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THE

KASKENIAN

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THE KASKENIAN

Editors:

Keith Cooper

Joan Howlett

Committee:*Chairman* : Mr. Higson*Secretary-Treasurer* : Mr. Dunkerley

Miss Jones, Miss Moorhouse, Miss Finnigan, D. F. Pomeroy,
J. Sanderson, M. E. Burton, W. Wild, A. Price.



EDITORIAL

The approach of half-term, which heralded another edition of "The Kaskenian," sent two harassed individuals in the Literary Sixth into panic-stricken fits of anxiety. Where are all our budding journalists, poets and novelists? Surely the prospects of going down in the annals of school history by writing for our venerable magazine is sufficient encouragement and inspiration. A remarkable lack of response proved this was not the case, but the gentle arts of bribery and corruption, in which we are now past-masters, have produced better results, and it was gratifying to find swarms of once reticent students proffering their "voluntary" contributions at the very last minute. To these, and all who have helped us in any way whatever, we extend our sincere thanks.

The new cover, along with various other experimental changes, has been included in the hope that it will give added appeal to this term's "Kaskenian", and provide pleasure and satisfaction for all tastes. At the time of distribution, however, the unfortunate Fifth Forms will be toiling under the rigours of terminal examinations, conveniently denied to the rest of us, but perhaps the ladies and gentlemen of leisure will find interest and amusement among these pages.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1950-51

School Captains : Jack Beaman, Vera Brooks.

Vice-Captains : Brian Millward, Joan Howlett.

School Prefects—Boys :

VIa Lit.—B. Mitchell, G. D. Fletcher.

VIa Sc.—P. Gartside, K. S. Ogborn, D. F. Pomeroy, J. Putman, R. Whittaker, S. N. Martin, J. A. Mawson.

VIb Lit.—K. Cooper.

VIb Sc.—D. B. Hanson, E. Nield, W. I. Porteous.

School Prefects—Girls :

VIa Lit.—H. Davies, A. Foden, B. Green, J. Houlton, J. Mellor, J. Sanderson, L. Wrigley.

VIb Lit.—B. Atkinson, J. B. Bailey, M. E. Burton, B. Jackson, B. Knowles, J. Platt, M. E. Prime, M. E. Thomas.

VIb Sc.—E. Nuttall.



STAFF CHANGES

Since our last issue many changes in Staff have occurred. The end of the school year saw the departure of Miss M. Fisher, who has taken up a post at Kidderminster. Mrs. Doyle and Mlle. Darasse also departed, whilst the Masters' Room suffered from the loss of Mr. Hollos and Mr. Hasdell, the latter of whom, after one enjoyable year in the wild north, has taken a post nearer his home in London.

In compensation for our losses we have to welcome new members of the staff in Miss Dunn (P.T.), and Miss Finnigan (English), Mr. Turner (Art)—an Old Boy of the School, and Mr. Petford (Biology). For the forthcoming year also we shall have with us Mlle. Lévy and Fr. Stocker. Shortly we are to lose Miss Sawitz, and her place is taken by Miss Loose.

As these words are written, Mr. A. Barlow, our Senior Chemistry Master, has entered hospital. Our very best wishes go with him for a speedy return to health, and we hope that when "The Kaskenian" is in your hands Mr. Barlow will be seen about School again, his usual vigorous self.

AN OLD BOY AT LARGE

Unusually, we begin this issue with a contribution from an Old Boy. Mr. Alan Shadwick was a pupil between the years 1928 and 1933. He spent some years on the staff of the "Oldham Chronicle" and has made a reputation as a journalist of a very high order. He is now News Editor of the "Church Times". We believe then that what follows from his pen will have a special appeal.

Miss Jones' letter came in with the cornflakes. It had floundered about in London, returned like a homing pigeon to Oldham, received more precise directions before essaying a second and more accurate flight to the big city, and there it was given further instructions to make for the Swan Hotel at Pulborough, a straggling village in the gentle slopes of West Sussex. And at last it came in, naturally a trifle travel-stained, to be investigated with great curiosity (between mouthfuls of cornflakes) by the elusive Old Boy of what used to be the Oldham Municipal Secondary School and later became, more grandly, the Municipal High School, and now appears to be the East Oldham High School. However, what's in a name? And surely, plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose! (Mr. Ashworth or Miss Grimshaw will correct me if I am wrong.)

We are none of us at our best at the hour of breakfast, and here was a blow below the belt. I felt I needed those cornflakes, and the bacon and egg that followed, and the toast that followed them. It is no part of my purpose to advertise, but it will be seen that they do you proud at the Swan. Why did I need this fortification? Well, figure to yourselves how you would feel if a letter from one of your pastors and masters, commanding you to write an essay, came in with the breakfast tray. You would feel that nothing was sacred.

As it happened, I was going to Worthing that day, in search of what journalists call "copy." Worthing, my readers will surely know, is by the sea, and to get to it I had to travel through miles of the most lovely countryside, rich and wooded, and through beautiful villages like Findon and Storrington. Sitting up there on the front seat of the upper deck of the bus, I might have thought of Hilaire Belloc and the poetry of the Sussex Downs, on that golden autumn morning. But no, I thought of Greengate Street, and of a deplorable boy who used to make his way there every day. I had had a shock, as who, digging, strikes his spade upon a hidden rock. And part of the shock was that

anyone in Greengate Street would remember the deplorable boy who was just one greencap among so many. So take heart, you among my readers who are deplorable, you who have my special sympathy, for it may be that your name liveth for evermore.

Now it may have been that as a result of my shock I began to suffer from a mild form of concussion, for my next reaction took the form of a profound reverie. Lulled by the swaying bus and soothed by the passing scene, I fell into a meditation on the mystery of life. It seemed to be a remarkable thing that Greenacres could co-exist with these green pastures. I believe that some foolish philosophers have held that things do not exist when we are not looking at them. But Miss Jones' letter, which I knew to be in my pocket, seemed to be a good argument for the continued existence of my old school. So I have every confidence that as I write now, within the sound of Big Ben, which you will hear on the radio, at half past ten on a Monday night, the crowds will be emerging from the cinemas in Union Street. More than that, I see the traffic sweeping across the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and hear the whistling of the Munich train. It seems that somebody, and it may have been somebody in Greengate Street, has taught me to garner my experiences. I will not say memories, lest I should be tempted to begin sentences with the words "I remember . . ." and be thought to have fallen into my anecdotalage.

Heaven is said to lie about us in our infancy. Anyone in a school may beg leave to doubt that. But nobody can doubt that Life with a capital L lies about us all the time wherever we are, omnipresent like the atmosphere. You do not need to go to the ends of the earth to find it. You need only open your eyes, and you will receive treasures on earth of which no man can rob you, whether you travel far like Miss Jones's letter, or stay where you are like the old school. Learn this, and much shall be forgiven you—even the wrong sum and the wrong date.

ALAN SHADWICK.



SCHOOL NOTES.

OLDHAM EDUCATION WEEK

To celebrate the centenary of the borough, an Education Week was held from May 20th to May 27th. The activities of the week centred on the Greenacres Hall. The opening ceremony was performed by the Mayor (Alderman A. Marshall), followed by a concert in the evening in which our school took part.

Great interest was aroused by the exhibition in the Large Hall. All sections of education, from infant to adult, were represented. A certain number of stalls was allocated to each section; our school represented secondary grammar education, and exhibits ranged from needlework specimens, exercise books, school dresses, art exhibits, scientific equipment, to even a past edition of "The Kaskenian".

Practical demonstrations were held which included cookery, joinery, needlecraft, and chemistry and physics experiments, the latter being performed by members of School. Several schools held "open days" on which parents or anyone interested could look round and see the children at work, and throughout the week concerts were held in the evenings. On the Tuesday, our recorder players performed at Pitt Street Baptist Schools, and at the closing ceremony, choral items were given by a joint choir from the East and West Oldham High Schools. Addresses given by Aldermen A. Marshall, E. Kershaw and F. Lord ended a most successful week.

M.E.B. (Vlb Lit.).



"PREPARING TO BE A BEAUTIFUL LADY"

The customary school visits and lectures which take place after the trials of S.C. and H.S.C. were considerably enlivened by a venture into entirely new territory. This pioneering step was in the form of a lecture on "Skin Care and the Art of Make-up" given by one of Oldham's leading authorities on beauty—Miss B. P. Lawrence. The idea was given an enthusiastic welcome by the girls, and incidentally received the sarcastic approbation of our male counterparts, who expected us to acquire breathtaking beauty overnight. The lecture included practical demonstrations, for which models were easily found, and the rapt attention on every single face was probably a unique experience in the life of any school teacher. For one whole lesson, the girls of the senior school were filled with an incredible desire for knowledge, which pathetically faded with the return to timetable. Inspired by this absorbedly interesting and informative talk, we all resolved to spend our days preparing to be really beautiful ladies—and studying for exams, of course. Nevertheless, we should like to extend our thanks to Miss Platt for introducing this delightfully novel innovation, and, we need hardly say, to Miss Lawrence for her expert advice.

J.H.

CURTAIN!

In traditional style, the school year ended with a concert by the Junior School (Girls). The somewhat austere hall had been magically transformed into sylvan glades, rustic arbours, an Arcadia that blended charmingly with the two one-act plays chosen—"The Princess and the Woodcutter" and "The Queen and the Jester." In the former, Middle III evoked the spirit of the old tales when kings and queens wore their coronets on every occasion. The players succeeded in suggesting that blend of whimsy and commonsense so characteristic of Milne's treatment of fairy stories. The King and Queen were amusingly contrasted: how we enjoyed the Queen's valiant efforts to swallow dry crusts; she thoroughly earned the welcome wine. The hero, the very sensible woodcutter who won the hearts of the audience as well as that of the princess, was most dashing and musically presented. Each of three suitors was clearly distinguished by the young players, not only by costume, but by manner—laconic, arrogant and fastidious respectively.

In the other play, the Lower III's disported themselves in a delightful blend of miming and acting. A most peevish little queen who had dismissed her entourage except for her jester failed, to the audience's glee, to control the bobs and jerks of her recalcitrant coronet. The jester, whom the girls took to their hearts, performed a neat feat of hocus pocus for Her Majesty with the whirling connivance of the most ingenious grandfather clock we have ever had in school: it palpitated, winked, performed a jig, and when the dread hour of three arrived—the jester's zero hour—it struck out majestically. A hilarious five minutes ensued, when the jester, disguised as a wizard, persuaded the Queen that she was under a spell. Even the staff were unwittingly engaged in the Circean transformation, since the "unrehearsed" discovery of cows, goats and pigs amongst the mistresses raised a gale of laughter. As a pendant to this item, we must not forget the meek little hen who clucked so realistically. It was Miss Moorhouse who arranged this delightful programme, and who had trained the girls to give a most finished production. The designing, as well as the execution of the scenery and costumes, was in the capable hands of Miss Bottomley.

We might almost call the rest of the programme international; a German recitation by Doris Pyne of IVd, German songs by Middle III, and a Welsh folk song, costumed in the style of the Ladies of Llangollen. The choric speaking by Middle III, recitations by Ann Beech and Jeanne Hartley, were of a very high order. It was very fitting that the works of A.A. Milne and De la Mare, for whom the dew of childhood is still on the grass, should figure in the afternoon's programme.

N.J.

ANNUAL SPEECHMAKING COMPETITION

As a result of the modesty of certain boys, this year's Speechmaking Competition was thrown open to the girls, with sad results. The girls—those artful wielders of the spoken word—fielded a team of seven worthy contestants; the boys mustered three.

The great day dawned—much to the distress of a certain three. The Hall was a scene of great commotion; an enthusiastic audience took their seats, Mr. Higson took only the chair, and we regret to say that the girls took the prizes.

Sheila Oates, the chief offender, speaking on acting, drew much applause from the audience, while Joan Platt spoke confidently on "The Art of Living," and was rewarded with ten-and-sixpence for her pains.

In conclusion, let me state the considered opinion of that august body of progressive thought—the Science Sixth—that the prizes were given on the basis of "the fair are the neediest."

J.B.



SOUTH TO LONDON

On May 12th this year, about sixty of our boys departed southwards from Clegg Street Station on a trip to London, organised for the schools of Oldham. London Corporation transported the visitors round the city, and such famous sights as Marble Arch, Park Lane, Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey were seen. Not forgetting, of course, Brumas, at Regent's Park. Clegg Street Station was reached on return about 11.30 p.m., when everyone separated and returned homewards after a very enjoyable, though tiring day.

K.L., A.P.



LECTURE ON PALESTINE

Early this term the assembled Vth and VIth Forms enjoyed an interesting and informative lecture on the social and economic life in Palestine. It was obvious that our lecturer, the Rev. Thornton Duesbury, who has been Headmaster of a Palestine Grammar School, was never more at home than when talking to young people. His humorous anecdotes made both master and pupil chuckle, whilst his outline of the political struggle, brief as it had to be, cleared up entirely any dubious thoughts we may have been entertaining. Our thanks, then, are due to our lecturer for a most interesting hour.

A POLICEWOMAN'S LOT

At the end of last term, Miss Sleven—the only policewoman sergeant in the Oldham Force—gave an interesting lecture on the possibilities of the Police Force as a career. She recalled the history, qualifications and disadvantages of her occupation, as well as her daily routine, and by relating some of her personal experiences she supplied an element of humour to a very informative and absorbing talk. A.F.



SCHOOL LEAVERS' RALLY

On Wednesday, the 21st of June, a party of six girls from VIa and b Lit., complete with gym shoes and tennis rackets, left Oldham for Whalley Range High School in a state of apprehension. We were to attend a school leavers' rally organised by the Central Council for Physical Recreation, and were afraid that some marvellous feat of gymnastics would be expected of us.

Representatives from all schools in the surrounding districts had been invited, and when everyone was assembled we were divided into three groups in order that we might learn the fundamentals of archery, vaulting and tennis. Instruction in these subjects was enjoyed by all, but nevertheless, 4.30 found us quite ready for our tea. Having regaled ourselves, we returned with renewed ardour to the Assembly Hall, where another hour was spent in country dancing before we returned home. V.B.



"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE"

Towards the end of the summer term, a party of senior students visited the Stockport Hippodrome to see a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream". As the brilliance of the auditorium flickered into semi-darkness, a hush of expectancy fell upon the audience who hopefully waited for their anticipations to materialise on the stage. The characters differed greatly both in appearance and nature: Theseus, regal and dignified, and his graceful, athletic Hippolyta contrasted strikingly with the youthful vigour of Hermia and her two suitors, and with Helena, whose anxiety to please robbed her of a calm mind. A burlesque on these noble people were the rude mechanicals whose appearances, natures and dress, were of all descriptions. Although they were not quite as young as could be expected, their comical attempts added much to the enjoyment of the younger spectators. The fairies supplied the fantastic side to the dream. Titania's filmy, gossamer dress, her movements and sweet, silvery voice, conjured up the atmosphere of an exquisite, ethereal being, while her attendants were so fantastically dressed in accordance with their names, that any remnant of reality was at once dismissed.

Oberon attained a fairy majesty, not only by his robes of eerie enchantment or the weird lighting effects, but by the elfish quality of his voice, while Puck seemed to be a bouncing ball of tinted autumn leaves as he nimbly sprang and tumbled about the stage; he was the very image of a mischievous hobgoblin, with his pale features, wide urchin smile and light voice. The whole play, merging from reality into the supernatural and back to normal again, was successfully accomplished, and as the curtain fell for the last time, I am sure everyone sighed as we returned from an absorbing world of fantasy to ordinary everyday life.

A.B.



Vth FORM VISIT TO MANCHESTER

To break up end-of-term monotony, a tour of Manchester's places of interest was arranged for the senior girls' forms on July 10th. Twenty girls were shown the great organisation behind the scenes at Lewis's, while the remainder went on a similar tour of Marks and Spencer's. The party was then reunited for a visit to the museum at Platt Fields, where a collection of historical costumes dating from the early 17th century to about 1925 was being displayed. The exhibition was of special interest to the girls, who would have liked to stay a little longer, but as there was another item on the programme, this was impossible. The final visit to either Didsbury Parsonage or John Ryland's Library ended a very enjoyable day, and we are grateful to all who made the visit possible, and especially to the mistresses who so kindly accompanied us.



A TOUR OF THE INFIRMARY

After the rigours of School Certificate, members of Vc and Vd went into the Oldham Royal Infirmary—no, not as patients, as might have been expected judging from the agonised facial expressions after many of the papers had been handed in, but on a visit, accompanied by Miss Moore.

We were shown round the building by the Matron, who kindly gave of her time to explain how a large hospital is run. We visited several wards, talking to a number of patients, and then were shown round the large kitchens where tea was being prepared on a big scale. The sewing room, where all the hospital uniforms are made, was very interesting, as also was the laundry. To many of us the most enjoyable part was the visit to the X-ray and dark rooms. One of our number stood behind a screen, and we could see the beating of her heart. We ended a most instructive afternoon by a tour of the nurses' lecture rooms. M.E.B.

LYME HALL

A day trip to Lyme Hall, Disley, was enjoyed by a large party of boys and girls who travelled by special buses direct from school. On arrival at Lyme Park we were lucky enough to see the wild deer grazing near the entrance to the Park. After luncheon in the Orangery we had an interesting tour of the Hall, which is a fine example of an English country mansion. During the remainder of the afternoon the grounds were explored thoroughly by roaming parties of children. An impromptu game of rounders or cricket filled in the time whilst waiting for the buses.

F.L.



"PAPER!"

The prospect of a lecture on journalism by Miss Williams, a sub-editor of the "Oldham Chronicle," roused great interest among the senior girls last term, since for many of us a newspaper office means little more than a mysterious hive of constant activity. Miss Williams' visit, however, soon dispelled this mystery, as her talk included not only the story of her own eventful career, but also the work of each department concerned in the production of a newspaper. We learned of the history of the Press, which provided an interesting conclusion to a most enlightening talk, and even those not particularly interested in journalism appreciated their peep behind the scenes.



A WEEK AT A MUSICAL ZOO

In August of this year, Miss Hulme, Joyce Sharples and I set off for Newbury, Berkshire, where we were to attend a course for recorder players which was being run jointly with orchestral and conductors' courses. Our journey took us via London, and we "did it in style". Taxis, porters, waiters, were all at our disposal and we made good use of them. At Paddington we scraped on to the Newbury train with seconds to spare.

On arrival at our destination, Downe House, we were shown to our rooms and informed that dinner was at 7.30. Our bedroom was shared with two violinists and a smell of the joy of dinner to come. After dinner an audition was held for the orchestral players, whilst we had the evening free. The house and grounds had excellent facilities for sport—a table tennis table, cricket pitch, swimming pool and dozens of tennis courts.

The next day we started our music sessions. Our working hours were: 9.30—10.45, 11—12.45, 5—6.30, and 8—9. This left us with afternoons free. Mr. Edgar Hunt directed us and

combined expert tuition with group-playing. Towards the end of the week we gave a concert for the orchestra people and they gave one for us.

Sir Adrian Boult was the principal figure at the course, and I spoke to him while *Joyce* actually asked (and received) permission to take his photograph. There were many music students there as well as older people. Some came from places as far away as Inverness, although many were Southerners.

In the practice rooms varied notices issued forth. We tried one day to practice between a string quartet and a French horn, but finally had to give up the struggle. One man was heard to describe the place as a "musical zoo".

The time was all too short and the end of the week came with remarkable speed. I was loath to depart, but was consoled by the thought: Never mind, I can come again next year!

M. LEES.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We should like to express our appreciation to the following for the assistance they have generously given us in the production of this issue of "The Kaskenian":—

To Mr. Turner for his cover design and illustrations.

To Mr. Barber for his photographic work.

To the "Oldham Chronicle" for permission to use two photographs.

We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of the magazines of the following schools:—

Chadderton G.S., Stand G.S., Audenshaw G.S., Burnage H.S., Hulme G.S. (Oldham), Heywood G.S., Rochdale H.S. (Girls), Rochdale H.S. (Boys), Blackpool, Palatine S. Tech., Ashton G.S.



SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

Prefactory note: We thought to give this section the title "Society Notes," but thinking that this might prove both misleading and disappointing to many of our patrons, we changed it.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Silver-tongued orators are at present in short supply. The scintillating swordplay of debate has degenerated into mere hatchet-chopping; a truce has been called to wordy warfare. In a word, the Literary and Debating Society is not what it was,

We of the Society do not believe in "pulling our punches", so let it be plainly stated that support from the Senior School has this year been disappointing. We are confident that this is but a partial eclipse; we believe that boys and girls will again realise that great satisfaction may be obtained from making a successful speech before an audience, that practice in this art gives confidence and poise.

We did, last March, hold the most successful Mock Election of post-war years. Interest ran so high that we had to "book" the Upper Hall for the occasion. The entire Upper School attended; every political party was represented on the platform. The atmosphere of the hustings was truly established. The speeches were good, most of them flavoured with contempt for the policies of others. As the queue filed through the polling booth, one candidate vowed that he had seen two of his "bitterest enemies" vote and return smartly to the end of the queue. After a rapid count and recount, James Cunningham, the Socialist candidate, was declared duly elected, by the narrowest of margins. One learned afterwards that prior to the election there had been a certain relaxation of prefectorial discipline in return for pledges to vote.

The Society recently debated the abolition of mixed classes. Many cogent arguments were advanced on both sides, but no one was very disappointed when we decided to retain the present system of boys and girls going hand in hand, as it were, up the slopes of Parnassus.

Poetry readings on gramophone records are our latest innovation; we plan other activities, too, in the hope of attracting you, our readers in the upper forms of the School. T.H.



HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President: Mr. A. H. Ashworth.

Chairman: Mr. A. Brodie.

Secretary: J. Sanderson.

Treasurer: B. Mitchell.

Committee: Mr. J. C. Sturrock, Mr. A. Bradbury.

The two meetings of the Society which have been held this year were well attended, especially the film "The Beginnings of History", which everyone appreciated. We hope to show more films of this type during the coming year. Last year the programme consisted largely of papers given by the Sixth Form; these, however, naturally decreased in the summer months, owing to external examinations. The trip to Chatsworth Hall had to be abandoned because so many members were occupied in the various end-of-term activities. It is hoped, however, to run a similar trip this year.

Original ideas are always welcomed, and should be passed on to any member of the committee. Membership cards can be obtained from Joan Howlett or Brian Mitchell, both of Vla Lit.

J.S.



THE CHESS CLUB

President : Mr. A. H. Ashworth.

Committee : Messrs. J. C. Sturrock, L. F. Ardern, A. Barlow.

Captain : K. Cooper.

Secretary : G. Andrews.

Last season the School Chess Team, consisting of five boards, finished fourth in the Oldham Chess League, "A" Division. Highest team averages were : Mr. J. C. Sturrock, 57.7 per cent., G. Andrews, 59 per cent. and P. Kelly, 55 per cent. This season, however, in the same league, the two opening matches have been lost, 3—2, although our consolation was a draw in the local derby match with Rochdale High School.

Chess Club meetings are held on Wednesday and Friday, after school. Tournaments, of various classes, are held for the membership of 35. It is noticeable that the IVth Form representation is poor, and this will have its effect next season when several members will be leaving. It should be remembered that chess is a pastime, and one can never become too old to play. Some misguided persons suffer from the delusion that chess is a solemn game, far too difficult for the average mind. This, of course, is nonsense. Many happy hours are spent playing other schools, when an air of friendliness and good humour is never lacking. The Chess Club hope that, under the careful guidance and expert tuition of Messrs. Sturrock, Ardern and Barlow, boys will learn to play chess for the fun of it, and so discover a new and un-failing source of intelligent amusement.

G.A.



THE MUSIC CLUB

Chairman : Mr. J. E. Haslam.

Secretary : J. Houlton.

Treasurer : J. Beaman.

Committee : B. Knowles, J. Bailey, R. Whittaker.

Once again we welcome both old and new members to another series of meetings. The visit to the Albert Hall in November was a great success : the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli, played a fine selection of music by Beethoven and the modern composer, Vaughan Williams, which everyone enjoyed.

Additional highlights on the Music Club calendar include a proposed Christmas Dance for members only, further quizzes, and request programmes, which we hope will meet with great interest and approval.

Take the chance, then, offered to you now by letting us know your favourite records and type of programme, and remember—the success of the Music Club depends on the enthusiastic support of each individual member. J.B.



RECORDER CLASSES

There is a marked improvement in the progress of all classes during the last two months. I must express my appreciation of the loyal attenders at the various classes.

Joyce Sharples, Marian Lees and I were fortunate in being able to attend the Orchestral and Recorder Summer School at Downe House, Berks., in August. A report of this visit will be found elsewhere in this magazine.

Joyce and Marian have reached their present high standard of playing partly by ability and partly by real hard work and enthusiasm. Other players who would lay the foundation for future musical studies and preserve our present high standard would do well to emulate their interest and work.

We hope to commence a new class for beginners early in the New Year, and we encourage new pupils and others with musical ability, or those who wish to learn music, to join. D.H.



NIL DESPERANDUM!

EVERY Speech Day for the past decade some benign councillor has smiled down upon his audience and said words to this effect: "Well, boys and girls, we can say with some confidence that next year you will all be established in the new school at Counthill."

To many of us, the "new school" has become almost legendary, a utopia on some distant horizon, which our great, great grandchildren may (if they are lucky) attend.

But now, at last, it seems as if there is perhaps some glimmering of hope. Month by month the steel framework crowning the hill throughout the war and its aftermath, has been covered by bricks and mortar, woodwork and tiles, till now the impressive grandeur of this future place of learning can be appreciated.

Walking through the echoing passages, strolling through the quadrangle, or looking below at the industrial panorama of Oldham to the south, we fervently hope that soon we shall be able to uproot ourselves from our present cramped abode. "Well, perhaps, next year" M. E. Burton (Vlb Lit.)



SOLILOQUY ON CABBAGE

To take, or not to take, that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler for the school to suffer
 The strings and chunks of outrageous cabbage,
 Or to be defiant against a sea of troubles,
 And by refusing it, go hungry?
 To hunger ; to thirst
 No more ; and by a nod to say we end
 The indecision and the tumult of thought
 That hungry youth is heir to ; 'tis a courageous step
 Devoutly to be wished. Jeanne Hartley (IVc)



WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO ME?

THROUGHOUT my early youth I had worshipped from afar the skating stars of stage and screen ; the glamour, the spectacle, the shining steel blades gliding over the clear ice simply enthralled me ! At that time, however, my knowledge of ice-skating was not very extensive, and I believed it to be the sport of those lucky American "teenagers", and the idle rich who pass their winters in Switzerland. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when a friend recently informed me that she had been ice-skating in *Manchester*, and invited me to go with her. I jumped at the opportunity, and the next Saturday afternoon saw me, with the highest expectations, on my way. Saturday afternoon proved to be a wise choice, for then the Ice Palace is patronised mainly by "beginners" like myself, and infant prodigies who, in spite of their tender years, are marvellous skaters.

The bell proclaiming the commencement of each session meant only one thing for me—the ordeal was about to begin. My ankles seemed to be made of jelly, and it was an utter impossibility to walk on those "shining steel blades". With the aid of two or three supporters, I ventured on the ice, which was extremely cold and wet as I soon discovered after my first attempt to move. The sages say, however, that the first fall has a psychological effect upon the beginner, and afterwards, he or she gains more confidence—in that case, by the end of the afternoon I was simply oozing confidence !

After about an hour I was proclaimed to be progressing, as I could actually move both feet, although still aided by the two supporters. Official instructors have a theory that beginners should not be allowed to spend the afternoon clinging to the barriers, so my unofficial instructors decided they would take me to the centre of the rink. Experienced skaters will know that after the first hour or so of the session, the ice is cleared, and the more talented skaters indulge in about ten minutes' dancing. Not being experienced, however, this arrangement was unknown to me. A bell rang, my friends exclaimed, "Good, time for coffee," and rushed off, leaving me stranded in the centre. I called to them, but they refused to come to my aid, saying that if I crossed the rink on my own I would be well on my way to stardom. The dancers were waiting impatiently for the ice to be cleared, but what could I do? I tried to move, but the result was disastrous; I tried again and again, without success. All eyes were towards me as I, humiliated and almost purple with rage, more or less crawled across the ice on my hands and knees. After what seemed ages, I reached my "friends" who, profuse in their congratulations, repented and bought me a coffee.

I eventually forsook my companions and ventured round the rink alone. Numerous were the falls, bumps, spills, all resulting in a profusion of cuts and bruises, until that fatal bell rang for the termination of the session.

The experienced left me secure in the knowledge that I was not the miserable failure I had thought after the first hour or so, and although I intended to go skating again, I realised that the glamour and spectacle come after years of hard work and concentration—a star is not born during a three-hour skating session.

L.W. (VIa Lit.)



AN UNEXPECTED VISIT

IVc heads bent, eyes on their work,
From xy² they'd never shirk,
Unconscious of the outer world,
Their thoughts in wondrous flights unfurled.

Then, from the silence of the room
A shriek ran through the mental gloom—
A mouse, disturbed just by the door
Was running wild about the floor.

Commotion reigned, and screams were heard,
But Mr. Ashworth, not deterred,
Ran in, and to the rescue came,
And knew the joy of hunting game.

Girls climbed on desks and screamed with fright,
And shivering, held their gym-slips tight,
While braver ones (such courage rare)
Had tried to stop its antics there.

And when the mouse was chased away,
For Mr. Ashworth saved the day,
Miss Moore, composure not in need,
Thanked our Sir Lancelot for his deed.

E. Fox (Vc).



STANDING ON A RAILWAY STATION

THE small station was quiet and deserted as we waited patiently for the train. Evening sunlight filtered through the station roof and lit up the platform with a warm glow. A slot machine stood stiff and unused under a poster of bright colours advertising a seaside town. Pushing an almost empty barrow, a porter came slowly down the platform, his clogs ringing on the flagstones. All was still again after he had passed, when the silence was suddenly broken by a low rumbling in the distance. It came nearer and nearer. We looked at the station clock. No, this was not the train we wanted. The train came puffing and panting into the station, sending volumes of steam into the gathering dusk. Doors opened, and a big fat man with a small bowler hat perched on his head and a suitcase in his hand, headed towards the steps leading out of the station. A woman came hurrying after him with a baby in her arms, and three tired children trailing behind, while a mongrel dog barked and jumped around their feet. The tallest of the children, a boy of about seven years, held the tail of a home-made brown paper kite, which dragged along the floor. The train chugged slowly out of the station, passed under a bridge and disappeared from view. Minutes passed. We began to be impatient. At last the train was heard approaching. It appeared round a bend and stopped in front of us. We rushed to one of the doors and clambered inside. Settling ourselves comfortably in our seats, we leaned back and watched the station drift by as the train gathered speed.

J. Britton (MIIIc):



ACADEMIC PARODYSE

I loitered slowly as a snail
With bag on back, down vales, up hills,
When soon I saw, my features pale,
A building, far from nature's rills,
Beside a mill, 'mid every noise;
Dirty, but friendly house of joys (?)

Continuous as the lines that drop
 On luckless pupils grave and gay,
 Lessons go on without a stop
 Throughout the never-ending day.
 Ten thousand lines! (I'm in a trance)
 For tossing head or sprightly dance.

The boys quite near us work with pain,
 But we outdo them easily.
 A teacher surely should be sane
 In our so jocund company.
 We toil and toil, with little thought
 Of other lessons to be taught.

And oft when on my bed I lie,
 In vacant or "reflexive" mood,
 Such piles of homework meet my eye
 To steal the bliss of solitude.
 My heart then pounds in sudden wrench,
 At thoughts of English, Maths and French.

K. Hilton (UIIIc).



BRIDGING THE AGES

THERE are several routes taken by the scholastic beings who wend their way to and from East Oldham High School. Some of the streets are quite uninteresting, but the School has an admirable position—set high on a hill, dominated by the Star Corn Mill, hemmed in with chimneys and commanding a beautiful view of Clegg Street station yard. Through these peaceful surroundings lies a street—Gas in name and gas in odour. For

High
 School
 Scholastic
 beings



those who have not already ventured there, I will make a conducted tour, and leave you to your own conclusions. Its entrance is

guarded by the stately Chronicle Office building, and a little farther down is the notorious Hide, Skin and Fat Works, of biological interest to students. The more venturesome people who dare to look inside would be well advised to wear artificial breathing apparatus, or if just walking past to hold a handkerchief over their nasal organs—or grin and bear it. On the left is a goods loading yard, of special interest to boys of a tender age, and by the side of Gas Street Bridge is the pig food manufacturing mill.

Many students prefer to go another way to school, for the Clegg Street Bridge is graced by many members of the staff who :

Though fearing oft the day ahead,
Go where others fear to tread;
Minor sinners they admonish,
Whilst grosser faults they sternly punish.

It is with deep regret that we realise the two bridges will in the dim future come to misuse, for, in approximately 2999 A.D.,

Students of
the
Atomic Age
2999 A.D.



Counthill will throw open its welcoming doors and students of the atomic age will enter. They will traverse new roads, and leave the grass to grow between the cobbles of Gas Street, and the massive edifice of Clegg Street Bridge to rot and decay, with only the memory of us students to recall their sacred way.

E. Fox (Vc).



KING RUGGER

You may talk about tennis and cricket,
You may prate of your strokes and your drives,
But away with the court and the wicket
When good old September arrives.
Goodbye to the bright sunny weather,
But welcome to wet and to rain,
"Hurrah!" for a punt at the leather,
Let us yell it again and again.

It matters not whether we're kickers
 Of oval or circular "pill";
 Come on, the stockings and knickers,
 Don jersey and boots with a will.
 So hey, for the jolly cold weather,
 Come out with the bouncing ball,
 And welcome the glorious leather,
 For "rugger" is monarch of all.

B. Mitchell (VIa Lit.).



A WORD FROM THE WISE

To Lower III boys and girls :

"Some are bewildered in the maze of schools."
 (Pope).

To junior girls :

"Pert as a schoolgirl well can be,
 Filled to the brim with girlish glee."
 (W. S. Gilbert).

To those senior girls who heard Miss Lawrence lecture :

"That schoolgirl complexion."
 (Soap advertisement).

To bigger boys singing the morning hymn :

"The voice of the schoolboy."
 (Newbolt).

To fourth formers studying chemical change :

"What schoolboy of fourteen is ignorant of this remarkable circumstance?"
 (Macaulay).

To teachers of English :

"Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
 With grammar, and nonsense and learning."
 (Goldsmith).

To mathematics masters :

"Every schoolboy knows it."
 (Jermy Taylor).

To teachers of Va :

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."
 (Goldsmith).

To the Masters' Room :

"It were better to perish than to continue schoolmastering."
 (Thomas Carlyle).



"KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL!"
D. Howe (Capt, Bolton Wanderers) coaching boys of the Junior XI.



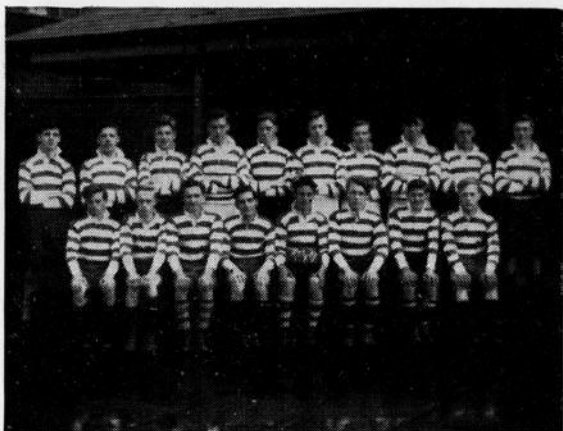
GIRLS'
SWIMMING
TEAM,
1950.



NETBALL
TEAM,
1950-51.



GIRLS'
HOCKEY
TEAM,
1950-51.



SCHOOL
RUGBY
1st XV.



"THE BEST LESSON THIS WEEK!"
D. Howe (Capt., Bolton Wanderers) coaching members of 1st and Junior Xls.

To Old Boys and Girls who *don't* join the Ex-Students' Associations:

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

(Charles Lamb).



THOSE LOCKERS!

WHEN we moved from the Lower Thirds into the Middles, we felt a certain superiority over the Lower, for not only were we no longer the "shrimps" of the School, but we had lockers.

My locker was the usual shape and size. It was situated somewhere above my head in one of the darkest corners of the cloakroom, and was very limited in capacity. I am certainly not a neat person, and the chaos which reigned in my domain was indescribable.

One of the numerous failings to which I must admit is that of hardly ever being on time, and once the novelty of my locker had worn off, I began to realise its drawbacks. Packing one's bag for four lessons in a cramped position and with only three minutes, is certainly no joke. To reach the lockers it was necessary to balance on the forms. Being in a hurry it was unavoidable that I should come to earth with a bump, as the form overturned. Inevitably at this point, the teacher started to count—one. Oh, the agony of knowing that the precious seconds were ebbing away, and that the elusive French book would be at the bottom of the pile. But even at nights, when there was rarely a guard at the door, I would arrive home with Book I instead of Book II, or with a German book instead of an English. That couldn't have been the fault of the lockers—or could it?

N. Stansfield (IVc).



THE BAY

THE sound of the sea drums in your ears on this Cornish coast; wherever you go, wherever you are, once you have been here the word "sea" is no longer a three-letter noun which means the blue, salty water that you swim in. It means a dull throb at the foot of a cliff, a calm, beautiful blue and sea-gulls' cries, a grey mist and hidden rocks; it means wrecks.

The cliff about here bends and twists so much that many bays are formed, and one of these is mine.

Only at low tide is it possible to wade round into my bay. Otherwise you have to know the steep, dangerous path from the top of the cliff. The sand sweeps around the foot of the cliff like a swallow's wing, and piles itself skilfully around the cave entrances. Yes, there are caves in my bay, lofty, lovely caves with practically dry walls and weird designs on the roof. Lovely pink sea-thrift straggles over the cliff and paints it with all the shades of pink, from the palest tinted white to deep carmine.

A multitude of shells scatter over the beach, "angels' wings" in pink and yellow, "sea trumpets" touched with blue and "fishes' tails" in watery green. A feature of this closed-in bay is that the shingle is almost devoid of rocks and seaweed. No muddy browns and dirty greens sully the ethereal beauty of the rainbow beach.

Halfway up the cliff low bushes provide shelter for sea-gulls, which swoop and shriek at us when we go. Their plumage grades from white to black with chocolate brown as well. They are very lovely as they swoop over the sea, sometimes, it seems, only just missing it.

And the sea itself? Only Cornish folk really know the sea in all its moods. It can be a gay capricious woman garbed in blue and green, with frothy, creamy white lace, and lapping on the shore with an occasional gay gurgle. Sometimes it is glassy, unruffled and perverse, with no breeze. At times it assumes the pose of a monster, in green and silver scales, that stalks about, tossing the ships, killing men and striking terror into the hearts of all who behold it.

By moonlight my bay is particularly lovely—a debutante in gay colours who has cast a veil of blue gauze spangled with silver stars about her shoulders, and over it all, guarding it, the moon looks down.

N.S. (UIIIc).



LOST—SIX PREPS!

I've only got four minutes to write this article; last week perhaps I might have had a whole period, but on Monday morning a formidable array of staff greet us, with one idea firmly planted in their minds—we had too many free periods. Slowly but surely these disappeared, and although there was nothing sweet, there was abundant sorrow at the parting. Culture became the key-word, and many of us turned artists, since our intended profession of teaching demanded a slight knowledge of that awe-

inspiring subject. We pleaded that infants, as our future victims, would probably take our word that the scribbling on the black-board actually was a cat, but this idea was unfortunately turned down. Many who until now had escaped the horrors of Latin, have since gone around murmuring, "Amo, amas, amat . . .", while others have taken to the more gentle art of needlework. To these and all fellow-Raphaelities, I can only offer consolation by quoting the well known (?) Latin motto—"Ars longa, vita brevis".

J. S. (Via Lit.)



THE STAFF

There's an ancient seat of knowledge
Situating in the masses
Of chimney pots and smoke of Oldham town,
Where a team of harassed teachers
Tend the needs of our Sixth-formers,
And the H.S.C. forever gets us down.

It is getting near December,
Trust the teachers to remember
To dissipate our gladness with a test
To see if we have spurned
Those notes we should have learned;
If so, to deal with us as they think best.

We're all longing for the thrill
We shall get when, at Counthill,
We can pause, and recollect with just a sigh.
There'll be changes made by then—
All the staff will be old men,
Just memories of good old days gone by.

But their work is not in vain;
What they lose, we stand to gain,
Though when told, we shrug and give a laugh;
Our present struggle and hard strife
Will be of use in later life,
When we'll give a kindly thought towards the staff.

K.C.



A correspondent now well past his first youth informs us that recently he was badgered into taking his son to see a film called "Winchester '73". That film had everything to delight the heart of his bloodthirsty offspring—cowboys, painted Indians, sheriff, cigar-chewing renegade, Yankee cavalry, Mexican killer—"the fastest drawer in the West", and a fair maid whose adventures made one realise why there were so few old women out west—they simply didn't live long enough. Pistols and repeater rifles were spitting lead all the time. The villain could shoot a hole through a nickel thrown in the air; the hero could shoot a hole through a stamp stuck on the same nickel. The final duel between these two was breath-taking—for them as well as for the audience, because they climbed halfway up a mountain. With all their deadly accuracy it took a long time and exactly ninety-seven bullets before a decision was reached, and then the villain took off from a pinnacle in a spectacular swallow-dive, and no water below!



Well, continues our correspondent, now prematurely aged and nervous, his life after this was no longer the gentle roundabout it once had been; it became a Big Dipper. His son ceased to be normal; he became the Spirit of the West. He possessed a revolver, borrowed apparently from someone called Chad Valley; he had a rifle rescued from a box of old and miscellaneous toys; he had a belt with studs and holsters, made for him years ago by a misguided uncle with the enthusiasms of youth and the craftsmanship of age. He made himself a sheriff's badge out of a milk bottle cap, and in case the sheriff should pass in his checks, he purloined a red handkerchief from his mother's wardrobe, to conceal all his face except for the icy glitter of his steel-blue eyes. Best of all he found an old pair of riding-breeches—a camphorated relic of days long past. They were much too big, of course,

but by hitching them under his armpits and walking bowlegged (as befits a proper rider of the range) he looked the part. All he lacked now was ammunition; his mother thought it a little dangerous for him to have live cartridges, so he had to make his own explosive noise. It emerged from his throat and sounded



like something between an enraged rattlesnake and the gurgle of departing bath water. This noise was to be heard from now on, at unexpected times and in the oddest places. Father, apparently, was the enemy, and it was his lot to be stalked, surprised and shot at twenty times a day. Going on a peaceful mission to the coalshed, he was shaken when a revolver peered from Stygian gloom, and a hideous noise told him that he was now dead. In the bedroom, he looked in the mirror, and saw a figure of destiny, motionless, silent, with eyes narrowed to slits and trigger finger gently squeezing. Then the death rattle. Singing in the bathroom as he dried his face, feeling full of well being, he was petrified to see the cistern cupboard door open slowly, so slowly;

the blue muzzle of a Colt .44 appeared and filled him full of lead. As he read his paper in the peace of the evening he felt an unfamiliar tightening about his head; he was being scalped. Whenever he saw his son lounging nonchalantly against a wall, thumbs in belt and a cigarette (imitation from the



newsagent, price 1½d.) drooping from slack lips, he knew he was face to face with Mexican Pete, who was offering him a start and a beating. Wild, spine-chilling shrieks would tell him that the Sioux were out again. Sometimes he would see a villainous leer spread over normally pleasant features; he would hear fearful threats issue sideways from a distorted mouth. Sometimes in the garden he might see a horseless cowboy wearily dragging his spurred feet, exhausted yet indomitable, knowing that could he but reach the saloon a double shot of rye whisky would put him right. Sometimes a masked figure would be seen suddenly to stop in his tracks, clutch at his breast and spin to earth and dusty death: the

Sheriff had brought peace to Sandy Bar again.

The last straw was when the range-rider found an accomplice,

and father found himself confronted with a tiny cowgirl, not yet three, fiercely bidding him—" 'Tick 'em up! "

Our correspondent concludes by saying that he hears a new Captain Blood film is shortly to appear. As he smooths his few remaining white hairs, he says he supposes he'll have to take his son to see it.



HOUSE NOTES.

LEES HOUSE

Boys' Section.

Housemasters : Mr. Barber, Mr. R. H. Bradbury,
Mr. A. Bradbury, Mr. Atkinson.

House Captain : G. Fletcher.

Vice-Captain : J. Putman.

Secretary : P. Prest.

Congratulations, Leesites, on winning the House Championship! The Senior Football Team easily took first place with 11 points, and provided the School 1st XI with no less than eight players. The Junior Team, too, were quite successful, and took second place. Lees lost many of its best boys in July, but we have suitable reinforcements. Football results to date are :—

Seniors—played 2, won 2;

Juniors—played 3, lost 3.

Great enthusiasm was shown in the Cross-country. Lees gained first place in both Senior and Middle events, and fourth place in the Junior.

Two new inter-House competitions were introduced last year—seven-a-side rugby (position 4th), and table tennis (position 2nd).

In the cricket competition Lees fielded a very strong team; but, owing to adverse weather conditions, only one match, a victory, was played. In both the athletic and swimming sports we put up good performances, gaining 3rd and 2nd places respectively.

Great achievements lie behind us; great opportunities lie before us, so—don't rest on your laurels—work hard, play hard, and undoubtedly we shall again win the coveted trophy next year.

G.F.

Girls' Section.

House Mistresses : Miss Whitmore, Miss Moorhouse.

House Captain : Joan Sanderson.

Vice-Captain : Joyce Mellor.

Secretary : Barbara Whittle.

First of all we must congratulate all who made possible our success in attaining the Shield. The Juniors played no small part in this achievement, winning the hockey and swimming shields. First place is shared with Handley in the Senior hockey, and we were a close second to them again in netball. Nor was our success confined to the field of sport, for Lees showed excellent results in the Christmas terminals, which, unfortunately, were not repeated in the summer.

We welcome all new members to the House, and are sure that they will join with us in our efforts to repeat last year's success. Remember that our success depends on each one of us.

J.S.



HANDLEY HOUSE

Boys' Section.

Housemasters : Mr. Grégoire, Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Kent,
Mr. Smith, Mr. Petford.

House Captain : J. Beaman.

Vice-Captain : D. F. Pomeroy.

Secretary : C. Bracewell.

In the terminal examinations we repeated our success of past years, gaining more than a third of the possible points.

Our sporting achievements were not so decisive. Towards the end of the season, however, there were signs of a revival after our convincing victories over Joslin in both soccer and cricket. This season that early promise has been continued, and we are as yet undefeated in soccer.

During last year's athletic sports it was left to the few to maintain our prestige—a status of affairs that must be altered. This year, then, play hard, work hard, and let us recapture some of the glory of the 1935-40 era, and return to the head of the House table.

J.B.

Girls' Section.

House Mistresses : Miss Moore, Miss Percival.

House Captain : Joan Howlett.

Vice-Captain : Audrey Foden

Secretary : Betty Knowles.

Last year, Handley gained the distinction of having highest points in work and games for our section of the school, and we must congratulate all who have contributed to our success in any way whatever, especially Pauline Swann—Senior Swimming Champion, and Doreen Winward—Junior Sports Champion, whose praiseworthy efforts have done much towards our final position.

The results of the Senior matches were excellent, and far above our highest expectations : Handley Seniors won the swimming and netball shields and tied with Lees for the hockey, whilst we only just missed the rounders trophy with a second place. Much good work was done by the Juniors, whose ability and enthusiasm won for us the first place in Junior field sports, although their matches were not quite so successful. Academically Handley had another lead, for the terminals yielded 23 points—an agreeable though valuable surprise, since the results of previous years have led us to believe that our ability lay in other spheres.

Although we share honours with Lees for our final position in the Girls' Section, we have a promising future, and it is up to each individual member to work and play just a little harder, so that next year the honour might be ours exclusively.

J.H.

**JOSLIN HOUSE***Boys' Section.*

House Masters : Mr. Brodie, Mr. Fish, Mr. Barlow,
Mr. Dunkerley, Mr. Turner.

House Captain : B. Mitchell.

Vice-Captain : B. Millward.

Secretary : A. Burgess.

Last year the House strove enthusiastically to retain the House Shield. The response was magnificent and was reflected in the results.

Our notable achievements were on the running track and in the swimming sports. This athletic superiority was similarly dis-

played in the seven-a-side rugby championship, where without yielding a point we carried all before us. The most pleasing result, since the whole House participated, was the winning of the cross-country run; in which the Senior and Middle School teams both occupied second position, whilst the Juniors brought off a fine win, with three Joslinites in the first four places. At football our Juniors did exceptionally well, winning two and drawing one. Unfortunately the Seniors did not enjoy the same success, chiefly due to the shortage of footballers; however, though they lacked in skill, there was no shortage of keenness. Bad weather conditions prevented us from completing the cricket House matches.

The boys of Joslin seemed to possess an aptitude for athletics, rather than for work; nevertheless, although we did not gain the House Championship, it was gratifying to know that Joslin boys were champions of their section of the School. Well done, boys!

Since the commencement of this year, the Juniors have played two soccer matches, and have won them both; the Seniors have played and lost one match. There is the material in Joslin to win the trophy; this year we have the opportunity to silence our rivals, and turn a possibility into a *certainty*.

B.M.

Girls' Section.

House Mistresses: Miss Grimshaw, Miss Bottomley,
Miss Wilson, Miss Sawitz.

House Captain: Lillian Wrigley.

Vice-Captain: Edith Nuttall.

Secretary: Marian Lees.

Last term we gained first place in Junior netball, Junior rounders, Senior rounders and the Senior sports. Congratulations to all the girls who helped to win.

The rest of the results could have been better, for our final position was third. This was disappointing, but, of course, we cannot be Champion House every year.

This year we have two girls on the School netball team, and one on the hockey team.

We have given Lees and Handley their chances of the championship; now it is our turn again, so come on, Joslinians, and show them what you can do!

M.L.

VINER HOUSE

Boys' Section.

House Masters : Mr. Sturrock, Mr. Riley, Mr. Haslam,
Mr. Ardern.

House Captain : R. Whittaker.

Vice-Captain : D. B. Hanson.

Secretary : I. Hall.

Viner once again appears at the bottom of the House table. The main weaknesses last year were the lack of Seniors and the apathy of the Middle School. The Seniors more than made up for their lack in numbers with a fine House spirit, and did very well for the House. The Juniors, too, put up a good show, and this, coupled with the fact that we have received some very promising new boys this year, gives us great hopes of better things for the future.

The Junior soccer team showed great promise, having won both their games with comparative ease, so they should win the Junior championship. Both the Senior matches have been lost, however, owing to some extent to the fact that we have not taken the field determined to win.

Come on, Viner ! What we may lack in skill, we can make up in enthusiasm. We are a House with a proud history and great potentialities—let us begin our climb to the top of the table now.

R.W.

Girls' Section.

House Mistresses : Miss Jones, Miss Wood, Miss Finnigan.

House Captain : Vera Brooks.

Vice-Captain : Jean Houlton.

Secretary : Beryl Green.

1950 has not been a very successful year for Viner House. The netball results, both Senior and Junior, were disappointing, as all matches were lost, nor did we regain lost glories in the hockey and rounders spheres. Yet we still have reason to be proud, for this year Viner has provided the Junior Swimming Champion, Mary Eckersley.

In the near future, terminals will again be upon us, and I appeal to all Vinerites to do their utmost to gain points for their House.

V.B.

SOCCER

SENIOR.

Last season was not a very successful one, although the School played good football. Early in the season we received a new set of jerseys, and these no doubt inspired us, for brilliant victories were gained against strong opposition from Ashton and Heywood. Unfortunately, the magic quickly disappeared, the next three matches ending in defeat. Highlights of the season were White's enthusiastic captaincy, and a hard-fought draw against the powerful Old Boys' team.

Eight members of the 1st XI. left in July, and thus we began the new season experimenting with "new blood." The results to date are: Won 1, lost 7, but these, we trust, are not true reflections of our play.

On Thursday afternoon, October 9th, Donald Howe, the left-half and captain of Bolton Wanderers, paid the first of three visits organised by the Lancashire Football Association. We all enjoyed the practice games, and should benefit from his expert tuition. He emphasised the importance of perfect physical fitness, and thus we now stay behind in the gym to attain this end.

G.D.F.

JUNIOR.

Our junior soccer teams had a very successful season in their respective divisions of the Oldham Schools' Football League.

Junior 1st XI. Captain, J. Bashforth.

Played 14, won 10, drawn 3, lost 1. Goals for 60, against 21.

This record gained the Oldham Schools' League Championship Trophy. Bashforth, Williams, Dawson, Pullar and Joyce all represented Oldham in county and national competitions.

Junior 1st and 2nd Year XI. Captain, J. Roscoe.

Played 12, won 11, drawn 0, lost 1. Goals for 70, against 8.

This team, joint holders of the Oldham Schools' Championship for their division, were good to watch. Their football was of high order, often earning the compliments of visiting masters and referees. This team will provide an excellent School 1st in a few years' time. Mr. D. Howe has been very impressed by four of its members.

Last season's House Championship was very keenly contested, the champion houses being Lees for the Seniors, and Joslin for the Juniors.

As we go to press, the Junior XI has entered the local final of the "Daily Dispatch" Cup by beating Waterloo S.M. School 6—1, and Henshaw V.S. by 3—2. F.L.

RUGBY

In reflecting upon the past year we realise that rugby has come to stay in this school. This is largely due to the enthusiasm of those members of Staff in charge of rugby. It is most pleasing to find a full and varied fixture list before the commencement of the season. These fixtures could not exist without the generosity of the Oldham R.U.F.C., who allow us to use the Keb Lane ground for home matches. The close of last season saw a much improved 1st XV, which won seven matches, drew one, lost five. Broughton led the try-scorers, followed by Ainsworth and Hanson, whilst Mitchell was the leading goal-kicker. These results are most pleasing, considering that the team was built on a nucleus of three of the previous season's players.

This season the team has assumed a remarkably smart appearance upon the arrival of the long-awaited new shirts, the results reflecting this new look. At present the School 1st XV has played eleven games, winning six, drawing two and losing three, scoring 280 points against 76. Is this, one wonders, the long-awaited season? With 10 of last year's XV playing, in addition to victories of 43—3 and 76—0 already this season, we are tempted to believe it is.

Rugby is not just a game for seniors. Other than the 1st XV, fifty other boys regularly turn out. The under-fifteen XV have very satisfactory results so far this season, having won two, drawn one and lost three. We have many promising boys in this team which points to a strong 1st XV in the future. The team spirit of rugby has done much to make school life happier, more useful and enjoyable.

B.M., R.W.



CRICKET

One can hardly call the season very successful, which, though better than last year, has still great room for improvement.

1st XI—played 15, won 3, lost 6, drew 6.

2nd XI—played 3, won 1, lost 2.

Adverse weather spoiled many matches, and the poor condition of the school wicket did not contribute to good cricket. We cannot, however, blame these factors for all our shortcomings. Lack of experienced batsmen and disappointing fielding were the main reasons for our failures.

K.O.

The Junior XI this year returned the following record:—

Played 7, won 3, lost 2, drew 2.

This team, composed mainly of Middle and Lower III boys, played quite good cricket, but on occasions lacked that extra fighting spirit which might have saved some of the lost games. H. Holburt and I. Dyson bowled well, and P. Connelly captained the side capably. I hope that 1951 will bring some real attacking batsmen to this side.

F.L.

ADDENDUM. In the report of the School v. Staff cricket match which appeared in the "Oldham Evening Chronicle," the following appeared :

"P. B. Hasdell kept wicket brilliantly, conceding only one bye, and the rest of the fielding was quite good. . . ."

The reporter? One P.B.H., who always liked his joke!



SWIMMING (Boys')

This year's gala had a full programme of 25 events. The general standard of swimming showed some slight improvement on last year's performances; eight new school records were established during the morning's events. The annual polo knockout produced some exciting matches, but owing to shortage of time Joslin and Lees had to be content with a drawn final. The final house placings were :—

Joslin 108, Lees 71, Viner 45, Handley 33.

The Champions were : Upper, J. Broughton ; Middle, Swann ; Lower, Hardman.

In the annual competition for the Urwick Cup, School gained third place, with Broughton, Ainsworth, Swann and Hardman. Manchester Grammar School were first and Sale G.S. second.

The following boys represented Oldham in inter-town matches : Ryder, Robinson, Broughton, Ainsworth, Swann, Hargreaves and Hardman.



ATHLETICS

The most interesting item of 1950 athletics was the introduction of Standard Attainment Tests. I still have horrible nightmares in which I am faced with a never-ending queue of boys waiting to take the hop, step and jump test. These tests would not have been such a success if members of the Staff had not given such willing and valuable assistance.

Unfortunately, the weather was not at its best, but nevertheless, we completed a heavy programme of events, during which we achieved four new school records and equalled three others. Joslin finished in the lead with 122 points, Viner a close second with 110, then Lees 96, and finally Handley 78. The Lower, Middle and Senior Champions were: S. Wroe, B. Dixon and G. Taylor, respectively.

The annual House cross-country races resulted in some hard-fought finishes, with good running over rough courses. A. White won the 4.5 miles senior course in 25 mins. 40 secs. Dixon came first in the Middle School run (2.75 miles) in 13 minutes, and D. Denham won the junior honour (2 miles) in 14 minutes. Joslin again won the event with 10 points, Lees had 9, Handley 6, and Viner 5.

F.L.L.



TABLE TENNIS

Captain: G. Pullar.

Vice-Captain: T. Cooper.

Secretary: G. Ogden.

The Table Tennis Club is still flourishing, and this year there are more than eighty members.

Last year the School team reached the quarter-finals of the English Schools' T.T. Championship, and narrowly failed to qualify for the London semi-finals for the second successive year.

Geoffrey Pullar, the School Captain, was invited to the English trials, both last year and this, and we hope that he will quite soon attain international rank. He already holds eight open titles, including the North of England Junior Open Championship.

The House Championship was won by Viner, who were undefeated in both senior and junior games. Vb won the inter-form knockout tournament.

Activities have already begun, and as usual there will be House matches, form matches and individual competitions.

J.R.



GIRLS' FIELD SPORTS

Great interest and enthusiasm were shown at the Sports' Day this year, partly stimulated by the fact that we had, at last, the services of the longed-for, official games mistress.

Inter-House competition was keen, and the suspense was almost unbearable as each event was run off. The relay race, one of the main events of the day, resulted in a victory for Joslin.

An innovation to Sports' Day was the introduction of the Sixth Form dressing-race, again won by Joslin, and one which promises to be a future favourite.

The honours of the day went to Joslin House, also to Doreen Winward and Elizabeth Illing, Junior and Senior Champions respectively, who are to be congratulated on their well-deserved achievements.

Grateful thanks are extended to Miss Dunn and all other mistresses and girls who contributed to the customary success of this occasion.

L.W.



GIRLS' SWIMMING SPORTS, 1950

This annual event was entered into heart and soul (not forgetting arms and legs) by everyone. Those who did not take part "helped" enormously by cheering on those who were courageous enough to brave the elements in the interest of their respective houses. It was held as usual at the Central Baths, which was packed to capacity by an excited mass of staff and girls, plus a tentative parent or two.

Commencing as usual with the "beginners' length," every victory was fully deserved, right up to the final race, which was the relay, during which tension mounted to fever pitch, and was only broken when it was announced that Handley had won the junior race and Lees the senior.

Pauline Swann, as the Senior Champion, and Mary Eckersley, as the Junior Champion, deserve special mention, and the former's diving will not quickly be forgotten. The "bedtime race" and the "hoop race" provided the usual amusing spectacles, with no hint as to the winner until she actually touched the pipes.

The final result was: Lees, first, and then Handley, Joslin and Viner. Our thanks must go to every girl who took part and helped to make the Swimming Sports of 1950 a great success.

E.H.



NETBALL

Up to the end of last term, the girls' sports had dwindled sadly, but now that we have a new games' mistress, we have begun our sporting career anew. So far the seniors have played

two first, and two second team matches. The first team has won both games, thus helping us to regain our former reputation, but, I regret to say, the second team has lost both its games. It is expected that both juniors and seniors will before long have full fixtures, and it is hoped that both will register many victories.



ROUNDERS

A note as brief as the season—for only one match was played, and that, unfortunately, lost.

J.P.



HOCKEY

The hockey team is hoping for good results this season. We are rather fortunate in still having half of last year's team in school, and these, together with the "discoveries" we are hoping to make in the fourth and fifth forms, should give our rivals some good play. With a strong defence, and the players showing more confidence when tackling, we are getting to a better standard of game.

We are all eager to prove ourselves worthy of the encouragement and work which Miss Dunn has put into our coaching, and hope that our results will satisfy.

H.D.



OPEN AIR

During last summer several hikes were organised, including the usual Wakes-Week hike for the stay-at-homes. This year we have transferred our attentions to Derbyshire with our base camp at Glossop. Our five treks have covered all the country from the ridge overlooking Kinder Scout to Chew Valley, via Doctor's Gate, Snake, Bleaklow, Hadfield, Padfield, Tintwistle, Crowden, Laddow, North Britain, Mossley and Hartshead.

These hikes provide plenty of good healthy exercise, practical experience of map-reading and compass work, besides the comradeship of the open road. Why not come and join us? It's good fun eating your dinner off your knees instead of a table for a change.

We are hoping to have a week's hiking in the Lake District during the summer of 1951, and would be glad to include some new walkers among our number.

F.L.

CROSSWORD

Compiled by A. Burgess (Vlb Sc.)

[illegible]

CLUES ACROSS

1. Joiner's tool.
6. Deadly reptile.
8. Radius's younger brother.
10. Commonest letter in the golfer's alphabet.
11. Goes with French pas.
12. Obsolete coupon connected with Oldham transport.
13. Welcome ending for performer.
14. Associated with little men.
15. To be carried away in spirit.
16. French doesn't make him ill.
17. An Oldham school might give us this bird.
18. Cycle, lateral or sect.
19. This festive occasion could be spoiled by a strong wind.
20. A competition for healthy cows?
21. There are many in words, but only one in word.
22. Not a very definite article for the young princess.
23. That is two vowels.

24. Used in a symphony concert.
26. Gas used by American advertisers.
- e27. Narrow shelf or projection.
28. A joyful — was used in a symphony of 7 down.

CLUES DOWN

2. The answer to this is actual.
4. Quite a singular ballet company.
7. First of the master musicians.
3. To owe causes distress (anag).
5. Popular beverage.
8. The Gordian knot remained this.
9. Set of four instrumentalists connected with the wind.
12. Obviously a British composer.
18. The brass are capable of having done this.
23. Popular holiday resort.
25. Before in time.

Solution (no copying, please)! on page 40

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

Since the March issue of "The Kaskenian" a new O.B.A. Committee has been planning activities and endeavouring to widen their scope. It can be safely said that the Association is now active in more fields than ever it has been since the war years, and members can now participate in any or all of the following, according to season—cricket, Association football, chess, table-tennis; before long it may be that we shall be able to add Rugby football and tennis to this list. It is evident from this that the Association is aiming to fulfil its function of keeping Old Boys together in a more than nominal fashion, and we believe that it deserves all the support and encouragement that individual Old Boys can give. Should this copy of "The Kaskenian" reach the hands of any O.B.'s who are not at present members of the Association, perhaps they will feel the urge to join, to renew old friendships, to exercise limbs, muscles or brains atrophied from want of use. The Treasurer, Mr. J. Kent, will be glad to receive subscriptions of 2s. 6d. (cash, P.O. or cheque, please—not in kind). His almost permanent address is the School; he spends a little time at home—445, Shaw Road, Oldham.

On November 10th was held a successful "Smoker" at the Bath Hotel; the attendance was smaller than anticipated, but the occasion was thoroughly enjoyable. We had an excellent supper provided, an informal atmosphere prevailed, and we are indebted to Mr. C. Eastham, Mr. G. Southworth and other talented Old Boys for the services they rendered us. This is an annual event, usually held in November, and always an excellent occasion for renewing touch, so

Remember, remember to come next November.

Another annual event to be noted is the Re-union, which is to take place on February 23rd, 1951. This will again be held at the Town Hall, and tickets are priced 6s. each.

Not long after the Re-union (date still to be decided) will be the Annual General Meeting, and we cannot too strongly urge all Old Boys to attend; here are elected your officials, here too are the opportunities to make suggestions or offer criticisms to guide your committee in its efforts.

The Association has been granted permission to use a room in the High School building for table-tennis. By the time this reaches you, the Old Boys will have played at least one practice game and one match, with other "friendlies" to follow. Mr. K. Aubrook, the Secretary, of 309, Park Road, will be glad to hear from you if you enjoy smiting the celluloid sphere.

Appended are notes from affiliated clubs to keep you "in the picture." We close this letter with all good wishes to all Old Boys everywhere, for Christmas and the coming year.

SOCCER.

We are pleased to report that there has been an increase in our numbers and also more response from the younger members. We are still anxious to have more "younger" Old Boys amongst us, and we appeal to interested players to contact the Secretary, Mr. J. Kent, at the School.

The Old Boys who have yet to serve in the Forces should contact any member of the Football Club as soon as they are released.

The records to date show an improvement on last year. The 1st XI are second in the League, and intend to maintain this position.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Points.
1st XI	14	10	—	4	20
2nd XI	13	5	3	5	13

CHESS.

After winning "A" Division of the Oldham and District Chess League last season, we are keen to repeat the performance. The "A" Team in "A" Division have made a good start and won four of their first five matches, and are now League leaders. Unfortunately, Newton House beat us 3—2 in the League Team Knockout.

The "B" Team in "B" Division have played five matches, and so far have won three.

Our only other fixture was a friendly match with the strong Manchester Y.M.C.A. Team, which we drew 5—5.

Jack Wrigley, our top board for the "A" Team, is again captain of the Oldham Town Team in the Manchester League ("A" Division), and he has also played and won for Lancashire 2nd against Northumberland. Excellent! Keep up the good work, Jack!

Five other members of the Old Boys are playing for Oldham Town 1st and 2nd teams.

New players are always welcome and should get in touch with L. F. Ardern at the School.

We congratulate :

R. T. SMITH, B.A. (Hons.) Social Anthropology Tripos (Cambridge).

M. BLACKBURN, B.A. (Hons. French) (Manchester).

J. H. BUCKLEY, B.Sc. (Manchester).

I. COLLIER, B.Sc. (Hons. Maths) (Manchester).

F. LINYARD, B.A. (Manchester).

L. LANGFIELD, B.Sc. (Tech. Hons.) (Manchester).

R. NIELD, B.Sc. (Hons. Text. Eng.) (Manchester).

G. DIXON, B.A. (Hons. French) (Sheffield).

D. B. WOOD, B.A. (Sheffield).

A. PORTEOUS, M.A. (Edinburgh).

D. JONES, Lancashire and National Diplomas (Agriculture and Dairy Husbandry).



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1, Saw. 6, Cobra. 8, Ulna. 10, Tee. 11, ne. 12, BU. 13, Eclat. 14, Jo. 15, Rapt. 16, Il. 17, Heron. 18, bi. 19, Gala. 20, T.T. 21, Vowel. 22, An. 23, i.e. 24, Ear. 26, Neon. 27, Ledge. 28, Ode.

DOWN

2, Actual. 3, Woe. 4, Sadler's Well. 5, Ale. 7, Beethoven. 8, Untangled. 9, Aeolian. 12, Britten. 18, Blared. 23, I.O.M. 25, Ago.



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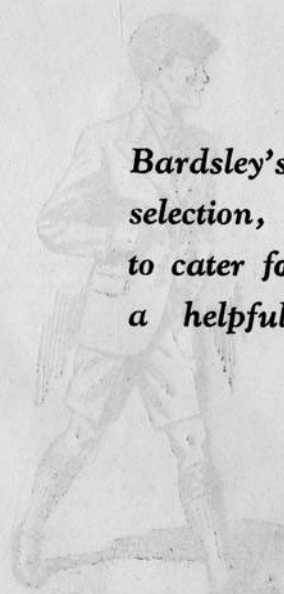
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Ties	-	-	7/6
Badges	-	-	2/6
Blazers	-	-	34/8

Tweed Suits	-	-	from 67/7
Navy Raincoats	-	-	„ 65/7
Flannel Knickers	-	-	„ 16/7
Flannel Trousers	-	-	„ 46/8
Navy Overcoats	-	-	„ 72/11



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