



COUNTHILL

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 2

JUNE, 1953

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Vol. 1, No. 2

June, 1953



COUNTHILL

THE MAGAZINE OF
COUNTHILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL
OLDHAM

Editors :

Norma Stansfield (Vib Lit.), J. Andrew (Va).

Committee :

*Miss Jones (Chairman), Miss Moorhouse, Miss Finnigan,
Mr. Yates, Mr. Harper (Secretary), B. Higgs, R. Crompton,
J. Keast and D. Turner.*

EDITORIAL

"The moving finger having writ moves on"

As we set before you the products of our labours of the past few weeks we hope that you will overlook any faults.

In this, the journal of our School, we have endeavoured to give you a true record of the year's events and also some of the original compositions of the pupils in it. Alas, we have made ourselves most unpopular with our constant pounces on unwilling contributors and we hope that this rigorous activity has not left us entirely unable to write this editorial.

However, progress has been made, and at last the magazine is in your hands — in spite of many difficulties.

Not the least of the difficulties we have had to face has been the ascent to Counthill. Little remains to be said; we have expressed our longings for escalators and lifts but have only received 'help' from a wind — blowing in the wrong direction!

This could be called the "School on Windy Ridge," but we are compensated by the fine weather we are now enjoying. Our trust is that it will linger to glorify our tennis and cricket in months to come.

From sport we turn to the more sedentary pleasures. We hail the advent of the still far-off examinations. As always our best wishes go with the candidates.

From terminals to our terminus

— Thank you for your help —

"Exeunt, bearing off the bodies."

NEWS BULLETIN FROM THE STAFFROOMS

As always, the past year has seen changes in our Staff.

At the end of the Summer Term, Mr. Higson left us to become Headmaster at Greenhill Grammar School. The School Captains presented him with a clock at the end of term assembly and the Headmaster, Mr. Bradley, thanked him for his many years of service to the School.

Miss Bratley and Mr. Yates joined us at the beginning of the Autumn Term and are doing valuable work.

Herr Völker came to us from Germany in early June and gave welcome help on the sports side of the School. He left us in August.

Mr. Rowe has been with us for a few weeks and is staying until Easter.

Domestic news of the Staff seems to have intruded itself into School life very much during the past year.

Last Easter Mr. Harper was married and during the summer holidays Mr. Carpenter followed his example.

Miss Smith became engaged in early November and we now hear that she will be leaving shortly to be married. After her wedding she will be living in Baghdad.

Recently we have heard of the birth of a son to Mr. Kent's wife.

To all these happy members of Staff we offer our sincere, though in some cases belated, congratulations.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1952 - 53

School Captains : Barbara Whittle ; Keith Barlow.

School Vice-Captains : Joan Clancy ; Gerald Andrews.

School Prefects—Girls :

Via Lit. M. Grayson, P. A. Harvey, B. Higgs, I. A. Ingham,
J. Rigby, J. Whitworth, B. Wood.

Via Sc. K. Curtis.

Vib Lit. D. Dukes, J. Hartley, N. Mann, S. I. Miller.

Vib Sc. A. Roberts.

School Prefects—Boys :

Via Lit. A. Pickvance.

Via Sc. C. Bracewell, R. Crompton, W. Hughes, H. Marsland.

Vib Lit. G. H. Ainsworth, T. Cooper, W. C. Worth.

Vib Sc. J. A. Bardsley, R. Lumb, D. Swann, M. Burgoyne.

SCHOOL NOTES

The whole School was photographed in April.

On the 29th of April the first of the Parents' Evenings was held at School.

A visit was arranged to see *King Lear* in the Lesser Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the 6th of May.

The majority of the School went on a trip to the Lake District in June.

The Student Christian Movement Conference held in Manchester Grammar School on 18th July was attended by eighteen members of the Sixth Form.

July 22nd was the first night of the Dramatic Society's play *I Have Five Daughters*, a dramatisation by Margaret Macnamara from Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*.

A visit to York was organised by the Historical Society on 29th July.

On 30th July Miss June Grant, of Grant Springs, Michigan, U.S.A., gave a talk, illustrated by lantern slides, to the whole School.

On the same day the boys gained a resounding victory in the Staff v Boys Cricket Match.

Several girls gave performances at a concert organised by the Inskip League of Friendship on 18th October. They did some Scottish dancing and singing.

October 24th was United Nations' Day and a special School service was held. Afterwards Mr. Middleton gave us a talk on the United Nations, their policy and principles.

A Memorial Service was held on 11th November, conducted by Miss Platt, Mr. Sturrock and Mr. Barber.

Also on 11th November, a party from School attended the annual School Leavers' Service held in St. Mary's Church.

A party of Upper Sixth girls went to see two French plays :— *La Poudre aux Yeux* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, on 20th November.

The annual School Sale was held on the 15th of December.

The School Dance and the Junior and Middle School parties were held during the last week of term.

On the 19th of December the annual Carol Service was held in the Hall.

During the Christmas holiday a party of girls visited Switzerland under Miss Gibson's able leadership.

The Prefects' Dance, organised by the Head Girl and Boy was held during the holidays and was, as always, a great success.

The snows covered Counthill from the 9th to the 19th of February.

W. Joyce of the Fourth Form was selected to play for the Lancashire Schoolboys' Soccer Team.

On the 12th of March two films, *The Voice of the Deep* and *Hidden Treasure* were shown in the Hall. Mr. Burbridge, D.S.O., D.F.C., B.A., spoke to us and told us something about the making of them.

Our second production, *The Winslow Boy*, had its first night on the 17th of March.

SPEECH DAY

On Tuesday, 2nd December, the first public Speech Day and Prizegiving of Counthill was held in the School Hall. In spite of the fog and the icy conditions of the roads most of the pupils and a large number of their parents attended.

The Chairman of the Education Committee, Alderman F. Lord, was as usual the chairman and the speaker was Professor E. B. Castle, M.A., of the University College, Hull.

After the singing of the Chorale and our chairman's introduction Mr. Bradley gave the Headmaster's report.

Following several pieces by the recorder players Professor Castle gave his address. He took for his subject "What is an Educated Person?" and left us doubting whether we would ever attain this distinction.

The presentation of prizes and certificates by Professor Castle was preceded and followed by songs from the School Choir.

The boys' captain, Keith Barlow, proposed the vote of thanks to Professor Castle and the girls' captain, Barbara Whittle, proposed a vote of thanks to Alderman Lord. After the presentation of an engraved pen-knife to Professor Castle the evening closed, and we began the perilous trek homewards.

D. OGDEN, (Vc)

THE BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF CEE GEE ESS

Here beginneth the writings of fyfth formers who dwelleth in the land of Olde Hamme, even in the regions of Cownt Hylle.

Behold, in the temples of Cownt Hylle, great travail was laid on Chief Scribes and stu-dents. It came to pass, even on the second day of Daiss Ember, great ceremonie was made within the new temples.

And in those days did the heavens open, and great rains and myste covered the land of Olde Hamme, and in the place of Cownt Hylle; but yet did the Chief Scribes and stu-dents and all the brethren and tribes of the stu-dents and Chief Scribes go forth to to the great feast of Speech Day. And lo, they did ascend unto the temples of Cownt Hylle upon the mountains to hear words of wisdom and sweet musick and to see gifts and precious scrolls divided amongst those most learned.

In the beginning did one of the Chief Elders of Educ. in Olde Hamme make welcome the brethren of the stu-dents and a wise man from the East, Prof. Essor Castle, even from the temples of Hulle. Then rose up the learned master, Chief of all the Scribes and skule, showing praise and prouddness in his speaking of new temples of Cownt Hylle and learning of stu-dents.

Sweet pipes gave intervale and did rest delightful upon the ears of those in great halle.

Then lo, did rise up wise man from the East, bearing with him rich gifts of pearly wisdom to divide amongst those of tender years. Verily, yet even again sweet musick filled the great halle, yea, with sweet singing did those maidens make merry for those assembled in that place.

Then did wise man Proff. Essor make ceremonie with learned stu-dents and did place into their hands scrolls for goodly work, yea, even silver goblets for excelling sports.

Then did sing the maidens in sweet harmonie to make the last of musick for the ceremonie. To close great feast of Speech Day, that gift of penn nife they did give to wise man, and Chief Stu-dents of the tribe of stu-dents did give thanks to Proff. Essor and to Chief Elder.

And it came to pass that the people descended from the hylle country that night into the land of Olde Hamme, with warm thoughts in their hearts of great new temples and the first feast day of Cownt Hylle.

H. MARTIN, Vc.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

President : Mr. Bradley.

Chairman : Mr. Yates.

Secretary : Barbara Higgs.

Committee : J. Andrew, H. Marsland, Norma Stansfield.

Under our new and untiring chairman, Mr. Yates, the Society has been very flourishing. Meetings are held fortnightly and have been very well attended.

Our programme has included debates on various topics, a literary version of "What's my Line," and recordings by John Gielgud of passages from *Hamlet*. We have also tried to interest our members in various types of holidays, in a meeting called "Come away with me," and we held a Brains Trust when two panels, one staff and one pupils, discussed questions of interest to us all. The Historical Society challenged us to a quiz and on that occasion feeling ran high.

By the time this is read, a Reading Competition will have been held. During next term we propose to hold a Mock Trial and possibly, a Balloon Debate, for which we would welcome any volunteer speakers.

We hope that the success with which the Society has met in the past will not desert us in the future. B.H.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President : Mr. Bradley.

Chairman : Mr. Brodie.

Secretary : Joan Clancy.

Committee : Mr. Sturrock, J. Andrew, G. Ainsworth, Norma Stansfield.

The meetings which the Historical Society has held during the past year have been enjoyable and very well attended. This latter fact is most encouraging! The first meeting was an historical version of "One Minute Please," and I would like, on behalf of the committee to thank the teams who took part.

A quiz was held between this Society and the Literary and Debating Society; our opponents proved themselves to be, on this occasion the better team, winning by 25 points to 22. Perhaps, next year, a return match will be held.

The highlight, however, of last year's meetings was a most interesting, informative and well-delivered talk by Geoffrey Ainsworth on "Torture."

Suggestions as to the destination of this year's trip would be welcome, but please bear in mind the cost and the suitability of the place suggested. J.C.

VISIT TO YORK

On 29th July of last year the members of the Historical Society kindly consented to take some of the Staff to York. The adventurous ones were Miss Moore, Miss Wilson, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Sturrock, Mr. Turner and Mr. Haslam, and as we heard no complaints, we trust we gave them a good time. We left School in two coaches and travelled by the 'Alpine Pass' of the Isle of Skye Road to Holmfirth and then descended to the plain where, eventually, in spite of getting lost, we reached York.

York schoolgirls, minus accents, met the scions of the Red Rose and conducted us around the city. We visited the Museum where two of our party were nearly left behind and spent some time examining the exquisite fans and elaborate Valentines of past years. Of course the greatest thrill was seeing the model street of shops. From thence we made our way to the Minster, where the mountaineering spirits amongst us urged the rest to climb the tower and view York from the top.

We partook of an excellent tea at the Co-operative Café, and after some free time we boarded the buses for home.

In all, we had a grand day and we look forward to a similar excursion this year, which is, after all, the highest praise we can give.

N.S. & J.A.

THE CHESS CLUB

<i>President :</i>	Mr. Bradley.
<i>Chairman :</i>	Mr. Sturrock.
<i>Secretary :</i>	Alan Simpson.
<i>Captain :</i>	Gerald T. Andrews.

The past season has been specially marked — and it is an encouraging sign — by the enthusiasm of the junior boys. On wet or cold dinner times (we do have some at Counthill) when "Indoors" has been the order of the day there has been keen competition to borrow the Club sets. With this practice the standard of playing skill has risen and has been reflected in the performance of the School Junior Team. This team entered the newly-formed Oldham Schools' Chess League, and after a disastrous start — three losses in a row — recovered splendidly and won their next four matches. The team will probably finish in third place, but for next year there are confident hopes of more marked success.

The Senior Team has not had so busy a season ; three matches have been played — one win, one loss and one draw, but a bigger programme is being arranged for next year. We have all enjoyed the matches we have played and the games we have had.

THE SCRIPTURE UNION

Counthill Grammar School branch of the Scripture Union was formed in September, 1952, and has since become affiliated to the Inter-School Christian Fellowship.

There is an ever-increasing membership, and meetings have been held each week when the programmes have included singing, competitions, quizzes, missionary films, talks and Bible Study.

We are most grateful to the many people who have climbed Counthill in order to lead our Bible Study, and we were particularly pleased to welcome the Rev. G. M. Wylie, one of the School governors, as the guest speaker at our Christmas meeting.

Activities have not been confined to School. During the Christmas holidays we were able to send a representative to the I.S.C.F. Conference in Rugeley. She met students from many other Grammar Schools, and brought back much valuable information to help us in the running of our own group.

Saturday evenings have been busy ones for many girls who have attended the Scripture Union Rallies in Manchester, and our Junior members succeeded in gaining an easy victory over twelve other Grammar Schools in the Inter-School Bible Quiz held there on 7th February.

We have a full programme for the rest of the year, and we hope to celebrate our first birthday by sending a number of girls to the Inter-School camps at St. Annes-on-Sea, Ambleside, Penmaenmawr, and Shute, during the month of August. B.D.

RECORDER WORK

Recorder playing continues to make very good progress. Although numbers are not so large as in the past, the loyalty and enthusiasm of players are stronger than ever, and our group playing is a pleasure to us all.

New classes have been formed for descant and treble players, and the School tenor recorders are being well used. Advanced ensemble classes are held every few weeks, and these are assisted by Miss Bratley (soprano), Mr. Carpenter (tenor recorder) and Barbara Whittle (piano): music is for three to eight parts, and Bach and Scarlatti composed some of the favourite music in our programme.

Performances have been given for the Inskip League, and for the Hospital and School Carol Services, the two latter conducted by Mr. Heys, who also conducted the orchestral playing for Speech Day. A quintet was also played on Speech Day — the first time individual players have taken part, and the three VIa players, Joyce Rigby, Pauline Harvey and Jean Whitworth, are to be complimented on their excellent performance along with two members of Staff, a satisfactory last public performance together after five years' playing with the School !

We are very pleased that Joyce Sharples, who was such an excellent recorder player when in School, has been successful in gaining a music scholarship for the Royal Manchester College of Music (for violin). We hope that her experience here in ensemble work will be of use to her in her future studies. D.H.

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

Since the last edition of *Counthill*, the Choir has gone from strength to strength under the leadership of the music master, Mr. Heys. Despite many other attractions our practices have continued both successfully and regularly.

Although we lost most of our male members last year, our numbers have been retained and we now have 32 sopranos, 14 contraltos, 6 baritones together with the welcome help of several members of Staff.

Our first engagement was early in the new school year, when we gave a concert to a crowded gathering of Inskip League members. We were supported at this concert by other members of the School, who gave items of choric speaking, folk and country dancing and instrumental pieces.

At the Carol Service last term the Choir sang many of the well-known carols and the programme also included solos by several of our members. On Speech Night, too, the Choir gave a performance of several items in both unison and three-part harmony.

Before Christmas we visited the Oldham Royal Infirmary where we sang carols to some of the patients and staff and our visit seemed to be much appreciated by everyone.

On 7th March we are singing at the Burnley Music Festival, and although this is our first attempt we hope that we shall have good results to announce. It is also hoped that we shall be able to give a concert for parents and friends some time in the near future.

(We are pleased to note that the Choir attained third place at the Burnley Music Festival.—ED.)

" TWELFTH NIGHT "

On the 10th of December last year, several members of the Sixth Forms made their way to the Arthur Worthington Hall. There they saw a performance of *Twelfth Night* given by the students.

Costumes, scenery and acting all came up to their expectations and further entertainment was provided in the intervals with coffee and ice cream.

Special mention must be made of the splendid performance of Penri Williams as Feste, the clown, although Olivia's performance was marred by her too long hair. Viola was suitably boyish and the other players supported the principals admirably.

The journey home in our private coach proved to be hilarious with everyone in high spirits.

Thanks are due to Miss Finnigan, Miss Jones, Mr. Smith and Mr. Sturrock for their kindness in organising the visit so efficiently.

J.W. & D.D.

COUNT HILL

The name Count Hill is probably a relic from the British or Celtic hill-folk who inhabited the district before the English or Anglican invasion. Fanciful writers have suggested that the name denotes a hill to which farmers at certain periods drove their sheep to be counted, but this theory may be disregarded.

In pre-English days the district was peopled by a wild Celtic tribe called the Brigantes, who spoke a tongue akin to Old Welsh. The name Count Hill may confidently be derived from Old Celtic "cunet" (a hill), a word related to Modern Welsh "Cwn" (a height). The same word is also present in the hill-name Counden near Coventry, and also in the town-name Countisbury in Devon, which stands on a hill-side.

In the troubled reign of Edward II (1307 - 1327) the Count Hill Estate, along with Sholver, had passed into the hands of the powerful and unruly Roger de Pilkington, who claimed the right to hunt hares in the district ("free warren"). In 1315 Roger joined a rebellion against the King; and when the rebels were finally defeated in 1322 Roger's lands were confiscated and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The Pilkingtons were a lawless breed. In 1298 Henry de Pilkington "came with a sword made of iron and steel and wounded Adam de Pilkington in the neck with a wound four inches from the right ear, three inches deep and three inches long," from which Adam died. In 1343 Roger, son of the above Roger, was charged with bringing a great crowd to West Derby to the terror of the people.

From the Pilkingtons the Estate passed to the Hulmes of Hulme in Manchester, and from them by marriage to the Prestwich family, Lords of the Manor of Hulme, who held it for over 300 years. As a condition of their tenure of Count Hill and other local estates, the Prestwiches were obliged to find food for the King's retinue, for his horses and for his dogs.

The Civil War impoverished most of the landed gentry who had fought on the King's side, and the Count Hill Estate was sold piecemeal by the Prestwich family to their tenant farmers, chiefly the Cleggs, the Tweedales, the Wolfendens and the Coopers. Hitherto these farmers had belonged to the inferior rank of husbandmen, paying small fixed rents for their holdings and performing certain menial services for the Lord of the Soil. By purchasing the freehold of their farms they were raised to the rank of the English yeomanry and prospered exceedingly. In 1657 Joseph Clegg, husbandman, acquired from Sir Thomas Prestwich the freehold of his Count Hill Farm, and about the same date John Tweedale became a Count Hill freeholder.

Little is known about these pioneer farmers, apart from a few glimpses of their possessions and household effects as afforded by old wills now preserved at the County Hall, Preston.

A John Tweedale of Count Hill was Constable for Oldham in 1637, — a very exacting office for which he received no pay. By his will dated 1727 a later John Tweedale, yeoman of Count Hill, having first commended his soul into the hands of Almighty God, bequeathed "the estate on which I dwell . . . and also one close of land called the Acer" to his son John; also one croft at the Lower Hill, one chest in the parlour and a pair of looms with the gear thereto belonging. To his daughters Sarah and Anne he left household goods, cattle, money, jewels and plate.

Joseph Clegg, yeoman of Count Hill, by will dated 1726, directed his executors to use a certain sum, issuing from the profits of his estate, for the maintenance and education of his younger children. The rest of his various estates were to be divided among his three sons Joseph, Daniel and Isaac. By this time the family had acquired extensive lands in Saddleworth, and also the tenement in Oldham called Priors Croft (situated on the site of the present Priory Buildings, Union Street). Isaac inherited Priors and in 1765 purchased the Mumps Estate. Cleggs were still farming at Count Hill in 1850.

The factory system laid its grimy hand on green, pastoral Count Hill in the last decade of the 18th Century. In 1791 a small woollen mill, called Blomeley Mill, was erected, and in 1795 John Cooper, yeoman of Count Hill, built a small cotton-spinning factory.

H. BATESON.

THE HILL OF DIFFICULTY

It was after lunch on 12th February and snow lay thick upon Counthill Road. At the side of the road was a path which was just wide enough for one person to pass another. I was carrying twenty-eight pounds of margarine up the hill and my companions were bearing loads, weighing anything from twenty-eight pounds to half a hundredweight. We had to carry these supplies up on foot because the grocer's lorry could not ascend the hill without being stuck in a drift.

At one moment I felt my feet slipping from under me. I instinctively went down on my knees and by some lucky chance I managed to retain my hold on the precious load. I shall never know how it happened but somehow I stopped my load from sliding back down the icy slope, polished smooth by innumerable pairs of Wellington boots and probably knocking the Head Master down — he was behind me. Somehow I arose and picked up the package.

As we reached the halfway stage in this tiresome journey, Mr. Barber who was ahead of the party asked us to stop. We wondered why on earth he should wait for a procession to form. "I want to take a photograph," he said. The camera clicked.

We had enjoyed this brief rest, and now we set off again almost, if not completely, refreshed. As we trudged up this hill of difficulty I wondered that twenty-eight pounds could feel so heavy. Just as we were nearing the top, I decided to have a short rest so I put my cargo of "marge" on the top of a snowy wall. Just as I did that, my feet slid from under me again and I pitched forward into the snow. That woke me up, and I shot up just in time to save the margarine from nose-diving off the wall into a cloud of snow. We reached the top of the hill without further mishap, and when I arrived there, I felt I had surmounted a hill of very great difficulty indeed.

E. WOOLLEY, (IIa).

THE JOYS OF CAMPING

The gleaming train slowly chugged its way out of a "flower bedecked" Central Station. Nine boys leaned out of the carriage windows and bade farewell to weeping sweethearts. The Llewellyn expedition had begun.

After a sleepless night, the bedraggled party arrived in Torquay on a cold, windy and rainy morning, only to be herded into a boat for the "ocean crossing" to Brixham. The last lap of the journey to the camp site was up precipitous slopes and we were bowed double by the weight of our kitbags.

The tent (which was guaranteed waterproof) was erected, and camp established. Later, to our cost, the guarantee was broken, and the tent was utilised as a swimming pool complete with floating footballs.

Camp life was strenuous ; everyone rose early to the call " Dinner ready, boys." The camp routine followed a regular pattern, allowing those who were up to spend the morning among the rocks. In the afternoon, the camp field was littered with bodies snatching every minute of relaxation, and every ray emitted by the shy sun. The evenings were spent in the village's super electric cinema which sometimes showed talkies. Among the camp institutions was the keeping of a " swear box " to which everyone contributed at the rate of a penny per word. A large sum was shared out at the end of the camp.

We entered a team in a challenge race against Brixham Athletic Club. The race was a four-man medley run over a mile and the School won, in " four minutes " exactly, by over two hundred yards.

Many water-borne activities were undertaken, among them the construction of a raft, duly launched and named the " Sir Taffy."

When the weather was suitable the boys went on trips to Torquay, Paignton, Fishcove, Babbacombe and on walking tours up the Dart to Totnes, where the chief attraction was the low price of fruit — apples and plums at only twopence a pound.

The zenith of our activities though, was the last supper, when all remaining food (including chocolate biscuits) was fried and the " fry " washed down with Devonshire cider.

However, all good things must end, and the camp was no exception, for, alas, on the night of the Lynmouth floods, Brixham was also hit. Disaster hit the tent ; at 2.50 a.m. the pole snapped, the water entered, and the boys had to work ten minute shifts holding it up. The damage, however, was done and the boys had to return home, leaving behind four stalwarts (who lived in a two-man tent) to clear up the mess caused by a very enjoyable holiday.

Now that the holiday is over, the boys wish to express their gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn for their hard work done in caring for them.

RUSSELL LUMB, (Vib Sc.).

GEOFFREY H. AINSWORTH, (Vib Lit.)

SHEEP IN GEORGE STREET

Damp grey pavements covered with a film of slime ; water hanging in fat silent beads from every dirt-caked ledge ; a crowd of chilled, shivering people waiting hopefully for a bus — and shrouding the whole, a cold, thick January fog !

Without warning there is the hurried patter of the countless frightened little feet, the tuneless cry of a weary farm boy, the shrill bark of his ever-moving dog, and from the gloom emerges a tangled struggling mass of sheep.

Creeping buses loom through the fog and lurch to a stop ; drivers shout oaths, and peer with disbelieving eyes ; children laugh excitedly — and above all is the pitiful bleat of the sheep who twist and turn to flee the unaccustomed traffic, and hide silly woolly heads in the false, warm protection of the flock.

As suddenly as it appeared, the relentless procession of death is swallowed up. Nothing remains save the swirling vapour raised by a thousand breathless throats, the strong, sweet farmyard stench — and the fog.

B.D.

HINTS AND TIPS ON PHOTOGRAPHY

After a photograph has been taken many people say, " If it comes out, will you let me have a print ? " This seems to me to treat photography as a kind of lucky dip and it is unnecessary. By observing a few simple rules, the quality of your photographs will increase considerably.

Here are some suggestions :

Know your camera thoroughly. This information can be acquired by reading the manufacturer's instruction book.

A common cause of bad photographs is the blurring of the image. To be sure of a sharp photograph, focus correctly, or if it is a box camera, do not go nearer to your subject than six feet.

Hold the camera firmly and press the shutter ; release it gently without jarring it.

Always wind on the film immediately after making an exposure.

Avoid poor backgrounds when taking portraits e.g. brick walls, and trees growing out of people's heads.

Never let your subject know that you are taking a photograph — the result is much more natural.

Load and unload the film in the shade.

Take your films to be developed by a reputable dealer and store the prints in an album. They keep better and look more attractive.

Remember a good snap looks even better if it is enlarged.

J. DOCHERTY, (Va).

DAWN

Throughout the night the wind has, unrelenting, done his work,
 a thankless, unsuccessful task for clouds still lurk
 at dawn in the leaden sky,
 which echoes the Cock's surprising cry
 of joy at the ending of another night.
 The darkness must have filled the bird with fright
 for there is no beauty in the coming of the dawn,
 the festering mouths of furnaces appear to yawn,
 and at the clearing of the dark
 out of the shadows — fearful, stark
 emerge the monstrous mills.

A shrunken sparrow chirps a cheerful song
 to an unhearing, purposeful, scurrying throng
 who clatter o'er the uneven cobbles
 into the mill-yards to be gobbled
 up. And then a noisy hooter sounds.
 The few remaining in sight running, pound
 breathlessly towards the howling mills.
 The noise of sirens and of runners fills
 the grey scene.

They have gone and I can hear the rain
 trickling, taciturnly towards a smelly drain
 and then a peal of unmuffled, booming bells
 begins to sing and towards a climax swells
 but — no one heeds their friendly, loud appeal,
 for they are deafened by the unmelodious clash of steel
 within the monstrous mills.

N.H. (E.O.H.S. 1941-46).

" PARADISE LOST "

We walked slowly, my friend and I, away from the School over
 the crest of the hill and down into the quiet valley. The silence was
 almost a tangible thing — the trees stirred gently and a bird sang
 fitfully, and then was quiet as if overawed by the bright silence all
 around. A broad stretch of water lay before us, smooth, gleaming,
 undisturbed, bordered by green slopes whose reflection lay calmly
 on the still waters. The brightness of the sun was shrouded by a
 cool mist and colours were muted, infinitely restful.

We stood and felt the silence ; it was the silence of another
 world. Man seemed to have no place in this realm of peace.



"I HAVE FIVE DAUGHTERS"





"THE WINSLOW BOY"



Peace! Suddenly this peace was shattered, annihilated by shouts and laughter as three boys of the School — most decidedly Senior — galloped yelling down the hill. The silence shuddered, overcome by the battle-cry of "Yay-O" and the insane laughter of these three who hurled themselves, in abandon down the slope like savages in a head-hunt.

Is this the higher education? Is this the modern civilisation? When will we reach the perfection, we think we have already obtained? "How long, O Lord, how long?"

INEZ INGHAM, (Vla Lit.).

A BACKSTAGE VIEW OF AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC PRODUCTION

Let me, first, introduce myself and the play that I saw. I am that most unimportant vassal of theatrical life — the assistant stage manager, alluded to by tactless people as a scene shifter. The play was Margaret Macnamara's adaptation of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* — *I Have Five Daughters*. I was all the more unimportant in this production as the 'set' remained unchanged throughout the play; life, in this case, was not at all hard! Perhaps you are now wondering why I was there at all — so am I.

Three minutes to 'zero hour'; there is tension back-stage; the opening performers take up their places; the prompter and the stalwart backstage hands take up their positions in the wings; the house-lights dim and the curtains swing back.

Weeks of rehearsals and continuous practices paid their dividends for on most nights the production went smoothly, without a hitch.

However, as always, the one night when it did not go smoothly sticks most firmly in my mind. A cue was not given and an all-pervading silence fell upon the stage. With great presence of mind, one actor managed to re-start the conversation and to our delight very few of the audience realised that anything was wrong.

We were glad to realise that the play was a success, the excellence of the set contributing not a little.

It was interesting to notice that very few of our actors suffered from stage-fright and all gave extremely good performances. Thanks are due to Miss Jones for her untiring work as producer and to other members of Staff for their work.

We hope that many more performances will be given in the future and that they will all be as successful as the one at which I was proud and privileged to be of help.

D. TURNER, (Va).

ON MOUNTAINEERING

Often one sees wandering around the streets, strange characters in outlandish forms of habit — tweed hats, worn boots and tattered trousers with many strange garments which have seen the inside of an army-surplus store. Round their bodies are wound ropes of nylon and hemp and from their necks hang strange pieces of iron. — They are mountaineers.

Why do these beings ascend to those waste regions of ice and snow or rock heather? Yes, and in absence of nature's own crags they so yearn for the great rock towers that they display their ability on old and weatherworn buildings; for climbing exerts a hold, which never relaxes, on young or old.

It is said that climbing is dangerous, a sport for wild young men who are no longer thrilled by aviation or motor cycling. Yet climbing is in some way different. Once a person takes up climbing, climbing for the love of the game not merely to surpass the next man, he or she very rarely stops. As for danger, it is a constant spectre which is ever at the mountaineer's side but very rarely strikes — hundreds climb but few are injured.

Among those who climb are great names — John Buchan and Mallory G. Winthrop-Young. Since the beginning of time the heights have beckoned to man. Nations without high places have built artificial hills, from pyramids to towers, and mountains in their time have been deservedly worshipped. The Eastern pilgrimages to high peaks are comparable to the mass exodus of British climbers from the plains to the mountains every weekend.

Climbing is also within the reach of everyone for the cost of a pair of nailed boots and ropes, rucksack and the 'bus or railway ticket to the nearest rock outcrop. Other equipment consists of an old, loose-fitting suit and a woollen sweater.

The cost-critics having been silenced, let us forget the manual of climbing. Who can resist the feel of the firm rock under the fingers, the slight tug of the quivering rope, the bite of the nails into rock and the strain of muscles in the great game of man against mountain? One of my favourite sayings, common among the Hindus, is "He who goes to the hills goes to his mother," and what is more true? The rocks and mountains are the places to which man flees from the cares of the lower world. When one hangs "twixt earth and sky" other things are forgotten; as the fight for life continues, the only thoughts are for that next minute's hold.

The mountains put things in their true perspective, and even when the climber has his feet on solid ground he views life in a truer light. What matter worldly worries whilst life and health are still preserved for "Where there is life there is hope."

J. ANDREW, (Va).

CO₂ FORGOTTEN ○

Every Friday morning, the view from the Chemistry laboratory window seemed to me to be the most interesting thing in the world. As I wrote down notes that I half understood and equations which I never understood, I would look down at Counthill and wish I were going home. The bus would go up and down Ripponden Road with shoppers aboard. I would note the buses in Derker terminus and watch the clock to see if they were early or late, discussing this with my friend next to me. She would point out buses nearly on the horizon and would try to watch them on their way to Shaw, which stood to the right of the view with a cloud of black smoke hovering over it. The buses which went to Oldham were soon lost in a haze of streets, but landmarks such as Saint Mary's Church and Mumps Station were easily picked out.

As our eyes fell on Mumps Station we would try to follow the path of the slow goods trains on their way to Shaw but always we lost sight of them at a large bridge.

On ordinary days it was possible to see the Coppice on the horizon, and I thought, "Just a little lower down is home," but on clear days the grey silhouette of Hollinwood gas works was seen.

As the smell of sulphur dioxide floated down to the back of the laboratory I turned from the gasworks to look at the fields of Moorside. The cows walked idly about, eating grass and I thought, "How lovely it must be not to have to worry about Chemistry."

Flocks of birds walked in amongst the corn and grass, jostling each other for seeds. Sometimes pigeons perched on the side of the roof and were so near that they lost their dull greyness which they have at a distance and one could see their blue, pink and emerald green feathers. At the same time a master was trying to persuade the class that a grey-brown liquid in a test tube was green but looking at the emerald green of the pigeons' wings this was hard to believe.

Then my partner in crime gave me a nudge. Looking where she was pointing I saw that a new bus had drawn into Derker terminus; that meant it was twenty-five past ten. I glanced over the view, the Coppice, Oldham, Shaw, Waterhead and finally just outside the window, Counthill and turned for the last ten minutes to the H₂O's and CO₂'s of Chemistry.

DOREEN CAPEWELL, (IVc).

WOOD IN YORKSHIRE

An enforced holiday this winter led me to Yorkshire. I crossed the Pennines and left the continuous drizzle of Oldham for the finer, crisper weather of Hatfield.

Hatfield, although little known, is a village of great antiquity. Its old houses and quiet streets are attractively peaceful and its church is a gem for the connoisseur. In Hatfield's manor house, now alas, taken over by squatters, was born a Prince — William of Hatfield, who is buried in York Minster.

The district about Hatfield was known as Hatfield Chase and was the hunting-ground of the Royal family for many generations. Some of the woodlands still remain, and it was through part of them that I took my walk.

The leafless branches of the trees threw ever-changing Chinese patterns against the background of the grey sky and they whispered tales of the coming seasons to the passing wind. In the wintry air the damp leaves on the pathways smelt tangy and mingled with the earthy smell of the flattened grass. Few flowers were to be seen — an unopened snowdrop and the frail bridal wreaths of pale winter jasmine. English February peeped from her filigree fan and heralded the return of the sea gulls, following the plough.

The lombardy poplars stood on tip-toe to catch the last light of day as the dusk fell. The bare trees turned to ghosts in the shadows, and in the half-light, the faint cries of the sea gulls become disembodied murmurs.

As it slipped from sight, the sun grasped about it its royal, tattered, red robes and the grey-green sky deepened as the blue-blacks claimed the world for their own. "A far bell tolling softly : Finis."

NORMA STANSFIELD, (V1b Lit.).

A WEEK OF BLIZZARDS

Saturday, 7th February, was a cold bright day and the pale wintry sun smiled fitfully down. The brightness had gone by evening and it had become bitterly cold. Sunday dawned grey and sullen and the dark, overcast sky foretold the approach of snow. By noon the soft white flakes had begun to fall, stealthily but surely, and soon, almost unnoticed, had covered the earth. The kerbs had been obliterated by evening and sharp harsh lines were softened and rounded.

A blizzard was blowing on Monday morning and we looked upon a world of white whirling snow. When my friends and I reached the main road and saw the glassy surface our minds were filled with the thoughts of Counthill and the question — Would we reach there ?

We boarded the usual bus and reached Market Place without mishap, descending in time to see our six bus sailing by clothed in white and recognisable only by the familiar faces within.

A grind and a jerk heralded the climb of Ripponden Road and slowly we passed houses, white with plastered snow; deep smooth drifts and privet hedges uncommonly beautiful with their white crystal coats.

A white world and a grey sky filled with swirling snow were all that lay before us as we started up towards Counthill. The snow was hard and trampled beneath our feet, but on either side rose the graceful lines of the deep, smooth drifts. In the field opposite the general highway, our fellow pupils, with heads bent against the driving snow, resembled explorers conquering some cruel mountain.

At the top of the hill there was a splendid view of the white rolling moors and grey expanse of sky hardly distinguishable along the faint horizon.

When, at last, we reached the School doors we looked back to see a curtain of crystal flakes occasionally cut across by the dark huddled figures of fellow pupils. The most attractive thing about all these walking "snow-men" was that they were all laughing or smiling, showing that even if our School is on a hill, we are undaunted.

S.D., (IIIc).

IN ALL DIRECTIONS

A lasting pleasure to be gained from holidays are memories and I should like to recall here some of the experiences and sights encountered in some six weeks of Continental travel. Previously I had always thought of a Continental holiday as something set apart for those lucky American "teenagers" and the idle rich. My illusions were soon to be shattered. We became busy and enthusiastic, engaged in filling in our passport forms, and rather more regretfully paying for them. This little matter of currency began to worry us more and more, and we soon realised that we wouldn't have enough money of our own. This could result in only one thing — the usual thing — a loan from the parents. This loan was, after much persuasion, I am glad to say, forthcoming and we purchased our Traveller's Cheques.

At last, after what seemed years, the day of our departure dawned and on a typically Oldham mid-June morning — damp and foggy — we set off on our "Grand Tour of Europe."

We arrived in Dover the same evening, weary and worn, but not sad, and after a good night's sleep, we were ready to face anything. We passed through the Customs, proudly holding out our passports to have the first stamp inserted. We boarded the ship at 10 a.m. and it began to move. The chalk cliffs on our left, slipped by with ever-increasing rapidity and soon they had disappeared below the horizon and with them had gone our last glimpse of England for six weeks.

At last land was seen on the horizon and we could not suppress a boyish delight at the sight. Here indeed was the moment we had longed for — here was the Continent with whatever it might hold for us.

The treats and experiences in store were exciting and varied and far too numerous to relate here. There is something to suit everybody. There is Bruges with its "old world" buildings, its quiet flowing waterways and evidence of its former commercial importance — a town steeped in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages and last year's celebrating of the pagan "Festival of the Sun God." In contrast there are the wide tree-lined avenues of Antwerp and the outskirts of Amsterdam with their spacious modern buildings and planned gardens. In the centre of Amsterdam however one finds the placid canals and the tall steep-gabled houses together with the numerous jewellers' shops. We were fortunate in being able to witness the holiday celebration — when the streets are hung with gaily coloured flags, the cobbled squares are floodlit and the students celebrate the commencement of their long summer holidays by dancing the national dances.

By contrast to the Dutch countryside with its monotonous flatness, broken only by the picturesque windmills and dykes, is the mountainous country of Switzerland. At resorts such as Montreux, Interlaken or Lucerne the quaint buildings and old bridges add to the beauty of intensely blue lakes, the picturesque chalets dotted here and there on the orchard-covered slopes and the jagged skyline of snow-capped mountains. Here are excellent possibilities for walking and climbing.

If, on the other hand, walking and climbing do not appeal to you you can choose the ready-made entertainment of Paris — the queen of cities — with which no visitor can fail to fall in love. Its gaiety is infectious, and you are drawn into its whirl of entertainment. Sit at one of the café tables with a glass of wine and watch the constant stream of passers-by; join in one of the auctions in Montmartre and buy three-foot long loaves; do these things and you are caught in the web.

But, no more, go yourself for there's a treat in all directions.

A. PICKVANCE, (VIa Lit.).

" FORTY YEARS BACK "

It is said that a man is as old as he feels. That may be true, but when he is suddenly confronted with proof that over forty years ago he wrote something for his School magazine, and that is laid in evidence against him, his feeling of youthfulness receives quite a jolt ! That reflection he has gazed at daily for so many years as he shaved becomes somewhat different. Where has that crop of hair gone to ? And what are all those lines and wrinkles doing there ?

" Old man," says Truth, " you're not so young as you've made yourself believe."

But, somewhere deep down inside there still exists a youngster who felt compelled to contribute to *Esprit de Corps* because of esprit de corps. " A.B.," Jennie Radcliffe, Tavy (still an impenetrable anonymity !), the rest of his form and the Staff still remain in that somewhere just as they were in 1912, even though some are now across the Great Divide. *Semper eadem* ? Yes, somewhere deep down inside it is still the same.

May I ask the unknown author of " Forty Years Back " how he, or she, came so close to and yet so far from, my address ? When the article was written our address was Prestatyn, N. Wales, where we had lived for 28 years. There was at that time no thought of removal. When, in late October, I read the article our address was to be within a day or two in Hampshire. How then did the combination of "Hampstead, N.W.8" arise ? Was it second sight through spectacles a little dimmed, or just the long arm of coincidence ?

With every good wish for the continued success of the Old School, and the new magazine.

R. C. (DICK) TAYLOR. '

(Dick Taylor was mentioned in our last issue as being one of the first contributors to " Esprit de Corps.")

MY MOST INTERESTING JOURNEY

Just before dawn, one day last year, I went on a walk through Mountain Grove, a road in Conway. My rucksack on my back, the sun beginning to rise, I set off looking all around me.

On one side were the mountains and on the other, trees of every description, among them red-pines in one of which I was lucky to see a red squirrel.

By now the sky was a clear blue and the fleecy clouds were beginning to play tig. As I came to a stream I saw a kingfisher darting about and diving into the water to catch fish.

After eating my sandwiches I started to climb the mountain path, and when I reached the top I thought I had not an ounce of breath left ! But it was worth it for the view of the countryside. From the top of the mountain I could see the stream shimmering in the sun.

Eventually I had to set off home and arrived in the starlit evening, so having the best of both worlds.

J. WAITE, (1a).

CHARITY SALE — OR THE FESTIVAL OF AUTOLYCUS

“ The height of good salesmanship is to persuade a customer to buy an article he doesn't want at a price he isn't prepared to pay.” Not so ; else would proof of commercial genius lurk in every domestic coal-scuttle ; but first to procure from your customer by gift or involuntary transfer the article which later you will do him the favour of allowing him to purchase at his eager request and your price — that is salesmanship indeed. Nor could it be anywhere more brilliantly displayed than at Counthill in the weeks immediately preceding the Christmas Sale.

Gifts — these come in profusion from all classes and ages ; household stores from generous mothers ; toys made or renovated by fathers with skilled hands ; saleable goods made by willing fingers, ungrudging of time or effort ; white elephants converted by some mysterious biological process to sell like hot cakes ; and all the ingenuity of mystery and imagination is taxed to provide saleable thrills. There are refresher courses in the Dining-Room ; and the natural process of education is thus far reversed, that junior boys strive (for a consideration) to make their masters shine — at one end at least.

But what of involuntary transfer ? Autolycus, that snapper-up of unconsidered trifles was a slow-coach, a tortoise, the veriest snail beside the Counthill Collectors.

Drop your voice, and 'twill be sold for an old song ; put your foot down and you can't call your sole your own. The courteous doffing of his cap by one Junior spells a bargain in headgear for another. You can ransom old friends from the “ Unclaimed Property ” before you know they're lost.

Gazing from Counthill windows across the heights, journeying in thought beyond the far peaks, often have I been haunted by a dread lest, as my spirit roved abroad unfettered, its earthly tabernacle — though neither unconsidered, inconsiderable nor yet a trifle — should have been snapped up by an altruistic Autolycus Cruncher-inspired, to further — at a price — biological research.

Thus would my days end in complete charity, but I should be, nevertheless, quite cut up !

E.G.

“ SMALL BEGINNINGS ”

It all started about 1937. We used to collect and renovate toys and oddments likely to give pleasure to children in “ depressed areas ” — in Oldham, Manchester and Leeds. We got a lot of pleasure from this and we hope we gave a lot, too.

With the beginning of the war came increased difficulty in transport and so it was almost impossible to send away what we had gathered together, and the distribution was limited to various local charities. As the war brought restrictions, and things began to get fewer and fewer in the shops, we turned to a system of “ self-help ” in order to help others. So it was in 1942 that we decided to try to make money for institutions whose interests were concerned with children less fortunate than ourselves.

We turned out drawers and cupboards of our own and invited, urged, and almost *forced* our friends to do the same. The result was a miscellaneous collection of “ oddments ” which were quickly snapped up at our first wild and very amateur ‘ sale.’ The scene was laid in the Lower Hall of our old School and as it proceeded, resembled nothing less than an all-in wrestling match or the last day of sale in a department store. The result £15 — mostly in coppers !

It was about this time that the minute sums from the sale of “ lost property ” began to go into the general till. Occasionally the property hadn’t got as far as being lost as the wail of a small boy proclaimed — “ Miss, you’ve just sold my cap ! ”

During the most difficult war period we made toys and held weekly “ toy-club ” meetings. Every ‘ breed ’ of rabbit was produced in every possible kind of ‘ rag-bag ’ material (some, even, with *real* tails !). We found friends everywhere ready to give us oddments which proved invaluable. At this point we must offer our thanks, most sincerely, to Staff, present and long-since-past, who year by year, help so generously by gifts of materials, cash and interest and patronage.

And so we got through the war years making more and more money in order to keep somebody’s children somewhere.

As pretty things began to reappear in shops, our clients became more discriminating, so the character of our Christmas Sale changed gradually. About this time we stumbled on the way to a boy’s pocket — via his tummy ! Since then we have never looked back. There have been milk bars, *thé dansants*, cake stalls, toffee apples, Sundae parlours and all “ things nice.” Ingenuity has been the keynote. Since our translation to relatively palatial premises, viz

Counthill, scope has been greater and we now hold a " Christmas Fair " with ' Palm Court Orchestra,' super-fruit stalls and the like ! But the spirit is unchanged. So long as parents continue to be generous — and they certainly have been—and children are full of enthusiasm, we shall continue to help ' the little Ones,' somewhere.

The total of money distributed so far is £1645 2s. 6d.

D.P. & L.M.W.

SCHOOL CHARITIES

AMOUNTS OF MONEY ALREADY DISTRIBUTED

	£	s.	d.
*National Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis ...	723	13	6
*The ' Save the Children ' Fund ...	399	10	0
*Church of England Children's Society ...	152	0	0
*St. George's Crypt Fund, Children's Section ...	30	10	0
*B.E.L.R.A. Leper Colony at I.T.U. ...	63	0	0
Help to Children of Provence (now closed) ...	110	0	0
*A Hospital in Ethiopia, Children's Section ...	10	0	0
*Dr. Schweitzer's Hospital, Children's Section ...	67	0	0
Bengal Relief Fund ...	4	0	0
The Children's Hospital, Southampton... ..	15	0	0
Relief to the Skollt Lapps	12	0	0
British Universities' Aid to China	3	0	0
Arab Relief Appeal	7	7	0
*Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies	11	11	0
*Cripple Children's Home... ..	11	11	0
Aid to Greece	5	0	0
Oldham Child in a Sanitorium in Switzerland ...	4	0	0
R.S.P.C.A. Appeal	2	0	0
†Pestalozzi Children's Village Fund	5	0	0
†Friends' Ambulance Unit	5	0	0
Lord Mayor's Flood Relief Fund	29	10	0

*—These are ' regulars ' †—First year for us.



Wood Engraving

P. HEWKIN, (IVc)

THE SEASONS

There is a window where I go,
 To see the seasons change,
 Nature's pageant passing by,
 Throughout her whole wide range.

Her battles, victories, displayed,
 Her glories and her shame
 Laid bare to man who views his fill,
 And then relates her fame.

In spring the furrows brown and rough,
 Stretch towards the sea,
 The summer's wheat — its ripening gold,
 Is treasure unto me.

Autumn's light step passes by,
 And touches all the land,
 And shaven corn stalks battered lie
 Flat on either hand.

Winter comes and gone the leaves,
 The bare sharp trees anew
 Throw banners to the whistling wind
 Of ragged, blackened hue.

There is a window where I go,
 To see the seasons change,
 Nature's pageant passing by,
 Throughout her whole wide range.

N. STANSFIELD.

CROSSWORD



CLUES ACROSS

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4. A type of church. 9. Horns of 27 down. 11. Buys souls. 13. Named. 14. Related by blood. 16. Sighting. 17. A reckoning. 21. David, Nicholas, Charles. 24. Latticework. 25. The only lasting world wide agreement — upon what? 26. A cricketing twin. 29. He who is examined. 31. Tasty piece of a fowl. 34. Of the House of Peers. 35. Always accompanies cooking. 37. "Coral Island." 39. No second helpings! 40. Catarrhal disease in dogs. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. Lincoln's and Gray's have something in common. 6. Belongs to the class of Myriapoda. 7. Vegetable? 8. Associated with stockings. 10. This is what 31 down did. 12. An aviator who has brought down more than 10 enemy aircraft. 15. A mule's defence. 18. Communist dog? 19. Collection of maps. 20. A display of passion between two people. 22. Samuel of the renowned moustache! 23. Wipe out completely. 25. Variegated in black and white. 27. Rudolph, for instance! 28. Poisonous snake. 30. Consume. 31. The town crier would find a use for it. 32. Associated with Monte Carlo. 33. Metallic mixture. 36. Operational flying. 37. A high Swiss mountain. 38. Useful in a boat. |
|--|--|

CLUES DOWN

1. The first official printer of the Parliamentary newspaper.
2. Opens letters?
3. A powder, non-cosmetic.
4. Established (abbr.).

THE LURE OF TRAVEL

I have always had the urge to travel, to visit Scandinavia and the Continent. The travellers' stories seem to draw me to their various countries, giving me a glimpse of forests, snow-capped peaks and friendly people. It must be a great thrill to set your foot down on foreign soil for the first time, to have your first glimpse of a country which had seemed so out of reach a few years ago.

The week before the actual holiday is usually spent in buying and preparing the necessary clothes and accessories, but how slowly it seems to pass. The last night arrives and, after a great deal of running here and there, your trunk stands in the corner, displaying its many-coloured labels.

Now comes the actual journey. You may travel by air, by sea, or by land, but whichever way you prefer or choose, you see new sights and make new friends.

I myself should like to visit Scandinavia. The people of Sweden, Finland and Norway are picturesque folk, who love to display their national dress by dancing. Sweden, especially, appeals to me. I have seen films taken there, showing the gaily coloured fields of corn, flowers and other crops. There among the green fields and rivers stand the windmills, whose gigantic arms sweep through the blue of a summer's sky. Sweden is both old and new; it has quaint old towns and large modern cities; it has fertile and peaceful farmlands and the excitement and bustle of busy towns.

We are now in the middle of winter, and it is now that the holiday brochures appear. Almost all of them depict some sunny place, which to us seems like a paradise. Then we come back to earth with a jolt, after thinking of summer and its various and many pleasures, to the fact that it is snowing and it is liable to be raining tomorrow. One can never trust the fickle British weather.

But what draws us abroad, to French villages and to the various islands which appear around our shores? What conjures up inside us the strange excitement one feels the night before we set off to enjoy ourselves? What drew the famous explorers to discover new lands and so enlarge the known world? Surely it is the lure of travel, the lure which most of us cannot resist.

SHEILA SIMPSON, (IVc).

CAMP 1952

The camp which we visited last August for a fortnight is one of the camps run by the Children's Special Service Mission.

It was held in a boarding-school on the cliff-tops at Boscombe, near Bournemouth.

After having been conveyed to the camp from the station by bus, we met what seemed to be millions of unknown girls, who were all apparently from the South of England. However we soon made friends, especially with the girls in our dormitory. We also found out the names of the others because everyone wrote their name on a green label and wore it all the time.

Everyone slept in dormitories, and as marks were given each day for tidiness we usually helped to clear up the dormitory after breakfast. During the morning one of the officers came round to give the appropriate marks. At the end of the holiday a prize was given to the winning dormitory.

A normal day started and finished with an informal Camp Meeting. Throughout the day many different activities took place, none of which was compulsory. First there was a short Bible Study Group which was often held on one of the lawns outside. After this there were two gym sessions, one for beginners and the other for advanced, although a lot of people went to both. To add to these exertions a session of swimming followed. We usually changed at the camp because the School stood in its own grounds, the edge of which was on the cliff top. There were tennis courts, a table-tennis room, reading rooms and extensive playing fields for anyone to whom such activities appealed. The Camp was only a few minutes' walk from the town and so, convenient for the shoppers.

Some days we did not follow the normal routine and we had a Sports Day, a Tennis Tournament and a Table-tennis Tournament. A Treasure Hunt and an Officer Hunt were also held on other days. Sunday was spent quietly — each dormitory held a quiz and we had tea on the lawn.

Trips were arranged to places of interest such as the New Forest, Stonehenge, Salisbury and Poole pottery works and harbour.

As well as the legal activities there were many illicit ones such as midnight feasts and dormitory rags, and the oldest member of the dormitory, the Dormitory Leader, was often the victim of the tricks. Perhaps her pyjamas would be sewn together or something prickly put into her bed.

The only compulsory duty was Orderly Duty which came perhaps twice during the fortnight. For one day we had to set and clear the tables for the five meals, but as everyone usually helped it did not amount to much work.

There is no special qualification needed to go to Camp and no girl could possibly be miserable while she is there.

DOROTHY SMITH, (Vc).

KATHLEEN HILTON, (Vc).

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

Across : 4. Episcopal ; 9. Antlers ; 11. Satan ; 13. Named ; 14. Akin ; 16. Aiming ; 17. Estimate ; 21. Dickens ; 24. Trellis ; 25. Postage ; 26. E. Bedser ; 29. Examinee ; 31. Breast ; 34. Earl ; 35. Aroma ; 37. Atoll ; 39. All done ; 40. Distemper.

Down : 1. Hansard ; 2. Steam ; 3. Resin ; 4. Est ; 5. Inn ; 6. Centipede ; 7. Pom ; 8. Ladders ; 10. Rang ; 12. Ace ; 15. Kick ; 18. Setter ; 19. Atlas ; 20. A scene ; 22. Costa ; 23. Eradicate ; 25. Piebald ; 27. Deer ; 28. Rattler ; 30. Eat ; 31. Bell ; 32. Rally ; 33. Alloy ; 36. Ops ; 37. Alp ; 38. Oar.

THE GIRLS' TABLE TENNIS CLUB

Our longed-for Table Tennis Club was started at the beginning of the Autumn Term and is, as yet, confined to the Fifth and Sixth Forms. We hope before long to extend this.

In our knock-out competition Ann Roberts was again successful with Hilda Pollard a good runner-up.

We have played one match against Greenhill Grammar School and won quite convincingly for a first attempt. The First Team won 9 - 1 and the Second Team won 8 - 2, playing two reserves.

We hope that all our matches will be as enjoyable and, if possible, have similar results.

A.R.

SPORTS

NETBALL

As the netball season draws to its close if we see behind us perhaps not a brilliant season, at least we have not retired with ignominy.

The Junior Team have had an excellent season winning all but two of their matches and drawing one of those. We expect great things from them at the area rally held annually at Whalley Range High School, although they are handicapped by losing their last term's captain, Lois Hilton, who is now too old. We know, however, that they will continue to co-operate under their new captain.

Both the Senior Teams are improving and should end the term in good form.

The season's results so far are :—

			<i>Senior First</i>	<i>Senior Second</i>	<i>Junior</i>
Played	12	12	13
Won	5	1	11
Drawn	0	0	1
Lost	7	11	1

Handley was victorious in the Senior Inter-House matches followed in order by Viner, Lees and Joslin. In the Junior Section Joslin and Lees tied for first position with Viner and Handley following. Joslin obtained first place in the combined sections.

ANN ROBERTS, *Games Sec.*

TENNIS

Our second tennis season has been quite successful and we are happy to record that of nine games played the First Team won seven and that the Second Team nearly (but not quite) won the only game they played. Only one First Team member has left us this year and this should give us greater chances next season. Praise must go to Miss Dunn for her keen coaching.

The House Matches were played as a knock-out competition with Joyce Cheetham and Jean Whitworth of Lees House being the successful couple. The finals were played in the pouring rain between this couple and Jeanne Hartley and Kathleen Curtis of Viner. They were interesting and exciting and well worth the drenchings received by both players and spectators.

It is hoped to start tennis again in the very near future and it needs only some fine weather for the courts to be full of tennis enthusiasts.

A.R.

SPORTS DAY

This year the addition of hurdling and throwing the javelin to our Sports Day programme made it possible for us to call our field sports quite truthfully — athletics. Practice was done under the eye of Miss Dunn and our German helper Herr Völker. It was unfortunate that ground conditions forced us to cancel the hurdling.

The School was divided into three sections, Senior, Middle and Junior and our three champions were Ann Roberts, Sylvia Hardacre and Jean Wyke.

An unexpected fine day made this one of the most enjoyable of Sports Days and thanks must go to those who helped to make it such a success.

A.R.

SENIOR SOCCER

Captain : J. Roscoe.

Results so far : Played 12 ; Won 5 ; Lost 6 ; Drawn 1.

At the time of going to Press the School First XI has had a moderate season, though considerably better than in previous years. As a number of boys were representing the town eleven, the School Team was greatly weakened, but it is refreshing to note that when the team did play at full strength, a win was recorded in every case. The new system of alternate soccer and rugby weeks seems to have produced a number of two-game players. Once again, lack of experienced players, notably Sixth Formers, has made team selection difficult, though we have converted some "sworn" rugby enthusiasts to add weight to the team.

Walter Joyce distinguished himself by being chosen for Lancashire and also for an international trial.

CHRIS. WHITE.

RUGBY UNION

The second season of the Counthill R.U.F.C. has shown an improvement on last season's results. This season we have fielded a First Fifteen, and Under 15's Fifteen and an Under 14's Fifteen.

The First Fifteen have so far played 7 matches, 4 of which have been won, 2 lost and 1 drawn. During the season we have gained 104 points and ceded 42. This is a very creditable performance considering that only one game has been played at home. Leading try-scorers are Ainsworth and Hughes. Four members of the team have been playing regularly for Oldham R.U. Fifteens. In addition Ainsworth and Turner were chosen to represent S.E. Lancashire School-boys.

The Under 15s' have been enjoying a successful season having played 7 matches, winning 6 and losing 1. Points for total 194, against 68. This record includes victories of 52-0 and 48-0. Horrocks is both the leading try-scorer and goal-kicker. Several members of the team have had the distinction of representing Oldham Schools' Rugby League team.

The Under 14s' Fifteen have been rather less successful, having played 7, won 2 and lost 5 matches, with a points total of 24 for and 141 against. This is probably due to the fact that many of the team are new to the game and therefore lack the necessary experience.

We must not forget the efforts of Mr. Ardern and Mr. Llewellyn who have endeavoured to teach the spirit of the game and who we hope (if age permits!) will continue to show how best to play the game in all its aspects.

G. T. ANDREWS.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

The Old Boys' Association year commenced on 1st September and the first A.G.M. to be held at Counthill was badly attended. At that meeting it was suggested that we should amalgamate with the Girls' Association. The business of the Executive Committee this year, therefore, has been concerned with this proposal and all arrangements have been made to hold the first A.G.M. of the amalgamated associations at Counthill on 9th September. The new association will be called "Oldham High School and Counthill Association."

SOCCER

The Old Boys have again competed in Division II of the Lancashire & Cheshire Amateur League, and their record, although below last year's sparkling effort, enabled them to finish 8th.

Goals						
P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Points
30	16	2	12	105	75	34

Once again we would like to appeal to "young" Old Boys to come along and enjoy a game of soccer played under the auspices of one of the premier amateur leagues in the North. A note to the Football Club Secretary, Counthill Grammar School, will bring you information concerning next season's arrangements.

BADMINTON

A few brave members have regularly made the ascent to Counthill on Thursday evenings throughout the winter to play Badminton in the gymnasium. Table Tennis has also been played on the same evening. It is hoped to start again in September and Mr. L. Whyatt is anxious to hear from those interested and can be contacted at 89 Stamford Road, Lees or c/o Counthill Grammar School.

CHESS

For the convenience of our own members and those of other clubs, the Chess Club have made their headquarters at the Oldham Y.M.C.A. this winter, and have had their most successful season since the war. The "A" Team have won the championship of the "A" Division of the Oldham & District League by a clear two points. They last won the League in 1950. They lost only one match — to Ashton "A," but had the satisfaction of beating our renowned foes from Rochdale twice. E. Foster was undefeated in ten League and Knockout matches. The "B" Team were less successful and will finish in the lower half of "B" Division. Their best performance was a good 4 - 1 defeat of Ashton "B."

FINAL LEAGUE RECORDS :—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Games		Pts.
					F.	A.	
"A" DIVISION							
H.S.O.B. "A" ...	8	7	0	1	28	12	14
"B" DIVISION							
H.S.O.B. "B" ...	10	4	0	6	25	25	8

In the Seymour Trophy and Seymour Handicap Trophy team knock-out matches, however, neither the "A" Team nor "B" Team met with much success.

In the Individual Championship of Oldham & District, we have provided both the finalists for the first time. They are H. Jobson and E. Foster, and after a hard struggle the former was the winner.

Four members of the Club have been regular members of the Oldham First Team in the "B" Division of the Manchester League, including the regular boards 1 and 2. J. C. Sturrock and L. F. Arden have also played for Lancashire v Yorkshire.

COLOURS

Ties and scarves ("squares") are available at Peover's, Market Buildings and George Street.

THE EX-STUDENTS' (GIRLS) NETBALL CLUB

This year a number of enthusiastic players met together and decided to form a Netball Team. They had a few practices and what they lacked in wind they made up in enthusiasm.

In April this year they joined the Under 25's League and each week they meet for matches. Audrey Catley of 118 Brompton Street, along with Jean Shannon, are at present responsible for all the team arrangements, and they feel that others who are keen players would like to know of this and get into touch with them with a view to further practices and a regular team.



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