




COUNTHILL

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 3

APRIL, 1954

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OLDHAM

Vol. 1, No. 3

April, 1954



COUNTHILL

THE MAGAZINE OF
COUNTHILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL
OLDHAM

Editors :

Marvyn Pollitt, David A. Turner (VIb Lit.)

Committee :

Miss Jones (Chairman), Mr. Harper (Secretary)

Miss Moorhouse, Miss Finnigan, Mr. Yates, Jean Hartley,

Pat. A. Hewkin, J. Dockerty, D. Bradshaw.

EDITORIAL

Quod scripsimus, scripsimus

This is our annual magazine in which we are trying to give you an insight into life at Counthill through our society notes and our literary and artistic specimens.

We do thank everyone who has contributed to *Counthill*, and may we be permitted to mention especially Pat. Hewkin, who is responsible for the sporting silhouettes and whose name would not otherwise have been associated with them, and also an old girl of the School who has helped us with the typing of the magazine before it could be printed. We do offer to her our very sincere thanks.

Although many masterpieces have been left out, owing to the abundance of literature, be not peeved or disappointed, O ye owners, as your works have been kept in hand to be considered for our 1955 edition.

Since our last edition, the School has been successful in the classroom and on the sports field. Although we had no brilliant individual success in the General Certificate last year, the all-round performance was well above average at both Ordinary and Advanced levels.

Team work has also been the essence of School sports and with rugby, soccer, cricket, tennis and netball flourishing, and with hockey and rounders on the up-grade, School sports should go from strength to strength.

On this note we bid you farewell and, whilst inviting you to peruse the remainder of *Counthill*—if you have not already done so—we wish you all the best of luck for the future.

THE EDITORS.

NOTES FROM THE STAFFROOMS

The new School year, as always, has seen a few changes in Staff, and so to all new members of Staff we express a warm welcome and hope that they will be happy with us, and to those who have left we wish every success in their new spheres.

Both Miss Bratley and Miss Loose left us at the end of the summer term, and then at Christmas, Miss Dunn, who took charge of Physical Education on the girls' side, left us.

New arrivals in the Mistresses' Staff Room include Miss Smethurst, who came to us at the beginning of the autumn term to teach Biology, and Miss Greenwood, who came after the Christmas holidays to take the place of Miss Dunn.

The Masters' Staff Room too has seen some changes. Mr. Ardern, the Senior Mathematics Master, left us to become a Senior Mathematics Master at Sheffield. He was a keen Rugby enthusiast and, by his departure, the Rugby team has lost a valuable ally. Mr. Robson, however, a new member of Staff, is also a Rugby enthusiast and so he has been able to take Mr. Ardern's place.

Two other new members are Mr. Thompson, who teaches music and who has not only taken charge of this year's new recorder class but has also begun some violin classes, and Mr. Fisher who, besides teaching Art and German, has, with Mr. Turner, established a Puppet club which is well attended by enthusiastic second formers.

We should in these notes also like to congratulate Miss Finnigan and Mr. Smith on their recent engagement and wish them every future happiness.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1953 - 54

School Captains : Nancy Mann ; J. Alan Bardsley.

School Vice-Captains : Jeanne Hartley ; Geoffrey H. Ainsworth.

Senior Prefects : Ann Roberts ; Jean Murdoch ;
Russell F. Lumb ; David A. Swann.

School Prefects—Girls :

Vla Lit. A. M. Breakell, D. Dukes, E. Hamer, S. I. Miller,
J. Williamson.

Vlb Lit. B. Bostock, K. A. Hilton, E. M. Houghton, M.
Pollitt, E. J. Scammell, D. Smith.

School Prefects—Boys :

Vla Lit. T. Cooper, A. Johnson, W. C. Worth.

Vla Sc. N. Colbourne.

Vlb Lit. T. E. Hill, A. Simpson, D. A. Turner.

Vlb Sc. J. Dockerty, I. T. Tasker, P. A. Walkden.

SCHOOL NOTES

School re-opened for the autumn term on 7th September and on the 10th of the same month the School Captains and Vice-Captains were appointed. A week later, the Prefects made their promises at a service conducted by Mr. Bradley.

Early in the month, two girls from School, accompanied by a member of Staff, visited Manchester Royal Infirmary to meet the chief physiotherapists and to see a demonstration of exercises used for the cure of orthopaedic weaknesses.

On 5th November, members of the Literary Sixth paid a visit to the Liverpool Playhouse to see their production of "Cymbeline."

A Junior Speech Day, for the 1st and 2nd forms, was held on 6th November. The speaker was Mr. Higson, a former Senior Master of our School and now headmaster of Greenhill Grammar School.

The Second forms, on 12th November, visited the Library Theatre to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The Senior Speech Day was held on 10th November, when the speaker was Miss Peachey.

From 16th to 21st November, Her Majesty's Inspectors visited us and we hope that they enjoyed their short visit as much as we did.

Two lectures were heard during the autumn term. The first was given by Mr. Dunford and accompanied by films about the work carried out in a leper colony. The second one, also accompanied by films, was shown in an attempt to improve the tennis skill of all the pupils. It was given by Major Applewhaite.

The annual Christmas Sale, in aid of various charities, was held on 14th December and everyone joined in enthusiastically.

There were again three School parties last year. The Middle and Senior School Dances were held on 15th December in the afternoon and evening respectively, whilst the Junior Party was held the following afternoon.

On 17th December, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd forms heard an interesting lecture about the care of animals from Mrs. Mayall of the R.S.P.C.A.

During the Christmas holidays, the School Captains, with the aid of the Prefects, organised the annual Prefects' Dance. According to many reports, the event was highly successful.

Two visits to the cinema were arranged at the beginning of the new term, the first to see "The Conquest of Everest" and the second to see "Julius Caesar."

The week after the School examinations, a number of Sixth formers visited various local Junior schools for "teaching practice."

SPEECH DAY — 10th November, 1953

In his opening remarks, the Chairman, Alderman Frank Lord, O.B.E., J.P., mentioned that already traditions are being established at Counthill. Speech Day itself proved his point. The routine of the evening is now firmly founded and we await expectantly the filing in of the School, brushed and shining; we wonder at the transformations wrought in so short a time by the returning prize-winners; we feel that every item in the programme—each speech, song and instrumental piece—fits in its own special place on this great occasion in the School year.

Members of the School, wondering what the Headmaster would report of them, might well have been pleased by his remarks. He told of solid achievements in the General Certificate Examinations and outlined the vigorous social life of the School, pointing in particular to the new ventures of School Camp and Open Day. He did, however, show some concern at the proportion of pupils who leave before they have completed the full five-year course, and urged parents not to allow this waste of four years' education in an effort to save one.

The guest of honour this year was Miss M. Peachey, Manager of Walton Employment Exchange, Liverpool. In an erudite and informative speech, she examined all that is implied by the over-used phrase "The New Elizabethan Age." School conditions in the time of Queen Elizabeth I were found to be far from enviable; no one would wish to reintroduce the long hours, restricted range of subjects, exclusive use of Latin for conversation and frequent, harsh floggings which were common in Tudor schools. However, this was an age of achievement in exploration and the Arts, and it was this spirit of the Age which Miss Peachey exhorted us to emulate and surpass.

After proposing a vote of thanks to Miss Peachey, the Girls' Captain, Nancy Mann, presented her with a pencil as a memento of her visit. The Boys' Captain, J. Alan Bardsley, proposed the vote of thanks to the Chairman, whose popular, if not altogether unexpected, grant of a day's holiday was enthusiastically welcomed by the School.

JUNIOR PRIZE GIVING

On the afternoon of Friday, 6th November, a special prize giving was held for the last year's First Formers, with Alderman Frank Lord, O.B.E., J.P., presiding. In his report, Mr. Bradley explained several points of interest to the parents of younger pupils, and mentioned the forming of violin classes and a puppet club.

The guest of honour was our old pupil and colleague, Mr. Higson, now Headmaster of Greenhill Grammar School. He told us of his own first Speech Day, when he was included in the boys' choir more to make up the full complement than for the sake of his sweet voice, as he modestly admitted. The theme of his talk was 'Wisdom.'

"Have you ever wondered" he shocked us by asking, "what it is that keeps us out of the zoo?" It was not because of our beauty, we learned, but our ability to think and to express our thoughts to others. After this comforting assurance, Mr. Higson spoke of the knowledge we gain in a Grammar School as a voyage of discovery, our ship a good attitude to learning. The boundaries of knowledge had been widened by great men of all ages, from Moses to the conquerors of Everest. But we more ordinary mortals, who could not all be explorers or scientists or poets, could at least take pains and do our best in our own little sphere, and by learning about the achievements of great men and women we could appreciate values and realise our heritage. Wisdom was more than knowledge; it included experience and the ability to judge rightly and act unselfishly. Our town motto was "Dare to be wise," and our quest for wisdom was endless. However modest and humble our contribution to the world, it was of value and could be a stepping stone rather than a stumbling block.

After Mr. Higson's inspiring words, delivered in his own quiet way with touches of dry humour, five proud pupils received prizes.

The platform was then given up to the pupils of the 1st form, who sang "Polly Oliver," "All through the night," "The Ash Grove" and "The Lass of Richmond Hill." After that, we enjoyed an energetic P.T. display by the boys, and then a most entertaining mime excellently read and acted.

Incidental piano music was delightfully played by three girls, Pat Thompson, Vivienne Mercer and Marjorie Leece.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

President : Mr. Bradley.

Chairman : Mr. Yates.

Secretary : M. Higgs.

Committee : A. Beech, I. Douglas, T. Hill, A. Roberts,
M. Wroe.

The Literary and Debating Society flourished in the autumn term ; it had four meetings, all well attended. They included a debate on the motion " This house deplores the influence of U.S.A. on British life," a variation on the TV programme " What's my Line ? " using literary characters as challengers, a " Balloon Debate " and a play reading of " The price of Coal."

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

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President : Mr. Bradley.

Chairman : Mr. Brodie.

Secretary : G. H. Ainsworth.

Committee : Mr. Sturrock, T. Cooper, M. Pollitt, M. Cartwright, J. Glover, P. Pearce.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the Historical Society has been unable to fulfil its usual programme during the term, because the films that have been ordered have not yet become available. On the 21st October, however, a meeting was held in the Hall where a film was shown on medieval castles, and all who attended found it to be interesting and informative as well as amusing.

It is hoped that some of the meetings which have been postponed this term will be held after the Christmas holidays, when the Historical Society will once again regain its position as one of the School's most important societies. G. H. AINSWORTH, (Via Lit.)

THE CHESS CLUB

- President :* Mr. Bradley.
Chairman : Mr. Sturrock.
Secretary : D. Davies.
Captain : J. Rayner.

The present season has again been happily and encouragingly marked by the enthusiasm of the junior boys. Our game has provided an interesting pastime for all those "indoor" dinner-times that the weather sometimes forces on us. The scene in Room 6 at these times is very far from the tip-toeing hush and silent concentration of grown-up chess, but it has a zest and enthusiasm all its own. Winning moves are made jubilantly and if an unexpected counter dashes victory down, well, there is always another move or anyway another game, another hazardous adventure.

The School team plays rather staid chess where results count for more, but here too, games are rarely dull and always well contested. The team has settled down after a rather bad start and is hoping to gain a good place in the final table of the Oldham and District Schools' League. Team performances in chess depend upon individual performances and all the players have played well. D. Davies of IIa had the distinction last year of winning the Oldham Schoolboys' individual knock-out Trophy, an achievement that pleased all our members.

The Club suffered a big loss at the end of last year with the departure of Mr. Ardern, whose playing ability and energy had done much to improve our standard of play. We hear he has introduced the game at his school in Sheffield and—perhaps—a long distance match may be arranged as an end of season bumper fixture.

THE SCRIPTURE UNION

H.Q. Secretary : Miss I. Smethurst.

Branch Secretaries : K. Hilton, D. Smith.

Committee : J. Scholey, E. Summerscales, D. Lever,
R. Hilton, B. Holt.

The membership of the Scripture Union, our newest society, is rapidly increasing. We have had a varied programme, which has included several missionary films, a Fact and Faith film, "God of Creation," Bible study and quizzes. We have also had several visiting speakers.

Out of School activities include camps—for Juniors at St. Annes and for Seniors at Shute in Devon. Inter-school rallies are held in Manchester every month and our girls succeeded in reaching the finals of the Bible Quiz held at these rallies. A team of boys from Manchester Grammar School just managed to beat a team of girls from Counthill in the finals.

We are pleased to welcome to our Society Miss Smethurst, who joined our Staff in September, 1953. We are sorry to say that Miss Dunn, our energetic H.Q. secretary, left us at Christmas.

We all hope that our Scripture Union will continue to flourish as strongly in the future as it is doing at present. K.H., D.S.

RECORDER PLAYERS

Playing at both Speech Days was of a high standard—thanks to intensive practising of each part, the resulting success being well earned. The five-part music played by the Senior Recorders (composed by a Gentleman-in-Waiting to Queen Elizabeth I) was the most ambitious performance by a full class. Mr. Thompson joined in the performance, and the contrast of violin and recorder tone added, in my opinion, to the quality of the performance. We appreciate the interest and assistance of Mr. Heys, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Carpenter.

Players took part, along with the School Choir, in carol services at Boundary Park Hospital, Oldham Royal Infirmary, six Old People's Homes and at the School, where they played the "Pastoral Symphony" as well as accompanying some carols. They also accompanied a small choir, trained by Mr. Heys, in a performance of "Jesu, Priceless Treasure" (Bach) at the dismissal service.

There are several very promising young musicians amongst our various classes. If they continue to attend classes conscientiously, and to do daily practice, we will do all we can to develop their musical ability.

We wish all recorder players happy music making. D.H.

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

At the close of the last School year, the choir lost many of its members, but happily these have now been replaced by enthusiastic fourth formers. Although we have now lost all our male members, we have retained 27 sopranos and 22 contraltos, together with the welcome help of several members of Staff.

On 7th March, 1953, we sang at the Burnley Music Festival, our first venture of this kind, and we were fortunate in reaching third place there.

On the "Open Night" at the end of the summer term, the choir gave a selection from "Merrie England" to parents and friends. The choir also sang on Speech Day; two of the songs chosen were "The Nightbird" by Alec Rowley, and "The Goslings"—the latter seemed to amuse the greater part of our audience.

Before Christmas we visited the Boundary Park Hospital and also the Oldham Royal Infirmary, where we sang carols to the patients, to the accompaniment of the recorders.

It is hoped that we shall be able to give another concert for parents and friends in the near future. IRENE HARRISON, (Vc).

THE MUSIC CLUB

President : Mr. Bradley.

Chairman : Mr. Haslam.

Committee : G. H. Ainsworth, T. E. Hill, M. Pollitt, T. Harrison.

In former years the Music Club has had to struggle for existence, but now it seems that culture has been brought to the School and the shadows of ignorance dispelled.

Whilst concentrating on the classical side of music, those whose tastes seek other fields are not neglected. Both sides met peaceably when Ainsworth and Hill presented a programme of music "to suit all tastes" and it was pleasing to see the different styles of music so well appreciated.

Visits to the Hallé Orchestra play a large part in the Club's activities and the parties are well attended.

The Music Club is now firmly established, and let us hope that it will now flourish. G. H. AINSWORTH, (Via Lit.).

THE PUPPET CLUB

1953 will always be remembered as the year when the Puppet Club was formed. This Club is a new venture in the way of School activities and has been well supported by members of the Second form, to whom membership is open. The meetings are superintended by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Turner, two very competent people, and I am sure that all members are very grateful to these two masters, whose idea it was to begin a Puppet Club.

The meetings are held each Wednesday at the end of afternoon school and, when Wednesday comes round, a body of scholars can be seen working their way enthusiastically to the Art Room, our meeting place. The boxes bearing the label "PUPPET CLUB" are hauled out and each puppet is claimed by its maker.

There are two kinds of puppet—one the glove puppet and the other the marionette. Several characters are being made, such as the Witch, the Squire, the Villain, the Heroine, and the Clown. Some of these puppets have a very lifelike appearance, whilst some look very comical. Every meeting is enjoyed by the members, for many amusing incidents occur in the painting of the puppets. Sometimes, when a face is being painted, the brush slips and the results of this accident are most laughable. A newcomer to the Club is very bewildered when he sees the concentrated expressions on our faces, and the disorder amidst which lie the puppets, but a few weeks later he finds himself in the same state and wearing the same rapt expression.

Gymslips tend to get bespattered with paint and jumpers besprinkled with innumerable coloured specks but, in spite of such mishaps, the Puppet Club is a flourishing society and we all look forward to the day when we can give a puppet performance.

JEAN BLAKEMAN, (IIa).

THE CHRISTMAS FAIR

" Where misery cries out to thee
 Son of the mother mild,
 Where charity stands watching,
 And faith holds wide the door,
 The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
 And Christmas comes once more."

These familiar words were sung in Assembly one morning as I happened to be standing by the side of one of the Staff who has been in past years, and still is, largely responsible for the stream of money and charity that has flowed and still flows out of this community to all corners of the earth. Familiar words they were, but they suddenly seemed fraught with a new significance and across my mind flashed haphazardly Dr. Schweitzer in Lambarene, a certain orthopaedic hospital in the Midlands, Greek children bewildered by war, the Pestalozzi Children's Village, blind babies, " Tuberculosis stamps," horses rescued from the knacker's yard—what a jumble of associations!—but seldom does " misery cry out " in vain when we in School can help a little.

We none of us during the Charity Fair on the last Monday afternoon of the autumn term had in our minds the distress we would alleviate, the good works we were going to encourage by our efforts and our money. Everybody was too busy, counting money, having fun, eating, spending, talking—all over the place.

The mysterious fortune-teller spotted a future Senior Mistress in IVc; undiscovered, or latent, talent was revealed in really creditable plays produced by little groups of self-coached friends and the Hall resounded with laughter at the Sixth form's antics. Fathers who had businesses had sent goods on the ' sale or return ' principle and then gave ' discount ' which actually meant a substantial contribution to the cause. The toffee consumed, the ' pop ' drunk that afternoon would have sunk and re-floated the proverbial ship. Certain Staff, models of discretion, operated the weighing machine and never divulged Mr. X's weight or Miss Z's closely-guarded secret. Darts were thrown, shoes were cleaned, and dozens of bright ideas coaxed the money out of pockets.

A jolly, mad afternoon it was, but the money came in, over £60. Yes! Christmas came once more to Counthill. That was why I saw strange pictures and my mind collected such a diversity of associations as we sang our carol two mornings later in Assembly.

DE ANIMALIBUS

On Thursday, the 17th of December, the School was privileged to receive a visit from Mrs. Mayall, the R.S.P.C.A. lecturer for schools, and Forms I, II and III were allowed to go and listen to her talk which, as the above title suggests, was about animals.

She started by telling us about the R.S.P.C.A. (we trust that everyone knows what those letters stand for) and went on to speak about the care of pets and animals in general. Young children, she felt, should not be given animals of their own because, after the novelty has worn off, children often neglect their pets. She told us that we should look after our pets, because we wanted them—they did not ask us to have them—and although animals were dumb, they could still feel pain. Mrs. Mayall spoke strongly about the cutting of cats' ears, dogs' tails and horses' manes. God had given the creatures these, so they had a purpose to perform and should not be cut off; we must remember that animals are God's creatures. She told us she hated cruelty in any form and if people were cruel to animals they were likely to be cruel to their fellow men.

Mrs. Mayall dealt in some detail with diets for animals, the need for green vegetables in the food of rabbits, dogs and horses, the purpose of a big hard bone for a dog—"Gibbs and Macleans have not yet got down to making tooth paste and brushes for dogs and, so far, no dentist has fitted dentures for a dog" she said. Next time we pick up our rabbits we shall hear, "The rabbit has long ears so that it may easily hear its enemies and they are not for handles."

Circuses were mentioned and she put before us strong views on this subject. Gin traps too were dealt with in the talk and many, many other important things about which nothing can be said here.

It was evident when question time came how much Mrs. Mayall's talk had been enjoyed. After Sheila Johnson in IIIa had given a vote of thanks, appreciation was expressed, not because the forms had missed certain lessons, but because Mrs. Mayall's lecture was really interesting.

M.B. & E.S.W., (IIIa).

There was a young man of Berlin,
Who was so excessively thin,
That when he essayed
To drink lemonade,
He slipped down the straw and fell in !

RODNEY WILLIAMSON, (IIa).

A LIVERPOOL PRODUCTION OF "CYMBELINE"

On Thursday, 5th November, at five minutes past twelve, the Literary Sixth must have seemed, to the casual observer, in an unusual hurry to reach the dining room. The reason for the bustle was not premature Bonfire Night excitement, but a trip to the Liverpool Playhouse to see a production of "Cymbeline." Everyone reached the coach in good time and there followed an uneventful but speedy journey to Liverpool. By twenty minutes past two, we were all settled in the small, but very comfortable theatre.

Shakespeare's little-known play was presented very competently and colourfully. The difficulties of the many changes of scene were overcome by the use of a sliding type of scenery which, although noisy, was effective and ingenious.

The players themselves were fluent and clearly audible. The costumes presented, for the most part, a colourful and realistic picture. A number of the players used the costume to particular advantage—Cloten was much admired for the haughty manner in which he 'swished' about his long, rich-looking cloak. The problem of footwear for the ladies of the ancient British court was solved by the wearing of gold or silver dancing sandals, which in most cases looked well in keeping with the costume.

Although some scenes were omitted, the choice was wise and did not detract from the enjoyment of the play.

The production was an effective and polished presentation of one of Shakespeare's more difficult plays, and we were grateful for the opportunity to see it. J.H.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

On 12th November, members of the Second form, instead of having their normal afternoon timetable, set off at lunch time in special coaches to see a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Library Theatre, Manchester.

As is natural on these visits, all the characters were not as they were imagined to be; some surpassed, others did not live up to, the expectations of the audience.

For most of the School party it was their first visit to a Shakespearean play and one which was enjoyed by everyone. We should like to extend our thanks, therefore, to those members of Staff who made our visit possible. Ila.

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST

On seeing this film on Wednesday, the 13th January, everyone was impressed by two things—the beauty of the mountain and the outstanding courage of the men.

Many films are merely diversions from the dullness of daily life and are forgotten almost immediately, but this film is of a different calibre. It leaves an indelible impression because it is a true story of real men struggling with Everest, the mightiest of the Himalayan giants. Some might say to what purpose? Why should men risk their lives in such a way? But men court death in many other sports, sports which are competitive and do not depend on teamwork as does mountaineering. Everyone knows the spirit of adventure which urges men to do the impossible, to climb a mountain because "it is there," and everyone must applaud the men who accepted the challenge and succeeded through careful planning and determination. Our own problems and worries seem very insignificant when compared with those which faced these men.

Everest is beautiful and awe-inspiring, with its "faery lands forlorn," but its appearance is very deceptive. Its dangers are shown in the film and are slightly modified by the humour of *The Times* correspondent, who describes as "nasty" the avalanche, that dreaded foe, which thunders down the mountain-side in one mighty rush of snow, boulders and destruction.

We must give grateful thanks to the cameramen, who took additional risks to film the venture. It is interesting to note that the cameraman-in-chief, Tom Stobart, made all his plans from a hospital bed, so he deserves our thanks. On the expedition he was faced with many difficulties. Besides the extra weight, there was the handicap of having to linger to shoot the scenes. Also, as he was unable to develop and print his films on the mountain, he would not know if the camera was damaged and therefore had to trust to luck and the reliability of his equipment.

Thus, in spite of the many setbacks, we are able to view their achievement on the screen and carry away with us memories of Hillary and 'Tiger' Tenzing as they returned from the summit to the congratulations of delighted friends. They will go down in history as heroes—the conquerors of mighty Everest.

D. DUKES, (Via Lit.).

The seventh of September
I'll always remember,
'Twas the day I began at Counthill.
I went there with dread, but came back instead
With peace in my mind and goodwill.

S. COOK, (Ia).

COUNTRY FEVER

(with apologies to John Masefield)

I must go down to the countryside, to the lovely fields and the trees,
And all I ask is a quiet lane and a gentle summer breeze,
And a blue sky with white clouds, and the skylarks singing,
The pleasant smell of the new-mown hay, and a church bell ringing.

I must go down to the countryside, to the peace and contentment there.

Away from the swirling city life, to a world so free from care,
To the joy of a simple village life, to the calm of the hills above,
Where freedom reigns o'er a land of peace, to the countryside I love.

ANN BEECH, (Vc).

WITH APOLOGIES TO CHAUCER

When that Novembre with his windes colde
Had chilled to the bone both yonge and olde,
Inspectors were so moveth in hir hertés
That for the nones up to Counthill they sterté.
Bifel that in that seson on a day
The scole in wait for the inspectors lay,
At morn were come into that scole of note
Those who had come to watch and sit by rote
With yongé scolers, ther to see if they
Were lerning all that was put in hir way.
And one spak Frenssh ful faire and fetisly
And she did question scolers amiably.
During that week all those who ther did teche
And scolers who did listen to hir speche
Of studie took they moost care and moost heede,
Noght one wor spak they mooré than was neede
And that was seyde in forme and reverence
And short and quyk and ful of hy sentence
The scolers curteis were and servysable
That all the inspectors were not able
Vileynye ever to have thought or sayde
In all that scole, to either boy or mayde.

ANN BREAKELL (VIa Lit.).

AN INTERVIEW WITH SIR FRANK LORD

For the first time in its short history, *Counthill* is publishing interviews, and so who could be more appropriate to begin this new venture than Sir Frank Lord and Mr. Higson?

Sir Frank Lord has had much to do with Counthill Grammar School and therefore, taking as an excuse his elevation to knighthood in the New Year's Honours List, we (the editors) called upon him and found him a most co-operative 'interviewee.'

He told us of his feelings on receiving news of his knighthood, saying that although he felt pleased, he was still the same man as before. We can vouch for this, for to us he appeared to be the same jovial pillar of Speech Day and certainly not requiring a larger sized hat (as he gravely said, with a twinkle in his eyes).

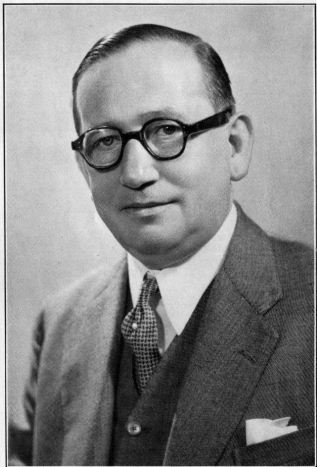
Throughout his adult life, Sir Frank Lord, who had an elementary school education, has been keenly interested in higher education for the youth of to-day and also of the future. It was this interest that brought him first to a civic council and later to be Chairman of the Education Committee. He fervently believes that every child should strive to reach a grammar school and, what is more important, to stay there until at least the fifth form. He agreed, however, that it is often difficult for grammar school pupils to take the long view and accept homework with good grace, but he assured us that the successes that are gained fully justify the hard work and sacrifices. As he puts it, "the uneducated man reads the newspaper; the educated man understands it." Both Sir Frank's sons have gained distinction, one as a doctor, the other as a barrister.

Sir Frank has a particular affection for Counthill Grammar School, as he has attended most of the Oldham High School Speech Days as Chairman since his election to the chairmanship of the Education Committee. He did actually present the prizes once, but found it an awesome experience. He has witnessed crowded Speech Days in the Lower Hall at Greengate Street, less crowded ones in the large hall at the Hill Stores, and finally our own at an almost inaccessible Counthill, after having risked both life and limb in reaching such an isolated spot.

It was Sir Frank Lord who kept up our spirits when we thought that the long-promised Counthill Grammar School would never be completed in our lifetime, and it was he who brought the glad tidings that the school was at last ready for habitation.

On behalf of the whole School, we do congratulate Sir Frank on his rise to knighthood, and we thank him very sincerely for giving up so much of his valuable time in allowing us to interview him, although at times the position of interviewers and interviewed was quite reversed!

THE EDITORS.



SIR FRANK LORD, O.B.E., J.P.



A STALL AT THE CHRISTMAS SALE



MISS LEES' "MASQUE OF QUEENS"
performed for the Women Citizens' Association

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CAMP AT
CASTLERIGG,
KESWICK
JUNE, 1953



MR. T. HIGSON, B.A.
Headmaster of Greenhill Grammar School

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. HIGSON

One of our best known Old Boys was, in September 1952, appointed headmaster of our neighbouring grammar school, Greenhill. No doubt many ex-students would like to renew acquaintance with the old school in its new rôle, and also with the Old Boy in question. With this in mind, I paid a visit to Mr. Higson.

He was by now comfortably ensconced in the headmaster's study, and I was welcomed by a Mr. Higson unchanged in physical appearance since I first met him in 1947, and still with the 'old' characteristics.

According to Mr. Higson, the change from teacher to administrator is, to say the least, very interesting, for as a teacher he naturally tended to have his main interests in his own subject, but as a headmaster he has to spread his interests over the whole curriculum. Another striking change was the vast increase in work that he had to do as a headmaster. He is a far busier man now than when he was senior master at Counthill, a situation which he thought impossible at that time.

Since becoming headmaster, Mr. Higson has realised the importance of morning assembly and, in spite of architectural limitations, he does manage to see the whole school together once a week, to read out the notices and to deliver his address. The hall now boasts a grand piano, and a lectern takes the place of the battered table for morning assembly.

Mr. Higson has not entirely deserted teaching, however, and takes lessons with the First and Sixth forms. He is able, therefore, by teaching the First forms, to get to know the new children entering the school, for although he has been in office for a year he does not know everyone yet. He is, however, well acquainted with the 'delinquents.'

His first task, as headmaster, was to compile the year's timetable. This, as you can well imagine, was a nightmare which took up most of his summer holiday. But perhaps his most difficult task was to make his report at his first Speech Day, especially as he had to review happenings which had taken place prior to his arrival.

The 'dungeon' that was once the Science Sixth's form room and the most shunned room in the school, is now the most popular part, for it houses the flourishing table tennis club. The school has a well-stocked library in the Literary Sixth form room, and is awaiting delivery of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. The prefabs. have now been converted into workshops, and I am assured by Mr. Higson that the two clocks are perfectly synchronised and, what is more, keep perfect time.

The year which Mr. Higson spent at Counthill was, for him, an unforgettable and exhilarating experience, although he felt joy on going back to the old building with its welcoming air (no doubt he does not travel to school via Gas Street !).

Mr. Higson still feels and always will feel a strong bond of friendship with Counthill. He thinks that a close relationship between the two schools will ensure their playing an active part in the life of the town.

THREE SCAPELL PIKES

August, 1952—The sky was an inverted brazen bowl, lacquered a metallic blue. Waves of heat, intolerable heat, assailed us from all sides, pouring down from above and reflecting back again from the dry, grey rocks on and through which our path wound. A serpentine path, etched out in white on the rocks by countless hobnails, straggled up the hill like the slimy track of an inebriated snail. We toiled up the slope, dry gasps being punctuated by the clink of a loose toe-plate, to the barren summit with its tumbledown rock shelter. There, a little zephyr sprang up to meet us, bringing welcome relief. All round stood the gaunt mountains like so many elderly burgomasters, slumbering, stricken by the heat and the heat haze rising from countless forgotten pipes.

April, 1953—This time but a glimpse was caught from neighbouring Scafell. The previous day there had been blizzards, but now the sky was clear and a blustering, ear-nipping wind had piled the snow into wave-like drifts. There it lay, its ribbed snow alternating with dry rock, the picked skeleton of some prehistoric reptile crouching, empty eye sockets on the horizon. A flurry of snow and this antediluvian dragon disappeared as though wrapped in the ghost of its former smoke.

August, 1953—The mist was very heavy, but promises must not be broken, especially to younger brothers, so we pressed on. As we ascended, the mist grew thicker; it swirled about us in its devil dance, depositing a diamond bead of dew on each separate hair of our sweaters, adorning them with the fragile, transient ornaments of nature. Despite the mist, the wind was boisterous, its sudden, solid, almost tangible gusts a danger to us when we were precariously balanced. With visibility at about five yards, we followed the nail scratches and finally reached the summit. What a view! Blank mist on every side. Yet, the journey was not entirely wasted. The surrounding mist created a sensation of disembodiment, of timelessness; here we sat in a tall tower—a void above, a void below, while the mists of time rolled slowly by. Unfortunately, this sensation swiftly faded as we realised that our stone seats were cold and damp. How often the physical sensation impinges on the spiritual, and always with such disastrous results! A.J. (Via Lt.).

LIMERICK

There was a young schoolboy called Bill,
Who was puffed after climbing Counthill.
He lay down at school,
Oh! he did look a fool,
That short-winded laddie called Bill.

B. GARSIDE, (IIIId).

SPONSORED EDUCATION

There has been much discussion recently about whether the B.B.C. should have some sponsored programmes (owing to the lack of funds).

Commercialised TV ! The Education Committee is also short of money. Why not have some commercialised lessons in schools ? A day's timetable might run as follows :—

WEDNESDAY, 30TH FEBRUARY, 1965.

- 9.15 - 9.55 a.m. Geography. Mr. Nomad of "Baker's Tours" will talk about a day in China.
- 9.55 - 10.30 a.m. Housewifery. Miss Footly will demonstrate the remarkable properties of "Froth" detergent.
- 10.30 - 10.40 a.m. Recess : Pupils will receive free samples of "Tiger's" ice-cream.
- 10.40 - 11.20 a.m. Hygiene : Mr. White will show how to take care of the teeth by using "Coldoor's" toothpaste regularly.
- 11.20 - 12 noon. English : Sir Oliver Laurence will talk about the current play at the Newham Repertory Theatre.
- 1.35 - 2.20 p.m. Physics : Mr. Sparks will demonstrate some useful electrical appliances made by "British Electric Company."
- 2.20 - 3.5 p.m. Needlework : During this lesson there will be a practical demonstration of a "Crooner" sewing machine by Mrs. Sewell.
- 3.5 - 3.15 p.m. Recess : Pupils will be given free samples of "Puffin" biscuits.
- 3.15 - 4.0 p.m. Gym : Mr. Schomeadow will show some "Madelop" sports kit to up-and-coming athletes.

HILARY MARTIN, (VIb Sc.).

RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in boot, but not in shoe,
 My second in sigh, but not in cry,
 My third is in spring, but not in jump,
 My fourth's not in bang, but is in thump,
 My fifth you'll find in the middle of "thy,"
 My sixth is in drink and also in drank,
 My seventh in haste, but not in hurry,
 My eight's found at the end of worry.
 My whole ? Well, it's easy, you're sure to guess,
 You have one each year, no more, no less.

CLIFFORD ASHTON, (Ib).

Solution : BIRTHDAY.

SCHOOL CAMP — KESWICK — JULY, 1953

Whilst members of last year's Fifth form were lost in the mysteries of exams, the Third and Fourth forms were enjoying themselves at a camp under canvas in the Lake District.

On the morning of departure, despite the late arrival of the coaches, everyone was in high spirits. Many weird and wonderful outfits were worn by otherwise reasonably sane people and when we finally moved off it was to the accompaniment of singing. The weather was fine, and the coaches made good speed through some interesting country ; thus nobody was heard to grumble.

The only stop was at Settle, where we had lunch. In front of us was the great limestone ridge of Ingleborough and over the other side—the Lakes. The familiar landmarks gradually appeared and passed and before long we rolled into Windermere, still in bright sunshine. Finally, we coasted down a hill, Keswick in sight, and then turned up a narrow lane to the camp.

Here began the process of unloading and distributing the luggage. A typical camp meal followed : sausage and mash, prepared very well however at such short notice by Miss Gibson and Co. Meals steadily improved throughout the week, and I do not recollect hearing a single complaint from the easily disgruntled members of our tent.

On Sunday morning nearly all went to Church, and in the afternoon there was a practice walk which turned out to be the hardest of all. The party on returning from the walk, still undaunted, played a rourders match—the “ Haslam ” team versus “ The Rest.” Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings were “ work days ” when various people were despatched to obscure places to find out all they could about the interesting local life.

By Tuesday, there were many people on sick parade with either nettle stings or sunburn. Orderlies were appointed for various days, and on our day we rigged up a shower which was used quite frequently in the extremely hot weather. On Tuesday the first of our excursions took place, and this was under the leadership of Mr. Llewellyn. The journey started by bus to Watendlath from where we walked back to Keswick over the hills. We finished the journey at the lakeside for a session of lake bathing, which finally became the most popular pastime. Wednesday saw everyone hard at work with their set tasks ; although these tasks reminded us of school we were glad to be able to do them outdoors in the brilliant sunshine. On Wednesday the camp was visited by Mr. Bradley and other members of the School Staff. Thursday brought us the last of our excursions and for this the party was divided into two. One party, with Mr. Llewellyn, was to go to Great Gable, and the other, with

Miss Gibson, was to go on a longer but easier walk. These parties were to meet later that afternoon at the lake side for another session of lake bathing. Friday was our last day at camp and so we were given the afternoon off to go into Keswick to buy presents for parents and friends, but first we had to finish off our tasks which were attacked with real zest and vigour.

To finish the week we had a dance which was conducted mainly by a few Fifth form boys—especially the pianists G. Balson and N. Buckley, now freed from examinations, and it ended with a camp sing-song which was enjoyed by everyone. During the week there were several smaller items which must not be forgotten : there had been a dance one night and also, during the week, a knock-out mixed doubles table-tennis competition, finally won by T. Hill and Miss Gibson. One day, members of the party were, rather against their will, taken to the Druid Circle which was not far from the camp.

As Friday was the last night at camp, there was no late-night tent inspection, with the result that we were not asleep as soon as we should have been. Saturday dawned and there was a last-minute rush to finish packing before the coaches arrived.

The journey home was quick and uneventful, and at about 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, over fifty tanned pupils from Counthill Grammar School arrived back in Oldham after a week's camping near Keswick.

P. PEARCE.
D. BRADSHAW.

SUCCESS !

Inspiration, when will it come
To help me with my task
To write a verse on anything ?
That's what my teacher asked.
Country life, the joys and pains,
Or times beside the sea,
Or some exciting play I saw,
Suggest themselves to me.
Easily my friends all write,
The Muse I seek in vain.
I make a start with greatest hopes,
But later start again.
Decidedly, I cannot rhyme
A verse, not even one,
But looking back, what can I see ?
My task—it has been done !

A. KNEALE, (IVc).

THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER

"Weather" says the dictionary, is the name for atmospheric conditions. Where would the world be to-day if there were no weather? I doubt if there would be a world, for without sun and rain nothing can grow.

Now let us consider the weather of our own Great Britain. What is the outstanding feature? The answer is rain, sleet, drizzle, fog and smog. Sunny Britain! But where is the sun? Even though there are some sunny days, unfortunately these come when least appreciated and, vice versa, on days when we have to get up early to play in a match, how we would welcome rain, sleet, drizzle, fog or smog, so that the match could be cancelled and we could have a nice long laze in bed. But do we have rain? Oh, no! We have a delightful, fresh morning, but very chilly, (according to the toe which explores the world outside the bed clothes); nevertheless, it is an ideal day for the game. Chin up! that is weather.

Then there are times—holidays or picnics for instance—when we long for the sun (but even more for the sun-tan) so that we can wear our new sun frocks and flimsy dresses, but what do we get? Rain, sleet, drizzle, fog and smog! But occasionally the weather is kind to us. The sun shines fiercely; we walk about and sweat, we sit still and frizzle, or we lie in the sun, quite content, and dream of a lovely golden brown sun-tan, but it is later, when we see the brilliant red colour of our skin and feel the effects of the sunburn that we realise that the weather still holds the trump card.

Recently, there has been a great deal of controversy about smog and smog masks, and we have been staggered by the number of deaths resulting from smog. That is only partly the weather's fault, for without the smoke caused by our industrialisation there would only be fog and, as scientists have proved, fog is harmless.

Then there is the snow and, having attended Counthill for one or two winters, that is a point on which I am greatly experienced. I have experienced the blinding blizzards and the consequently frozen legs, feet, hands and face. I am sure the inhabitants of Counthill Grammar School proved a graceful spectacle whilst skating up and down the sledge track which, in summer, goes by the name of Counthill Road. I will not spoil my picture by stating on which part of their anatomy they were skating up and down Counthill Road. The upward track consists of one step forward and two steps backwards.

The boys, I fear, have the best of the snow because the girls, even if they were allowed to snowball, would be fighting a losing battle against the "crack shots" of the boys. Not only do we girls have to pretend to be cocoanuts for the Counthill boys, but also

for the friendly little brats attending other schools, boys and girls alike. After an encounter with these hostile assailants, what could be more enjoyable than to feel the icy-cold, melting snow trickling down the back of your neck, down your face or into your boots, and then to be sprayed with icy slush from a bus which has had the misfortune to be stuck in the snow. Clean, white, soft snow I bear with a smile, but at the dirty, icy aftermath I draw the line.,

I have often wished—and I expect many more have—that I could control the elements like the witches in “Macbeth,” but if we could, O, what *would* come of it?

MARJORIE HIGGS, (Vc).

MURIEL CHADWICK, (Vc).

LAKELAND STORY

(All clues are mountains, passes or villages in the Lake District)

I have a friend. Though not of Swiss descent his name is (1)..... He is not particularly young, though not an (2)..... Although he looks rather shifty on account of his (3)....., it would be difficult to find an (4)..... man. When he was in the army, he and his musical friend Harrison were in (5)....., and he quickly rose to the rank of (6)..... He lives in a peculiar house. Although the front and back are painted cream, it has a (7)..... On either side of the door is a massive (8)....., and all the windows are lancet-shaped in the (9)..... The front is on that busy thoroughfare, the (10)....., but at the back is a (11)....., through whose lush grass flows a (12)..... in which he often fishes. He is fond of fishing. He (13)..... into a stream when he was out with Harrison and me. He got his line entangled and it got into a (14)..... and jerked the rod from his hand. Realising that valuable tackle was at (15)....., he tried to retrieve it and overbalanced, getting thoroughly soaked. “Can you lend me some dry socks?” he asked, for he (16)..... at nothing. “Harrison would lend me his, but I’d rather have yours because (17).....”

Clues on page 40.

AN EMPTY HOUSE

Gaunt and lonely it stands, this house of cold grey stone. Once it was happy with clean, bright eyes and its door was always open to welcome. Now it is old and crumbling. The grand staircase is a heap of rotting old boards, and the curved balustrade is crumbled almost to dust. People must have lived here once, laughing people and bright-eyed children, for there are the remains of a child's swing in the garden and I can see a few straggling plants which were once heavy with rich, red strawberries. Only people who live and love life have strawberries in the garden.

I wonder why the people left ? Around the house is tragedy ; it can be seen in the blank, empty windows and the gaping, oaken door, once studded with brass knobs. How quiet everything is ! How can I describe the silent dignity and remoteness of this house, beautiful in its ugliness and proud in its shame ?

HILARY PICKERING, (IVd).

AN INVITATION TO A PARTY

Brother John is three to-morrow ;
Will you come to tea ?
You need not bring a present,
For there's only John and me.
He has a lovely birthday cake,
With three big candles on.
It's covered with white icing—
Lucky brother John.
Will you come to tea to-morrow ?
Brother John is three.
There'll be a piece of birthday cake
For you and John and me.

ROSEMARY MAYES, (IIb).

Q.—What is the great-great-grandparent of all the apples we know to-day ?

A.—A Granny Smith !

Geography teacher—rather slow of speech—introducing lesson on Pacific Islands : “ Hawaii . . . ”

Bright but cheeky pupil, in pause which followed : “ Oh, I'm very well thanks. How are you ? ”

HOW TO BE PUNCTUAL

Ladies and Gentlemen ! I would like to tell you of a personal experience which has a moral—a lesson to all who are unpunctual. Last August, together with two friends, Brian and Tony, I went on a cycle tour. In due course we arrived in London, where we were to spend three nights. Our place of rest was to be the Youth Hostel of Highgate Hill, which we found to be ten minutes' brisk walk from the Archway tube station. We also found that the hostel closed at 11 p.m., admission being refused after that time.

Before we set off for our first night in the city, we decided unanimously to take every care to be back in good time. In consequence, after taking the advice of a ticket collector, we found that the train we required left Leicester Square tube station at 10.22, which meant that we arrived 'home' at 10.59 p.m.

For the first two nights in London, we threw cares and caution away and on both nights left ourselves only ten minutes for the journey from Westminster Bridge to the tube station, but after much hurry we did manage to reach the station with a minute or two to spare. On the last night, we decided to be in good time, so we left ourselves double the time for the journey. As a result, owing to our extra time, we dawdled along Whitehall in unconcerned bliss, arriving at Trafalgar Square at 10.20 p.m.—three minutes later than usual.

We immediately hared off up Charing Cross Road and Brian, being an athlete, went on in front and had already purchased the tickets by the time Tony and myself slumped into the station. We charged down the escalators and were nearing the bottom of the second flight, with a hundred yards to go, when we heard a train rattle into the station. We ran on breathlessly, with Brian well out in front, and then—catastrophe ! Some old ladies balked us. Tony and I reached the platform just in time to see Brian taking a dive through the closing tube doors. The train pulled out and we saw Brian, holding the tickets, enjoying a hearty laugh at our expense. Then Tony looked at the indicator board—Brian was on the wrong train ! Now it was our turn to laugh. Tony and I caught the right train, made our way to the hostel, arriving at the customary time, and began to tell the warden how Brian had been involved in a slight road accident, but would not be long as he was not hurt. Ten minutes passed before a panting Brian burst through the door and blurted, "You might have told me it was the wrong train." As we went to bed, we discussed our near escape, leaving a highly suspicious warden pondering over our story.

Now all this points a most important lesson. If you, like the writer, are in the habit of being late, then set off later to your destina-

tion, thus making sure that you have no time to dawdle on the way, and that you arrive there 'on the dot.' In this way, and this way only, can you hope to get out of the habit of being late.

R. LUMB, (VIa Sc.).

THE SONG OF THE OLD TRAIN

When Raleigh roved, and Shakespeare wrote,
And clippers plied their trade,
Some moment when the moon was blood,
Then, surely, I was made.
A jingling, jangling mass of junk,
A creaking cataclysm,
With squeaking, screaming, groaning wheels,
An object of derision.
My whistle's cracked, my boiler leaks,
My paint is scratched and peeling,
And when my fire is burning well,
You'd think 'twas someone swealing.
Fools ! for I also had my hour,
One far, fierce hour and sweet,
When I rushed into Euston Road,
Instead of dreary Clegg Street.

A. JOHNSON, (VIa).

HOME TOWN

At one time Oldham meant little more to me than dust, dinginess and damp. Irritation at a smoky, ugly town was my only thought of it, and it was always contrasted in my mind with the sweet-smelling, clean and sunny places I had known and lived in when I was younger.

During recent years, however, my views have changed. From the hills one sees a vista composed predominantly of mill chimneys veiled almost invariably with a mist of grey. Beneath that veil, however, there are other things to be seen than rows of dirty and cramped houses.

The people of Oldham are amongst the friendliest in the North of England, and their warm smiles and cheery greetings are, I should imagine, unequalled in the whole world. In each street, neighbours take a friendly interest in neighbours and few, if any, along the street are left lonely and unknown.

Mrs. Brown's new baby and the death of old Mr. Smith are discussed more freely than the dreadful activities of politicians and the like. Indeed, there is often more interest to be found in Mrs. Brown's baby and in the death of Mr. Smith !

The wild, bleak beauty of the hills is a strange attraction. In winter, a walk taken upon them reveals a strangely dramatic quality in the black crags rearing against the early darkening skies. Their very bareness and unsoftened outline is almost a challenge. From the hills, unexpectedly lovely sunsets can be seen. I remember especially one wild and gusty day when the sunset was unforgettable. Slowly the black bars of cloud rose like a curtain past the liquid gold of the setting sun. On the sea of red-gold, sailed proud black cloud galleons with billowing sails, and far above, the sky deepened through shades of blue to shimmering violet.

Yes, Oldham has indeed its beauties and, above all, it is my home—our home—and as such it has no equal.

N. STANSFIELD, 1947 - 1953.

FIVE SHILLINGS' WORTH OF FUN

I was standing at Ringway Airport watching air liners taking off and landing. The air was filled with the throbbing of engines and the whirr of propellers. I noticed a small stall, advertising bi-plane trips. I had always wanted to go aloft, and here was my chance. Clutching the ticket in my hand, I joined a few others who had the same objective.

After what seemed an age I was climbing into the plane. The engines roared into life and we were taxiing towards the main runway. This being clear of traffic, we increased speed for the take-off.

“Would there be any sensation? What if the engines should fail? Would I be air sick?”

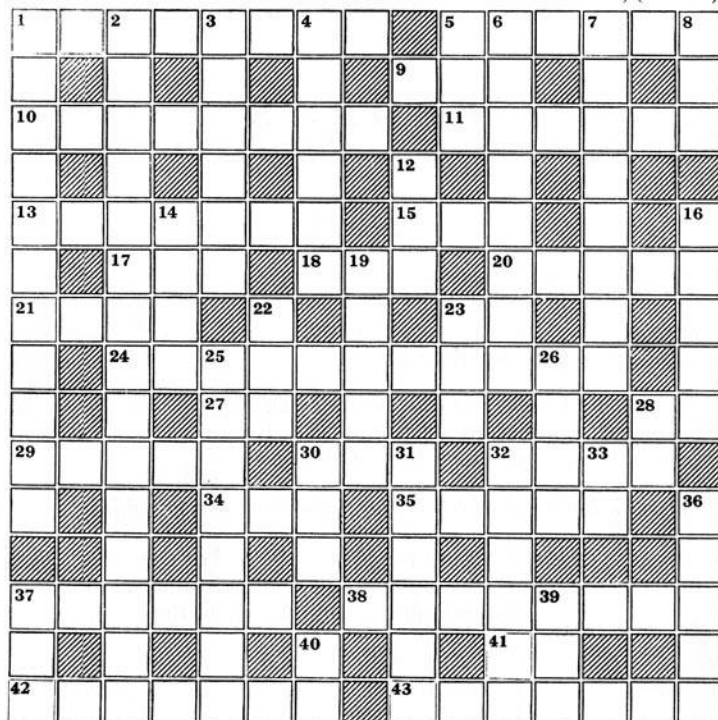
I relaxed and began to enjoy myself. We had left the ground and were gaining height. The land was mapped out below us, with field upon field bordered with houses just big enough for dolls. The wings glistened as the sun came out, but the engines droned on.

My mind went back to the first aeroplane—no, even farther back when men explored the infinity of space in a balloon. The thrill of the people who “glided” must have more than equalled my thrill “up in the blue.” What a success that invention had been!

All too soon the joy-ride came to an end and the plane began to lose height. We circled and waited for instructions to land. Fields came nearer, glass houses were visible and hedges seemed to touch the wheels. Bump! we had landed safely and were slowing down. Taxiing along a maze of runways, we eventually reached our goal. I stepped out of the plane, radiantly happy, and was looking forward to another five shillings' worth of fun. HILARY DAWSON, (Vc).

CROSSWORD

J. A. BARDSLEY, (Vla Sc.).



CLUES ACROSS

1. A device for drawing water.
5. Found on two or more pirate flags.
9. A genus of South American serpent.
10. Choir of this composition condemned to bass singing (2, 6).
11. Rifleman detailed for special duty.
13. Infested.
15. Girl's name.
17. What a laugh !
18. Decrepit.
20. Jungle animal.
21. A unilateral agreement between certain parties.
23. Half of an extinct bird.
24. The march of the Royal Navy.
27. French for ' the.'
28. That is.
29. Army discipline ?
30. A portion of a circle.
32. Small herbaceous plant.
34. French affirmative.
35. Monsoon.
37. A contest by force.
38. A freeman—in every sense of the word.
41. Automobile Association (abbr.).
42. Essential part of a gas cooker.
43. High frequency female voice.

CLUES DOWN

1. " ——— has been handed down to us." (Well known song).
2. A seasonal visitor.
3. Billy Bunter's paradise.
4. A famous breed of sheep.
5. Distress signal.
6. A marsupial animal.
7. Paint which painters will not use.
8. Title of respect.
12. Victorian exclamation.
14. An unpopular assessment.
- 16 & 36. Focal point of a famous race (5, 5).
19. One of these always accompanies the winner.
22. Poetically before.
23. A war medal (abbr.).
25. Distribute.
26. Four English rivers possess this name.
28. Verb ' to be.'
30. Perpetuated by Mr. Marshall.
31. Peculiar to ravens and frogs.
32. An unlucky happening.
33. Hitler's stormtroopers.
37. Tooth of a wheel.
39. Lend it to Mark Anthony !
40. Same as 33 down.

Solution on page 40
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SPORTS

TENNIS

Our third tennis season was quite successful, for of the nine games the First Team played, six were won. The Second Team only played one game, but unfortunately lost it.



For the first time, this year we had an under-fifteen team. This team did quite well, for of the two games played one was won and one lost.

Thanks must go to Miss Dunn for her keen coaching.

Because of the shocking weather at the end of the summer term, the finals of the tennis tournament still remain at one set all for Ann Roberts and Jeanne Hartley, the finalists.



Although the summer term seems to be in the distant future, we are already looking forward to tennis matches as the fixtures are made.

JEAN MURDOCH, *Games Secretary*.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

The girls' Table Tennis Club has continued to flourish, although it is still confined to the Fifth and Sixth forms.

The Knockout Competition is still in its infancy, but rivalry is very keen.

We have played two matches since the last issue of the magazine, both against Greenhill Grammar School. At Greenhill the First Team, after a good fight, was beaten 6 - 4. The Second Team was also beaten 7 - 3.

We hope to have some more matches in the future—and success.

JEAN MURDOCH.

SOCCER

Captain : T. E. Hill.

Vice-Captain : D. A. Swann.

Secretary : T. E. Hill.

The School First Team has had a first-class season, with an exceptionally fine record :

P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against
11	8	0	3	48	28

Fitness and enthusiasm characterise the team and these make up for the lack of footballing abilities.

Chapman, Beresford and Dyson have been our best forwards, and perhaps Chapman just steals the limelight because of his fierce low cross shots, which have brought him this season a tally of 15 goals.



Nobody has shone distinctively in defence, but Calligan deserves a mention. The defence has always been solid and every man has pulled his weight.

As usual, we have had to borrow from the Under 15's. Whitaker and Cunningham are the year's victims and both have played exceptionally well.

UNDER 15 AND UNDER 14 SOCCER

The Under 15's show promise of becoming a good all-round team. They must learn, however, to play hard for the full period of the game and not take things too much for granted.

Results :	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against
	4	2	1	1	9	6

UNDER 14's

Unfortunately, the Under 14's are very small and lack the necessary vigour and enthusiasm to make a winning side. They must learn to put all their energy into the game and also practise more as individuals.

Results :	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against
	5	2	0	3	8	28

Good luck for the rest of the season, and never forget that there are ten more men on the team besides yourself. T.E.H.

RUGBY NOTES

1st XV

Captain : D. A. Swann.

Vice-Captain : G. H. Ainsworth.

Secretary : R. F. Lumb.

Last season was the most successful experienced by the Club since its inception, the record being :

P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against
9	6	1	2	155	56



This season, although we won our first match 28 - 3, we have experienced a run of narrow defeats. We lost our match with Oldham R.U.F.C. Colts 3 - 6, and in this match had the misfortune to lose our vice-captain with a broken ankle. Since then we have lost to Salford G.S. 0 - 8, drawn with Manchester G.S. 2nd team, 6 - 6, and lost to Sale G.S. 3 - 17, which incidentally was Sale's narrowest victory of the season. Four of our number, Swann, Turner, Cooper and Lumb, were chosen to attend trials for the Lancashire Schools' Team. We are proud to say that Swann and Turner were chosen to play for the county team.

Under 15 XV

Captain : A. Jones.

Vice-Captain : H. Crossley.

This team also experienced its best-ever season last year, the record being :

P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against
9	8	0	1	226	74

This season, however, they have been less successful, having lost the three matches played to date. Booth has gained a regular position on the First XV.

Under 14 XV

Captain : A. Rees.

Vice-Captain : P. Shaw.

The Under 14's have for the past seasons been the "Cinderellas" of the School Rugger Teams and, unfortunately, continue to maintain their reputation. Last season's record was :

P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against
8	2	0	6	24	184

This season, the three matches played to date have been lost. We can only hope that our junior teams can show some improvement, to play their part in building a successful future 1st XV. A step in this direction has recently been realised, P. Shaw having been selected to make his First XV debut.

We suffered a great setback at the end of the last year when Mr. Ardern left us, but at the beginning of this year we gained another rugby enthusiast, Mr. Robson, who has taken charge of the junior teams, leaving Mr. Llewellyn to concentrate on the seniors.

R. F. LUMB.

CRICKET

Captain : T. Cooper.

Vice-Captain : A. Pickvance.

	P.	W.	L.	D.
1st XI ...	9	1	5	3

The record of the School First XI leaves much room for improvement, yet in many ways it is not a true reflection of the games played.

The drawn game at North Manchester must surely have been won in the next two overs at the most. The School needed only 5 runs with 7 wickets to fall when stumps were drawn. Another drawn game was played at Couthill against Heywood Grammar School. The School declared at 99 for 4, T. Cooper obtaining an unbeaten 55—incidentally the highest score of the season. Heywood then batted an hour and a quarter for only 18 runs, losing 3 wickets. At Chadderton, rain stopped play at lunchtime, and against Hyde the School fielded 6 reserves, owing to examinations, and had the School produced a full First XI, the result might have been very different.



Our one victory was gained at the expense of Middleton, who easily beat the School in the morning and agreed to play again in the afternoon. Middleton were dismissed for 102, W. Joyce obtaining 5 wickets for 3 runs. The School replied with 104 for 5, T. Cooper scoring 51 not out.

About our defeats : well, we were easily beaten, the main fault being the weakness of the batting, for the bowlers and fielders played well and did their job admirably. W. Joyce had the best bowling average, his 9 wickets costing 67 runs, whilst T. Cooper finished with 175 runs at an average of 35.

	P.	W.	L.	D.
Juniors ...	6	3	2	1

The Juniors enjoyed a satisfactory season, although the weather seriously curtailed their fixtures, as was the case with the First XI. Several Juniors were selected for the Oldham Town Team and gave quite a good account of themselves.

Here's wishing the School Elevens every success next year and hoping that the rain falls only in the night-time !

T. COOPER, (VIa Lit.).

NETBALL



As the netball season draws to its close, we see behind us a satisfactory, although not a brilliant season.

At the annual rally held at Whalley Range, the results were surprising; the Senior Team did better than was expected, but the Junior Team did not come up to expectations.

This season's results so far are :

			W.	L.	D.
Junior	11	0	1
1st Senior	7	6	0
2nd Senior	4	7	0

A.R.

ANSWERS TO LAKELAND STORY

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Robinson. | 9. Chapel Stile. |
| 2. Old Man. | 10. High Street. |
| 3. Wry Nose. | 11. Fairfield. |
| 4. Honister. | 12. Troutbeck. |
| 5. The Band. | 13. Wansfell. |
| 6. Sergeant Man. | 14. Hardknott. |
| 7. Green Gable. | 15. Stake. |
| 8. Pillar. | 16. Sticks. |
| 17. Harrison Stickle. | |

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS : 1. Liftpump ; 5. Skulls ; 9. Boa ; 10. No Tenors ; 11. Sniper ; 13. Overrun ; 15. Ada ; 17. Ray ; 18. Old ; 20. Rhino ; 21. Pact ; 23. Do ; 24. Hearts of Oak ; 27. Le ; 28. i.e. ; 29. Drill ; 30. Arc ; 32. Moss ; 34. Oui ; 35. Rains ; 37. Combat ; 38. Bachelor ; 41. A.A. ; 42. Gas Jets ; 43. Soprano.

DOWN : 1. London Pride ; 2. Father Christmas ; 3. Pantry ; 4. Merino ; 5. S.O.S. ; 6. Kangaroo ; 7. Lipstick ; 8. Sir ; 12. Gad ; 14. Rate ; 16 & 36. Monte Carlo ; 19. Loser ; 22. Ere ; 23. D.F.C. ; 25. Allocate ; 26. Avon ; 28 Is ; 30. Aid ; 31. Croaks ; 32. Mishap ; 33. S.S. ; 37. Cog ; 39. Ear ; 40. S.S.

OLDHAM HIGH SCHOOL AND COUNTHILL ASSOCIATION

- President :* Mr. H. A. Bradley.
Treasurer : Mr. J. Kent.
Secretary : Miss L. Turbefeild, 108 Werneth Hall Road.
Membership : Mr. S. Garside, 23 Forest Street.
Secretaries : Miss Brenda Jones, 53 Fern Street.

The Association was re-named in its present form in September, 1953, at the first Annual General Meeting to be held at Counthill. Formerly there were two sections—one known as the Oldham High School Old Boys' and the other the Oldham High School Ex-Students (Girls) Association—but when the School moved to Count-hill it was decided to unite the two Associations into one.

The objects of the Association are to strengthen the bond of fellowship between the School and its former students, and to provide opportunities for meeting one's old schoolfellows and so help to preserve friendships made during schooldays. It is hoped that all those who leave School this year will become members and also those who have left previously who have not already joined. Subscriptions (2/6 per year) should be paid to the Membership Secretaries. Miss Percival and Mr. Kent will be pleased to give any further information required by those at present in School. Students who have left should get in touch with the Secretary or the Membership Secretaries.

The Association's Annual Reunion was held on Friday, 5th February, 1954, at the Town Hall, and was a most enjoyable evening with the New Ambassadors' Dance Band in attendance and a most efficient M.C. (Perhaps some people thought him a little *too* efficient !). In addition to dancing, there was whist in a downstairs room near the bar, and supper, in two sittings, was served in the Council Chamber. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Higson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wilson (the Deputy

Director of Education and his wife) and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hilton, (Vice-Chairman of the Education Committee and his wife—both ex-students). Members of Staff present included Miss Percival, whose loyalty and long years of service to the Association are greatly appreciated.

It is hoped to arrange other social functions during the coming months, including sessions of Square Dancing which have been very popular in the past. Members of the Sixth Form who are interested in this pastime should apply to the Secretary or any Committee member, (such as Pat Ogden, who left last year) for an invitation.

It has also been suggested that an informal Dance should be held in the summer to which senior members of the School could be invited. The Committee will be glad to consider this, and any other suggestion put forward by prospective members.

This is your Association. Make a point of joining it when your days at School are over.

L.T.



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