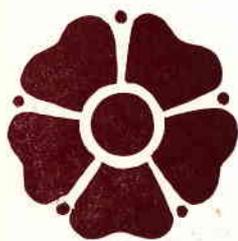


THE RED ROSE

THE MAGAZINE OF
KING GEORGE V SCHOOL



Vol. ~~XLIII~~ 44

No. ~~A~~ 1

December, 1964

KG
V

KEITH SMETHURST

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Contents

COMMENT	4
SCHOOL NOTES	5
VALETE	9
SALVETE	14
EXAMINATION SUCCESSES	14
LEAVERS 1963-64	15
MR. H. HIGHAM, B.Sc.	18
HOUSE REPORTS	19
SPORT	27
ACTIVITIES	34
POLITICS AND SOCIETY	43
DESCRIPTIVE AND MEDITATIVE	62
HUMOUR	70
OLD GEORGIANS' NEWS	77
ACCOUNTS	80

Red Rose Officials

Editor: Mr. M. A. Thurlow.

Committee: Mr. D. Siegel, S. H. Bond, J. B. Emslie, L. J. Haslam, J. K. Littlewood, R. Porter, B. R. Samuels.

Advertisement Manager: D. G. Ellis.

It has been decided to keep the "Red Rose" poetry competition open for another term. The prizes (one senior and one junior) will be awarded to the best work printed either in this magazine or the Spring term edition. Anyone wishing to submit a new entry should give it to a member of the above committee EARLY next term.

Comment

IN DEFENCE OF THE MODERN

'Progress' has become so vague and unreliable a term that in contemporary opinion it is almost a dirty word. To make it acceptable, we have to face a compromise of the material and idealistic, and this may be what puts people off. In other words, the mass-age, the era of liberal communications, shared knowledge, mass-media and mass-production, offering particular successes, shows up corresponding failure and decadence, and so drives the begrudger, the self-deceived, back into conservatism. We have, as it were, no confidence in the past, and our mistrust breeds pessimism for the future. History bears evidence that stagnation is a collaborator with insecurity. The French peasant of the 18th Century had his square of land; he would not enlarge it, change his crops or move from the district, and this, together with the hard-pressed manorial Lords, produced an economically depressed class.

Contempt of something, simply because it is "new" and thus "popular", or because "everyone does/has/thinks it", is the most dangerous kind of snobbery. The post-war population growth, together with its coagulation into the seven congested main conurbations of Great Britain, has endorsed the credentials of the "mass" and signposted a new kind of life. If we refuse to live it, the extinction of the dinosaur has taught us very little.
J.B.E.

School Notes

The number of boys in the school has increased again this term, to 762, a jump of something like 20. The number in the sixth form totals 221. Changes in accommodation bringing into use three small Division rooms for sixth form sets, have slightly eased our accommodation problem this term, and we are hoping that our Language Laboratory will be installed by next term.

The school suffered a great blow at the end of the summer term in the retirement of Mr. H. Higham who had been on the staff here since 1926, the whole period of his working life. Many generations of boys owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to Mr. Higham who, in his earlier years, was a most inspiring games master. Later he had a number of years as Housemaster of Rogers' House and during the last nine years his influence has been most beneficial to all members of the school as Deputy Head. Throughout his whole time he has been a pillar of the school's Chemistry Department. His services to the school were properly recognised at the final assembly last term and presentations were made to him from the School and the Old Boys' Association. A fuller appreciation of Mr. Higham's life and work at this school appears later in this issue.

We were also sorry to lose Mr. J. M. Steane from the staff last term. Mr. Steane has taken up an appointment as Headmaster of Kettering Grammar School. His vigorous leadership of the History Department over the past six years had been of immense value to the school and we are grateful for all his work here.

We were also sorry to lose Mr. J. E. Trayhern, who has taken up a post as senior History master at Dr. Hadley's new school at Cheshunt. He had been on the History Staff here for four years and had made a very valuable contribution to our life in general by his founding and running of the Film Society.

At the end of last term were also lost the services of Mr. P. Bolton who had been a member of the Physics staff for 3½ years. He also gave excellent service to the school in organising and managing the school swimming. He has taken up a post at Maltby Grammar School and we wish him every success.

Mr. S. M. Reid also left the staff at the end of last term after two years in the Modern Language Department.

This term sees an event which is unique in the history of the

school in that we have with us for the whole of this year, Mr. Donald Seigel from Vallejo, California, who is here on a year's exchange with Mr. B. A. J. Norman. We give Mr. Seigel a most hearty welcome and trust that his year in England will be for him an interesting and worthwhile experience. He has certainly settled down in this school remarkably well and has already shown himself to be most adaptable to our way of life and a most popular member of staff. Letters from Mr. Norman show that he is also enjoying himself in California and finding the experience most interesting.

We welcome the following new members of staff this term:

Mr. J. K. Gray joins us as Head of the History Department. Mr. Gray was educated at Bradford Grammar School and Pembroke College, Oxford, and has had five years' teaching experience at Warwick School.

We also welcome back to the staff Mr. T. B. Johnson, who was here for five years until 1962. Mr. Johnson re-joins the English staff and will be remembered for his successful productions in the past of a number of school Plays.

We extend a welcome to Mr. J. A. Honeybone who has joined the History Department. He previously had a post at Rutherford School, London, and was educated at St. Edward's S., Birmingham and St. John's College, Cambridge.

Mr. E. T. Johnson joins the Mathematics Department this term from Roscoe School, Liverpool. Mr. Johnson has been a resident of Southport for some years and is well known to members of the Southport Rugby Club.

Mr. D. I. Brady joins the Physics staff from a teaching post in Blackburn. He was educated at Darwen Grammar School and Manchester University.

We also welcome Mr. T. Jones as a temporary member of the Modern Language staff for this term. Mr. Jones has had considerable experience teaching in France and took his degree at Sheffield University.

We were also sorry to lose Miss Clark at the end of September. Miss Clark had been Cook Supervisor in the school kitchen for the last five years. A presentation was made from the boys to Miss Clark on her last day at school. We wish her every happiness in her retirement and a happy and successful voyage round the world which she is undertaking to visit relatives in New Zealand and Canada.

We welcome Miss J. Tweddell in Miss Clark's place.

The collection this term was in aid of Earl Haig's Poppy Day Fund and realised £20.10.0.

Last term five boys spent the whole term at schools abroad.

During the summer holidays Mr. Lord took a party of boys to Bruges. The summer holidays also saw an interesting innovation in a visit of the Madrigal Group to Germany. Recitals were given at six German schools and the members of the group were guests in the homes of the pupils of these schools. This was a most successful visit which it is hoped to repeat in future years.

Important Dates

Lent Term begins	5th January
Half Term	22nd, 23rd February
G.C.E. Trial Examinations begin	15th March
G.C.E. Trial Examinations end	24th March
Lent Term ends	9th April

SCHOOL PREFECTS

Senior: P. Molineux, P. H. Jackson, A. L. Calland, R. N. Carver, E. D. Sinclair, T. P. Whitehead, W. P. Basson, R. Dickinson, J. B. Emslie, P. S. Everett, P. Forshaw, R. G. Hatfield, G. S. Hewetson, C. J. Heyes, I. W. Mathison, M. G. Pearson, R. Porter, J. S. Roddy, A. J. Rushton, N. S. Sandiford, J. N. Taylor, D. A. Turner, K. J. Whitehead, J. Rischmiller.

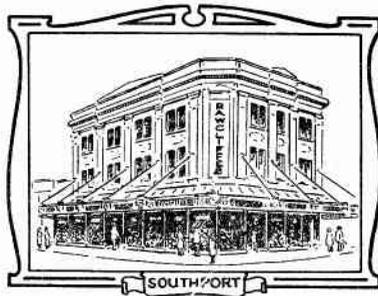
Junior: D. Aspinwall, D. J. Beverley, B. C. Boothman, P. R. Brown, J. H. Carr, J. A. Cohen, M. B. Coulthard, D. P. Davies, R. Dawe, R. A. Dix, P. L. Dufton, K. Eckersall, M. J. Fitton, M. W. Halsall, L. R. Hardman, L. J. Haslam, D. Hollings, G. P. Jacobs, P. Jubbs, S. J. Kelly, C. S. Kerse, A. Lloyd, M. G. Matthew, D. R. Mercer, K. H. Moss, J. N. Pinnington, A. R. Rigby, J. P. Rigby, D. Rimmer, M. D. Robinson, D. G. Sixsmith, I. Smith-Crallan.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

School Captain:	P. Molineux
Vice Captain:	P. H. Jackson
Captain of Rugby:	E. D. Sinclair
Captain of Swimming:	J. P. Rigby
Captain of Cross-country:	M. G. Matthew
Captain of Chess:	R. Dawe
Games Secretary:	I. Smith-Crallan
School Almoner:	N. S. Sandiford

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Valete

- ARMITAGE, M. S. 1956-64—Gear's. U6MSch. G.C.E. (A3, O6). Choral Exhibition Jesus College, Cambridge, 1963. Junior Prefect 1963-64. Conductor House Choir.
- BEAUMONT, P. K. P. 1956-64—Gear's. U6ScSch.B. G.C.E. (A4, O4).
- DAY, W. G. 1956-64—Rogers'. U6MSch. G.C.E. (A4, O6). School Vice-Captain 1963-64, Senior Prefect 1962-64. House Captain 1963-64. Senior Librarian 1962-64. Joint Chairman Debating Society 1963-64. Vice-Chairman Jazz Club 1963-64. Hon. Sec. Local History Society 1963-64. Assistant Editor 'Red Rose' 1963-64. Full Rugby Colours 1963-64. Captain School Athletics 1962-63-64. Full Colours Athletics 1962-63-64. Captain Lancashire Schools Athletics 1964. England Schools Athletics 1964. School Badminton Team 1962-64. R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion 1960. European Schools Day Prize Winner 1962. Open Scholarship in English, Wadham College, Oxford 1963.
- FAIRCLOUGH, M. J. 1956-64—Gear's. U6ScY. G.C.E. (A1, O7). Junior Prefect 1963-64. Second XV Colours 1962-63-64.
- FLETCHER, S. B. 1956-64—Mason's. U6MSch. G.C.E. (A4, O6). Captain of School 1963-64, House Captain 1962-63-64. Chairman Local History Society 1962-63-64. Chairman Debating Society 1963-64. Secretary Colloquium, School Almoner 1962-63. Senior Librarian 1962-63-64. Red Rose Committee, Winner of European Schools' Essay Competition 1963. Captain School Rugby 1963-64. Rugby Football Full Colours 1961-62-63-64. House Athletics Captain 1964.
- GOLDSMITH, T. S. 1956-64—Leech's. U6MSch. G.C.E. (A4, O3). Senior Prefect 1963 - 64. Junior Librarian 1963 - 64. Secretary Film Society 1963-64.
- HORWICH, R. L. 1956-64—Spencer's. U6MS. G.C.E. (A3, O4).
- KAY, J. B. 1956-64—Evans'. U6ScX. G.C.E. (A1, O6). Cricket Half Colours 1962-63, 1963-64.
- MOORE, R. A. 1956-64—Gear's. U6MSch. G.C.E. (A3, O5). Senior Prefect 1963-64. 1st XV Colours 1963-64.
- NIND, D. G. 1956-64—Leech's. U6ScX. G.C.E. (A4, O4).
- ROSTRON, J. N. 1956-64—Evans'. U6ScX. G.C.E. (A1, O6). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Captain 1963-64. Rugby Full Colours 1963-64. Captain 2nd XI 1963-64. Chairman Railway Society 1962-64. R.L.S.S. Intermediate Certificate 1958-59.

THOMPSON, P. K. 1956 - 64—Leech's. U6Ma. G.C.E. (A2, O5). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Captain 1963-64. Senior Librarian, Games Secretary 1963-64. 1st XV Half Colours 1962-63.

WALL, T. W. 1956-64—Gear's. U6ScSch.B. G.C.E. (A2, O6). Junior Prefect 1963-64. School Cross Country Team 1963-64. Madrigal Choir. Orchestra, Athletics, Half Colours 1962-63-64.

ASCROFT, K. W. 1957-64—Evans'. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A2, O5). Junior Prefect 1963-64. Captain School Life Saving 1963-64. Swimming Colours 1963-64. R.L.S.S. Intermediate Certificate. 1960-61.

BALL, J. R. 1957-64—Mason's. U6ScA. G.C.E. (A3, O5). R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion 1963.

BURGESS, R. L. 1957-64—Rogers'. U6ScSchA. G.C.E. (A5, O4). Senior Prefect 1963-64. Joint Chairman Railway Society 1962-64. Full Cricket Colours 1964.

BUTTERWORTH, C. 1957-64—Spencer's. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A1, O6).

COX, J. F. 1957-64—Rogers'. U6Mb. G.C.E. (A3, O3).

DAVIS, J. M. 1957-64—Evans'. U6ScSch.B. G.C.E. (A3, O3). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Almoner 1963-64. Chairman Jazz Club 1963-64. Chairman Film Society 1963-64. R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion 1960-61.

DOLMAN, D. J. 1957-64—Leech's. U6ScSch.A. G.C.E. (A4, O5).

FELLOWS, D. P. 1957-64—Evans'. U6MSch. G.C.E. (A4, O5). Junior Prefect 1963-64. Junior Librarian. Chairman Photographic Society 1963-64. Chairman C.E.W.C.

GRITTEN, R. H. 1957-64—Mason's. U6MSch. G.C.E. (A4, O4). Junior Prefect 1963-64.

HALSALL, R. 1957-64—Spencer's. U6ScX. G.C.E. (A1, O6). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Vice-Captain 1963-64. Rugby Colours 1964.

HIGSON, S. P. 1957-64—Gear's. U6ScSchB. G.C.E. (A2, O5).

LAWRENCE, G. F. 1957-64—Gear's. U6Mb. G.C.E. (A1, O4). Junior Librarian 1963.

LAWS, R. Q. 1957-64—Evans'. U6ScA. G.C.E. (A3, O3). Senior Prefect 1963-64. Secretary Thornley Society 1963-64. Captain School Fencing 1963-64.

LINDSAY, R. J. 1957-64—Gear's. U6Mb. G.C.E. (A1, O5). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Captain 1963-64. 1st XV Colours 1963-64.

LONGMIRE, J. D. 1957-64—Mason's. U6Mb. G.C.E. (A2, O3).

MALONEY, M. K. A. 1957-64—Rogers'. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A3, O5). Chairman Astronomical Society 1963-64. Chairman Bee Club 1963-64.

MORGAN, D. 1957-64—Spencer's. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A4, O4). Secretary School Sailing Club 1963-64.

MOULSON, P. M. 1957-64—Gear's. U6ScX. G.C.E. (A3, O5).

ROBINSON-TODD, D. W. 1957-64—Rogers'. U6ScSchB. G.C.E. (A2, O5). Junior Prefect 1963-64.

RUSSEL, J. C. 1957-64—Woodham's. U6Ma. G.C.E. (A3, O5). Junior Prefect 1963-64. Cross Country Colours 1963 - 64. House Secretary 1964.

SELL, J. F. 1957-64—Evans'. U6ScSchA. G.C.E. (A5, O4). Junior Prefect 1963-64. House Secretary 1963-64, Chess Half Colours 1963-64. R.L.S.S. Elementary Certificate 1958-59. Half Colours 1963 - 64. R.L.S.S. Elementary Certificate 1958-59.

STUBINGTON, C. R. 1957-64—Edwards'. U6Ma. G.C.E. (A3, O5). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Captain 1963-64. Rugby Junior Colours.

SUGDEN, H. N. 1957-64—Mason's. U6Ma. G.C.E. (A3, O5). Junior Prefect 1963-64.

THOMPSON, B. M. 1957-64. Rogers'. U6ScSchA. G.C.E. (A4, O5). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Vice-Captain 1963-64. Rugby Full Colours 1963-64. Secretary Railway Society 1963-64. R.L.S.S. Bronze Cross 1962.

TUNNICLIFFE, H. C. 1957-64—Woodham's. U6ScY. G.C.E. (O7).

WALDRON, J. B. 1957-64—Evans'. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A2, O6). Junior Prefect 1963-64. Rugby Half Colours 1963-64.

WATSON, J. 1957-64—Woodham's. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A1, O5).

WILSON, C. J. 1957-64—Spencer's. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A2, O6). Junior Prefect 1963-64. House Almoner 1964.

WINDER, N. R. 1957-64—Gear's. U6Mb. G.C.E. (A2, O6).

WOODCOCK, A. H. 1957-64—Spencer's. U6ScX. G.C.E. (A3, O4).

WRIGHT, J. R. 1957-64—Woodham's. U6ScSchA. G.C.E. (A4, O4). Junior Prefect 1963-64.

ATKINSON, J. M. 1958-64—Leech's. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A3, O4). Junior Prefect 1963-64.

BULLIVENT, C. J. 1958-64—Mason's. U6Ma. G.C.E. (A4, O4).

COPSON, R. C. 1958-64—Edwards'. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A3, O6). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Basket Ball Captain 1962-64. Secretary Rambling Club 1963-64.

GOUGH, A. J. 1958-64—Edwards'. L6Sp. G.C.E. (O2)

HICKS, D. J. G. 1958-64—Evans'. U6Mb. G.C.E. (A3, O3). Junior Prefect 1963-64 Athletics Half Colours 1963-64.

HODGE, D. 1958-64—Woodham's. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A2, O5). Junior Prefect 1963-64.

IZATT, G. N. 1958-64—Evans'. L6ScB. G.C.E. (O5). R.L.S.S. Intermediate Certificate 1960-61.

JENKINS, K. V. 1958-64—Evans'. L6Ma. G.C.E. (O7).

MARSHALL, J. E. 1958-64—Spencer's. L6Sp. G.C.E. (O2). House Captain Life Saving 1963-64.

MOORE, R. 1958-64—Spencer's. U6ScY. G.C.E. (O6). Badminton Half Colours 1963-64. School Badminton Captain 1963-64. Junior Prefect 1963-64.

PETTY, J. S. F. 1958-64—Spencer's. U6ScY. G.C.E. (A2, O5). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Secretary 1964. School Captain of Swimming 1963-64. Athletics Colours 1963-64. Swimming Colours 1962-63-64.

PICKARD, J. D. 1958-64—Evans'. U6ScSchA. G.C.E. (A5, O5). Senior Prefect 1963-64. Secretary School Cross - country 1963-64. Captain School Chess 1963-64. Chess Half Colours 1963-64.

PURSALL, B. W. 1958-64—Mason's. L6Sp. G.C.E. (O3).

ROSTRON, D. A. 1958-64—Evans'. L6Sp. G.C.E. (O3).

THOMAS, P. 1958 - 64 — Roger's. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A2, O5). Rugby Half Colours 1963-64. Athletics Full Colours 1964.

WINTERS, A. M. 1958-64—Spencer's. U6ScA. G.C.E. (A4, O3). Junior Prefect 1963-64.

WOOD, G. P. 1958-64—Gear's. U6ScB. G.C.E. (A3, O6). Secretary Music Society 1963-64.

ATKINSON, P. C. 1959-64—Woodham's. L6Sp. G.C.E. (O5). Junior Cricket Colours 1961-62.

BAMBER, A. R. 1959-64—Spencer's. U5B.

BEAUMONT, I. J. P. 1959-64—Gear's. U5B. Junior Rugby Colours 1963-64.

BEBBINGTON, G. R. 1959 - 64—Woodham's U5aS. G.C.E. (O1). Elementary Certificate R.L.S.S. 1961.

BOOTH, B. R. 1959-64—Mason's. U5aS. G.C.E. (O1). Junior Rugby Colours 1963-64. Under 15 Cricket Colours 1963.

CARRINGTON, J. A. 1959 - 64—Woodham's. U5aS. G.C.E. (O3).

CRIMP, J. G. 1959-64—Evans'. U5aSc. G.C.E. (O4).

DAVIES, D. F. 1959-64—Edwards'. U5B. G.C.E. (O2). Junior Rugby Colours.

DODD, D. T. 1959-64—Mason's. U5aS. G.C.E. (O2).

DYSON, G. 1959-64—Roger's. U5B. G.C.E. (O2).

EDWARDSON, I. J. 1959-64—Woodham's. L6ScY. G.C.E. (O6).

FOSTER, K. T. 1959-64. Roger's. U5B. G.C.E. (O1).

HALL, G. L. 1959-64—Spencer's. U5TM. G.C.E. (O5). Athletics Half Colours 1964

HERITAGE, J. 1959-64—Spencer's. U5B. G.C.E. (O2). Athletics Half Colours 1964. Rugby U16 Colours 1964.

JAMES, D. A. 1959-64—Leech's. L6Mb. G.C.E. (O5).

MOORCROFT, K. D. 1959-64—Leech's. U5aS. G.C.E. (O2).

PICKLES, M. D. 1959-64—Woodham's. L6Sp. G.C.E. (O4).

ROBINSON, H. 1959-64—Edwards'. U5TM. G.C.E. (O5).

ROSENTHAL, L. 1959-64—Evans'. U5B. G.C.E. (O3).

TAYLOR, D. W. 1959-64—Evans'. U5aSc. G.C.E. (O2). Junior Rugby Colours 1963-64. R.L.S.S. Bronze Cross 1962-63.

BROWN, D. 1960-64—Leech's. U5B. G.C.E. (O5).

DUTTON, K. 1960-64—Gear's. U5B. G.C.E. (O2).

ELAM, A. 1960-64—Mason's. U5B. G.C.E. (O3).

HANSON, G. R. 1960-64—Gear's. U5B. G.C.E. (O2).

HOUGHTON, A. 1960-64—Roger's. U5B.

KISSICK, N. W. 1960-64—Roger's. U5B. G.C.E. (O5).

MARSHALL, J. A. 1960-64—Mason's. L5A. Under 14 Cricket Colours 1963.

TAYLOR, J. L. 1960-64—Evans'. U5B. G.C.E. (O2). Swimming Colours 1963-64.

WALL, A. T. 1960-64—Spencer's. U5B. G.C.E. (O1).

BOOTH, D. 1961-64—Leech's. U5B. G.C.E. (O2).

BROUGHTON, A. W. 1961-64—Spencer's. U6ScX. G.C.E. (A3, O6). Junior Prefect 1963-64. Cricket Half Colours 1963-64.

CHANDLER, R. J. C. 1961-64—Evans'. U5TM. G.C.E. (O7).

FISKE, P. 1961-64—Roger's. U6Ma. G.C.E. (A4, O5). Junior Prefect 1963-64. Chairman Christian Union 1963-64.

LEAN, M. J. 1961-64—Roger's. L5X. U14 XV. 1963-64.

PESELL, D. 1961 - 64—Mason's. U6Ma G.C.E. (A3, O3). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Vice-Captain 1963-64. Full Rugby Colours 1963-64. House Almoner 1963.

BECKINGHAM, A. P. 1962-64—Gear's. 3Y.

BOOTHMAN, D. A. 1962-64—Gear's. L5A.

CROOK, J. 1962-64—Evans'. U6ScA. G.C.E. (A3, O5).

DAVIDSON, A. G. 1962-64—Woodham's. U6ScX. G.C.E. (A1, O6). Junior Prefect 1963-64. Half Colours Rugby 1963-64.

JOHNSON, I. W. 1962-64—Evans'. 3Y.

KIRKHAM, B. A. 1962-64—Woodham's. U6Ma. G.C.E. (A4, O5). Senior Prefect 1963-64. House Almoner 1963-64.

RIMMER, T. 1962-64—Roger's. 3A. U13 XV 1963-64.

RURLANDER, H. E. 1962-64—Leech's. U6Ma. G.C.E. (A4, O4). Junior Prefect 1963-64. House Almoner 1963-64. Junior Librarian 1962-64. Scout Troop Leader 1963-64.

SNAPE, T. 1962-64—Edwards'. U6Mb. G.C.E. (A1, O5). Secretary Bee Club.

BULLIVENT, P. J. 1963-64—Mason's. 2B.

Salvete

D. P. Allen, P. N. Aplin, G. W. Ashton, W. H. Ashton, T. J. Atkinson, R. Aughton, J. H. Ball, C. J. Banks, J. S. Banks, R. Barnes, J. B. Barstow, A. P. Beverley, A. R. Beynsberger, M. J. Birch, A. Blackburn, J. N. Blake, J. Booth, A. J. Bouton, A. R. J. Boyd, L. P. Broude, P. W. Brown, R. T. Butler, M. A. Cahm, V. O. Calland, J. S. Caven, N. J. Churchman, K. F. Coppock, L. P. Coppock, M. B. Coulthard, R. B. Cowan, D. Cunliffe, R. A. Cushnie, A. O. Dickinson, A. T. Dodd, M. Duerdin, R. A. Duncan, N. J. Edwards, J. C. Everett, S. C. Finney, M. D. Fox, P. R. Frampton, N. S. G. Fraser, D. J. Gilbert, J. P. Goodall, P. R. Green, R. Gregory, C. J. Hanson, S. T. Harding, C. R. G. Harrison, R. Hawkins, G. P. Hayter, I. Hayter, R. C. Hepworth, B. J. Hill, D. S. T. Holloway, S. G. Horner, J. M. Horsburgh, C. S. Howard, A. P. Hughes, D. I. Jackson, N. C. Jackson, K. W. Jones, H. Jubb, P. Junner, A. D. Kirkham, A. G. Kissick, M. C. Knowler, G. C. J. Latham, J. G. Liddle, D. P. Lucas, W. P. Lumb, A. M. Majer, C. Marriott, C. A. Marshall, P. J. Masters, W. A. Matthews, I. D. McAlister, R. J. McKeegan, N. McMurdy, S. W. McPherson, D. F. Moor, S. F. Moore, C. H. Morris, J. G. Morris, M. S. Moss, I. C. Orford, J. R. Parker, P. Pey, J. R. Powell, I. Procter, K. N. Proffitt, L. D. Raeburn, G. C. P. Raper, R. M. Ratcliffe, D. Rathbone, A. J. Rawcliffe, P. Richardson, J. S. Rimmer, R. E. Ringer, P. V. Roach, J. F. Robertson, J. C. Robinson, D. Roose, D. Rose, J. A. M. Ross, P. A. Rowbottom, M. I. Russell, R. Salkie, G. M. Sander-son, B. Searle, E. J. W. Seddon, C. S. Shanks, M. E. Sheldon, I. C. Sheppard, P. Sidebotham, A. Slater, R. C. Slater, C. R. Smith, R. Smith-Crallan, J. M. Stagg, J. A. Stanley, R. B. Sunderland, G. Symons, S. Taylor, C. Thomas, A. J. Thorpe, B. S. Tucker, J. Vale, J. T. Wainwright, G. D. Walton, M. J. Wareing, N. S. Whiteley, I. R. Whittaker, B. T. Wilks, A. G. Winterbottom, S. G. Wright, P. A. Young.

EXAMINATION SUCCESSES AT UNIVERSITIES

Bangor

H. C. CORRIN (W.51-59) B.A. Hons. English and History. Cl. II, Div. II.

Cambridge

R. T. JUMP (G.54-61) Mechanical Sciences Tripos Part I, Class II (i).

I. S. MILNE (R.54-61) Natural Science Part I, Class II (ii).

Durham

W. A. PRICE (R.56-61) B.A., General Studies, Div. II.

Hull

J. FLETCHER (L.54-61) B.Sc. Hons. Special Botany, Cl. I.

Leeds

P. HOLLAND (L.53-61) B.A. Hons. English Cl. II, Div. II.

Leicester

E. STEPHENS (Ed.52-60) B.A. Hons. Combined Studies Hons. Cl. III.

Liverpool

P. DEWHURST (L.54-61) B.Eng. Mech. Part II.

P. E. W. MARSH (R.48-54) M.B., Ch.B.

London

A. PLATT (L.51-59) Diploma in Architecture.

Manchester

C. R. CURETON (L.54-61) B.Sc. Tech. Div. II.

C. P. MARTIN (M.54-61) B.Sc. Tech. Hons. Cl. II, Div. I.

B. G. WOODCOCK (S.55-61) B.Sc. Tech. Div. II.

Newcastle-on-Tyne

R. G. ECKERSLEY (L.54-61) B.Sc. Hons. Cl. II, Div. II.

Northern Polytechnic

D. N. SHARPLING (W.54-61) B.Sc. Hons. Chem. Cl. II, Div. II.

Oxford

P. BAIRD (Ev.54-60) B.A. History Cl. II.

A. F. KELSALL (Ev.54-61) B.A. History Cl. II.

J. D. R. LLOYD (R.54-61) Jurisprudence Hons. Cl. III.

J. P. MARSH (M.54-61) B.A. History Cl. II.

J. R. A. SMITH (Ev.54-61) B.Sc. Eng. Cl. IV.

St. Andrews

S. J. GORDON (G.52-60) B.Sc. Maths.

LEAVERS — 1963-64

The analysis below shows all those boys who left between September 1963 and July 1964, excluding those who were transferred to other schools owing to their parents leaving the district:—

University 35; University Student Apprentices 2; Colleges of Advanced Technology 6; Training Colleges 4; Further Education 3; Banking 3; Accountancy 6; Laboratory Assistants 4; Pharmacy 3; Engineering and Trade Apprentices 6; Civil Service 2; Agriculture 1; Commercial Airways 1; Forestry 2; Forces 3; Librarianship 1; Insurance 1; Trainee Managers 3; Merchant Navy 1; Retail Trade 5; Journalism 1; Local Govern-

ment 3; Clerks 2; Surveying 1; Father's business 2; Professional Football 1; Estate Agency 1; Temporary or Still Applying 12.

Universities, University Colleges: Birmingham 1, Cambridge 4, Edinburgh 1, Exeter 1, Durham 1, Geneva 1, Leeds 4, Leicester 1, Liverpool 3, London 3, Manchester 8, Newcastle 1, Oxford 5, St. Andrews 1.

Student Apprentices (University in 1965): Birmingham 1, Manchester 1.

Subjects: English 2, Classics 1, Economics 3, Economics and Government 1, Mathematics and Economics 1, Physics 3, Medicine 1, Chemistry 4, Textile Chemistry 2, Chemical Engineering 1, Social Science 2, Law 3, Architecture 2, Mechanical Engineering 2, Electrical Engineering 1, Geography and Geology 1, French 1, Mathematics 1, P.P.E. 1, Gen.B.Sc. 1, Combined B.A. 1.

Student Apprentices (University in 1965): Production Engineering 1, Electrical Engineering 1.

Colleges of Advanced Technology: Battersea College of Advanced Technology (Metallurgy) 1; Royal College of Advanced Technology, Salford (Applied Chemistry 1, General B.Sc. 1) 2; Technical College, Sunderland (General B.Sc.) 1; Liverpool College of Building (Architecture) 1; Holborn School of Law (Law) 1.

UNIVERSITY LEAVERS

The following boys have gone on to Universities: P. F. B. Fiske, P. K. P. Beaumont (Birmingham), M. S. Armitage, J. D. Pickard, J. F. Sell, I. H. Champion-Smith (Cambridge). M. K. A. Maloney (Edinburgh), R. H. Gritten (Exeter), A. E. Rothwell (Durham), T. S. Goldsmith (Geneva), D. Pessell, H. E. Rurlander, P. K. Thompson, K. W. Ascroft (Leeds), J. C. Russel (Leicester), A. M. Winters, D. Morgan, J. Crook (Liverpool), R. L. Burgess, B. A. Kirkham, R. Q. Laws (London), D. J. Dolman, B. M. Thompson, J. R. Wright, J. R. Ball, D. Hodge, I. B. Kippax, A. J. Reid, M. K. Jones, R. C. Copson (Manchester), R. L. Horwich (Newcastle), W. G. Day, D. P. Fellows, S. B. Fletcher, J. Hunt, J. R. Uttley (Oxford), G. P. Wood (St. Andrews).

Training Colleges: A. G. Davidson, T. W. Wall, J. S. Petty.

Southport Major Scholarships were awarded to: D. Aspinwall, J. A. Cohen, P. L. Dufton, J. B. Emslie, P. Molineux, J. C. Russel, E. D. Sinclair, D. A. Turner, B. M. Thompson.

Southport Major Exhibitions were awarded to 46 boys.

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indeed of present-day entrants will achieve managerial rank, many of them in their 30's. For them, the minimum salary will be £1,925 a year with the certainty of rising to higher—often very much higher—figures.

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MR. H. HIGHAM, B.Sc.

When Mr. Higham retired in July, he had completed 38 years of sterling service to the School as Chemistry Master, Housemaster of Rogers' House and Deputy Headmaster.

He was educated at Wigan Grammar School and Liverpool University, where he gained a very good Honours' Degree in Chemistry and a University Diploma in Education. On leaving the University, he was appointed as Chemistry Master at this school and spent his whole teaching career here.

He was a born schoolmaster for not only did he teach his subject conscientiously and well but also he took a keen interest in his pupils, in their work, in their play and in their various interests. He was a gifted Rugby footballer, who understood the game from A to Z and was able to impart his ideas to boys, arousing in them an enthusiasm for the game. Many Old Boys remember their games at school and associate them, with affection, with Mr. Higham.

But it was as House Master of Rogers' House that he achieved some of his best work. The House flourished under his guidance and leadership. He could see good in every boy and took considerable care to develop the good qualities in that boy. He made a boy realise that his life at school was well worth-while and that his contribution towards the good of his House and School was most valuable.

He abhorred slackness, selfishness and the lack of consideration for others but he cherished dearly one of the chief aims of the School, that boys should learn to discipline themselves and be of service to the School and the community.

We shall miss his cheery presence in the Staff room, in the Class room and laboratories and on the field. We are grateful to him for the long years of faithful service he has given to the school and past generations of boys and we wish both Mrs. Higham and himself a long and happy retirement.

House Reports

EDWARDS'

Housemaster: Mr. A. J. Norris

Captain: I. W. Mathison

Secretary: M. G. Matthew

Almoner: D. J. Beverley

This year has seen a slight revival in the fortunes of the house and there is no doubt that this will continue even farther, if the seniors show more interest in House activities than they have done previously.

Unfortunately, Edwards' performance on Sports Day wasn't as good as was hoped for, but as a result of Mathison's enthusiasm the house managed to achieve second place in the quest for qualification points, being beaten by a narrow margin of thirteen points. No doubt this margin would have been overcome if the seniors had condescended to attend athletics practices. This apparent reluctance to support the house was also in evidence on the cricket field: although Carr strove to weld together a formidable team, he was not given the necessary support, and once again the house lost all three matches. The Junior team fared a little better under the leadership of Gregson and Proffitt and managed to beat Evans'.

During the Autumn term the accent lies on Rugby, and the Senior team, who have won both practice matches, have high hopes of doing better than in recent years. The Badminton team, under the captaincy of Mathison, are at the time of writing optimistic about their chances of reaching the final of the competition. The chess team, too, although rather young, has under Robinson's guidance done well and expects to finish in a high position.

Altogether, prospects for the house must be at least as good as, if not better than, last year and given a maximum effort by all members there is no reason why results should not be highly satisfactory.

EVANS'

Housemaster: Mr. J. W. Lord

House Captains: J. N. Taylor and A. J. Rushton

House Secretary and Almoner: C. J. Heyes

First of all we would like to welcome all the new boys, and we hope that in their future at the school, they will be eager participants in all House activities.

The activities of the second half of the term showed an improvement on those of the first half. The cricket team, under the captaincy of J. N. Rostron, won two matches against Woodham's and Mason's. Unfortunately, the team failed to re-

peat its victory in the replay against Mason's. On the whole, the team improved considerably on its showing in the first match of the season. Swimming and lifesaving continued the success established under Ascroft: the house retained the life-saving cup, and won two of the other three trophies as well. In athletics, under the supervision of Hicks and Pickard, there was little success, although this was not due to any lack of enthusiasm in the teams.

This term, the house is busy with various activities, not just on the sportsfield. The house choir is of the usual high standard, and congratulations must go to J. N. Taylor, who has worked so hard in trying to make it a success. The house chess team, although it has not yet won any games, we hope will prove its strength later on in the year. The Senior Rugby team has already won one match against Woodham's, and we feel that the Captain, M. Rimmer, will manage to incite the team to further successes. The swimming and lifesaving teams have not yet competed, but under the leadership of P. D. Taylor, they should prove themselves.

Congratulations must be extended to J. N. Taylor, A. J. Rushton and C. J. Heyes on their appointment as Senior School Prefects, and to G. P. Jacobs, K. H. Moss and D. Rimmer, on being made Junior Prefects. We hope that the house will continue to strive for success during the ensuing year.

C.J.H.

GREAR'S

Housemaster: Mr. H. Evans **Captain:** P. H. Jackson
Secretary: J. N. Pinnington **Almoner:** M. D. Robinson

The House extends a welcome to all new boys, and hopes that they will help the rest of the junior half of the house to retain the high standard of work which placed Grear's top in the Honours' List last year.

Last year, the House gained a fair amount of success on the sports field as well as in the classroom. The athletic sports were held at the end of last term. With Wall setting a good example to the rest of the house, we won the cup for field events, and our overall position was extremely creditable.

Neither of the House cricket teams was successful in their attempt to gain a place in the finals. The senior team, under the captaincy of Lindsay, although improving markedly on their first performance, were unable to attain a high enough standard to reach the final. The junior team, captained by Gilchrist, suffered mixed fortunes before being eliminated from the competition.

So far this year the senior chess team has been very successful and must stand a good chance of winning the competition.

The Senior Rugby team were defeated in their first game but it is hoped that, under the leadership of Pearson, they will show an improvement in the rest of their matches.

Kerse has put a lot of time and effort into preparing the house choir and we hope he will be rewarded with success in the competition.

The House congratulates Hewetson, Pearson, Aspinwall, Boothman, Eckersall, Fitton, Kerse, Robinson and Pinnington on their prefectships. It is hoped that every boy in the house will give of his best to help them win the Jubilee Cup for Grear's this year.

Finally, on behalf of the House, I wish to thank Mr. Evans for his interest and encouragement.

LEECH'S

Housemaster: Mr. C. F. Flemming
House Captains: D. A. Turner and R. Porter
Vice-Captain: I. Smith-Crallan
Secretary: S. H. Sharples **Almoner:** J. B. Emslie

We begin by welcoming all boys new to the house, and by congratulating Porter, Sharples, Turner and Emslie, on their appointments as Senior School Prefects.

The Summer term was one of mixed fortunes for the House. In Athletics, the House proved much less successful than usual, although there were some outstanding individual performances. The Senior cricket team was rather unlucky not to reach the final, but the Juniors ended a splendid year by winning the Junior Cricket Shield.

Prospects for this term are quite encouraging. The Senior Rugby team, under the excellent leadership of Porter, has made a good start and is well on the way to reaching the final for the third time in four years. House badminton has not, however, been so successful, despite the fact that the team has played quite well.

Lifesaving, which is again under the direction of Wilson, has had a somewhat lethargic start. As this has been one of the most successful activities for the House in the past, it is important that Wilson should be given all possible support if we are to maintain our position.

The House choir competition occurs in the Autumn term and the choir has a reasonable chance of improving on the position of third which it has held for the last two years. Most of the work with the choir has been done by Turner in the last few years, and the House is grateful to him for producing success from mediocre voices.

Success has eluded the Senior chess team of Tinsley, Sharples and Dean, and, as in previous years, the Chess Cup will not, unfortunately, be coming to Leech's. This term's collection in aid of the Haig Poppy Fund was only fair, and the efforts of Emslie, the House Almoner, deserve greater reward.

The House looks forward, then, to a reasonably rewarding term, and we offer our thanks to the House Prefects and to Mr. Flemming for their continued support. S.H.S

MASON'S

"Optimum Faciemus"

Housemaster: Mr. P. G. Longhurst

Joint House Captains: A. L. Calland and N. S. Sandiford

Secretary: P. S. Everett

Almoner: S. J. Kelly

Congratulations to Everett and Sandiford on their appointment as senior school prefects, and Dix, Lloyd and Kelly as junior school prefects. The House welcomes warmly all the new boys, and hopes they will prosper and be happy with Mason's House.

We were, unfortunately, unable to hold on to the Jubilee Cup for the fourth year in succession, though we came close to doing so, thanks to the inspiration of Mr. Longhurst and last year's House Captain, S. B. Fletcher. We were, however, able to decide the destination of the Cup, and presented it to Spencer's by decisively beating Rogers', supposedly the strongest side in the competition, in the very exciting House cricket final. This was the last event of the year and the outcome was of the utmost importance to both Rogers' and Spencer's. We felt sorry for Rogers'; they certainly tried their best, but this was not good enough to cope with Calland's inspired bowling, and the team's good batting.

This year we can, and will, win back the Jubilee Cup. We are already starting the year very well in the rugby, life-saving, badminton, chess, and choir competitions. Both senior rugby and badminton teams are on their way to the finals as these notes are being written, and we have great hopes of achieving similar success in other inter-house competitions later in the year.

House morale is very high: we have only to repeat last year's success with just a little more effort, and we will again be on top, where we belong!

Last year's successes included most events, but those we did exceptionally well in were the Senior Rugby and Senior Cricket. We are again clamouring for the revival of the Boxing Competition which we won for many successive years, but owing

to burst pipes in the gym it has not been possible to hold the tournament for two years.

Academic work is constantly improving — last year's results being the best achieved for some years — this year's prospects are even higher.

Mason's again have a well above average representation in the School rugby teams. The 1st and 2nd XV's in particular at times have read like a Mason's House Team!

We salute the past successes of the House, and look forward to many more this year, and in the years to come when Mason's will maintain its position at the head of school activities. P.S.E.

ROGERS'

Housemaster: Mr. J. Clough

Captain: T. P. Whitehead

Vice-Captains: W. Basson and P. Forshaw

Secretary: R. Dickinson

Almoner: D. R. Mercer

Last year was a year of moderate success for Rogers', and culminated in the attainment of 2nd place in the points list for the Jubilee Cup. As a substantial nucleus of the key men in sport and other contributory events remain with us, the prospects for this year seem quite bright, and a good result is possible if all the members of the house are prepared to pull their weight and not leave everything to a few conscientious people as is often the tendency.

Athletics was certainly our strongest event last term, and under the inspiring leadership of Day, the team won the Points Cup, the Relay Cup, the Track-Events Cup, and the Cup for the highest number of points overall. Congratulations for this success must go to the team as a whole, as everyone made a great effort and the hard work put in was amply rewarded.

On the Cricket field we were to be twice thwarted — as both the Senior and Junior teams were defeated in their respective finals. Forshaw was outstanding in the senior team, which unfortunately lost to Mason's; and the whole junior team deserves congratulations for the success, especially as there were five 1st year boys playing.

This term, prospects seem fairly good. Attendance at Life-saving practices has been high, and the choir, under the able leadership of P. Holgate, has a very good chance of repeating the success of last year. Rugby is the main sport of the term, and the senior team must be counted as a strong contender for the coveted shield.

Whitehead is the new House Captain, and the effects of his enthusiastic leadership are already being felt throughout the house, where he is ably supported by the two vice-captains,

P. Forshaw and W. Basson, to whom, together with R. Dickinson, must go congratulations on their appointments as Senior School Prefects. Similar congratulations are due to Cohen, Haslam, Hardman, D. R. Mercer and D. Sixsmith on being appointed Junior Prefects, thus completing an able body of officials which could well bring success providing the necessary support is forthcoming from every member of the House. R.D.

SPENCER'S

Housemaster: Mr. J. Hodnett

Captain: P. Molineux

Vice-Captain: E. Sinclair

Secretary: A. R. Rigby

Almoner: P. Dufton

We must first of all congratulate Molineux on his appointment as School Captain and also Sinclair on being made school Rugby Captain. It is indeed quite an honour for the house to have the holders of the two major posts in the school, and we extend all our good wishes for successful terms of office to both boys.

Last year, as every member of the house knows, belonged to Spencer's. We ended the school year by winning the Jubilee Cup after a dour struggle with Rogers'. Not since 1940 have Spencer's won this coveted trophy and it cannot be denied that this achievement was well overdue. To all members of the house goes a big "thank-you" for their unflinching efforts.

Last term the cricket teams had a reasonable amount of success—both Junior and Senior teams winning two games and losing one. In athletics, we gained third place in track events, second place in the relays and fifth in the field events, giving us an overall position of third. Creditable performances were given by M. Halsall, Cunliffe, Le Roi, Broughton, Walton, Butterworth and Rigby. However, the athletics' hopes again rested upon just a handful of boys: this apathy about athletics must be remedied, as only a combined effort of the whole house will bring good results.

Our academic results remained fairly constant, the house finishing with an average grade C. It is hoped the junior boys will make all efforts to ensure that in the coming year we will be back at the top of the honours' list.

At the time of writing, preparations are going ahead for the House choir competition under the very capable guidance of Sawyer. However, the senior rugby and badminton teams have had very little success: it is hoped that it will not be long before the teams are winning once more.

Congratulations must go to Brown, Dufton, Halsall, Jubb

and Rigby on being appointed Junior Prefects. Finally, thanks are given to the house officials for the amount of work they are putting in, and especially to Mr. Hodnett for his enthusiasm and leadership: we hope the House will reward their great efforts by retaining the Jubilee Cup in 1965.

WOODHAM'S

Housemaster: Mr. R. Abram

Captain: R. N. Carver

Secretary: K. J. Whitehead

Almoner: J. Rischmiller

Despite an encouraging rise from the depths in 1963, we again sank back to hold the rest of the school up in the Jubilee Cup last year.

In the swimming gala we met with only moderate success, although a few individuals were outstanding. But the inability to raise a team which could meet with reasonable success continues. The usual minute percentage of boys turned up for life-saving, but we can now boast a lifesaving class which is the largest for some years.

Since the start of the school year, three inter-house competitions have begun. Of these, we may claim to be established in just one, namely chess. With the school chess captain in our house, we might expect to do well; but we must congratulate the whole team for rallying round Dawe and making such a fine start to the contest. For it is teamwork which is essential to success — and just that which has been lacking in the other two competitions. The choral ability of Woodham's is now well-known, but is no excuse for making no effort. A competition of this sort can be enjoyed without any physical strain, and is within the capabilities of the vast majority of the boys. The same support was lacking in the Senior House Rugby competition, when we could have done so much better had fifteen boys bothered to turn up to play.

Really, Woodham's, we'll have to pull our socks up if we're not going to let the rest of the school trample on us!

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Sport

CRICKET 1st XI

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In view of the number of experienced cricketers who were available the season was, in the main, disappointing. The side was far too inconsistent to enjoy any real success. It was known at the outset that the bowling was likely to be comparatively weak, but it was felt that this could be counter-balanced by aggressive batting and fielding. This unfortunately did not happen until the last three or four games of the season. The fielding, in spite of the inspiration and sometimes brilliance of wicket-keeper Smith-Crallan, was to say the least, lethargic. When people have reached this level of cricket, they should have learned to read a batsman's feet as he plays his strokes and to react accordingly.

Halfway through the season the team appeared very depressed and almost resigned to defeat. Games which ought to have been won were lost by the failure of one side of the team's game. On occasions the bowlers did their job only to be let down by indifferent batting; on other occasions the position was reversed. The turning point of the season was the game against Southport and Birkdale. One went to the game fearing the worst but came away heartened by the change in outlook of the team. In succeeding games they became much more aggressive in outlook and had excellent wins against Manchester G.S. and the Staff XI.

The opening batsmen presented a problem until mid-season, when Kay and Smith-Crallan took over. The aggression of this pair seemed to inspire some of the other members of the team, and the batting generally improved. Burgess batted consistently well throughout the season and in the last game became the second person to score a century for the 1st XI. He also took a record number of wickets for the season. He must realise, however, that this does not give him the excuse for statuesque performances in the field. Thompson was a very conscientious captain but his responsibilities seemed to affect his own cricket. He did, however, play one or two good innings. Carver and Forshaw played consistently well throughout the season. Lunt shows great promise as an off-spinner, but as yet lacks confidence in himself. Pearson is potentially one of the best cricketers in the side, but his approach to the game seems too casual. He did, however, show signs of becoming more aggressive towards the end of the season, and we look for great

things from him next year. Calland and Mercer, who were brought into the side near the end of the season, played quite well and justified their inclusion.

The prospects for next season are quite encouraging in view of the number of people who will still be available. The team will need, however, to show more of the spirit of the latter part of this last season.

UNDER 15 XI

The team spirit worked up by the captain Haslam, was than many teams of past years, the inconsistency of the batting caused some games to be lost after the bowlers had placed the team in an apparently winning position. The Ormskirk game illustrated this weakness particularly well.

The team spirit worked up by the captain Haslam, was good and he set a fine example to the team by his determination and good fielding. He bowled extremely well at times, but would gain greater success if he used greater variety of length and pace. His batting was also useful and fairly safe. Abram M. R. was a good all-rounder in the team and played one particularly good innings of 48. He was an aggressive batsman with an unusually good cover drive and was also strong on the leg side. He bowled his slow spinners well, and made intelligent use of the flight of the ball to deceive the opposition. Newton bowled very well indeed, and took many wickets. He has a smooth action and, as he grows, he should become a very quick bowler indeed. He also played some attractive innings, but was sometimes too keen to hit balls before he had given himself time to see what the bowler was doing. Miley had a disappointing season. He has a good technique in the nets but in matches plays far too defensively, merely trying to prevent his wicket being hit and disregarding all balls he thinks will go by. If he can correct this defensive attitude to the game he should develop into a useful cricketer. Booth had a good season and bowled accurately and successfully, but always had trouble with his run-up and was frequently no-balled. His difficulties stem from trying to bowl faster than he is technically equipped to do. He also played some useful innings. Downes, the wicket-keeper, though not very tidy in the position, played competently. With more patience, his batting would improve.

Collins was always keen and he, Metcalfe (who had two very good innings), Lewis, Ostick and Turner played in nearly all the matches and were useful members of the side. Williams, Stocker, and Marshall also played on some occasions.

UNDER 14 XI

Won 5 Drawn 1 Lost 2

This year the Under 14 XI won more matches than in the last four seasons. There was an excellent team spirit, due largely to the able captaincy of Ashworth and the presence in the side of Rimmer T., who, through his jolly personality, managed to keep spirits high even in defeat.

Ashworth's captaincy was of a high standard, but he must not be afraid to utilise other bowlers besides his speed merchants. He had an excellent season with the bat, the highlight being his half-century in the last match of the year which contributed to his 131 runs during the season. He is a batsman of great potential and should develop into a very useful cricketer. His fielding was an example to the other members of the side.

Rimmer T. seemed more subdued than last year but his 80 runs were well earned. He played a number of exhilarating strokes, particularly on the off side, and with concentration, especially at practice, he should have a successful school cricket career. His close-to-the-wicket fielding was a delight to watch.

Gilchrist showed slightly more aggression this year. He is essentially a defensive player who once again played the part of sheet-anchor very well. His innings against Kirkham certainly won the match.

Three new colours were awarded during the year, to Rimmer A., Roberts and Smith-Crallan.

It must be a long time since the Under 14 XI could boast two really fast bowlers. Roberts, who returned figures of 39 wickets for 135 runs, and Smith-Crallan, who missed four matches through injury, 23 for 88, bowled with vigour but is as often the case with young fast bowlers, their length often suffered. Roberts was a much improved player this year and learnt how to move the ball off the pitch rather effectively whereas Smith-Crallan tended to bowl very fast and straight. Both bowlers will improve with practice.

Rimmer A. has two very fine innings but his normally aggressive character was only shown on few occasions. He must learn to make the most of every bad ball. He developed during the year into a good slip fielder, holding six good catches in this position.

Cumbley proved to be competent behind the wicket but must learn to move across to balls on the leg side and not

SCHOOL HOCKEY

During last year, it became evident that there was a growing interest in hockey in the school. This term, therefore, it was decided to form a school hockey team. After a number of initial practices, which were well supported, some fixtures were arranged and on October 20th the school had its first match, against the High School. This match was after school, and had unfortunately to be shortened because of bad light. However, we had a very hard but enjoyable match, which the school won 3-1.

The second fixture played so far was against a strong team from the Southport Hockey Club, and the school played well, unfortunately going down 2-1. We will, however, try to avenge this when we meet them later this month for a return fixture.

In both these matches the team was ably captained by J. Cohen who has played solidly in defence, while the goals so far have been scored by D. Williams and J. Carr.

Both for this term and next fixtures have been arranged, all away for as yet we do not have our own pitch. The school should be very successful if present form is maintained.

Next term, hockey will be an option for Sixth-formers during Wednesday afternoon games. I hope that this will be well supported so that we can look into the possibility of forming a second XI.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Longhurst for his invaluable assistance, and not only those people who have played in the matches but also those who have regularly attended the practices without being picked for the team.

J.C.

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Activities

SCOUT NOTES

Towards the end of the term a new event in the history of the troop took place in the form of an initiative test, the object of which was to travel as far away from Southport as possible and back in four days. Three pairs of Senior Scouts departed one midnight from Mr. Bell's house and all three headed north carrying all the food they would need and the necessary camping equipment. Beside this, each Scout was issued with a pound note — the only money allowed — for use in emergencies.

Four long and weary days later, back they arrived with news of their travelling. The most successful pair was H. E. Rurlander and C. D. Mitchell, who reached John o' Groats. The next pair, D. Rimmer and J. E. Roberts, reached Inverness. M. A. Riddlesworth and J. L. C. Geddes managed to reach Tain, north of Inverness, but in doing so spent far more money than the previous pair, who spent only 10½d. between them.

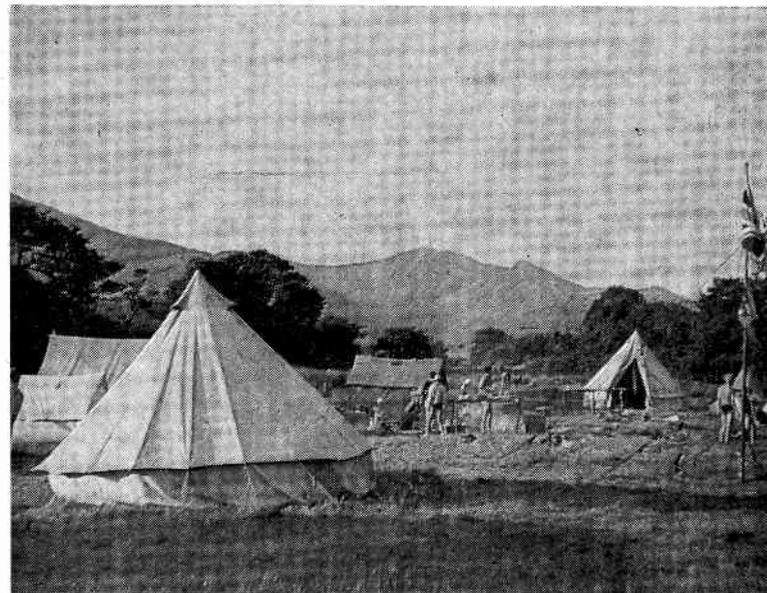
As the idea was a great success it is hoped to repeat it in future years.

The next event in the Scout Calendar was the long-awaited Summer Camp, held this year in the Pennant Valley, near Criccieth, North Wales.

A lorry carried the equipment while a coach carried the rest, except five senior boys who cycled the whole 110 miles so as to have the convenience of their bicycles at camp. We soon settled down, and were in a shipshape condition when the Local District Commissioner came on the second day to inspect us and the site. The site was of the same standard as those of previous years, well provided with wood and water. The stream flowing through the camp provided a course for lilo-racing as well as the usual bathing and ducking. Further upstream was a large natural swimming-pool, which was ten feet deep in places.

On both Sundays during the camp a short service was held in the morning. On Sunday afternoons, parents accepted an invitation to visit the camp, and many put their hands to the age-old chores of firelighting and washing-up. On the second Sunday, the camp sports were held, in the presence of the visitors. Weather was good during the twelve days, marred only by one thunderstorm, which threatened to turn us into Sea Scouts.

Three coach tours were arranged, to the Tal-y-llyn Miniature Railway, Anglesey, and Snowdon; we climbed Snowdon without much difficulty, but were glad of the cafe at the



“SUMMER CAMP 1964”

summit. The trips were not as successful as hoped because of the four-mile walk to the coach, which gave everyone a good reason to take a welcome sleep on the journeys.

As a finale at the end of camp Mr. Bell celebrated his birthday at a party given for him by the Senior Patrol, during which he had the courage to eat a trifle, an apple-pie and a chocolate cake made by three of the patrol members. Mr. Rothwell also attended the celebrations, and both he and Mr. Bell, not forgetting the Troop Leader, H. E. Rurlander, are to be thanked for (and congratulated on) the arranging and running of a very successful camp.

For Mr. Bell this camp was a grand climax to the two years he has spent with us. During this period, he put most of his spare time into the troop, which reaped the benefits. It was with great regret that earlier this term Mr. Bell handed in his resignation, owing to the pressure of family life, and it was with equal regret that it was accepted. To Mr. Bell, we cannot say enough to thank him for the endless patience he has shown and the endless hours he has given. The best tribute we can offer him is that now, with Mr. Rothwell and Mr. Long, the troop will continue to flourish in the traditions he upheld so vigorously, and that we will go on from strength to strength.

D. RIMMER, J. E. ROBERTS

MUSIC SOCIETY REPORT

Members of the Music Society have been busy with a variety of activities since the last issue of this magazine. The outstanding event was the Madrigal Group's tour of Germany which is reported elsewhere.

At the beginning of October, the Madrigal Group entered the Madrigal Singing Class of the Southport Music Festival and won Second Prize with marks of 82 per cent as against 86 per cent awarded to the First Prize winners, a group of adult singers from Huddersfield. This group took several First Prizes during the course of the evening session and it was felt that our group put up a very creditable performance in competition with such an experienced rival. The adjudicators said some very encouraging things about our tone quality and precision, although one or two improvised notes were detected when one of our tenors tried to better his script.

P. Hepworth, S. Rooke and J. Morris won a number of awards between them in the Festival, and they and other individual entrants are congratulated upon their initiative.

Whilst the magazine is going to press several Society members are engaged in the school play rehearsals as actor/vocalists.

At the same time the Carol Service Choir is busy, particularly with an exciting motet of Sweelinck, "Born Today", which is stimulating but difficult to learn.

At the end of last term, a Violin Playing Competition was held for violin beginners in the school. Strutte (3A) won first prize in the competition, showing promise after only one year's study of the violin. The other entrants gave performances that showed evidence of application to this most difficult musical instrument. The school orchestra should soon be feeling the benefit of these young violinists.

Feverish rehearsing for the House Choir Competition is at present filling the school with sounds, musical and otherwise. Our next report will carry news of the winners of what promises to be an entertaining competition.

A party of staff and pupils attended the concert given by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra in the Floral Hall during October.

Next term rehearsals of the Concert Choir and Concert Orchestra start early in January ready for the Annual Concert at the end of the term. The concert will consist of two choral works, with orchestral items, Madrigal Group items and possibly a small ensemble item. The choral works to be performed are "Songs of the Fleet" by Stanford and "Magnificat in D" by J. S. Bach.

The "Songs of the Fleet" are a set of five choral songs depicting features of naval life at sea. They have a sea-breezy vigour which should give the choir a chance to show its command of rhythm and vocal attack. The second work, the "Magnificat in D", is reckoned by Bach enthusiasts to be one of the very finest of his choral works. The text of the work is concerned with the idea of being called to greatness, of being the instrument of great events. Mary, Jesus' mother, rejoices that she is magnified in this way by being chosen to produce a son destined for tremendous things. Bach in this work compresses his musical material into concise forms. The music has force, rhythmic vitality and melodic beauty.

THE MADRIGAL GROUP TRIP TO GERMANY

In the Summer holidays of this year, members of the school Madrigal Group made a trip to Germany. This trip, which consisted of stays of a couple of days in each of six small German towns, was arranged in conjunction with the Anglo-German Cultural Exchange and lasted fifteen days. The plans of the trip had been started in the Summer Term of the previous year, and throughout the first two terms of last year, there was uncertainty as to whether the trip was on or not.

The six towns that we stayed at were all situated around Frankfurt, and we had to travel through Frankfurt every time we moved on to a new town. Two members of the staff, Mr. G. Berry and Mr. M. Reid, sang with the Madrigal Group and did the translating and the introducing of the programmes. Mr. R. P. Wilson conducted the concerts and trained the soloists.

The programme was varied both in style and in period. The style ranged from Church Music to Modern Folk Songs; and the time from Josquin des Pres of the fifteenth century to Aaron Copland and Benjamin Britten of this century. The instrumentals ranged from Early English Keyboard Music (R. M. Williamson), Italian Trumpet Concerti (Messrs. Emslie and Pearce) through Schumann and John Field of the nineteenth century (Messrs. Sawyer and Taylor) to Debussy (J. N. Taylor). M. S. Armitage (whose voice always brought amusement and gasps of astonishment because of its high pitch) sang and acted a variety of English Songs of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries. L. R. Hardman sang folk songs by Vaughan Williams and Benjamin Britten. L. J. Sawyer deserves a special word of praise for his accompaniments of the soloists. All the soloists received well deserved applause for their work and all felt that it was worth all the hard work and 'midnight oil', especially at Hochheim. As you can see, the majority of the items on the programme were British as it was our original idea to give the German

audience a sample of British Music of several centuries. In spite of this, the most popular item on the programme was undoubtedly the German Folk Songs, with which we always ended our concert, and for which we received the largest amount of applause.

In each town we were put up by the parents of the students of the Gymnasium (their equivalent of our Grammar School) and although the language was a problem for the non-German speaking members at first, by the end of the trip even the youngest treble could manage a little German. All the families were extremely hospitable and many boys were invited to return and visit them again.

In each place we arrived in the morning, generally rehearsed that afternoon and gave the concert that evening or on the morning or afternoon of the next day. The rest of the time was free, and many families took their guests to see the places round about. By rehearsing and giving concerts nearly every day, we managed to achieve a very high degree of perfection, although one would not think so from the way that Mr. Wilson shouted.

In Dillenburg, we were all very tired after our twenty-seven hour journey via Dover, Ostende, Cologne and Frankfurt. The school in Dillenburg had the same number of pupils as K.G.V. but was twice as large: yet they said they were overcrowded, and by the time that the building was finished it would be about twice as large again!

It was so hot in Hofheim (105 degrees F.) that very few people had the energy to go anywhere. Here we sang in a magnificent hall that was the best we saw in Germany. In Kronberg it was not as hot, but it was 'muggy' and most unpleasant. Here, we had our only rain in Germany and to make sure we noticed it, it was a heavy storm.

On our stay in Hochheim, we could all write reams. We were the guests of the 'Volksbildungswerk' or Adult Education Centre, and gave our concert in a Beer Hall called the 'Kaiserhof'. The performance was very successful and the soloists and staff were all presented with a bottle of the local wine each. Incidentally, it is from the name of this town that we get our English word 'Hock'. We were all given wine in front of the 'Victoria Monument' while the Press took photographs. After this we went to the Sekt factory, (Sekt is German champagne) where we were shown the process of Sekt making and afterwards invited to taste it, which we all did: including one greedy treble who had too much and was ill that afternoon. Apart from this on our arrival we were given a civic reception at which the

Wine Queen and her two Princesses were present as they had just had a Wine Festival.

Gernsheim was a very small town and many people lived outside it. I was living 20 kms., away. Fancy having to travel 12½ miles to school every day! Here we were very near to Heidelberg and almost everyone went to visit it; some people were lucky enough to go to Worms.

In Schluchtern, we were about 10 miles away from the East German Border and a few of the boys went to see it. All the schools that we visited were very modern except this one, which was half-modern and half eight-hundred years old. An amusing event here was the Music Mistress coming up to Mr. Wilson on our arrival and heartily saying "Goodbye, Mr. Wilson!"

After this we went up the Rhine, by steamer, on a beautiful journey which lasted all day. Unfortunately, the Steamer was one and a quarter hours late: by the time we reached the Youth Hostel, we were too late for our reserved beds and we had to sleep in the day room on air beds, which we were told afterwards were more comfortable than the proper beds. From here we went directly home, arriving in Southampton the day before we came back to school.

That was the end of a holiday that took us over 2,000 miles on the continent, every mile of which everyone in the party thoroughly enjoyed, especially after the tiredness and fatigue wore off. Let us hope that this will be the first of many Madrigal Group Holidays during which concerts are given.

J. N. TAYLOR (U.6.Sc.Sch.)

"AUFENTHALT IN DEUTSCHLAND"

At 9.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 15th April, 1964, two members of L.6.M.A., M. Rimmer and myself, heavily laden with suitcases and other miscellaneous baggage, said goodbye to our families and boarded the bus to Wigan on the first stage of a three-month visit to Germany. The following morning, we reached London at about 6 o'clock, after a somewhat sleepless night in the coach, and proceeded to dispose of our luggage at the left-luggage office at Victoria Station, which, although a mere 200 yards from the coach terminal, seemed like a mile away with our heavy loads. Thursday morning, damp and miserable, was spent wandering round London and satisfying our appetites, and at 2.15 p.m. the whole party of seventy boys and girls from various parts of Britain assembled at Victoria. The first coach of a twelve-coach train had thoughtfully been reserved for us, so that we had the full length of Victoria Station to hike with our cases. This was also the case when we disembarked at Ostende (Ostend) where we had another long hike

to our reserved seats in the Belgian train. The weather in Belgium was noticeably warmer than on this side of the Channel, but unfortunately Belgian Railways apparently still considered it winter, and the heat in our compartment was almost unbearable. Nevertheless, we safely reached the Federal Republic and at Koln (Cologne) we parted and travelled on to our respective destinations. Mine was Essen, but I was met in Dusseldorf (at 3.10 a.m.) by my host family and future form-master, who drove us the rest of the way. Thus began my term of study in Germany, which was destined to be extremely interesting and enjoyable, and of great value to my A-level studies.

My term was spent at the Leibniz-Schule in Essen-Altenessen, where I was originally placed in form Untersekunda A, which corresponds roughly to our Upper Fifth. School began at 8.20 a.m. and lasted until 1.30 p.m., except on Saturdays when lessons finished at 11.45 a.m. At first I attended all periods, namely German, French, History, English, Maths, Physics, Biology, Latin, R.L., and Music. After the Whitsun holidays, however, I was given a special timetable, which allowed me to drop the science subjects and gave me periods of my own subjects (French, German and History) with various classes in the school. Eventually I had had lessons with fifteen different classes, which must surely be a record for an English "Gastschüler"! The classes I visited ranged from the Oberprima (equivalent to our Upper Sixth Scholarship forms) down to the Sexta (first year), so that I got a fairly good idea of the subjects taught throughout the school. German boys study at least seven subjects right up to Abitur (German equivalent of the A-level G.C.E.) level, instead of specialising. I prefer our system as it gives one the chance of dropping subjects in which one is only half-heartedly or not at all interested, and also allows the subjects taken up to Advanced level to be studied more thoroughly.

Apart from this lack of specialisation, German grammar schools are generally similar to English ones: though the absence of prefects and summer exams. (pleasing thoughts, no doubt, to many younger English grammar school boys) is conspicuous, whilst one institution exists in Germany which has no parallel in English school life. This is the Landschulheim, literally 'country school home', a sort of miniature boarding school within the grammar school in which each class above the Sexta spends from a week to a fortnight each year, along with its form master and another master or a Referendar (student teacher). The aim of the Landschulheim is character training; it is not merely a communal holiday, or, at the other extreme, a removal of the class, complete with lessons, into the country for a week. The only subject taught there is the form-master's

subject, but various educational excursions (usually on foot!) are organised and there are also facilities for games. Unfortunately, I found the nine days I spent in the Landschulheim rather boring; during our spare time it was impossible to work, as someone always had a radio or tape-recorder blaring, and the activities organised did not appeal to me.

Other differences between English and German schools include the absence of the house system in Germany, and the religious service arrangement; in Germany (at least in my school) there is no school assembly each morning; two services, one Catholic and one Protestant, are held in local churches during first period, one morning a week. The timing of school periods is, of course, different; I think the German system tends to be more tiring; six 45-minute periods on the run are more of a strain than eight periods separated by a long break at lunchtime, although the German system allows a full afternoon free for homework or pleasure. Many English schoolboys would be horrified if they were expected to attend school on Saturdays, which is normal practice in Germany.

My afternoons I spent in doing homework (which included a great quantity of work supplied by my subject-masters here at K.G.V.), writing letters to parents, friends and relations, or visiting Essen and the surrounding towns. Essen itself is a large city of 729,000 people, the home of Krupp the famous industrialist, and a great centre of heavy industry, situated at the heart of the Ruhr district of Germany. Despite its industrial nature, however, it is not an unpleasant place to live in, and to the south of the city lies a stretch of beautiful country. I stayed with a family who lived in the northernmost suburb of Essen and was fortunate that they allowed me to travel about as I wished. Although they had no car, I was able to visit most of the towns round about. My stay with my hosts was a very friendly and happy one. I found the Germans an extremely hospitable people; not only was I well looked after by my host family in Essen, but also I was invited to spend a few days in Hanover with another family, whose son and I have been pen-friends for some time.

Unfortunately, all good things come to an end, and on July 17th I boarded the No. 1 tram for the last time, more heavily laden with luggage than ever, at the start of the long journey back to Southport. My stay in Germany had been thoroughly interesting and worthwhile, and I should advise anyone who is contemplating spending a term abroad to take part in this scheme, which is very reasonably priced and very useful to A-level work. In conclusion, I should like to thank Mr. Berry, without whose frantic phone-calls to the organisers of the scheme at the beginning of January this trip would not have been possible.

D. M. SUFFOLK (U.6.M.A.)

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Politics and Society

ELECTION '64

Even the most bleary-eyed student must have noticed the posters and slogans which proliferated in every nook and cranny on the morning of Thursday, October 8th. School elections had commenced and within a week the ballot papers would return a candidate for the Kew Constituency. Not since 1931 (a year beyond the bounds of living memory) had the school gone to the Polls, and again it was to be under an open franchise. But was 1964 to be another Conservative landslide, or had the student body achieved any changes in its political composition over the past three decades which would be reflected in the ballot?

Attempting to retain the seat for the Conservatives was Mr. R. Dickinson, who was opposed by Mr. S. Sharples (Labour) and Mr. D. Turner (Liberal); three very popular and vociferous candidates. The task of maintaining order and making sure that the election was carried out according to democratic principles, was capably shouldered by Mr. Molineux, the Returning Officer. An electoral fever hit large sections of the students, as the Socialist candidate soon discovered at the first meeting in the Senior Quadrangle (a utility at last). However, initial violence was soon curbed, and the business of vote-winning became a more orderly procedure. The lunch-time meetings held on the steps of the new changing pavilion became the theatre of free-speech and often were contests of vocal strength. Unfortunately, some elements of the electorate took mud-slinging too literally, but thanks to the support of their respective committees the candidates were able to inject some dignity into the proceedings.

Some indication of voting trends and political undercurrents prior to October 15th was given by Mr. Suffolk in the opinion polls he produced. These attempted to find the political views of a fair cross-section of the school, and the following table indicates the percentages for the candidates on several days:—

	Oct. 9th	Oct. 12th	Oct. 13th	Oct. 14th
Conservative	52.2	49.4	46.9	45.2
Labour	20.7	24.1	26.3	25.7
Liberal	18.5	21.1	22.0	24.5
Others	1.0	0.6	0.5	0.4
Don't Know	7.6	4.8	4.3	4.2

The influence on these figures of the visits of Mr. Percival, Mr. Goldwater and Mr. Coleman (the respective candidates for the Southport Parliamentary constituency) was quite marked.



(L to R) R. Dickinson (Con.), P. Molineux (Returning Officer), S. J. Sharples (Lab.), D. A. Turner (Lib).



Announcement of the result

Such tendencies, and the fact that the number of undecided decreased towards election day, indicate that at least some attention was paid to what was going on. Mr. Suffolk and other pundits predicted a Tory majority of over 100 votes, but this pessimism did not deter the other candidates.

On the eve of the election, a spirited confrontation between the three candidates took place in the Hall. The following day, four strategically-placed polling-stations were set up in school, ready to entice over 90 per cent of the electorate into their none-too-cosy interiors. Voting commenced at 12.30, and by 1.50 the last slips had been placed in the official ballot-boxes. Counting soon got under way behind the locked doors of the library. At 3.50 the results were declared, to an impatient crowd, outside the new changing pavilion. They read as follows:—

	Votes	Percentage of Total Poll
Mr. R. Dickinson (Conservative)	... 322	45.6
Mr. S. Sharples (Labour)	... 213	30.5
Mr. D. Turner (Liberal)	... 167	23.6

The scribes and gamblers had been proved correct, and amongst shouts of acclamation and derision Mr. Dickinson was declared the winner while Messrs. Sharples and Turner conceded defeat.

Surprisingly, the Conservatives won a majority at every polling station (these being related to age groups), varying from a massive victory in the Lower Forms to a handful of votes in the Sixth Form. However, the Tory majority of 1931 when they captured 50 per cent of the votes was much depleted and the Liberals were pushed out of second place. The High School also proved a Tory stronghold, the Liberals gaining second place much to the consternation of the Labour candidate. Though some canvassers were disappointed by the illogical voting-trends of the more junior boys, it was agreed by all that some attention had been paid to the various arguments. Thanks must be extended to Mr. T. B. Johnson and the various Party committees, without whose work the election could not have taken place. Though only fun for some, it proved a valuable lesson in civics for many.

S. H. BOND (U.6.M.A.)

THE BOMB

What have our scientists found?
An atom so neat and round,
With protons and neutrons in it —
Then some-one went and split it.

Countries got too strong,
And many things went wrong.
The powerful nations called it quits
With bombs to blow the world to bits.

The smaller nations without power
Began to make bombs by the hour;
And so all nations joined the race
With bombs to blow us into space.

Please now, all nations, can't you cease?
And talk about an atom peace.
Although I must this poem stop,
YOU must not let the subject drop.

P. D. WALSH (4Y.)

CONSEQUENCES OF THE EXPLOSION OF AN ATOMIC BOMB

The trees are not in leaf;
Some birds lie with other creatures,
On the ground, which is desolate;
Nothing flourishes, and the air is dark.
The wind is the only sound to be heard.

Some of the creatures are human beings:
They have agonised expressions on their faces,
As if they knew what it was that had struck them down;
They are all dead.

The trees are decaying slowly, as are the bodies,
On the dark and desolate ground —
Which was flourishing a year before.

Men have perpetrated this evil upon themselves
By using another evil — the atomic bomb.
The Earth is now a void.

E. BOWMAN (L.5.A.)

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

It was Berlin in the cold winter of 1963. Permission had just been granted for families from East and West Berlin to meet again. A mother and daughter could now see one another again after a heartbreaking period of five years. When Trudy Wangoff was only twenty-five, her mother, Marie, had gone to live in the East. During her stay, political trouble began and a wall was built which separated the two women for over five long, unhappy, years. Now at last they were to be united again in the cold, damp, winter of a year neither of them would ever be able to forget.

Trudy was then thirty. She was a picture of beauty and health, a woman who was widowed and separated from her mother. She was all alone in an ugly city of endless streets which, wherever you went, ran along to the huge, black wall between her and her mother. Trudy was alone in only half a city. Her chance of happiness lay in the other half, a half only just opened to her grasp.

Now at the age of sixty-five Marie Wangoff was a frail, elderly lady whose only purpose in living was that some day she might be able to see her only daughter. She had not even been allowed to have a letter from Trudy in these five years. Would she have changed so much? What was she now like? Had she ever married and had a family? Why, why, had she not been allowed to know? Within the next few days she would be able to find an answer to these questions that she had asked herself for those long, lonely, years.

The first thing was for Trudy to obtain a day-pass from the West to go into the communist East. She got up at three o'clock in the morning and walked briskly to the check-point. Her footsteps crunched the white, powdery snow underfoot. Her breath showed white, like smoke, in front in the crisp, early morning air and it steamed her glasses as she walked along. This was the day. After so long, would she really see her mother or was it just another rumour like all the others before? The poster had said that one should be at the check-point at five in the morning but she wanted to be there much earlier to secure a place for herself in the inevitable queue. As she approached the check-point, her heart beat faster and faster. She came to the corner and what she saw around it made her heart stop. For at least half a mile stretched a queue for the passes, but the number of them was limited to only five hundred. She couldn't possibly get one; or could she? Trudy joined the queue with a heavy heart. After those years it could be her only chance. She must have a pass. She must! The young woman was desperate and near to tears as she got nearer to the point. It was four

thirty in the afternoon before she arrived there. The pile of passes had diminished to a mere handful. It came to her turn. The overpowering officer demanded her name, her mother's, their addresses and issued her with a pass, a free pass. It was unbelievable and it was the next to the last pass. A pass to see her mother, her own mother in two days' time! They would be able to make up for five years in only twelve hours together. As she walked home the expectant crowds passed her by: the unfortunate ones with drooping faces and tears running down their cheeks and the gay, happy ones beaming all over their faces. Trudy had never in her life seen such a startling contrast.

The two days passed by so slowly but finally the day came. Trudy walked briskly down the same street to the checkpoint. Somehow everything was more relaxed. The air was warmer and the snow was melting. From the other direction her mother walked painfully to meet her daughter. Their hearts were overwhelmed with joy. After five years they knew one another immediately. The two women flung their arms around each other. They were in tears and choked with emotion. The day they had asked for in their prayers had finally come. The political barrier had been relaxed . . . How soon will it be before the divided city becomes whole again?

A.C. NETTLETON (Upp.V.Trans.Mod.)

"NE IUDICEMUS"
(Let us not judge)

For too long now, the conception of inferiority has escorted the coloured people around the world, and, in the foreseeable future, at least, this impression of second class will remain. On two continents, Africa and North America, the struggle for recognition has been long, arduous and indeed, cruel. In England, a country free from such a stressed colour problem, our sympathies have been swayed by magnified newspaper reports. However, to judge from a distance, aided only by these intensified articles, is one thing: to live in the midst of the violence, another — truly we have no right to judge.

In Africa, where over three-quarters of the coloured people are still ignorant, barbaric and superstitious, the white populations have been confronted by Negro impatience for recognition. Where black has succeeded in asserting his equality and independence there has been a collapse, a total failure — the Congo has exemplified this only too well. The fight for recognition is fierce; but, once achieved, this brings only bloodshed and destruction. These defeats do but show that black is not ready to govern — there is only one solution — patience. For in

time the coloured people, guided by civilized and educated white, will be prepared for independence. Then and only then will a stable government be accomplished which can acquire for its people the recognition they yearn for.

Lincoln said, at Gettysburg (1863), of America:

"A nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Within two years, Lincoln was murdered for these egalitarian views, and civil war plagued America. John F. Kennedy also stood for this recognition of equality, and exactly a century after Lincoln's speech he was assassinated. His work, however, was not in vain, for 1964 saw the passing of the Civil Rights Bill, though not without fierce opposition.

To many, this legislation marked the end of the fight, but in reality it marks little more than a midway stage. The Negroes have their bill, but now they must enforce it; and though thousands died fighting for it, more will die trying to impose it — thus once again America's stability will be threatened. It cannot be denied that while the coloured people have their recognition and acceptance as equals by law, they are still regarded as inferiors by the now frightened Americans: but this will continue to be the case till the end of the next few generations.

Thus the black man, the "nigger" has gained only suspicion. The question the white population is now asking itself is: "What next?" It is only too easy to criticize America's attempt to suppress her largest minority's demands, but the only answer to this question is coloured supremacy. Small, often trivial, incidents are happening today which illustrate this. Such an example is the refusal of Negroes to wait their turn in shops full of white customers. They demand immediate service, and exit when told to wait their turn, only to return with the now famous picket lines.

Then there is the conflict over the integration of schools, with the Negroes refusing to send the coloured children to white schools. Instead they demand that white children should be uprooted and transported ten or more miles to Negro schools in coloured districts, many of which are overrun with terrorists. This exemplifies the deadlock in the conflict, with both sides demanding their own way while refusing to yield any ground.

Affairs such as these can but harm Negro intentions, and also disclose the fact that the fight is not so one-sided as our sources of information, headed by the papers, suggest. The situation is undeniably strained, tempers are high as America faces the crucial point in a long and bitter struggle which has already caused civil war.

B. R. SAMUELS

THE SHELTER

The door slammed.
"Let me in!" she screamed.
The siren screamed.
They laughed.

The bomb dropped.
"Let me in!" she screamed.
The siren slowed.
All stopped.

The walls fell.
"Let me in" she moaned.
"Please get us out!"
They shout.

J. K. LITTLEWOOD (L.6.M.B.)

ESCAPE

Take my hand and we will run
To the rivers wet with sun
Where the trout with wat'ry eye
Take the ripples for a sky.
And the only talk of wars
Is by corpses, from whose maws
Bloody bubbles belch and rise
To explode in liquid sighs.
Free from men, who screamed in vain
As they watched the dusty rain;
Watched it, dodged it . . . then, knee-deep,
Jumped above, like flames that leap
Across a street.

They turned and crawled,
Edged up a hill with valleys sprawled,
Spewed out, beneath them . . . Where was peace . . .
Where with necks out-flung like geese
They fell to Death, who drowned their screams
And threw them lifeless into streams,
From their fortress,
From their life,
From their world the wise call dreams.

J. K. LITTLEWOOD

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THE MONARCHY — FOR OR AGAINST?

"Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Her other realms and Territories, Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith."

Many citizens, through personal loyalty, decline to hold any criticism of the Queen, but we rarely ask ourselves what place such a monarch has in our democratic society. In Europe only six monarchs remain. The British monarchy is perhaps the most popular, yet it is the least representative of the people. Nevertheless, it is secure and is regarded by many as essential for national safety. The monarch constantly maintains international relations. The Queen is the link between the Governments of Britain and of the Dominions, and symbolises the unity of the Commonwealth. The abolition of the British throne would endanger the Commonwealth and could lead to its downfall; the Queen's role in keeping united all its countries, the object of numerous royal tours, is a vital one. The abolition of the monarchy would also involve trouble in the re-shaping of the constitution.

The moral values which are generally accepted in our society are reasserted in royal ceremonies, especially the coronation ceremony. The monarch plays an essential part in holding together the Parliamentary and representative systems, and may publicly intervene if political controversies arise, so as to prevent a crisis. The silence and privacy which obviously surrounds the majority of the proceedings of the Establishment is preserved by the vast publicity the monarch receives. As the monarchy is impartial, it provides a depository of much highly confidential information. Also the monarchy may act as the final arbiter if there is a danger of a break in the continuity of government.

The personal appearances of the Royal Family arouse great public interest and pleasure. Buckingham Palace is appreciated by the public to the extent that they throng round it when no royal personages are in residence there. A great amount of tradition is attached to royal ceremonies, and the significance of the sword, sceptre and crown would be difficult to disinter from our society.

The British monarchy has been described as a way of life, yet it is rarely criticised and the B.B.C. does not permit free speech about it. One of the greatest disadvantages of the monarchy is that it can incite a bias against foreigners, and the prestige of royalty can be used for political purposes.

It is the Queen's personal choice whether or not to proceed against a suspected criminal, and she can terminate a trial at any time. If a criminal has been convicted, the Queen has the

authority to pardon him, freely, or to reduce his sentence. Surely it is not democratic that the future of a criminal can be with the decision of one person. Officially the Queen is treated as sacrosanct, and cannot be prosecuted whatever she does.

The monarch's salary and expenses amount to £475,000 a year. Although the Queen has the obvious expenses of monarchy, £60,000 of her salary is available to her to spend as she wishes. Furthermore, the royal yacht 'Britannia' costs the public £7,000 a week when in service and £4,000 a week when stationary — a sum which could be put to a much more useful and urgent purpose. Although the Queen earns a salary and expense account, she pays no rates and taxes on royal palaces.

The Queen rarely meets the public except at civic functions and unveilings of monuments, and has little connection with the lower ranks of the people; thus royalty has become extremely snobbish. Various honours such as Knighthoods, Orders of Merit, peerages, Companionships of Honour and many others are conferred by the Queen, and she may allot such honours personally, if not unjustly.

The monarchy is brought to our attention through Press, photographs, radio, television, and films, and the tendency of part of the Press to flatter the Royal Family worsens the evil of snobbery. These sources of propaganda are used to persuade the uneducated that the monarchy is still sacrosanct. The danger of the monarchy is that it may provide the enemies of the democratic government of the day. The privileged classes may use the position of the Queen, as 'Head of the State', for challenging and defying Parliament. The Queen has the right to oppose the advice of her ministers, and can under certain circumstances dissolve Parliament even if her ministers do not wish it. The monarchy is maintained in the interest of privilege and is thus a symbol of the past. If a crisis arises, then the private influence of friends, which obviously must affect the Queen, will be biased on the side of wealth and privilege.

The monarchy is maintained as a useful constitutional weapon and the focus of national loyalty. It produces snobbery in religion, education and military services, and may some day be of use to the opponents of democracy.

P. J. ASPINALL (L.6.M.A.)

DUTY

Slowly he came to, and his aching body rose. His head throbbed, and he shuddered as he felt the lump high up on his neck: the product of the blunt end of a battle-axe when it crashed against his head. He rose, painfully, first to his knees and then his feet. His armour clanked about him as he wiped

the sweat from his brow and brushed the warm dust from his armour and other garments.

For several moments he stood, still half-dazed, until his vision cleared. Around him lay the bloodstained and mutilated bodies of friend and foe alike. The wounds were clearly visible; and it was also possible to tell how they died by the deeply-etched expressions on their faces. It sickened him to think of his own near escape.

He saw to his left an enemy warrior stirring and rubbing his head. He was about thirty yards away and he noticed, as he jerkily walked towards the man, that the latter had a fresh and mortal wound in his side. His first reaction was to help the man. After all, they were not enemies of their own accord. How could he kill a man who, although he had never met him, was a friend in the same predicament? Anyway, the thought of killing brought on another feeling of nausea.

He stopped for a minute to rest, for he was still quite dazed. He thought then of the order given to him to kill all enemy soldiers he met, fit or wounded. He was afraid of the consequences of not killing the man; but there was no-one to see him, he was all right.

On continuing, he calmed and comforted the man, who was frightened. The man lay back and relaxed. Suddenly, he saw beyond the man some of his superiors, and fear struck him — the kind of fear that he had seen strike his friends. His arm jerked; his hand tightened on his sword as he thrust it a few inches below those pitiful eyes.

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EXTRACT

. . . Let me live as I please; your life is past,
The wars you fought were not my wars; the cast
Of dice was fate's, the faults were yours, and I
Knew nothing of the years that passed you by.

Leave me my life — your envy must not take
Revenge on joys that age can never make.
Joys that I have, joys that I strive to keep
Whilst you look on and scold and often weep
For twenty years ago.

What of your dead?

Have you thrown down their torch to burn the head
Of youth? Were you afraid we would not fight
Amongst ourselves, and never know the night
Of black-plagued war, lit up by bleeding fires

Of Man? . . . Your job is done, our protest tires—
You had the world, our lives are not to be;
Soft death is yours, the blast you leave for me . . .

J. K. LITTLEWOOD

BRITISH SECONDARY EDUCATION

During the years since the war, education, and particularly secondary education, has been the subject of much criticism, favourable and unfavourable. During most of these years the government has pursued a progressive but conservative policy of a three-fold secondary education system; public school, grammar school and secondary modern school. Now we have a new government with a different philosophy of life in society, which aims at complete integration in all spheres, be it class, race, creed or upbringing. It is the duty of all educationalists, and indeed all those concerned with education, to re-examine their present views on this subject, in the light of modern thought and representative opinion.

One of the first things to be fired at by the 'new school of educational thought' was the secondary school examination, the so-called 'eleven plus'. Many reasons were proffered. It was said to be unfair to those children who are naturally nervous during examinations, and the cause of early segregation of children. The syllabus and general material of the examination was said to bear no similarity to the school syllabus. The question of segregation I shall deal with later, but first the question of nervousness in examinations.

Whether we like it or not, we must realise that examinations are an integral part of the school course. No more reliable method has ever been found of testing a pupil's absorption of knowledge. It must therefore be disadvantageous for a

pupil who does not have an 'examination technique' to attend a grammar school. He or she will be unable to attain any academic distinctions, and will be wasting a place in such a school. 'Examination technique' must be learnt early, before the end of primary school.

The charge of academic unsuitability is also interesting. It is undoubtedly true that the examination-matter bears little resemblance to primary school material, but then neither does grammar school material. It must be borne in mind that the purpose of the eleven plus is to find out a person's mental capabilities, not his mental knowledge. In this it differs from the General Certificate of Education examinations, which are primarily intended to test a person's knowledge. The mental capabilities of a pupil cannot be found out by either of the alternatives suggested. The first suggestion is that the decision be made on the basis of the work done in class during the year immediately prior to his or her leaving the school. This only tests his ability to work well in class, for it does not examine his ability to absorb knowledge, and later to apply it, nor his capabilities when faced with subjects academically different from those in primary schools. The other suggestion, that the headmaster of the primary school should make the decision is, I feel, monstrous. A teacher cannot help being biased in some way, even when concerned with the prestige of his school. It is not right that so heavy a burden as deciding the child's whole future should be placed on his shoulders. It must therefore be concluded that the 'eleven plus' is the fairest system in existence.

This brings me to the second point of conflict; the question of segregation of pupils of differing mental abilities at the age of twelve. Those in favour of comprehensive schools say that if a child fails to secure a place in a grammar school he will have a feeling of guilt, consider himself worthless, and his work will suffer. I believe that the bad effects of secondary modern schools are over-emphasised. The fact that the pupil's work suffers is due more to an attitude of mind towards work, teachers and school in general, which develops before or after leaving primary school, but is not derived from the feeling of guilt. Exactly the same symptoms are seen in the lower streams of a grammar school amongst older boys, which proves the point.

That the opportunities of grammar school boys are not available to secondary modern boys is often given as a reason for the desire to introduce comprehensive schools. To me, the key word in comprehensive schools must be 'compromise'. Compromise in teaching methods, compromise in teaching syllabus, compromise in out-of-classroom activities. The fast, intelligent

and capable pupils are forced to slow down their rate of working for the benefit of the less mentally gifted pupils, who themselves have to work under inhuman pressure to keep up to even the compromise pace. It would be essential to have a wide range of grading of pupils to suit every level of capability. If we are going to have such a wide range of classes to suit every level, why not split them, put some in a different building, endow each building with its own organisation and call one building 'The Grammar School', and the other 'the Secondary Modern School'?

Comprehensive education, then, would ruin the unity of out-of-classroom activities, for with so many conflicting interests (or lack of interests) the social affairs of a school would be unmanageable.

Indeed, I do not believe comprehensive education will solve the problem. A constructive measure would be the re-organisation of secondary education. Is it not ludicrous that History, Geography and Mathematics should be taught to secondary modern pupils up to the day they leave? In most cases they are not in the least interested in those subjects, and they will be of little or no use to them in their life afterwards. I believe that the latter part of the secondary school career should be devoted to learning a trade or constructive profession of the pupil's choice, something which will liquidate for ever the unskilled workman, and some more or less cultural subject, which will show him how to get pleasure from creative and passive activities of life. This subject should also be of the pupil's choosing. If the school-leaving age is raised, in my opinion, the extra year, if not more, should be spent on this.

Grammar school education is itself by no means perfect. I feel that grammar schools must be prepared to recognise new educational trends, and to make it possible for newly-developed subjects such as sociology to be studied. General subjects should be studied lower down the school as well as in the Sixth Form. Sixth Forms should have more influence in general educational organisation.

At present in this country we have a very small minority of people for whom the basis of their life is their education. Contrasted with this minority, we have a great majority who, as early as possible, cast off the stigma of their education and try to live and work in a way which will permit them to ignore it.

Education is no longer something for the rich, or (to use a term with an ironically narrow meaning) the 'sophisticated'; it is no longer to be experimented with. Education must be the

rock on which the wise man builds his house; the wise man of every income and class. A time is coming when secondary education must be reformed or perish as an institution for the masses.

Educated people of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your scarcity.

L. J. SAWYER (L.6.M.A.)

**An extract from "Fifty Years in the (Dog-) House"
Published 1985**

Of course, nowadays we miss all the excitement of elections. I remember the one we had in 1964 — it all seemed to come so suddenly, you know. I was sitting in the tea room at the House, where I'd gone to avoid a debate on the price of cattle-cake in the Hebrides, and was under 'the gracious power of sleep's fine alchemy', when Alec came in and woke me up.

"Don't you know there's an election on?"

"Oh! Is there?"

"Yes, you'd better do something about it."

The next morning, I caught a train to my constituency in Dorset. I arrived at about nine in the morning, but by the time I found the town hall, it was time for dinner. After the feast was over, I went out onto the balcony, to address my constituents. When the man with the red flags had been carried away by the local *gendarmarie*, I began my address.

"Friends, what this country needs is change, and what I intend to do, is to see to my - er - - *your* interests at the present time. I have done so in the past, ('Rubbish', shouted a socialist), I shall do so in the future, and I intend to do so now." Here I embarked on my long and painstaking catalogue of my opponents' faults, liberally sprinkled with as much of Roget's Thesaurus as my solicitor saw fit. I concluded my address, with a stirring defence of Neville Chamberlain. The Socialist shouted: "He's dead, you damn fool," my audience's dog urinated against a 'No Parking' sign, and I went back into the town hall.

I was ill all election week, but my seat was a reasonably safe one, and I contented myself with watching the results on television. Being rather conservative in matters both aesthetic and political, I switched onto the B.B.C., on the 15th.

There was Dimpleby — a gross fat man, who was well known in those days — smiling all over his face, and sitting at a desk with two others. These two minions of his were most annoying; one had a monotone voice, and the other was over-

enthusiastic. Both had an obsession for useless information. Eventually, my number came up on the Teleprinter . . . and everything faded into a small white dot in the centre of the screen. I know it seems ridiculous, but there you are, my set was broken — I should have to be content with the morning papers. Then my wife had a bright idea; what about the radio? No use trying that though, the batteries had run down, fizzled out, blown-out, expired — or whatever batteries do when they pass quietly on.

I slept badly that night. I lay 'awake with a fearful headache' and 'all repose was tabooed with anxiety'; I conceive that I used any language I chose 'to indulge in — without impropriety'. The dreams I had, however, were in no wise like the Lord Chancellor's mythical nightmares; no bathing machines or plant-like tradesmen for me — I dreamt of the House.

I saw myself arrive at the House, unsaluted by a socialist policeman, and find the chamber full of socialists. The horrors I endured that night were unrepeatable. Let it suffice for me to say that I was executed in front of the dispatch box by the Speaker (Mr. Frank Cousins, Esq.), who, wielding his mace, severed my head, which fell to the floor in front of the left-hand front benches with a sickening, echoing, ringing noise.

The paper, of course, was late — no doubt the boy had stayed up to watch the results. I stood by the door, waiting for the paper-boy. He rounded the corner, whistling a journalistic air, and began to work his way down the street towards me, stopping at every house on the way. When he had reached the tenth house from my own, I lost my nerve, and shot off down the street towards him. Knocking him to the pavement, I grabbed one of his papers, which scattered in the gutter. I tore at the pages, searching for the table of results. Damnation! — 'The Gardeners Weekly and Smallholders' Clarion'. I flung down this, no doubt vital, piece of literature, and grabbed another paper — 'The Times' — opening it at the relevant page. I thumbed my way down the list of 'P's': Paignton — Poole — Poschill:— Mr. Evelyn Squeer (Con.) 28,000; Mr. Jeremiah Ache (Lab.) 27,099; Mr. Xerxes Sidebotham-Bagley (Comm.) 2; Mr. Vaughan Ashley (L.O.E.L.) 1. — I was in! Back to my thousand-a-year!!

I helped the boy to his feet, gathered up his papers for him, and pressed a fiver (worth quite a lot then, you know) into his newsprint-blackened hand. He gazed after me in amazement as I danced off down the street like some newly converted Scrooge.

After the recounts were over, I went back to the House — but I wasn't beheaded after all.

R. B. JACKSON (U.V.T.M.)

POLITICS AND US

Wilson's in and Home is out;
Khrushchev's gone with scarce a shout;
The Olympic team — there were none finer
In spite of Atom bombs from China;
Johnson's ready for the slaughter
Of that upstart called Goldwater.
Important though these facts may be,
There's just one thing that bothers me —
Will my name be ever seen
In the Red Rose magazine?

R. HAWKINS (3B.)

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The Royal Air Force

Descriptive & Meditative

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

On my first day in Majorca we bought a snorkel and face-mask and I tried it out.

The hot sun blazed down from an azure sky, scattered with pudgy white and grey clouds which came rolling up over the hazy horizon. Miniature cliffs of rock dropped steeply down to the blue-green sea. I slowly swam, face down, seeing clearly, for the first time in my life, the sea bed. It was intensely beautiful. The pink and white rocks covered with a dense, undulating, growth of mauve and black weed were clear in every detail. Black spiny sea-urchins, thousands of them, clung to the rocks like pincushions, with multi-coloured fish darting around them. I swam slowly over a large rock covered with sea-urchins and noticed that on some of them small creatures such as shellfish were impaled. Here and there immense sea-anemones spread their sticky tendrils of death out from crannies in the rock.

Further out, delicate fronds of seaweed wavered in the crystal clear water, like grassy pastures stretching out in all directions. Their leaves were long and slender, and grew upright in the white sand that glistened in patches here and there. Large shoals of fish browsed over these fields like submarine cows. They were over a foot long and just a flick of a fin could send them arrowing through the water. Clouds of sand rose like miniature volcanoes as marine catfish and other scavengers "nosed" around for food. Small flatfish sped away as I approached, and then I noticed several fish lying flat on the bottom (I believe they were long-spined scorpion fish). Their mottled bodies were camouflaged so well against the sandy silt that it was hard to see them.

I swam back to the rocks, convinced that I was going to spend the rest of my holiday exploring this fascinating and totally different world. The most vivid description cannot portray the sensations of a first under-water view, or the thrill of seeing a large sea creature for the first time.

A few hours later I was again out "snorkeling". This time I decided to go further along the coast. Here the scenery changed; white coral skeletons stood out like porcelain knobs from a bed of purple matting. Black sponges dotted with pores were scattered here and there, and occasionally I saw one like an orange finger. The fish were striped in black and white with bright red tails like caricature zebras.

I lay in the water face down over a massive rock. All I could hear was the pumping sound of my own breathing and the far off hum of a speed - boat. Suddenly I noticed a salmon pink tentacle protruding from a crevice. Slowly a small octopus emerged, crawling slowly over the rock like a large spider. It was greyish on its upper surface changing to creamy white and pink around its suckers and its eyes were points of green. It suddenly launched itself out into the water and swam, trailing all its legs behind it, away into the distance.

On the gravelly patches in the weed there was an amazing variety of shells, cones that were pink, mottled green, red and yellow, slender and broad, that had a finish like polished ivory. Long, thin, tusk shells were rarer, the finest specimens being rose pink fading to white and deeply grooved. Armour-plated chitons clung to pebbles, their markings of fine lines only visible under a magnifying glass. But the best shell was a small rounded scallop. Its shell was yellow and so thin that you could see through it like glass. I could have stayed for hours collecting specimens but the water began to get murky and things were no longer clearly visible.

So I swam back.

S. A. BALDWIN (3X.)

HORIZON

There sky and water melt in mist,
Out there, beyond the limit of the lake,
There, two bright specks of lamps remain
And flicker pin-like with their rays of light.
I stand and linger on the bridge.

As Agamemnon and his fellow kings
Stood on the brink of the Aegean sea,
Before they set out for La Belle Helene — the queen
Of Menelaus of the loud war-cry:
So gaze I at the misty horizon.

There, where even far infinity
Is joined to the placid silence of the lake,
Both time and season, man and earth
Are melted into dark, relentless space.
I stand a while immersed in contemplation.

I'll say no more.

R. B. JACKSON (U.5.Tr.Mod.)

"REFLEXIONS DIVERSES"

Or, "How to use words and say nothing"

If you have ever experienced a feeling of sudden desperation combined with slight bewilderment, then perhaps you will understand how I feel at the moment. I have always had a vehement desire to be remembered in the literary annals of the school, but now that the opportunity presents itself I am unable to grasp it with firm intent. To attribute my inability to a sheer lack of imagination would be a reasonably precise judgment. It should not be assumed that I have not reflected upon the matter, but I seem to have become inextricably entangled in the web of my own thoughts.

I promised myself from the start that I would strive for originality, but I soon realised that every practicable literary "genre", had already been employed by previous writers. I could I suppose in true Ionescoesque tradition, create an entirely new "genre", but I doubt if anybody would appreciate it. Indeed I doubt if anybody appreciates the difficulty I am having in thinking of something to write. My run-of-the-mill existence hardly lends itself to the narration of exciting adventures — I have never seen a flying saucer, nor have I visited any exotic countries. Were I an imaginative character, little difficulty would arise, but my youthful imaginative zest has paled slightly, to be replaced by a mild cynicism and indifference.

In truth, my literary career is quite stagnant, and apart from a few choice essays on certain French authors my literary powers lie indolently in the gloomy abyss of my mind. The more I think about it, the greater becomes my astonishment that I, of all people, should be asked to write for the "Red Rose". I could soon convince myself that I am unworthy to write for that revered periodical, but how do I convince the people that matter? I cannot hope to attain the incomprehensible — to the ignorant masses — standards of some respected men of words. I should like to write something of universal interest, like Racine who wrote about "les grands sujets qui remuent fortement les passions".

Despite being an avid critic of some contributors to the "Red Rose", I now begin to appreciate the severity of the writer's task. It is not that I am devoid of culture, but rather that my literary talents — such as they are — have never been given the opportunity to manifest themselves. If I ever do succeed in writing anything, I doubt if the editorial committee of the magazine will ever accept it. I shall not be a "forgotten man of literature", for I have not one single literary achievement to be remembered by. The editor will explain discreetly to me that he will let me know if my article can be used. But the

facade of interest will not be impenetrable — instinct will see through it.

I always find it most distasteful to break promises, but despite great effort I am unable to conceive a plan of action — so I shall just have to remain inactive. I hope they won't be too disappointed . . . R. N. CARVER (U.6.Mod.Schol.)

HIGH VENDETTA

They stand apart, rigid with fear,
As the thunder snaps and groans;
The people watch, but not too near;
The silence chills their bones.

The women watch nervously, but
Only three men are present:
A dog yelps: and receives a foot;
The air is all but pleasant.

The first man moves, the others stare,
A hammer clicks, everyone's tense;
Cloth is ripped with a sickening tear
Savagely on a crumbling fence.

One man dives — a pistol thumps,
A crack rings through the silent night;
The other falls to the ground, and slumps
Over a tree-stump — a horrific sight.

The survivor leaves; all have gone;
The judge picks up the dead man's body;
He is the only living one;
The field is wet and soggy. M. J. COOPER (4Y)

THE OLD FARM

It was a cold wintry night at the lonely farm,
The shutters banged with a squeak,
The buildings had lost their daylight charm,
On that night so windy and bleak.

The windows were boarded with pieces of wood,
The doors had been left to spoil;
The farmyard gate, which had done service so good,
Creaked from the lack of oil.

The farm had once been a prosperous one,
But had been left to rack and ruin;
The farmer, he had long since passed on,
And now there was 'nothing doing'.

In years to come the land might be used
As a building site for a town;
And, as many a passing person has mused,
That farm will have to be knocked down.

J. KEELEY (L.5.A.)

AUTUMN

The dark brown boughs of the twisted trees
Trace a pattern in the sky,
Delicately, with lazy ease.
As they watch the summer die.

The sun is warm, though not so warm
As it was in the summer gone,
Its rays are sharp — but do no harm —
As it watches the Autumn come.

The year begins to show its age
And knows there is no return:
It plays its part on nature's stage
As it waits for winter's turn.

S. WINDHAM (L.S.Y.)

THE FOREST FIRE

The evening was hot and dry; the picnickers had packed away their baskets and left the quiet forest. The small creatures of the forest sniffed anxiously and waited.

Faint wisps of smoke stealthily crept among the trees, curling round their strong sturdy trunks. The first tongues of vivid orange flame licked their way greedily through the branches of the tall young pines.

The birds soared from their nests screeching in terror, and, circling the forest, flew to a safer place. The fire swept on, devouring all in its path, leaving a trail of devastation.

In the pale morning light the scorched earth raised its blackened face to the sky, and the swollen clouds opened to send the gently healing rain.

G. KING (3B.)

RUSSIAN INCIDENT

"Oh!" Father Zerov exclaimed. He shouted after the waitress: "No lemon, girl!"

"Very well, Father Zerov," and she disappeared behind the huge *samovar on the counter of the tea-shop.

An izvozchik rattled past, bouncing on the cobbles as the driver cursed his horses and cracked his whip at a peasant by the roadside. Outside the window, the snow glistened in the winter sunshine; Father Zerov's troika moved slightly on its wheels, the three horses tugging as if in a vain attempt to demolish the verandah, to whose rail they were tied.

Inside the tea-shop, things were moving fast. Grigory Niko-layevich, the priest's servant, was bending down under the table, but soon sat upright again at a signal from his master.

*tea urn.

"Thank you, that will be all," said the priest. The girl bowed, glanced at Grigory, who was smiling feebly and stirring his tea with the screwdriver he had been unable to conceal, and, after glancing back at Father Zerov, left the room to return to her dish-washing.

"That was near, Father," said Grigory.

"Yes," said Father Zerov.

"Shall I start again?" said Grigory.

"Yes."

Grigory began again; he remained there, under the table, until whatever he was doing down there caused a loud crash to resound through the building. A harsh, metallic, clanging crash, which brought the waitress, running, to the shop.

"Oh Father Zerov, excellence!" she screamed. "Whatever is wro . . ."

But she entered to find Father Zerov buried in a copy of the 'Sextons', Gravediggers' and Lay-Preachers' Gazette', and Grigory sipping his tea in a menial manner, smiling the same sheepish smile at her through the bottom of his upturned glass.

"Yes, girl?" snapped Father Zerov, "what were you about to ask?"

"N-nothing, s-sir, I j-just wanted, I-I mean just w-wondered what that crash was, sir — I thought you had come to some harm perhaps . . ."

"How?"

"Well, you might have knocked over the sam . . ."

"Are you inferring that I am in the habit of taking tea without paying for it? Come, girl, answer!" stormed Father Zerov.

"No-no, I just th-thought th . . ."

"Well, don't! As it happens, it was a packing-case being dropped into a cart from that warehouse over the road."

"But, they never usually . . ."

"Do you presume to doubt me, girl?"

"No-no, Father."

"Then go, and speak no more of this to me!"

"Yes, Father." And she disappeared again.

"Right, Grigory," said the priest after she had gone, "ease it into our bag. There! Ea-asy do-es it!"

Grigory emerged once more from under the table.

"Three more like this, Father, and we'll be able to use the entire grant on your house."

"Yes," said the priest, "and the ministry will be none the wiser." Then he added, "Go and call our driver."

Grigory went out. Father Zerov stood up, hammered on the counter to summon the waitress, threw a rouble and a kopeck onto the marble slab that served as a draining-board, and followed Grigory out.

Ten minutes later, they were on the way to Zlatowst. The troika was jogging along merrily over the crisp, white roads.

"Let's see today's takings," said the priest.

"Certainly," and Grigory heaved up the carpet-bag from beneath the seat, undid the padlock on it, and eased it open.

"Yes, perfect, Grigory! Another three like that, and I can use gold leaf on my new prayer-book. They'll never know at the ministry, and they won't lose any money really. Right, put it away, Grigory. I'll check it for leaks at the next inn."

Grigory stretched the fabric over the radiator, and, having locked the bag, replaced it under the seat. "Soon" he thought "the church will have its central heating, and Father Zerov will be able to paint his house, and to put gold-leaf initials on his prayer-book." Thus, as interested in his master as Cato's 'perfect servant' was, he let himself be lulled to sleep by the gentle sway of the troika.

R. B. JACKSON (U5.Tr.M.)

A Career in the Bank

Never before have opportunities for young people been as promising as they are today in Barclays Bank. Here is a brief outline of the career that awaits you there.

The Bank wants young men of character and integrity, with a good standard of general education. Given these qualifications and an aptitude for the job, there is no reason why you should not find yourself a Branch Manager in your thirties, with a salary upwards of £1,750, and the chance of doubling your pay by the time you are 50. Looking ahead you could be one of those Managers whose salary exceeds £5,000 a year—a man with a big job, full of interest and responsibility. A goal worth striving for; and those who reach it will have a pension at 65 (without any contributions on their part) of £3,000 a year or more. Moreover, the biggest jobs in the Bank are open to all. For the early years there's a minimum salary scale for satisfactory work: £315 at 16 to £960 at 31 with a year's seniority for a good Advanced Level certificate and three years' for a degree, plus certain allowances if you work in large towns (£100 a year for employment in Central London). From 22 onwards merit can take the salary well above these figures; if the early promise is maintained, the salary at 28 can be £1,035, instead of the scale figure of £845.



Write for further particulars
to the Local Directors,
P.O. Box 39,
8 Water Street, Liverpool 2,
or to the Staff Managers,
54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.



BARCLAYS BANK

Humour

LATIN AS SHE IS LEARNT

When newts first come to K.G.V., they find things a lot different from their junior schools. Instead of T-shirted urchins, there are dashing creatures in knee-high chelseas hanging around, adorned with haversacks of weird and wonderful design. The teacher is now an awesome chap in a long black gown reeking with the blood of recently-perished boys.

Great changes in what they are taught take place, one such being LATIN. They soon find just what a silly little fellow Publius was, as he had not got a Parker 65 but scratched on a clay tablet. Progressing through the school, they learn that the Romans were not in fact chivalrous but a sneaky lot of cowards. All they did all day was to have great fun toughing up Hannibal. However, civil wars were popular, and thousands perished at the wave of a hand. Lots of Romans lived in Rome, which will not surprise the more intellectual scholars reading this. They all congregated at the Forum, which was, in fact an ancient pub, where the Senators handed out Extract of Caesar's False Teeth for curing warts.

They had great fun throwing Christians to the lions, although this was stopped owing to a shortage of lions. Instead of boxers, they had gladiators. These were tough chaps armed with nets and spears, somewhat resembling King Neptune, and were dumped into an arena before thousands of coarse-minded Romans and told to kill the other chap or else.

Romans enjoyed eating and, since there was no 'Coronation Street' to watch, they went in for eating on a commercial scale. They were too lazy to sit up, and lay down on couches supported by dozens of slaves, of which they had surprising quantities, and used their unsavoury fingers to pick the bones of whatever was lying around.

They assassinated Caesar, but too late, as he had already been seen by other Romans who had great fun telling other people about him — so now we get the worst of it, having to translate this blurb. A typical Roman house was a large establishment full of subterranean holes where never-decreasing quantities of slaves were kept for the winter. In summer, the Romans got out their swords and scooters (shields if you must), blew the dust off, then looked around for some more tribes to beat up. It is said that they were good soldiers, but the result of a battle depended on how much they bribed the other side beforehand. Being lazy, they could not be bothered to have a fleet of ships, and were allergic to puddle-sickness anyway.

What ships they had were called galleys, and in them slaves led a jolly existence, as Ben Hur found out.

I believe that what Romans there are left, not content with having knocked the mammoth-skins off our woad-covered ancestors, are slowly weakening Britain for a mass invasion. We now have their useless language rammed down our throats immediately after school dinner, and are expected to last through two more school periods until our daily pardon gets through and the cell doors are unlocked.

D. PILKINGTON (L.5.Y.)

POTTED POEMS

A dashing young fellow named Tim
Drove his car with a great deal of vim,
Said he "I'm renowned
For covering ground"
But alas! Now the ground covers him.

There was a young sailor from Crewe,
Who thought he could build a canoe,
But when he cruised on the river
He found with a shiver,
He hadn't used waterproof glue.

While walking in the bush one day,
A hungry lion came my way.
Father, being old and grey,
Naturally turned and ran away.
But I, being young and slim,
Was miles and miles in front of him.

M. WRIGHT (3B.)

GETTING OUT OF BED

Not everyone has the privilege of getting out of bed: some roll out, some fall out, and a minority do not even get into bed to start with. I am one of the more fortunate ones. Every morning I wake up and take a careful note of all my actions and all my thoughts as I get out of bed. I knew that sooner or later my strict self-observation would "pay off", and now it has. Please do not imagine that I have made up this story just to see my name in black type. That is an Opposition lie. The following is the full truth of how I get out of bed.

Lying in bed just after I wake up is the most miserable time of the day for me. I try to move the cold clothes with a probing hand, but only succeed in drawing cold air into the bed. It is not that I bear any malice towards my alarm-clock, it is just that I feel that it is an ungrateful thing. It sits on the bedside table ticking at me, with a leer on its luminous dial.

Then, suddenly it erupts into a metallic jangling. Surely it can see that I am trying to get up. The hand used to silence the brute serves as a lever and after the maximum of groaning, pulling and sliding I attain a sitting position. I stare bemusedly at two adjacent mountains towards the bottom of the bed. My feet, yes, I had been wondering when they would wake up. If I could move that left mountain towards the edge of the white plain of clothes, like this . . . Victory! I now behold an ankle, an instep and five toes, all glistening white in the pale morning light. More slipping and sliding, an anxious moment when I nearly suffocate under an unruly blanket, and I am almost free. If only my knee would bend the other way, then I could untangle myself from these fiendish sheets. I rest for a while, my leg trapped beneath a knotted mass of bedclothes; then, forcing against the wall, I finally free myself.

Honestly, to escape this getting-up terror, I would not go to bed at all, if I did not get so tired when I do try to get up.

D. HOLLINGS (U.6.S.Sch.B.)

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE A HORSE TO WATER BUT A PENCIL MUST BE LEAD

Once upon a time, before they invented weight-reducing pills made out of tobacco, for heavy smokers, there lived a certain young man called Joseph King. He could never be serious, in fact even when he was asleep he was still joking.

When he was at school, he wrote many books which subsequently became best-sellers. For example, there was that book he wrote exposing certain teachers entitled "All woodwork masters have many vices"; or the one about London at six o'clock in the evening called "From Rush Hour with Love" and many others too humorous to mention.

He decided he would like to become a teacher, so he went to University and passed all his exams and so became a bachelor. He applied to a school where he became the art master. Unfortunately he was no good as an art master, because, as his girl friend, Ruth, told him, he didn't know when to draw the line. So he went to the Labour Exchange and asked for a job. However, he did not have any success until he met the managing director of a large chain-store which, apart from selling large chains, could sell anything at all.

The director arranged an appointment with Joseph, in which he told Joseph that he had an opening in his hairdressing department and he would like Joseph to fill it. After Joseph had acquired the necessary equipment, that is plaster, putty, etc., he started the job of filling in the opening. As he was doing this, he couldn't help noticing, and admiring, the barber's work and decided that he would like to be one. After looking through

various text books, he discovered he could seek application to the Royal Chartered Well Being, Dressing and Care Institute for Long Hair or the National Hairdressing College for short. However, when his application was accepted he had second thoughts. He didn't know whether to become a barber or write stories again. So he decided to toss up. It was a matter of heads or tails.

He joined the staff of the Daily Star. He solved many mysteries; for example, he found out that before Dr. Frankenstein started making monsters, he went on a body-building course.

After three years of reporting, he married Ruth, who refused to eat in unfashionable restaurants because she didn't like to put on weight in the wrong places. One day, Joseph bought a butter factory with which he did very well. Another reporter wrote an article on the butter that Joseph made (he couldn't afford paper) and after this, the sales of his butter dropped. (So, in future, be careful what you say about butter because you know how these things spread).

So Joseph told his wife that he was going to sue. Ruth thought that he was being unfaithful so she shot herself in the heart of London.

Of course, Joseph was upset about losing Ruth, but he soon recovered and became a success again. Which only goes to show that if you want to succeed in life you have to be ruthless.

G. A. WILLIAMS (U.5.B.)

BLOOD, GUTS, A ROD AND I

This is a big town. There are a lot of sneaks in this town. Guys who will lie, cheat and even kill for a fast "buck". And I happen to be one of them! Mike File is the name. Private Eye.

There was still a muscle-hard ten stone of me left as I caught my first winks of sleep in fourteen days. I shaved, showered, dressed, stowed away a meal, and checked back in at the office after wrapping up the Shackelford caper.

My head felt like a wet sandbag from the diet of dry, cheap hamburgers I had been on for the past two weeks. Thoughts of the last case came dribbling back into my consciousness. But I shook them off. I sat down at my desk and started cleaning my rod for action.

I did not have to wait long for trouble to beat a path to my door. Bridgette, my girl Friday, ambled into the room. She mumbled a few words, and I finally figured out she was trying to tell me a client was waiting at the door. I made a mental note to see more of Bridgette, and told her to send the sucker in.

Little men with sledge-hammers were still pounding on my temple from twenty-six — or was it twenty-seven? — Tall Vodkas I had put away the night before, and the idea of starting out on another caper did not appeal to me. But I gave the thing some fast reconsideration when I glanced up. She was very tall, and very blonde. She gave off a scent of perfume that I did not have to identify to know the reason for.

Her name was Diane Wilkinson. She told me that her husband had hired a creep named "Snake" del Rocco to do away with her. She had already had one close brush with never-never land when "Snake" tried to run her down in the street outside her swanky mansion. I felt my heart do hand-springs in my chest.

A buzz-saw was still ripping away at my brain from the thirty-four whiskeys I had poured into my lower recesses the night before.

"Sorry, Baby," I snapped. "I am in no shape for another caper."

"You look in pretty good shape to me," Diane whispered. She came quite close and reached into her purse. My head started to whirl as she counted out a retainer. After she drifted out, leaving behind a fragrance of bruised roses, I checked the name Wilkinson in the phone book and found it to be a fashionable East Side address.

I downed my last drop of Scotch to quiet the forty-one brandies of the night before that were still churning around inside me, and headed over that way. I knew from the start it was going to be a tough case. The driver eyed me suspiciously as I handed him my fare.

The Wilkinson's house was one of those places that simply oozed with money, a stately old mansion that reminded you of what this town must have been like before the borrowers, the crooks and the police took over. I edged up to what I thought was a bedroom window, and caught sight of something that made me forget the fifty-four shots of gin from the night before that were still doing 'bumps and grindings in my stomach.

I was soaking up an eyeful when a chill ran down my spine as if somebody had just dropped blocks of ice down my shirt. A figure was moving in the shrubbery not ten feet away!

Still nursing one lump on my head from the Shackelford case, and not anxious to pick up another one, I whipped out my rod and fired at the shadowy form . . . Kazowie . . . Kazowie . . . Kazowie . . . Kazowie . . .

He let out one short cry and fell dead at my feet. I glanced down at the blood-spattered corpse with the hole where the guts used to be. There is no room for emotion in my racket. Once you let it in, you are all washed up.

The row I had stirred up with my forty-five brought quick action from somewhere behind me. I felt the crunch of raw metal burying itself in my scalp, and then everything went black.

Then the lights flickered on again. I staggered to my feet and looked around. There was a dingy bar down the street. I slammed in, braced myself with more plain ale than I should have had, and headed back to the office.

What I found when I arrived left a permanent blood-stain on my carpet and told me again that there was more to this caper than I had bargained for. I marked the case closed, and went out into the cool night air. There is something lonely about a city at night, when the streets are deserted except for the occasional howl of a far away wolf-hound pet.

I tried hard, very hard, to put Diane Wilkinson out of my mind, and started concentrating on my next assignment. A fortnight's holiday!

S. HOUGHTON (4Y.)

THE ROYAL TURFDIGGERS' GOLF CLUB

The golf course — what better place for relaxation and fresh air can its keen members find? That is, except the gentleman who has been emptying a bunker since the crack of dawn and appears to be all set for a marathon.

Other members arrive; the secretary steps from his car and stalks majestically to the first tee, while mere members look on admiringly. Of course, he shoots ten under bogey. The keen youngster stands with his legs tied in knots waiting to ask someone if he might — er, that is, — er — if he could — er, join the — er, club. The club professional arrives with his Scotch accent (carefully cultured in the highlands of Birmingham), which he thinks puts him in the same class as the professionals at St. Andrews. There is the visitor who misses his shots because of "the horrible smell of sea air," and "the crunching of wood-worm in the hickory shaft of his putter."

There is also a visiting American professional with his up-to-the-second equipment, nuclear - powered golf trolley, immaculate clothing, and telescopic ultra-sonic clubs with built-in range and direction-finder. He uses radar-controlled aluminium putters, and when he misses two-foot putts he does an Indian War Dance of doubtful origin round the green, ending prostrate in a bunker. Not all members are popular: there is a transistor fiend who is seen in the dim distance on the eighteenth green being chased by the choleric major of 1914 Open Championship fame, who is waving his sand-blaster furiously.

Yes, golf is a fine game and any fool can enjoy it, but don't expect to retain your sanity on the bad days. Lastly,

refrain from angrily hurling your obviously useless driver into the rough after a bad shot, for you may hit the member of the Greens Committee who is skulking there in the undergrowth waiting for badly-hit balls to come into his greedy clutches.

A. M. EDWARDS (L.5.Y.)

JOURNEY?

My glance fell upon Glasgow — a beautiful little spot — half an inch wide, on my map of Scotland. I decided to make this my final destination.

I proceeded to find my direction, from my base-camp on the summit of Mount Parbold, by pointing my watch at the sun and going half-way round the hour-hand (— a method extensively employed by the Greeks, for fooling their geography pupils). Having been baffled by this method for some years, I decided to set off and follow my self-appointed lodestone. Suspecting a slight inaccuracy in my direction-finding, I decided to pause on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral to check my bearings. Remembering the well-known phrase or saying, "Don't put all your eggs on a crossed bridge before it's hatched," I sallied forth once more, to the sound of the sun sinking high into the sky.

Wearing my otter-skin sunglasses and daring topless miner's helmet, I plodded on, feet first, through the dusk into the night, which was descending like a ton of coal all around me. Finally, I arrived at an old Roman town, Bath, and decided to pitch camp therein. Sitting round the camp fire, cooking my vegetable salad, I noticed two (II) Romans marching, in a band, towards me. Both had towels round their waists. Approaching my portable bear-trap, the leader said, "You must refrain from pitching camp in the territory of Ferrous Caesar, you know."

I looked, bewildered, towards the second, who nodded his plumed head and replied,

"Believe him. He got it all out of books!"

Not liking the look of either, I decided not to cause trouble with Bath Corporation, and packed up. As I left, the two (II) Romans bowed low and murmured, "Salaam."

"Likewise," I replied, as I turned my back on them. Unfortunately, I forgot where I left my portable bear-trap — and fell down it.

R. D. JOHNSTONE (U.6.Sc.X.)

Old Georgians' News

- J. D. ADAMS (G. 51-58) is a Sales Service representative for Dunlop Rubber Co., working in adhesives and latex compounds and is now working in Germany.
- A. S. BAILEY (Ed. 52-57) has been appointed to a position in the Post Office at Auckland, New Zealand.
- A. C. CROWTHER (Ev. 38-47), director of Holland Motors Ltd., recently attended the Ford Motor Company farm equipment conference in New York.
- W. T. DYSON (W. 52-59) has gained his A.T.D. at the Liverpool College of Art.
- M. ENGLISH (Ev. 45-48) has been elected Labour M.P. for Nottingham West.
- J. FLETCHER (L. 54-61) has been appointed to a Research post at Chelsea Technical College, London.
- Rev. A. T. L. GREAR, the first Housemaster of Grear's House, and Mrs. Grear, celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on Saturday, 17th October. J. S. H. Leatherbarrow, the first House Captain of Grears, was present at this celebration.
- F. H. HENTSHEL (L. 33-35) has been appointed Director of the Koyo Seiko Group at their European Headquarters in Hamburg.
- B. HUGHES (Ev. 33-40) has been made a Director of Foseco Ltd.
- L. G. JAEGAR (Ed. 36-43) has been appointed Professor of Engineering at Edinburgh University.
- D. W. JONES (Ed. 58-63) has now obtained a post in the Central Reference Library, Periodicals Section, Broadcasting House.
- C. G. KNOWLES (Ev. 51-57) has been appointed West Sussex Area Representative of Player Branch, Imperial Tobacco Company.
- P. L. T. OWEN (M. 44-52) is now a Squadron Leader in the R.A.F. Technical Branch. He obtained his B.A. in Mechanical Sciences at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1956 and his Post Graduate Diploma in Electronics at the University of Southampton in 1964. He is now working at the Ministry of Defence.

MAGAZINE ACCOUNT, 1964

Dr. Macclesfield Press Printers:					
Autumn Term, 1963	105	8	0	34	15
Lent Term, 1964	82	12	0	34	2
Summer Term, 1964	122	9	0	33	12
Revenue for Advertis:					
Autumn Term, 1963				64	5
Lent Term, 1964				57	5
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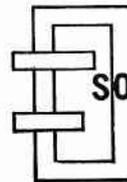


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