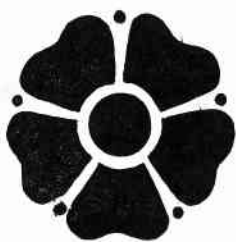


THE RED ROSE

THE MAGAZINE OF
KING GEORGE V SCHOOL



Vol. XLIV

No. 2

April, 1965

KGV



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Valete

ASPINWALL, D., 1957-64—Gear's. U6MSch. (G.C.E. A4, O4). Junior School Prefect 1964, House Almoner 1963, Vice Chairman Europa 1963.

BEVERLEY, D. J., 1958-64—Evans'. U6ScSch.A. (G.C.E. A4, O4). House Almoner 1963-64, Junior School Prefect 1964. Open Exhibition in Engineering Science to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, December 1964.

BOOTHMAN, B. C., 1958-64—Gear's. U6MSch. (G.C.E. A3, O4). Junior School Prefect 1964.

CARVER, R. N., 1958-65—Woodham's. U6MSch. (G.C.E. A4, O4). Senior School Prefect 1963-4-5. School Almoner 1963-64. House Captain 1964-65. Full Colours Rugby 1963-64. Full Colours Cricket 1964. Athletics Junior Colours 1961. Bronze Medal R.L.S.S. 1961.

COHEN, J. A., 1958-64—Rogers'. U6MSch. (G.C.E. A4, O4). Junior School Prefect 1964, Captain of School Hockey 1964, Junior Librarian 1964.

TURNER, D. A., 1958-64—Leech's. U6MSch. (G.C.E. A4, O4). Senior School Prefect 1963-64. House Captain 1964. Athletics Secretary 1963-64. Leader of School Orchestra 1963-64. Economics Society Chairman 1964.

TWEEDALE, C. F., 1958-64—Masons'. L6ScY. (G.C.E. O3).

WINDHAM, G., 1959-65—Evans'. L6Mb. (G.C.E. O4).

FARRELL, M. S., 1960-65—Leech's. U5B. Junior Chairman of Philatelic Society 1961-62.

HALL, D.A., 1961-65—Evans'. U5aSc.

PARKER, T. C., 1961-64—Masons'. 4A.

PARKINSON, R., 1961-64—Spencer's. U5B.

SHARPLES, S. H., 1961-64—Leech's. U6MSch. (G.C.E. A3, O4). Senior School Prefect 1963-64. Chairman Economics Society 1963-64. House Secretary 1963-64, R.L.S.S. Bronze Cross 1964.

THOMPSON, G. H., 1962-64—Masons'. L6Mb. (G.C.E. O3). Colts Rugby Colours 1963-64.

BARNES, G. R., 1963-65—Masons'. L5B.

JUNNER, P. R., 1964-64—Evans'. L6Mb. (G.C.E. O6).

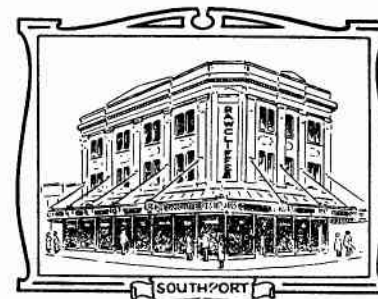
RUSSELL, M., 1964-64—Rogers'. L6Mb. (G.C.E. O4).

Salvete

S. E. Bentley, D. M. Francey, D. R. Parker, E. C. Pople,
M. L. Watkins, R. J. Williams.

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'THE DAVID HALL MEMORIAL PRIZE'

After the death of David Hall in January, the colleagues and friends of Dr. and Mrs. Hall at Alder Hey Hospital decided to raise a fund for the purpose of endowing an annual prize at this school to be known as 'The David Hall Memorial Prize'. As a result of this effort a substantial sum of money has been given to the school. This has been invested and the interest will be sufficient to provide a very handsome prize each year. In view of David Hall's interest in Music and his membership of the orchestra and the Madrigal choir, it is the wish of the subscribers, and of Dr. and Mrs. Hall, that this prize should be given annually to the boy who has done most for the general musical life of the school in that year. The first prize will be awarded at the end of next term.

The whole school is most grateful to the subscribers to this fund for their generous gesture which commemorates David Hall's name in the school in a most practical and worthwhile way.
G.F.D.

List of Staff

Headmaster:

G. F. DIXON, M.A., formerly Scholar of New College, Oxford.

Deputy Head:

L. C. HARGREAVES, B.Sc., Manchester (Chemistry).

Assistant Masters:

A. G. Lessiter, M.A., Downing College, Cambridge (Mathematics).

H. Evans, B.A., Wales (English, Latin).

C. F. Flemming, B.Sc., Manchester (Physics).

G. P. Wakefield, M.A., Liverpool (English).

W. T. Jones, B.Sc., London (Physics).

R. Abram, B.Sc., Manchester (Mathematics).

H. Smith, Loughborough College (Mathematics).

H. H. Long, Wigan Mining and Technical College (Handicraft).

G. Berry, B.A., Manchester (French, German).

A. J. Norris, B.Sc., Bristol (Mathematics).

H. C. Davies, B.Sc., Liverpool (Biology).

P. G. Longhurst, B.A., Nottingham (Economics, Physical Education).

N. Harrison, A.T.D., Liverpool College of Art (Art).

J. Hodnett, B.A., St. Catherine's College, Oxford (Geography).

J. W. Lord, M.Sc., Liverpool, F.R.I.C. (Chemistry).

J. Clough, B.A., Manchester (Classics).

E. S. Gale, Culham College and Carnegie College, Leeds (Physical Education).

C. G. Parsons, B.A., Liverpool (Geography).

D. Miley, A.R.I.C., Liverpool College of Technology (Chemistry).

R. W. Bell, B.A., Durham (Scripture and General Subjects).

R. W. Rothwell, B.Sc., Manchester (Mathematics).

R. Heyes, B.Sc., Liverpool (Chemistry).

A. N. Gudin, B.Sc., Wales (Geography, Economics).

D. S. Allen, B.A., Queen's College, Oxford (French and Spanish).

B. Howson, B.A., Durham (French and German).

M. A. Thurlow, B.A., Formerly Exhibitioner of Magdalen College, Oxford (English).

C. J. Meadows, B.A., Jesus College, Oxford (French).

R. P. Wilson, L.R.A.M., Trinity College of Music, London (Music).

M. G. Allan, B.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge (History).

T. B. L. Davies, B.A., Wales (Classics).

P. J. Richardson, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford (Physics).

J. K. Andrews, B.Sc., London (Chemistry).

J. Howgego, M.A., Formerly Exhibitioner of Queens' College, Cambridge (Modern Languages).

T. B. Johnson, B.A., Leeds (English).

J. A. Honeybone, B.A., Caius College, Cambridge (History).

J. K. Gray, M.A., Formerly Exhibitioner of Pembroke College, Oxford (History).

E. T. Johnson, St. Katharine's College (Mathematics).

D. I. Brady, B.Sc., Manchester (Physics).

D. Siegel, A.B., M.A., University of Washington (English).

S. B. Rimmer, B.A., Manchester (French and German).

KING GEORGE V SCHOOL GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND

In 1970 the School will reach its Golden Jubilee and a number of suggestions have been made for celebrating the first 50 years of the School's life in an appropriate way. It has been decided to set up a Golden Jubilee Fund to be used primarily for the purpose of buying, for the use of the School, a suitable building somewhere in the Pennine area, or wild countryside, and converting this building into a Hostel. Not only would it be possible to organise expeditions of Biological and Geographical interest, but also to use the Hostel as a centre for visits by school forms for a period of days at a time, and also for activities such as rambling, walking, climbing and caving. Such a Hostel would be of enormous value to the School and the idea has been received with enthusiasm. Three Committees have been set up to undertake the task of raising money and a target figure of £5000 by 1970 has been set. The Committees are:

- 1) Parents' Committee under the Chairmanship of Mr. W. B. Turner.
- 2) Old Boys' Committee under the Chairmanship of Mr. H. H. Long.
- 3) Staff Committee under the Chairmanship of the Headmaster.

The activities of the three committees are being co-ordinated by a small central committee consisting of:

Headmaster, Chairman.

Mr. L. C. Hargreaves, Treasurer.

Mr. W. B. Turner.

Mr. H. H. Long.

It is hoped to organise various fund-raising efforts, in particular centring these round the Open Day at the end of the Summer Term.

We hope to raise enough money to buy a suitable property within the next year and that subsequent efforts will enable us to renovate and equip the Hostel in a suitable manner.

The support of all connected with the School, staff and boys, Old Boys and parents, is requested. With an enthusiastic response we should be able to reach our target and ensure an asset to the School which will be of lasting value to the present and future generations of boys.

G.F.D.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

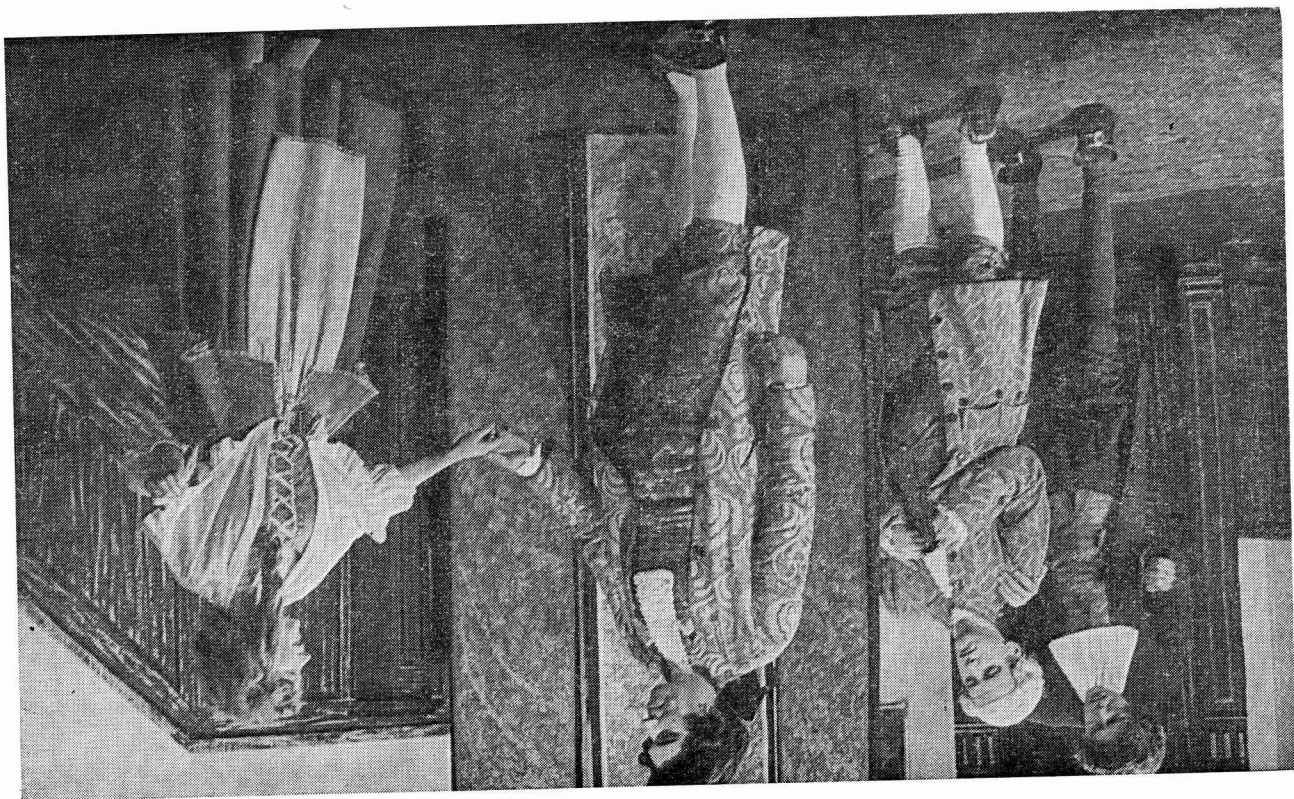
The first reaction, when it came to be known that the School play was to be a musical version of "She Stoops to Conquer", was a mixture of amusement and horror: amusement from that section of the school who thought that it would never come off, and horror from some of those who knew the play and wondered how Messrs. Wakefield and Wilson were going to ruin it. I am glad to be able to state that on both counts the critics were wrong.

There were many difficulties in putting on such a play, not the least of which was Mr. Wilson's task of writing music that would suit all voices. It is a rare quality to be able both to act and to sing well—especially to be able to do both at once—but, in general, Mr. Wakefield chose the people in the school who were able to do both effectively.

The positioning of the songs was skilful and did not tend to lessen the audience's comprehension of the plot. Mr. Wakefield's libretto was an excellent adaptation and extension of the words of the play. Mr. Wilson arranged his eminently hummable tunes for two pianos and drums; certain songs, however, cried out for various other instruments to brighten the sound and strengthen the singers' line.

The quality of the singing was good, although most people tended at times to err off key, notably Kate Hardcastle (M. B. Stubington); this can be attributed to nerves, as after he had gained confidence the latter sang well, especially in the duet with Marlow (J. G. M. Rooke), whose own solos were of the highest quality. Mr. Hardcastle (L. R. Hardman) was the best singer and gave a consistently good performance. At times, however, it seemed that it was for this singing voice and not for his acting ability that he had been chosen for his part. The most popular of the musical additions to the play was, of course, the "Beatles' song"—"Let me your admirer be". The servants (D. Rimmer, R. D. Johnstone, P. R. Holgate and R. J. Mitchell) sang this with great verve and in the true manner. On Friday night, when the tape-recorder that they were miming to failed, the sound was much better. The hint should have been taken. The singing voice of Mrs. Hardcastle (K. S. Whittaker) was unfortunately so quiet as to be practically inaudible. This was due to the fact that his voice was breaking, a fact which, apparently, was only noticed when rehearsals started in the hall. I was glad to notice that in the important parts he spoke the words in a musical manner instead of attempting to sing them.

On the whole, the music was simple and effective. Mr. Wilson did a difficult job well and is to be congratulated. I



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felt, however, that the producer ought to have told the singers to sing more to the audience, as all of them tended to be inaudible at times.

The standard of acting was high, and Mr. Wakefield made sure that every ounce of humour was realised by the actors and communicated to the audience. The play never dragged.

The play is set at the end of the eighteenth century in the country, presumably near London. One would therefore have expected the main characters to have little accent and the servants to have South-country ones. The main characters did have little accent, but the supporters, especially the three fellows, had a great variety of accents, which kept changing.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle were well brought off as a pair and complemented each other as man and wife. Mrs. Hardcastle was, perhaps, the best characterisation and, although occasionally I felt the exaggeration a trifle overdone, at most times there was just enough. Mr. Hardcastle tended to be inaudible occasionally, especially in the scene with his wife (Act 1 Scene 1).

Hastings and Marlow portrayed two town gentlemen extremely well, and both maintained a high standard of acting. It is a pity Hastings (M. Halsall) could not sing, for with the addition of a song or two his part would have been perfect.

The two young ladies, Kate Hardcastle (M. B. Stubington) and Constance Neville (A. J. L. Budd), were delightful and almost feminine. I felt that Constance Neville was the weaker of the two as far as acting was concerned and at times tended to be unnatural. I am sure that both these boys will go on to have a good career in school plays.

The prize for the small parts must go to the servants, who in all they said and did were extremely comic. They were better than the three fellows, who were too rowdy and most unlikable. The innkeeper (P. F. Gubbins), however, was perhaps too restrained to be convincing.

If the merit of a play is to be measured by its effect on the audience, then this play was a winner. Everyone came away much delighted with the production and humming one of the tunes from it. The laughter and applause were spontaneous and it was gratifying to see the house full on all three nights. I feel sure this will not be the last production by Messrs. Wakefield and Wilson, to whom all praise must go. I must not forget to mention the excellent scenery and props. The standard of these and of the lighting is often taken for granted but they were particularly good this year, especially the portraits in the main scene.

J. N. TAYLOR, U.6.Sc.Sch.

THE SCHOOL CAROL SERVICE

The School Carol Service took place on the 21st December, and for the first time it was held in St. Philip's Church. It was unfortunate that the size of the congregation was not altogether satisfactory when one considers all the time and effort which was spent in the planning of the service.

The Service took the form of the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols. The traditional lessons were well read by members of different forms in the school, members of the staff and the Headmaster. However, one felt that too great an emphasis had been placed on the Old Testament prophecies of Christ's birth, inasmuch as there were six lessons devoted to them. The Carols varied from the well-known Christmas hymns to a few less well-known ones, for example "Born Today" by Sweelinck. They were sung by the Madrigal Group, who, as one has come to expect, gave an extremely competent performance, and also by the congregation, who were given a greater participation in this year's service. The only criticism of the singing that one could give was that certain parts of the carol "Infant Holy" were inaudible. One of the most striking parts of the service was the two fanfares which were arranged by Mr. R. P. Wilson and played by the school trumpet players. One of these fanfares was used as an introit to the service, while the other was used in the carol "O Come, All Ye Faithful".

A collection was taken during the service by the Senior Prefects in aid of the Save the Children Fund. This collection, which amounted to £8 17s., was very disappointing even when one takes into consideration the fact that the congregation was not very numerous. Finally, thanks are due to Mr. R. P. Wilson for his arranging and conducting of the carols, to Mr. R. W. Bell for leading and organising the service, and to the Rev. E. A. Strickland for giving the blessing and allowing the school the use of his church.

THE RAMBLING CLUB

Over the last few years the Rambling Club has increased in popularity, and during half-term we had to order two coaches for the first time. However, from a school of 700, one would expect more people to take part in the rambles. Maybe many boys and parents do not really understand what the Rambling Club is. It started about four years ago when a small group of boys in L.5.X, many of whom are members of the committee, used to go walking every half-term and end of term. The rambles used to take place near Garstang or in the Peak District and were extremely successful, so much so that when these boys entered the sixth-form, they decided to form the Rambling Club officially, opening it to all boys in the school. At first we found it extremely difficult to fill one coach but, notwithstanding, rambles have taken place in the Pennines, the Peak District, the Lake District, and Snowdonia. The aim of the Rambling Club is twofold: to help people appreciate the pleasures of the countryside through walking; and to provide the participants with a means of enjoying themselves. Those taking part are split up into groups, depending on age and ability, and each group is led by two members of the committee. Two masters, Mr. Hodnett and Mr. Parsons, to whom the members of the committee are extremely grateful, always accompany one group.

Our last expedition was a success. The weather remained fine, except when it snowed slightly on the mountain tops, and the only casualties were a few blisters. Fifty-eight people went on the expedition and they were divided into five groups: (a) the first and second years; (b) the fourth forms and lower fifths; (c) the upper fifth and lower sixth; and; (d) and (e) confined to the upper sixth.

With an increased support from the lower and middle school more interesting expeditions can be held at cheaper rates.

IN ISRAEL

In the summer of last year I found myself staying at a kibbutz.

A kibbutz is a communal settlement where the members have to apply to the organising committee for acceptance. They must serve a two-year probationary period before they are full members of the community. When a new member is accepted he must hand over to the communal funds all he possesses. From then on all his needs, food, drink, clothes, medicines

and all the necessities of life, will be provided for him. This is the essence of socialism.

In the early days of Zionism, idealistic Jews from all over the world came and founded these settlements dotted here and there all over the country which was then known as Palestine, on land which was bought by the Jewish National Fund. They settled themselves in small communities. Here they did not see the land as I saw it, full of orange and melon groves and vineyards; instead it was a land full of swamps and infested with malaria. Here the first settlers cleared the land by planting trees to help the restoration. So it was these early settlements which have progressed from small huts to the beautiful living quarters they are today. The longer the settlement has been established the more luxurious it is likely to be.

I stayed at kibbutz Yavne which is one of the biggest in Israel. It is an agricultural village having amongst its crops corn, melons, apples and oranges. The kibbutz uses whatever it needs, selling the rest, using the profit to buy any necessities it does not produce itself. Any left-over money is put in the communal funds for further development.

It has been a practice in kibbutzim for the children of the members to be brought up without their parents in a children's house under qualified supervision. The children come almost from birth and live together age group by age group. The parents have access to their children only at teatime and at the weekend, as they are working throughout the day.

In the dining room, everyone eats together, the children joining their parents for the evening meal. All have to share in the cooking, serving and washing up for the entire community; all jobs are done on a rota. Skilled labour may, however, be specialised, doctors, dentists and teachers doing only their own job. Unskilled hands will be required to help wherever they are most needed. The kibbutz democratically elects its own committee to do the organising of its affairs and they regularly meet to look after the welfare of the community.

I may have painted a rather sombre picture, but life on a kibbutz is far from "all work, no play". People have their own parties, dances and so on, entertaining their friends in their own home. A special event such as a wedding is the signal for enjoyment and merriment.

For people who can live together, work together and think not of their own ambitions first and foremost, but only of the good of the community, there is no finer example of this kind of living than the kibbutzim in Israel and kibbutz Yavne in particular.

B. HODDES, 4Y.

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SIXTH-FORM SURVEY

The questionnaire issued to all members of the sixth form early in the term was an attempt to try and establish some idea of students' habits and opinions. It was hoped that such a survey might reveal a few home truths about this "elite" and provide a better basis for discussion than the prejudiced and anachronistic arguments bandied about at present. Interest and comment about the survey was apparent, the most articulate and pessimistic comment reading as follows:—"It is patently obvious that this survey is going to give a biased picture of sixth form life. From the analysis drawn from the questionnaires, an outsider might conclude that all the sixth former does is to booze, smoke, take girls out to coffee bars and cinemas, do the ton, take on spare time jobs and do homework. I should say that such a picture would be true of less than 50 per cent of sixth formers, but by depicting such an image to lower members of the school you are:— (a) presenting a poor impression of the people who run much of school life; (b) creating a poor example for the rest of the school to follow. Why not show the constructive side of the sixth form by asking such questions as 'To what societies do you belong—inside and outside school?'—The ratio of questions showing the better side of sixth form life to the number showing the other side in this questionnaire is about one in three. Presumably the report in the Red Rose will also reflect the seamier side of sixth form life?"

Obviously this comment holds some validity as any limited questionnaire whose organisation involves human prejudice and decisions will have failings. Definitions of the seamier and constructive sides of life vary from person to person, and to please all would destroy any possibility of achieving a representative result. Depicting the sixth form as a bunch of cloistered monks will certainly not set a good example of leadership. If frank and open discussion of contemporary problems cannot take place then the sixth former is denied his rights as a full and active member of society, which his counterparts of 20 years ago fought to retain. Preparedness for the demands of society is far better than the dismissal of important topics.

Results are the best answer to such pessimistic ideas. Overall response to the survey was co-operative and amounted to 75 per cent of the maximum possible, varying from the 100 per cent of Lower Sixth Special to the 50 per cent response of Lower Science A. The preponderance of white-collar (including business) employment amongst parents was 75 per cent, and was phenomenal compared with the 24 per cent classified as manual workers. Perhaps more surprising are the facts relating to the position of students before entering K.G.V.: while 70 per cent

entered from state primary schools, 8 per cent secured places while attending "private" schools; furthermore, 9 per cent entered the school after attending Secondary Modern school and as many as 14 per cent have originated from other grammar schools.

Apart from a few members of the Scholarship forms most people admitted a degree of industry. The average time devoted to home study, in general terms, varied. The Upper sixth, especially Upper Sixth Modern with its average of 12 to 15 hours a week, appeared to do more work than the Lower Sixth. It was maintained that the work was interesting, but many suffer from an inability to work during P.S.

Interest may be sustained by the material affluence of seniors, 10/- to 15/- being the average spending money received weekly. In fact one-third of the sixth form have part-time jobs, providing them with as much as £3 a week and eliminating most discontent at not receiving a weekly wage packet. It is hard to understand where this money is spent as far as the seamy angle is concerned. No more than 50 per cent admit to entering a public-house during the past 14 days, though 90 per cent consume alcohol in the company of their parents. Girls also form an inexpensive item, 64 per cent of seniors having failed to go out with a girl in the past month. As for cigarettes, 70 per cent had inhaled nothing during the 7 days preceding the survey, while 12 per cent had smoked under 10. Membership of youth clubs was more common than of such organisations as the Scouts, but it appears that 51 per cent of students remain outside the influence of such institutions. Reference libraries, cinemas, and coffee bars were attended by similar numbers, but amusement arcades and culture were neglected, probably as a result of a lack of local amenities in the latter case.

Only 6 to 10 hours a week were spent glued to the "goggle-box", 60 per cent preferring ITV to B.B.C. Parental restriction of viewing was an interesting point, as only 10 per cent of viewers were restricted to a large degree, while 46 per cent had no restrictions on their choice of programme. Programme favourites included the "Test Card" and "Robin Hood", the interest in TW3 not being given to NSMAPMAWOL, which was in fact ousted in popularity by the Eamonn Andrews show. In order of importance, the Express, Mail and Guardian were the most widely read dailies; while the Guardian, Express and Telegraph was the order of preference for a paper of one's own choice.

Some 59 per cent of the sixth form remain Christians, of whom at least 65 per cent are practising members of a church (the sixth even boasts of a member who spent 35 hours in a

mosque, gaining only cold feet in the process). Mickey Spillane and Ian Fleming remain the most popular novelists, but widening horizons may be indicated by the choice of authors such as Greene and Steinbeck. Again the choice of favourite cartoon varied from Giles to a certain chimpanzee. Pop culture retains its dominance as a favourite form of music; however, jazz, folk and classical music have their own groups of adherents. Mobility is increasing, as nearly 40 per cent of students hold provisional licences and 18 per cent claim to hold a full car licence. As 80 per cent of students leaving in July propose to enter further education it is interesting to see their enlightened views on education. While 75 per cent are prepared to accept co-education, only 35 per cent are prepared to back the comprehensive system against the present system.

Though these results are rather generalised and fail to demonstrate many of the interesting subtleties of an age group from 15 to 19 years, they are worthwhile in that they might influence opinion to the better. The organisers would like to extend their thanks to the sixth form and staff whose co-operation made the survey possible.

R. PORTER, U.6.Sc.B.

S. H. BOND, U.6.M.A.

"RED ROSE" POETRY COMPETITION

The standard of entries has been encouragingly high, and it has been extremely difficult to choose the prize-winners. The different personal tastes of the judges made a unanimous decision impossible.

As there were very few Junior entries, the original plan of awarding one Senior and one Junior prize has been changed. Both prizes, of book-tokens, were made open to boys of any age.

The winners were:— D. Gaskell (U.6.M.A.) and E. Crimmins (U.5.Tr.M.), whose poems are printed below. C. Faber, R. B. Jackson, and J. K. Littlewood are highly commended for their entries.

OLD AGE

The old man rose and slowly shook his head;
He wiped the tears from his eyes, cleared his throat,
And began his speech of thanks. The banquet
Had been fit for a king. Was he a king?
His sovereignty over the coalface had now
Endured for fifty years. His life had been
Obscure and undisturbed throughout its course,
And now harmony was merging into discord.
The broad tone of his voice, too, was discordant
Against the background of overt verbiage
In which those shallow, Southern directors
Seemed to delight. Every week, at the match,
The ref. heard his caustic witticisms;
But now, in tone subdued, his voice numbed:
"Thanks for the food, thanks for 't booze, th' fags,
And thanks for kicking me out of my job
Onto the streets with a lousy pension."

D. GASKELL, U.6 M.A.

INSOMNIA

Drip, drop, time pours its
Ever-eager seconds into darkness.
And I alone lie still,
Alone, unloved, hidden beneath a soft mountain.
What is that shadow? Does it move
With gradual stealth? Or do my eyes,
Veiled by night's own shadow, seek to lie?
The sounds of sleep I hear are so contented.
Should I awake the trusting sleeper across the room?
Explain my plight,
And listen to the sleepy words come out of his lips,
—Out of his dreams?—
While I lie untouched by sleep.
But wait!
Now my eyes begin to mist, in soothing sleep;
But no, I will not sleep.
Perhaps the waking hour
Was the last long hour before the longest sleep of all.
I shall lie awake and defy death.
Now I cannot sleep—I will not try.
But I will lie as if alone,
And listen to the drip, drip, drop of time,
Until the new grey morning lifts her face.

E. CRIMMINS, U.5.Tr.M.



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THE CZAR AT EMS

"Do I believe in Ghosts?—No, of course not."

And this in a quiet voice, not 'the 'how dare you?' offended air of a braggart, shying away from an awkward question.

"Mind you, there's some evidence for belief in spiritual phenomena," and he cited such cases, of two persons experiencing the same hallucinations, as the 'Trianon' adventure.

I asked him if he had had any such experience himself, and he told me the following story:—

I was on holiday at Bad-Ems, on the Lahn, a beautiful, smooth, peaceful resort — as smooth, in fact, as the river upon whose banks it lies. I stayed in a converted town-house, on the road that runs along beside the river, on the left bank (going towards the confluence of the Rhine and the Lahn). There was, and still is, a Russian Orthodox church there, beside the road and the river. It nestles on the shelf between the river and the hills, for (although smaller) the Lahn is a more spacious river than the tortuously twisting Moselle.

The church in question was built in the middle-Russian style, for the Czar and Czarina, who used frequently to visit Bad-Ems before the war of 1914-1918. The domes of the church are blue, spangled with silver stars; its silver crosses, atop the onion domes, hung with silver chains — you, a slavophile extraordinary, will know the style well.

Woken, on my first morning there, by the rattle of a goods train on the opposite bank, and the tolling of a churchbell down in the town itself, I decided to go for a walk in the hills behind the house in which I was staying. I was accompanied by my friend Wolfgang Schneider, who always rose with the lark, and was glad to go with me on my early-morning ramble.

Reaching the look-out point, on top of the hill, we sat down a while on a seat, to admire the view. Over to our right lay the town, sleeping beneath the early mists, its watch-tower dozing gently in the sun's pristine rays, after its night-vigil over the spa. The Lahn caught the sun in places, in places wore an ethereal cloak.

To the North, loomed the vague shapes of the Siebengebirge — the 'seven hills' of the Rhineland — to our left the Rhine ribboned out to the horizon, turning North in a curve near Koblenz.

The sound of bells floated up to us through the drifting vapours — not the single, teutonic chime of the town's church, but the complicated rhythms and cadences of a Russian peal.

The Czar was probably in town: it never occurred to me that there was a war on, so occupied was I with the view, and I thought the Czar's presence in Ems so evident, that I said nothing about it to Wolfgang.

I then caught sight of a figure on a bench near ours. He was sitting bent over a walking cane, whose silver knob sparkled in the sun, and was looking down towards the grand Kurhaus-Hotel, whose yellowed-stone walls were slowly emerging from the mists on the riverside. He wore a greatcoat, and sported a beard. He struck me as being Russian. I decided to speak to him in Russian.

"Good morning, Excellency, nice view."

"Yes, yes, . . . very pleasing," he answered, "You a German?"

"No, Czech."

"Ah . . . what part?"

"Prague."

"Hm . . . nice place, Prague."

"Not as nice as this, though."

"You're right there. Mind you, I prefer Russia."

"Well, Excellency, there's no place like home."

"No . . . not even when there's always some new party to put the goat among the cabbages for us."

"Point there."

"Yes, especially if you live there."

"Good morning, Excellency."

"Good morning."

Strange Encounter!

Wolfgang had been waiting by the bend during the conversation. We left the Russian looking out towards the Rhine, as pensive as ever. On the way back, Wolfgang and I talked hiking and breakfasting.

On returning, we found the morning paper protruding from the letter-box by the gate, I pushed open the gate with one hand, and shook open the paper with the other.

"Coup in Russia completed, Czar, Czarina and family feared shot by Bolsheviks under Vladimir Ilyich Lenin."

No service had been held in Ems that morning.

FOX

It was misty when I saw him,
That September night;
Slinking, lean and long,
Through the crackly bracken—
Yellow,
Gold.
The darkness stole in—
A wet mist,
Cold.

I saw him,
Like a sandy, point-eared dog,
Furtive, tired and hungry,
Pause
And sniff,
And lift his right foreleg;
Cold,
And stiff.

He came quite close,
I could have touched him,
He came so close.
He pawed the dank, brown earth,
And found a grub;
He ate it.
He found a field mouse, snatched it,
Chewed,
And bit.

Then,
He was gone;
Into the woods,
Into the dark, damp woods,
And I was left;
Alone.

E. BOWMAN, L.S.A.

THE PANTHER

I awoke with a start, I sensed a movement,
I heard something softly padding
Around the room.
Two pinpoints of light stood motionless and stared.
I switched on the bed-lamp; as it came on I froze:
A large black shape glared hatefully at me.

I almost died, I daren't move, my midnight visitor stopped;
I lay still, panting.
My breathing was harsh, he seemed to sense my fear.
He growled, padded towards the bed;
As he jumped on it I passed out.

When I awoke a few minutes later
My visitor was sleeping like a child.

I wanted to remove my unwelcome visitor,
To extract him, as a wart from a thumb.
While I was thinking, he moved,
I broke into a cold sweat;
He got up,

Yawned, and sat down again,
Those fierce, penetrating, diamond-like eyes watching me.

I felt like screaming,
But my unwelcome guest, looking rather bored,
Started to leave.
Softly, he jumped off the bed,
Padded to the open window and leapt
Out into the night.

I offered up a thankful prayer,
And, exhausted, I returned to my slumbers,
Peacefully.

L. BEVAN, L.S.A.

INCIDENT AT NATCHESTER

The colour light signal changed from red to green, and the driver of the Natchester Express gently opened the throttle of the big, new diesel locomotive. The sensitive locomotive responded immediately, and the surprisingly short train of maroon carriages glided smoothly out of the station, over the points leading to the carriage sidings, past the signal box and the next green colour light signal and onto the main line. The diesel locomotive shuddered slightly as the driver gave her a little more power. She clicked over a level crossing past the waiting cars and lorries, and soon she was out in the country. The track climbed a little, and snaked round a long, smooth curve. A freight train of dirty coal trucks passed on the opposite track, hauled by a once green steam engine that not so long ago would have proudly hauled that same express, but now was demoted to goods traffic, as a result of the better methods of traction belonging to a new era of railway history.

On and on sped the express, through small market towns, on viaducts over larger cities, past fields, past coalmines, over rivers and once over a motorway.

The express passed by some overtaking loops, and on one of them there waited a patient freight train for the signal to proceed back onto the main line behind the express.

Just beyond the loops was a tunnel, where the trains had a speed restriction because workmen had just completed the enlargement of the tunnel in order to accommodate new catenary posts. The down track was out of order, for the workmen were erecting catenary wires overhead, and trains on the down track had to use the up track for a little way. However, the express by-passed the obstruction with little loss of time, and accelerated into the darkness of the tunnel. Soon the daylight at the end of the tunnel rushed to greet the train, and a new landscape was revealed.

A disused canal now joined the railway, and this told the driver that his destination was drawing near. He slowly decreased the giant diesel's power, and gently applied the brakes, as rows of tightly packed houses closed in upon the railway. Many tracks converged upon his own, all making for the same place. A diesel shunter was passed, reluctantly dragging a team of petrol waggons from the new marshalling yard, that had been

opened only the previous year. The express glided over a girder bridge above a busy city street, teeming with cars, taxis and people, and throbbed round a curve where the long platforms of Natchester Station came into sight. As the express crawled into the station the driver suddenly noticed that a woman in a red coat had fallen from the platform onto the track. The driver stopped the express abruptly, and, crawling from his control centre, went to a very large first aid cabinet. From this he collected a tube of adhesive, and, picking up the tiny plastic figure from the track, applied a spot of the sticky compound to the feet of the inert, but brightly painted lady, and stuck her firmly back to the platform.

Model Railways are such fun!

P. P. GUBBINS, L.5. Y.

THE SCARECROW

Blow the winds!

Blast the winds!

Right through to my bones,

The ice-cold tentacles force me to groans.

The snow makes it worse,

It melts in my coarse

Matted hair of hay,

And is driven to my clothes

Where it freezes.

O for the summer and the warm winds again

Which dry out my clothes—but in vain,

For the winter always comes and the freezing

Cold of the rain drives me to sneezing.

My turnip head, broomstick feet

And clothing of sheet

Will last another winter but

Then the "Heap".

B. LIVESEY, L.5.A.

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FACES

Looking at the fire one night,
I beheld an amazing sight;
For in that mass of burning bright;
I saw faces.

Faces of people I never knew,
Faces of which I knew a few;
Faces of animals in the zoo;
And many other faces.

And when the fire began to glow,
I saw a cross commence to grow;
And then I saw a face of woe;
The face of my Lord, Christ.

D. J. SMITH, L.S.A.

ON GOD

Can you exist? The measureless being,
Omnipotent, omniscient, firmly decreeing
My fate in life.
Stretch out your sprawling, powerful finger
To me! Oh, manifest yourself, do not linger
To remit my strife!
But still no outward sign of your assuring presence,
No sparkling, freezing touch to betray your eminence,
And yet you stand, insurmountable fence.
I cannot solve you,
Nor will I try to,
For fear I lose all knowledge or sense
Of you, fawning, preying pretence.

C. FABER, L.6. M.A.

THE NATIVITY PLAY

A play it is not. It is a social occasion,
These children in their gay costume come to act
The 'holy scenes' — the bitter result of Christian Indoctrination.
The ladies of the parish sit and beam
At this child's boldness, this one's loss of tongue
As they go through the meaningless motions—scenes from a
myth.

The safety and complacency of parish
Reigns here in this the parish-hall.
The children sing a carol — words whose message has been
lost.

A shilling for the missionaries, a sixpence for the blacks.
And half-a-crown at weekends in the envelope.
The church thus breeds self-satisfaction — live now, pray later.

R. B. JACKSON, U.5. Tr.M.

RELIGION IN THE MODERN WORLD

Is religion of no further use in our modern technological and scientifically minded society? Can the image of materialism replace it? Has its message been a sheer fallacy all through its existence—or does religion serve deeper purposes than many who mock it would have us believe?

I personally am an agnostic but I believe that religion has two important functions which only it can perform for the majority of people nowadays. These are to provide someone or something to believe in and, just as important, to provide a code of conduct or set of moral standards. Let us examine these functions in more detail.

To have to have someone or something to believe in is not merely the product of personal fears and terrors—psychological proof refutes those who would have it so. The need for religion comes not from the personal but from the collective unconscious. The religious spirit, inherent in all men, has a psychological appellation—an “archetype”, or one of the basic factors in the construction of the unconscious, equal in importance to the “archetypes” of the father figure and mother figure. Therefore it is not “rubbish” but a basic human necessity—it has always been present in man’s character, in his development and in the structure of his civilisations. The true agnostic has to be able to realise this before he rejects religion for his personal needs, but there are many who are unable to do so, and for these people religion is necessary.

The second and just as important function of religion is that it provides a set of moral standards—these standards may change in content over the centuries, but each religious “cult”, no matter how small or how reactionary, provides a code of conduct to which its members must adhere. Religion teaches self-discipline and self-restraint, and perhaps a way of leading a good life in a spirit of satisfaction. Perhaps more than any other institution it helps society to impose discipline, a discipline which is becoming even more necessary to combat the loosening of restraint which increasing materialism and worldliness unfortunately produce.

The functions of religion seem therefore just as important as they were a century ago, probably even more important, and they must surely justify its continued existence.

I. D. TINSLEY, L.6.M.A.

RELIGION IN THE MODERN WORLD (ii)

Religion is doomed—unless it can successfully check the cancerous decay existing within itself. Only the deceived will deny that already the rate of decline has become alarming: while those who believe, being riddled with disunity, lack the fighting force to create a revival. Atheist and agnostic thought is spreading rapidly, especially with the growth of Communism, and thus many exhibit not the slightest sign of remorse concerning this collapse.

Yet undeniably the Church (and the term is not just limited to Christianity) has served its purpose. It established a way of life, and a theory of existence which cannot be refuted even today. But this modern materialistic civilisation of ours cannot accept theory of this kind without the smallest of proof—and this does not exist.

Therefore, those who reject it do so with much justice, for its very foundations are weak. It claims to preach the Word of God, yet the Bible was written by fallible man, and before this had been passed down by word of mouth. Thus its historical background is indeed fragile.

Religion stands as a symbol of the past, a tradition, and as such is an obstacle to progress. Its “hypnotised” believers preach peace and goodwill amongst all men, but its very existence has created long and bloody periods of war and cruel anarchy. Other supporters claim it to have created a moral code for society, and thus imply that without it mankind would be uncivilised. Yet immorality of the highest degree has often existed within its own establishment, especially in the fifteenth century. Furthermore, morality is most certainly an invention of society itself, and the standards for different communities vary immensely.

The Church in the past has also represented an absolute form of government; Calvin’s theocracy was no more than a tyrannical dictatorship. Moreover, religious ideals have often cloaked political and personal ambitions for power. Thus at times the Church can be an opponent of democracy—the Catholic Church is perhaps the best example.

Yet, even if one ignores its ignoble history and liquid foundations, the Church has brought much of its loss of support onto itself. The intolerant, selfish and suspicious attitude each sect adopts to another has undoubtedly weakened its cause. Not even the best army can be victorious if dissensions exist amongst its leaders: similarly as long as the High Church mocks the Low Church; the Orthodox Jew scorns the liberal one; the Christian Church disclaims the Mormon or Jehovah’s Witness; and as long as the Western Church curses the Eastern,

there can be no resurgence of religious fervour. The Church must either unite or disappear—a gloomy outlook, but, I think, realistic.

B. R. SAMUELS, L.6.M.A.

The Editor does not necessarily agree with the opinions expressed in either of the above articles. Space in the next edition will be given to expression of other points of view on the topic "Religion in the Modern World," and contributions from members of an orthodox faith will be particularly welcome.

AS A SINNER, I DIE

The scarred and icy fingers of my vengeful conscience
Grove ever upwards to drag me to my tomb,
And in every nook and cranny of my life
The foul, black flame of fear burns;
Whilst in my devil-infested mind
Fresh sacrileges are born:
Each more unholy than its precedent.
Listen carefully!
Can you not still hear the scream:
Echoing, drifting throughout the deserted rooms?
Do not contemplate the strangled corpse:
Rigid, ever colder, always decaying,
But living nevermore;
Hating there; lying there; softly sighing
Beneath some hundred cubic feet,
Of misused English earth.
But mere soil could never exclude
This goading vision from my weakening mind.
Now the demon bottle is void of comfort.
But life's pathway presents itself,
And the blade feels keen and sharp.
My life-blood falls steadily on the floor.
What is that creature beckoning me,
Beckoning me to that fiery place
From within this ungodly furnace?
Beckoning me to perpetual misery and infinitely greater torment
Is there no salvation?
The Devil can have my body,
But God, please! save my soul.

J. POOLE, U.5. Tr.M.

SOLEMN CELEBRATIONS

In the great stadium, the passionate crowds were glorifying the Nazi leaders and worshipping Nazi ideals. At the end of the 'service', the loudspeakers poured forth the sound of Wagner from huge unseen choirs, and the people went home, a Nunc Dimittis still on their lips.

Some distance away stood a little church. The candles on the altar and in the sanctuary light flickered a little in the breeze. The church was almost empty save for the priest, who entered, his chasuble producing the pleasant swishing sound of newly-laundered linen. Bowed down before the altar, he did not see anyone enter. It was an ordinary-looking person; there was nothing distinctive about his face, just the sort of face people see thousands of times in travelling to and from work, and never remember. He crossed himself, his hand moistened with Holy Water, and sat down at the back of the church, eager only for some peace and quiet after the shouting and music of the State celebrations.

"Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa." The priest smote his breast three times. The observer wondered what a priest could really know of guilt or blame. There were two men working together to perform the ceremony. He wondered if in outside life they would have been able to work together so well. Perhaps Man no longer knew how to co-operate with his neighbour to fulfil the desires of them both.

Time passed. The workman philosophised silently, and remembered the devotions of his childhood.

The climax came and went. The priest placed the Blessed Sacrament on the Tabernacle, and shut the doors on It. At last he went out, his hands neatly together, saying the words of the Last Gospel: "In principio erat Verbum, et Verbum erat apud Deum . . ."

The workman knew that this was the truest sacrament of all, a universal truth, for here was God, locked away behind doors, and there was Man, slowly walking away.

L. J. SAWYER, L.6.M.A.

EXTRACT

As far as the eye could see there was an oppressive, impenetrable darkness, without beginning and without end. All around there appeared to be a bottomless abyss stretching on and on into eternity, timeless. Far, far below a shapeless mass hung suspended in this chasm and on it could be heard the gentle lapping of fathomless, still waters without spray or foam — just a grey, lustreless liquid producing soft sucking sounds. Apart from these the silence of the stygian gloom was unbroken. The barren atmosphere, producing and supporting no life, froze the thin mists over the waste expanses. Suddenly, and without warning, a high-pitched humming could be heard growing louder and louder, threatening to burst the seams of the Universe, vibrating the stars in their courses. In the infinite deep below, the dull waters strained to reach the sky beyond, while heavy thunder burst out in deafening crashes, each louder than the one preceding it, echoing off the Deep; yet in the midst of the deafening turmoil a melodic whisper could be heard to proclaim in a voice of everlasting love:—"Let there be light!"

And there was light.

I. DAVIDSON, L.6. M.A.

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THE PASSING

And now the great man of our time is gone
Over and far beyond the wintered sun,
Away from worldly fame and care.
Out of the courts, his words that glittered there
Are done; are part of history's heritage.

Nor yet did victory always sound
Across the moments of his time;
Often also dull defeat, but then
His call would rise, so loud, so high
Our fighters heard, and answered with their battle cry.

So weakly sunlight falls upon the tomb
In country churchyard, where the peace is found.
And withered tree looks up again
For future days, and other mighty men
Are few; he did not live in vain.

M. J. HALSALL, U.6. M.B.

SYMBOLIC STATESMEN

When I look at the man,
I see only the man;
But not the fondly cherished image of nations
That blinds a world to unworthy adulations.
But when he died
That whole world cried
With stupid, moist sincerity. He was no more.
Our cornucopia of might will not stand for
Determined hope again.
A symbol for all sane
Belief and hope must be replaced. This, unknown years
And redirected faith alone can solve and clear.
That man of old,
When we are told
Of him, appears now as the pure historic fact.
The previous faith is by its own successor sacked.
Is this true loyalty,
When that our royalty
Of the heart is changed back to a nonentity,
Historians' paragraphs his sole identity?
In memory's realm
Stands at the helm
Another idealistic pilot, a leader
Representative of faith to you, the reader.

C. FABER, L.6. M.A.

CAN'T YOU HEAR?

The biting night wind made a rolling ocean of the tree-tops, whilst the stars laughed and the rain danced in spreading pools. He watched it from the wet park bench. Saw his shoes covered by the rising water, but did not move. Indeed, he could not move; for him, time was at an end. No longer could he run, and dream of fortune. For now was his hour of reckoning, and the price he must pay was high. This time, at least, a man had realised that strength alone could not sustain. Now he knew that he needed help.

But aid was too late in coming, for he could hear the swirl of the jackboots in the rain-filled gutters. Across the grass and along the path, until they were standing by him. As the gun at his head did its job, he made his final show of weakness, and screamed. It was heard by the dog in the cold porchway, by the young girl at the distant street corner, and by the watching trees. But as it echoed round the chimney-pots and broken lamps, the scream became indistinguishable from the shrill note of the cold wind.

Sleep tight, little child,
All warm in your bed,
While the rain in the park
Is turning blood-red.

P. J. TAYLOR, L.6.M.B.

NO PEACE FOR EARTH

Peace.
That beautiful moment of peace,
Always to be remembered in the minds of men.
Then the silence was shattered,
By a war that will also be remembered.
Until the end of time,
In the annals of Earth.
The air was still, then.
A button pushed!
A missile launched!
A city destroyed!
Man will never learn.
Even in a million years.
Man was doomed.
From the beginning
To fight a continual war.
With his greatest enemy.
Himself!

S. J. CHARMAK, L.5.A.

THE LAST AFTERNOON

Blood-red sun in the light pink sky
 Hovering high in the afternoon,
 Grey trees gaunt, leaves brownly fallen,
 Withered grass after summer growth;
 Waiting for a far-off spring.

No dark clouds in the yet light sky,
 Nor yet a summer bird, flying;
 Not even a breeze among gaunt trees
 To stir the dying roots of flowers,
 Once so bright, now strangely gone.

Soon comes death to the falling year,
 Swiftly like a grey cloud, rising
 From barren soil; mushroomed and still:
 Withered Man after working years
 Has come to his waiting winter sun.

M. J. HALSALL, U.6. M.B.

THE DEATH OF THE SUN

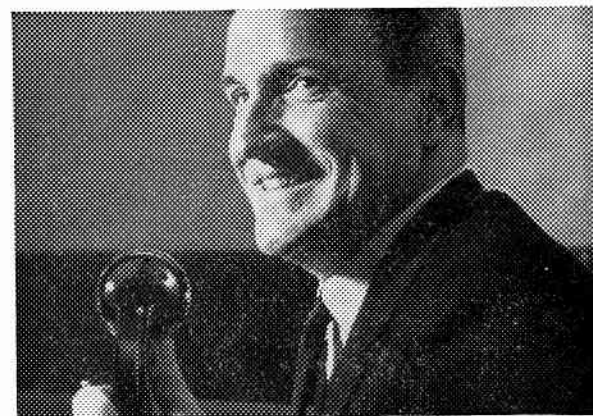
The houses fade into the melting sky,
 Their gables softened in the twilit firmament—
 Row upon row of Victorian brick.
 The bricked skyline gives its last fires to the clouds;
 The clouds pass on the embers to the street.

The eye turns to the North and finds
 The faded remnant of the shop-soiled sky:
 A sky, a roof, an arch, of blue and white
 As painted by a portrait of 'The Evening Sky'.

The ice stretches to the line where the sky meets earth.
 The desert sands cool in the evening relapse of the tired sun.

The fiery ball sinks, on the packet of dates which meets
 Me on the table as I return from the street of
 Red-brick dwellings fading now in concert with the
 Tapestry sky. A light-switch settles all.

R. B. JACKSON, U.5.Tr.M.



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THE NIGHT SKY

I stood and watched them,
Twinkling and glittering high above me in that empty blackness.
I would stand and watch them for hours;
Arrested by their beauty—
Such beauty.
Suddenly they would disappear,
As if willed away by some mighty power.
Silently they crept back,
One by one,
As subjects pleading with their king
For mercy from exile in the cold, empty wastes.

M. B. RIMMER, L.5. A.

THE LONG ROAD

The people who are now in bondage
Will later be those who are free.
The people who ask "God, help us"
Will sometime be given the key.

Some live in your city, your street;
They feel the same feelings as us;
Help them now to be freemen
Before a rebellion does.

And all this long night of darkness
The people, with never a word,
Bear all the slurs and the insults
But wish to be free like a bird.

Some people think they are different
Somehow, no equal to them.
While they are waiting, they're thinking
Of the chance they will get to condemn.

There's a long road ahead
And it's winding
To the time when all men are free;
There's a long road ahead
And it's winding
In the future for all men to see.

D. LINTON, L.6. Sc.Y.

THE MOOR

The mist gathers near the ground,
The swamp water opaque with slime;
A stagnant bubble whirling round
Sets a scene forgotten by time.

A marsh-tree reaches for the moonless night,
Its protruding roots the water seek;
The broad leaves now curl round tight,
The tree bark rots with a stifling reek.

A stream of mist meets the starless sky,
Nothing moves on the shapeless moor?
But, in the mist, over six feet high,
A hunchbacked figure raises a claw.

It stands there dripping, pausing, waiting,
Its head lowered below its back;
It cocks its head, contemplating,
It moves forward along the track.

It staggers on across the bog
Wading deeper at every pace;
Whirling round in the lifting fog,
My mind begins to drift in space.

M. J. COOPER, 4Y.

FROM SOUTHPORT WITH LOVE

Special Agent pi-r2 was enjoying a well-earned rest. He had pulled back the world from the brink of war three times in the past seven days and was now reclining in his favourite armchair watching the Bugs Bunny Show. He was one of the few in British Espionage to enjoy the prefix pi- and this gave him licence to use a pea-shooter with whole peas instead of lentils.

He splashed some soda into his glass of Dandelion and Burdock and tossed it back with a savage gulp. Then, taking a long draw from his sherbet sucker, he mused quietly on the

events of the past few days and absent-mindedly patted the pocket wherein lay the faithful weapon which had wrought such havoc.

The silence was shattered by the angry tones of the telephone bell. In a flash pi-r2 had the receiver to his ear, just in time to hear a cultured feminine voice saying, "At the third stroke, it will be midnight precisely." There was an ominous silence.

Without a trace of emotion in his steely-grey eyes, pi-r2 quietly left the room, and within seconds was eating up the ribbon of road as it unwound into the night.

His velocipede was a special model. Pressure on a button hidden in the handlebars could release a cloud of sneezing powder from a cylinder on the rear mudguard to distract would-be pursuers. Another button turned the front light from white to red so that from the front it looked as though he was going instead of coming, again to confuse the enemy. Yet another secret button let the air out of his tyres so that he didn't look so tall.

Apart from being ambushed three times, left bound and gagged twice in a cellar with man-eating spiders and forgetting to return his library book, the journey was uneventful.

As he drew up outside the local telephone exchange he had visions of the operator slumped across the switch-board with a bullet hole in her left temple, a dagger in between her shoulder blades and a glass of poison by her side. What else could explain the pips missing from the end of her last message? After a long struggle on the stairs with seventeen agents from an Unspecified European Power (all suitably bearded and cloaked) he eventually found the girl in her office. She was purple in the face and was clutching the air spasmodically. Sizing up the situation in a flash, and using a special karati stroke (for which he held an elastic belt), he gave her a resounding pat across the back. She gave a staccato cough and three orange pips plopped onto the desk. The mystery had been solved. Here were the missing pips! The time signal could now once more be given correctly and completely. Pi-r2 had done it again. The world could be grateful, and time itself would no longer stand still.

R. HAWKINS, 3B.

FROM TRIBSCHEN

Lucerne stands at the head of the Lake,
With its Musegg Towers and Pilatus' peak;
And I sit and muse from Tribschen's bank,
Gazing, in awe, as if trying to seek
A form of retreat in this demi-paradise.

And from this bank I sit and muse,
To reflect my thoughts in the depths of the lake
As still as the lonely mountains standing
Or turning in the moving sun
As do my thoughts in this demi-paradise.

From Tribschen's bank I sit and muse
And think of Wagner's "Twilight of the Gods";
It was here he wrote his most famous works
With Cosima von Bulow and Ludwig, his king;
His place of retreat, his demi-paradise.

M. N. ROSTRON, U.6.M.B.

RETURN

Everything was different; I didn't expect everything to be the same, but it had all changed. The cottages had gone, and so had the small bridge from where I used to fish. Now it was just houses, all the same, houses, houses, houses. The old school which I used to attend as a small boy had gone, and so had the small shop on the corner where I was able to buy two-penny sweets for a penny. Now the land was occupied by a large factory. The small village shops, all were gone; now supermarkets and large stores stood in their place. Nothing to return to. nothing to remember, just progress.

K. COPPOCK, L.5.A.

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WHISPER, NOBLE SOLDIER

Though loving contact is not ours,
Though pain is only mine,
The hours alone are witnesses
To this;
And all my time
Bears thoughts of you.

May we, again, when Fate is kind
And when my job is done
Arrive together; but if I die
Remember me;
We may smash the Hun,
But still come home
No more.

P. J. TAYLOR, L.6.M.B.

TWO DOGS DISCUSS THEIR MASTERS

"Hello!" said Dodo, a Pekinese, sitting on an immaculate woolly rug in the back of a car parked outside the village bank.

"Hello!" replied Rover, an Alsatian, sitting on the pavement, beside the parked car.

"Whatever are you doing outside in the cold?" asked Dodo.

"My master left me here while he calls in the bank," replied Rover.

"What a cruel master you must have!" burst out the Pekinese, quite horrified.

"It's not that he's cruel, he trains me so that I can withstand the cold and doesn't have to fuss me," said Rover.

The Pekinese was persistent. "I still think your master is cruel. My master provides me with a warm rug in my basket

whilst I wait for him." The Alsatian wasn't really impressed, but was curious to know what sort of a master owned such a dog.

"What sort of job does your master do?" asked Rover.

"He is an artist by profession," boasted Dodo. "He is a quiet retiring gentleman, very talented. He has long hair, a beard, and slender, delicate hands. He wears thick, horn-rimmed spectacles. Occasionally he uses an amber cigarette-holder. He likes serious music and I often sit by him while he listens. Altogether you would say he is rather a dapper person. So much for my master. What about yours?"

"Well, my master is as different from yours as I seem from you," started the Alsatian. "First of all, he is a farmer. A rugged type who usually wears typical hard-wearing country clothes. He lives in an old farmhouse and owns several acres of land. He is a very jolly chap and goes about his work whistling. He works out of doors and often carries a stick. He enjoys smoking his curly pipe and going down to the 'local' for a drink and a chat with his farming friends. As you can see, my master is a very busy man."

"Does he feed you well?" asked Dodo.

"Of course," said Rover. "I get my daily meal about six o'clock, my biscuits about midday. On Saturday my treat is a big bone."

Dodo, horrified, said "Good gracious! I have two meals a day. In the morning my master gives me Cornflakes and milk, and in the evening he gives me the best lamb's liver. As well as this I get titbits in between meals. I've heard enough about the hard life your master makes you live, but I would like to ask you one more thing. What does your master provide for you to sleep in?"

"A wooden kennel in the yard outside the house," chuckled Rover. This was too much for Dodo, who snuggled down into his basket, without even a goodbye, thankful for his type of master.

J. STAGG, Tr.X.

A SCROLL

Paper: it is so easily produced,

Likewise is discarded. It begins so

Pure and white, and may end the same or else

In fragments charred, may it conclude its life.

Draw upon it constructively: scribble —

Take your choice, it is not an easy one,

Create or destroy, but in the end

There is only One—above; who makes the choice.

Such is life. Does one wish to colour it bright

Or make it grey, a life of dismay?

Hermit the sheet in a lonely cupboard,

Or does one put it in a common file?

Does it become famous as a Da Vinci piece,

Or scribed upon it odds of one hundred to thirty?

A railway-timetable or a first edition,

A refuse-collector or a Bobby Charlton—

Thus a piece of paper. a human life?

A. A. B. KING, L.6. M.B.

FEAR

Then bellicose fear strides through

All mortals; its ghastly hue

Seeps little by little to hearts once true.

The fear develops, bloats, increases,

Until man's functions lie in pieces,

And, over-ridden, trampled, man deceases.

C. FABER, L.6. M.A.

WATCH YOUR STEP . . .

I gripped the wall with all my strength and edged my way cautiously forward. One step in the wrong direction and—I shuddered to think. I kept trying to push the thought out of my mind, but somehow it kept creeping back. It was now getting darker and this made my journey more hazardous still.

Suddenly I felt my legs going from under me. My forehead burst into a cold sweat as I frantically gripped the wall with every ounce of my decreasing strength. How I hung on I'll never know—but I did.

After this mishap I advanced more warily until my objective was in sight, and then I speeded up a little. Three yards—two—one—home. Never had I been so relieved in my life as when I grabbed hold of the back door handle. I had defeated the icy streets.

J. KEELEY, L.S.A.

HURRAY! FOR THE LIFE OF A DINOSAUR-FEEDER

I sat in my cage, quietly chewing my finger nails, a thing I did only when I had no toe-nails left. Suddenly an ear-splitting groan hit the air; was it my finger nail giving way? No, it was the warden. I cowered, there was a scream of tortured metal as the key turned in the hundred-year-old lock of my cage door. I cast him a dirty glance. The warden (an ex-inmate of the establishment himself) entered. He cast a glance in my direction. "Here I have a sock, your sock, full of sausages and bacon. You'll never learn that if you have a pet dinosaur she will not eat your food for you, so stop sending sock-fulls of our choice food to her." I growled, and pounced at him. He dived behind the door which he closed after him. I was alone, I peered at the sock on the floor which was by now a mass of horrible-smelling paste. Looking up, I wiped a tear from my eye: "Poor old Gerty, she'll have to feed on bath-tubs again. Oh well." I settled down for a quiet finger-nail-chewing session.

How did I get here? I thought to myself. "Maybe yes, I ate Mrs. Blogg's pet tiger. No, that's impossible, I only eat

dog-food and dinosaur-mixture." I slowly fell to sleep, thinking about Gerty.

Three years later, I was rudely awakened by the crashing of a wall. It was Gerty. In my joy I ate my bed, I was happy. I was free. We left the haven of rest, Gerty and I, arm in arm. We were together again, free to roam the world, free to eat sausages and bacon again.

R. M. RATCLIFFE, Tr.X.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BEAN

OR

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER

As I finish putting the sugar in my tea, I begin the stirring tale of a young girl who lived in Oxford. Her first name was Pip, her surname was Pip and her middle name was also Pip. So whenever she said her full name everybody started adjusting their watches. She was a very keen camper, but one day whilst she was camping she was arrested for loitering with intent. She asked her arresting officer if she could have a bath first, so she could come clean. At the court, the judge ordered her to go to prison. The judge was a man with a long white beard called Duke Box, which is a funny name for a long white beard. You have probably heard of his jury.

Whilst in prison, she spent three years digging her way out, which made her look quite idiotic, for she was only in for nine months. When she came out of prison, she read her horoscope in a local paper, which told her to do something unusual. (Incidentally, for all those who are interested, she was born under the sign "No smoking in the maternity ward"). Anyway, to fulfil her horoscope, she took a left-handed camel into the Mersey tunnel and stirred her cup of Russian tea with her left foot. You cannot call that anything but unusual. But as the liquorice manufacturers say, "It takes allsorts to make a world." She started amusing herself in this fashion whilst she was in

prison. As you know, there are a lot of convicts who enjoy themselves in Strangeways.

She suddenly decided that she wanted to marry so she started looking for a likely candidate. One day she met a very nice youth at a bus-stop, but they didn't marry because they didn't get on together.

Meanwhile in a neighbouring town there lived a man called Thomas Bellywobble. (What a name, but you should hear what they call him for short. Tom!). In the war he worked as an undercover agent for a bed-testing firm. After the war, he worked as a professional footballer, but he soon had to give up that job on account of his disability from birth. He now only plays football for kicks. This disability from birth was due to the fact that he was born upside down: now his nose runs and his feet smell. As a last resource he joined his father's mining firm and, because of the fact that there was a shortage of miners, he started a giant recruiting campaign. But not many giants wished to become miners, so he had to improvise a scheme.

He would, in his new scheme, go out with a girl for exactly five months and would then say to the girl a short sentence: if the girl replied correctly she would become one of his employees. This is where Pip came into it. They met somehow and Tom went out with her for exactly five months. Then he said to her "Name the day and I'll make you mine." "Well, Tom," she said . . . and suddenly remembered that she had been an escaped convict. For the second time in her life, she didn't finish her sentence. So Tom's plan had failed. He was now fired by his father because of his poor work. He had, however, worked hard enough; it was the coal that was slack.

Tom married Pip. At the wedding ceremony, Pip's father gave her away. (He shouldn't have done this since he promised that he would keep quiet). Since that day Pip and Tom have been selling apples at the local fair. So as in all good fairy-stories they lived 'appley ever after.

Moral: If you start an argument with your best friend, about an atom bomb, never let it drop.

G. A. WILLIAMS, U.5.B.

Old Georgians' Section

S. ADLER (R. 53-60) has gained his degree of B.D.S. at Liverpool University and is hoping to take up work at the children's clinic in Liverpool besides going into private practice in Warrington.

POLICE SERGEANT R. BENSON (27-32) who was formerly in charge of the administration side of the Macclesfield Divisional Office at Wilmslow, has been promoted to inspector.

GROUP CAPTAIN A. C. BLYTHE (Ev. 33-38) will undertake a year's course at the Imperial Defence College, having just returned from a period overseas.

DR. S. N. BOOTH (R. 47-54) has now taken up general medical practice in Barrow in Furness.

R. S. CHRISTIE (L. 34-40) has been appointed manager of the Westminster Bank, Halifax.

C. J. GIBSON (M. 29-35) has been appointed head of Wallasey C.I.D. with the rank of detective chief inspector.

B. S. GRITTEN (M. 56-60) passed out of Sandhurst in July and was commissioned into the R.A.O.C., winning the prize for the best cadet commissioned into that Corps.

L. R. HARRIS (W. 49-54) has gained the degree of Master of Law. He is at present practising as a solicitor in London and studied for his LL.M. in his spare time.

J. B. HODGE (R. 48-54) has been appointed lecturer in music at the I.M. Marsh College of Physical Education, Liverpool.

DR. J. K. HULM (R. 33-41) has been awarded the John Price Wetherill Medal for his low temperature studies of over 300 super-conductive materials. He was presented with the award by Mr. W. Laurence Le Page, president of the Franklin Institute, at a special dinner held to mark the occasion.

W. HUTCHINSON (M. 33-38), who has been Director of Welfare Services in Oldham for the past eight years, has become Chief Welfare Officer in the London borough of Merton.

A. LANCASTER (G. 50-56) has gained his Ph.D. and is now a lecturer in Economics at Birmingham University, Faculty of Commerce.

D. M. MARSH (R. 44-53) won the English Amateur Golf Championship in 1964.

G. MATTHEWS (Ed. 52-59) has gained his M.B., Ch.B. at Manchester University.

PILOT OFFICER D. K. L. McDONNELL (L. 57-63) has graduated as a fully qualified navigator with the R.A.F. after completing a year's training in air navigation at No. 1 Air Navigation School, R.A.F. Stradishall, Newmarket.

DR. C. B. MOSS (W. 42-48) has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Manchester University for a thesis containing the results of original research both in Canada and this country.

FLT. LT. G. A. PEARCE (G. 47-55) and his wife were among the guests at a garden party at State House, Nairobi. The party was given by President and Mrs. Kenyatta to celebrate the inauguration of the Republic of Kenya.

J. H. ROBERTS (R. 55-60) passed out of Sandhurst in July, being commissioned into the Royal Signals.

E. B. TAYLOR (Ed. 39-42) has been made captain of Hillside Golf Club. He is the second youngest captain in the Club's history.

A. WAITERS (M. 48-55) has been picked as goalkeeper for the English International Soccer Team.

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