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# THE GREENHILLIAN

★

The Magazine of  
**GREENHILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL**  
**OLDHAM**

★

Editor :  
**BARRY SCHOLES**

★

Committee :  
**DAVID A. BERRYMAN**  
**COLIN JACKSON**  
**JEFFREY HILTON**  
**MARGARET A. HALSALL**  
**VALERIE HILTON**  
**SHEILA TROTTER**

★

No. 9

March, 1961.

# Editorial

Once again through a scholastic cosmos this annual missive plunges to wrest two shillings from your reluctant pockets. Its purpose in publication is to mirror school-life, to act as a pointer to an academically brighter future, to form a showcase for its contributors, and to provide enjoyment for its readers. Even if it fails in all four, at least it will serve as an excuse to waste the first few minutes of the lesson immediately after its distribution.

The past year has been one of the utmost importance in World Affairs, such as the United Nations' Conference, the Polaris Missile Base in Scotland, the United States' Presidential Election, and Elvis' "separation" from the army. It has been an eventful year within school life too, with our lives being affected by G.C.E. successes (and failures), athletic honours, a fire drill, and of course Elvis' separation from the army. All the events pertaining to the cultural organism known as Greenhill Grammar School have been faithfully recorded within the consecrated pages of the "Greenhillian." We have acquired "golden opinions from all sorts of people" either sane, or members of the sixth form. Other contributions emanate from lower down the school, and for these we remain indebted.

It is to these articles, poems and stories that the magazine owes its main claim to that strangle-hold on your two shillings. Whether we win the financial battle depends upon the quality of the submitted articles. To those writers who have had their contributions accepted we are grateful, and extend our thanks. To those fabulous exponents of the pen who were "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," or to those who were unlucky, we say that it is not always the elaborate, intellectual, verbally-bewildering compositions that succeed, but more often the products of simple, honest originality, and undiluted sincerity.

With these articles the School Magazine tries to bring you some degree of consolation for parting with your money, and to provide you with a lasting memory of just one year of your school-life. We all hope that the first "Greenhillian" of this decade will remind you of happy school-days, and perhaps even more important..... of Elvis' separation from the army.

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## School Notes

The school events of the past year are listed here as but a frame, the full picture being drawn from the palettes of the magazine's various contributors.

The summer term glided serenely to its close, and with it we lost the services of Mr. Fryer and M. Aim. Mr. Fryer is now teaching Latin in the Lake District at Kirkby Stephen Grammar School, while M. Aim has returned to his native France after a stay which we hope was as profitable to him as it was to us. Mrs. Ford has admirably filled in the vacancy left by Mr. Fryer in the Latin Dept. even if for one term only. We must now welcome Mr. Thompson who has just joined us to further Latin studies. Miss Healey, replacing Miss Read who has taken a post in America, has proved herself a useful asset in the French Dept.

Speech night, a little later than usual this year, had as its speaker, one of the school governors, Dr. Warburton.

An academic honour of considerable magnitude was bestowed upon

the school by the success of Denis Elwell, an ex-pupil, who has been awarded his Ph.D. This is the greatest achievement to date of any ex-pupil of the school. A present member of the school, Irene Smith, has also enhanced its high reputation by securing the highest mark in a Red Cross team competition. We have also had successes in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. A gold medal has been presented to David Berryman, and a bronze medal to Terry Davies. To all four we send our congratulations.

The school societies, the sugar and spice of school life, have achieved many successes. Under the guiding hand of Mr. Halliwell, the new Chess Club has flourished, and with considerable enthusiasm from the lower forms will no doubt wax from strength to strength.

The ever-green Scientific Society has once again proved itself highly popular. It has initiated all new members into the wonders of Science, and its main outing was to a Glassworks in Barnsley. The Arts and Science quiz was won by the scientists.

The Historical Society has shown itself to be one of the most active societies despite the totally erroneous popular belief that history is "dead." With a visit to N. Wales last Easter, and the memorable and highly successful Italian holiday in August, it has firmly established itself on the International Front.

The Dramatic and Debating Society presented us with an interesting programme of debates, and the Dramatic main shoot gave us two fruits of labour and enthusiasm, the production of "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Poltergeist."

The Film Society has continued its popularity with screenings of such films as "Reach for the Sky," "The Ladykillers" and "The Clouded Yellow."

The Athletics Society has had an outing to the White City, Manchester, to witness an International Athletics meeting. The society continues to flourish with the usual first form enthusiasm. Michael Russell was chosen to represent Lancashire in a "cross country" competition. Swimming honours were attained by P. Hope, D. Abbott, and F. Hollingworth, who were selected to represent Oldham.

The usual dances and socials were held, and measured up to the customary criterion of success. The Prefects' Dance, however, has not materialised this year, much to everyone's disappointment.

The mosaic of school activities has been painted more vividly throughout the following pages, and with this brief introduction I conclude, though you, no doubt, will read on.

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## In Memoriam

JANET RAMSDEN

(DIED 30TH JANUARY, 1960)

# The School Speech Day

The closeness of Speech Day to Christmas this year, did not in any way mar its success. The girls, though in varied uniform, were very smart, and they set an excellent example of behaviour to guests and parents.

Alderman Hilton, the chairman, kept the proceedings lively with his good humour, whilst his brother, the music master, received several compliments for the performance of the choir, which he conducted.

Mr. Higson gave his annual report and except for a few parents, he seemed to be quite pleased with the year's progress.

Dr. Warburton, the guest speaker, gave an interesting address with a few amusing comments, which secured the interest of the pupils. During the presentation of the prizes, Dr. Warburton spoke to every prize winner and helped him to regain his confidence.

It was a pleasure to welcome last year's head prefects who are pursuing further studies.

The occasion was indeed an important one, but this did not lessen its enjoyment for the many guests, parents and pupils who attended.

Marie Otmann, 6A Lit.

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## Charities

From the voluntary subscriptions from members of the School donations have been made to the following :—

December, 1960 :—

The National Association of Mental Health.  
The Pestalozzi Children's Village Trust Fund.  
Christie Cancer Research Fund.

July, 1960 :—

Christie Cancer Research Fund.  
The Children's Society.  
Dr. Barnado's Homes.

December, 1959 :—

World Refugee Fund.  
League of Pity (N.S.P.C.C.).

# General Certificate of Education

## Form 4—Girls :

(No. of GCE passes in brackets):

Gail Burdock (1)

## Form 4—Boys :

Paul Fletcher (1)  
Ronald Lomax (1)  
David Marland (1)  
Norman A. Milligan (1)  
Michael Russell (1)  
Keith Wiener (1)  
Frank Yates (1)

## Form 5L :

Eileen Bailey (3)  
Mary Bashforth (3)  
Joan Bent (3)  
Patricia Buchan (2)  
Dorothy Cadman (7)  
Carol Collinge (7)  
Sian Davies (2)  
Ann Fairbrother (8)  
Mavis Fielding (7)  
Linda Foran (8)  
Joan Greaves (3)  
Patricia Hammett (2)

Barbara Harthan (5)  
Jacqueline Holt (7)  
Pamela A. Jones (3)  
Christine Leeson (6)  
Sheila Poole (5)  
Enid Riddall (3)  
Rita Schofield (5)  
Valerie Stokes (3)  
Hazel Taylor (4)  
Marilyn Topping (2)  
Jennifer Yates (7)

## Form 5S—Girls :

Barbara Andrew (5)  
Julia A. Burton (7)  
Norma Cadd (3)  
Ann Copeland (7)  
Pamela Cottam (2)  
Susan Faulkner (7)  
Patricia M. Kelly (8)  
Mallory P. Lord (3)  
Sandra Schofield (4)  
Sheila Whitehead (2)

## Form 5S— Boys :

Vincent D. Bottomley (5)  
Alan S. Clarke (4)  
Melvyn H. Dunkerley (5)  
Lawrence A. Feeley (5)  
John H. Lees (4)  
Robert L. Ogden (5)  
Colin Platt (3)  
Keith D. Sudds (4)  
Stuart Vaudrey (6)  
Stephen C. Walton (4)  
David Webster (6)  
Trevor Widdop (4)  
Ian G. Wright (3)  
Colin Jackson (8)

## Form 5G—Girls :

Freda Anderson (3)  
Celia Clegg (2)  
Jacqueline C. Gould (4)  
Marlene Hornby (4)  
Eileen Kenworthy (2)  
Iris McKinley (1)  
Jean Overton (2)  
Kathleen N. Patterson (1)  
Christine Platt (3)  
Diana Redfearn (2)  
Susan M. Spencer (3)  
Joan Sweet (3)  
Carol Whitehead (2)  
Joan Hall (5)  
Pamela K. Wolstencroft (5)

## Form 5G—Boys :

Anthony Beaman (3)  
Richard Bennett (2)  
Jack Butterworth (1)  
Neil Collinge (3)  
Peter Garside (3)

## Form 6B Lit. :

Rosemary Holt (2)  
Jennifer Ratigan (1)  
Steven Shaw (2)

## Form 6B Sc.:

Leslie Priest (1)

**Form 6A Lit. :**

Arlene Chidgey	....	....	English, French (Ord).
Velma Heath	....	....	Art (Adv).
Georgina D. Horrobin	....	....	English, History (Adv), Geography (Ord).
Eileen Marland	....	....	English, French (Ord).
Margaret G. Mills	....	....	French, German (Adv).
Dorothy Rainford	....	....	Geography (Adv), French (Ord).
Alan P. Clarke	....	....	Scripture, Art (Adv).
Edward D. Jackson	....	....	History (Adv).
Melvyn S. McHugh	....	....	History, Geography (Adv), English, General Paper (Ord).
Brian Whitworth	....	....	Scripture (Adv), History, Geography (Ord)

**6A Sc. :**

Dorothy Greenall	....	....	Chemistry, Biology (Adv).
Stuart Blackshaw	....	....	Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (Adv).
Peter B. Haughton	....	....	Chemistry, Biology (Adv), Physics (Ord).
Frank Holden	....	....	Physics, Chemistry, Biology (Adv).
Donald W. G. Kershaw	....	....	Physics, Biology (Adv), Chemistry (Ord).
Jack Travis	....	....	Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (Adv).
John A. Widdall	....	....	Mathematics & TM, Physics (Adv).

**6A Lit. :**

Angela Taylor	....	....	English, Scripture, Art (Adv).
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**6A Sc. :**

John Evans	....	....	Mathematics, Physics (Distinction) Chemistry (Distinction) (Adv).
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**UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS :****State Scholarship :**

John Evans	....	....	King's College, London.
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Stuart Blackshaw	....	....	Liverpool University.
Dorothy Greenall	....	....	....
Peter B. Haughton	....	....	Manchester University.
Frank Holden	....	....	Manchester University.
Georgina D. Horrobin	....	....	....
Margaret G. Mills	....	....	....
Jack Travis	....	....	....

**Awarded by West Riding Education Committee :**

John Widdall	....	....	....
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**PUPILS PROCEEDING TO TRAINING COLLEGES :**

Sandra Lord	....	....	Ikley College of Domestic Science.
Pauline Millington	....	....	Ikley College of Domestic Science.
Alan P. Clark	....	....	Alsager Training College.
Edward D. Jackson	....	....	Kesteven Training College.
Brian S. Whitworth	....	....	Birmingham Training College.
Arlene Chidgey	....	....	Padgate Training College.
Velma Heath	....	....	Sheffield Training College.
Georgina D. Horrobin	....	....	Wynyard Hall Training College.
Eileen Marland	....	....	Edgehill Training College.
Dorothy Rainford	....	....	Didsbury Training College.
Angela M. Taylor	....	....	Homerton Training College, Cambridge
Gillian Woolstenhulme	....	....	St. Hild's Training College, Durham.

# Athletic Club Report

*President:* Mr. T. Higson.

*Chairman:* Mr. Cox.

*Secretary:* D. Berryman.

*Treasurer:* K. Dronsfield.

*Committee:* A. Smith, A. Dray, M. Russell, D. Cook.

Please note change of title. It was decided that we should be called a club to bring us into line with other organisations. Membership this year totals about forty, being stronger at opposite ends of the school.

The club is perhaps unique in the school in that it has a cloth badge, specially designed for us, which is sold to boys who have rendered reasonable service to the club.

The club meets each Friday evening in the gym where circuit training is taken on; this strenuous exercise prepares the budding athletes for next season and keeps the cross-country enthusiasts fit for this season. Sprinting and preparation for field events also take up our time on Friday nights.

Last September, the club went by coach to the White City, Manchester, to see a floodlight meeting of Olympic stars, where we saw such crack athletes as Don Bragg, Herb Elliott, Otis Davies and David Jones competing on a night which was surprisingly cold for September.

Last year, it will be remembered, was a successful and eventful year. Russell was selected for Lancashire Cross-Country and Whitworth represented Lancashire in the all-England sports at Shrewsbury. Oldham was represented by Russell, Cook, Dray, Blackshaw and Whitworth, the last two being finalists in the Lancashire Schoolboy Meeting. D. Cook, our pole vaulting expert, represented Manchester & District in the Manchester Highland Games.

Four of our pole vaulters are keeping in trim by visiting White City each Wednesday to train.

Last summer, at the annual dance, the club awarded trophies to athletes whose performances, it was considered, deserved recognition. Mr. Higson awarded plaques specially engraved for the occasion to Whitworth, Blackshaw, Cook, Russell and Haughton. We hope this ceremony will become an annual event.

So, with a good full year behind us (together with the Olympics), we look forward to an equally successful season this year.

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## 1st XI Cricket

The team won 2, drew 2 and lost 3 games. Middleton G.S. defeated the school at Greenhill by 49-47 runs and drew with the school at Middleton in the All-Day Match. Other defeats were sustained against Ashton and Counthill. At Hyde the school gained a draw scoring 156 for 6 dec. to which Hyde replied with 88 for 5. At Glossop the batting improvement continued and in reply to the Derbyshire teams 164 for 2 dec. the school scored 166 for 2 in 90 minutes. This was the second victory of the season, the school having defeated Heywood by 5 wickets earlier in the year.

The season ended on a note of levity with the traditional staff match. However, the atrocious weather conditions caused the early abandonment of the match.

Notable performances during the season were Whitworth 84 v. Hyde, 78 n.o. v. Glossop, Travis 46 and 3-13 v. Heywood, Walton 7-24 v. Counthill and Shaw 36 n.o. v. Glossop.

Whitworth, Shaw and Walton were awarded colours.

# The Girls' Games Report

During the season 1959-60 the netball teams were not very successful in their efforts, in spite of the enthusiasm and interest shown. However, some improvement was shown on the previous season and the play improved at the end of the winter. Senior Colours were awarded to Beryl Summersgill and Velma Heath. Junior Colours were re-awarded to Pauline Bardsley, Eileen Baybutt and Sylvia Merritt while they were awarded for the first time to Edna Lees, Jean Firth, Irene Burke and Jean Fielden.

After losing many of its members the 1st XI hockey team had to be reorganised at the beginning of the season. Many practices and matches were called off on account of bad weather. The U/15 XI had two wins and one draw. Altogether they had a very good season and tried very hard. Velma Heath and Beryl Summersgill received Senior Colours and Pauline Bardsley, Eileen Baybutt, Pamela Tucker, Jean Wild and Margaret Lawton received Juniors.

The 1st Tennis team set off to a good start by winning their first match against North Manchester. They continued to improve, gaining fair results. Colours were awarded to Gillian Woolstenhulme and Velma Heath.

The U/15 Rounders team managed to obtain only one victory but individual effort on all sides showed keenness for the game.

In the Inter-Secondary School Sports, Greenhill Junior Girls came 5th and the Senior Girls came 8th.

Whether our teams were victorious or were defeated, they showed good sportsmanship at all times. This school year we hope our efforts will be better rewarded and on account of that our spirits raised.

Games Secretary.

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## Girls' Swimming Notes, 1960

The standard of swimming throughout the school is at the moment quite satisfactory. Undoubtedly, the high spot this year has been the winning of the Junior Trophy in the Town gala, for the first time in the school's history. The Seniors, too, were not overshadowed and finished 4th out of 13 schools competing. Moreover, in the final of the Brown Shield competition, an over-zealous doorkeeper's action, in locking out two of our team, probably cost us the match!

However, congratulations all round. Everyone gave of their best. Additional congratulations are due to Christine Bird, Phyllis Marney and Valerie May, who represented Oldham in the Inter-Town gala, held at Liverpool in June.

The keenness of the school, as a whole, has been reflected in the number of certificates awarded in the summer, which included two Advanced certificates; and whilst all are not able to win races, most girls, with a little effort, can, and ought to become proficient swimmers. Sad to say, however, in the House contests many girls seemed to lose interest and their reluctance to swim, lost, in several cases, valuable House points. This is a very poor attitude and one which shows lack of responsibility, for not only does it let down House mistresses, but must disappoint the House as a whole.

Outside events then, have been given good support. If the same enthusiasm is shown for events in school, the House gala next year, could easily prove to be most interesting and exciting. How about it?

# Cross-country Report

Captain : D. Berryman.

Secretary : M. Russell.

The 1959 cross-country season was quite a successful one for Greenhill. We competed in several large open championships for the first time and with reasonable success.

A Team from Greenhill competed in the East Lancashire Championships and succeeded in securing 13th place out of 27 entrants. Later in the season we were invited to the annual Waterloo Road Race, held by the Merchant Taylors' School near Liverpool. In the Oldham Inter-Schools Championships the U/17's excelled, gaining 7 places out of the first 8. Peter Haughton won the senior event with David Berryman (3rd) in the intermediates. M. Russell came second in the U/15's. The boys who gained places in the Oldham teams afterwards went to Irlam to compete in the Lancashire Schools' Championships. Russell was 13th in the U/15's. We also competed in the Northern Schools' Championships, held at Lyme Park, Disley.

This season we hope to organise an Inter-Schools' Open Cross-Country Championship here at Greenhill, which, if successful, will become an annual event. With the new senior course this race should attract many competitors.

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## Dramatic, Operatic and Debating Society Report

*President* : Mr. T. Higson.

*Vice-President* : Mr. K. Wright.

*Chairman* : D. Berryman.

*Deputy Chairman* : Beryl Summersgill.

*Secretary* : Sheila Trotter.

On the debating side of the society, the functions have been held at regular intervals (fortnightly) where possible, but it must be pointed out that there have been gaps owing to the lack of speakers willing to discuss the motions. It is, of course, realised that courage is needed to speak before an audience but it would be appreciated if more decided to take the plunge.

Perhaps the most outstanding internal debates were those on early marriage and on money and sport, which were in danger of becoming heated in places.

Counthill Grammar School visited us for a debate on drawing the line, which, perhaps because of the subject, proved to be rather farcical.

The Dance, held this year in the form of a Hallowe'en Dance, for which the hall was suitably decorated with controversial witches and the lights dimmed with X-rays of the human skeleton, was thought to be on the night highly successful.

In the dramatic circles of our society, a very successful production of Frank Harvey's 'The Poltergeist' has been performed, directed by Mr. Handforth. Mr. Anderton applied his usual successful work to the scenery which in this case needed mechanism for the poltergeist to be manifested.

The production was highly polished, starring Steven Shaw, who somehow managed to hold a Cockney accent all through, Tony Kerr, Catherine Smith, Christobel Taylor and others, including the six-footer from the middle school.

# Scientific Society Report

*President:* Mr. T. Higson.  
*Chairman:* Mr. M. A. Tempest.  
*Treasurer:* C. Abbott.  
*Secretary:* K. Dronsfield.

Last year, as usual, for the meagre sum of sixpence per person Mr. Tempest generously flung wide the door of the Physics Lab. to the general populace of the school.

The Society met two weeks out of three and tried to produce as many live meetings as possible. To this end, as well as the usual "throwing open" of the Physics Lab., Brains Trusts, etc., we included a symposium given by three sixth-formers. This went down so well that it has been decided to make this an annual event.

In mentioning annual events I must report (totally without prejudice) that WE won the Arts v. Science quiz. I must also include in this category the Society trip (this year to Laboratory Glassware, Barnsley), and the dance which were also great successes in their respective spheres.

And so passed yet another year in the long history of the Society.

K. Dronsfield.

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## Chess Club Report

At the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1960, a Chess Club was started by Mr. Halliwell, to whom the members are indebted. Several chess sets and boards were acquired and the team was entered in the Manchester Schools (Senior) League. To date every match has been lost, probably owing to inexperience, but we are improving rapidly.

The club meets during the dinner-hour, when tournaments are organised regularly. We hope that these will improve the standard of play, and encourage new members. The club appreciates the regular efforts of the team, which has included B. Steveson (Capt.), C. J. Knowles, B. Mather, P. Fletcher, D. Abbott, K. Abbott, F. Smith, J. Holt.

We should like to thank the girls who have prepared the refreshments voluntarily.

B.G.S. and C.J.K.

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## Table Tennis Club

The club passed this year in much the same way as usual under the guiding hand of Mr. Martin. The champion of the club was Jack Travis, but the doubles championship was not decided. As usual owing to the large membership, playing had to be restricted to two days each for boys and girls, and one day (Friday) combined.

During the present year the club has introduced a ladder competition to continue throughout the year. It is hoped that this will provide an added interest for members. The handicap, however, will still be held.

Steven Shaw (*Sec.*)

# Scripture Union Report

*President:* Mr. Higson.  
*Chairman:* Mr. Handforth.  
*Secretary:* Pamela Jones.  
*Asst. Secretary:* Mavis Fielding.  
*Treasurer:* Joan Bent.

This term the S.U. has been re-formed (not "reformed," as one of our worthy members put on the notice-board). We have at the present about 60 members. We held our first meeting on 21st September, and since then we have met every Wednesday evening in the Geography Room.

We have had talks on various subjects, which were given by two clergymen, the Rev. D. Jones and the Rev. W. Speck, Mr. Hutchinson from the Welfare Offices and Mr. Handforth.

When Mr. Hutchinson came, he spoke to us on the subject of looking after aged, lonely and infirm people. We are hoping to begin a scheme, whereby we shall visit these people and thus help them to "live" again.

We are sending to the main branch of the S.U. for badges and notes.

We have also had a quiz and a debate. The motion of the debate was "Are monasteries out of date?"

Mr. Handforth, our able chairman, "keeps us under control," and remains neutral (under protest) at all meetings. N.B.—We hope for some new members next term, and the treasurer is eagerly awaiting those "shiny sixpences."

J. Bent.

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## Historical Society

*President:* Mr. Higson.  
*Secretary:* Mavis Fielding.

Once again a Historical Society report appears in the "Greenhillian." The society is now in its third year, and is still as strong and as popular as at the beginning.

During the past year there has been a change in many of the meetings, for we have had many and varied talks by pupils of the society. These have been extremely interesting and were illustrated by lantern slides. The topic for these meetings was the Middle Ages. Our new members have shown much enthusiasm, especially at the several quiz meetings. Mr. Holford, who was a student teacher at Greenhill for a short time, devised one of these, based on "What's my line?" This year, also, arrangements have been made for pupils to run the meetings, the subject for this term being the sixteenth and seventeenth Centuries.

At Easter there was the Historical Society's second weekend holiday. All who had been to the Lake District the previous year, and many others who had heard of the wonderful time we had, wanted to go. This number would have made the party much too large; so many had to be turned away. The holiday was to the youth hostel at Capel Curig and included a visit to the Castles of North Wales and the ascent of Snowdon.

The highlight of the society's year was the holiday in Italy in August when the party visited Venice, Rimini and Rome.

It is hoped that many more holidays will be enjoyed in the future, and that the Historical Society will continue to be as successful.

Mavis Fielding, 6B Lit.  
(Secretary).

# Film Society Report

*President:* Mr. T. Higson.  
*Chairman:* Mr. M. A. Tempest.  
*Secretary:* Mr. D. Bickerstaffe.

*Committee:*

D. Parkin, A. Copeland, D. Barlow, C. Lindley, K. McConnell, E. Rainford

The film society, the largest society in the school, re-opened for its third season this year when the film "Reach for the Sky" was shown starring Kenneth Moore. Amongst the films to be shown are "The Ladykillers" starring Peter Sellers, "Ill Met by Moonlight" and "Doctor at Large," both starring Dirk Bogarde.

Outstanding films shown last year were "On the Waterfront," "Pal Joey" and the "Cockleshell Heroes."

All meetings are well attended (in spite of the desperate attempts of British Railways to sabotage the November meeting) as all members wish to see the wide variety of films, which include comedies, drama, a musical and westerns.

Anne Copeland, 6B Sc.

# HOUSE NOTES



# Fawsitt House Report

*House Master:* Mr. Wells.

*House Mistress:* Miss Taylor.

*Staff Members:* Mr. Handforth, Mr. Anderton, Mr. Halliwell, Miss Healey.

*House Captains:* Harry Butterworth, Sheila Trotter.

*Senior Sports Captains:* Alan Smith, Beryl Summersgill.

*Junior Sports Captains:* Wayne Schofield, Jeanne Bardsley.

## RESULTS :

	Won	Lost	Drawn
Football : Seniors	0	2	0
Juniors	0	2	0
Cricket : Seniors	0	2	0
Juniors	0	2	0
Hockey : Seniors	2	0	0
Juniors	2	0	0
Tennis : Seniors	2	0	0
Rounders : Juniors	0	2	0
Cross Country—Seniors	2nd,	Juniors	3rd.
Swimming—3rd.			
Athletics—2nd.			
Work Shield—3rd.			

I should like to welcome on behalf of the house officials, the new members to Fawsitt House and hope they will follow the example set by the senior members of the house. Especially we all extend a warm welcome to Miss Healey.

As can be seen from the above results, this year has not been one of the happiest for Fawsitt. We narrowly missed winning the Athletics shield so with a little encouragement and more determined effort in this and other sports this coming year, we are hoping for better results.

We of Fawsitt hope that every member of the house will strive to do his best and pull the house back to the top.

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# Lees House Report

*Senior House Master:* Mr. G. Wright.

*Senior House Mistress:* Mrs. Clark.

*House Masters:* Mr. Hollos, Mr. Kent, Mr. K. Wright, Mr. Bickerstaffe

*Boys' House Captain:* Kevin Dronsfield.

*Girls' House Captain:* Jennifer Ratigan.

*House Secretaries:* David Berryman, Valerie Hilton.

*Boys' Senior Games Captain:* Frank Smith.

*Boys' Junior Games Captain:* John Holt.

*Girls' Senior Games Captain:* Joan Cheetham.

*Girls' Junior Games Captain:* Alwyn Brierley.

## RESULTS :

Senior Boys Cross Country	:	1st.
Middle Boys Cross Country	:	3rd.
Junior Boys Cross Country	:	2nd.
Junior Netball	:	Won 1 Lost 1.
Senior Netball	:	Lost 2.
Junior Football	:	Won 1 Lost 1
Senior Football	:	Won 2.
Junior Hockey	:	Lost 2.
Senior Hockey	:	Drew 1 Lost 1
Junior Rounders	:	Won 1 Lost 1.
Junior Cricket	:	Drew 1 Lost 1.
Senior Tennis	:	Lost 2.
Senior Cricket	:	Won 1 Lost 1.

On behalf of Lees House we extend a welcome to all "Blue" newcomers and we would like to remind them that Lees House is steadily building up a fine tradition for them to follow. This year we were fortunate in retaining the Swimming Cup, the Cross Country Cup and the Athletics Shield. Unfortunately, we lost the Merit Shield; so it is up to all House members to retrieve this in the coming year. So work hard and play hard during what we hope will be a successful year for Lees.

Valerie Hilton, 6A Lit.

## Walton House Report

### HOUSE STAFF.

*Senior House Master:* Mr. Martin.  
*Senior House Mistress:* Mrs. Kuler.  
*House Masters:* Mr. Cooke, Mr. Fogg, Mr. Petford, Mr. Tempest.  
*Girls' House Captain:* Dorothy Robinson.  
*Boys' House Captain:* Leslie Priest.  
*Girls' Vice-Captain:* Christine Abbott.  
*Boys' Vice-Captain:* Steven Shaw.  
*Senior Hockey Captain:* Christine Abbott.  
*Senior Netball Captain:* Dorothy Cadman.  
*Senior Tennis Captain:* Sheila Poole.  
*Senior Swimming Captain:* Catherine Smith.  
*Senior Girls' Athletics Captain:* Diane Degnan.  
*Senior Soccer Captain:* Leslie Priest.  
*Senior Cricket Captain:* Leslie Priest.  
*Senior Cross Country Captain:* Roger Rooney.  
*Senior Swimming Captain:* Brian Mather.  
*Junior Hockey Captain:* Janet Hopkins.  
*Junior Netball Captain:* Joan Schofield.  
*Junior Rounders Captain:* Phyllis Marnier.  
*Junior Soccer Captain:* Geoffrey Earl.  
*Junior Cricket Captain:* Geoffrey Earl.  
*Junior Cross Country Captain:* John Barlow.  
*Girls' House Secretary:* Anne Halsall.  
*Boys' House Secretary:* Jeffrey Hilton.

		Won	Lost	Drawn
Football :	Seniors	1	1	0
	Juniors	2	0	0
Cricket :	Seniors	2	0	0
	Juniors	2	0	0

Hockey :	Seniors	0	1	1
	Juniors	1	1	0
Netball :	Seniors	1	1	0
	Juniors	2	0	0
Junior Rounders :		2	0	0
Cross Country :	Seniors 3rd, Juniors 1st.			
Athletics :	3rd.			
Merit Shield :	1st.			
Games Shield :	1st.			
Swimming :	2nd.			

We should like to extend a welcome, on behalf of the staff and members of last year's Walton House, to all our new members. We hope they will try their best both in school work and in sport. This house did very well last year in winning the Sports Cup and the Merit Shield and hope this success will be maintained this year.

Anne Halsall & Jeffrey Hilton.

## 1A Form Report

Now we have arrived at Greenhill Grammar School, and have become used to the technique, we are finding that the work is about the same as we had at the other schools. Our form master is Mr. Fogg who takes us for Mathematics. There are 26 people in the form, 13 boys and 13 girls. There are two boys on the U/12's football team, Rogers and Pickering, and on the cross country team we have three representatives, Pickering, Holt and Krieger.

## 1C Form Report

Some of the pupils in our form have interesting hobbies. For instance L. Gomersall collects Victorian coins, and D. Pilkington collects photographs. Most of the boys prefer stamp collecting. N. Smith plays the recorder and drums. I myself prefer the guitar. Our Form Mistress, Mrs. Clark, takes the boys of our class for Library on Thursday and the girls for Cookery. My favourite lesson is Art which we have on a Tuesday and Thursday.

Brian Nowell.

## 2A Form Report

We are all happy here in our class. There are thirteen boys and twenty-one girls. Miss Taylor is our Form Teacher. Sport seems to be the favourite with both boys and girls. We also enjoy music for sometimes we play records. Quite a lot of us bring recorders to play. There are not many of us in societies, but the Film Society is more popular. Nearly all of us (I'm sorry to say) do not prefer maths. Most of us like German because Mr. Martin is very agreeable. We are all hard workers here in 2A. Yes, we all enjoy being here and hope most of us will continue to go up the school in 'A' classes.

Valerie Rowbottom.

## 2B Form Report

2B this year is composed of twenty girls and eleven boys. We have had lots of fun in this form. We have found it much pleasanter than we expected. Our form master is Mr. Anderton, who takes our boys for woodwork. We are very happy in this form with the teachers and most of the subjects. Most of the girls favour Cookery, and most of the boys favour Chemistry, while other girls and boys like English, French and Physical Education. The girls' games captain is Sheila Hulme, and it is a good thing that she is very good at games and gym. Everyone seems to be happy and settled in this form, because no-one is ever in a gloomy mood, and I can say we have all enjoyed the time we have spent in this form and we are looking forward to enjoying the future.

Elaine Rainford.

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## Form 2C Report or the Ballad of Rm. 17

This is our second year in the school and we have become used to the routine. We have all become members of at least one society and we like to think that we take an active part in them.

Our form master is Mr. Hilton who takes us for English and Music and as you can guess from the sub-title we occupy the Music Room, Rm. 17. I think I can safely say that the boys' favourite sport is football. I can also say that they are 14 in number while the girls number 16, a very satisfactory result.

Whenever there are important exams on then we are the unfortunate ones who have to find a temporary new home, but we persevere. To sum the report up I can say that we are satisfied with our form room and also with our form master.

A room 17ist.  
(Carol Hartley).

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## 3A Form Report

From our window we look upon a beautiful landscape. To the right is the gas-works, to the left is the Star Corn Mill, and straight ahead are the parcel sheds of Central Station.

We have several monitors in the form elected by Mr. Bickerstaffe, our form master. A few of the girls are trying their luck in the choir, for that nerve wracking day, Speech Day, and a majority of the class are in various societies.

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## 3B Form Report

We take up our pen in the year of Grace 1960 and endeavour to write our form report.

Our form master is Mr. Hollos. Our form room overlooks the Chemistry Lab. which is famous for its "Perfume from Paris" worth 9 guineas an ounce. The girls are extremely healthy owing to the great quantities of FREE milk consumed.

Our talents are not wholly devoted to the humorous side of school

life; we have quite a number of prizewinners in our midst. Joan Schofield, Joyce Eastwood and Susan Smith are on the netball teams, and Keith Holt is on the Oldham Town Team. Seven of our boys are on the football team. These are Holt, Beach, Slack, Shaw, Pleasant, Schofield and Dobson, who is also a harrier of no mean repute. The prizewinners are Joan Schofield—Domestic Science, and Joyce Eastwood—Physical Education. Carol Harrison honoured us by coming first in the Junior Reading Competition. The top of the form won the merit prize. Five members have beautiful voices and are members of the choir, three are members of the Film Society and eight in the Historical Society. Various other people are members of other societies.

And so, gentle reader, we bid thee farewell as the last drop of ink filters from our cheap pen.

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## 3G Form Report

This year's 3G is taken from half of last year's 2G and all last year's 2A girls except for one. We also have a new girl from North Chadderton.

Our form teacher is Mrs. Kuler who also takes some of us for French.

Many of the girls are in the various societies, the most popular being the Scripture Union.

A new experience this year is splitting up into sets for Maths. and French, and also taking Chemistry, Biology and Physics instead of "General Science."

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## 4L Form Report

Time has rushed on apace and again I force a form report to emerge from my mind. This year as my vacant stare sweeps the form room for inspiration it becomes obvious to me that I should record the fact that all the fourth forms consist of a re-assortment of last year's 3A, 3G and 3B. The heterogeneous collection that comprises this year's 4L is, in the main, girls, twenty-four of them in all shapes and sizes. The balance of the sexes is kept level, however, by the presence of six boys. This conclusively proves that one boy is equal to four girls, though this is made dubious when the girls don their war-paint, and come after our charity money. (Considering we are on the literary side of the school, one would expect them to know the meaning of 'voluntary'). Of course, this report is not meant to give rise to any fallacies that our girls are not examples of grace and deportment, although we boys do wish that they would remember that girls should be seen and definitely not heard. But 4L would not be the same without their happy babbling voices, just as it would lose something without the uncommunicative grunts of some of the boys. On the whole we are a friendly form, and we get on well with each other and with our form master, Mr. K. Wright.

Our "Great Expectations" are to do glory in the eyes of our teachers. That means work, but who cares? Since we are honourable students we are ambitious.

J.M.T.S.

## 4G Form Report

This year there are 20 girls and only 6 boys. In the form are a few sporting personalities. On the boys' side we have J. Barlow who has played for the Town Football Team this season. The school team has J. Barlow, T. Whitmore, P. Brown. We also have Johnny diving for us while I do the back-crawl. Our local artistic personality is C. Rowbottom. The only boys left are J. Hickling and A. Hughes whom I must mention or I shall not live to finish this report.

On the other side are the "weaker-sex," although they have managed to get a few sporting people, e.g. J. Gartside (Hockey), J. Baker and L. Pleasance (Swimming).

P. Brown.

## 5 Lit. Form Report

Le chalet des an(g)es, otherwise known as 5L, is found at the North end of the upper terrace of that famous health resort, Greenhill. In pleasant surroundings with glorious imitation sunlight, one finds a refuge from the cruel outside world and, of course, from work. The resort is three minutes from the railway (lines) and one minute from the gas works (two seconds by air). As for exercise, we are ideally situated, half an hour's brisk walk (with obstacles) from the playing fields. The artist is delighted by our abundant supply of antique objets d'art in original plywood frames. In fact we are so fond of our residence that some of us have doubts as to whether we shall leave it next year when the time comes. The residents try to keep to the principles of Faith, Hope and Charity. Faith in Mr. Wells, Hope to pass our G.C.E. and Charity every Thursday. So, in this rule-free atmosphere of comfort, health and illiteracy, we await your bookings and deposits.

## 5S Form Report

Owing to the great 5G take-over bid, 5S finds itself overloaded with 26 'gentlemen' and 7 young ladies. To say 5S has no hobbies would be untrue; to specify them would take too long. Many of the 4th form prizes were awarded to 5S—in fact we are a set of prize specimens. Our proudest possession was a new galvanised dustbin which stood underneath a large hole in the roof to catch the drips—of water.

## The Epistle of St. (?) Sextus or the Flower of the Sixth

Here beginneth the 200th chapter of St. (?) Sextus by the common populus—

- Verse 1. This year the female population of the "remnant" of last year's 5th has been invaded by a stranger of the opposite sex, an outcast who has flown into our eager arms from the depths of a place called Hollins County Secondary School, or so we are informed.
- Verse 2. Our habitat is the Biology Lab! or "Cookie's Little Paradise" where we are surrounded by charts, dissected rats and various other impedimenta, which the Science Mob (and what a mob!) claim to understand.

- Verse 3. The "good shepherd" of us, the "chosen few," is Mr. Cooke, who recently has been over-brimming with witticisms, not just witticisms, brethren, but criticisms (not the church sort, that's catechisms) and we are the unfortunate sufferers. Occasionally he has the (dis)pleasure of seeing ALL our smiling faces at registration.
- Verse 4. Among us we claim to hold 17 membership cards of four school societies (yes, we know that's three and two-fifths cards per person).
- Verse 5. Two very (dare we say it?) energetic female members profess to be members of the gallant, if not always victorious, hockey team, but they're trying—very trying! What would the hockey team do without them?—probably win!
- Verse 6. One of our females acts as the form tithe collector but as we don't believe in paying these forms of punishment, she often finds that she hasn't even got enough for her collection on Sunday morning (not that she ever puts any in!). As our pen and paper is running out we must finish in a hurry! Valete, Amici!

Here endeth the epistle.

CHAD.

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## Ode to a Chemy. Lab. and a Boon to Literature 6 Sc. Form Report

The lower sixth this year shows a decrease in numbers of 60%. 50% of this form are females—of which 33.3333% have been taken to hospital suffering grievous self-inflicted wounds.

An Outsider has also been to the Oldham Royal after sustaining serious injuries while participating in highly dangerous experiments, i.e. severe bromine burns—only to be met at hospital with the question "What is bromine?" After giving instructions for his treatment, the victim was allowed to leave.

This year's sixth prides itself on its mathematical prowess. Several of the upper sixth have been busy of late removing "L" plates from cars. Needless to say they have been busily removing other items besides "L" plates. But back to the subject! One "illustrious" member actually claims 90 m.p.h. from a Morris Minor— This claim is overshadowed only by two other claims from people entering "O" level for the fourth time.

The Trinitrophenols.

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## 6A Lit. Clamor ex bibliotheca

"Work, work, work, amidst the flower of youth  
Spirit-destroying work"  
"Pass the bottle"

Such then is the plight of the "sweet sixteen," once a happy innocent and carefree band, now burdened by the weight of genius and work. Many think we are mad, but that's not true for

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied

And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Indeed, the boys are very generous

"For their bounty

There is no winter in it, an Autumn 'tis

That grows the more by reaping."

(except that Sch----- never pays his

Charity contribution) The girls are extremely valiant.

"Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :

She that has that is clad in complete steel."

We have no commerce with the science mob,

"The blocks, the stones, the worse them senseless things."

With so much work to do we are absolutely worn out by

Friday afternoon and the usual comment by the staff is

"How sweet 6A Lit sleeps upon this bank,"

i.e. a library table. But on Monday morning after a

carefree weekend—except that half of it is spent in

doing homework—we are ready for another week's toil.

"Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more"—

by Tuesday that feeling has worn off, of course.

Being a sad lot we have our little dirge

"In liberal times 'ere rules were first brought in

Before to make a noise was called a sin

We noised and idled, everything we'd shirk

But now they make us do a heap of work "

Like every decent Society—for we are a

friendly and consolidated group,

"Unity is Strength"—we have our motto

which we faithfully rehearse each day at 3.59 and 30 secs :

"List, List!" for the sound of the final bell.

"Then down the lawns we run with headlong haste."

Our immediate superior—though we are

reluctant to think ourselves inferior—

is kind and gentle to us. He says,

"This is the English not the Turkish court!

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds

But Harry, Harry."

We also owe our (reluctant) allegiance to

"the French lord, Monsieur le Bon" and to

"salt Cleopatra" and, of course, to "broad-fronted Caesar."

Our only hope under all this pressure is

faithfully to follow and practise these famous words,

"Be bloody bold and resolute "

else "Birnam wood will come" to

Greenhill and that will be the end of us—

as this is the end of this.

"Farewell, farewell, parting is such sweet sorrow."

#### THE SWEET SIXTEEN.

P.S.—Our thanks to the great men of English literature who made all this possible.

# Recipe for Blackpool Pickled Ghoulash

All good cooks have in store a defunganized baking dish, suitable for making their pickled ghoulash. The only trouble is that most cooks do not know the best method of making this nutritious Lancashire dish. Three pounds of dehydrated Bordovian carrots are boiled with some camel's milk (dromedary milk is just as good). This makes a suitable base for your ghoulash. Seventeen ounces of Mexican red pepper and Chile sauce are added to spice the mixture. Five 'Bob Martins' are stirred into the pan of food and three pints of navy rum give a nice flavour. Methylated Spirits is good for colouring the ghoulash but a good brand of ink will do as well. The next ingredient, ground grumbleweed, can be bought at most undertakers'. This should be added sparingly as its bitter taste would destroy the fine mellow flavour of the Ammonia dichromate. A sock (vintage 1899) stewed at 90 deg. for about 25 years and grated gorgonzola and danish blue are added with some gin. (Bootleg if preferred). The ghoulash is cooked at 250 deg. F. overnight and afterwards six gallons of vinegar are added. Allow to mature between ten and twenty years. Take out and top up with prussic acid and there it is, ready for your guests.

Hyam A. Cook.

(An excerpt from De Crumpit's Lancashire Recipe Book)

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## The day we went under the Pennines

The date was the 23rd June, and the occasion was the periodic inspection of the Standedge Canal Tunnel, when a party of boys from the 4th and 6th Forms, accompanied by Mr. Wells, was able to accept a very kind invitation from the British Transport Commission to be present.

The Huddersfield Narrow Canal was originally constructed to link the West Riding with South Lancashire, and on the Lancashire side follows the string of dingy and grimy industrial centres which cling for sustenance to the narrow but hitherto very productive coalfield strip extending along the Tame Valley Fault to the Cheshire boundary. Stalybridge, Ashton, and Mossley are all linked by this canal, known a little to the north as the Greenfield Canal as it passes Uppermill and follows the major valley to Diggle. At about 600 feet above sea level it enters the Standedge Tunnel, one of three cut to carry the trans-Pennine communications through the main ridge to emerge about a half-mile from Marsden.

Here at the Canal terminal we were to assemble to join the main party and make our arrangements, and that meant a 'bus journey from Oldham over the Yorkshire moors on what turned out to be a rather grey,

overcast, and humid morning. Our comrades of the expedition included officials of British Railways and the British Waterways Commission, for whom this was a routine job of work. Running parallel to the two railway tunnels, the canal acts as drainage for them and although no longer used by traffic, it must be kept in good order lest it impair the efficiency of the railway. The frequent deluges of dirty water which we were alerted to dodge by those in front, convinced us of the importance of drainage and helped us to appreciate the necessity of this journey.

At both ends, the tunnel is reinforced by brick and mortar, whilst the whole of the inner section remains as it was hewn out of gritstone, now completely covered by one and a half centuries' deposit of black oily soot from the railway. In spite of its age, the canal remains in an excellent state of preservation, although there was evidence of earlier repairs, whilst



the original marks of the drills were clearly visible in the natural section. Our attention was drawn to the fact that the whole project was carried out by candlelight, ample testimony to the doughty work of the excavators.

Besides ourselves, the other passengers included a small party of canal enthusiasts from Coventry, one or two keen individuals, and a reporter for the "Yorkshire Evening News." Our party had speculated throughout the journey as to the kind of craft it would be in which we would undertake this memorable expedition. Soon we saw it, moored beside the canal bank, and approached by a very pleasant walk along the towing path. It was obviously of great age, possibly a converted Anglo-Saxon longship for all we knew; it bore some resemblance to one. We were assured that it was reasonably canal worthy and that it was one of the few surviving examples of a dumb-boat, a 70 foot long unpowered barge about 8 feet wide that used to be a familiar sight on the canal until about 1921 when traffic ceased.

The equipment included an old kitchen table (here was real luxury)

but no chairs. Light was provided by several large paraffin lamps which proved very effective in penetrating the canal gloom, and there were also some rather promising containers. When all were aboard, the motor was started and we chugged into the tunnel, steered by a helmsman at an enormous rudder, whilst another man stationed in the bows with a boat hook deftly manoeuvred our craft along the narrow channel barely nine feet wide and about 6 feet deep. The height of the roof allowed us to stand upright all the time, and although it was two and a half hours before we emerged at Diggle it was an interesting journey. The boys extracted all kinds of information about the construction of the tunnel, and several of the more knowledgeable adults explained that only picks and shovels and chisels were used, with dynamite charges to loosen the rock. It was particularly fascinating when we passed the enormous circular openings in the roof which were the ventilation shafts rising 600 feet to the open moor by the A62 road, and down which welcome draughts of cool fresh air occasionally helped to disperse the petrol fumes and engine smoke from the railway. Several boys collected examples of the rather unusual type of stalactite that hung from the roof.

About halfway we stopped and it was then, when the engine was quiet that we realised what an eerie place this was, deep down in the heart of the Pennines. But only until the contents of those promising containers had revealed themselves to be hot coffee and biscuits, and then there was great enthusiasm for this very welcome repast. Some took the opportunity of scrambling through the "headings" connecting the canal tunnel with the down line of the Leeds to Manchester railway. Once the journey was resumed, it seemed only a comparatively short time before we were emerging at Diggle into the open air—and the rain!

After eating our packed lunches in the shelter of Diggle Primary School, by kind permission of the headmaster, a friend of Mr. Wells, we set out to walk to Denshaw thinking the rain might cease. Unfortunately we encountered several very heavy showers in the vicinity of the Roman Fort at Castleshaw, and were so wet on arrival at the bus stop that it was wisest to go straight home and change.

This was a rather depressing anticlimax to an otherwise extremely memorable occasion, and for which we are grateful to the British Transport Commission.

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## School Trip to Italy

### (July 30th-August 11th, 1960)

Saturday, 30th July, was a memorable day for twenty-six pupils of Greenhill Grammar School. We were on our way to Italy. We left Oldham, West Street, at 6-30 a.m. and arrived in London at mid-day. After a pleasant crossing from Folkestone to Calais we boarded a train for Basle where we breakfasted gratefully. At 6 a.m. we caught the train for Venice, but unfortunately we were delayed for two hours at Milan so that we did not arrive at our destination until 7-30 p.m. on Sunday evening.

Tired but happy we sampled our first Italian meal, SPAGHETTI. Our first impression of Venice was of a busy bustling city. Public boats instead of buses seemed a little strange to us at first, but after a couple of days we boarded them like seasoned Venetians. That evening we took a short stroll through the city, the girls being invaded by the male population of Venice. The following morning we paid an interesting visit to a glass factory on the island of Murano where souvenirs were bought by many of us. In the afternoon we visited San Marco, seeing the ancient church, the

Palace and the bell-tower. The following afternoon we went swimming at the Lido in the Adriatic.

Early on Wednesday morning we set off for Rimini, further down the coast, arriving there at mid-day. The hotels and food were much better here, fruit forming our staple diet. Our days were filled with swimming and sunbathing, including a visit to San Marino, a tiny republic, high up



in the mountains. On one occasion night attire was displayed on a balcony much to the dismay of certain males in our party. Reluctantly we left Rimini on Sunday morning for Rome.

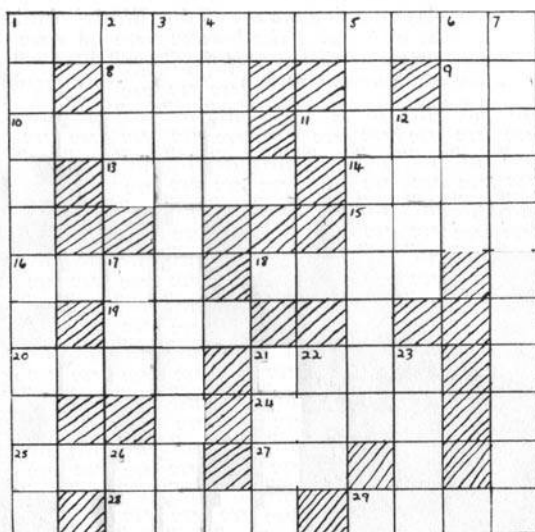
We arrived in Rome late on Sunday afternoon. The city was very crowded and we saw many signposts and other constructions relating to the forthcoming Olympic Games. On Monday morning we visited the ancient Roman port of Ostia, some of our members bathing in the Mediterranean, and in the afternoon we saw the famous church of St. Peter's in the Vatican City. The following day we rounded off our stay in Rome with a visit to the catacombs near the church of San Sebastian on the Appian Way. During our stay we also saw the Colosseum, the famous Fountain of Trevi, Trajan's Column and Forum and the Pantheon.

We left Rome on Wednesday morning for our long homeward journey. At Basle we had a midnight meal and afterwards boarded the train for Calais. After a slightly rough Channel crossing in the pouring rain we landed at Folkestone, where we were delayed by the Customs Officers, and then travelled via London to Victoria Station, Manchester. A coach conveyed us to West Street where Mr. Higson and many parents were waiting to meet us.

We are sure we speak for everyone when we say that we had a thoroughly enjoyable holiday and give grateful thanks to Mr. & Mrs. Bickerstaffe who so kindly and efficiently organised the holiday.

J.C., A.H., D.R., S.T.

# Crossword



## Across.

1. Cup is a rifle—on the surface! (11)
8. United Nations Organisation (Abb.) (3)
9. Abbreviated compass point. (2)
10. Flat bottomed boats—driven by poles (5)
11. A contrivance for interlocking parts for fastening (5)
13. A dry prophet? (4)
14. Or German river (4)
15. Container found in Inca settlements (4)
16. Take ado from petrel for success in some measure (4)
18. Devonian river (4)
19. Are mixed for hearing (3)
20. Abominable snowman? (4)
21. Prefix before (4)
24. European industrial area (4)
25. Besides (4)
27. And, French too (2)
28. Song from Safari, African variety (4)
29. Leonard's glass? (4)

## Down.

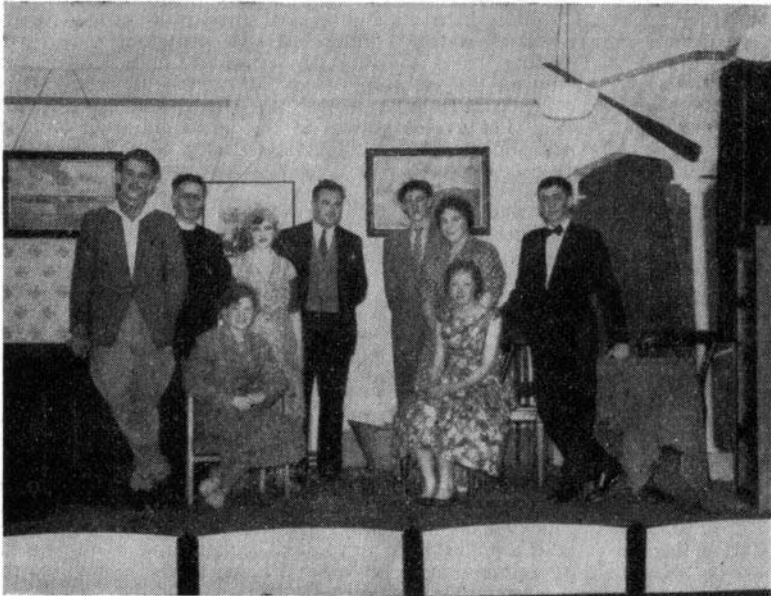
1. Vegetable organisms living or decayed organic matter (11)
2. Pounds earth—or plays on words (4)
3. I rent ten era—does he amuse you? (11)
4. A flower to make you sore? (4)
5. Even in — or calomel? I cannot tell! (W. S. Gilbert) (9)
6. Donkeys (5)
7. Launch peers at the little people (11)
12. Composer of 'Si j'étais roi' (4)
17. Twice five reversed to fish (3)
21. Lxb of rectangle or  $\pi r^2$  of Circle (4)
22. Backward cask may give hazel (3)
23. This is real Irish (4)
26. South Africa (abb.) (2)

Solution on page 45.

# The Poltergeist

This year the Dramatic Society's production was "The Poltergeist," a farce in three acts. The story is not quite so simple. A poltergeist invades a country vicarage, having as its medium one of the vicar's daughters. The plot deals with the removal of this phenomenon, but unfortunately it is only transferred to the daily help.

Harris, the central figure, was brilliantly portrayed by Steven Shaw, complete with a well cultivated cockney accent. His part of an Insurance



Representative called for a deal of zest and liveliness, in both of which Shaw excelled.

Catherine Smith was very good as the upset vicar's wife, even though at times she perhaps was not quite so stately for her supposed years.

Tony Kerr played the part of the worried, disbelieving Rev. Prescott quite admirably.

Joyce and Audrey, the Vicar's daughters, were played by Joan Bent and Christobel Taylor respectively. They were both as feminine and lady-like as one could expect them to be.

Olive, the daily help, was admirably portrayed by Mavis Fielding, who was full of life and bounce.

Kevin Dronsfield's performance as Ebury, a young psychical investigator, was carried out very well, although he tended to rush his speech a little too much.

Roger Worthington gave a very brief but commendable performance as Bobby, Joyce's young man.

The task of production was in the capable hands of Mr. Handforth, who also made an excellent Farmer Coplestone.

D. Cadman, VIB. Lit.

# Greenhill—Cultural Centre of the North

As we journey over the picturesque Pont de la Rue Gaz, and descend the magnificent Greengate Autobahn, we sense an atmosphere, an invisible force tapping something latent within us, something older than rock'n' roll, more potent than the fragrance of chipped potatoes dispersed on an air of delicate putrefaction, and more enticing than a handful of soap coupons. Something is stirred within us, primitive, unsullied by civilisation, and compelling in the rippling sensation that thrills through our blood capillaries. Robed in a time-honoured shroud of grime stands Greenhill Grammar School, stately, honourable, and victorious over time. Even the plaster falling from the ceiling leaves it only under the irresistible force of the mighty vibrations from the scratch of pens. This is the pulsing heart of culture in a world of industrial filth, political cataclysms and I.T.V. Let us journey in at the main entrance on our magic carpet of fancy and weave the colourful tapestry of a typical day in Greenhill.

A masculine figure bars our way with a cheerful scowl and addresses us in a tiny howl :

It is an ancient professeur,  
And our way he now doth block,  
"By thy gaudy shirt, and entrance mode—  
See me at four o'clock !"

He hastens on his happy way, a goblet brimming with ambrosial liquids à la main. We drift along past the Biology Laboratory to the Lower Hall. The clock on the wall reads twenty to eight, which means it is ten past twelve. A man in a white coat follows us to look at the venerable time-piece, but we journey on our way. On the left are the classrooms of the first form, where the pupils are engaged in various attitudes of study—sleeping, consuming Mars bars, and playing poker. We pause a while amongst the jungle of tables as a bell resounds within the hallowed walls. Within seconds the lucky ones are hurrying home, the more unfortunate seating themselves at the tables with perforated beakers and hand-twisted spoons. Let us float amongst these tables, and listen to the comments of the students as they consume their victuals—

"Is this a dinner which I see before me,  
The Cabbage crawling on my hand?"

"'Tis dinner and the slithy toves  
Do gyre and gimble in the gravy,  
The meat is as tough as an iron bar,  
And the spuds are soft and wavy."

During this time of refreshment, one person is particularly in evidence. It is our old friend with his goblet of tea (same goblet, same tea). He is standing at the foot of the boys' staircase, and is endeavouring to paper the library wall with "misguided individuals." Let us steal up behind him, and peer over his shoulders as unsuspecting boys descend the stairs. He chuckles inwardly. We hear him speak.

"If you have caps prepare to don them now.  
You all do know this strap. I remember  
The first fathead I ever did strap,  
He was walking up Park Road without a cap.  
I caught him. Hah! Hah!"

We leave the lower storey of the school building, and ascend the stairs to the second storey. Prefects try to send us down, but we ignore them ; after all who doesn't ?

We stop outside the fourth form French set. A man with a goblet of tea, and a familiar face is teaching French. We take our magic carpet right into his mind where we can read every thought, and look through his eyes. Let us listen for a moment to his thoughts.

"Fatheads—' Ils sont.' You can pass your exams on your verbs alone. I'm always telling them that. Oh! why do I bother? They'll be crying a year next August. They did it last year—Fatheads. We are gathered here for a religious service—oh, no! that's reserved for tomorrow's assembly. I'll terrify them tomorrow. Whoever stands third along on the second row—I'll have him. And then there's 3B boys—misguided individuals—wish I could think of something to nail them for. Is that boy chewing there? No?—Pity! Still, I'll ask him an impossible question, while I try to get this piece of chalk on that ledge. Missed again. I'll teach you to laugh—Fatheads!"

With reluctance we leave the French lesson. Our time is running out. It is the last lesson. We fly along the upper corridor to the music room, where we can hear a cultural sound.

"One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock." A manly voice suddenly blasts through the walls,

"It's now or never, and volume tells,  
"I'll bet you sixpence, I'll vex Mr. Wells,  
My great voice will fill the school  
"I'll kill concentration, man, I'm real cool."

We drift along down the stairs. As we pass the cloak room, someone with an armful of scarves stands in the doorway. We move on. A bell rings throughout the building. Our time is up.

As we emerge again into a world of ignorance, savagery, and Elvis Presley, we pause for a moment in a last tribute to this fine, ancient, venerable school of culture. As the setting sun fails to bathe it in a rosy hue of beauty, owing to the eddies of industrial smog, we perceive a light burning in the classroom of 4G. We glide up to the window sill on our magic carpet of fantasy. A man stands within, with a purple countenance, who but for this exaggerated facial pigmentation is vaguely familiar. We place our noses against the dirty panes, and lean our elbows on the sill. Half of it collapses and clatters down to the Trou du binge. We strain our ears to catch his words, but we need not bother. His voice all but shatters the glass.

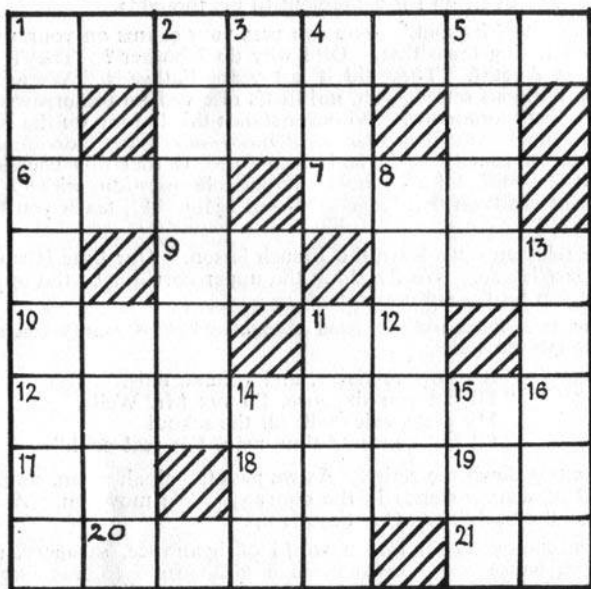
It is a livid professeur  
And he detaineth poor 4G  
"By this almighty, three foot strap  
Admit who pinched my tea!"

## Another Bird of "Pray"

She sharp surveys the female lines,  
And glares around for treason signs,  
Of claws too long, or feathers wide,  
Or shortened wings they try to hide;  
She flies around the blue-birds' nests,  
And scarves or pretty things she wrests.  
Then fluttering back to her repose,  
Fresh rules she dreams up to impose,  
To clip their wings, each 'prisoned miss,  
To kill all lovebirds' smile or kiss;  
Why, don't you know? It's all the rage!  
To keep your loved ones in a cage!

A.C.

# Chem.-Crossword



### Across.

1. Ether (8)
6. Kipps (3)
7. A vapour density (2)
9. De-hydrate oxalic acid (2)
10. Sometimes heavy (3)
12. Acid anhydride (3)
14. Caustic soda on aluminium (4)
15. At. wt. Na (2)
17. "Tails" mercury (2)
18. Formed in same way as oxide, nitride and chloride of this alkaline earth metal (3)
19. Used in photography (2)
20. Forms perchlorates (4)
21. Halogen (2)

### Down.

1. Try preparation of ethylene (8)
2.  $--- + 6HCl = 3FeCl + 3H_2S$  (3)
3.  $3 --- = 2O_3$  (2)
4. M. Wt. = 76 (3)
5.  $Zn + 2 --- = Zn(ClO_4)_2 + H_2$  (4)
8. Reducing Agent (2)
9. Lime Water (3)
11. Reducing Agent (4)
12. Yellow explosive gas (3)
16.  $6KOH + --- = 5KBr + KBrO_3 + 3H_2O$  (3)
18. Slake it (2)
19. Precht's process (2)

Solution on page 45.

## "First Encounter"

"Bandits, eight o'clock!"

Ryan jerked to nervous attention as the words tinkled in his ear-phones. It was his first engagement with the enemy. He peered through the perspex of his cockpit into the deep blue of the sky. An undulating plain of clouds floated below, shining in the June sun, and through the many gaps in the fleecy silver the vast ocean below glittered like a great glass studded with small patches of brown and green. Somewhere below that endless glimmering carpet was England . . . and Wendy.

"Bandits, eight o'clock!"

He turned his head and stared with steel blue eyes into the crystal clarity of the sky. His hands trembled on the controls and a sick lump settled in his stomach. He was more afraid of being afraid than for his life. He thought of Wendy and the garden at home; the river on a dreamy evening with the scent of lilac on the cool breeze; the game of cricket on Saturday afternoons, and the drive to the covees; the Cliffs at Beachy Head, and the boats crawling in the Channel. But most of all he thought of Wendy and his unborn child.

"Bandits, eight o'clock!"

A nerve twitched rebelliously in his leg. Yes, it was his duty to help to save England, and to make it a land of peace to bring up his child in. Even if he died he must do his best. He gazed around, and saw the enemy. Eight of them. He looked at his companions. The Hurricanes were in perfect formation, masters of the air, man's supreme conquest of the element that had lain above him for thousands of years. He spotted Ginger with his fuzz of red hair, and the ten swastikas painted on his plane, indicating ten German aircraft 'bagged.' Yes, Ginger was an ace! He wondered if Ginger ever felt afraid.

"Bandits, eight o'clock!"

He eased back the stick, and zoomed upwards. A thrill ran through his veins as he felt the plane respond to his touch. He seemed to be suspended on the spinning propeller as he nosed towards the enemy. Tracer flashed past him, and he was amongst wolves. A Focke-Wulf loomed ahead, apparently floating into his gunsights. For one brief moment it was there, and he saw his bullets trace a line of punctured holes along the painted fuselage. The pilot jerked un-naturally, and his plane went into a spin. How he hated doing that!

He heard a rattle on his port side and something red hot tore into his leg. He jerked his Hurricane around, and slipped out of the line of fire. All around him the air was full of tracer, and zooming and plunging aircraft. More bullets shot past him and gouged into the nose of the Hurricane. He had a Jerry on his tail. If he did not shake him off----- For one moment he panicked. He waited paralysed for the bullets to plough into him. They never came.

And as he flung his plane into a half-turn he knew why. The Jerry was plunging earthwards smoke gushing out in a dense, oily column, and with angry flames licking at the fuselage and wings. Ginger had bagged another one, and saved his life. He had never realised before just how precious life was. A silent prayer rose to his lips, a prayer of thankfulness.

The sky was shedding crippled German aircraft to the rippling carpet of clouds at an ever-increasing rate. All the time Ginger seemed to be zooming around him fighting off the attacks of the Focke-Wulfes. He gained confidence under this cover, and shot down another of the enemy.

The German 'plane seemed to erupt in a sudden cloud of dense, black smoke, and a brilliant orange flash. When his plane tore through the claving vapour of the vanquished, Ginger was still with him.

He searched around for the enemy, but the sky was clear except for six Hurricanes. His relief was like a physical shock. He gazed thankfully at Ginger who "wagged his wings." The order to return to base sounded like music. The six aircraft glided down through the cloud layer, and soon the cliffs of Dover were shining at them in the late afternoon sunlight.

The green of the airfield, and its ribands of tarmac, laid themselves out like a map before him, as he slowly lost height and turned for his landing run. He hardly felt the bump as the wheels struck the tarmac runway, he was so elated. As the 'plane rumbled to a stop, he raised himself out of the cockpit. The bullet in his leg made him limp, but he tried to forget it. He waited beside his 'plane for Ginger, but he could not see him.

Marlowe had taxied near to him. He would know where Ginger was. He limped across to the pilot just as he was scrambling out of the cockpit.

"Where's Ginger?" Ryan asked, "I want to thank him for helping me out of some tricky spots."

Marlowe stared at him in astonishment. He wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead with a greasy hand and said, "Ginger? I'm sorry, old boy, but he never stood a chance. Jerry jumped him right at the beginning of the fight. Three of them. Never stood a chance!"

Mike Stanford.

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## Ode on the implication of working in a brewery's bottling department

"Bottles galore!" The number of bottles passing through to be washed, checked, filled, labelled and finally packed into "boxes" ready for delivery averages approx. 6,500 per week.

Hour after hour  
At the same steady rate  
Quick off the belt with 'em  
Into the crate;  
Onto the chute with it,  
Down to the stack;  
Hour after hour  
Oh, my poor, aching back!

Put down the second crate  
On number one  
Hour after hour  
At the same, steady rate;  
And so they go up  
Till they reach number eight  
Stack after stack  
After stack after stack;  
Hour after hour  
Oh, my poor, aching back.

Tea-Totaller (HIC!)

# "The Unforgiven" by a Supporter

Saturday morning, the fateful hour,  
It has come round at last,  
And under their blankets the players cower,  
Knowing the die has been cast.

Eleven fine lassies, sturdy and stout,  
(They say that they've got heavy bones),  
Trek to the field, their opponents to rout,  
Encouraged by hopeful Miss Jones.

There's a bevy of females, all highly skilled,  
But the inner's the best of them all ;  
As she flashes upfield she's iron willed ;  
It's a pity she hasn't the ball.

The half-back's just clobbered the winger I fear ;  
I can see she's getting quite mad,  
Miss Jones makes her objective quite clear  
When she says, " That is really too bad."

They've lost again but it's not such a sin ;  
Some just are not born to play ;  
But to celebrate their very first win,  
The school will be closed for the day !

---

## Comments by Chad

Mrs. Lees	Let's have a ding dong.
Joe the patrolman	Lolli-pop.
The men's staffroom (or across the yard !)	Smoke gets in your eyes.
The editor	A fool such as I.
The Upper VI before leaving	Let's think about livin' ?
The caretaker	There's a hole in my bucket.
The prefect reading the lesson, at full assembly	Voice in the wilderness.
Boys' lines	Schoolboy crush.
The prefects' complaint	You talk too much !
Everybody	I (we) wanna go home ! ! ! !
The men on the staff	16 reasons ? ? ? ? ?
End of term	So sad ? ? ? ? ?
Chemmy Prac.	Hit and miss ?
Lab. Steward	As long as he needs me !
The upper hall	God's little Acre.
School dinners	Ma, I miss your apple pie.
Seen after P.T.	Running bear ?
Permission to speak, sir ?	Mais, oui !
At the Ladies' Staffroom Door	Fools step in where angels fear to tread.
The noise in school	That's the sound of the men working on the chain gang !

# Film Review, 1960

1960 has been a very eventful year in the film industry. Warner Sisters film, "The Goblute from Beneath the Sewers," was voted the best film of the year, starring such renowned people as Sir Lawrence Guinness, and Miss Felicite Hewlote. In this film, Bongo, the giant gorilla, appears in the middle of New York one summer's evening and terrorises some innocent Cookies' runners. Eventually, Mark Runnerbean with Professor von Brickleboot trap and kill it in a London sewer. On the whole, this film is very exciting and will hold you in suspense. Mr. Albert Mitchcock, G.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., I.T.V., B.B.C., has received the "Toscar" for the best director of the year. He directed the the delightful comedy "Physco."

The "Toscars" for best actor and actresses of the year go to Sidney Hames and Priscilla Entwistle for their parts in "Sorefeet super-elasticised corn plasters" an advertisement from Corny Hikers Ltd.

## Remember

Do your feet suffer from Night Starvation? Beri-Beri? Black Death? Bubonic Plague? Malaria?

If they do, use "Sore Feet" super-elasticised corn plasters.

## On Parade

Mr. -E--L-Y	Walk don't Run.
Mr. M--TI-	Frankfort Special.
Mr. -A-TM-L-	A Mess of Blues.
Mr. C-O-E	Dream Along with Me.
Mr. -OG-	Doin' the best I can.
Mr. K. W-I-H-	Why Don't They Understand?
Mr. CO-	Whizzin' away along de track.
Mr. H-L--S	Football Crazy.
Mr. -IC---ST--F-	Guerny Slade.
Mr. G. WR-G--	Wild One.
Mr. H-LL--E-L	Where Did I make my Mistake?
Mr. -ET-O--	What time Is It?
Mr. H--TO-	Sing Like an Angel.
Mr. W-L-S	Talk that Talk.
Mr. -EMP--T	Got a Match?
Mr. K--T	Early in the Morning.
Mr. A-DE--O-	Choppin' 'n' Changin'.
Mr. H-N-F-R--	You're So Square.
Mr. -IV-S--	Fings ain't What they used to be.
Mr. P-T---D	} Togetherness
Mr. K. W---H-	
Mrs. C-AR--	Apron Strings.
Mrs. --LE-	Poetry in Motion.
Mrs. F-R-	We'll Meet Again(?)
Miss --RNE-	Queen of the Hop.
Miss -O-ES	Please help me I'm falling.
Miss -A-L-R	Tutti Frutti.
Miss -EA--Y	Gettin' to know you.

## September '45

The sun gleams on the Western Sill,  
And scarlet-scalds the dying day,  
Writhing rivers blush 'neath his gaze,  
Woodsmoke purples in wreathing haze  
From the cottages under the hill.

The rustling hills are all a-flame, crimson and scarlet flecked,  
While rippling in the evening glow, skim curling clouds bedecked  
In lilac, tarnished tendrils of gaseous gold  
Twining around the mountain fold.

The old hills, mustered with darkening trees,  
Lie lonely, thrilled by sylphine breeze  
That rustles viewless through the boughs  
And out to where the cowslips browse  
On puddling shades of night.

The village stirs amidst the moors,  
And gas-light trickles 'neath the doors,  
Over at the old stone inn,  
Villagers swill and joke within  
While in the paths that wind around,  
Soft-hushed by Silence's own sound,  
That murmurs moods around, above,  
And carols purling words of love,  
Young lovers wander hid from sight  
Amidst the sinking shades of night,  
Dappling shadows near the fen,  
Dusking dreamers lingering long,  
As slipping stream in silver song  
Syrups softly through the glen.

An ancient Ford gasps up the hill  
The tarmac twists, the cats' eyes wink,  
A spent Swan Vesta flies, lies still :  
A fickle glow of a cigarette  
Dulls on dust, and gleams on sweat,  
Two weary hands hang on the wheel,  
The incline's inches the tyres feel :  
The headlights stroke the sleeping brink,  
The old jalopy jolts and jades,  
The chassis creaks, the axles groan,  
The feeble engine falters, fades.

Unravished 'neath a filmy dusk the vespere valley lies,  
Slumb'ring deep in languid scents of Autumn's fragrant sighs.

The driver stumbles from his cab  
A smile dissolves upon his lips,  
His harassed gaze he weary-dips  
Beyond the woods and o'er the meads  
To a tiny smudge where a window bleeds,  
A window of a cottage, a cottage by the fen,  
The war is o'er, the battles won, the soldier's home again.

M.S.

## "That Flesh is Heir to"

Sheran Garner swung the Vauxhall around the bends erratically. The headlights forged ahead in twin paths of silver thrusting over the sides of the mountain roadway. Over a thousand feet below a mountain stream dashed itself against jagged rocks in iridescent drops of liquid moonlight, and a haze of glimmering moisture. A vertical wall of grey rock loomed high on the inner side of the descending road, and occasionally pieces of quartzite, polished by the high winds, glittered wickedly at the driver. She slowed down appreciably.

Speed would not help her. It was only her simmering fury that kept her foot on the accelerator. Anger always leads to carelessness. She slowed down still further. The clock on the dashboard read ten o'clock, and she had another ten miles to Saint-Marceau. He would be waiting for her at the hotel, or in some sleazy cafe with his mistress. Well, Colin Garner was not going to get his divorce; she had told him so quite forcibly on the telephone, and she had not changed her mind. Of course, he would not like that. She knew him. He would first flatter, then plead, then storm and finally drink himself insensible. Yes, she knew him. Yet for all that she loved him, and she would not divorce him.

A figure, standing by the edge of the road, was lit up quite suddenly by the headlights as they swung in an arc. It was a woman, and she was waving her arms for Sheran to stop. She eased on the brake, and cruised to a stop beside her. A scything mountain breeze sent a violent, unnatural shiver through her as she opened the car door.

"Want a lift?" she asked. The woman nodded gratefully, and slid into the vacant seat. The moonlight traced her contours as the car glided forward once again.

She was dressed in a tight-fitting black satin dress which closely clung to each curve of her body. A pair of black high-heeled shoes swung on her toes as she eased them off for comfort. Sheran was puzzled. What on earth was she doing dressed like that in such a lonely and forbidding spot? The woman had not even spoken yet.

"Are you going far?" inquired Sheran. "I can take you as far as Saint-Marceau." There appeared to be no response. "I don't think I know your name?"

The woman turned amber eyes upon her, and Sheran noticed a vivid pink flash in her blonde hair.

"My name's Cara," she replied in a distant voice that caused an inexplicable chill to ripple through Sheran. She continued, "I don't think you will be going to Saint-Marceau, Mrs. Garner."

Sheran jerked involuntarily and the car started to skid. She wrenched the wheel around, and regained control.

"What do you mean? How do you know my name?"

"I know everything, Mrs. Garner," she answered.

The atmosphere of the car seemed to swirl in eddies of tension, and Cara's voice seemed to come from a long, long corridor echoing and re-echoing until it rang with throbbing resonance in Sheran's brain. A numbness stole over her, and her eyes temporarily lost focus. She found herself saying, "Who are you?" over and over again.

"Just Cara," breathed the woman with the pink flash in her hair. The "r" seemed to roll on and on . . . . .

"What do you mean? You don't think I'll get to Saint-Marceau? Of course, I will!"

"You are going much further than that, my angel. I've come to take you with me." The car started to zig-zag crazily in Sheran's weakening grip. The steering wheel seemed locked in a vice under her sweating palms. "How old are you?" "Twenty seven!" "I thought so. Still, we take them young as well as old."

"Who are you? WHO ARE YOU?" The car spun, and the road dissolved.

"Death, my dear," she whispered. "My name is Death!"

Something snapped in Sheran's brain.



A dreamy melody stole across the river to where Colin Garner was sitting outside the Bistro Antoine in Saint-Marceau. As he sipped a lager, a young woman approached and he rose and met her with a discreet embrace. He led her to the old stone bridge over the river. A mountain breeze with the scent of pine rippled around them as they stood, arms around each other, watching the night-life of Saint-Marceau reflected in the moving, colour-splashed mirror of the river's shimmering surface.

"It's all right, honey," she told him in a husky, seductive whisper, "her heart was weak just as you said. The strain was too much for her. We can get married now."

As she rose on her toes to a passionate kiss, the moonlight glimmered for a moment on a vivid pink flash in her blonde hair.

Alvin Camden.

---

## Smut

He scrambled up the curtains,  
He pulled them all to bits,  
He ate up all the jelly,  
We all had forty fits,  
He was very sorry, but  
He really couldn't help it,  
                    Couldn't Smut.

He climbed upon the table  
He ate up all the jam  
He went into the larder  
And gobbled up the ham,  
He was very sorry, but  
He really couldn't help it,  
                    Couldn't Smut.

Rosemary Hughes, 2A.

---

## A Weekend Holiday at Capel Curig

On 15th April members of the Historical Society met at Central Station, Oldham, from where we travelled to Manchester and then to Llandudno Junction. A coach took us to the Youth Hostel at Capel Curig. That Friday afternoon we walked to Swallow Falls and back. On our

way we visited the "Ugly House," which was shown on television a few months later.

The following day we left the Hostel at about 10 a.m., and spent the day travelling by coach to various castles. Our first stop was at Harlech Castle, after which we went to Port Maddock where we had dinner. After visiting Caernarvon Castle we crossed over the Menai Bridge to Anglesey. Then we continued to Conway Castle. This, however, was closed by the time we arrived; so we had half an hour to look round Conway. We then returned to the Hostel.

On the Sunday morning a few went to the 7 a.m. Communion. Then, soon after breakfast, we set out for Snowdon. After almost two and a half hours we reached the bottom of it. Then we began to follow the Pyg track up Snowdon—or at any rate the remains of the Pyg track. Two



and a half hours later everyone was beginning to tire. Seven people decided not to continue, and so everyone else left duffle bags and rucksacks with them. Further up more were left behind. Eventually the remains of the party reached the summit, where a group photograph was taken. All met again at about 4 p.m. The way down was rather different. We slid. After a mixture of sliding, climbing, jumping and falling all safely reached the bottom.

The following day the majority were stiff and full of blisters, but nevertheless some went for another walk. Most, though, caught the bus to Betws-y-Coed. There ten people found themselves rather an unusual cafe, which caused much amusement. At about 4 p.m. everyone met once more at Capel Curig. We then left for home.

All are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Bickerstaffe, who did so much work on our behalf, and made the holiday such a success.

MAVIS FIELDING, 6B Lit.

## Solution to Crossword on Page 32

**Across.** 1 Superficial, 8 UNO, 9 SE, 10 Punts, 11 Clasp, 13 Seer, 14 Oder, 15 Case, 16 Pint, 18 Plym, 19 Ear, 20 Yeti, 21 Ante, 24 Ruhr, 25 Else, 27 Et, 28 Aria, 29 Lens.

**Down.** 1 Saprophytes, 2 Puns, 3 Entertainer, 4 Rose, 5 Colocynth, 6 Asses, 7 Leprechauns, 12 Adam, 17 Net, 21 Area, 22 Nut, 23 Erse, 26 SA.

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## Solution to Crossword on Page 36

**Across :** 1  $\text{CH}_3\text{OC}_2\text{H}_5$ , 6  $\text{H}_2\text{S}$ , 7 22, 9 CO, 10  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ , 12  $\text{SO}_2$ , 14  $\text{NaAlO}_2$ , 15 23, 17 03, 18  $\text{CaH}_2$ , 19 KBr, 20  $\text{HCIO}_4$ , 21  $\text{Cl}_2$ .

**Down :** 1  $\text{C}_2\text{H}_5\text{HSO}_4$ , 2  $3\text{FeS}$ , 3 02, 4  $\text{CS}_2$ , 5  $\text{HCIO}_4$ , 8 2H, 9  $\text{CO}_2$ , 11  $\text{LiAlH}_4$ , 12  $\text{ClO}_2$ , 13  $\text{HCl}$ , 16  $3\text{Br}_2$ , 18  $\text{CaO}$ , 19  $\text{KCl}$ .

TO SET A



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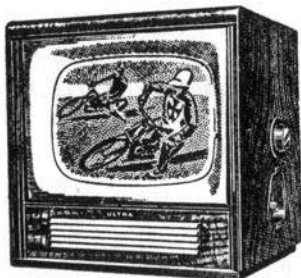
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