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THE GREENHILLIAN

★

The Magazine of
GREENHILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL
OLDHAM

★

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★

Editorial

Education has changed radically since the beginning of this century. We are I think quite fortunate in the respect that our education is guided to a certain extent by findings of psychologists although we agree that the system is not yet complete.

At one time there was a widespread belief that only a limited number of mental faculties needed to be trained, and that once these had been trained, they could be used in a wide variety of situations. For example we have the fallacy that the study of mathematics (or Latin) exercises the mind so that a person can think more logically in other subjects. Carried further this idea gave rise to the suggestion that children taught to be neat in arithmetic, etc., would develop neatness in their personal habits. This general notion is known as the theory of transfer, and was disproved by experiments performed about 1940. There was evidence for some positive transfer, but in each case this was too small to provide conclusive proof for the theory. We now realise that it is not possible to instil an ability through sheer exercise of a faculty.

Modern theory of education suggests that the aim should be to provide the greatest amount of transfer from school subjects to everyday life. Here surely we have an argument for jettisoning all these outdated arithmetic books which contain problems where a shopkeeper sells three pounds of sugar for eight pence! We know that a person's abilities and personality change in the course of development. This knowledge should enable us to decide on a course of teaching comparable with the individual's potential. In this respect the British education system would seem to be at fault. Little concession is made towards teaching pupils to live usefully in society, and too much emphasis is laid on academic prowess. Social values after all govern so many details of human affairs. So many teachers claim that a sense of values should be instilled by parents. Perhaps so for the younger child, but once a child progresses to secondary school he spends seven hours a day there, on five days a week. Schools have a great responsibility towards their pupils, and I think we are fortunate that modern teachers realise this.

School Notes

We would like to apologise for the delay in publication of this issue of the magazine, and also thank all our readers for being patient. We hope you will continue to support us in the future.

At the end of last school year we were unfortunate in losing the services of five members of staff. Mr. Petford, Mr. K. Wright, Mr. Handforth and Miss Taylor had been with us for several years, and will be greatly missed. Mr. Bickerstaffe, although a comparative newcomer to the school made himself extremely popular, and his leadership will be especially missed in the Historical Society. We would like to thank all five for their services to the school, and we wish them well in the future. This seems a fitting time to welcome to the school Miss Gough, Miss Singleton, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Janes, Mr. Toms and Mr. Whitworth, and we hope that they will enjoy their stay with us.

We have news now of former pupils who have been successful in their chosen fields. Robert Millward gained a First Class degree in Economics, Neil Thornley a B.Sc. (Textiles), and Pat Greenall became the school's first Doctor by gaining a Ch.B. More recently we have heard

that Leslie Kershaw, Frank Briggs and Fred Ogden have gained B.Sc. (Honours) degrees, and Rodney Smith a B.Sc. To all these people we offer our congratulations, admittedly rather late in some cases.

The societies continue to flourish. The Scientific Society, the oldest and most popular of the societies, had another successful year, and its annual dance was a great success. The Society will greatly miss Mr. Petford and we should like to welcome Mr. Janes who will take his place.

At the beginning of the year the Dramatic and Debating Society passed a resolution to the effect that they would be more active. True, they held meetings more frequently, but unfortunately presented only one play, Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit". The Society will sadly miss Mr. K. Wright, and we hope that he will be happy in his new post at Hathershaw Technical High School.

The Chess Club, the newest society, had a successful year, and the meetings of the Film Society were enjoyed by all who attended.

Members of the Historical Society started a museum at the beginning of the year, many interesting exhibits being on view in the Lower Hall. The Society held its annual dance at the end of last term, and made a presentation to Mr. Bickerstaffe in the course of the evening.

We are indebted to Mr. G. Cox, former P.E. Instructor at this school, for giving to the school a trophy, named, in memory of Stephen Brierley, "The Stephen Brierley Trophy for Sportsmanship". Last year this was awarded to Steven Shaw.

Mr. Tempest and Mr. Handforth took a party to Spain during August; the trip was enjoyed by all. The previous summer these two members of staff and Mrs. Kuler took a party to France. This too was successful, and probably was the cause of the wide response for the trip to Spain this year.

We would like to congratulate Miss Jones on her marriage, and Mr. Petford on the birth of his daughter.

G.C.E. Results

ORDINARY LEVEL

Form 5L—K. A. Dawson (4), K. Malcolmson (4), S. Powell (2), P. B. Shaw (2), J. M. T. Sutcliffe (8), R. Wolstenholme (6), Linda Ashworth (4), Jennifer Bee (2), Joyce E. Booth (5), Annette Buckley (6), Irene M. Burke (6), Anne C. Eckersley (5), Judith A. Eveniss (7), Sylvia Fairfoull (4), Joan Faulkner (4), Jean Firth (2), Barbara Gooseman (1), Hilary A. Greenall (4), Sandra K. Holding (3), Kathleen A. Johnson (4), Delia A. Kershaw (1), Carol Lindley (8), Jean K. Lord (3), Elaine Mills (7), Linda Parsonage (3), Rosemary A. Russell (2), Barbara Scholes (3), Janet R. Taylor (6), Kathleen V. Whitehead (1), Moyna Wild (7).

Form 5S—S. J. Andrew (6), D. Blears (2), W. J. Cartwright (8), R. Crawshaw (1), A. Dray (9), R. A. Eastham (5), G. Fielding (2), C. Hutchings (5), E. Lees (7), R. M. Payne (4), J. D. Pestell (8), E. J. Shaw (8), G. Shaw (8), J. R. Stott (5), K. Warren (7), J. Wilcock (3), Geraldine Ayres (9), Jean L. Burnett (7), Diane L. Degnan (5), Jean Fielden (8), Rhona Froggatt (2), Carol A. Hollinshead (7), Jean Wallace (8), Lynn Warburton (6).

Form 5G—J. H. Barlow (1), A. Hughes (1), T. J. Whitmore (3), Janet Baker (1), Jean M. Crawshaw (1), Joan Garside (3), Lesley L. Heys

(1), Patricia Kemp (5), Carol A. Moores (3), Linda Pleasance (1), Joan Stott (1), Jacqueline C. Wallis (4), Rita Williams (1).

Form 6A—Mallory Lord (1), S. Shaw (1), P. J. McKenna (1).

Form 6B—Pauline Bardsley (1), Gail Burdock (1), Rita Pickford (1).

ADVANCED LEVEL

Form 6 Lit.:

David Morgan	History, Scripture.
Steven Shaw	Latin, French (S), German (S).
John Tortoiseshell	History, Latin, French.
Eileen Bailey	History.
Joan Bent	History, Scripture.
Mavis Fielding	Mathematics.
Jacqueline Holt	History, Geography, Scripture (S).
Pamela Jones	English Literature, History, Scripture.
Sheila Poole	Geography.

Form 6 Sc.:—

Ian S. Barnes	Mathematics (S), Further Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (S).
Lawrence A. Feeley	Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
Colin Jackson	Physics, Chemistry (S).
David Kitchen	Mathematics (S), Further Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (S).
Peter J. McKenna	Physics, Chemistry (S), Biology.
Colin Platt	Physics, Chemistry.
Kenneth Rodgers	Mathematics, Further Mathematics, Physics (S), Chemistry.
Stephen Walton	Chemistry.
David Webster... ..	Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
Patricia Kelly	Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
Mallory Lord	Biology, Chemistry (Ord.).

Football, 1961-62

The record of the various teams was as follows:

	P	W	D	L
1st XI	22	3	1	18
U.15	13	2	0	11
U.14	10	0	1	9
U.13	7	2	1	4
U.12	4	1	0	3

The first eleven suffered its worst season partly because only three members of the previous year's team remained. Since both the u.15 and u.14 teams are also weak we cannot look forward to a good first eleven for several years. The u.13 are a better team than their record suggests. Next year there are fixtures only for the 1st, u.15 and u.13 teams in order to increase the number of boys available for selection for each team.

D. Abbott.

1st XI Cricket

P	W	D	L
7	2	1	4

The cricket season started badly with a resounding defeat at Heywood. Heywood went in to bat first and the innings was declared at 96 for 5 wickets. Walton took 3 wickets for 35 and G. Shaw (5Sc) 2 for 20. Greenhill were dismissed at the cost of 18 runs by Heywood whose pace bowler Tucker took 7 wickets for 3 runs.

Undeterred by this failure the XI went in first against Counthill at home. Greenhill declared at 77 for 9, Barlow having scored 36. Counthill went in to bat and thanks to some fine bowling by Wilcock (4 wickets for 7) and Walton (4 for 17) were all out for 58. G. Shaw (5Sc) took 2 for 17.

Ashton went in to bat first in the second consecutive home fixture. They declared at 99 for 9. Geoffrey Shaw (4Sc) made his first XI debut with a fine stint of 7 overs in which he took 4 wickets for 19. Wilcock took 2 for 11 and G. Shaw (5Sc) 2 for 38. Greenhill were all out for 62 which included scores of 17 and 15 by G. Shaw (5Sc) and Barnes respectively.

The defeat was followed by another against Middleton at home. Greenhill were all out for 17, Middleton passing this total for the loss of 2 wickets.

The next match at Counthill was drawn. An ever care-free Egan went in No. 1 for Counthill and scored 27, before Wilcock had him caught at slip. Scores of 21 not out by Vincent and 18 by Lethbridge helped to carry the score to 88. Walton took 6 for 27 and Wilcock 3 for 12. Greenhill were 37 for 7 when play finished, Steven Shaw having scored 22.

In the away match at Glossop our opponents were 26 all out. Greenhill had a total of 53 all out, S. Shaw having 27 to his credit.

An under-strength team lost at Hathershaw in the Oldham wakes holidays but no figures are available.

In the Staff cricket match the first XI scored 81. Barlow scored 20 and S. Shaw 24. The Headmaster took 2 wickets for 6 and Mr. K. Wright took 2 for 7, as did Mr. Kent. The staff scored 59 of which Mr. Halliwell scored 30. Lever took 3 for 6 and Platt took 2 for 2.

Table Tennis Report

This year has been highly successful especially financially. After purchasing a complete new net the club still had sufficient funds for balls and other accessories.

The Fifth Form showed particular interest and zeal, playing at every possible opportunity. Indeed the Sixth Form found difficulty in keeping the Fifth out on Sixth Form days. This keen interest shown by the Fifth points to a good future for the club, and the Lower School can look forward to joining a thriving society.

S. Shaw (Sec.).

Girls' Games Report, 1961-62

The 1961-62 Hockey season started off rather badly for both the school teams, the 1st XI losing 10-0 away to North Manchester, playing on a rain-sodden pitch. After this disappointing start, the 1st XI went on to win six out of the remaining ten matches including a 7-0 defeat over North Manchester at home. On March 17th the 1st XI team competed in the Lancashire Hockey Tournament at Liverpool, only to be eliminated in the first round much to our supporters' displeasure. The u.15 team won five out of eight matches. Senior hockey colours were re-awarded to D. Degnan, E. Lees and P. Bardsley. Colours were awarded for the first time to E. Baybutt and P. Tucker and junior colours were awarded to J. Barlow and P. Lutener.

The netball teams had a bad season, losing all their matches except for two played during the three-cornered match with Counthill and Hathershaw. A junior colour was awarded to J. Eastwood.

The two tennis teams won four out of their six matches whilst the rounders team lost 4 of their 6 games.

P. Bardsley, M. Lord, Games Secs.

Swimming, 1961-62

The school again won the "Brown Shield" at the Inter-Schools Gala and the senior boys finished third in the team competition.

Stephen Chidgey (2B) represented Oldham at the Lancashire Schools Championships.

The following boys were awarded proficiency certificates. Learners—Ashton, Cheetham, Simpson, Douglas, Hardy, Lutener, Crossley, Dobson, Thewlis, Jackson, Ward; Abbott, P. Fletcher, Elford, Howard, Johnson, Chadderton, Gomersall, Livesey, Holt, Adshead, Billingsley, Howarth.

Elementary—Clark, Scholes, Simpson, Kennedy, P. Fletcher, Payne, Buck, Heptonstall, Martin.

Intermediate—Potts, Strange, J. Fletcher, P. Fletcher, Wormald, Garbutt, McKinstrey, Buck, Sirrell, Brown, Eveniss, Hurst, Schofield, Bates, Fenton, Taylor, Cole, Shaw, Widdall, Smeaton.

Advanced—Brown, Cocker, Schofield, Winterbottom, Ashworth, Chidgey, Hirst, Ravey, Taylor, Cole, Widdall.

Girls' Swimming Notes, 1961-62

At present there is a good and improved standard of swimming throughout the school. In the Inter-Secondary Schools' Annual Swimming Gala, in which twelve schools took part, the Junior swimming team managed to gain first place, thus holding the trophy for two years in succession. The Seniors gave an improved performance by finishing second, whilst the Squadron Team also finished second in their competition for the Brown Shield. It was, altogether, a very creditable performance. Everyone gave of their best and must be congratulated on their attitude and success. Additional congratulations are due to Christine Gowder, Susan Fallon and Judith Smith, who represented Oldham in the Lancashire Championships, held at Bolton in June.

A record number of Advanced Certificates was awarded during the summer term and there was also a number of elementary and intermediate certificates gained. Every girl should try to gain the four certificates whilst she is attending school swimming lessons, and much effort is needed if this is to be achieved.

Although it is disappointing that certain girls are always unwilling to swim in the Annual House Swimming Competition, this year that number was reduced. Many showed a very keen House spirit, making every effort to give of their best. In a lot of cases it was hard work! These girls must be congratulated on their willingness and spirit. It certainly provided a much more enjoyable Gala than in previous years, and this event can be enjoyed every year, if the same attitude is maintained.

Film Society Report

Committee:

Mr. Tempest, Mr. Bickerstaffe, Jacqueline Holt, Margaret Taylor,
Carol Lindley, Hazel Slater, Christine Whittaker, Neil McKinstrey.

The Film Society can once more report a successful year. Our 1961-62 programme varied from comedy to drama and mystery. Once again the Film Society was the largest in the school with a membership of about 120. An innovation this year was the use of a larger screen which was a great improvement, and we shall continue to use this in future.

All the films shown proved to be very popular, especially "Bachelor of Hearts", starring Hardy Kruger, and "Tiger Bay", with Hayley Mills. "Two Way Stretch", starring Peter Sellers, raised many laughs, and "Sapphire" had the audience in suspense.

This year we hope to provide an equally successful programme. It is hoped that the following films may be included in the coming programme, "The Wind Cannot Read", with Dirk Bogarde and Yoko Tani, a musical called "The Benny Goodman Story", "A Tale of Two Cities", "The Wooden Horse", "A French Mistress" and "The Naked Truth" with Peter Sellers.

We extend a warm welcome to all new members of the society and members are asked to keep an eye open for the opening film, which may be in colour.

M. Taylor.

Dramatic, Operatic and Debating Society Report, 1961-62

President: Mr. Higson.

Vice-President: Mr. K. Wright.

Chairman: Joan Bent.

Vice-Chairman: D. Cook.

Secretary: Pat Kelly.

The Annual Dance was held last October, and the proceeds were given to the School Magazine Committee, which was unable to meet the rising costs of publication without some assistance.

We should like to say how much we appreciate all that Mr. K. Wright has done for us in the past, and we hope that he will be happy in his new post at Hathershaw Technical High School.

Last October the Society presented Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" with Steven Shaw playing the part of the husband and Christobel Taylor as his first wife. The play was enjoyed by all, and favourably reported in the "Oldham Chronicle".

Debates held were generally interesting, and always well supported. We hope that they will be as well supported in the future. A party from school visited Counthill G.S. for a debate last October, a reciprocal visit to the one paid to the School by Counthill the previous year. The School lost the motion.

We should like to extend a welcome to all new members of the Society, and we hope that they will support us in the coming year.

Scripture Union

President: Mr. Higson.

Chairman: Mr. Handforth.

Secretary: Jacqueline Holt.

Treasurer: David Morgan.

Last year the Union had a varied programme. As well as the usual quiz at which prizes were gained, two trips were organised.

The first was to the A.B.C. to see "Ben Hur". This film, which 20 members attended, was enjoyed, and proved to be a most successful night out.

During the first week of the Easter holidays 30 members under the supervision of Mr. Handforth went to Chester. Although the day proved wet it did not damp our spirits. A visit was organised to the Cathedral. Our guide proved a most interesting person and added greatly to a worthwhile visit to the ancient sanctuary. We were amazed at its size and its architectural splendour.

After dinner the members toured Chester by themselves or in groups. Some went to the museum or walked round the walls.

After tea a sail was arranged on the River Dee. It was unfortunate that the weather was cold. The trip was successful and enjoyed by all.

During the year we had visits from Mr. Ramsden, who spoke about, and showed films on, Oberammergau. Mrs. Tempest also came one night and gave an interesting talk, illustrated by colour slides, on the Holy Land. We are indebted to them for their services. Films were also shown and a Brains Trust was held. A record evening also proved enjoyable.

Unfortunately the Scripture Union lost the Chairman, Mr. Handforth, who took up a post at Ashton. The Union regrets this loss and thanks him for his good services. We wish him well in his fresh post.

O.M.L.

The Historical Society

President: Mr. T. Higson.

Secretary: Mavis Fielding.

During the past year our meetings have been many and varied. Pupils, sometimes individually and sometimes two or three together, have shown films and talked about them. One film was made by Mr. Handforth and Mr. Bickerstaffe and showed snaps of Oldham, two of these being of Greenhill. We also had the usual quizzes, films and debates.

At Christmas for the past two years we have had a special entertainment. The first one took the form of charades and was extremely successful, the Dyer twins winning the prize for the funniest performance. Last Christmas members of the society acted various historical events. Among these appeared "Albert and the Beefeater". Edward Lees was a very amusing Albert, while Sheila Poole and David Morgan excellently filled the parts of his parents. This was again a tremendous success.

At Easter Mr. and Mrs. Bickerstaffe took a party to the Thames, where we lived on cruisers. We set out from Bourne End and sailed as far as Oxford. Then we sailed to Windsor, stopping at Maidenhead on the way. From here we spent a day in London. The weather was glorious and all had a wonderful holiday.

Towards the end of term the society had its first dance, which was extremely enjoyable. Yet this was the last society dance Mr. Bickerstaffe will organise, for at the end of term he left Greenhill. Everyone is sorry to see him go. It was he who founded the society, November 6th, 1958, and he has put a great deal of work and effort into the society ever since. Also he and Mrs. Bickerstaffe have taken parties on 5 holidays during this time—to the Lake District, North Wales, Italy, the Norfolk Broads and the River Thames. We are very grateful to Mr. Bickerstaffe for the interest he has taken in both the society and the school.

Mavis Fielding.

Scientific Society Report, 1962

President: Mr. Higson.

Chairman: Mr. Kent.

Secretary: M. Russell.

Treasurer: G. Burdock.

This year's programme of events organised by the Scientific Society has been a successful one. The popular Physics Lab. "Open Night", when the more spectacular and highly dangerous pieces of Physics apparatus are displayed on the benches for the amusement of members, attracted a bigger than usual audience. There was also a lecture given by a member of the Weights & Measures Department on his work.

At Easter we ran a particularly good society trip to Cheshire Sterilised Milk Ltd. in Stockport, but this was rather poorly attended. Those who went, however, found the tour of the garden dairy very interesting and the refreshments excellent.

The Annual Dance was a great success, about 150 people turning up. In all, the year's proceedings have met with considerable success and an even better year is expected in the future.

Athletic Club Report, 1962

President: Mr. Higson.

Chairman: Mr. Stanley.

Secretary: M. Russell.

Treasurer: D. Cook.

Committee: A. Dray, R. Worthington, T. Davies, P. Bamford.

The sixth year of the G.G.S. Athletic Club has been a highly successful one. In the cross-country field (especially in the senior team, who won all but one of the races in which they competed), a general improvement on previous years was realised. M. A. Russell, D. Cook, R. Worthington and R. Dobson were selected to run for the town in the County Championships at Wigan, Dobson securing 32nd position and Russell 4th. Russell subsequently represented Lancashire in the All England Championships and finished again 4th.

The track season was also more successful than ever before. The match between Greenhill, Rochdale and Couthill went off very well and Greenhill finished in second position, but with a narrower margin than at the same event last season. In the County Championships great success was achieved in our field events. Brown won the intermediate high jump (with a vault of 11ft., equalling the county record!). All three will represent Lancashire in a match at Warrington, and Cook will vault again for Lancashire in the All England Championships at Hull. In the junior pole vault Thompson was 3rd and Russell was 3rd in the intermediate mile.

Since the Society was founded its members have gained no less than ten county badges. None came to Greenhill before. This is a demonstration of the success of the society and should be a spur to younger members to try to gain even more honours in the future.

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.

House Captains: Pat Kelly, David Kitchen.

House Secretary: Ian Barnes.

Senior Games Captains: Pamela Tucker, Ian Barnes.

Junior Games Captains: Lorraine Loftus, Neil Eveniss.

On behalf of Lees House we extend a warm welcome to all newcomers and we should like to remind them that Lees House has steadily built up a fine tradition for them to follow. During the year we managed to retain the Swimming Cup and the Athletics Shield and this year we are pleased to report that we won back the Merit Shield.

At the end of the year Mr. Bickerstaffe and Mr. K. Wright left us to take up new posts. Their presence in the House will be greatly missed as they took a very sincere interest in the House and supported us in all our efforts. We wish them great success in their new posts and hope that they will remember their connections with Lees House.

We hope that all "Blue" House members will do their best by playing and working hard and ensure another successful year for Lees House.

Doreen Barlow, 6B Lit.

House Results:

Senior Netball—Won 2.
Junior Netball—Won 2.
Senior Hockey—Lost 2.
Junior Hockey—Won 1, Drew 1.
Senior Tennis—Lost 2.
Junior Rounders—Won 2.
Cross Country—Third.
Senior Football—Lost 2.
Junior Football—Lost 2.
Junior Cricket—Won 2.
Senior Cricket—Won 1, Lost 1.

Walton House Report

Senior House Master: Mr. Martin.
Senior House Mistress: Mrs. Kuler.
House Masters: Mr. Cooke, Mr. Fogg, Mr. Petford, Mr. Tempest.
Girls' House Captain: Sheila Poole.
Boys' House Captain: Steven Shaw.
Girls' Vice-Captain: Dorothy Cadman.
Boys' Vice-Captain: John Tortoiseshell.
Girls' House Secretary: Christobel Taylor.
Boys' House Secretary: David Morgan.
Senior Hockey Captain: D. Degnan.
Senior Netball Captain: D. Cadman.
Senior Tennis Captain: S. Poole.
Senior Swimming Captain: R. Russell.
Senior Girls' Athletic Captain: E. Lees.
Senior Soccer Captain: S. Shaw.
Senior Cricket Captain: S. Walton.
Senior Cross-country Captain: J. Barlow.
Junior Swimming Captain: J. Barlow.
Senior Boys' Athletic Captain: S. Shaw.
Junior Hockey Captain: V. Brickles.
Junior Rounders Captain: C. Whittaker.
Junior Netball Captain: P. Marney.
Junior Soccer Captain: A. Sutton.
Junior Cricket Captain: B. Ravey.
Junior Cross-country Captain: P. Bamford.
Intermediate Cross-country Captain: G. Earl.

On behalf of Walton House we should like to thank all members for their efforts during the past year. We extend a welcome to all new members and hope they will do their best to uphold the fine traditions of the House.

Last year the House was fortunate in winning the Boys' Games Cup and was only narrowly beaten in the Athletics Shield, Girls' Games Cup, and Merit Shield.

We also suffered a great loss in that Mr. Petford left us to take up another post in Ashton. The House will miss his constant support and enthusiasm. We wish him well in his new post.

Next year we are confident that with your support we will have a more successful year and gain the trophies which have hitherto eluded us.

Fawsitt House Report

House Master: Mr. Wells.

House Mistress: Miss Taylor.

House Staff: Mr. Handforth, Mr. Anderton, Mr. Halliwell,
Mr. Thompson, Miss Healey.

Boys' House Captain: Colin Jackson.

Girls' House Captain: Mallory Lord.

Senior Boys' Football Captain: Douglas Abbott.

Senior Boys' Athletics and Cross-country Captain: Michael Russell.

Senior Girls' Games Captain: Joan Bent.

Junior Boys' Games Captain: Wayne Schofield.

Junior Girls' Games Captain: Christine Bird.

On behalf of the House officials and fellow-students of "Red" House, I should like to welcome to Fawsitt House all its new members. We hope that they will do all they can, both academically and in the field of sport, in helping us regain the trophies which we once held.

Although the results of our activities are somewhat varied, we all hope that from this year's results "Red" House is on the upward trend to success. Success, however, can only be obtained by YOU.

So work hard and play hard to make this "Red's" year!

Mallory Lord, 6A Sc.

The School Trip to Menton, 1961



On the 24th July forty pupils set off from Oldham West Street for Menton. (Sorry, we collected three in Manchester).

At Stafford we had the first bit of trouble. The self-starter would not self-start. The rest of the journey down to London was relatively uneventful. We were entertained (?) by the constant music of sandwich munching from the back row.

A meal was obtained at Victoria Station in the Chatham Restaurant, about which "least said soonest mended". We collected a typical British Railways packed lunch which was supposed to survive till the following afternoon before being eaten.

The crossing was reasonable. Some males spent the time consuming steak in the dining-room whilst the majority tried to get some sleep in the lounge.

The Customs were easily negotiated and we sampled a typical (?) Continental breakfast at Arras. It consisted of thick, murky black coffee and deliciously succulent croissants. The first overnight stop was at Ars-sur-Formans at the Hotel Regina. Some people spent the evening sampling the wares of the local cafes. Early the next morning we set off for Menton. The scenery was lovely and the weather beautiful. We stopped several times on the way.

The hotel at Menton was comfortable and the food very good, although not always appreciated by the less adventurous of the party.

The weather was just right—or did someone say it was too hot?—and most of the time was spent on the pebbly beach.

Our visit was temporarily spoiled by the apparent reluctance of the Italian frontier guards to allow us to spend a pleasant afternoon in their beautiful country. We did, however, manage to reach San Remo. Some of us spent a pleasant afternoon bargain-hunting in the inexpensive shops there. One member of staff said it was quite a sight to see a crowd of "Greenhillians" clutching 5 franc notes, in a line at the entrance to the Bureau de Change.

The following afternoon was spent in a very hot Monaco, not, we hasten to add, in the Casino. The otherwise beautiful panorama from the castle was somewhat marred by two rusty gasometers. Some people, who had 4/6 to spare, went into an aquarium. We have not ventured to ask for their comments.

Whilst spending the proverbial penny, some ladies found that the money had to be deposited on a grubby looking saucer, on which reposed two cents. A large female guarded the entrance to make sure some coin was deposited on the saucer, which she inspected as soon as they had left. There were then four cents!

That evening three persons, who doubtless prefer to remain anonymous, sampled a typical (?) Continental dance at the local Casino—we did say a dance!—and eight young ladies spent the night in one room, the owner of the bed being turfed out to sleep on the floor (we discovered that the hotel did not have carpets with 3in. pile!).

One male spent a fortune on bottles of "Ambre Solaire". Each bottle he bought, he broke. At four francs a time, it became an expensive hobby. Ask Laurie!

We, or at least some of us, went to church, the Anglican Church, in Menton, on the Sunday morning. We think that all of us found difficulty in following the Communion Service. Did we hear a bull?

We stayed at Ars-sur-Formans on the way back and then spent an evening in Paris wandering around looking for a very modern Metro station called Franklin D. Roosevelt. We found it, thanks to Mrs. Kuler, and it was really worth seeing.

Our hotel was in Montmartre (if you know what we mean) and we left the following morning to tour Paris. We went to the Eiffel Tower (where we had an eye full—we beg your pardon!), Notre Dame, etc. Then we set off for Ostend. We had a very good meal there and then

did our last minute shopping—Ostend is quite cheap. We boarded the boat about midnight. This time we were able to have a sleep—for bunks had been reserved. The boys inform us that they did not sleep.

Then came the moment we had all been waiting for. The English Customs were cleared without much difficulty—one member who is nearly eighteen was informed that she was only sixteen. We had breakfast in Dover, dinner at the end of the M.1 at Dunchurch and a quick stop at Newcastle for tea. By now it was raining—typical English weather. We stopped in Manchester to let Mr. and Mrs. Kuler and Stefan get off. We arrived in Oldham, West Street, to be greeted by a steady downpour which was a great change from the weather we had previously experienced.

Our thanks are due to those who made such a holiday possible and to those members of staff who had to put up with us during the holidays as well as during term time. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely.

School Trip to Ingleton, 1961



Field-work expeditions for students taking "O" level geography are rare, and it is to our advantage that we have in Mr. Wells a master able and willing to arrange such excellent expeditions as that which took place on Tuesday, March 27th, when a party of fifth and sixth formers visited the Ingleton area.

The day was cold, clear and blustery with mist and rain as the day progressed. The party travelled by coach via Settle where a stop was taken for morning coffee, and on to Clapham. From here we proceeded to walk along Clapham Beck to Ingleborough cave, where the water re-emerges after going underground at Gaping Ghyll. The walk then followed a grass covered valley the sides of which grew more vertical until they became steep cliffs. This is Trow Ghyll, at present a "dry" valley, but

once the old bed of the stream which goes underground at Gaping Ghyll hole. Trow Ghyll was possibly a huge cavern once, the roof of which collapsed thus creating an open gorge—a small scale replica of Cheddar Gorge. Leaving Trow Ghyll by a rocky staircase we emerged on to the open moor. After half a mile Gaping Ghyll was reached, about 1,350 feet above sea level. This is the greatest and most spacious pot hole of the British Isles, descending almost 400 ft. into the limestone and opening out into a gigantic cavern over 100 ft. high, nearly 500 ft. long and 80 ft. broad.

The next stage of the walk lay up the shoulder of the South East spur of Ingleborough, leaving the limestone and eventually crossing the millstone grit slabs which form the summit region. The top of Ingleborough was thus gained although low cloud and threatened mist prevented our seeing the peaks normally visible. Lunch was taken in the lee of the peak and then we moved down to the coll between Ingleborough and Simon Fell, ready for the descent. We "tobogganed" down the steep, grassy slope without mishap. From the foot of the slope the route lay over the plateau until we reached the limestone outcrops (clints and grikes). A dry pothole, Braithwaite Wife Hole, and sundry smaller potholes were to be seen en route. A well-defined path through the clints brought us to a green lane that led, eventually, to the Hawes Road. By this time it was raining so we were glad to see the coach which took us on to White Scar Cave which we explored with the assistance of a guide who indicated the features which included stalactites, stalagmites, underground streams, waterfalls and an endless variety of limestone formations. From here the more hardy members of the party walked through the rain to Twistleton Scar End into Kingsdale and so to Thornton Force, rejoining the main party in Ingleton where tea was taken.

We returned home, tired but happy, having thoroughly enjoyed an exhilarating and educative excursion.

Norfolk Broads, 1961

On April 1st nineteen intrepid travellers met at Piccadilly Station in order to go via luxurious British Railways to Norfolk Broads. Just after 9 a.m. we set off on the right lines, and after changing at Sheffield and Lincoln, we arrived at Oulton Broad North late in the afternoon.

Needless to say five minutes after leaving the train the dark heavens opened and it poured with rain. As transport to our houseboats was not forthcoming we took shelter in a boatyard. After some time a boat arrived and took us to our houseboats, the girls to a converted Motor Torpedo Boat named "Foynes" and the boys to a converted Motor Gun Boat named "Blue Lagoon".

Mr. Bickerstaffe, the "Wagon Master" on this holiday, with his wife, decided that we should all eat on board "Foynes" as it was better equipped for cooking. Therefore we all lived on "Foynes" except at night when all the boys had to row across to "Blue Lagoon". The next day being Sunday, some went to church in the morning. After dinner we took the two motor boats supplied with the house-boats. We reached a small place called St. Olave's. While returning, however, something happened which was to set the pattern for the whole week; the larger of the boats broke down and had to be towed. Several times during the week the same thing happened to one boat whenever we went any distance in the boats.

After a time we forsook the boats and enjoyed a trip to Norwich by rail, visiting the "Castle Museum" there, although we spent more time in the coffee-bar. We also went on a similar trip to Great Yarmouth. Although most of the shops were not yet open for the holiday season there were several amusement arcades open ready to take our meagre fortunes from us.

On the last day we decided to chance our luck in the boats. We were a little apprehensive at doing this, for we had already been stranded in the middle of the Broads in pouring rain, having to wait for help to be brought by the smaller boat. On this occasion we were fortunate, for the boat broke down when we reached Beccles and we called for a mechanic who put the trouble right. Despite the appalling weather, and the rush to catch the train home, everyone enjoyed the week immensely, and we would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Bickerstaffe for organising it.

Edward Lees, 5 Sc.

The Lake District, 1962

On Thursday, 14th June, a number of the Fourth Formers gathered at the top of West Street together with Mr. Cooke and Mr. Halliwell, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the two coaches which were to take them on their Lake District tour.

Their journey took them through the Rossendale Area to Clitheroe, travelling North through the West Riding, and stopping at Settle for morning coffee. The next large town to be approached was Kendal where they saw the first indication of their destination—a large signpost saying, "Lakes".

The next point of interest was Windermere where they had their first glimpse of England's largest lake, although this was impaired by the steady downpour. They next climbed up the steep and narrow Kirkstone Pass to a height of 1,476ft., stopping at the summit for light refreshments. To the left as they descended could be seen "Brothers' Water". Proceeding from Patterdale they travelled along the shore of Ullswater until alighting in order to visit the picturesque waterfall of Aira Force. To reach this they had to walk across the open country of Gowbarrow Park for half a mile, with the rain beating in their faces. However, this was well worth while just to see gushing torrents of water set in the ravine.

From there they travelled to the village of Grasmere, passing on the way Helvellyn (3,118ft. high) and Thirlmere, where they stopped for tea. Many of them bought souvenirs. They were disappointed not to see Easedale Tarn, but the weather was too bad.

They left Grasmere around five o'clock and returned via the M.6, Lancaster and Preston by-passes, arriving home at 9-30 p.m. safe and sound.

Our thanks are extended to Mr. Wells for such an enjoyable trip.

Beverley Hardy.
Kathleen McConnell.

The Thames, 1962—A Reflection

According to Water Rat "There is absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as messing about in boats". After the experience of the second week of the Easter holidays I am inclined to agree with him. In that one hectic week fifteen members of the Historical Society, including Mr. Bickerstaffe and his wife, on two commandeered launches, "Suntrap" and "Sunflash", left their mark on the Thames Valley between Windsor and Oxford. To chronicle all the events of this week would first of all be imprudent and secondly too long and like a catalogue. Therefore I shall only render little pearls of information.

The Thames itself, for instance, is wet, as one of our number proved thrice. Admittedly the first time he rescued someone and the last time he was immortalised by the movie camera of a day tripper, but three times is overdoing it. Losing this character overboard, however, was not our sole pastime. We did succeed in swamping a small boat (and received a threat of summons in the bargain). Unfortunately the rest of the trip passed peaceably enough. But seriously, many lasting impressions were cast in my mind. I remember the thrill of passing through the first lock, a thrill that hardly diminished every time we passed through a lock, and we just missed negotiating the half century. I am still bewitched by the spell that beautiful city of Oxford cast upon me and my neck still hurts as a result of staring up at the glorious standards hanging above the choir-stall in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Perhaps the most worthwhile result of such a trip is the spirit which materialises which is something which must be experienced. It is the true spirit of fellowship and equality with none of the "I'm all right Jack" philosophy. It is this alone which would have made the trip worthwhile had we spent it on Bardsley Canal, rather than the Thames.

Our thanks to Mr. Bickerstaffe and his intrepid wife; we all owe them a lot. We regret their leaving, but bearing them no malice we wish them the best of luck, wherever they drift.

J.M.T.S.

Blithe Spirit

Noel Coward described his play as an improbable farce in no mean jest. The story is about Charles, a happily married man for five years. His wife, Elvira, then dies and two years later he meets Ruth, now his second wife. They have been happily married for five years until Mme. Arcarti, a spiritualist, upsets the apple cart! Through her Charles "brings back" Elvira who, though invisible to everyone else, is visible to Charles. Thus Coward introduces his funniest scenes with Charles + Ruth + invisible Elvira. In the end Ruth is killed and Charles is bothered now by two Ghosts. This he overcomes with the help of Mme. Arcarti who spirits them away.

Charles was played by Steven Shaw, who as usual gave us an excellent performance. He certainly fitted the part of Charles and he carried through excellently the scenes with Ruth and Elvira, not an easy task.

Ruth was played by Jacqueline Holt, who kept up for most of the play her role of a domineering, yet bewildered wife. She perhaps lost some of this role in her hysterical scenes, yet on the whole she showed promise as an actress.

The play, a little boring at the start, "livened up" when Mme. Arcarti, played by Mavis Fielding, appeared. Indeed it was pleasant to look forward to her coming on. She played the role beautifully, obtaining the right mannerisms and accent so necessary to this part.

Dr. Bradman was played by Jeremy Sutcliffe who, though serious, managed his role, amusing the audience by his sudden outbursts of speech. His wife was played by Linda Parsonage who played the role fairly well, giving a little expression in what she said.

The maid was Joan Bent, whose facial expressions and high voice enabled her to carry the role well. Elvira was Christobel Taylor, whose soft voice and gentle movements were fitting to a returning ghost wife. Praise is due to Mr. Handforth and his staff for another good comedy.

David Morgan.

Winning entry for the Essay Competition, 1961

THE SINKING OF THE "LUSITANIA"

On Saturday, May 2nd, 1915, the Cunard liner "Lusitania" set sail from New York on her last voyage. On board her were 1,978 people, of whom only 764 were destined to see land again. In his cabin, the captain thought about the warning given by the Germans to the 218 American passengers, advising them to cancel their reservations. Was there some sinister motive behind this message?

The "Lusitania" was the sister ship of the "Mauretania", and joint holder of the coveted "Blue Riband of the Atlantic". Her powerful 60,000 horse-power engines drove her streamlined 762-foot long hull along at a maximum speed of 25 knots, which outclassed any enemy warship.

Knowing these facts, the captain assured himself that the Germans could never attack his ship. Also, he pondered, there was the added safeguard of the neutral Americans. "No", he decided, "the Germans would not dare".

At 1-50 p.m. on Friday, May 7th, the liner was 8 miles south-west of the Old Head of Kinsale and 20 miles from Queenstown. Suddenly a huge explosion rocked the ship, followed quickly by another, more devastating than before. It was two minutes before the extent of damage was known and by then the vessel had assumed a sharp incline towards the bows.

Panic-stricken passengers swarmed on the deck and milled around any person in naval uniform, demanding, pleading and shouting for any information. The poor sailors had only a vague idea themselves and said anything which would satisfy the crowd. Stories circulated of bombs, mines, enemy raiders and battle fleets, whilst the truth was known only to the officers who searched from the bridge for any trace of the submarine.

From a distance the "Lusitania" looked in a sorry state. Smoke poured from the broken funnels, the flames gushed from the holds, vapourising the water and hiding the hull in a shroud of mist and pungent smoke. Through this shroud detail was vague but numerous internal explosions could be heard whilst shattered boats and burning bodies were flung in the air.

At 2-33 p.m., after 43 agonising minutes, the "Lusitania" heaved up her stern and started to sink. A violent explosion sent streamers of scarlet flame shooting into the air and the ship sank, dragging boatloads of screaming women and children in her wake.

A few boats came from Liverpool to pick up survivors and a Greek steamer towed a boat-load of people away from the carnage. President Wilson stated that the sinking was an atrocity and the other neutrals supported him. On the other hand Germany emphatically denied this and said that the "Lusitania" had been carrying ammunition. The incident was closed with a threat to blow up the German Embassy in New York at 1-32 on Sunday. Needless to say, this was not carried out.

The episode was important because it was indirectly responsible for America joining the war.

School Cabinet Re-shuffle, 1961

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Charity Fund: Mr. T. Higson.

Head of the War Department: Mr. F. S. K. Sedgely.

Minister of Labour and Penal Servitude: Mr. G. Wright.

Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food: Mr. Petford.

Minister for Myths: Mr. Thompson.

Colonial Secretary: Mr. Lennox-Bickerstaffe.

Burnham Committee: Messrs. Fogg and Halliwell.

Minister for the Berlin Business: Mr. Martin.

Minister of Pensions and National Insurance: Mr. Livesey.

Our man in Strinesdale: Mr. Tempest.

Madam Usher of the Iron Rod: Mrs. Kuler.

Minister for Bulk Transport: Mr. Handforth.

Minister for Biscuits: Miss Turner.

Minister for "whitewashing" Government Blunders: Mr. Cartmel.

Minister for Water Supply: Mr. Wells.

Parliamentary Secretary: Mrs. Lees.

Bring Back the Birch Supporters: Too numerous to mention.

This Cabinet was formed by Mr. Anderton.

Edward Lees, Gary Shaw, 5 Sc.

The Epistle of 6A (incorporating the fabulous 6SI)

Owing to several catastrophes, i.e. the departure of the T.N.T's. and the fact that no-one volunteered to describe the various activities of the Sixth, it was left to us to produce this gem of wisdom.

This year's Upper Sixth consists of the usual collection of self-styled scientists who occupy, as usual, that room of mystery and intrigue the Chemistry Lab. We breathe in those exotic, sleep-inducing fumes as we fight once more the long-lost battle of knowledge under the eagle eye, and floppy hair, of our Lord and Master, Professor Tempest.

Last year's Lower Sixth have had their strength increased this year by their union with the fabulous 6S-I, and also by the arrival of the wonder of De la Salle College. So the conglomeration of scientific(?) persons in the highest form of the school now numbers eleven, consisting of three members of the fabulous 6S-I and eight from the minor form 6A. Of this number, two are females, whose sole purpose in life seems to be performing the transportation of the register between the Office and Mr. Tempest's desk. However, they inform us they are present for the general beautification of the scene, but on this count they are outvoted by 9 votes to 2. On the male side of the form, we have that colossus of strength, "Weed" Jackson, and his associate in crime, "Tiny" Sam, who, together with "You're never alone with a cigarette" Rodgers and "Girls, glorious Girls" Walton, form the notable part of the form.

So now we close with those immortal words "God save England from the hands of her future scientists".

Anonymous and Anonymous
(or should it be Anonymii?)

The Odyssey of Room 10

On the sixth of September returned we to school.
We had to, you see, this being the rule;
Nothing had changed during six weeks Vac,
We had no trouble finding our way back.

We were in good form; yes this was 4L.
There were Hill, Price and Pownall and others as well.
We come into battle with subjects obtuse,
Which we certainly hope will have good future use.

Mr. Thompson, our master, our leader and friend,
Will keep us in hand, directing our end,
To successes and triumphs when G.C.E. comes,
And maybe perhaps one or two future Dons.

With thirty-two scholars, six of them males,
The rest of them girls to tell us their tales,
So let us all listen each one to the other,
And grow up together like sister and brother.

We've made a good start everyone all,
We're keeping our eye and hand on the ball;
And ten months from now if we're still alive,
Our next epistle will be from form five.

The School

Many fellow students, I am sure, have come daily to this fine educational establishment for many years and have not noticed that they are privileged to walk in one of the gems of early twentieth century architecture.

Let us first take a look at one of the classrooms. I take for an example Room 14. As we enter, the first thing that strikes us is a shower of paint flaking from the walls. The second outstanding feature of the room is the ceiling or rather lack of it, for in one corner there is a hole in the ceiling, giving a fine view of the roof construction.

It may be noticed that in every room there is a fireplace, the usefulness of which is not apparent, but on further examination it may be seen that these are put there by some insight of the architect to serve as ventilated waste-paper baskets.

Right at the very top of the school, or should I say at the peak of learning, stands a modern addition to the building. It is the Cookery Room, sometimes referred to as the Temple because of the number of burnt offerings which are found there. To be fair, however, it is usually the place from which issue delicious odours to tantalise those who partake of school dinners.

From the windows of the second floor a panoramic view is open to our eyes giving a sight of such historic gems as the gasworks on the hill, the Star Corn Mill and that dear friend, now alas no longer with us, the Central Mill.

There is also the latest extension, the males' ablutions which, while under construction, filled us with wonder and amazement. How could it take so many men so long to build such a small place?

On reflection, however, it seems that this building we occupy is wasted on education. Should it not be put to the service of the community and rebuilt as a grand two-storey Bingo Parlour? A worthy place in society for such a fine building.

Edward Lees, 5 Sc.

Blast-off

The rocket stood majestically on its launching pad. People hurried hither and thither on their various errands. The organiser of this complicated scheme walked nervously backwards and forwards. "Zero plus sixty seconds", a calm voice said. There was hardly a wind on this cool night and the full moon shed an eerie glow on people and objects on the ground.

"Zero plus fifty".

I wondered just how calm that person was.

"Zero plus forty".

My! how time had flown in the last few weeks.

"Zero plus thirty".

It seemed like yesterday the preparations began.

"Zero plus twenty".

Nobody moved or made a sound.

"Zero plus ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, zero, lift off!"

The rocket rose and sped off into the night, its fiery wake clearly showing. Then the unbelievable happened. It lurched! Yes, it distinctly lurched! It cartwheeled over and began to descend, leaving behind a trail of flame. It crashed with a great flash.

"What a swizz!" said Tom. "It cost me half a crown too!" as the bonfire burned merrily and his mother handed round treacle-toffee.

Con-fuse-us.

An interpretation

There was an atmosphere of unrivalled peace by the river. It was late August, the time when the heat of late summer lulls everything into drowsiness. The river wound easily along its course, a course that had remained unchanged since the river first made its way to the sea. At the place where our incident occurs, it did not exceed ten yards in width and gentle grassy slopes led down to the water's edge. At three o'clock in the afternoon the trees at the top of the westerly slope cast long shadows towards the water and dotted about the slopes were hawthorn bushes. There was music in the air, the music of nature. The choral chirping of crickets supporting the merry solo of an occasional finch, and the discordant cry of the jackdaw all blended together with the orchestration of the river to make the overture of August. Nothing moved, nothing except the occasional bobbing rabbit, or a majestic trout soaring out of its element for a few seconds before plunging back into the water.

Only one man was there. He lay face downwards in the deep grass under the shade of a hawthorn bush, one arm spread out in front of him, the right concealed beneath his body. He should have been intoxicated by all around him, but for some reason he was alert: alert perhaps for some mortal danger. He remained still for about half an hour; then, suddenly, the whole pattern of the valley changed.

First came the unmistakable sounds of motor vehicles screeching to a stop on the far side of the trees, doors being slammed shut, and finally some harsh words of command. Our man began to stir. He stood and slowly, cautiously, backed towards the river, in his right hand an ugly, black Luger pistol. A rabbit behind him leapt away in fright, and high above the raucous voice of a jackdaw let out a warning. He did not notice this as his mind concentrated on whistling, and the bark of dogs coming through the trees. He reached the river and lowered himself into the water. It came up to his waist as he waded to the shelter of a hawthorn overhanging the water's edge. Almost simultaneously with his finding a hiding place men in black uniforms and steel helmets, accompanied by alsatian tracker dogs, left the trees, and with intent approached the river. The dogs, reaching the water's edge, could no longer follow our fugitive's trail, and the man who was in command cursed. In his apparent fury he turned on the soldier nearest to him, and applied all the blame of our man's gaining the safety of the water on the unfortunate wretch. Dejectedly the troops began to file back up the slope to the woods. In relief, and to get a better view of them leaving, our man leaned out far round the edge of the bush. He slipped and hit the water with a splash. The last retreating soldier turned, ran down some yards, raised his sub-machine gun, and fired. The staccato cracks brought his black-shirted companions back to the bank in time to see our man's body floating down-stream leaving behind it a revealing red-tinted wake. Jubilantly they returned from whence they came.

There was an atmosphere of unrivalled peace by the river. It was late August

J.M.T.S., V.Lit.

The Lighthouse

Jim walked slowly up the lighthouse stairs on his way to check that all was well with the light. He arrived at the top, and inspected the dynamo thoughtfully. "All I can say is I hope that feller from the mainland won't be long. It ain't humming right. They didn't believe me when I told them over the radio: thought I'd been too long by meself".

Just then he heard a crash of thunder. He crossed to the glass and looked out. "We're going to have a storm; they won't risk sending a boat tonight". The moon reappeared for a second, and then the racing clouds obscured it again. The wind was beginning to howl, and Jim could hear the waves slapping noisily against the rocks. He started to make his way down to the living room, grumbling to himself about people who refused to believe other people when they were told about faulty dynamos. They had not believed him last year either when he told them about something else.

A fork of lightning struck viciously towards the sea. "It's going to be a big storm. The wind's getting up". He switched on the wireless. "And that concludes our programme of light music. We hope . . ." The rest of the sentence was obliterated by a prolonged crackling. "Hmm, better see how the radio is". He picked up the microphone and turned the dial. "Hello, coastguard station, hello, coastguard station. This is Jim Saunders. Come in, please". There was no reply. Jim repeated the call, but he was still unable to obtain a reply. "Hmm, looks like I'm cut off", he thought.

He looked out at the boiling sea. In weather like this the seagulls would be perching up round the lighthouse. He watched the beam moving over the surface of the water as the lens revolved. Suddenly the light vanished. His lamp snuffed-out, leaving him in darkness. Drat! he had known that there was something wrong with that dynamo. He fell over a chair while searching for a candle, and cursed extensively. At last he managed to light it.

The room looked smaller in the flickering light, and entirely different. Strange how the shadows moulded themselves into such seemingly-solid objects. That one in the corner, for instance; it looked just like a stool. Of course, it could not possibly be a stool; there had never been a three-legged stool in the lighthouse. He dismissed the stool from his mind, and prepared to climb the stairs to the top. He would have to make a report in the morning about this.

A vivid flash of lightning lit up the little room. Jim bent over the machinery, but his candle was too dim to enable him to see clearly. He looked out at the heaving sea, and hoped that there were no ships in the vicinity; he felt helpless without his radio. Just then, he thought he saw a dark shape slipping round the headland. A flash of light illuminated it. He was sure that it was a ship, and it was being driven onto the rocks by the waves. He picked up his candle and hurried down to the living room.

This time the shadows seemed more active than before, and much more alive. He had a curious sensation that he was an onlooker in a room full of busy people. Quickly he reminded himself that he was the only human being in the lighthouse. Suddenly the door opened. The doorway seemed full of shadows, some of them remarkably like men in oilskins. One stumbled through the doorway and fell on the floor inside. Jim moved towards the shape on the floor, and said to the other men, "How many more survivors are there? Can I help?" But the men did not answer

By the next day the storm had passed, leaving a clear sky and a calm sea. A boat put out from the mainland carrying Jim's relief and an electrician. The island seemed quiet enough; gulls were riding on the waves, and hopping along the shore. The men landed on the beach and began to walk towards the lighthouse. It appeared deserted, and the door was wide open. Then they found Jim crouching at the top of the lighthouse beside the dynamos. He stared vacantly before him, and muttered incoherently all the time.

"Poor old Jim", said his relief later, "the storm was too much for him. He thinks that a ship was wrecked on the rocks below"

Down on the beach the gulls were surf-riding on pieces of rotten wood. "From that ship that was wrecked about thirty years ago I shouldn't wonder", said Jim's relief. "I believe there was only one survivor"

Ann Gardner.

Cambridge

As I hop on my bike to go into town I begin to think, "What does the name Cambridge conjure up in people's minds?" and the answer is quite simple when I think of what it used to mean to me. Gowns, brains, lectures, May Balls and the Boat Race. Now I can look at it from the inside and I wonder if my opinion has changed.

Let us take gowns for instance. Well, there are plenty of those, particularly at night when the undergraduates look like a lot of black bats as they whizz along on their bikes. It is compulsory for an undergraduate to have his gown with him at night; you should hear some of the comments about that from the undergraduates themselves. Anyone would think that they hated the sight of their gowns and some of them do. Brains there certainly are but I find the average undergraduate quite human really and the freshmen, i.e. those who have just "come up" as the correct expression is, are often just as bewildered as I was at first.

About lectures I am not going to say anything, although some of the lecturers and fellows are worthy of note. For instance it is quite usual to see E. M. Forster, the novelist, whipping across from King's College to the shops on the other side of the road.

Enough of the academic side of Cambridge life. I shall park my bicycle after these reflections at Great St. Mary's Church along with about forty other bicycles of all shapes, sizes and colours, all with their numbers painted on the back and the symbol of the college to which the owner belongs, e.g. H.O.206 is Homerton 206, i.e. I. Now I shall endeavour to cross King's Parade, a tricky operation as cycles are coming from all directions together with the coachloads of sightseers and the ordinary cars. When I reach the other side, immediately facing me is King's College Chapel. This lovely building, in all its perpendicular magnificence, is actually seen best from the other side of the river, the Cam. So I walk through the gateway and into King's College court and through past the excellent Gibbs building and over the bridge crossing "the backs". On King's Bridge I pause and look left towards the wooden Mathematical Bridge, said to have been designed by Newton, which connects the parts of Queen's College. Looking right, I see the lovely Clare Bridge with its drooping centre, in its picturesque setting against willows and chestnut trees. I see one solitary punt gliding down the river with a punter and no occupant. This brings back memories of the summer when the river was jammed with punts full of people laughing and shouting to each other. I remember my own first tentative efforts at punting and some of the occasions when I saw people fall in, something which I have not yet done. I also remember the crowds on the bridges waiting for an unsuspecting punter to throw up his pole near enough for them to catch it and force him into the river.

It is getting chilly; so I hurry over the bridge and walk along the tree-lined banks until I come to Trinity Bridge which I walk over, pausing again to glance at St. John's College, famous for its boat club and rather unkindly called "the wedding cake" by students, because of its appearance from this particular bridge. Now I go into Trinity, past Wren's library into Nevile's Court, the largest, and certainly to my mind, the loveliest court in Cambridge, with its fountain built by Henry VIII. Here many great men have studied, among them Newton and Byron, and, in our day, Lord Russell. Out from Great Court through the huge wooden doors I go into the busy Trinity Street where the throb and the hum of University life and the haste and speed of the twentieth century is once more upon us.

A party of tourists "doing Cambridge" passes me and wanders into Trinity and I begin to realise how lucky I am and how much I take this place for granted.

I have forgotten my shopping. So I hasten to Heffer's, the largest bookshop in Cambridge, where they defy anyone to ask for a book they have not got or cannot get. Here I can get any book from a book on spelling to an encyclopaedia. I have got my book. So I retrace my steps past the market, busy as ever, past the Guildhall, past the myriads of antique shops at which one dare not look, back to Great St. Mary's. I collect my bicycle and cycle thoughtfully back to college.

Has my view of Cambridge changed? In some ways yes, but in others I am even more conscious of its beauty and the privilege I share with thousands of others in studying here.

Angela Taylor.

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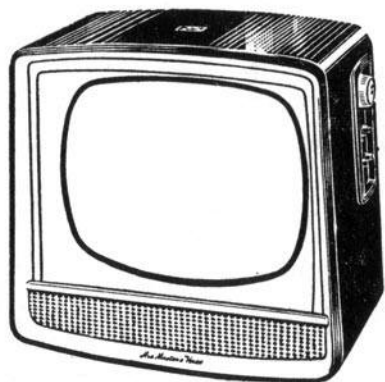
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