



# COUNTHILL

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 4

JUNE, 1955

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Vol. 1, No. 4

June, 1955



# C O U N T H I L L

THE MAGAZINE OF  
COUNTHILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
OLDHAM

*Editors :*

*Marvyn Pollitt      J. Dockerty*

*Committee :*

*Mr. Rawlinson (Chairman)      Mr. Simm (Secretary)*  
*Miss Jones      Mr. Yates*

## SCHOOL OFFICERS — 1954-55

*School Captains* : E. Judith Scammel ; David A. Turner.

*Vice-Captains* : (Beryl R. Bostock) ; Ann Roberts ; Jack Dockerty.

*Senior Prefects* : Kathleen A. Hilton ; Tom E. Hill ; Marvyn Pollitt ; Ian T. Tasker ; Dorothy Smith ; Peter A. Walkden.

*Prefects* : VIA SCI.

*Girls* : Hilary W. Martin.

*Boys* : Brian St. G. Neighbour ; W. Colin Rothwell,  
Alan Cockburn, David W. Shaw.

VIA LIT.

*Boys* : Harold C. Holford, Edward J. Wilson.

VIB SCI.

*Girls* : Hilary Dawson, Sheila Simpson.

*Boys* : Roy B. Howarth, Frank Thornley,  
Kenneth Calligan.

VIB LIT.

*Girls* : Margaret Cartwright, Margaret Chapman,  
Irene Harrison, Margaret G. Platt,  
Margaret Ayres, Doreen Capewell,  
Avis Goodwin.

*Boys* : Ian G. Dyson, Tom W. Schofield.



## EDITORIAL

*“ ‘ The time has come,’ the Walrus said, ‘ to talk  
of many things ’ ”*

Better late than never ! Here once again is the School magazine, full of records of events of the past School year and some fine examples of the literary genius of some gifted members of the School.

(May we mention, in passing, that new writers are always welcome).

Unfortunately, at the end of the current School year, we shall be saying good-bye to our Headmaster, Mr. H. A. Bradley, who, as you will see on later pages of this magazine, is taking up a post in Kenya. We offer our best wishes, on behalf of the School, to Mr. Bradley and his family for their future happiness.

We must also say farewell to Miss A. P. Jordan who is returning to Georgia after staying with us for a year to teach Domestic Science ; Miss Jordan has been on exchange for Miss W. Gibson who is teaching in Georgia at the present time. We do hope that you have enjoyed your stay, Miss Jordan, and hope that your impression of British education is most favourable.

As the June exams. slowly, but nevertheless surely approach, our best wishes for the future go to all the candidates, hoping that all will be more than successful.

With this thought in mind, we leave you to peruse the pages of the magazine and we do hope that you enjoy all you find.

To all contributors, and indeed to all who made this magazine possible, may we offer our sincere thanks !

THE EDITORS.

## A CHANCE IN A LIFETIME

I have called my exchange year in England, a chance in a lifetime, because for the year 1954-55, in America, 1,025 teachers applied for 100 exchange positions in England which shows you the chances are really slim. To get a letter in January saying "your name was sent to England to be matched with a Miss Winifred Gibson" was really like a dream come true. We were kept in suspense until June when our letters came saying we had really been matched.

Things began to happen at this point : only two months to get ready to spend a year in England, inoculations, examinations, trips to the dentist, sewing, mending and other business arrangements.

Finally, August 11th, 1954, after five days at sea we arrived at Southampton. We were met by Dr. Ford and the Mayoress and Mayor of Southampton and welcomed to England. Since that afternoon I have had many more welcomes as well as any number of interesting experiences.

Before I came to Oldham I spent a week in London seeing the places most Americans read about but rarely dream to see as London Bridge, Big Ben, Number Ten Downing Street, Buckingham Palace and Bond Street. Then a trip to Paris and Fountainebleau.

Finally the 29th of August I arrived in Manchester and was met by Mr. Bradley, who was standing at the coach door as the train pulled in and greeted me with a kind 'hello' and a grand smile. Before school started I met any number of people and really felt that my new home would be a nice one.

I have enjoyed the classes at Counthill and must say it was a complete change because at home I taught boys and girls and I only had five classes per week. Each class reported every day and I only had five classes in a given day.

When I finally taught a week at Counthill I had fourteen different classes to teach per week and would only see them once a week. It took me a month to become adjusted to this type of schedule.

To compare Home Economics and Domestic Science in England would take too much time and space. Briefly, in America, the children prepare family units of food in class ; they serve it and eat it there. We are able to check their preparation, their food habits and also see that they eat new foods because they are purchased by the teacher, paid for by the board, and eaten at school. They are graded and this determines whether they pass to the next grade. In other words, no likes and dislikes are catered for.

Leading up to the holidays we usually make Valentines, Easter and Christmas cakes ; these are carried home, but every day cooking is done in units, as 4 pans of bread for twelve girls and not twelve pans.

Children in America are promoted each year from one grade to another if they pass all of the requirements for that grade. They strive to pass because if they do not pass they are retained for another year regardless of age. If a child makes below grade D he is retained.

I will not compare English and American children. I think children basically like the same thing whether they call candy "candy" as we do in the U.S.A. or they call it "sweets" as in England or "pop" as compared to "minerals." They all like presents.

Things to remember : the people, the customs, different meanings for the same words, spelling, my trips in England, to Ireland, Wales, Italy, France, Switzerland and Scotland. The kind and understanding staff at Counthill, its wonderful children, the hill leading to Counthill, the rains of Oldham and the snow ; famous dishes and how to prepare them, "Cheese and Onion Pie," "Lancashire Hot Pot," "Yorkshire Pudding," "Sausage Rolls" and many more ; the people at King Street Church, the Mayor and Mayoress of Oldham, all the members of Oldham Education Committee, the Soroptomists and their most interesting meetings, the people at the Electricity Board, the factories who opened their doors to me, the Art Classes who asked me to pose, and again I must say thanks to all of you for making my "Chance in a Lifetime" a success.

Farewell ! I have had a wonderful year and hope that I will leave in Oldham and at Counthill, new ideas and friends, because I am taking home many new ideas, pleasant memories.

My recipe for success to all of you would be : "Treat all men as you would your brother" and only success can follow.

ANNA JORDAN.

## MR. BRADLEY — INTERVIEW

On July 28th, directly as the school year ends, Mr. Bradley sails for Mombasa, which is, as Geography students will know, in Kenya, East Africa. From there, he will make his way inland to Kaimosi, in the Nyanza region, which has been developed by the Friends' Africa Mission, an American organisation, to take up his new position as Headmaster of a boys' school.

It may seem strange to many people, as indeed it did to us that an Englishman should be going to be Headmaster of a school which has only African boys, but the reason soon became apparent when we discussed with Mr. Bradley the organisation of education in Africa.

The school is a Mission School, as most of the schools in Africa are, which is supported in every way by the Government, who realise the great value in the moral content of the education which the boys receive. (It must of course be fully understood at this point that to an African child, the tribal life, with its customs and 'taboos' is very much in evidence and that if the removal of ignorance entails the removal of some of this discipline, something more than mere learning is required, to fill the moral vacuum created; hence the encouragement of Mission Schools). When he arrives at first Mr. Bradley will be teaching at a boarding school which accommodates 80 boys, but by 1957, it is hoped that the new school, the siting of which at Kimilili has now been approved, will be completed and will provide secondary education for about 200 boys between the ages of 15 years to 19 years who wish to take the Cambridge School Certificate—the equivalent of our General Certificate of Education at 'O' level. If any English students are thinking that 19 is old to be taking 'O' level they should remember that these African boys take all the examinations in English and try to imagine what it would be like to do all their exams. in either French or German.

Education in Africa is not compulsory, and although nominally it begins at 7, the age at which a child begins to attend school varies to a great extent. Theoretically the divisions are :—

7 years—11 years, primary education, of which 40% of all children finish the course ;

11 years—15 years, intermediate education, the percentage being 4% ; and

15 years—19 years, a secondary education. The percentage of people reaching the Cambridge School Certificate standard is .08%, i.e. 8 in 10,000.

One of the main difficulties facing Mr. Bradley will of course be the linguistic problem, for not only will he be teaching English to the natives but he also will have to learn Swahili and their own language if he is to converse freely with them.

The most notable factor, however, in our interview with Mr. Bradley was the enthusiastic manner in which he seems to be facing all the inconveniences which he has so far discovered will exist and the constructive way he is 'facing up' to them. We feel sure therefore that he will be very successful in his new venture for his enthusiasm and interest and not least his knowledge and experience will together help him to surmount any problems which may come his way.

### MR. H. A. BRADLEY

On September 12th, 1951, Counthill Grammar School assembled as a corporate body—pupils, domestic and teaching staff—and for the first time, in his official capacity as Headmaster, Mr. Bradley.

On that impressive occasion, he spoke of a vision of Counthill School in the year 2001, fifty years ahead, "built on a rock" and founded "with clean hands and a pure heart," on "the daily activity of each one of us."

Now he leaves to continue his pioneering work, this time in Kimilili, Kenya.

Quoting his words from our first Counthill magazine, with him, we can look back "along a road of bracing effort and hope achieved."

To its first Headmaster, the School owes an inestimable debt. His courage in striving for his ideals, his tenacity of purpose, thoroughness and meticulous attention to detail, particularly with the welfare of the pupils at heart, his industry, alert mind, indefatigable energy and pleasant humour have been taxed to their utmost in placing the School on such a firm foundation that its name is known and respected afar.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley and their family have been called to fresh adventure and high endeavour—"to make new friends, now strangers."

Assured of our gratitude and goodwill, we wish them every joy on the way ahead, knowing that, in the words of our School motto, they go forward, *Animo atque Fide*.

## NOTES FROM THE STAFF-ROOMS

The past year, as always, has seen many changes in our staff-rooms ; ' old faces ' being replaced by ' new ' ones.

Miss Moore, for long a pillar of the School, retired last year, and may we offer to her our wish for many, many years of enjoyable retirement.

Mr. Sturrock, the Senior Master, also left last September to take up a similar post at a Comprehensive School, at Walsall. Mr. Brodie, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Evans and Mr. Millward, left to take up new posts.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith left to take up new posts in Plymouth ; Mr. Smith as a master, Mrs. Smith as a housewife.

Miss Bottomley after 30 years at the School has left us to take up a position at Blackpool, where we hope her health will improve.

Mr. Harper and Miss Moorhouse moved a little later in the year ; Mr. Harper to take up a new position at Pickering and Miss Moorhouse to take charge of English at the new Technical High School in Oldham.

We extend a warm welcome to our ' new ' staff especially to Miss Jordan, an American teacher who has come to teach here in exchange for Miss Gibson, who is now teaching for a year in America.

Mr. Clish is our new Senior Master and we hope he will be very happy with us.

Our other new members of staff are Miss Betts, Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Simm, Mr. E. S. Thompson, Mr. Carré, Mr. Pilling, Mr. Carrington, Mr. Casey and Mr. Lister (all of whom seem to have acclimatised themselves extremely well to our ' mountain air ! ').

## JUNIOR PRIZE GIVING

On the afternoon of Monday, 25th October, 1954, preceded by some delightful piano playing, the now firmly established Junior Prize-giving took place once again.

The Speaker, Professor E. C. Ludowyk, of Ceylon University, after being introduced by the Chairman, Sir F. Lord, gave a most lucid and interesting talk to the pupils of the First and Second Forms and their parents. Then followed a report on the year's work, by the Headmaster.

After Professor Ludowyk had presented the prizes, there followed a short entertainment consisting of several commendable items presented by some of the First and Second Form pupils. The whole afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

## SENIOR SPEECH DAY

The day long awaited by many people at Counthill, the Speech Day and Prize Giving, was held this year on Tuesday, the 26th October. The guest of honour was Professor E. F. C. Ludowyk, B.A. (Lond.), M.A. Ph.D. (Cantab.), Professor of English at the University of Ceylon.

In his opening remarks, the Chairman, Alderman Sir Frank Lord, O.B.E., M.A., J.P., welcomed Professor Ludowyk, because of the honour he has bestowed upon us by his presence in distributing the prizes, and also the many parents who attended for they, by their co-operation in attending these functions, helped the School, the Staff and their children.

Mr. Bradley, before beginning his report congratulated the Chairman on the honours, his knighthood and academic honours, bestowed upon him since the last speech day. Members of the school might well have been pleased by the Headmaster's report for he told of solid achievements in the General Certificate of Education and outlined the extensive and vigorous social life of the School.

An interesting comparison of England and Ceylon was expressed by Professor Ludowyk in his address, and he emphasised how exceedingly lucky we are to be able to have so extensive an education. Conditions in the two countries are, as can be expected very different, but making allowances for the weather, whereas he always associated England with industry, Ceylon was associated with an ability for 'doing nothing in particular.' The English character he thought was depicted by damp socks, (he illustrated this point by mentioning typical English 'sports'—rugger, cross-country running and camping) and his ability to protest against unfair regulation, a quality much admired by other countries. A foreigner knew an Englishman by the phrase.

"Scratch an Englishman and you find a 'protestant.'"

After proposing a vote of thanks to Professor Ludowyk, the Boys' Captain, D. A. Turner, presented him with a penknife as a memento of his visit. The Girls' Captain, Judith Scammell, proposed the vote of thanks to the Chairman, who, after some 'deliberation' granted a popular, though not altogether unexpected, day's holiday.

## THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S TRIP TO CHATSWORTH

All enthusiastic historians from the 4th, 5th and 6th forms, accompanied by equally enthusiastic members of staff (?) set off at 9.30 a.m. on Thursday, 15th July, 1954, in typical summer weather, for Chatsworth. After a pleasant and somewhat hilarious journey during which the weather astounded one and all—we arrived in brilliant sunshine at Baslow, where, in comparative silence, “home-made” sandwiches were devoured at a roadside café. Here, liquid refreshment being necessary, members of the “Expedition” could obtain tea and other beverages (as preferred) at outrageous prices. After a short stay, during which the sweet shops and other hospitable institutions were visited, Baslow recovered its accustomed quietude, while the cheerful party took the road to Chatsworth.

A thoroughly enjoyable afternoon was spent by the company as each person made his (or her) own way through the house and grounds. Some of the party preferred to study the architectural, historical and artistic value of the House, whilst others preferred to wander round the beautifully kept gardens and other parts of the estate. The latter was done minus coats, for the sun shone strongly—so strongly, indeed, that one member of staff—it was stated—fatigued by this unusual occurrence, resorted to taking off his coat and lying on the luxurious and comfortable lawn.

It was with great regret that we left Chatsworth House, but Buxton was our next destination, and spirits soared for here the party was to have *tea*. At a café on one of the main streets, fish and chips were served in an “UPPER” room; tea caused much amusement when over a loudspeaker the pupils and staff of Couthill Grammar School were heartily welcomed to the establishment and invited to dine there again should they ever pass that way again. (Provided that they pay, of course!) As there was approximately one hour to spare after tea, members of the party were allowed to take themselves around Buxton and at about 6.30 p.m., a tired but happy party set off for home.

Arriving in Oldham, the flagging spirits soon revived when a visit to a local theatre, which shall remain unnamed, was suggested for the “younger” members of the expedition, and a most enjoyable day eventually ended.

Our grateful thanks are extended to all those “OLDER” members, who so kindly and valiantly persevered with the excitable natures of their “Young Charges!”

B.R., E.J.



## HISTORICAL SOCIETY

*President :* Mr. Bradley.

*Chairman :* Mr. A. Bradbury.

*Secretaries :* Judith Scammell, Marvyn Pollitt.

*Treasurer :* Harold Holford.

*Committee :* M. Cartwright, J. Glover, T. Boydell.

Only two meetings of the Historical Society have been held so far this year, but both were well attended. The first was an adaptation of the panel game, 'What's My Line,' and the second, a film entitled 'The Beginnings of History.'

It is hoped that more meetings will be held during the coming term and that they will be as well supported as other meetings have been in the past.

## THE SCRIPTURE UNION

*H.Q. Secretary :* Miss I. Smethurst.

*Branch Secretaries :* S. Simpson, A. Stowe.

*Committee :* K. Hilton, D. Smith, S. Simpson,  
A. Stowe, A. Greaves.

The membership of the Scripture Union has been increased further by the arrival of the First Formers and also by some boys. We have planned a varied programme for this term and for next year. Already we have had a film, a Bible quiz and interesting talks by Miss Smethurst, and future meetings will consist of talks given by visiting speakers and also of filmstrips.

Rallies are held on Friday nights at the Manchester Central Grammar School for Boys, when there are films, quizzes and Bible studies. A quiz has been arranged between Scripture Union members of Chadderton Grammar School and our own members.

The Scripture Union is becoming increasingly more popular. It is hoped that it will flourish strongly in the future.

S. SIMPSON, (VIb Sc.).

## INTER-SCHOOLS CAMP

From July 30th to August 11th, I, with three friends, attended an "Inter-Schools Camp," organised by the Scripture Union. We went to St. Asaphs, in North Wales and stayed at Oriel House, a prep. school for boys. The school has very large grounds, with an open-air swimming pool, from which we could see Snowdonia.

There were 63 girls staying at Oriel House, and during our holiday we were taken to many famous places in North Wales, including Snowdon, Swallow Falls, the largest slate quarry in the world and the bottomless lake. Day trips were made to Abergele, Rhyl and Llandudno, when we did most of our shopping.

In Camp, we were split up into dormitories, the number of girls in each ranging from five to thirteen. Inter-dormitory games were also arranged, the winning team playing the officers at the end of the holiday.

Every night before supper we went into the School Chapel where we listened to a short story told by one of the officers. After supper, which was usually cocoa and biscuits, we had a 'quiet time' in which we read our Bibles and said our prayers.

At the beginning of our holiday, all our money was paid into the 'camp bank,' from which we could draw only a given amount a day. This was so that we would not spend all our money at the beginning of the holiday, leaving ourselves without towards the end.

The Camp Officers, not all of whom were English, taught us many gay songs which we sang sitting round the camp fire, late at night. They also dressed as witches and danced eerily round the camp fire.

Our supper on this occasion, consisted of pink bread and green butter, and white bread with blue butter and jam on it. -

I feel sure that everyone who attended that camp enjoyed every minute of their holiday, spent very surprisingly, in pleasant weather.

NORMA WILD, (IVd).

## CHOIR

During the year the choir has been increased by some very faithful members, and on the whole it has had a successful year. The singing at the Open Night was appreciated by all and with the Festive season drawing near the choir paid several visits out of school. The choir entertained the children at Strinesdale Nursery, and both the Boundary Park Hospital and the Oldham Royal Infirmary after which the choir sang again at Irlams. Also there was a visit to the Old Folk's Home, and the Inskip League, and in the very near future we hope to entertain them again. With very bright prospects we hope for every success in order that later in the year we shall be able to give a full musical evening. With many thanks to our leader and guide, Mr. Heys. JOYCE SCHOLEY.

## RECORDER CLASSES

Players took part in the School Carol Service and some helped the choir with carol performances in two hospitals, and for the handicapped children. Not all the players volunteered for this work, as two performances clashed with the parties : this gave the opportunity for three new players to prove their worth. We are glad to welcome all players who have come to us from other schools.

At the present time we are working for performances at the Inskip League Concert, the Parents' Evening, and for the Music-Making Course for young Oldham Recorder and Violin players.

Both classes are making good progress, and some scholars are developing into exceptionally capable players. Unfortunately there is not always application where there is ability.

We also hold an Advanced Ensemble Class, and weekly ensemble lessons for various small groups of players at all standards (sight reading of new music).

Pauline Harvey, who left here to attend Leeds University, takes part there in various concerts and other musical activities, and Joyce Sharples takes part in performances (including recorders) at the Royal Manchester College of Music (Teachers' Course). D.H.

## THE MUSIC CLUB

*President :* Mr. Bradley.

*Chairman :* Mr. Haslam.

*Committee :* Tom Hill, Irene Harrison, Muriel Lloyd, Phyllis Bancroft.

The first meeting of the Music Club took place immediately after the beginning of the Autumn Term. At this gathering, the committee members were elected by a scanty, but nevertheless enthusiastic party of students.

Two programmes have taken place, both of which were well attended. The first consisted of a number of classical records, introduced by Irene Harrison, and played by Tom Hill. The third meeting was held in the hall, when a rigorous quiz, prepared by our chairman, took place. Most of the school attended this meeting, much to the horror of the contestants.

One visit to the Hallé concert was arranged for October 7th, when a Mozart-Mahler programme was given.

More programmes are being prepared for this term of a type which will, we hope, interest pupils, and draw them to our meetings.

MURIEL LLOYD, (Vc.).

## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

*President :* Mr. Bradley.

*Chairman :* Mr. Yates.

*Secretary :* Christine Wright.

*Committee :* P. Walkden, T. Hill.

After this year's meetings, one might ask if the Literary and Debating Society is ceasing to flourish. There have been two meetings and although both were well attended, the number of debates and brains trusts could be increased. This year there have been many activities in the School and this perhaps accounts for the lack of a large programme from the Literary and Debating Society. The two meetings that took place were very successful, consisting of a debate on "It is right to spread by artificial means MYXOMATOSIS" and a programme named "Any Questions."

Suggestions for new programmes or debating subjects are always welcome. Volunteers to speak at any meetings should communicate with a member of the committee.

## CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA

At the beginning of September last, anyone passing room 9, or standing in the vicinity of the stage was certain to hear strange noises. On investigation he would find that rehearsals for 'Caesar and Cleopatra' were in full swing, under the expert guidance of Mr. Yates and with the invaluable assistance of the tape recorder—when it worked. In other parts of the School, woodworkers and artists were designing and painting the scenery and other properties and electricians were experimenting with lighting effects. I repeat that this was the beginning of September.

By November the play was ready to be presented and four excellent performances were given to packed houses.

The production as a whole was a complete success, ambitious as it was, and received praise from many quarters unconnected with Couthill. If the audience enjoyed it as much as the cast and helpers, then everyone was happy.

## LE BARBIER DE SÉVILLE

When the Troupe française, a company of French actors, came on tour to Manchester, some members of the Sixth form paid a visit to the Lesser Free Trade Hall, to see them perform "Le Barbier de Séville." The evening's entertainment was thoroughly enjoyable, even if the rapid speed of the players detracted something from the understanding of a certain section of the audience. However, the rather amusing costumes, particularly the very large hat of one of the characters, quite compensated for any slight lack of understanding, and altogether the evening proved very pleasant and profitable.

J.S.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO OLDHAM

At last the day of the Queen's visit to Oldham had arrived. But we were not greeted with blue skies and bright sunshine as we had hoped, but by dark clouds and heavy rain.

Nevertheless undaunted we all "packed" into special buses that were to take us to our reserved stand, where it was hoped we would have a clear view of the Queen.

There was still an hour and a half to wait, however, and it soon began to rain very heavily, but we cheered ourselves up by trying to guess what colour the Queen would be wearing.

The time passed slowly until gradually we could hear cheers growing louder and louder, and we knew that before long we would see the Queen.

Even the sun came out to greet her, but all too soon, she had passed by and we were left, wet-through but happy, with our memories of the day Queen Elizabeth the Second came to Oldham.

MARGARET HENTHORN, (IIC.).

## YUGOSLAVIA, 1954

The front door slammed behind me ; I was really on my way. I would be in Yugoslavia on Friday ; I shuddered—today was Wednesday !

Oldham is not at its best at 7 a.m. and I remember little about my departure, but I remember vividly the scene at the barrier of Platform One, Victoria Station, London. I was quite stationary in the midst of a stack of luggage and a large crowd of people. I found out that I was to be the leader of Group 9. I looked down the list of names, how would I find those seven people ?

Christine I found standing next to me, Clare appeared quite suddenly, as did Peter and Rose. The two boys I had idly watched walking up and down the platform, had been looking for me and were Derek and Richard ; but where was the other person. We called for about ten minutes and then found that Judy was standing beside us !

The journey to say the least was eventful. Everything went quite smoothly as far as Dover and the crossing was smooth until we were in mid-Channel. I was on the top deck by the rail. Two nuns sat in chairs amid a sea of luggage belonging to the girls they were accompanying. I laughed to see my two friends on the lower deck suddenly drenched by a wave. I turned and saw the other side of the boat BELOW my feet ; the deck was at a precarious angle ; the nuns had disappeared. I spent the rest of the crossing with my arms clasped around the rail, trying valiantly to keep on my feet.

We reached Ostend at 9 p.m. and had to hurry to catch the train. Group 9 led the way through the Customs and onto the train—the Tavern Express. My group evolved a system for sleeping. All the luggage was taken off the rack and piled onto the floor. Peter and Richard slept on the racks, the rest of us down below. There were constant interruptions during the night. We crossed the Belgium-German frontier and had our passports stamped. One man stamps your passport and I am sure six more come to see if it has been stamped. It seemed like it anyway.

The next morning I awoke early. Everyone in the compartment was fast asleep. I peeped under the blind. The train was running alongside the Rhine. There was a road between the lines and the river ; an early morning stillness pervaded the scene. The long flat-bottomed boats were beginning their busy travelling, and one or two

people were on their way to work. For a back-cloth were high rugged steeps crowned by forests and occasionally a glimpse of turrets would be caught. I can never recapture the feeling of those moments again.

I wrote in my diary that day, "The compartment seems like home" and indeed it did. We were quite sorry to set up "home" in another train at Villach. I thought I was going to spend the rest of my holiday shunting backwards and forwards in Villach station. It was very hectic; Peter cannot travel with his back to the engine and we had to keep changing places in the compartment everytime the train changed its direction. Finally we all had to move into another coach—the one in which we were did not go as far as Belgrade. (Actually some of our party remained in the coach and were left behind at Ljubljana and had to follow on later !)

All that day we had travelled through Austria and it was dark when we crossed the frontier. We were in Yugoslavia. My first view of Yugoslavia was a dark, badly-lit station, or was it just a group of wooden shacks? I could not tell in the gloom. There were many people rushing up and down outside with hurricane lamps. We were held up at Jessiniu for about three-quarters of an hour. We practised our few phrases of Serbo-Croat learnt from the phrase-book on one man, and he was delighted. We still do not know what we said! That night was hot and the compartment was small. I was glad when it was daylight. Some of the party had got out at Ljubljana and Zagreb. The rest of us were going on to Belgrade or Novi Sad.

Time, we found, meant little in Yugoslavia. We missed the connection for Novi Sad at Belgrade and had to wait about three hours. We left our luggage in the care of an elderly porter and were taken on a lightning tour of the city. The first thing we saw as we came out of the station was a London taxi of vintage years! The group caused quite a stir. There were thirty-seven of us, dirty and dishevelled in appearance. Everyone stopped to look at us and particularly at Graham, a Scot, who was wearing his kilt. (We had travelled many miles to the sound of his bagpipes, which became a constant source of irritation after two hours playing).

It was not until 4.30 p.m. on Friday that I reached the house where I was to live for the next three weeks. These weeks were some of the happiest of my life. It rained only twice all the time—the blame was thrust upon me !

I have already told you much about my holiday—how the market started at 5 a.m. Reveille for me was the noise made by the peasants buying and selling, and the live chickens, geese, and ducks displayed for sale. In the morning we would often go into the Town to meet friends for ices or coffee and in the afternoon we would go down to the beach. It was dark by seven o'clock and we would go to walk on the Corso. This was a large wide wall, deserted at 7, crowded at 8, and deserted again at 9. One went there to meet friends and talk or make plans for the next day. The English soon adopted the habit of saying, "I will see you on the Corso."

There were many amusing incidents—far too many to mention all here—the day Christine and I went shopping alone and unable to speak Serby-Croat ; the day the 'bus broke down and we all had to get out and sit at the side of the road ; the morning visits to the post-office, which usually lasted about half-an-hour. Language difficulties usually gave rise to amusing incidents ; we were often asked questions in Serbian, and we did not know what to say or do.

In the grey gloom of these winter months, I have often thought of my holiday last summer. Lazy days in the sunshine, lying on the sand, the Danube shimmering in the sun, the vineyards and white summer houses on the opposite bank and the blue hills beyond in the distance. Will I ever see them again ? I hope so.

NANCY MANN,  
Avery Hill College.

### CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Dignified lady, Chrysanthemum,  
With petals of russet gold hue,  
And stems of such sturdy firmness,  
To uphold thee to the blue.  
You lack sweet—scentedness,  
And delicate petals, so frail,  
But make up with thy splendour bold,  
And strength, against the wind and hail.

SANDRA JONES, (Vc.).





MR. H. A. BRADLEY, M.A.,  
Head Master, Counthill Grammar School  
1951-55.

FORM VIA COUNTHILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
1954-55.



*Front row from Left to Right :*

Judith Scammell, Hilary Martin, Marvyn Pollitt, Beryl Bostock,  
Dorothy Smith, Kathleen Hilton.

*Standing—Left to Right :*

A. Cockburn, I. Tasker, H. Holford, J. Dockerty, T. Hill, D. Shaw,  
P. Walkden, B. Neighbour, D. Turner, C. Rothwell.



Class in the Biology Laboratory.



Part of the cast of "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Cleopatra and her servants.



Miss A. P. JORDAN, M.A.

## INVESTIGATIONS INTO A POPULAR FORM OF POETRY

The subject of this investigation is the lyric of the commercial song which we are constantly obliged to hear, for it is flung at our ear-drums morning, noon and night by that worthy body, the British Broadcasting Corporation. Its other habitats are the dance bands, the cinema organs, film sound tracks, and American musicals. There arises some doubt as to whether the term "popular poetry" is being correctly used in this context; but that the whole, the complete product, complete with music, is popular, there exists no doubt—witness the enormous sales of sheet music and the fortunes made almost overnight by vocalists. That this lyric is poetry is left in no doubt either, after consultation has taken place with the writings of learned and venerable men, from the Greeks to our own times.

Wordsworth for example, in his "Preface to the Lyrical Ballads," says that true poetry is the "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings," and one can only say that it would be hard to find verse more closely corresponding to this description than :

"It would take more than a team of wild horses pulling your wagon,

To keep you from me ;

It would take more than superior forces, even a dragon,

To keep you from me."

Sir Philip Sidney, however, looked for a more advanced type of poetry, and he said that "the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher." The lyricist of the modern song certainly fulfils this qualification, and whereas most writers spend their lives developing one creed, he can turn out several in a few hours. For instance he urges the policy of escapism in the face of mundane trials :

"Pretend you're happy when you're blue,  
It isn't very hard to do."

And then follows that with a complaint against the nature of things :

"I talk to the trees, but they don't listen to me."

Then, to cap it all, he turns to the exact opposite of what was suggested to the listening at the first, by promulgation of the opposite policy of direct and positive action :

"I'll tell you of books I've read,  
And how I met the King of France,  
I'll send the servants all to bed,  
And then I'll ask you for a dance."

Another famous definition, and one which is quite applicable here (to the lyric, that is) and that is Wordsworth's statement that

poetry is "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Such recreating is a current and recurrent theme in the popular song, sometimes the theme being that of early childhood, but is usually that of a more mature passion :

"A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces,  
An airline ticket to far distant places,  
A rest'rant bill or two,  
These foolish things remind me of you."

Having thus established the lyricist's claim to be a poet, we can go on to enquire the technique and devices of his style. It may be thought that he is rather hampered in this respect, because his subject matter changes too frequently from love to love, and then from love to love. He nevertheless manages very well to keep his style reasonably simple and, working within the limits of a 32-bar chorus, many writers have written lines which could, for all their simplicity, be listed among the greatest poetry of any age (?) These brilliant epics have been of two kinds. The first may well be summed up in the words of Alexander Pope :

"True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
What oft was thought but ne'er so well express'd,"

which leads on to the second, of which we might think the formula is (following Aristotle's precept that "poetry is a mode of imitation") "What oft was thought and far too oft expressed," as in this example :

"I thought of you last night,  
I thought of you, and thought of you,  
Till dawn's early light,  
I thought of you last night."

There is a third type of poetry to be found in these great works, but this usually takes the form of several or few, according to the whim of the writer, unusual metaphors,

"You are the promised kiss of springtime  
That makes the lonely winter seem long ;  
You are the breathless hush of evening  
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song."

Or, perhaps, of observant similes, like this one :

"The girl that I marry will have to be  
As soft and pink as a nursery."

Or this :

"The corn is as high as an elephant's eye  
You'd think it was reaching right up to the sky."

The modern lyricists, it must be admitted, have followed these precepts rather well when the limitations in which they work are all taken into account. Once our lyricist has chosen, or has followed the current trend in, subject matter for his work of art, he is careful

to make it easy for the general public to follow in argument, if there is any argument. He chooses well-worn phrases in developing his theme. Dreams are the favourite prop of a vast number of successful lyricists. They turn up in the most unlikely places—that is when they don't "come true." They bring with them all sorts of things, from :

"Pink elephants on the ceiling,  
Pink elephants on the floor"

to "Dream-babies" and even "Dream-daddies."

The singer of the popular song, it is evident, would surpass even the labours of Hercules to win something from his beloved, and repeats his questions and demands of love to her, over and over again, as ;

"When are we gonna get married, married, married,  
When are we gonna get married,  
When are we gonna get wed?"

We are informed by him that he would "Climb the highest mountain" or swim oceans, if it would bring nearer the state of being—

"Near you,  
That's the one place for me,  
Near you,  
That's where I want to be,  
Near you."

The writer has stocks of words which he uses at every available opportunity, some of the better known ones are : moon, June, heaven, stars, night, and "you." The scarcity of rhymes for the word "love" is a constant source of worry to him, and he spends many sleepless nights haunted by the word "above."

June still rhymes with moon, charms and arms are well-nigh indivisible, as are dreams and schemes and heart and "part" are always together. One occasion did arise some time ago now when with fiendish ingenuity, one writer managed to get out

"I've got you under my skin,  
I've got you deep in the heart of me  
So deep in my heart  
You're really a part of me."

It is disheartening to a student, or a lover of poetry, that this revolutionary movement in versification has not had more support or interest shown in it from the critics, and I trust that this short discourse will remedy that state of affairs along with my book which is about to appear entitled "The Psychological and Sociological Influence of the Modern Lyric on the Adolescent Mentality." This will be in eight volumes, and orders can be placed now (price, five guineas per volume) at the Dogtown Poker and Swing Club, or with the author.

D.C.A.M. (Vlb. Lit.).



# A NONSENSE RHYME

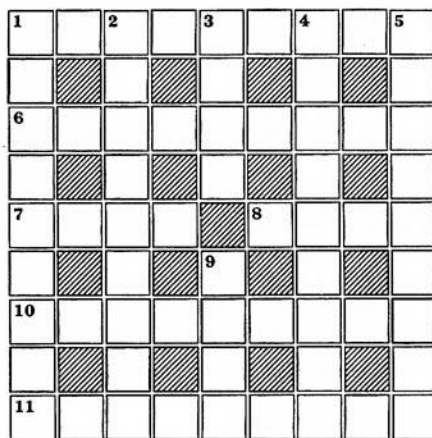
If bald heads were polished  
 With elbow grease  
 And teeth were stuck in  
 Upside down ;  
 If everyone's eyes  
 Were as big as pork pies,  
 And instead of growing up we grew down ;  
 If woman wore mousetraps for earrings,  
 And we lived not on land,  
 But on sea ;  
 If dogs did not growl  
 And cats did not howl,  
 What a funny old world it would be !

MARIAN HANLEY, (Vc.).

# CROSSWORD

Submitted by E. J. WILSON, (VIa Lit.).

*Solution on page 42*



## CLUES ACROSS

1. Poor little frog !
6. First form at the tuck-shop.
7. Only the aged and contemptible go camping with these.
8. German river.
10. Unpleasant sort of embarrassment.
11. Nonconformist.

## CLUES DOWN

1. A new town.
2. The vicar often wears one of these.
3. (Anag.) Ache.
4. (Inverted) Literally to carry across.
5. Very destructive in time of war.
9. Before.



## SCHOOL CAMP BULLETIN FROM KESWICK

**SATURDAY.** At 8.30 a.m. on Saturday morning, a seething, noisy mass of humanity gathered at Oldham Central Station. This was not unexpected as this particular day was the 2nd Saturday of Oldham Wakes Holiday. The larger part of this mass however was a very special and select group, the C.G.S. camping party wending its happy smiling way towards the pleasant hot summer sun of Castlerigg, near Keswick—next year they hope to find it. Although getting the wrong train for Manchester, the party, with many keen strong VIth formers willingly carrying superfluous Geography, Biology and Art equipment actually reached Keswick without mishap.

On arrival at Camp, the party unpacked and a number of younger youths quickly 'hopped off' into Keswick, returned late and were gated—a pleasant enough beginning to camp. During free time after tea many different ball games (including rounders and football) were played between showers whilst table tennis and the piano were the indoor interests. The first muster and prayers were held at 9.0 p.m. and at 9.30 p.m. everyone set off for his (or her) tent to prepare for bed. It is rumoured that one or two people actually got in bed before midnight !

**SUNDAY :** At the unearthly hour of 7.0 a.m. reveille was sounded upon a large and lusty bell. The same bell rang again at 7.30 a.m. and the happy campers who had 'tasted' their first cold water wash, tripped merrily into the dining hall.

After breakfast and the first tent inspection followed by morning prayers, the campers split into two—one legion going to a Methodist service and the other to a Church of England. After church there was a little time to explore Keswick before dinner at 12.40 p.m.

In the afternoon a walking and ferrying expedition was made to Cat Bells, 216 wet feet returning home for the salad and sausage-roll tea.

Again everyone, except the lucky people on duty, was able to please himself about what he did—as long as he remained in camp. Football, badminton, rounders, table tennis and the piano were all in evidence as amusements.

**MONDAY :** After a more settled night's sleep, the dreaded bell clanged its cacophonous hullabaloo, and was reluctantly received by many cold ears, in not so many wet tents. The weather, however, 'bucked up' and the Geography, Biology and Art classes were set up. The Biologists went down to the stream under the gimlet eye

of 'Doc.' Mason (Dr. Mason) and splashed around catching and digging up many interesting specimens including—a sheep's skull, mayfly nymphs, worms, ants and a bottle opener.

In the evening, after the salad tea, a number of campers obtained permission to visit Keswick and patronised the pitch-and-put and milk bars. Others stayed in for the usual fun and games.

**TUESDAY :** After breakfast, two hiking parties set out for the hills. The more energetic climbed Great Gable, via Green Gable and back by Sty-Head Pass ; the remainder were guided by Mr. Bradley to Watendlath. The first party lunched on top of Green Gable—the scholars hoping to find a stream but had instead to enviously eye the staff's thermos flasks.

After tea, salad as usual, the normal camp games were played.

**WEDNESDAY :** The late breakfast was followed by the Biological, Geographical and Artistic classes. In the afternoon, free time was joyfully used up by present and pleasure hunters. After tea the Boys v. Staff soccer match was fought out—literally. The boys got most goals, the staff the most bruises.

This was followed by a lantern slide lecture on the Lake District. The colour photographs were really beautiful and as Mr. Hayton admitted you cannot look for such views, they just happen and if you have your camera with you, you're lucky.

**THURSDAY :** The camp had its usual rude awakening to a usual drizzling morning. It needed even more awakening than other mornings, two exhausted senior girls having to be carried out, one bed and all, into the rain, before they broke their peaceful slumbers.

The master's soccer goalkeeper, after having kept goal all night in his sleep, rose happily to his favourite revive, cold, strong cocoa, with his colleagues compliments.

There was a fine crop of punishments, all 'copped' during the night, and the duty 'spud-bashers' had a very easy time.

The camp had planned to take packed lunches and stagger up Helvellyn, and the news that the weather was against us produced many sighs. Disappointment or relief?

Instead, after the mid-day diet, the rearranged plan was for one group of walkers to go to Dungeonhyll, the other to walk to Ambleside and thence to 'home sweet home' by bus. The latter party by dint of steady walking reached its goal uneventfully and staggered to its bed. The other party, however, got lost and made progress of about one mile through bog, ditch and quarry before

finding the right road. It is understood that several members of staff on this expedition are still considering suing the school for damages, but a good tea pacified them somewhat and gave the camp enough energy for a free night in Keswick.

FRIDAY : We awoke to an 'almost' fine day and minus three members, went into breakfast. This meals quantity made us feel fit and strong, for only tough people could survive a camp life.

Lessons followed ; Biology on the lake and Geography in Keswick, whilst the VIth form accompanied Mr. Bradley to view a modern school in the district.

The free time in the afternoon was followed by a dance at night.

SATURDAY : We returned tired but happy to Oldham.

We would like to thank once more, on behalf of all the campers, all members of staff who worked so hard preparing very enjoyable meals and organising our many activities. We really did appreciate it.

" HAPPY CAMPERS."

## A LECTURE

To the majority of people, Hong Kong is but a vague picture in the imagination, but on October 20th, Mr. Binding visited Counthill and talked to us about his visit to the island.

Mr. Binding, an enthusiastic traveller and explorer of the East, had appeared on television and had broadcast many times, and he began his lecture by telling us what the name " Hong Kong " really meant, and as we saw from the colour slides with which he illustrated his talk, the name was very appropriate, being in fact, " Sweet Waters."

All aspects of life in Hong Kong were related to us, who were by this time an enthralled audience, as Mr. Binding spoke of the population and religion of the island and also the wonderful sunsets, which in the speakers own words, " are not to be seen in any other country."

At the conclusion of the lecture, one of the Senior Geography Students, Tom Hill, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Binding, and ably expressed the feelings of all his audience.

I. HARRISON, (VIb Lit.).

**THREE POEMS****THAT'S LIFE**

There's lots of things I haven't got,  
There's lots I wish I had ;  
But on the whole, I'm bound to say,  
Things aren't so very bad.  
I've got a roof above my head,  
I've got a job to do ;  
I might be better off, but then  
I might be worse it's true.  
It's then I feel a wealthy lass,  
It's then my heart is glad ;  
There's lots of things I haven't got,  
But life is not so bad.

**THE TUG**

All honour to the big ships  
That sail the deep sea foam,  
But don't forget the little ships  
That help the big ships home.

**MY SMILE**

I had a friendly smile,  
I gave that smile away.  
The milkman and the postman  
Seemed glad of it each day.  
I took it to the shop,  
I had it in the street,  
I gave it without thinking  
To all I chanced to meet.  
I gave my smile away,  
As thoughtless as can be,  
Yet everywhere I gave it  
My smile came back to me.

ELIZABETH WINTERBOTTOM, (IIc).

### ‘ PIRATES ’

He was close behind me. My one chance was the ropes and with a great leap I clung to one. I soared high into the air and quickly tried to get my feet on a beam but oh ! I missed—back I zoomed knocking someone clean off his feet. Dropping on a mat I raced on, jumping vigorously as I went. My pursuer was close behind me and with a breathtaking dive I grasped the wallbars. Another danger was at hand, for on the opposite beam another chaser came after me. I turned to go in the opposite direction but my other pursuer came swarming up at me. I was cut off and had no chance of escape. I was about to leap to a rope when I slipped and was captured.

Hair-raising experiences ! thrilling escapades ! daring deeds !—oh no ! merely a game of “ pirates ” in the gym. At the sound of a shrill whistle and—

“ Out, and get a shower ! ” from Mr. Llewelyn we ran swiftly to the changing room clambering over forms, mats and beams and having a last swing on the ropes after our exciting game of “ pirates.”

DEREK POWNALL, (IIa).

### EYES AND NOSES

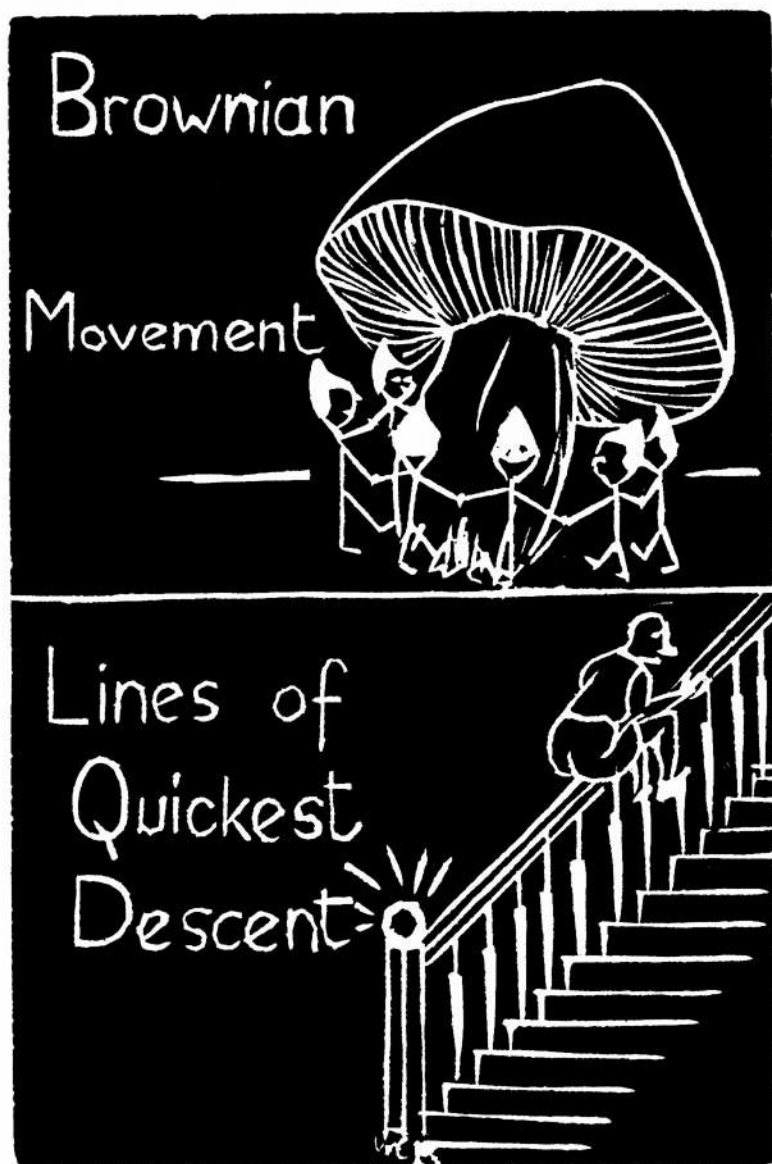
Can you imagine what your face would look like without two eyes and a nose ? I can. Our faces would be plain, shapeless and uninteresting. Five minutes pass quickly watching the antics of a person's face. Just think of the number of people who are dependent on them for a living.

The main function of the eye is obvious ; to see where we are going. Many people believe that the eyes are the windows to the soul ; I, myself, disagree. How can the eyes of the blind be a window to their souls ? However, I believe that the eyes can be windows to moods. Next time you have a few minutes to spare try to discover the mood of a person by studying his eyes. Some are laughing, bright and cheery while others are hard and forbidding. One look can portray much.

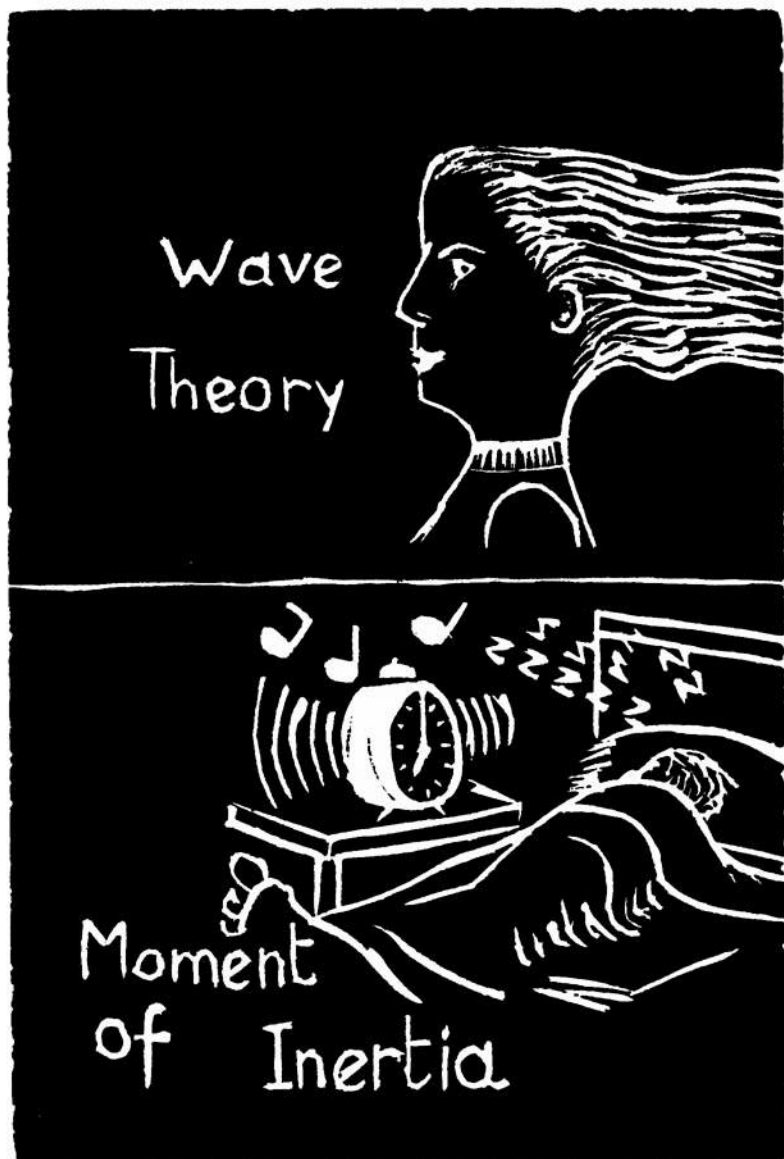
A nose has three main functions ; that of smell and respiration and “ the first round a corner.” Noses express themselves. But for them our faces would be mountainless. Clowns rely on ridiculous false noses which attract children : infants in arms find fun in adult noses. On the other hand some noses are a nuisance ; they can be too much of a peninsula in the human landscape. Bonny Prince Charlie was once known to say like one of his witty ancestors : “ If anyone or anything betrays me, it will be my nose.”

One can even be ‘ led by the nose ’ and ‘ put ones nose to the grindstone ’ ; and even an aeroplane develops one in a nose-dive. But we still cannot forget the fact that both the eyes and the nose are essential parts of the anatomy ; and without either we would be severely handicapped.

HILARY DAWSON, (VIv Sc.).



## DEFINITIONS



## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

*"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was :  
and when he saw him, he had compassion on him."*

—Luke, Ch. 10, v.33.

A man was travelling afar one day,  
When thieves attacked him and ran away.  
They left the poor man lying there  
And then his goods the thieves did share.  
A priest was first along that road,  
But little kindness he bestowed.  
He saw the stranger lying there,  
But passed him by without a care.  
Another man then came along,  
And though he was quite big and strong  
He saw the man, but stopped and stared,  
Then passed him by without a word.  
Soon a donkey and man rode by,  
A Samaritan good, with watchful eye.  
He did bind his wounds, and then  
He took him to a wayside inn.  
The host was paid to tend to him,  
By that good, kind Samaritan.  
He said, "Good-bye, I'm on my way,  
I'll call again another day."

BRENDA BARNES, (Ia).

BETTY TAYLOR, (Ia).

## MOORLAND

The dawn was breaking o'er the hills : cold, chill.  
Dew glistened on the grassy slopes ; below  
The cloudless sky the trees swayed to and fro,  
And all this huge vast plain was lying still.  
Now this quiet calm was broken by the shrill  
Note of the soaring lark, as it flew round  
The majestic oak ; the sweet contented sound  
Echoing far and wide over the hill.  
At once the air was quite transformed with light,  
As o'er the hills the radiant sun rose high,  
Shimmering and dazzling with its warmth and light,  
Ere shadows creep as tranquil eve draws nigh,  
And rustling trees, too, seem to say goodnight,  
As the last breaths of day fade with a sigh.

BERYL SCHOFIELD, (IVa).



## POST-SCRIPT 1954

As usual, some members of C.G.S. passed a whole week at Christmas delivering the mail, equipped with highly informative armbands inscribed, "POST OFFICE POSTMAN NO. ..."

From a survey carried out by our highly special correspondent it was found that letter boxes could be placed under three headings :

1. The unusable and non existent ;
2. The small ;
3. The large.

We will discuss these for future generations.

1. The unusable letter box was stuffed with pieces of carpet, Radio Times of many moons ago, and old wrappings of fourpenny worth of chips.

As a variety, some doors were void of letter-boxes but were provided with a generous sized nick below the door. Our Special Correspondent found it uncomfortable crawling beneath many of these doors and consequently resorted to knocking. As this wore away the knuckles, knocking was impossible after Wednesday and so the letters involved were used to blot up the water which was oozing out of our Special Correspondent's clothes. (It is the wettest job known, and most people instead of drying you down, look at you in high glee and say "Merry Christmas." ). They are the ones with small letter-boxes and their letters go with the ones of non-existent letter-boxes, right back into a G.P.O. pillar box.

2. The small letter-box, which was chrome- or silver-plated and opened to the left, to the right, lifted up or on odd occasions fell down into the house on being touched. A few chronic samples came off in one's hand and these were then posted into the house with the letters. Did I say letters, most of the small letter-boxes were only suitable for football coupons and free soap offers, therefore their letters were dropped down the most convenient grid or drain.

3. The large box was amazing, it was nine inches by three inches but was unfortunately only situated at houses which received fantastic Christmas Cards  $17\frac{1}{2}$  inches long. These were consequently folded in halves when they cracked. The two halves were then torn apart and each half deftly flicked through the door.

Our Special Correspondent would have said more but he was sacked the Wednesday before we started and his insufficiently stamped body was found disguised as a Registered Letter in a disused P.O. in Grotton.

Post-Office Postman 106,  
*alias* W. COLIN ROTHWELL.

## EVENING

The sun goes down, and the evening's drawing nigh ;  
 The nightly scent of stock yet steals the air,  
 And trees with mighty trunks stand black and bare—  
 A ghostly silhouette against the sky.  
 Beneath the boughs of sleeping trees, there lie  
 Flowerets, their petals closed, and their fair  
 Beauty hidden from the night. Silent air  
 Is broken by the whispering gnats, which pry  
 Among the sharp green rushes growing near  
 The river, which lies like a sea of glass,  
 For ripples on the water ne'er appear.  
 Oh sun, rise quick, and let the dark hours pass,  
 Then man can wake, no night time horrors fear,  
 For morn is here, and sunbeams shine at last.

SHEILA JOHNSON, (IVa).

## A SONNET—MIDNIGHT SHOWER

As midnight now descends upon the plain,  
 And far away is heard a chiming bell,  
 A glistening shower begins a magic spell,—  
 A million eyes, all glittering through the rain.  
 Reflecting in the moisture on the ground,  
 On pavements, patterns formed by shining light.  
 The twinkling lamps, they glimmer in the night,  
 The sound raindrops whisper all round.  
 Circles they make, as they in rivers dive,  
 The once calm surface soon becomes alive,  
 Creates a tossing, bubbling, angry sea.  
 Then once again, stillness defeats the wrath,  
 And beams of moonlight draw a silvery path  
 Upon the waves, now lapping placidly.

PATRICIA M. HEAP, (IVa).

## SENIOR SOCCER

*Captain :* J. Whittaker.

*Vice-Captain :* T. Hill.

*Secretary :* K. Marlor.

This season only five School matches have been played, the others having been cancelled because of unsuitable weather conditions. All these matches were lost.

Of the School team, T. Hill, K. Calligan, I. Dyson and J. Whittaker all went for County Trials and of these T. Hill and K. Calligan went for further trials.



The team have won one match this season, however, a 'friendly' against the Staff. The Staff, as a result of the challenge lost by 2 goals to nil to a much improved School team.

## NETBALL, 1954



The netball teams cannot pretend to have had a very successful season last year, but the results were not entirely unsatisfactory, although ten of the fixtures were cancelled.

	P.	W.	L.	D.
Senior Teams	23	8	13	2
Junior Teams	12	6	6	0

It will be seen from the above table that the Junior teams had rather better results than the Senior teams, so we are hoping that this augurs well for the future.

## TABLE TENNIS, 1954-55

The Girls' Table Tennis Club is still flourishing with many keen members.

We held our Annual Knockout Competition, the winner being Ann Roberts and the runner-up Margaret Bassett. This was also the house competition and as both winners were in Joslin, Joslin is Champion Table Tennis House.

We have been unable to find suitable opponents and have only played against Greenhill. This year we played them once and lost 7-5.

Activities have already begun and this year we are holding house matches separately from the individual competition.

## TENNIS, 1954

The Tennis teams had a decidedly successful season. Out of nine Senior matches played, seven were won, although unfortunately the only Junior match was lost by the narrow margin of two games.



We hope that next season's teams will not break this excellent record.

## ROUNDERS, 1954

Last season the Rounders teams did not bring home brilliant results, merely moderate ones. However, once more the Junior teams had more success than the Senior ones so that we are looking forward to next season quite hopefully.

		P.	W.	L.
Senior Teams	...	9	3	6
Junior Teams	...	6	3	3

Perhaps 1955 will bring us finer Saturday mornings than 1954 for six of our fixtures were cancelled.

## RUGBY

1st XV

*Captain :* D. A. Turner

*Vice-Captain :* I. Dyson

*Secretary :* A. Booth.

*Committee :* D. A. Turner, I. Dyson,  
J. T. Tasker.

Last season's record looked pretty dismal ; this season it looks even worse ! However, perusing more deeply and from a different angle one could say that last season was our best and that this season we may better that. Paradoxical ? Perhaps ! Last season, although we won only two matches on our normal fixture list, we had two players, Swann and Turner, on the Lancashire Public Schools XV (we have never had even one on the team before) and we were invited to take part in the Public Schools 7-a-side competitions at Fylde and Manchester (once more, an honour that we have never before received).



This season, owing to waterlogged pitches caused by the incessant rain and snow, many of our matches have been cancelled. We have, however, managed to play three matches to date (Christmas) in all of which we were very narrowly defeated. To Rochdale, we lost 10—14, conceding two penalties (6 points) in the last five minutes after leading for the whole game. To Burnage, we lost 0—9, being outplayed in the back division. To Oldham R.U.F.C. Colts we lost 3—6 after crossing the Colts' line three times, the try being disallowed each time for a minor infringement ; this really was bad luck, particularly as Turner, the Captain, had been carried off when the score was 3—3. During the Christmas holidays, Turner and Hill took part in the Final S.E. Lancs. trial, the former was chosen to play for this team for the third successive year but was unable to do so, owing to illness and so lost his chance of reclaiming a position on the full Lancashire team.

Owing to lack of match practice, the 1st XV, although having an abundance of good players, lacks blend. Holford made a rattling good come-back against Burnage to solve our full-back problem and young Peter Shaw has the makings of a good half-back.

Our 40-stone front row of Hill, Neighbour and "Daddy" Shaw is a solid foundation for our pack and, with convert Whitehead behind them, we hope to win all our future matches, particularly those in the Easter "sevens" competitions.

**Under 15 XV**     *Captain :*     N. Connelly.

*Vice-Captain :* P. Shaw.

Inclement weather has played havoc with the fixture list of this team having played only two matches to date, losing 0—11 to Rochdale and beating M/c. Central by 5 pts. to 3. Connelly has put in some sterling work forward and Hurst has been a capable full-back. Lack of match practice has prevented several promising players from reaching 1st XV standard.

**Under 14 XV**     *Captain :*     Hollin.

*Vice-Captain :* Williamson.

Once more the weather has ruined the fixture list, the team only having played one game to date in which they were beaten by 16 pts. to 6 by Stockport. Hollin, Williamson, Wooley and F. Mellor show promise for the future.

### REPORT ON UNDER 14's

So far this season the Under 14's have had only two matches, owing to bad conditions and lack of playing pitches.

Our first match with Middleton at home was keenly fought with Middleton scoring freely in the first 15 minutes. In that time we were 4—0 behind. Thanks to determination and team spirit we fought back gamely but ended losers 6—7.

In our second match we travelled to Heywood and came back with a 7—1 win.

### UNDER 15's FOOTBALL

*Captain :*     Connelly.

*Vice-Captain :* Broadbent.

The Under 15's Football team this year has been very successful having played 5, Won 4, Drawn 1, Lost 0. All the team have played well even though two of our best players left at Christmas. Unfortunately the weather has cancelled many of the games.

## EX-STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

After its early struggles the Association is now financially secure, with an increasing membership and a number of successful social events to its credit during the current year.

The first of these was the Informal Dance held on Friday, September 3rd, 1954, at Counthill, to which VIth formers and recent School leavers were invited at a nominal charge of 1/6 each.

The Annual Whist Drive and Dance was held at the Town Hall on Friday, January 7th, 1955. More people attended than previously and we even managed to make a profit. Mr. J. Whitworth and Mr. Llewellyn were M.C's. for dancing.

Mr. Llewellyn also officiated at a Social evening which was held at the Community Centre, Clegg St., on Saturday, March 5th. During the course of the evening, Mr. Fisher did his wonderful thought reading act, and later on gave another comedy "turn" assisted by other members of the Staff. Mr. G. Southworth, an Old Boy, obliged with a one-man entertainment. All those present very much appreciated these unexpected additions to the programme of games and dancing. Because of the success of this function, another on similar lines has been arranged for Saturday, May 14th. Tickets (2/6 including refreshments) may be obtained from Miss Percival or Mr. Llewellyn.

The Association will be glad of the support of senior members of the School on Saturday, July 9th, when a Family Afternoon will be held at the School. There will be Netball or Tennis matches, and an Old Boys' Cricket match. Light refreshments, soft drinks, etc. will be on sale, but there is no other charge. After tea, members of the School Choir, recorders, violins, etc. will give a concert.

It is also hoped to arrange another Informal Dance at the School early in September principally for those who have just left school, and University or College students.

All those who leave school this summer are invited to become members of the Association. Subscriptions—2/6 per annum—may be paid to the Secretary or Membership Secretaries at the address given below ; to any Committee member, such as Miss J. Ormerod ; or at School, to Miss Percival.

The Association is sorry to have to say farewell this summer to our President, Mr. Bradley, who has given us so much of his time, advice and encouragement. We wish him every success in his new venture.

*Secretary :* Miss L. Turbfield, 108, Werneth Hall Rd.  
Tel.: MAIn 6219.

*Membership Secretaries :*

Mr. J. Garside, 12, Heywood Avenue,  
Austerlands.

Miss B. Jones, 53, Fern St.

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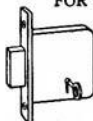
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