerful Manchester University side; but overcame their 1st hurdle in the Lancs. Amateur Cup when they beat Manchester Education Committee, 2—1, despite having to travel. They are in 7th position in the League having Pl.14, W.7, D.3, L.4, F.34, A.32, and E. Wilkinson is leading scorer with 10 goals.

The 2nd XI have disappointed so far, having Pl.11, W.5,

D.0, L.6, F.34, A.32, and are in the 11th position. R. G. Sharp has scored 7 times.

The 3rd team hold pride of place this season, and lead the League with a 100% record. Their success is in no small way due to "Mike" Bolton who already has 25 goals to his credit; and in their 9 games the side has scored 56 for, and 10 against.

The 4th XI are also doing extremely well, and are in the 4th position through a record of Pl.10, W.7, D.2, L.1, F.63, A.20. Here again there is a wonderful crop of goals from the centre-forward—this time Frank Shuttleworth who has scored 18 times. "The 4ths" are telling "the 3rds" that they will lose their 100% record when they meet for the first time—at Lammack on Xmas Eve!

The Boxing Day morning game is again being held at Lammack (10-45 K.O.), and a Universities XI will be the visitors. All Old Boys and friends are most cordially invited on this grand occasion, when we look forward to seeing a good crowd at Lammack, with a game to match.

OLD BOYS' AWARDS, SUCCESSES AND APPOINTMENTS

We extend hearty congratulations to all Old Boys of the school, who have gained distinction during the latter half of 1960 and we take pleasure in here recording their successes.

- D. N. ASPIN, B.A., (1949—55) appointed Assistant Lecturer in Greek, Durham University.
- DR. D. W. BARRON, (1946-53), M.A., Ph.D., appointed Senior Assistant in Research at the University Mathematical Laboratory, Cambridge.
- M. J. BEETHAM (1955—59) passed first Public Examination (Mathematics) Class I, Wadham College, Oxford.
- REV. S. BIRTWELL, M.A., (1925—34) appointed Rural Dean of Whalley. Later appointed Rector of St. Giles' Church, Oxford.
- ALAN BRADSHAW (1953—60) has been selected as a member of the U.A.U. team to play Cambridge. Also he has gained a position in the 1st XI Football Team at Loughborough.
- J. H. BOLTON (1948—56) appointed English Assistant at Neusprachliches Gymnasium (Modern Languages Grammar School) at Kaiserslautern, Germany.
- G. BOYES (1950—57) graduated B.A. (Hons. History) Sheffield University.
- P. G. BROOKS (1948—55) graduated B.A. Natural Sciences Tripos (Hons. Metallurgy) Downing College, Cambridge.
- J. A. COOMBS (1949—57) graduated B.Sc. (Hons. Engineering) Leeds University. Appointed to a graduate apprenticeship at Cheltenham.

- R. M. DEAN, B.A., (1948—55) appointed Assistant English Master, Tiffin's School, Kingston-on-Thames.
- H. DUCKWORTH (1939—44) awarded the Diploma of Municipal Administration. Awarded the Sir Horace Wilson Prize for the best student.
- D. W. FARREN (1950—57) graduated B.Sc. (Hons. Chemistry) Manchester University.
- W. FIELDING (1946—54) graduated B.A. (Social Studies) Durham University.
- P. R. FRANCE, B.A., LL.B., (1944—51) appointed Lecturer, College of Commerce, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
- T. G. HASELDEN (1950—57) graduated B.Sc. (Textile Chemistry) Manchester University (Faculty of Technology).
- J. D. HAWORTH (1947—55) graduated B.A., Modern Languages (Spanish and French), St. Peter's Hall, Oxford University.
- A. F. HOLDEN (1950—57) awarded Final Diploma (Class I) Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Awarded the Bossom Prize.
- G. HEINS (1950—57) graduated B.Sc. (Tech.), Honours Textile Chemistry, Manchester College of Science and Technology.
- D. I. JOLLEY (1950—58) appointed English Assistant at Ecole Normale (Teachers' Training College), Dijon, France.
- H. KING, B.Sc., (1923—30) Senior Chemistry Master at school, was elected President of Blackburn Schools' Athletic Association for the year 1960—61.
- REV. W. H. C. KINGSTON (1946—52) ordained priest in Blackburn Cathedral, to St. Mary Magdalene, Ribbleton.
- J. B. LEEMING (1951—58) awarded the Liverpool Biological Prize 1960—61, at Liverpool University.
- ~D. LLOYD (1948—54) graduated B.A., St. John's College, Durham University.
- A. MARSH (1947—53) graduated B.A., Leicester University.
- J. C. MARSHALL (1949—59) appointed Prosector in Anatomy, Manchester University.
- J. D. McCLEAN (1948—57) graduated B.A., Class I, Hons. Jurisprudence, Magdalen College, Oxford University.
- J. A. MILLER (1943—48) passed the Final Examination of The Library Association. Appointed Assistant Librarian to Crosby Borough Council.
- D. W. MOULDING, B.A., (1945—53) appointed to a graduate traineeship with the Ford Motor Co. Ltd., Dagenham.
- R. OLDCORN (1948—56) graduated B.A. (Hons. Econ.), Exeter University. President-elect of the Guild of Students at Exeter University.
- E. PEACOCK (1953—58) awarded A.R.C.M. Performer's Diploma, Royal College of Music.
- A. PARKER, A.C.W.A., D.P.A., (1937—42) appointed Accountant, United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, Risley, Warrington.

- A. A. ROBINSON (1948—55) graduated B.A., English Language and Literature, Exeter College, Oxford University.
- A. J. ROWE, M.A., (1942—52) awarded Ph.D. (Biochemistry), Downing College, Cambridge.
- M. J. SHARPLES (1947—55) graduated B.A., Modern Languages (French and Spanish), Christ Church, Oxford University.
- E. P. SMITH (1946—51) appointed to the staff of Clitheroe Royal Grammar School.
- M. C. STARKS, B.A., (1946—55) qualified as an Associate of The Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors and also of The Chartered Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute.
- J. K. TYLER, B.Sc., (1948—54) awarded a U.S.A. Air Force Research Fellowship, value £800 per annum, tenable at Birmingham University for continued research in Experimental Studies in Micro Wave Spectroscopy.
- A. WALSH, M.B.E., LL.B., (1917—21) Deputy Chairman of the S.W. Divisional Coal Board has invented an automatic safety device for use in mines.
- REV. A. WHITTAKER (1941—46) ordained Deacon in Blackburn Cathedral to All Hallows' Church, Bispham.
- H. WOOLLEY, C.B.E., (1919—23) elected President of the National Farmers' Union.
- R. WHITTAKER, B.Sc., F.P.S., (1937—41) awarded M.Sc., Manchester University.
- C. P. WARING (1939—43) appointed Organist and Choirmaster at Rodley Parish Church.
- REV. H. V. WHITSEY, M.A., (1928—33) appointed Curate in charge of the conventional district of St. Aidan's, Langley, Middleton.
- W. WHITTAKER (1919—24) appointed Manager, Westminster Bank, Eccles.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF

We were glad to welcome to School once again Sir Ernest Marsden who visited us prior to addressing the Blackburn Rotary Club. He was conducted on a visit round the School by the Headmaster and was naturally interested in the Holden Laboratories. It is a great honour for us to receive such an eminent scientist and we thank him for taking time from the busy life he leads to visit his old School.

We congratulate Mr. Tom Chadwick on his retirement after fourteen years as Headmaster of Ribblesdale Modern School, Clitheroe. Many old boys will remember not only his long service to education in Accrington, St. Annes and Clitheroe but also the history books which carry his name. We wish Mr. Chadwick a long and healthy retirement.

We are proud too of the achievement of Mr. Ian Stancliffe who has in his spare time made the canopy above the high altar in Blackburn Cathedral.

ANNUAL DURHAM DINNER

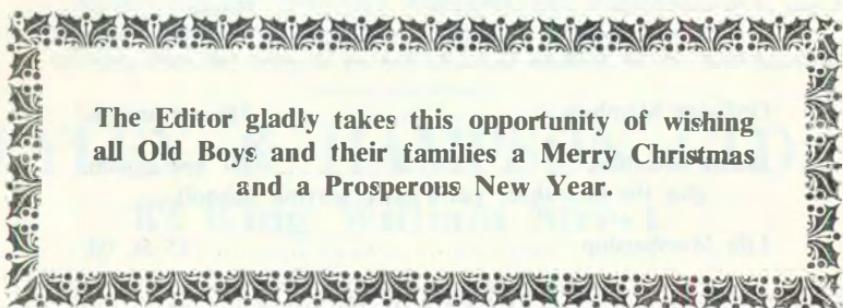
Among those present at the Second annual dinner of Durham University branch of Old Blackburnians, held at the Waterloo Hotel Durham, on November 11th, were the Headmaster, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Duerden. Old Boys of the School, now undergraduates at Durham and Newcastle Colleges, attended and Mr. D. N. Aspin, tutor at University College, Durham, presided. Messrs. D. Bland and D. Entract proposed the toasts to the Guests and the School respectively and Mr. Duerden and the Headmaster replied.

OLD BOYS' ANNUAL DINNER

The Annual Dinner of the Association will this year be held on Saturday, December 17th, in Big School. The Chief Guest will be Mr. Harold Woolley, C.B.E., President of the National Farmers' Union, who is, as most know, an Old Boy of the School.

At the dinner His Honour Judge Walmsley, Q.C., LL.B., will present—on behalf of the Association—his portrait in oils to Mr. Henry Whittaker, O.B.E., F.S.A., Chairman of the Governors of the School and for many years Chairman of the Old Boys' Association.

Tickets (price 17/6) may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. Harold Burrows, at his offices at 19, Victoria Street, Blackburn. Dinner jackets will be worn at the function.



The Editor gladly takes this opportunity of wishing
all Old Boys and their families a Merry Christmas
and a Prosperous New Year.

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If all the copies of this page in this edition are utilised, the increase in the membership of the Association will be a record. There is only one copy in your magazine. YOU ARE ASKED TO FIND AN OLD BOY WHO IS NOT A MEMBER NOW, AND SEE THAT HE FILLS IN THE REQUEST FOR MEMBERSHIP BELOW. We are sure that you know just one such Old Boy. If you do happen to know more, the officers of the Association will be glad to let you have further forms on request.

By doing this you will be rendering the Association a conspicuous service, not only in increased membership, but in bringing it to the notice of many Old Boys, with whom it may be impossible for us to communicate.

When you have completed the form, return it to the Hon. Treasurer: C. Maudsley, Royal Insurance Co., Ltd., Richmond Terrace, Blackburn.

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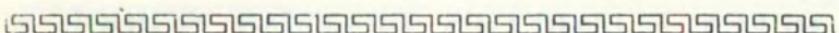
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