

THE RED ROSE.



THE MAGAZINE OF KING GEORGE V SCHOOL, SOUTHPORT

Vol. XXIV. No. 3

July, 1945

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SCHOOL NOTES

VALETE

- DIXON, R. W., 1939-45.—Spencer's, Lower VI ScB, School Certificate 1944, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion 1943, A.T.C.
- CUMPSTY, I. N., 1940-45.—Leech's, IVb Modern, Colts Colours 1944.
- GUEST, R. R., 1940-45.—Rogers', Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1944.
- HOBBS, A. W., 1940-45.—Woodham's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1944, A.T.C.
- JAMES, P. A., 1940-45.—Woodham's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1944.
- LEAL, J. B., 1940-45.—Woodham's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1944.
- MILLER, S., 1940-45.—Rogers', Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1944, School Prefect, Bantam XV Colours 1941, Colts XI Colours 1942, 1st XV Colours 1943-44 (Vice-Captain), Bronze Medallion R.L.S.S.
- STANNARD, D., 1940-45.—Woodham's, Upper Va Modern.
- WILBY, D. A., 1940-45.—Mason's, Upper Vb Modern.
- WILBY, K. J., 1940-45.—Mason's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1944.
- BIRCHALL, G. T., 1942-45.—Woodham's, IIb.
- LEWIS, E., 1942-45.—Mason's, Lower V Trans.
- OLSBERG, M., 1942-45.—Edwards', IIIa.
- TAYLOR, C. B., 1943-45.—Rogers', IIIa.
- WILSON, F., 1943-45.—Leech's, IIIb.
- HOLT, J., 1944-45.—Spencer's, IVa Modern.
- STIRZAKER, J. R., 1944-45.—Spencer's, Lower Vb Modern.

SALVETE

A Crossley, P. W. Davies, E. J. Gilbert, H. Heselton, J. A. Hoyles, H. A. Kerr, D. Munroe, P. B. Nicholas, K. Owen, G. Smith, A. Williamson, J. Wren.

At the end of last term the staff said good-bye to a colleague, and the boys to a master, whose presence amongst us we shall greatly miss and whose departure will leave a gap difficult to fill. It was seventeen years ago that Mr. B. E. Taylor joined the staff of King George V School, from Arnold House School, Blackpool. During the whole of this period he spared neither himself nor his pupils. In the days before the war, he ran the "Cercle Français" and set to music a number of French songs which were sung and enjoyed by the boys at these weekly gatherings. The School Song also was composed by him. He left us to take up a more responsible position at Callington in Cornwall, and our best wishes accompany him in his new sphere.

The School learned with surprise and regret last term that it was going to lose the services of Mr. N. S. Taylor. Mr. Taylor joined the

staff nearly fifteen years ago, and his enthusiasm for his work in the teaching of Physics was appreciated by Juniors and Seniors alike. He was particularly well known to members of advanced classes, and candidates who sat for University Scholarships and H.S.C. Examinations owe him a debt of gratitude. He was keenly interested in the School Scientific Society and in the A.T.C., and was frequently to be found after school hours explaining the mysteries of electricity to a small group of eager Cadets. The good wishes of the whole School will go with Mr. Taylor in his new appointment.

We were very fortunate to obtain the services of Mr. J. B. Jenkinson as Art Master in succession to the late Mr. Henry Merchant, and hoped that his stay with us would be a long one. Before taking up his appointment here, he was Art Master at Alsop's School, Liverpool, having first trained at the Royal College of Art, London. He soon made himself popular with all those with whom he came into contact, and in the few years he was with us encouraged the real appreciation of art. He did excellent work as President of the Art Society, and instituted the idea of the mural which now adorns one wall of the Art Room. It was with great regret that we heard he was leaving us, and we wish him every success in his new sphere of work.

We have to thank Mrs. E. H. Taylor, who has now left Southport, for her valuable services during the last four years. In this time she has taught Mathematics and a little Physics; throughout she has displayed a very lively interest in the School activities and given particularly valuable help in organising the collections for the Merchant Navy Comforts Service. The School is also grateful to her for having presented to the School Squadron of the A.T.C. a handsome trophy.

The Savings collections have amounted to £484 15s. 0d. this term. The total collected since February, 1940, is now £24,356 11s. 8d.

This term's subscriptions for the Five Million Club amounted to £12.

The Ship Halfpenny Fund has amounted to £7 3s. 7d. this term. £40 was sent to the Merchant Navy Comforts Service in June.

In the closing week of last term the School had the pleasure of listening to three very interesting talks by Major M. M. Pennell, Lieut. G. P. Wakefield and the Rev. G. E. Long. The first spoke on five years in the Middle East, the second described the life of a prisoner of war in Germany, and the third address was on India. The School enjoyed these lectures by old boys, and each lecture was most admirably given.

We welcome to the staff this term Mr. C. Fleming, B.Sc., who comes to us from Buxton College. He is an old boy of Wigan Grammar School, a graduate with Hons. in Physics at Manchester University, and gained his University Colours for Hockey at Manchester.

Mr. G. P. Wakefield, an old Georgian, who has taken his B.A. degree at Liverpool, and served in the Army, joined the staff this term. We are glad to see him restored to health after his spell in a prison camp, and hope he will find his teaching here congenial.

Miss N. Bolt has very kindly assisted us this term by taking over Mr. Jenkinson's work pending the arrival of his successor in September. Miss Bolt is a former pupil of the Girls' High School and a former student of the Southport School of Art.

F. R. McManus was awarded an Open Major Scholarship of £100 a year at Caius College, Cambridge, in April. For the third year in succession the Senior Major Scholarship for Mathematics and Natural Sciences has been gained by a boy from the School, and we congratulate McManus on his outstanding success.

On June 8th, Brigadier-General Stubbins, of Western Command, spoke to the Senior boys on life in the Indian Army. After the lecture he interviewed several boys who were anxious to know about conditions and gave advice on matters connected with life in the service.

We beg to acknowledge with many thanks three additions to the History Room Museum. Mr. J. Edwards has presented a large family Bible printed in 1683, an interesting example of early printing and publishing. Two short sections of trans-Atlantic cable have been given; the first from Mr. Hargreaves is part of the cable laid in 1865 by the "Great Eastern," and the second from G. W. Lee is of a more recent type. The museum, started many years ago in a very small way, is now a larger and more valuable collection, and offers of any more articles of historical interest will be much appreciated.

HOUSE NOTES

EDWARDS'

Our principal achievement this term has been in the Athletic Sports. The team is to be congratulated on winning all the four trophies.

In Senior cricket, the team has been successful in defeating Evans' and Rogers'. This gives them fair hopes of playing through to the final.

The number of Edwardian faces seen at the Baths is yearly increasing and we hope, this term, for a big list of qualifiers. We hope to be as successful in the Swimming Sports as we were last year.

The National Savings efforts have not been quite so brilliant as have those in other spheres. A better effort next term will be welcomed by the secretaries.

So far this year the house has ranked high in the Honours List, coming first equal in the Winter term and second in the Easter term. A good position, to finish the year, may put us at the head of the list.

We wish success to all S.C. and H.S.C. candidates. Several of these candidates will, no doubt, be leaving us very shortly. We wish them good luck in their future careers, trusting that, wherever they may go, they will not forget their House. R.E.A.

EVANS'

The activities of the term have been confined mostly to Athletics and Cricket. The House Senior cricket results were rather disappointing, two matches being lost and only one won. It is to be hoped that the Juniors will make up for this. In School cricket the House has been represented by L. Coyle and A. Crowther in the 1st XI, and by G. Edwards in the 2nd XI. G. F. Budd and R. W. Ratcliffe have played in the Colts XI.

Sports results turned out better than we expected, our greatest success being the first place in the mile for the third successive year, R. T. F. Yates keeping up the standard set by F. W. B. Shepherd and G. E. Sanders.

A great effort is being made to improve our Swimming record, and Life-Saving classes are being held. So far, a good deal of keenness has been shown. We urge all swimmers to join and take advantage of this useful tuition.

War Savings figures are rather low again, but Five Million Club subscriptions have improved.

Congratulations to J. B. Newton and B. R. Newton, who have been appointed House Prefects. C.W.L.

GREAR'S

At the end of last term the Junior Rugby Shield returned to the House. We congratulate L. Russell and his team for their efforts. No point was scored against the team. We also congratulate Russell, B. H. Richardson, N. Slack and J. Lawson on being awarded Bantam colours.

In the Athletic competition at the beginning of this term, the House took a fuller part than in the last few years. We were placed second in the final positions and would like to congratulate all who took part.

In School cricket this term the 2nd XI has been captained by N. G. Francis and the Colts by Richardson. J. O. Clark has also played for the Colts. The House Senior team won the first match against Spencer's, but lost to Woodham's and Mason's. It has, however, been a more encouraging season than last. At the time of writing no Junior House matches have been played.

This term R. Bond, P. Hilton, G. Cox, G. K. Holmes and G. J. Woolley have gained an Award of Merit of the R.L.S.S. I. M. Ross, V. G. Pegg and Francis have gained a Bar to the same. In the School swimming team we have been represented by Ross, Hilton and Woolley.

As it is the end of the School year we would like to thank the following for their work: D. Heaton and D. Eccles as House Savings secretaries; D. G. Wilkinson as Five Million Club secretary, and P. I. Fraser as Milk monitor.

Finally, we hope that all who took the H.S.C. and S.C. exams. have met with success. N.G.F.

LEECH'S

The Senior Cricket XI have won two matches and lost one up to date. We wish them luck for the matches to come. The House is represented in the School 1st XI by Grub, who is our Senior captain, Dewhurst and Hodge. The Junior team, captained by Ball, have yet to play their first match, and we hope that they will be successful.

The results of the Sports were very disappointing, partly owing to the lack of support given by most of the House to practices during the Easter holiday.

The Savings collections have dropped off since the end of the European war. There is still a great need for saving, until money can buy worth-while things at reasonable prices, and we hope that boys will appreciate and continue to support the Savings Group.

The Life-Saving Class is progressing, although the attendance is rather spasmodic.

We hope that all boys will be successful in the approaching examinations. C.M.W.

MASON'S

The result of the Sports, in spite of some enthusiastic holiday practice by members of the House, was disappointing. May, Eagling, and Watt, however, did bring the House several points. The Senior cricket team, captained by Polding, has had a fairly successful season, winning two matches out of three, but the Senior cricket shield will unfortunately not be retained for another year, as had been hoped. The Junior Cricket XI, captained by Youds, have held several practices and the team has the best wishes of the House for success. The House has been well represented in the School cricket teams. Polding, Watson and Newcombe have played for the 1st XI; Scarisbrick, Shaw and May for the 2nd XI, and Youds for the Colts.

By the time these notes appear the Swimming Sports will be over, and it is difficult at the time of going to press to foresee what success will be gained. Many boys have qualified at the baths and some new boys have been taught to swim. C. B. Holmes is to be congratulated on breaking a School swimming record. Life-Saving classes under Glass and Bowerbank have made good progress.

Contributions to the Five Million Club have been excellent, every boy in the House being a member. The savings campaign has not been so encouraging, and boys are reminded that regular contributions are now more than ever necessary.

We offer all boys entering for the Higher School Certificate and School Certificate every good wish, hoping that their labours will bear the fruits of success. C.R.

ROGERS'

Last term the House regained the top position in the Honours List. We hope that this will prove to be an indication of a satisfactory performance by members of the House in the S.C. and H.S.C. examinations.

At the end of last term the Junior Rugby competition was played off, and although the team acquitted themselves well, they failed to retain the shield for a third year. To date, the Junior cricket team has not played any matches, but the Seniors managed to win one of their three matches. No member of the House has appeared for the 1st XI this season, but R. Duckworth, J. L. Halsall, and R. H. Diggle have played with the 2nd XI. D. P. Arden, C. D. Moreton, J. Haslam and M. E. Jones have played in the Colts XI.

The House Athletics team put up a moderately good performance, but were overwhelmed by formidable opposition, and did not gain any of the trophies.

We would like to take this opportunity of reminding boys that the School offers a wide range of societies, and that anyone who is not a member of at least one of them should think seriously of joining. These societies form a very important part of school life, and provide interests which may be pursued as recreations after leaving school.

The savings secretaries hope that next term a larger number of regular subscribers will be forthcoming, and that the job of saving will not be left to a faithful few. More members are also urgently needed for the Five Million Club. E.L.F.

SPENCER'S

There have been several interests this term to which the House has turned its attention.

In Athletics we did very well, owing chiefly to outstanding efforts by one or two members of the House. J. E. Ball, who broke the School record for the 220 yards, and Sheard, who gained the record for the Group III long jump, are especially to be congratulated.

In cricket, however, we have not been so successful, the Senior team having lost all three matches; but the Juniors, who have not yet played their matches, have a strong team, of which much is expected.

Horton is to be congratulated on being appointed captain of the First XI.

At the end of the term are the Swimming Sports. The House has several representatives and should acquit itself well.

The good wishes of the House are extended to those taking the H.S.C. and S.C. examinations. May their labours prove fruitful.

G.G.H.

WOODHAM'S

The House heartily congratulates F. R. McManus on gaining a Major Scholarship to Cambridge. His work was classed as outstandingly good. His example should serve as a stimulus to others to gain further honours for the House and the School.

Considering our Athletic resources, the House gave a good account of itself in the Sports, finishing fifth. Congratulations to E. Moss, R. Weber and D. MacNicoll on their splendid efforts.

Moss and Pinch carried off the Badminton Cup for the third year in succession. The scores left no doubt of their complete victory.

Our Senior cricket team has reached the final, having beaten Mason's, Grear's and Spencer's. Our captain, M. Enright, made a century against Mason's. Both he and Pinch play regularly for the first XI.

This term we have said good-bye to R. Weber. A keen House Rugby captain, a useful cricketer, and a competent savings secretary, he was a great asset to the School and the House. We send him our best wishes for a successful career as a chartered accountant.

We wish the best of luck to candidates for the S.C. and H.S.C. examinations. S.T.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

ROLL OF HONOUR

It is with deep regret that we record the deaths of the following Old Boys:

E. PRICE	Malayan Defence Force	4th September, 1944
(Spencer's 1924-1929)		
H. E. ACKROYD	R.A.F.	March, 1945
(Woodham's 1931-1938)		
G. WHELAN	R.A.F.	June, 1945
(Evans' 1935-1942)		

Information has been received that the following have been wounded:—

F. BASS (Evans' 1927-1932)	R.A.F.
J. C. WARWICK (Grear's 1932-1939)	Army

Information has been received that the following award has been gained:—

K. J. FOSTER (since deceased) (Woodham's 1929-1933)	R.A.F.
	Bar to D.F.C.

We are very glad to hear that the following, who were held as Prisoners of War, have now returned home:—M. H. Smalley, G. Parker, K. Dix, R. B. Smith, G. P. Wakefield, S. V. Perry, F. Gorse, T. W. Park, H. S. Buckley, T. F. Keeley, W. B. Cookson, T. W. Kay, K. C. Blanthorne, J. Rigby, J. Brook, J. Brookfield.

D. E. Edmunds has passed the preliminary examination for the Mechanical Sciences Tripos.

R. H. Garstang was classed Senior Optime Class II Mathematical Tripos Part II at Cambridge.

R. Harrop was placed in the 1st Class (Wrangler) in the Mathematical Tripos Part II at Cambridge.

B. S. Helliwell gained a 1st Class in the Mathematical Tripos Part I at Cambridge, and has been awarded an Exhibition at Caius College.

D. J. Hyam was placed in the 1st Class Mathematical Tripos Part I at Cambridge.

L. G. Jaeger gained a 1st Class in the Mechanical Sciences Tripos at Cambridge.

P. R. B. Jones has passed the final examination for the degree of M.B., Ch.B., at Liverpool.

P. J. Owens was placed in the 1st Class in the Mathematical Tripos Part I at Cambridge.

L. Shilling has passed Part I of the examination for the B.A. degree at Liverpool.

A. M. Wild was placed in the 1st Class in the Natural Sciences Tripos Part I at Cambridge.

T. C. Highton has passed the external examination for the degree of M.R.C.P., London.

Information has been received that D. Lee was drowned whilst bathing at Karachi early in April, 1945.

MARRIAGE: JOHN F. JEFFERIS to JOAN DIMMICK, at Poole, on 21st April.

OLD BOYS' LETTERS

Gonville and Caius College,
Cambridge.

9th June, 1945.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS.—Once more, at the end of a University year, it is our pleasant duty to congratulate a member of the school on being elected to a Caius Major Scholarship. We hope McManus will not be alone on that depressing train journey next year: two or three freshmen are needed to keep the Society in its present flourishing condition.

From the dull, monotonous background of examination term, several incidents stand out in the mind of the scribe. One, of course, is the Victory celebration which came as a welcome relief half way through the term. Another event (and surely of equal interest to the school?) concerns R.H. and P.J.O. This pair, acting against wiser counsel, dared to take a punt on the river. After valiant efforts they at length achieved the almost impossible and deposited themselves in the muddy depths of the Cam.

Other Old Georgians have been leading a more sedate life. R.H.G. is regularly to be heard playing the organ in College Chapel, B.S.H. has been a leading light in the College tennis six, while D.E.E. (always architecturally inclined) declares himself spellbound by the interior decoration of Girton.

L.G.J. and A.M.W. lead very sheltered lives and little is heard of their doings. The former still finds time for an occasional game of table tennis.

Now that exams. are over, D.J.H. may be heard daily, bewailing his fate. Soon now the results will be published, to the great relief of all concerned.

We are, Sirs, yours faithfully,
C.U.O.G.S.

Students' Union,
University of Liverpool.
16th June, 1945.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS.—The authors are positively longing for a large batch of freshers to come up to Liverpool in order that in their early mistakes and mischances they may find some material for this letter, which has become shorter each term.

It is with pleasure that we congratulate E. Gruber on passing his 2nd M.B., and we wish luck to the several Old Georgians who are sitting 1st M.B. at the time of going to press.

R. Bracewell's swimming abilities have been recognised here, and he is due to swim in the Northern Universities inter-Varsity sports in the near future.

At the recent S.T.C. camp the prize awarded to the best cadet was won by J. Russell ("Scottie"). No comments—we are dumbfounded, and so is he!

We remain, Sirs, yours faithfully,
L.U.O.G.S.

Borough Road College,
Isleworth,
Middlesex.

4th June, 1945.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS.—The war in Europe over, life at Borough is once more getting back to normal. Gone are all days of service party duties, and enemy air attacks are but a memory.

All enjoyed themselves immensely during the V.E. Day celebrations. J. H. was well to the fore with his trumpet in a procession of students through the town at night. The highlight of the evening's celebration, however, was a huge bonfire consisting of large numbers of wooden black-outs and other suitable material. This was sung and danced round until far into the night.

J.H. is very busy getting ready for his finals, which take place in a week's time, whilst J.M. seems to spend a lot of his time teaching P.T. at the Central School near by.

We hear that two or three more prospective teachers are hoping to come here from K.G.V.S. in the coming year. We look forward to seeing them and are sure that they will enjoy their stay here and will never regret their choice.

We are, Sirs, yours faithfully,
J. H. HALSALL, J. A. MAYOR.

From V. MELLOR, serving in Australia

At present I am enjoying life immensely in the sun-kissed land of Australia, and surrounding waters. I have been out here about three months, and during that time I have managed to get ashore a few times and have a look around.

Believe me, Australia is just the answer. The skies invariably are blue and there is plenty of everything in the way of food, fruit and other commodities that are scarce back at home. The only snag is when we leave the land: the sun is a mixed blessing and it gets pretty hot at times.

During my stay here I have been horse-riding, surf-bathing and of course swimming, and I also spent a very enjoyable week-end at a large sheep ranch. But winter is now upon us, and will continue until June, and although it is nothing like the winter at home, the weather is definitely cooler, and occasionally we have rain. The Aussies go mad when it does rain, as they are passing through one of the worst droughts in their history. Sheep and cattle have died and still are wasting away, through lack of food. To go out into the bush is certainly an experience: as far as the eye can see there is flat land, as hard as iron and with never a blade of grass. Dust is everywhere and now and again we can see in the distance smoke rising from some far away bush fire. After leaving the bush you really know what a drought is!

Yours sincerely,
VICTOR MELLOR.

From R. HEPBURN, serving in India

When a man is called up he is first sent to a Primary Training Unit where he is given the basic training of the British Army and is also tested to see if he has any special qualifications which will make him

a suitable person to be considered for a commission. After six weeks he joins his training unit and appears before a Unit Selection Board: if he is considered suitable, he proceeds to a War Office Selection Board for three days. Here he undergoes intensive tests, both mental and physical, and also interviews with officers of all arms of the service. On the third day he appears before the Selection Board, at which he states to what arm of the service he wishes to be commissioned.

If he is successful he proceeds to Pre-Octu, where he will be brought up to the standard of a fully trained soldier, and then is given fourteen days' embarkation leave as he will finish his course in India. After leave he reports with the rest of the draft, is kitted out and leaves for India. During the voyage he is under the charge of Indian officers, who tell him about the life in that great country, and also comes into contact with Urdu, the military language of the Indian Army, which every officer has to learn.

On arrival in India he is immediately moved to his O.T.S. These schools are in different parts of the country, one of them being at Bangalore, which is situated in lovely scenery 3,000 feet above sea level. He is now billeted in rooms, two cadets to a room: each room is allowed a bearer to do all the odd jobs. Each camp has a mess and bar, to which on two nights the cadets are allowed to bring guests but no ladies. There is plenty of sport; each school has excellent hockey, cricket, tennis, football and P.T. grounds, and at Bangalore there is a marvellous swimming pool.

The training consists of a Pre-Octu term of about four months, during which the cadet learns about jungle warfare, the language and other military matters. At Bangalore he will go on marches through the neighbouring villages and will often see strange sights, such as monkeys swinging from tree to tree overhead. He may witness an Indian funeral—the body is placed on a stretcher with flowers all around and marched through the village and then buried. On New Year's Day the native people come to the house of their white employer and present him with one article of fruit and place beautifully made garlands over his shoulders; this is a token of good wishes and it would be an offence to refuse the gifts. When on leave after the four months he will go to an hotel up in the hills to spend seven days in beautiful surroundings.

After a further eight weeks at the Senior School, the Cadet passes out as 2nd Lt. at a grand parade attended by all the people of the town, an occasion never to be forgotten by the cadet.

ONE PACIFIC NIGHT

Midshipman Clay stepped on to the quarterdeck of His Majesty's frigate "Valesca" and sniffed the cool breeze that was fanning the rolling waves as they caught the last dying rays of the Pacific sun. Captain Cartright was pacing the weather side, and answered Clay's greeting with a surly grunt, which was his usual way of expressing that he did not wish to be disturbed.

Clay sighed. For five months now the "Valesca" had been at sea and he was feeling homesick. He missed the lovely rolling downs of his native Sussex, the brooks trickling merrily through the meadows, and the birds singing at twilight in the tall elms in his back garden. For five weary months—it seemed like five decades to him—he had

slaved aboard this ship. He recalled the storms as they weathered Cape Horn, with the wind howling in derision at the feeble efforts of the frigate to obtain a pass from this sentinel of the Antarctic, and the duel with the Spanish guns at San Ambrosio, which had decimated the ship's company. It was during this action that Clay lost his childhood friend, Dick Sawyer. He remembered clearly how he lay in the scuppers with blood gushing out of an ugly wound in his temple, from which he died a few minutes after. Clay felt a lump come into his throat at the very thought of it.

Then there was the captain to add to his difficulties. Whether he was man or devil, Clay knew not, but he took a delight in carrying all sail in a hurricane, and threatened to flog any man who even dared to touch a sheet. He had sent Clay up to the royal yard for two hours above the stormy ocean when they were battering off Cape Horn, with the greybeards rolling past him and crashing against the ship's side with a resounding fury. Then, when he finally descended, Clay was ordered to take an extra watch while his superior went below to change his damp clothes. Whenever there was a filthy job of work to do, at which the officers jibbed and which could not be entrusted to the men, Midshipman Clay was sure to get it.

It was with these gloomy recollections that Clay contemplated the future. They would not be back in England for seven months yet—seven months of subjection to Cartright's harsh command. If he protested he would be instantly court-martialled and punished under the Articles of War. In the midst of these ruminations a bull-like roar resounded along the deck.

"Mr. Clay, how many times have I told you to inspect the binnacle immediately on gaining the deck? Do so at once, and take a glass to the main truck and have a look around."

Cartright stalked off majestically and addressed the master's mate. Clay ascended the shrouds and gained the cross-trees, conscious of the captain's eagle eye upon him, ready to detect the slightest fault. At last, after a painstaking climb, he reached the truck. From this position the "Valesca" looked like a small rowing-boat, bucking and rolling far beneath him as she parted the waves and slipped silently along. Off the port bow he could see several coral-encrusted islands and palm trees with the breeze rustling through them, as if they were shaking with laughter at his misery. He could hear the surf breaking over the reefs on to the beach. Suddenly a yell from the deck brought him back to reality. "You are not up there to dream, Mr. Clay; kindly state what you can see." "Aye, aye, sir," Clay answered mechanically, and sighed at the contrast between the scene of extreme beauty from his high vantage point and the utter dreariness of life in the horror ship below.

He gazed on the blue waters as they glided slowly beneath him, and oh, how he wished he could slip silently into them and leave this terrible world and Captain Cartright behind him. A sudden thought struck him. Why not slip from his perilous perch as he might easily do by accident, and as countless other seamen before him had done? It would be a quick end to all his life of torture, and he contemplated it carefully. He had heard that drowning was a pleasant death. If he did not drown, the sharks would surely swoop down on him and devour him. He shuddered at the thought, and gazed once more, and the sea seemed to swim before his eyes. He could picture his home, tucked

away in a remote nook of the Downs, with the wallflowers growing by the wall and the sun glinting through the lattice window. His mother was walking up the path, singing as she went, as she used to when she rocked him to sleep when he was an infant. Then Dicky's face seemed to be there, and he was smiling and beckoning to him.

Without further meditation Clay was decided. He let go his grasp and flung himself down, down, down . . . splash! into the Pacific. Gasping and spluttering, he came to the surface, seeming, queerly enough, to be fighting for his life. He laughed maniacally at this. Shouts were wafted over the waves to him as the deck sprang to life. Then the waves closed over his dream-racked head and all he knew was utter oblivion.

He awoke to find himself, to his horror, in a cot in the sick bay, with a queer singing in his ears. Seeing him sit up, the ship's surgeon came over and told him to lie quiet.

"I think you got a touch of the sun, Clay, but it will soon pass off; lie down and sleep."

But sleep did not come to him, and he worried what his punishment would be if they were to discover his attempted suicide. He could picture the grim scene now. The ship's company lined up on the deck, the officers on the poop, with Cartright, in his best dress uniform, holding the Admiralty Rules and Articles of Naval Discipline in one hand, and saying, "I sentence you, Midshipman Josiah Clay, of His Majesty's frigate 'Valesca' to" Clay feverishly called the surgeon and asked him what the Captain had said about him.

The surgeon smiled and answered, "He has been in every hour to ask about your condition, and was most disturbed. He seemed to think it his fault for sending you up aloft when you looked so ill, so he said. It was the Captain himself who rowed out the gig and rescued you. He told me to spare no effort to aid your recovery, and hoped no complications would set in. The whole business was queer. I've never seen Captain Cartright like that before, and I've sailed with him for fifteen years."

He went away, shaking his head thoughtfully.

Clay chuckled softly, turned over, and went to sleep.

R.S.S.

A PLEA FOR FRATERNISATION

Now peace in Europe reigns once more
And our dear sons return,
Shall we not spare a thought for those
Whom many seek to spurn,

The people who for twelve long years
Were chattels of their State,
To whom we come as conquerors,
And yet to liberate?

O let our leaders stretch forth hands
Their minds towards peace to guide,
And, like the Good Samaritan,
Their sustenance provide.

And let our soldiers freely mix
With those who had not power
To rid their Fatherland of men
Who would their souls devour.

When Commoners of every land
Each other get to know,
Then nations shall learn war no more,
And peace to all shall flow.

F.R.M.

THE ADVENTURES OF A TADPOLE

With a wriggle of his little black tail, Timothy Tadpole darted through the glistening water. The sun had just risen, and its rays penetrated through the branches of the overhanging willow tree to the spot where Timothy had passed the night. Birds were singing gaily among the rushes and the trees which bordered the pond, and here and there a dragon-fly could be seen hovering over the water, with gauzy wings shimmering in the sunlight. Timothy swam swiftly to and fro, darting in and out of the tangle of weeds and water-plants which grew in profusion everywhere, until at length he rested in the shadow of the bank of the pond.

Suddenly there was a huge swirl in the water, and Timothy felt himself being borne through the air at a terrific rate. Higher and higher he went, and then swiftly descended again with a plop into the water. Immediately he decided to swim away, but, try as he might, some invisible object was barring his passage, and he could go only a certain distance. What poor Timothy did not know was that he was in a glass jam-jar, together with eight of his fellows and two water-snails. The proud owner of this jam-jar, a little boy, took Timothy and his companions to his house, where Timothy soon found that things were not as bad as he had thought. The water in the jar was just the same as that in the pond, and floating in it were several water-plants such as those Timothy had been used to.

The only thing that puzzled Timothy was the glass side of the jar. This he used to investigate by hitting it with his nose, opening and shutting his mouth as he did so in pure astonishment. Thus he lived for many weeks, but one day the little boy took Timothy in his jam-jar back to the same old, peaceful pond, and tipped him with all his friends into the cool waters. Timothy's joy knew no bounds, and all day long he frisked about in the water, visiting again all the old haunts where he had played so happily before.

But even now, when he has changed his name to Frederick Frog, whenever he remembers that glass jam-jar, he opens and shuts his mouth in complete astonishment.

E.T.R.

THE HERON

The last few rays of the sinking sun lit up the western sky with a glorious light. Slowly the old heron came to rest on the empty mudflat of the river. With slow, deliberate steps he walked towards the water to take up his position.

The watcher on the opposite bank noted with amazement how perfectly the green-grey plumage merged with the surrounding scenery.

Slowly the tide began to rise. With it came the eels and shoals of small fish. The heron waited patiently.

Suddenly one long leg moved and clamped down on a squirming eel. Furiously the eel wriggled but the rough under-surface of the heron's foot held it like a vice. Relentlessly it was flung into the air to be caught neatly by the head. Then, still living, it made its last journey.

Thus, for half an hour, the heron stood, catching fish by spearing them with its beak or catching eels by treading on them. Soon the muddy water began to swirl right over the mudflat.

At last the tremendous appetite was satisfied. With dignity befitting his grey plumage he stepped out of the water and took off. With ponderous flaps of his great wings he rose from the river.

With legs trailing he circled and headed inland. Suddenly a shot split the silence. The heron plunged earthwards. A short distance away the watcher reloaded his gun, and, satisfied with the evening's work, set off for home.

When darkness fell, the still warm corpse was eaten by a hungry badger. All that remained of a fine old bird was a small pile of blood-stained feathers which were quickly scattered by the cold winds of the Atlantic.

T.H.



SCHOOL IN 2045 A.D.—JOHN STORM'S DAY DREAM

To-day in class old Binks began to speak
About the progress modern science has made,
When suddenly his voice went strangely weak,
And everything around began to fade.

And then it seemed as if the room had changed:
The old familiar objects all were gone,
And in their stead before my desk were ranged
The queerest things I'd ever gazed upon.

Discs, knobs and wires, with coils of every size,
Connected up to one big microphone:
Strange levers met my unaccustomed eyes,
And every wireless gadget yet unknown.

Around me sat a group of silent boys—
I looked in vain for faces that I knew—
And wondered at the unfamiliar noise
That from the 'phones in crescent murmur grew.

Beside me sat a youth of noble mien—
A single tunic robed his shapely form;
He gazed at me as if he'd never seen
A creature in his life like Johnny Storm.

"O tell me please," I cried, "where can I be?
'Tis all so strange and new—where are the rest?
Old Binks—I mean the master—where is he?
And who are you, and these, so oddly dressed?"

In soft and fluty tones he made reply:
"We do not speak to strangers as a rule—
Into your presence here I will not pry,
But merely tell you that we are in school."

"Good heavens, man!" I cried, "what do you mean?
How in the name of wonder can this be?
If I'm in school, then where have you all been?
And Mr. Binks, pray tell me, where is he?"

"I do not understand your 'Mr. Binks':
We have a tutor, but he's far away—
Those coils you see up there are vocal links
To hear what he, our tutor, has to say.

"It's not unlikely that he's still in bed,
But let it not be thought we are not seen,
Since always over his recumbent head
Is fixed a televisionary screen.

"Each pupil takes what subject he may choose,
For all are being broadcast every hour,
And all from one big station, where we use
Some fifteen hundred kilowatts of power.

"Each desk is fitted with a folding screen
Whereon the student's daily work is cast;
The lamp above it turns from red to green,
To show how long the lesson is to last.

"Men used to write with pens in by-gone days—
A slow and tedious process, you'll agree—
To-day our thoughts, when filmed by Röntgen rays,
Are rendered visible for all to see.

"Geography and history now are one,
While books and maps, of course, are never seen,
Since living views of every land are shown
In present, past and future, on the screen."

"But what of German, Latin, French?" I said.
He started up as if he had been stung;
"All these you name have been for ages dead,
The whole world speaks one universal tongue."

"And football, cricket, tennis—other games?
Such pastimes surely will for ever last!"
"I think," said he, "these are but empty names
Belonging to a far-off savage past."

"But isn't there a gym, with Swedish stuff,
And drill, to keep you well and strong and fit?"
"Oh dear me, no," said he, "'tis quite enough
In ultra-violet rays all day to sit."

"But what about your meals in this queer place?
May I enquire how all these chaps are fed?"
"These pills we carry in our pocket case
Are charged with vitamins from A to Z!"

It dawned on me at last that I alone
Had leapt thro' time a century ahead,
That since the "Break," a hundred years had flown,
And all the fellows that I knew were dead.

The chap who shared my desk, young Ginger Griff,
We used to think was such a frightful bore,
With his stale jokes and everlasting sniff—
To think that I should never see him more!

But most of all I mourned for poor old Binks,
My master just one hundred years ago;
I wonder what the poor old blighter thinks
About the boy who used to rag him so.

The tricks I played were only done for fun;
Could I but see his kindly face again,
I'd beg his pardon for the things I've done.
Could I but feel his hand!— Just then

A sudden pain shot through my down-dropt head,—

"Wake up, you lazy, good-for-nothing ass!"

It was the master's angry voice which said,

"A hundred lines for sleeping in my class!" W.H.W.



CHIKTA THE PANTHER

For many years he roamed the valleys and foothills of the Teton range in Utah, leaving a bloody trail behind him, and to all in this area he was known as Chikta, the "Tawny Killer."

It was a boy who first called this mature panther the "Tawny Killer," and the name fitted so well that it became known throughout the district. Everyone who saw this hunter, the son of a long line of hunters, was awed by his flashing teeth and bared fangs, his powerful muscles and well-balanced body. Truly, he was built for stealth and speed.

Once Green River Valley had abounded with panthers, mink, mountain turkey and deer; the river had been the home of scores of beaver, while the open plain that stretched towards the majestic snow-capped Mescal Range had been blackened by buffalo herds. But now all had changed. The settlers had driven the animals into the foothills and killed off the buffalo herds, and Chikta was the only panther left.

Chikta had moved up among the foothills, into the vast sea of spruce and fir, and had made his lair in a cave. Here he retired when danger threatened, safe from pursuit. Here he drank at the waterpool in the shelter of the rocks which outcropped and showed up against the dark green trees and beds of pine needles. Here he dreamed of the swamps and the river, the quail and the fresh spoor on the muddy banks of the pools, the fear of the young deer that came to drink, and the terror that announced his approach.

Now he only hunted at night, resting during the day, but ever with one eye open, always alert, seldom using the same track twice lest he should be trailed. Before his nightly prowl he would spread himself flat among the boulders, his tawny fur blending with the rocks in the light of the setting sun, his eyes bright, his ears pricked and his whiskers twitching. Then, fully satisfied that all was well, away he would slink, swiftly and silently, his body close to the ground.

He was always seen about the same time, just before sunrise, never later, slinking back to his lair. A regular but unwelcome visitor, slaying not only for food but for pleasure, striking right and left and seldom devouring his victims.

Too cunning for the settlers, his fame spread and trappers came from far and near to try to outwit the panther, but never with success. Now an outfit of three experienced trappers had been formed to capture him alive. Among the foothills, spread out in a wide arc, three pine log fires crackled merrily as it grew dusk. By each fire was a weather-beaten trapper armed with a heavy Winchester, waiting till night fell, ready to press on through the waving wall of trees towards Chikta's lair.

Long before they came anywhere near his lair, Chikta was aware of their presence, and he headed further into the foothills for safety, and soon he was amongst the cool caves and dark water holes. Here he lay down, alert and afraid, afraid not of the men or their rifles, but of the brands of fire they carried. He had encountered fire before. Ever watchful, he pondered on a way of vengeance, and growled to himself. Then, he stiffened, his lips curled back to bare his fangs, and the growl grew into a deep throaty roar that pierced the stillness of the caves.

There, above him, and converging on the caves, were the trappers. Terror-stricken, he sought for a way of escape and once more his challenge rent the air, his eyes searching the surroundings. If only he could reach the trees; if only he could once more feel the beds of pine needles fresh and springy under his feet!

Then, as if possessed by the devil, he roared again and sprang at the nearest trapper, striking him full in the chest and sending the fire brand spinning away into the sun-scorched brush. Over they rolled, and as the panther buried his fangs in the man's neck, a rifle cracked and he felt his leg give way under him. Uttering a roar of pain and defiance he sprang up and found himself staring at an ever-growing wall of flames, swept by the wind, charring all that blocked its passage. The other trappers were fleeing from this new terror as fast as they could.

Breathing heavily, Chikta got up and limped away, whining softly as he went. Laboriously he toiled on, picking the easy trails, working towards the tail of the fire. At last he sank down on the bed of pine-needles by his lair and drank deeply from the pool, safe from the scorching heat. His breathing grew more shallow, and at last the pine-needles ceased their quivering. Chikta was dead, but what a price they had paid!

Next day his body was brought down into the valley for all to admire. There, smoke-begrimed, and tired from their fight with the fire, they gazed on him as he lay in the dust, his body glistening in the sun's rays, his teeth bared in one last defiant snarl. D.C.B.



KILLIECRANKIE

Mackay marched proudly up the Garry glen,
His mighty force in all their pomp behind;
Unwitting of the hidden Scottish host
That lay in wait, with nerve and muscle tense,
Upon the open moors where flew the grouse,
And graceful deer ran through the gorse in peace,

Ignorant of coming horror. On their dirks
 The Highlanders had sworn that, ere the sun
 Retired behind the curtains of the night,
 They would have cleansed their lovely wooded glen
 Of all these hated Englishmen, who dar'd
 To violate this realm of Scotsmen's pride.

The Royal multitude poured from the gorge,
 And, sore amazed, saw their Scottish foes
 Drawn up in silence on the purple moors,
 Like mighty eagles, hovering for the pounce
 On cowering field-creatures. Then suddenly
 With one accord the pipes began to skirl
 Fierce music, and the Scotsmen's hearts were thrill'd;
 As stimulated by a potent drug
 They long'd to be at grips with the ancient foe,
 But durst not move until the good Dundee
 Uttered the signal. Then, pipers before,
 With claymores ready to unseam their foes,
 They fell upon the vandal English might,
 Which waver'd, wilted and finally fled
 In mortal terror from these-doughty men
 Of Inverness and Skye and Cromarty,
 Who struck to the earth the English youth, whose blood
 Purples the heather with a richer dye
 And stains with foaming scarlet Garry's stream.

Mackay crept, beaten, down the Garry glen
 And left behind him many an English lad
 To lie for ever on the wind-swept moors,
 Far from their soft, secluded English vales.
 But woe the day! Our Scottish lord lies dead,
 His precious blood enriching the fair ground
 Whereon he loved to roam before this day
 Cut short his sweet young life, and hasten'd him
 Towards the Judgement-seat.

Forgive me, all my loyal English friends,
 If I ungrateful seem for all your past
 Kind hospitality; I crave your grace;
 But 'tis your sad, unhappy lot that you
 Can never feel emotions such as these,
 Not being of the chosen Scottish race.

R.S.S.

BLACK-OUT ON BLOGGS

Now that the war is over, you may feel that I ask too much, when I require you to recall the inky nights before the lifting of the black-out, but you shall judge yourselves whether my tale is worth the effort.

Some of you may still remember the reign of terror established by "Sam the Smasher" in the early days of the war. Everybody was

talking about it at the time. Rumour soon magnified the slight cut received by an elderly lady into a whole succession of corpses, and every woman was soon eager with the story of her own narrow and miraculous escape from the unwelcome attentions of some felon, who could, on no account, have been any other than the celebrated "Smasher." In the midst of all this enthusiasm for the distinction of having been attacked in the black-out, Mrs. Bloggs was strangely silent. Too much reserve could hardly be termed one of her vices, yet this burning topic seemed to hold no conversational possibilities for her. To me it appeared also that she always became rather embarrassed at the mention of it. Fired with curiosity, I determined to investigate this mystery, wildly hoping that I might discover that the "Smasher" was, perhaps, Mrs. Bloggs herself. In this hope, however, I was doomed to disappointment, but, by discreet enquiries and by the use of that faculty whereby it is discovered that the sum of two and two is four, I finally pieced together the following tale.

On the night it happened, there was a full moon. Mrs. Bloggs had been to the cinema to see a film of love and passion, and, as the night was fine, she determined to walk home in order that she might dwell the longer on the romantic theme so recently unfolded to her, before returning to the more mundane attractions of her own domestic situation. Her way home took her along the main road, down a side street, and through an avenue vaulted with tall trees. She had just turned off the High Street, and was meditating on the way in which Clark Power had gazed into the eyes of Paulette Leigh when he kissed her, when she suddenly became aware of footsteps behind her. There was nothing unusual in that, but Mrs. Bloggs had read, only that morning, of an appalling attack on an old lady, in a street not very far distant from the one in which she was that moment walking, and it seemed to her, moreover, that the footsteps of the person who was following her fell lightly, as if he were walking stealthily. There was a gentleman walking ahead of her, whom she had often seen enter the last house in that road, and to whom she felt she could appeal for help, if it became necessary. But she realised that, once she reached the avenue, she would be alone and at the mercy of the villain behind her. The avenue, moreover, was dark and uninviting. Accordingly, Mrs. Bloggs began to walk more slowly, hoping that she would be overtaken before the end of the road. To her horror, the footsteps behind her began also to become more deliberate. She dared not look round, for she felt that that would be inviting an attack. Her heart pounded within her. Mr. Bloggs by her side at that moment would have been worth all the Clark Powers in the world.

At last, there was nothing for it; the gentleman in front had disappeared, and the avenue was before her. Mrs. Bloggs took to her heels in dread, and, behind her, the slow tread changed to a patter. Mrs. Bloggs' figure was not such as to aid athletics of this kind, but terror lent her wings. Faster she went, and yet always the steps kept pace behind her. Faster and faster; the "Smasher" was almost upon her; he was gaining, gaining, gaining. Her heart beat like a sledge-hammer—and still those footsteps. At last, she could bear it no longer. She turned to face her foe, determined to pull his hair out before she died. Out of the gloom cast by the trees a girlish voice piped up: "Please may I walk with you? I get so frightened in the dark . . ."

A.C.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Annual Sports were held on Tuesday, May 15th. A keen wind was blowing, but otherwise the weather was kind, and there was a goodly attendance of parents and friends.

Results

- 100 Yards, Group I.**—1, Ball (S.); 2, Sanderson (Ed.); 3, Moss (W.). 10 4-5th secs.
- 100 Yards, Group II.**—1, Darwin (G.); 2, Watts (R.); 3, Stratford (S.). 11 3-5th secs.
- 100 Yards, Group III.**—1, Sheard (S.) and Richardson (G.); 3, Blair (Ed.). 12 1-5th secs.
- Putting the Shot.**—1, Hayden (R.); 2, Sanderson (Ed.); 3, Hayward (R.). 31ft. 6in.
- 220 Yards, Group II.**—1, Crompton (Ed.); 2, Darwin (G.); 3, MacNicol (W.). 24 1-5th secs. (School record).
- 220 Yards, Group I.**—1, Ball (S.); 2, Weber (W.); 3, Buck (Ed.). 23 secs. (School record).
- 220 Yards, Group III.**—1, Andrews (W.); 2, Turton (Ed.); 3, Martin (R.). 29 3-5th secs.
- High Jump, Group I.**—1, Sanderson (Ed.); 2, Hoyles (Ed.); 3, Ball (S.). 4ft. 10½in.
- 120 Yards Hurdles, Group II.**—1, Crompton (Ed.); 2, May (M.); 3, Gaunt (Ev.). 18 secs. (School record).
- 440 Yards, Group I.**—1, Knowles (Ed.); 2, Bather, M. (Ed.); 3, Newton (Ev.). 58 3-5th secs.
- High Jump, Group III.**—1, Watt (M.); 2, Sheard (S.); 3, Martin (R.). 3ft. 11½in.
- 440 Yards, Group II.**—1, MacNicol (W.); 2, Bather, K. (Ed.); 3, Seale (G.). 64 3-5th secs.
- 120 Yards Hurdles, Group I.**—1, Sanderson (Ed.); 2, Moss (W.); 3, Crowther (Ed.). 16 secs. (School record).
- 440 Yards, Group III.**—1, Sheard (S.); 2, Richardson (G.); 3, Caplan (R.). 72 2-5th secs.
- Throwing the Discus.**—1, Sanderson (Ed.); 2, Crowther (Ed.); 3, Berwick (Ev.). 89ft. 5in.
- High Jump, Group II.**—1, Crompton (Ed.); 2, May (M.); 3, Smith (Ev.). 4ft. 10in. (School record).
- Relay, Group I.**—1, Edwards'; 2, Rogers'; 3, Spencer's. 2mins. 50secs.
- Relay, Group II.**—1, Edwards'; 2, Evans'; 3, Woodham's. 2 mins. 1 3-5th secs.
- Relay, Group III.**—1, Edwards'; 2, Grear's; 3, Rogers'. 2mins. 14secs.
- One Mile, Group I.**—1, Yates (Ev.); 2, Buxton (Ed.) and Crowther (Ed.), dead heat. 5 mins. 29 secs.
- Half Mile, Group II.**—1, Russell (G.); 2, Eagling (M.); 3, Griffiths (S.). 2 mins. 32 secs.
- Senior Tug.**—Grear's.
- Junior Tug.**—Grear's.

Events Previously Decided

- Long Jump, Group I.**—1, Read (R.); 2, Sanderson (Ed.); 3, Johnson (Ev.). 18ft. 1in.

Long Jump, Group II.—1, Crompton (Ed.); 2, Watts (R.); 3, Evans (R.). 18ft. (School record).

Long Jump, Group III.—1, Sheard (S.); 2, Richardson (G.); 3, Smith (L.), Caplan (R.) and Martin (R.). 14ft. 9in. (School record).

Total Points

Edwards'	101
Evans'	16
Grear's	40
Leech's	1
Mason's	14
Rogers'	29½
Spencer's	32
Woodham's	20

Mawdsley Shield	Edwards'
Pariser Cup (for Relays)	Edwards'
Taylor Cup (for Field Events)	Edwards'
Hepburn Cup (for Track Events)	Edwards'

CRICKET

1st XI RESULTS

- v. Upholland G.S. at Upholland, 26th May. School, 135 runs for 5 wickets. Upholland, 134 runs. School won by 1 run. Enright 40.
- v. Wigan G.S. at home, 30th May. School, 122 runs for 6 wickets. Wigan, 54 runs. School won by 4 wickets. Grubb 36.
- v. Upholland G.S. at home, 2nd June. School, 71 runs. Upholland, 73 runs for 7 wickets. School lost by 3 wickets.
- v. R.A.F. (Fazackerly) at home, 9th June. School, 83 runs for 4 wickets. R.A.F., 78 runs. School won by 6 wickets.
- v. Calday Grange G.S. at Calday, 16th June. School, 63 runs for 8 wickets. Calday, 61 runs. Dewhurst, 6 wickets for 12 runs. School won by 2 wickets.
- v. Cowley G.S. at home, 30th June. School, 86 runs for 4 wickets. Cowley, 77 runs. School won by 6 wickets.
- v. Birkenhead G.S. at home, 4th July. School, 62 runs. Birkenhead, 136 runs for 6 wickets. School lost by 74 runs.
- v. Hutton G.S. at home, 7th July. School, 105 runs. Hutton, 30 runs. School won by 75 runs. Dewhurst 5 wickets for 11 runs.

COLTS XI

- v. Wigan G.S. at home, 30th May. School, 102 runs for 9 wickets. Wigan, 54 runs. School won by 48 runs.
- v. Calday Grange G.S. at Calday, 2nd June. School, 67 runs. Calday, 74 runs. School lost by 7 runs.
- v. Ormskirk G.S. at Ormskirk, 9th June. School, 43 runs. Ormskirk, 75 runs. School lost by 32 runs.
- v. Merchant Taylors at Merchant Taylors, 11th June. School, 62 runs. Merchant Taylors, 36 runs. School won by 26 runs.

- v. Merchant Taylors at home, 20th June. School, 60 runs. Merchant Taylors, 54 runs. School won by 6 runs.
 v. Calday Grange G.S. at home, 7th July. School, 159 for 5 wickets. Calday, 46 runs. School won by 113 runs. Arden, 61; Richardson, 54.



BADMINTON TOURNAMENT RESULTS

1st Round—

Edwards' beat Mason's	21-8, 21-9.
Woodham's beat Leech's	21-6, 21-1.
Evans' beat Rogers'	11-21, 21-17, 21-19.
Grear's beat Spencer's	21-11, 21-15.

Semi-Finals—

Woodham's beat Grear's	21-0, 21-6.
Edwards' beat Evans'	21-7, 21-4.

Final—

Woodham's beat Edwards'	21-10, 21-3.
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F.R.M.

SWIMMING

Up to the time of writing the School has had three swimming matches. The first was on Saturday, June 2nd, against Bolton School at Southport. The events were very closely contested, but, after winning both the Senior and the Junior squadrons, Bolton won easily by 52 points to 41. Congratulations go to one of our juniors, C. B. Holmes, who broke a School record by swimming the 50 yards breast stroke in 41 secs., thus lowering the record by 2-5 sec.

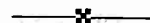
On Saturday, June 9th, our team went to Calday Grange Grammar School. Here we had an overwhelming victory by 48 points to 16.

On Saturday, June 16th, we were the guests of Lancaster Royal Grammar School. A very exciting match took place and the School only just lost with 29 points against 31.

The Life-Saving Competition is going well this term, and we would remind boys that next year the School is again eligible for the competition for the Darnell Excellence Cup, presented by the Royal Life-Saving Society. A great effort will be needed if the Cup is again to return to the School.

Finally, we should like to acknowledge the good work done by Mrs. McAllister. Her expert tuition has helped many boys to overcome the initial difficulties of swimming, and has helped many others to improve their style.

V.G.P.



THE FIVE MILLION CLUB

The enthusiasm of the House secretaries throughout this term has resulted in the realisation of our aim to raise £12. This amount has been forwarded to the Organising Secretary, Mr. Hutt, who sends his hearty thanks to everyone concerned. The letter and receipt are posted on the Club notice board outside the geography room. Mr. Hutt informs us that it is intended, within a short time, to open a branch of the Club

in Scotland under the chairmanship of Lord Forbes, with offices in Edinburgh.

At present city streets are the only playgrounds available for 5,000,000 British children. The re-establishment of the basic petrol ration will inevitably, no matter how much care is taken by the motorist, lead to an increase in the number of deaths resulting from road accidents, unless those between the age of 5 and 16 are kept off the roads. We look forward to an increase in membership next term. D.B.R.



THE ART SOCIETY

The Art Society has met throughout the war, but it cannot be denied that its influence on School life has declined. With the restoration of other societies and of more normal conditions, the Art Society should again come to its own as the peak of the School's artistic life.

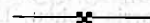
May we plead for more Senior members, for the interest shown in the Rutherford Collection reveals that there is not **complete** apathy in the fifths and sixths. Perhaps the Exhibition will prove a turning point. We hope so. L.A.B.



MUSIC SOCIETY

Examinations, appointments and House matches have combined to prevent large attendances at Society meetings this term and consequently several meetings have been cancelled. Lecturers have considered some modern composers and compared their music with that of the generally accepted masters. Frequently it has been found that much of the prejudice against modern music is due to ignorance; a criticism is hardly acceptable unless it is based upon sound knowledge and experience.

As the present series of lectures draws to a close, we thank the masters and boys who have contributed and express our appreciation for their continued interest in the work of the Society. D.F.R.



No. 652 KING GEORGE V SCHOOL SQUADRON AIR TRAINING CORPS

This term the most successful crew, and winners of the Inter-Crew Challenge Cup, were D crew, under the leadership of Sgts. Kenyon and Scarisbrick. They are to be congratulated on the high standard set.

During the Easter holidays, F/Sgt. Bather, F/Sgt. Stuart, Sgt. Pulman and Cpl. Wilson attended a navigation course at the R.A.F. Station, Halton. All were successful in passing the subsequent examination and excellent reports of their work have been received. Three of these N.C.O.s also qualified for Swimming Certificates. About the same time the Squadron entered a team, comprised of Sgt. Scarisbrick, Cpl. Enright, Cadets Greenall, Hargreaves, Hoyles, Rigby and Sanderson, in the A.T.C. Rugby Competition, held at Waterloo. After a good fight we were defeated by a Birkenhead Squadron, the ultimate winners of the competition.

The Squadron has taken part in shooting and aircraft recognition contests. The shooting team, composed of Sgt. Kenyon, Cpl. Enright,

Cpl. Iddon, and Cadets Carr, Hilton and Sanderson, obtained third place in a match between the five Pre-Entry Training Units of the town. The team is now taking part in an Inter-Squadron A.T.C. contest. The aircraft recognition team, consisting of Cpl. Oldham, Cpl. Wilson, and Cadets Ineson, Lever, Sinclair and Spafford, visited Formby for an Inter-Squadron contest, in which they gained second place. At the Brockhouse Sports, F/Sgt. Bather, and Cadets Hoyles, Knowles and Sanderson, represented the Squadron in the relay race for Pre-Entry Training Units. The team ran very well and won comfortably.

The principal event of the term, however, was the declaration of V.E. Day. On the Sunday following, the Squadron took part, with units of the Armed Forces and Civil Defence Services, in a special Church Parade. On the same day the A.T.C. held its rally in London, at which the Squadron was represented by Sgt. Kenyon.

Other items of news include the visit of the District Inspecting Officer, S/Ldr. Lowe, the acceptance of Sgt. Buck for air-crew duties with the R.A.F., and the promotion of Cadets Allen and Carr to the rank of 1st Class Cadets.

The Proficiency Examinations are to be held at the end of term and it is hoped that cadets who are taking these examinations will maintain the excellent results so far obtained by the Squadron.

Arrangements for the Summer Camp, to be held at the R.A.F. Station, Walney Island, from 28th July to 4th August, are now almost completed. Fifty cadets from the Squadron will attend the camp and they should have a very instructive and enjoyable week.

FLIGHT SERGEANT.

THE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM

Senior Librarians:—W. R. Gore, D. B. Read, C. Rimmer.

Junior Librarians:—R. E. Allen, N. G. Francis, J. F. Glass, G. G. Horrocks, V. G. Pegg, S. Timourian, D. C. Burton, J. R. Hargreaves, A. J. Morris-Cohen, D. F. Renouf, R. Scott.

We are glad to note that the treatment of the periodicals has been much improved this term. Is this evidence that the library is now being used as a library should be? The untidy and unæsthetic arrangement of the chairs and tables sometimes suggests a bear-garden. May we plead for improvement?

We should like to give our thanks to Mrs. Stewart and to R. Scott and C. B. Taylor for the gifts of books, and to Mr. Watts, who has presented a copy of a one-act play, "The Horoscope," written by himself. There have been a number of new volumes purchased for the library this term, including several French novels.

THE LIBRARIANS.

IMPORTANT DATES

Autumn Term begins Wednesday, September 12th.

Autumn Term ends Tuesday, December 18th.

Half Term Monday and Tuesday, October 29th and 30th.

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