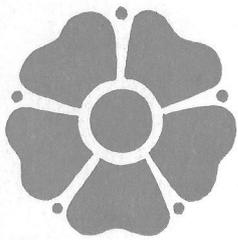


# THE RED ROSE

THE MAGAZINE OF  
KING GEORGE V SCHOOL



Vol. XXXIX  
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February, 1960

KGV





## Editorial

Although short in mere weeks, the Lent term is habitually given over to reflection by most members of the school. For the juniors, memories of the Christmas holidays are augmented with visions of lazy summer afternoons on the cricket field, whilst for the seniors the prospect of G.C.E. looms on the horizon like some awful Nemesis. Such thoughts must, however, lead the responsible student into reflecting upon his position as a member of the school. What, if anything, does he do for it. The parallel between school activities of the moment and social activities in later life should be kept in mind and that the school is a functioning

## School Notes

We regret to record the death of—

Mr. A. W. Payne on 23rd November. He was a member of the staff from September 1921—May 1950 and throughout this period he was Senior English Master, Librarian and Editor of "The Red Rose".

Mr. C. Aveling on 22nd December. He was a very well-known member of the Town Council for many years and took a leading part in the foundation of the school and in assisting it in its early days. He was a member of the Governing Body until 1949. From time to time Mr. Aveling made a number of valuable gifts to the School Library.

Mr. R. V. Johns on 10th January, who was a member of the staff at this school from September 1945—December 1946.

Mr. H. Booth on 13th January. He was a member of the staff from September 1928—August 1954 and was Housemaster of Woodham's House from 1950-1954. Mr. Booth had to retire from the school through ill-health in 1954 and since then had qualified as an Accountant in spite of continued indifferent health.

## Recent Events

The Christmas Play this year on 17th, 18th and 19th December, was "Spring 1600" by Emlyn Williams. The play was produced by Mr. T. B. Johnson.

The annual Old Boys' Dance took place in the School Hall on 22nd December. An innovation this year was that the dance was held in conjunction with the High School Old Girls' Association. It was a most successful and enjoyable event and it was pleasing to see that a number of Upper Sixth boys and Senior girls from the High School were present.

Three boys attended the annual C.E.W.C. Conference in London last December.

Shortly after half-term, in early November, the new Advanced Physics Laboratory was taken into use. This laboratory was formed by the conversion of the old senior changing room. The room makes an excellent laboratory and congestion on our laboratory space has been greatly eased as it will no longer be necessary for Sixth forms to do their practical work in the Elementary Laboratory.

The next stage in development is the provision of a new school changing room. It is hoped that this will be sited at the rear of the main building and that work will be started on this project before the end of this financial year.

## VALETE

Sage, J. A., 1952-59.—Woodham's U6ScB, G.C.E. (O5) 1957-9, Senior School Prefect 1959, House Captain 1959, School Chess Secretary 1958-9.

Ainsworth, J. R. M., 1953-59.—Edwards', L6Sp, G.C.E. (O3) 1958-9.

Anderson, C. W., 1953-59.—Edwards', U6M, G.C.E. (O6) 1958.

Davidson, M. R., 1953-59.—Mason's, L6Sp, G.C.E. (O5) 1958-9.

Husband, L. G., 1953-59.—Woodham's, L6Sp, G.C.E. (O1) 1958, Junior School Prefect 1959, House Prefect 1958-9, Full Colours Rugby 1956-7-8-9, Full Colours Athletics 1958-9.

Maxwell, I. H., 1953-60.—Edwards', U6ScSch., G.C.E. (A3,O4) 1957-9, State Scholarship 1959, Senior School Prefect 1959, House Captain 1958-9, Mathematics Librarian 1958-60, Chairman Scientific Society 1958-9, Bronze Cross R.L.S.S. 1958.

Bennett, C. M., 1954-59.—Edwards', L6Sp, G.C.E. (O4) 1959.

Dixson, B. D., 1954-59.—Edwards', L6Sp, G.C.E. (O3) 1958.

Dutton, J. A., 1954-59.—Mason's, L6Sp, G.C.E. (O4) 1959.

Green, P. M., 1954-59.—Rogers', L6ScA, G.C.E. (O4) 1959, R.L.S.S. Elementary Certificate 1955.

Pemberton, R. S., 1954-59.—Rogers', L6Sp, G.C.E. (O4) 1959.

Rimmer, J. K., 1954-59.—Woodham's, U5b.

Walker, A. R., 1954-59.—Spencer's, L6M, G.C.E. (O4) 1959, Senior House Rugby team 1958-9, U14 Cricket Colours 1957.

Berg, A., 1955-59.—Grear's, L6M, G.C.E. (O3) 1959.

Rawlinson, R. C., 1956-59.—Woodham's, L5b.

Wolfenden, A., 1956-59.—Spencer's, L5b, Finalist in Boxing Competition 1959.

Corrigall, J. S., 1957-59.—Mason's, 4Y.

Stemp, P., 1959.—Woodham's, 2b.

## SALVETE

F. Derbyshire, J. A. Gray, J. G. Phillips, J. Rischmiller, N. S. Sandiford, P. Stemp, A. Webb.

## Important Dates

Summer Term begins ... ..	April 27th
Swimming Gala ... ..	May 27th
Half-Term ... ..	June 6th, 7th, 8th
G.C.E. 'A' level Exams. begin ... ..	June 13th
G.C.E. 'O' level Exams. begin ... ..	June 20th
Summer Exams. begin ... ..	June 30th
Summer Exams. end ... ..	July 5th
G.C.E. Exams. end ... ..	July 6th
Athletic Sports ... ..	July 19th
Term ends ... ..	July 22nd

## THE LIBRARY

It has been encouraging to see the large number of younger boys who are using the library at the moment; and they do not only wish to borrow fiction. It must be admitted that the number of boys who gather in the library on a Monday night is larger than that found on any other night, but in the junior borrowing file will be found the titles of many learned tomes. We can only hope that these boys will continue to make good use of the library throughout their school career.

We must remind the scientists that although they have their own physics and maths libraries, those do not have the monopoly of scientific books. The school library has quite a large selection which has recently been made still larger by the addition of such volumes as "Bumblebees" by John B. Free and Colin G. Butler, and "The Pocket Guide to Wild Flowers" by McClintock and Fitter. Historians, too, need not turn to Mr. Steane and the History stock room for all the works they wish to study, for the historical section has just acquired two volumes of Austen Poole's "Medieval England" and many other good books on ancient and modern history.

Many works in foreign languages have been recently added. "Aus dem Buch der Lieder" by Heinrich Heine is an example of the German works, and one of the French works is Jean Cocteau's "La machine infernale". For those interested in Art and Architecture there are many new books to be found in the library. "Collins' Guide to English Parish Churches" is now on the shelves along side such books as "Animal Drawing" by John Sheaping.

We hope, therefore, you will take advantage of the wealth of knowledge, and pleasure, which is at your finger tips. It is so easy to take the book from the shelf, sign a slip for it—please remember this point—and then take it to read at your leisure. We hope that our old borrowers will keep coming, and that we shall soon see many new faces in the library, and new signatures on slips.

**The Librarians**—D. M. Greenhalgh, D. M. Raynor, C. P. Baird, P. Bate, G. K. Clarke, P. A. Holland, J. Hulme, T. James, C. W. Jerram, F. Kelsall, M. A. Lee, D. W. Morris, R. Pickard, P. A. Simm, E. Stephens, D. C. Thomson, M. R. M. Wright.

## School Play

SPRING, 1600

In the last few years the audiences watching the annual play at King George V School have experienced many different emotions. They have laughed with Richard Brinsley Sheridan and they have been deeply moved by the tragedy of William Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Their attention has been held by the comedy of Molière in "The Prodigious Snob", no less than by Thomas Stearns Eliot's drama "Murder in the Cathedral". December, 1959, saw the striking of a happy medium with the production of Emlyn Williams' "Spring, 1600", in which comedy and dramatic tension take the stage alternately.

"Spring, 1600" tells the story of Anne Byrd, who, tired of the restrictions placed on womankind, runs away on her wedding eve. She disguises herself as a boy and goes to London where she joins Richard Burbage's company of actors. She imagines herself to be in love with Burbage. For this reason, and because she loves the freedom of her life as a player, she refuses to return to Ongar, her home. When she finds, however, that Burbage will not return her love, and that Kit, her childhood sweetheart, still loves her, she returns to her native village. Whilst she is in London, she becomes involved in the company's struggle for survival, and it is her acting that saves the day for Richard Burbage and his company.

The difficult part of Anne Byrd, was tackled very creditably by C. J. Haskey. Although he occasionally forgot that underneath Jack Beeston was the character of Anne Byrd—this was especially noticeable in his rather fiery argument with Lady Coperario, when his outbursts were not really becoming to a lady of gentle birth—the love scenes with Burbage were portrayed with much tenderness and charm; and, on the whole, he managed the metamorphosis from feminine coyness to

masculine assurance very well indeed. The other main part, that of Richard Burbage, was played by E. Stephens, who took full advantage of all the opportunities offered to show off his histrionic skill. When Burbage had an audience, Stephens was imposing, self important, a great man; but when Burbage was alone with Jack Beeston, Stephens was as human as could be. His clarity of diction and freedom of movement stayed with him from the heights of elation to the depths of despair, and he commanded the respect of the members of his company with an air of genuine authority.

Winnie, his wife and general factotum, was played by I. P. Judge with all the ease of an accomplished actor. He scurried about the stage in a matronly manner dictating orders which were quite audible despite the fact that his mouth was full of cakes or sweets for a large part of the time. He portrayed well the wifely understanding of Winnie for Burbage.

The boys playing the various members of Burbage's company and their friends worked very well together. The crowd scenes did not degenerate into meaningless mêlées as so often happens but each character retained his individuality without being conspicuous.

D. Hall played Augustin Phillips well, and although his deafness was a little erratic—which was, perhaps, the fault of the playwright more than the actor—his elderliness was consistent. His voice, though shaky, as suited his part, was well projected and his meaning clear throughout. It was a pity that P. A. Delahunty, in striving to add to the impression of great age which he so effectively produced by his make-up and stooping walk, should lose the meaning of some of his lines by screeching rather than talking, in his part as Mother Harelip.

The only other character in which the fault of inaudibility was noticeable was Sally, played by R. B. White, who tended to speak a little too quickly. On the whole, however, his performance was very good. The voice of Grizzy Frost could be heard quite clearly, and added to the realistic portrayal of the serving wench by J. A. Gorse. P. Holland's performance as George Pearce was very good—the wrestler in him was shown by every movement and gesture as well as by speech—and the lisp which C. R. Stubbington produced in Ben Cook's part was very convincing.

Ned Pope and Tommy Day, the two actors who took female parts, were played by D. C. Thomson and D. G. Smith respectively. Thomson portrayed the highly effeminate character of Ned Pope extremely well, and although Tommy Day was not given quite enough femininity by Smith, he strutted round the stage most effectively, as the Duke of Leicester. Both tended to shout a little, but the peevish quality of their quarrels was well represented.

One of the most difficult things that can be demanded of an actor is that he should maintain an accent which is not his own for the full length of a play. This difficult feat was accomplished with apparent ease by T. S. Goldsmith, who took the part of Lady Coperario. The signora's Italian accent was so natural that it made the change of accent in her scene with Burbage all the more startling. Her movements, too, showed all the grace and her face all the expressiveness of an Italian noblewoman. This was in fact one of the best performances of the night.

Another effective performance came from A. B. Travis, who played Kit Cooper. He spoke and moved well, and put real emotion into his pleas to Anne to return home. His speeches in the last scene, although quite audible, did not convey Kit's awe in the presence of the Queen quite well enough, but this was a small fault in an otherwise satisfactory performance. Of the other members of the cast, who all played their parts adequately, only one stands out—M. S. Armitage as Mistress Byrd. He managed his small part very well indeed and his stately walk coupled with his most unstatesly shout for "Robert" received its merited laughter.

The members of the choir and orchestra are to be commended for their excellent performance of sixteenth century music. The soloists, M. W. Sharpling and Mr. R. E. Rimmer, who was the Musical Director, are to be specially praised. Whether, however, the music helped or hindered the actors in their job of presenting "Spring, 1600" is a moot point. On many occasions—especially when the full choir was singing with full orchestral backing—the music drowned the dialogue; and singing which was supposed to be coming from the river, which could be seen through a window on the left, waxed strong behind a curtain on the right. The music was, however, useful to denote the passing of time between one scene and the next, to show changes of mood, and to add to the sixteenth century atmosphere created by an excellent set.

The first scene, set in front of the curtain was somewhat confusing. The three chairs set against a background of purple velvet did not really convey the sumptuous luxury that one might expect from the house of William Byrd, and the necessity for Mistress Byrd to direct a procession taking place some three feet above the audience's head was sad. When, however, the curtains were withdrawn to reveal the main set—Richard Burbage's bed chamber—the confusing plainness of the first scene could be forgiven and the audience could turn to praising Mr. Long, Mr. Harrison and their staffs, who constructed it. The oak beams and the cracked plaster, the shields and the notices, the four poster bed and the oaken chest, the violins and pewter mugs, all cried out "Spring, 1600" before any of the actors spoke a word.

It was a pity that this wonderful set was not as well lit as it might have been. Although for the greater part, the lighting, under the direction of Mr. I. P. Moss and T. R. Hesketh, was adequate, there were a few patches of shadow which occasionally obscured the facial expressions of the players.

Much of the praise for this very good production must go to Mr. T. B. Johnson. Time after time the producer of a play is given but fleeting mention, and yet, and this applies especially to the producer of an amateur dramatic society presentation as this is, so much depends on him. He more or less has to train the actors, for there are few boys in any school who have natural histrionic talent, and Mr. Johnson has done his job with success. He must co-ordinate the various parts—actors, music, stage staff and lighting—that help to make a play. Mr. Johnson has performed this task well, also, and produced one of the best plays King George V School stage has seen for a long time.

In closing, it is hoped that the next school play will not be an anti-climax after the high standard set by "Spring, 1600." There were faults, no-one can deny that, but the few faults fade into insignificance when one looks at the overall excellence of the production. Congratulations to all concerned.

R.M.G., D.M.R., U.6.M.S.

## International Section

Extract from the issue of the "RED ROSE" for July, 1959:

"Two King George V boys, P. N. Walker and J. Rennie-Kermode, have been at school in Germany this term. Both, from their letters are profiting from their experiences, not only in vastly improved command of their German language, but also by association with students of other nationalities and by the warm hospitality of their hosts. We hope to publish their impressions in a future issue."

The promised impressions appear below.

### IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY

In order to understand better the German way of life and in particular, the German school-life, it is perhaps easiest to compare the German with the English school system. In my opinion, the English schools are much superior to their German equivalents. It has been said that England has an academic tradition which fits its pupils to be only school teachers. If this is true, which I do not believe it is, then Germany surely must have a far more deep-rooted tradition. For, whereas at home, school spirit is encouraged by the founding of houses and the playing of games between neighbouring schools, during which a very high standard of play is often attained, this in Germany is absolutely non-existent.

It would be folly, however, to deny that these three months were valuable. Not only did I escape the horror of the summer exams., but also, I hope, my German improved a good deal—at least, that is what I was told by my hosts.

The best place to pick up good German, as opposed to the "Kölsch", the local Cologne accent which all the boys spoke among themselves, was in school, for there they were bound to speak "Hochdeutsch", the equivalent of "Standard English". In the schools, from the "Sexta", the lowest form, right up to the "Oberprima", the upper sixth, a great variety of subjects was taught. In the equivalent of our Lower Sixth, at least eight subjects were taught—the accent being on English, French, Latin and Mathematics. School began at 8-10 a.m. and finished at 1-15 p.m. On Saturday, we had only five periods, instead of six, and finished at twelve-thirty. A period lasted forty-five minutes and there was a five-minute break after each. My home was a good distance from the school, and we rose every morning at six-thirty.

Another thing which was strange was the German food. We ate very little meat, had strawberries and cream for breakfast on Sunday, and found that salad followed almost every meal. The mealtimes, too, seemed strange: breakfast at 6-45 a.m. and then nothing till 2-15 p.m. after school. Sometimes I was fortunate enough to have a cup of tea made around 5 o'clock, but if I was unlucky, I had to wait until 8 o'clock for the final meal of the day. There were no meals at school; in fact, there was nothing at school, even the books had to be bought by the pupil.

These were not the most difficult things to which one had to adapt oneself, however. The most difficult was the German sense of humour. They seemed to take great delight in other people's errors, and anyone who could successfully make a fool of himself was a born comedian. But there was nothing subtle, no puns or playing on words. This is probably explained by the rigidity of the German language; it cannot be differently accented, abbreviated or simplified, which can easily and quite freely be done in English. In fact, many of the German boys were able to pun in English and not in their own language. The standard of English was indeed high, although most Germans find the accent very hard to imitate.

Although life was strange at first, and therefore rather difficult, mainly on account of the language, my three months in Germany were without doubt of great benefit to me, and I would recommend anyone else who wishes to improve his knowledge of a foreign language to do the same.

J. F. RENNIE-KERMODE, Upp. VI Mod.

## GLIMPSES OF GERMANY

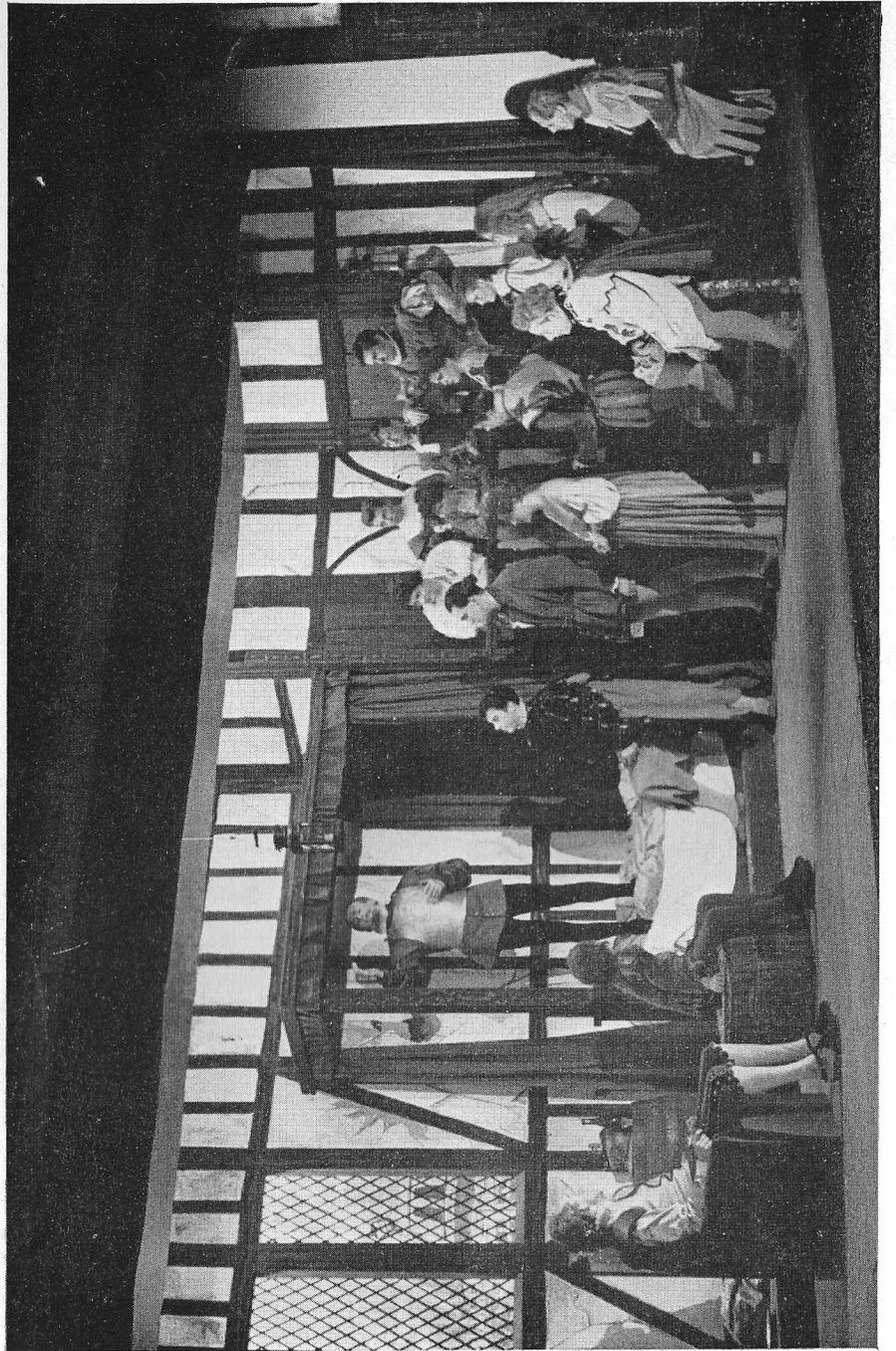
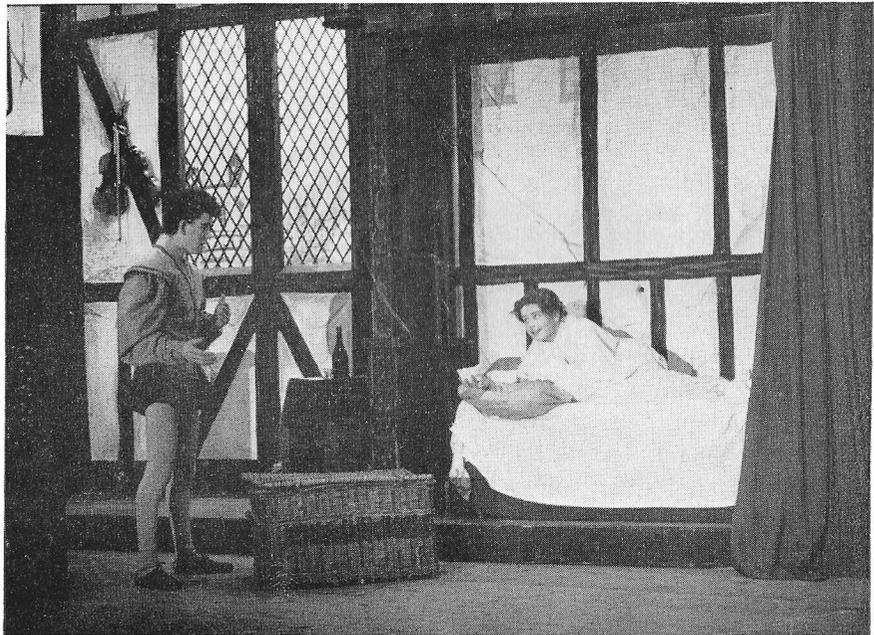
One arrives in Germany with certain preconceived ideas as to the German character, usually based on the opinions of one's countrymen. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the Germans are not held in high esteem by the British public. Yet on arrival one finds these ideas to be wholly unfounded, the fanatical heel-clicking race proves itself to be the most hospitable nation one could hope to visit.

There are, however, certain aspects of the German character that the English ridicule—often, I think justly. I remember one occasion when, on trying to gain audience with the headmaster of the school, I was confronted by an enormous German, who enquired as to my reason, to which I replied: "I want to shoot the headmaster." Instead of bursting into fits of hilarious laughter, as I did, in appreciation of this witty remark, he punched me. I concluded that the Germans have a weak sense of humour.

The position of the American soldier is one which always seems to me rather amusing. Once, while on a short visit to Frankfurt, I saw something which even now, six months later, seems absolutely incredible. In this city, the American wields the same power as the German civilian police and, thus, the first party on the scene of any accident takes charge. I was walking along the main road towards the famous Römer when I noticed a large crowd, which stretched almost from one side of the road to the other. Being of a curious nature, I stood at the back of the crowd and tried to see what was happening. On the ground, twisted round her bike was a young girl, who occasionally gave vent to a sort of combined sob and scream. On one side stood two American M.P's, and directly opposite me a German policeman. I gathered with some difficulty that there was a controversy as to who should take care of the injured girl. The ambulance drivers, meanwhile, were leaning on the bonnets of their vehicles, calmly smoking. While this heated argument was being pursued, there was a most incredible turmoil. The girl was screaming, the crowd were shouting advice and the traffic was rushing around trying to find a gap in the rapidly growing crowd. I left ten minutes later; the men were still arguing.

I have tried not to give any information about the German school, but to show the lighter side of my stay. The opportunity is one which no boy can afford to miss. The experience gained not only in the particular language but also in a closer understanding with people of foreign races is invaluable.

P. N. WALKER, U.6.M.



## Prose and Verse

### FORTY-NIL

Poor tim'rous cowerin' Preston Colts  
Struck down by fifteen thunderbolts,  
Upon an evil winter's day  
Rain lashed a pitch unfit for play.  
We rubbed your faces in the mud  
As if 'twere battle of the blood.  
I doubt not, but you might have thought  
We were a rotten, worthless lot  
To mount up such a mighty score  
Although 'twere on our own front door;  
But soon all troubles were forgot,  
Drowned in our showers, all piping hot!

E. D. SINCLAIR, LVX.

### MISFIRE

As Simon left Peter's room, he heard a footfall in the passage. Quickly he re-entered the room and quietly shut the door behind him. "It's Peter coming back," he thought. Now, shaking with fear, he made towards the fire escape at the back of Peter's room in the hotel.

Halfway across the room he felt a sharp tug at his ankles. It was as though a thin wire was stretched across the floor. With a scream of horror, Simon recalled how he had crept into Peter's room a few minutes earlier after Peter had threatened to expose him. With him, Simon carried a German Luger pistol. Simon remembered thinking how very appropriate it was that Peter should be killed by a German pistol similar to the one which Simon, a German spy and English traitor during the war, carried. He thought it ironical that he should kill yet one more of his kinsmen.

He set a trip wire across the floor and attached the pistol trigger to one end. He clamped the pistol between a bookcase and the wall. Then he wiped his fingerprints off the gun. All was ready. When Peter walked across to his bedroom, he would receive a bullet. Simon did not know how Peter had found him out, but at all costs he must not be discovered now.

As the sharp tug of the trip wire tightened the trigger of the Luger, Peter, in the hall outside remarked to his companion, "Funny how Simon rushed off like that. After all it was only a joke."

Simon did not live to hear this—the bullet ripped into his chest.

A. D. O'NEILL, U5TS.

## THE DINOSAUR

The Dinosaur called Allosaurus,  
Lived long ago and never saw us;  
It was a mighty beast of prey,  
And might come back another day.

If it does,  
I hope I'm dead;  
As I'd rather be dead,  
Than be eaten in bed.

D. FOURACRE, 2A.

## THE POND

It was a beautiful place, The wide majestic oaks bowed to its splendour. The hidden cheerful birds sang to its sweetness, and the roaming deer were brought together to the sheltering peace and serenity it offered. On the far side, the sharp and rustling weeds waved and tangled and slid with the lush shrubs and bushes growing on the bank. The green weeds floating on the pond looked clean and crisp, while they bobbed and played in the breeze. Smooth round ripples swished and washed as they found the bank, new ones to be formed as the softly moving air caressed fleshy, overhanging grass into the water. Tiny insects plopped and danced their way across the rich brown mud, and dark spindly ants swarmed on a large flat rock. White and warmed by the sun, the rock contrasted with the little black bodies of busy insects using it as a forum. The sun sent its kindly rays out of a clear blue sky, broken only by the careless flight of a hawk, spying out the land, while red and yellow flowers patched the green landscape. Even water plants presented their white and lovely blossoms to the fresh, cool air.

I knew that next year, when I came here again, I would visit this very spot once more. The months dragged by, through the leafy autumn weeks and through the stark and bare winter months, until the freshness of spring. I was impatient for the time when I could revisit the beauty I had found.

But it was too late; 'civilization' had tricked my fondest hopes. The pond was filled in with rubble, huge clanging cranes loomed against the angry sky. Workmen's boots crunched over the place where the flowers had been, and the smell of petrol betrayed the straining tractor pulling away the last of the hewed trunks of the oak trees. The saddened birds watched—still hidden. But now they hid behind the red and rusty scaffolding surrounding the rapidly-rising, multi-storeyed block of council flats.

A. K. CANTER, U5TS.

## AN EARLY MARCH MORNING

How lovely the light  
After dark night:  
Sun shining,  
Prayers ascending,  
Earth awakening.  
Early, gusty spring.

My vigil now kept,  
Not having slept  
I leave the enclosed  
For sweet outside.  
Few birds yet fly.  
The clouds pass by.  
Early, gusty spring.

Mist covers fields;  
The greenery shields  
From rising sun  
And setting moon,  
Her vigil also kept  
Over the dark night.  
Early, gusty spring.

The wet grasses shine;  
The spider-webs fine  
Glisten and twinkle.  
The sheep awaken  
And welcome the morn.  
With bleatings weak,  
The sun they seek.  
Early, gusty spring.

One cannot stay in life's morn,  
But travels helpless and forlorn  
Amongst beauties untouchable  
And unmatchable;  
But after having trod the way of beauty,  
One can leave the world more beautiful.  
Oh! early, gusty spring.

T. DAVIES, U5TS.

## SNOW

Softly, softly falls the snow,  
Softly to the earth  
It falls, making young hearts glow  
With happiness, and mirth;  
Oh, how softly falls the snow,  
Softly to the earth.

Slowly, slowly thaws the snow,  
Slowly turns to slush,  
Children with increasing woe,  
Clear it with a brush;  
Oh, how slowly thaws the snow,  
Slowly turns to slush.

G. D. WILLIAMS, 3A.

## THE DEVIL IN THE MACHINE

The new car stood sleek and shiny in the afternoon sun. I had just passed my test and was going out on my first run. I brought the car out of the garage, started her up and drove away. Everything went well for the first three miles; then, as I came to a lonely stretch of road, I had the feeling that someone was sitting in the back seat watching me. I turned around but there was no-one there. I turned back and drove home, and as I came nearer to the house, the feeling faded. I thought no more about it until the next day when, having got the car out and having driven along for a while, I came to the same lonely stretch of road. Again I felt as if someone was watching me. This sensation remained with me until I arrived at the office. I put the car away and forgot all about it until 5 o'clock when I came out of the office building, got into the car and drove away. As I drove into the night with my headlights shining, my engine started to splutter, and I skidded over the road into a grass verge. I got out and discovered that the trouble was a sparking plug, I soon put it right but all the time I felt as though the thing in the back seat was laughing at me.

I started home, and as I neared the house the feeling again disappeared. Day after day this continued until I was terrified to go out in the car. At last I made up my mind to sell it. On the evening I was to sell the car, I took a short cut home along the cliff road. As I neared the cliff, my headlights flashed on and off and I felt the thing in the back grinning at me. The car careered towards the cliff. I flung myself out of the door and the car plunged over the cliff on to the rocks below. Shaking myself, I rose from the ground and, going to the cliff, I looked over the cliff to see the car on the rocks below. Suddenly I felt free. The Devil in the Machine was gone forever.

M. J. RIGBY, 4B.

## SCHOOL

Dad says "a schoolboy's life's the best!  
With happy carefree days you're blest  
And holidays and bags of fun,  
Oh! what a life it is, my son."  
But he forgets his days remote  
When homework problems get his goat.  
"Oh! how it's changed!" he's heard to say,  
"We did our maths a different way."  
"You've never had it quite so good  
At school" says Mum. "You always should  
At all the lessons do your best  
Then you can answer any test."  
"Like you did, Mum!" Now that is rough,  
"I left at twelve! I'd had enough!"

C. J. HEYES, LVX.

## THE CATCHING OF A MOUSE

It was a winter evening. In a chair by the fire dozed a woman—a big woman—and a mouse (such a small mouse!) sat in the middle of the hearthrug, gazing into the flames and thinking. All was peace. A cinder dropped and the woman opened her eyes.

Directly in the line of her vision was the mouse, sitting quietly, harming nobody. For perhaps fifteen seconds the woman looked at the mouse. Then she realised that this was no dream. The animal was THERE on HER HEARTHTRUG. She screamed. A loud, piercing scream, and with surprising agility she leapt on to the chair and from there to the table.

The mouse was alarmed, of course. He was a young mouse, ignorant of the ways of women. In two leaps he was under the sofa, his heart pounding.

Next door, the scream came bouncing through the wall, knocking a picture askew on the way. A young, married couple looked at each other in alarm. "It's next door." "She's all alone." "Somebody's murdering her!"

With True British Courage, armed only with a poker and a coalrake, they were hammering on the woman's door within moments. This still further alarmed the mouse, who decided to explore the skirting to find a suitable exit and bounded across the room to reach it. Seeing him, the woman gave another and more effective scream, whereupon the couple from next door burst their way into the scullery and on into the kitchen. There, on the table, her face a sickly grey, was the woman, her expression full of horror, pointing into the corner.

"A MOUSE!"

"I see it!" "Where?" "There—" "There it is!" "Catch it—!"

The man threw his poker with deadly accuracy—but the mouse was no longer there. He was already two jumps on his way to the pantry.

By this time there were two women on the table, unaware of the insecurity of one of the legs. It was unfortunate that the mouse while still two feet from the pantry door gave a squeak of alarm, for this attracted the attention of the man who, with typical manly initiative and bravery executed a rugby tackle and only missed the mouse by a few inches as it disappeared under the door.

It was also unfortunate that a tiny table on which stood a splendid specimen of the plant Liliaceae (which the woman in her simple way called an "Aspidistra") was in the way. The earth from the pot made a surprising mound on the floor, the splendidly painted pot itself was in pieces and the plant beyond recall. In the process of getting up the man backed into the table leg. With a sickening thud the owner of the house landed on top of the wreckage, and the younger woman on her husband.

Having sorted themselves out, one of the women suggested that he should find the cat. The cat was soon found, in the backyard, but it did not understand. As the man approached, it leaped up the wall. He grabbed it by the tail, and in the ensuing tug o' war, he gained a scratch on the nose which did nothing to improve his temper. At last the cat was in the house where it found much of interest in the wreckage of the plant, but could not pick up the scent of the mouse—probably because it had a cold at the time.

Pushed into the pantry, and the door closed behind it, the cat was indeed in luck. As there was complete silence for some time, the man opened the door and peeped. A very contented cat sat eating the last of four pork chops. Covered by the interest shown in this, the mouse promptly made an unnoticed getaway, from the pantry, through the scullery and into the backyard.

All would have been well but for the owl which had come to investigate the unusual disturbance. The evening light was poor by our standards, but good enough for the owl to see and catch his supper.

J. PESCOD, Lr.VA.

## THE CROSS-COUNTRY

When snow conceals the frozen ground  
And Rugby we no longer play,  
But run the triangle around,  
While masters watch us on our way  
To see that slackers cannot cheat;  
Then sounds the song of pounding feet  
Ker-flip!

Ker-flop, Ker-flip! A note of cheer!  
While Harry ambles at the rear.

When once we've gone around the ring  
And breath is short and feet like lead,  
And muscles lose their supple spring  
And feel like plasticine instead;  
When leaders flop down on a seat—  
Still sounds the song of pounding feet  
Ker-flip!

Ker-flop, Ker-flip! A note of cheer!  
While Harry totters at the rear.

J. R. WRIGHT, LVX.

## FIRST STAGES OF SNOW

Flakes of snow, flung from the leaden vault  
The two battalions arm, assault;  
Windows and foes in dozens go,  
Until a retreat ploughs through the snow,  
And all is still to breathe and load again.

The bell cries, the red geese flow  
Into school. Eager blue faces blow  
Their hands preparing to reinforce the army  
While masters finish their hot cup of tea  
The flocks regroup their plans of battle.

A human cry rings out, above the icy cap;  
A tall, dark stranger with his weather map  
Walks across the field with a cry "Come 'ere."  
The fugitives disperse in scurried flight, dangerously near  
To the Geography block.

A. W. AYRES, LVX.

## THE STORM

Majestic thunder,  
Heavens assunder,  
Dark thick black,  
And wondrous clap.  
Farmland and vale  
Succumb to the hail,  
While pounding rain  
Floods terrain.  
Lightning toys,  
To frightening noise,  
With trees and track;  
To break their back.  
It snaps and paws,  
Rips and claws,  
Faster and faster,  
Wreaking disaster.  
With blinding flashes,  
Destructive crashes,  
It maims and lashes  
And flails and smashes,  
Sits by and jeers,  
Laughs and sneers.

For seven hours,  
Leaves and flowers  
Bear the weight  
Of this great hate.  
Then all is peace.  
The flashes cease.  
Through all his powers,  
The storm now cowers;  
For even his wealth  
Has spent itself  
In destroying calm  
With shock and alarm.

He must now drift,  
Straight and swift,  
To another place,  
To hide his face,  
And to prepare  
All he dare  
To meet and fight.  
Once more, the might  
Of Nature's will  
To live on still.

A. K. CANTER, U5TS.

## MY PETS

The goldfish is my oldest pet,  
Of eight long years he boasts.  
He glides along with shining scales.  
As round the bowl he coasts.

My next pet is a big black cat,  
So dignified is he,  
So different from the playful kitten  
Who's chased up every tree.

My perky pup is three months old,  
He scampers round all day.  
For one so young he's very bold,  
He barks and bites in play.

The goldfish hardly makes a sound,  
Faint mews come from the cat,  
But since the dog came on the scene,  
There's bedlam in the flat.

K. ECKERSALL, 3A.

## THE COAT

Franz gazed wide-eyed into the store window with its parade of gaping dummies and array of suits, coats, hats and caps of every size and style. Small, concealed spot-lamps threw their yellow glare on the assortment of clothing so that the whole window seemed to glow with a beckoning warmth.

Franz had never seen anything like it before—it was the first time he had come to the town for he had previously had no need to stry from the village. The grocer's and the inn were the only places he visited with any regularity and he had no need to make a journey into town for those.

As he stood on the snow-packed pavement outside the shop, he slipped his hand into the pocket of his ragged, stained jacket and fingered the crisp note again, frightened that it might have dropped out in the few minutes he had been standing there.

He had never had so much money all at one time; it had been lent to him to buy himself a coat by his only friend, Doctor Hasselbrach, an eminent and kindly physician in the town.

It was cold. The cold was not just the absence of heat but something real and alive, striking viciously into the body of Franz, draining all the warmth from his blood and leaving his limbs without feeling or control, so that it was only by the process of the greatest concentration and effort that he could walk, or move in any way.

Franz walked slowly past the glass doors of the shop, peering inside and trying to summon up the courage to enter. At last, drawing a deep breath, he wheeled round, walked up to the glass doors, and went in.

Inside the store all was warmth and brightness and silence. His feet sank into the soft, thick carpet as he stood looking round him uncertainly.

A young man with sleek black hair approached him.

"Can I help you sir?" he asked, eyeing Franz's rugged clothes and battered boots.

"A coat," mumbled Franz, embarrassed by the evident disapproval of his appearance, "I'm looking for a coat."

"Certainly, sir." The young man began to show him a baffling array of overcoats until Franz pointed a trembling finger at one and said that was what he wanted.

"Will you wear it now, sir?"

Franz nodded his head. He put the note on the counter and for a long agonising moment thought that the young man was going to say it was not sufficient. However, he took it without demure and came back in a few minutes with the change.

The next moment Franz was outside wearing his coat. It was beautiful, thick and warm with a great fur collar which, when turned up, reached to the top of his head. He ran his fingers over the heavy material, crooning softly in rapture as if to a child. He put his hands in the deep pockets and began to walk.

He would be cold no longer.

He must go immediately to Doctor Hasselbrach and show him the coat.

He walked as if in a trance, never lifting his eyes from the coat.

Across the street, up the little lane beside the chapel and down the hill towards the square where the Doctor lived.

It was dark now and all the shops he passed were closed and shuttered.

A galaxy of stars glittered frostily in the clear night sky above him.

He was in the square now, walking across it towards the large old house at the far end where the Doctor lived.

How quiet everything was, not a sound, not a movement anywhere . . . . .

Suddenly—the crunch of a footstep behind him.

He whirled, but it was too late. He got an impression of a twisted face surmounted by a bald head before the man struck him.

Franz fell on the snow. The next instant he felt a pair of hands on his coat.

"No - o - o !" he cried. "Not my coat—ple - ase !" His feeble hands clawed at his attacker's arms. The man kicked him in the face and Franz fell again on the snow. He felt the coat torn from his back and the cold struck his body.

He heard the footsteps running away across the square as he lay there, face downwards.

The blood trickled from the gash in his head, forming a dark stain on the snow.

He no longer felt cold.

The snow was warm and soft, inviting him to sleep.

He felt himself floating in a whirling pool of darkness — down — down — down, into nothing . . . . .

Overhead, the stars glittered frostily as they gazed down on the dark, still form lying in the snow.

W. M. MCKENZIE, U5TS.

## Old Boys' Section

K. R. Ball (Ed) (1945-53) M.B., Ch.B. Liverpool.

D. L. Booth (R) (1949-55) final Part 1, L.D.S. Liverpool.

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**TAXIS FOR HIRE**

J. E. Cotterall (G) (1939-41) has been appointed Administrative Assistant for Further Education with Bolton Education Authority.

Dr. D. R. W. Haddock (L) (1937-44) has been awarded the Diploma in tropical medicine and hygiene.

R. Pactor (S) (1947-54) M.B., Ch.B. at Liverpool and has taken up a position at Birkenhead General Hospital.

M. C. Thompson (Ed) (1948-56) has qualified as a Customs Officer and has taken up an appointment at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

S. C. Wilford (G) (1920-25) has been appointed the first Sub-Manager of the Midland Bank's Hesketh Bank Office as from January 1st.

### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES, BANGOR

As this is our first-ever letter and as the U.C.N.W. is not as famed and acknowledged as it might be in Southport, we will be forgiven if we indulge in a little preliminary history of the University and its inspiring surroundings before we divulge the secrets of some of its more shady inmates.

First, Bangor is a most beautiful city—it is not only for its learning that the Official Guide Book calls it "The Athens of Wales". To the South lies the magnificent mountain range of Snowdonia, with its breathtaking panorama of bright ridges and

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black cwms and cliffs, while to the North are the Menai Straits and Anglesey, "the Mother of Wales". Bangor itself is a mixture—a mixture of medieval and modern, of English and Welsh in customs and speech, of market-town, Cathedral city, and University. Crowning the ridge above the town are the main buildings of the University College, one of the four constituent colleges of the University of Wales. 'In its situation and its historical associations the site is perhaps unequalled by any other University building in the Kingdom,' according to the Guide Book. The Principal is of course Dr. Charles Evans, of Everest fame.

To this hallowed seat of learning H. C. Corrin, C. R. Beddows and P. G. Elliott came up as 'Freshers' early in October, each purporting to be reading History, English and Economics. H. C. Corrin, elegant and dignified ("I know what I'm doing"), moves through the tangled web of University life with a calm assurance which not even his mistaking a third year Hebrew and Biblical Studies Lecture for an Economics tutorial could affect. When not appearing in the University Jazz Cellar complete with tweed overcoat and rolled umbrella, he can usually be found defending Government policy at the local Plaid Cymru meetings, surrounded by screaming hordes of Welsh nationalists. C. R. Beddows, grinning evilly behind an embryonic beard, is often to be found sitting muttering surrounded by empty coffee cups in a dark corner of the Students' Union, from which he emerges only to disappear with a grinding roar amid a cloud of exhaust fumes, in the general direction of the latest horror film. His belief that examinations are things which take place only at the end of the third year is pathetically sincere, but never fails to provoke a nervous laugh from P. G. de C. Elliott. This worthy, after appearing at the Coming-Up Hop complete with gown and note books bemusedly asking dancers where he had to go to Register, usually appears from amidst a haze of cigarette smoke, wondering whether the outlay for cigarettes comes under the heading of Approved Fees. He also indulges in that less artistic sister to Rugby—soccer. Finally, K. Horsfall, now going strong in his second scientific year—proving that it is possible to pass Prelims., HAS, despite reports to the contrary, been seen.

Nadolig llawen iawn i chwi!

H.C.C., C.R.B., P.G.E.

The Editor has received the following poem, from R. Watkins,  
now at Hull University :

### NIGHT ESTUARY

Night winds that freshen  
up the estuary  
wash timidly across the faces  
of the town,  
and carry back its smoke and singing  
to the waves.  
Rain scatters down the street;  
and ferry-boats that ride at anchor  
in the wind-swayed dark  
are dull and isolated,  
like some down town lamps.  
Shyly the wind revalues  
around this emptiness,  
not strong enough  
to hunt my sadness out, like leaves,  
and drive it on the trade winds  
to the sea.

R. WATKINS.

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(Spencer's, 1941-46)

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