

# THE RED ROSE



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## IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Term begins ..... 24th April  
G.C.E. 'A' level Examinations begin ..... 23rd May  
Half Term ..... 27th May - 31st May inclusive  
G.C.E. 'O' level Examinations begin ..... 3rd June  
School Examinations begin ..... 25th June  
School Examinations and G.C.E. end ..... 28th June  
Founder's Day: Junior & Intermediate House Finals 5th July  
Athletic Sports ..... 16th July  
Term ends ..... 19th July

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## VALETE

BIRRELL, Roderick M., U6B, Ev., 1967-74 (G.C.E. O6).  
BLUNDELL, Mark S., U6ScSch., S., 1967-73 (G.C.E. A5, O5),  
Senior Prefect, R.L.S.S. Bronze Cross.  
CALLER, Mitchell B., U6MSch., Ev., 1967-73 (G.C.E. A4, O5),  
Senior Prefect, Senior Librarian, R.L.S.S. Award of Merit  
School Chess Captain.  
CLAXTON, Christopher P. R., U6MSch., G., 1967-73 (G.C.E.  
A4, O6), Senior Prefect.  
FOX, Peter R., U6MSch., Le., 1967-73 (G.C.E. A5, O4), Senior  
Prefect, House Captain, Cricket Full Colours.  
HAMPSON, Paul V., U6ScSch., S., 1967-73 (G.C.E. A5, O5),  
Senior Prefect.  
HARRIS, Ian, U6ScSch., G., 1967-73 (G.C.E. A4, O6), Senior  
Prefect.  
MORRIS, Richard W., U6ScSch., R., 1967-73 (G.C.E. A5, O4)  
Senior Prefect, House Vice-Captain.  
ROBERTSON, Robert R., U6W, W., 1967-74 (G.C.E. O6).  
SOMERSET, D. Mark, U6MSch., S., 1967-73 (G.C.E. A4, O5),  
School Vice-Captain, Senior Prefect, House Captain,  
Full Cricket Colours, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion.  
STRANG, David I., U6MSch., W., 1967-73 (G.C.E. A4, O5),  
School Captain, House Captain, Captain Life-Saving,  
R.L.S.S. Award of Merit, Chairman of Europa.  
SYKES, John S., U6MSch., S., 1967-73 (G.C.E. A5, O5),  
Senior Prefect, Senior Librarian, Postmastership in  
Modern History at Merton College, Oxford, 1973.  
CROOME, Gordon A., L6M, Le., 1968-73 (G.C.E. O4).  
MELVILLE, Peter D., U6ScSch., Ev., 1968-73 (G.C.E. A5, O3)  
Senior Prefect, Senior Librarian, Life-Saving Colours,  
R.L.S.S. Distinction Award.  
BIRRELL, Duncan M., L6B, Ev., 1969-74 (G.C.E. O4).  
BEVAN, Jonathan, L6M, Le., 1970-73 (G.C.E. O5).  
PLACE, Adrian N., U6MSch., G., 1971-73 (G.C.E. A4, O7),  
Senior Prefect.  
FRY, Michael B., 3S, Am., 1972-73.  
HURST, Andrew R., U5W, S., 1972-73.  
MENDELSON, Stephen C., 3M, G., 1972-73.

## SCHOOL NOTES

We were sorry to lose from the staff at the end of December: Mr. P. Stainton, who becomes Head of the Physics Department at St. Joseph's College, Blackpool. In his eight years here Mr. Stainton has contributed most valuably to the teaching in the school and has expanded his interests as House Tutor of Woodhm's House and as a most efficient organiser of Cross Country running. We wish him every success in his future post.

Mr. P. Savage also left the staff in December after three successful years in the Geography Department for a post with the Southport Technical College.

Mr. L. Butler, who had been with us since 1971, also left the staff in December for a post in Yorkshire.

We welcome three new members of the staff this term: Mr. J. F. D. Ashworth, who was educated at King Edward VII School, Lytham, and took his degree in Physics at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Mr. Ashworth has for some years been in the Research Department of Pilkington Bros. He takes Mr. Stainton's place in the Physics Department.

Mr. A. Clowes, who was at school at Hanley High School, Staffs., and took his degree in Geography at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, joins the Geography Department and Mr. J. R. Dobson from Kingston High School, Hull and Liverpool University where he took an Economics degree, takes Mr. Butler's place.

We congratulate J. S. Sykes who had the distinction of gaining a Post-Mastership (Open Scholarship) at Merton College, Oxford, last term in Modern History.

The school Choir and Orchestra again acquitted themselves well at the St. Cecilia Day Concert in November. The Annual Carol Service in December at Holy Trinity Church was also most successful and produced a collection of £30 which was donated to the British Leprosy Relief Association.

The school has received a most generous gift from Martin D. Davidson (G. 1961-66) in the form of an annual gift of money to be used for a Knock-out Chess Competition. This has enabled us this term to offer a first prize of £10, a second prize of £5 and a third prize for the match between the two losing semi-finalists of £2.50. We are most grateful for this generous donation. The interest shown in the competition can be gauged by the fact that no less than 107 boys are currently taking part.

We are also particularly indebted to Martin Davidson's brother, Irvin Davidson (G. 1959-66) who has given to the Jubilee Fund an extremely generous seven year Covenant of £100 a year. With recoverable income tax this will give us a total donation in excess of £1,000 which Irvin Davidson has particularly requested to be devoted to helping to replace the school mini-bus.

## OLD BOYS' NEWS

- J. A. ASHWORTH (Le. 1961-67) is working as an Analytical Chemist for Glaxo Laboratories Ltd., Barnard Castle.
- H. ATHERTON (S. 1935-39) has been appointed deputy chairman and chief executive of the Medway Building Group.
- N. D. BLORE (1937-42) has been awarded his B.A. degree in Social Sciences and Education at the Open University. He is a Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering and Management Studies at the Shrewsbury Technical College.
- A. F. BRUNNER (1930-36), who has been Chief Inspector of Weights and Measures in Hartlepool for the last twelve years, has been appointed County Consumer Protection Officer for the new Cleveland Authority.
- I. H. CAMPION-SMITH (S. 1956-63) has been awarded the degree of Ph.D. by London University for research in porphyrin chemistry and is employed as works chemist by Cornish Fish Fertilisers Ltd., in Penzance.
- J. O. CLARK (G. 1942-51) has been appointed to a Senior Management position in the British Airways Board as Group Radio Services Manager. He has also been elected as member of the Royal Institute of Navigation and recently appointed to represent the world's scheduled airlines (IATA) as the Technical Panel Member in the international Civil Aviation Organisation.
- J. C. D. CROSS (R. 1963-71) is now taking an Honours Degree course in Social Sciences (Economics) at Bradford University.
- C. A. DARWIN (G. 1941-46), who for the past five years has been Lecturer at the Police Training School, has been promoted to Detective Inspector and now has a post in the Blackburn Division of the Lancashire police.
- R. A. DIX (M. 1959-65) has qualified as a Chartered Municipal Engineer and been appointed Assistant Resident Engineer on Liverpool Outer Ring Road, M57, Phase II, Roads section.
- B. HALLIWELL (Le. 1947-52), who changed his name to B. BULLON, is now working as an anaesthetist at a hospital in Virginia, U.S.A. He has also now been granted American citizenship.
- J. D. HIRST (Le. 1960-67) now has a post as Lecturer in Social Administration at the University College of North Wales, Bangor.
- D. A. KEEN (1931-36) has been appointed Headmaster of a boys' school in Yanawonga, Australia.

B. E. KEY (Le. 1948-54) has been appointed Market Production Manager in New Jersey of Cyanamide Ltd.

G. LIVESLEY (Ev. 1949-56) has been appointed Litter Prevention Officer in the city of Liverpool. This appointment makes him the first Litter Prevention Officer appointed in this country. His appointment is part of a Pilot Scheme jointly sponsored by the Liverpool Corporation and the Keep Britain Tidy Group.

P. E. MARSHALL (Le. 1963-70) obtained his B.Sc. Econ. & Business Studies at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

T. H. MOORCROFT (W. 1945-51), who has a post as Mathematics teacher at Thornton Primary School, has recently been awarded his B.A. degree in Education Studies at the Open University.

R. F. MOULD (W. 1951-58) gained his Ph.D. in Medical Statistics from the Institute of Cancer Research, University of London, in August, 1973. He has been appointed an Honorary Lecturer in Medical Statistics, Westminster Hospital Medical School.

S. D. PARTINGTON (Le. 1951-59) has been appointed Head of Geography Department at Sale County Grammar School for Girls, Cheshire.

G. M. SANDERSON (S. 1964-71) will be spending the academic year 1973-74 at the University of Lyon, France in the Department of Political Science.

J. B. A. SHARPLES (M. 1940-45) has been appointed to the post of Director of Recreation and Amenities for the Ipswich District Council.

R. J. SINCLAIR (Ev. 1947-53) has been made a Fellow of the Institute of Chartered Secretaries and Administrators.

N. P. THOMPSON (R. 1960-67) is now Day Metallurgist, Quality Control, British Steel, Consett, Co. Durham.

## NOTHING TO SAY

Featuring some extracts from this term's postman. The GPO would also like their telephone booth back, please, whoever borrowed it.

Dear Editor,

First of all, before anything else, I would like to say good morning. And then good afternoon. Thank you. (Any time. Ed.)

Now, how shall I say it? Ah yes: good evening . . . no, no, no. No, what I really meant to say was, how DO you manage it? That's it. Very probably anyway, because once again your truly excellent magazine is, well, very good. (No complaints so far. Ed.) Apart from all these little insertions from your editor. (Sorry. Ed. Oops, done it again.)

But otherwise, I must say you do set a tremendously high standard. Your full, entertaining accounts have helped me no end. All my neighbours say so. Yet perhaps, it is your descriptions that really set the pace for the other magazines. Only "Gardening World" comes near your "Red Rose", and then only just. No, I am quite certain you take all the credit for my front garden. And as for the back garden. . . .

(What's he on about? Ed.)

Dear Sir,

I feel I must protest at the appalling nature of the last letter. If this is the best you can do, I shall take my daughter elsewhere.

Yours sincerely,

Justice Thumbs,  
The Kremlin,  
Middlesex.

Dear Madame Rose,

Can you settle a personal problem for me? You see, my husband never seems to notice me nowadays. All he does is scream, shout, and nail little bottle tops to the furniture. I have tried to beat him over it, but he just says why not? Is this normal? Or could it be anything to do with being a BBC programme selector? His hobbies include school magazines and stuffed pigeons.

Mrs. Elizabeth Betty Betchells,  
Betchworth.

Dear Ed.,

Having just finished last term's magazine, I felt I had to point out I have been a member of this school for, oh, nearly a week now. Oh alright, half a week. Anyway, I've been here quite a while. And if you were goin to have a REALLY good issue, you might at least publish something by me. (We just have.. Ed.) Or if not by me, I could have told you where to get some really VERY good articles (Quality wrist watches also supplied. No questions asked.) After all, even Jean-Paul had to start somewhere. And what about Luigi Vincenti? See? Mind you, even if you had asked me, can't say I would have helped out of course. Not that money would influence me. Used fivers only, please.

Yours,

Is it okay if I give a friend's name?

Adolf Bitler,

Baden-Baden,

Nr. Hounslow.

The editorship of this magazine wishes to apologize for the content of this editorial, only it's not at all well.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

• Being a review of last few months' proceedings in the Library after dark.

Late last December came the Grand Christmas Balloon Debate, from which the Society has only just recovered. At vast expense the whole of F. W. Woolworth's decoration counter was bought and then strapped to the library ceiling. Mr. Slater (the Christmas Dinner) opened the debate, closely followed by Stotty, convincingly played by T. H. E. Mistletoe. Evergreen sexers had no problem here; nice two, Stotty!

Next came Messrs. Townson and Robertson, speaking rather faintly as they were both ill at home that day. But not so the intrepid General Halsall (Holly), complete with yellow slips, peaked cap, and his own faithful band of highly trained bodyguards. Nimble springing from point to point, he confused quite superbly, until all was made clear by the Hon. Biz Birrell (Father Christmas). Now to be quite frank, what Biz said was all very good, but the noise of snoring was a BIT distracting. Not to mention his cotton wool beard that kept falling off.

The dazzling Miss Broude came next, not quite in her prime, but lisping most eloquently. He dispelled all rumours that he was the Christmas Fairy with a mere wave of his wand and a dash of his glitter. Two fans, convinced by his make up, were later treated for shock. All danger to the speakers was however averted by the firm hand of Monsieur Moorish, the Society's well-known scapegoat and side kick. After Miss Broude, the fans were calmed down, and police dog Sophie brought in, poorly disguised as Mr. P. J. Davies.

Then, from far behind the barbed wire barricades, amid the deafening applause of hysterical fans, there came a lonely voice. Yes indeed, this was the star of the show himself: Angus Vincents, famous Ruler and Fung-Ku expert. Purporting to be a Christmas Pudding, he lived up to his name in fine style, punctuating his speech with shattering information about world p-p-pudding p-prices. (Ormskirk Market's spokesman said sales of 10 pence puds rocketed soon afterwards.) No wonder, then, that Angus scored a record total on the old clapometer. Unaffected by his victory, he later returned to the quieter confines of Ben Johnson's, Garden Centre of the North.



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How, then, to follow this remarkable meeting. Well, an attempt was made in the form of a debate on the calling of a General Election. At this Messrs. Quiteley and La Wart countered Patrick and Wood most ably. I think they lost actually, but don't quote me on it. The contributions of R. Bradley managed to lighten the meeting, allowing us to forget important issues and discuss the Liberals instead. We were going to have a mock election as well, but were recuperating from the Trials at the time. Besides, some of us were too involved with parachuting propaganda on the masses.

Next term we will not be having a joint debate on streaking, visiting the White House, or talking about Negus with Arthur Antique. What we actually will do is anyone's guess.

M.F.



## SENIOR CHRISTIAN UNION

Chairman: Paul Mooney

Secretary: Michael Roberts

Treasurer: Peter Chester

"Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. And when they came to the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified him, and the criminals, one on the right and one on the left. And Jesus said, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do'."

Nearly 2,000 years ago men crucified Jesus Christ on the cross of Calvary because they did not know what they were doing. Today people still crucify him in their lives because they don't know what they are doing. Are you a murderer?

Jesus Christ was crucified, this is a proven fact, but who was he? Crank, spaceman or son of God? Christians believe in the events of the Bible; we challenge you to disprove them because if we're wrong we are the victims of the greatest fraud ever and our lives are being wasted.

Please help us.

If you can't we'll help you.

M.R.

## JUNIORS . . .

Every junior will learn something to his advantage if he reads this article.

Did you know that there is a Society which exists purely to have a good time?

If you didn't you've been missing out on all our fun. Your Christian Union holds meetings so that Christians and non-Christians can get together to enjoy a play, a filmstrip or a football match and learn about God in the midst of it all. We welcome anybody and everybody to our meetings as long as you want to enjoy yourself. We also long to tell you that the best way to enjoy yourself is to live your life with Jesus. Come and join us.

## BRIDGE CLUB

This term has seen a gratifying inflow of new members, in response to the club's advertising campaign, who have shown a fair amount of enthusiasm for the game. The Acol system has been introduced for the benefit of these members although the longer standing members have retained the more complex Blue Club bidding system.

The main event of the year was the Daily Mail bridge tournament in which the school team fared tolerably well considering the age and inexperience of the players. We hope that the experience has proved valuable and the team should look forward to some excellent results in the 1975 tournament.

The club presents perhaps a rather hazy and distant image to the school student but we welcome any potential players with even the most limited experience of the game. Finally, thanks must go to Mr. Dixon and Mrs. Buck, who have attempted, with mixed success, to raise the general standard of play of members.

M. Roberts.

Dear Editor,

Though normally a very shy person, I am writing to say how funny your magazine is. My friend Eric dead near split his sides over it.

Yours,

Eric.

## THE REAL COMMON ROOM REPORT

### or How to lose £10 on the 2-15 at Cheltenham

Hello and welcome to the genuine Common Room report! No balance sheets and descriptions of how good the committee is for charging  $\frac{1}{2}$ p less for crisps they no longer sell. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

(P.S. Whoever stole the dartboard can keep it. We didn't want it anyway.)

For those members of the school too young to have taken up permanent residence in the Common Room, I categorically deny the rumours that the Upper Sixth use it as a place to skive, smoke, drink, gamble, deface, or pervert the course of justice. Besides, our friendly chairman, a certain "Two Bags" Culshaw, who, incidentally, can be recognised instantly by his pronounced goosetep, told me so. And he is always right. He told me so.

The Common Room is a place of education and vice, containing many characters. These include such personalities as G. A. Y. Buss, who says he isn't; Adolf La Court; Derek "lend me a fag" Barnett; Mike "No, you already owe me forty packets" Stott; Angus; Spud "It wasn't me who wrote that" Rowson; Braces; Fordy; "Yogi Bear" Honks; and Andy "Violence" Holmes, to name but a few.

So, as you can see, every home should have one. Although the Common Room does not have an 'X' certificate, minors enter at their peril. Congratulations must go to Chris Watson for keeping abreast of the times. You really have got to hand it to him. Well done Chris Price, for at last seeing the light and switching his support to Everton.

It is with a certain amount of pride that I make the following announcement. This term, the ever-diminishing committee has made no money from the football machine, or from the sale of mouth-watering comestibles. This is a record and something which will not easily be beaten. The person responsible for pledging the blackboard will now stand.

Now I'm back in my chair, on with the show.

Comments from diverse sources:

OBSERVER: "A finely written piece. Such artistic merit is indeed rare in a sailor."

RIGHT HON. E. HEATH: "No surrender."

SPUD: "It wasn't me who wrote this."



## HOCKEY

Playing to a dense crowd of Hammer Film directors and Bert Foord, two dramatically rainy days cancelled the games against Prescot and Bolton for us. So our first match was against Rossall, where we showed just how unfit we could be. But the chaps gave us a spiffing tea (with mustard?). Brimming with intellect after The Trials, we next faced Southport H.C. The pace and quality of the match sharpened up our play, but not enough for us to quite make it versus Wade Deacon. We opened very well at Arnold, too, but folded up later against the twin forces of the rain and Bearded Harry. We have yet to play the Old School or the High Boys, so it's not all over yet.

Before the run-down on the First XI, I would like to thank Messrs. Amer, Comfort and Travers for their undying effort and assistance all season. Ta!

And now . . .

Mike Roberts (goalie): not really hard enough on his opponents, but he has consistently improved his play with experience and effort.

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Whiters Whiteley: always sound, but not spectacular. Quite like his brother Frank, really.

Nel Martin: very determined; didn't knock off quite as many many people's heads this term; team's candidate for Eurovision Song Contest.

Mike Fitton (Fixture Sec.): always there for practices; quietly competent, but some room for improvement. Good pushing, though.

J. Seddon: high powered goggles enabled him to penetrate well. But where did he penetrate to?

Steve Wainwright (Capt.): his very considerable skill and almost too professional approach set a fine example. Southport H.C. First XI seem to value him highly as well.

Mike Cattrall (Vice-Capt.): perhaps a little too inclined to do everyone else's work for them, but his great ability justified him. Really, if he can't score more than 5 goals in one match . . . Gulp!

And in attack . . .

Bri. Hepworth: very energetic; keen effort; please can we get off at the Infirmary?

Al Kubler: a comparative newcomer to the game, he has soon risen to dizzy heights. Clearly learnt a lot from "Tobutt's Terrors".

Bill Sutton (Manglewursel): occasionally seemed in doubt as to precisely whom we were playing, but generally good performances.

Mick Howarth: well, perhaps his yawns weren't all that helpful, but after all, the lad is a Liberal!

S. Foster and M. Saunders also made good appearances, showing promise. So, for that matter, did D. Cotton and T. Hall.

After which, what more to say than, "ta lads, tough luck, better luck next time?"

M.F./S.J.W.

## CROSS-COUNTRY

After sitting up for half the night with an inane grin on my face, I finally decided to write this report two days before the deadline. After endless soul-searching I reached a shattering decision; not to include a results table, which would only serve to embarrass the team's members. Assuming my "never say die" attitude, I will, therefore, try to fill a generally dull page of type with a generally duller run-down of the team.

Many thanks go to 'Don't be Vague' Haigh, Sloman, Connerty, and Robertson, for providing the team's bread and butter; and to Ford for providing the caviare. Also thanks are due to the reserves, Street and Mason, for running when no one else wanted to. Or was at the dentist — nudge, nudge. Funny remarks are due to Chilton, whose water sports amused us; Barnett, whose absence kept us entertained; and Kersey, whose big head very nearly amused us. Finally, a mention to the also-rans: Walsh, Robinson, Goldie, and Morris (who left us for better things).

Finally, as the sun sets on yet another lonely long distance runner and his C.C. season, I would like to thank Mr. Marsh and the recently departed Mr. Stainton for their continued support in that ugly venture: the K.G.V. Cross-Country team.

J.M.G.

## THORNLEY SOCIETY

Since the beginning of the school year, the Society has turned its attentions to caving (the art of getting wet and cold in a small space) and Monty Python (the art of going mad in the front room). Four caves have been attempted, and innumerable sketches learnt by heart.

More seriously (sorry) the cavers have visited, since November, Lancaster Easgill pot, Tatham Wife, Aven pot (Earby series) and Pippikin-hole-in-the-ground. All have been enjoyable if unsuccessful: the last pitch in Tatham Wife was not reached due to flooding, and the shivering of Brace's tongue. An "experiment" in high level camping in the Lake District also took place, with the party enduring (honest!) a temperature of minus ten degrees C. with eight inches of snow.

The lack of equipment and money is a major obstacle to the continuation of successful expeditions, but more important is the need for new members. Many more trips are planned for the future, along with a slide show and talk, with maybe a beginner's exposition early next term.

C. Watson.

## EUROPA SOCIETY

Chairman: M. G. Davies

Secretary: P. Moor

As another term limps finally past the finishing line, amidst the hearty, if sarcastic, cheers of the masses, Europa officials may be seen shovelling empty Cointreau bottles into the bin, and swabbing the walls with Dettol to remove the smell of garlic. We have had two meetings this term, both warm, cosy and informal: in fact so much so that most of the audience had to be wheeled away in barrows when it was all over. First of all our charming French Assistante, Daniele, gave us a short talk on her home town, Enghein les Bains. She brought a few slides along to prove she was not making it all up. But most of the members privately agreed that they might have been taken anywhere, really; although nothing was said. We English are noted for our chivalry.

The second meeting took place in the Library, when we invited some REAL Europeans to answer questions. The fact that nobody asked any did not seem to deter the plucky Mr. Moor, who skilfully directed the meeting, while Mr. Davies was otherwise engaged; i.e. grappling with the cleaning ladies and members of the school chess team. A pleasant time was had by all, and much learned about Europe's ways of thinking.

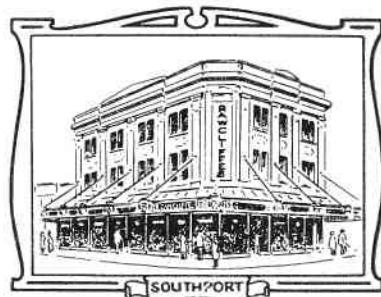
The subject of next term's meetings have yet to be decided, so if you have any suggestions (no anonymous 'phone calls please) do not hesitate to keep them to yourself.

M .G. Davies

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## EARS PIERCED WHILE YOU WAIT! or THE RAILWAY SOCIETY REPORT

Committee:

I. Pogson (Chief), C. S. Mills (Executioner),  
P. Butcher (Judge),  
and our Mascot Bonzo (the broken down mini-bus)  
under the clever jurisdiction of Mr. Travers.

At last here is a report that beats all the others. The date was 24th March (a Sunday) and it was cold. Our hero (Mr. Travers) arrived (twenty minutes late). Our Enthusiasts (eleven frozen lads) pointed frantically at their watches. Anyway, we all grabbed a seat and watched the windows steam up. Fumes were overpowering and cars behind began to disappear behind a cloud. We reached Yorkshire (after a convenience stop at the Liberal town of Rochdale — in Smith Street . . . nice one, Cyril!). We passed some gypsies and gave them a wave as we passed. We were five miles from Oxenhope (our destination — the Keighley and Worth Valley railway) and I had just finished my ginger cake when the mini bus fumed from the engine and our hero stopped. Mr. Travers, Mr. Farrow and Mr. Waddington set off down the hill for the A.A. and 'twas an hour later that they returned. We had found a police hat (one of those things they put in the road) and we put it behind to divert cars around us. Besides the two and a half hours delay we finally got to the railway and dived into a vacant carriage. We were pulled by Hamburg and 45212 and later D0026 to Haworth. We had a look round the yard whilst our hero had traversed the railway to Keighley. We were to leave at five and so we caught the next train back, being pulled by 41241 and D0226. Mr. Travers, being punctual, arrived at 5-20 (1720 really). Then we went home. See you all again . . . Bye.

C.S.M.

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**An interview with  
MARTIN HILLMAN  
of 'The Southport Visitor'**

by Martin P. R. Benedyk (LVB)

**Why did you want to become a journalist, and how did you set about it?**

I became a journalist not only because I enjoy writing and expressing my views, but because I want to communicate with the world, and to tell everyone what is happening.

I set about becoming a journalist by writing first to all the evening and daily papers. Having failed there, I wrote to all the Northern Press Agencies. In the end, I was told of a vacancy in the Southport Visitor: I applied for it and was accepted.

A journalist theoretically needs five 'O' levels, but anyone with a flair for journalism can get the full N.U.J. training.

**What are the prospects for a young journalist?**

They're wide. The immediate prospect is to move onto another local newspaper as a special correspondent, i.e. a municipal correspondent. Then one can move onto evening papers, news agencies, local radio and national newspapers. It is also possible to move onto trade journals; if a journalist had an interest in electronics, he might move onto "Electronics Today".

**What hours do you work?**

On the Southport Visitor, I work from 9-15 a.m. to 5-00 p.m. and possibly there will be a few jobs to be done in the evening.

On national newspapers, they work for 160 hours each month, and when their 160 hours are over, the rest of the month is free.

**What happens from 9-15 a.m. to 5-00 p.m. during an average day in the Visitor office?**

No two days are ever the same. In the office I might 'phone up Council Officials; another day I might go to the Fire Station or the Infirmary for news. I might go to Court; my duties vary.

This is not to say that it is full of interest — 'phoning the Council can get quite humdrum after a few weeks.

**What are your impressions of journalism over the world?**

In America one can say much more than in Britain, while in some places, like Greece, one can say much less. The French papers are rather like "Titbits", but their local papers, carrying both local and national news, concentrate on local politics, while the American local papers devote a lot of space to social gossip.

**What has been your most exciting assignment?**

My most exciting assignment was when there was an air-sea rescue, based on K. G. V. Fields. All the main papers were there, and there was "little old Martin Hillman" from the "little old Southport Visitor", competing with some of the best journalists in the country for the best reports.

**How true is the idea that a journalist's life is full of glamour?**

This is largely false. To wait 6 hours in pouring rain for a woman to come out of a house; to spend the other half waiting for a crowd to chant something; this isn't glamour. David Jessell stood in a Paris doorway, during the Paris riot of 1968, shouting into his microphone, with bombs exploding around him. This may be exciting, but whether it's glamorous or not is a different question. I think that all glamour is in the eye of the beholder.

**What do you think of this country's newspapers?**

The "Sun" is quite a bad paper. "The Mirror" is very brash, and is only good on sport. "The Mail" doesn't seem to know what it's doing. I dislike the politics of "The Express" and "Telegraph". "The Times" is extremely dry. My paper is "The Guardian". I like its politics, its style, and its treatment of the news.

## **THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME**

The whole of the earth's surface is washed by a flow of energy, known as the magnetic field. Although relatively little is known about this today, it is evident from the study of prehistoric culture, that not only was the earth's natural magnetism known to our ancestors, but that it was also the source of energy and inspiration for the structure of their whole society.

The tapping of these natural forces and their subsequent channelling throughout the land enhanced the fertility of the country and the inhabitants. Eclipses of the sun and moon were greatly feared in antiquity because they produce a marked decrease in magnetic activity. This accounts for the ancient obsession with the accurate prediction of eclipses.

This magnetic force was recently re-discovered by Wilhelm Reidi, who named it 'argone energy'. Flowing constantly, it provides the medium through which magnetic and gravitational forces manifest themselves. If placed in a chamber constructed with alternate layers of organic and inorganic material, a person would be subjected to an increased orgone flow, thus stimulating his vital forces and natural rhythmic processes. The artificial mound at Silbury, with alternate layers of clay and sod, topped by a mound of earth, bears direct comparison with Reich's orgone cham-

ber. Nearly every megalithic site has one such chamber. Various suggestions as to their use have been put forward: burial, storage, religious rites, etc., but these are only uncertain hypotheses.

Reich, as his predecessors in antiquity, was able, to a certain extent, to regulate the flow of this vital energy, even bringing about changes in the weather. Ley lines, which show the path of this power, are not peculiar to Britain. They still exist in China, South America and Australia, linking holy places and centres of ritual. Stone circles and temples were erected wherever several ley lines crossed.

Legends the world over tell of how gods came down from the sky to impart the secrets of civilization and, on leaving, always promised to return. In Egypt the god was Thoth, in Greece, Prometheus and in Mexico Quetzlcoatl.

Satisfactory explanations for the huge, ruined buildings on the plain of Tihuanaco, the great civilizations of the Mayans and Sumerians have never been put forward. The question must be asked—did these gods come to give society a push forward in evolution? And who can contradict the granite plaes discovered on the Sino-Tibetan border, whose script, when finally translated, tells of how space visitors crashed on the earth and, unable to leave, were hunted and killed by the Chinese? As recently as 1908, a spherical object exploded, devastating the surrounding area. Tunguska is still a highly radioactive region.

The great year, comprising 25,920 solar years, is split into twelve months, each lasting 2,160 years. Tradition demands that each new age be heralded by the coming of a divine man. The age of Pisces began with the arrival of Christ, whilst the preceding age of Aries marked the rise of the Egyptian god Amun.

Each new age was predicted by the magi by the interpretation of strange aerial phenomena, which always occur at such times. It is significant to note that we on earth, on the threshold of a new age, Aquarius, are daily witnessing the UFO phenomenon. Since 1945, sightings have snowballed and officialdom has been unable to explain away all the flying saucers as weather balloons, satellites and the like.

C. J. Jung, the great psychologist, believed that psychic changes occur at the start of each new age. Perhaps the final word is best left to Nostradamus who, in giving for the only time in his life a date to one of his prophecies, says: "In the year 1999 and seven months from the sky shall come an alarmingly powerful king. He shall make war captive, shutting it half up, will make then keep peace for a long time."

S. Rowson, U6M.

## WHEREBY THE DAYSPRING

The night was black  
As I scraped at life,  
My skin came off  
And the air stung.  
The skin would return  
And I'd run my way,  
Yet fall  
Scraped it back off,  
In the black of my night.  
In the black of my night  
No skin stayed on my body.  
I peeled all off.  
Sinews, muscles, flesh was all.  
Sticky, red pulsation.  
And the night air stung.

As twilight came  
I caught glimpse  
Of raw suffering.

Then Sun broke forth from pervading black;  
The Shine swept over a funeral land.  
Energy of life burst upon death;  
The night was banished and Day poured in.  
In healing power the Sun shone down;  
My skin grew fast in the glorious Warmth.  
I saw my way to avoid my falling  
And laughed and danced in this wonderful Day.  
The night had seemed endless  
But my Day truly is,  
My Saviour, my Sunshine,  
Will never be dimmed.

Now, like a sun,  
I shine in the sky,  
And at my setting  
I will not die;  
My Lord and my Light  
Will yet shine on;  
Home is with Him  
When world is gone.  
Mark Townson.



## THE BLITZ

London lay sleeping.  
Dozing in the warmth of a summer night.  
The cobbled streets lay empty,  
Save a couple of tramps,  
Worn out and tired  
Huddled in a corner with newspaper wrapped around their  
    wrinkled bodies,  
And a policeman walking along the road,  
The click of his well-polished boots  
Echoing through the streets and alleys of the dockland.  
Everyone else was lying in bed wondering or dreaming  
About what the day had brought to their humble and oh-so-  
    ordinary lives.  
As if annoyed the monotonous drone of the sirens pierced  
    the night;  
The sound that everybody knew and hated so much.  
In the black of the clouded sky  
The flak of the guns  
Spurting and flowered up in all directions.  
Then they came, the bombs  
Falling from the planes,  
Like droppings from the belly of a flying monster.  
Black and menacing  
They came silently down;  
They crashed upon the walls of innocent men;  
Buildings upon buildings shot up into flames  
In a glorious firework display,  
And then died as they crumbled into rubble.  
Men and women ran everywhere,  
Not knowing where to go or what to do.  
A baby screamed  
As its mother was brought to a halt,  
And submerged by a cascade of bricks and mortar.  
It seemed as if the whole world was ablaze;  
Police and firemen tried vainly to free men and women  
Encased in the tomb of their own homes.  
Then as suddenly as it had come, it stopped.  
The bombers had gone.  
The casualties were taken to parts of the buildings yet  
    undamaged,  
Their bewildered faces burnt and scarred,  
Their lungs choked with dust and smoke,  
Their eyes blazing with the sight of their loved ones  
swallowed up by the great mushrooms of smoke,  
Struggling and floundering,  
Never to be seen again,  
Their broken bodies cuddling together for comfort and  
    warmth.

And then silence reigned supreme once more.  
The survivors to live the next day;  
Maybe to die the next night,  
To die like dogs  
Crushed and mangled by the descending rubble,  
Or burnt to cinders by the licking flames gushing out at  
    every opening;  
Or strangled and choked by the never-ending clouds of  
    smoke.

N. Warwick, 3X

## WHAT A LIFE

Without, the new day dawns again; he sleeps.  
At length, somewhat timidly, bleary-eyed,  
He peeps from under the pillow, staring  
At the day ahead: let's face it, he says,  
Although he's really not too sure; but now  
He's much too scared to go to sleep again.  
Yet the toothpaste hurts his gums, and breakfast  
Gives him heartburn, but still he soldiers on.  
He reads the 'Times', but only for the nudes,  
Scouring the pages semi-avidly,  
Without really knowing what to look for,  
And is always, somehow, disappointed.  
His work, too, no longer gives him any  
Pleasure, if ever it did anyway;  
Nobody listens to him any more.  
He sits alone, almost a vegetable.  
He talks to no-one, not even colleagues,  
And they don't speak to him, because in fact  
They can't stand the sight of him, but don't like  
To tell him so, yet some put up with him—  
More out of pity than anything else.  
'Have another banana,' they all smirk,  
Bottling up the laughter, while he wonders  
What on earth he should do with it; they could  
Tell him a thing or two, but they don't want  
To waste their breath. The people laugh and point,  
But he couldn't be bothered even to look  
Over his shoulder, not even if he  
Could understand the joke; the barbed lampoon  
Will never pierce his armour of thick skin.  
To crown it all, his wife runs off with an  
Old man, adding insult to injury.  
What insult? What injury? Dimly, he  
Perceives some changes in his humdrum routine,  
No dinner, shirt dirty, sits down and starves.  
Does he think of ending it all? Not he.  
What's there to end, anyway?

M. G. Davies, U6W

## HOW THE RHINOCEROS GOT HIS HORN

Once, very early in the history of the world, there lived a dinosaur called Rhinoceroswithnohorn. This dinosaur looked rather like a Rhinoceros with no horn, which is probably why it was called a Rhinoceroswithnohorn.

Near where the Rhinoceroswithnohorn lived, there was a cave, and in this cave lived a caveman named Thingo. Thingo liked writing stories about dinosaurs, but whenever he wrote a book about the Rhinoceroswithnohorn, his hand nearly dropped off with fatigue, so long was the name of the Rhinoceroswithnohorn. And on top of that, pronouns had not yet come into use, so Thingo had to write out Rhinoceroswithnohorn every time he brought the Rhinoceroswithnohorn into the story (in caveman language he had to chisel the word out and apart from that it was twice as long and the letters were much more complicated).

One day, Thingo went out to hunt, when, all of a sudden the Rhinoce . . . . the animal in the story by that name . . . came into view. Thingo blew at his horn for help, but blew too hard, and the horn shot into the air and landed upside-down on the monster's nose. It stuck — and that is how the Rhinoceros got his horn.

S. R. Jones, 2M.

## EIGHTEEN DAYS IN A PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

The hospital in question is called Bangour Village Hospital and it is situated 14 miles out of Edinburgh. It is an 850-bed hospital and I was there on voluntary service work with the C.E.M. We were all put into a Nurses' Home (full of nurses). During the day we worked with some of the high grade male patients on a miniature golf course that they were building. During the afternoons we were in the high grade female patients' villas, talking to them and generally being friendly. Some of the patients were quite talkative whilst others either spoke to themselves or didn't speak at all. The group that I was with consisted of: two leaders, a social worker called Mukhter, and five girls (no less) called Julie, Anne, Jenny, Lorraine (sometimes called Lorry or Truck-features), and Pat. Pat played the clarinet, as well as the piano, organ and various other things. In the evenings (from 5 o'clock onwards) the time was all our own. We had several parties and a couple of Barbeques. The B.B.Q's were best. Then the air would be full of the smell of burning meat, most of it human, and at one time having belonged to the male camp leader who always had great difficulties in lighting the fire. (Though I myself still have one of the burns on my left arm).

Since this was Scotland, all of the male nurses drank neat Scotch and usually ended up in a paralytic state. One that I particularly remember was called Lorren. He ended up walking round totally naked playing his bagpipes.

While we were there we met a site engineer named Norman (known to his friends as SPINY). He frequently took a few of us out for drives in his mini-van. We went to the Firth of Forth road bridge a few times, where we usually ran out of petrol, or water. Should you ever read this, Spiny, I thank you.

P. Murley, U5M.

## STEAMPORT

Steamport is a museum of land transport which is run by one main society — The S.L.T.M.S. (The Southport Locomotive and Transport Museum Society). Each weekend the museum opens to the public. Many of the people who come to the museum have come to see our engine, Peckett No. 5 in steam (or just popped in to get David Suffolk's autograph).

Amongst our exhibits are two Mersey Docks' engines, owned by a Liverpool group. Lucy, one of the M.D. & H.B. engines should be in steam, together with No. 5, at Easter. There are buses too! A Southport open-deck, a Portsmouth open-deck, a Wallasey Corp., a Ribble, a Crosville, an Eastbourne Corp., a Foden, and the body of a Southport tram.

We also have a Cheshire lines coach and a Liverpool overhead railway coach where our curator lives.

At this point I would like to say 'hello' to a few people: 'Hello' John Meadows; 'Hello' Brian and your hotel; 'Hello' Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery; and a final 'Hello' to Malcolm White.

Available from the sales stand are crisps, chocolates, raspberryade and peanuts.

Come and have a look around Steamport and see famous people such as myself, Pogo, Butch, Mike Haydn, the famous Paul Lee, and the Weatherby's.

I have mentioned everyone who has paid me £1 in advance.

This term has proved enjoyable and with 'O' levels coming up, this is my only chance as a star. I would like to thank Mr. Whittaker for all he's done and hasn't done. Mr. Travers has also been helpful by not teaching me this year, — and many other staff stars. The final words will be Mark Kerrigan, who continues to be a little chimney.

Hope you all come to see Steamport and its happy folks. Until then . . . Bye.

(King Kong) see Railway Report.

C.S.M.

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## EUSTON STATION

I remember when I was young that I thought of Euston station as the temple of British Railways — a place as romantic as 'Treasure Island' and as dirty as the inside of our chimney.

I remember when I was not so young that I thought of Euston station as a place not so romantic as 'Treasure Island' and as dirty as our chimney.

Now that I am older I try not to mention Euston station in the same breath as 'Treasure Island'. It is still as dirty as our chimney.

There we were, waiting for our sleeper train home and I was back again in this sooty, smutty temple of the now British Rail executive. I found the same arrangements to repel the traveller as I had three years before.

The smell of poisonous fumes filling the air, Banana boxes everywhere. Not a bookstall open. Not a cafe in sight. Orange peel, cigarette packets and paper all around. The inquiry counter barred and grilled with only an empty tea-cup and 'dog-end' to hint that this is no time to ask foolish questions.

All around the cinema club signs proclaim the pathetic thrills to be gained elsewhere. On the other platform, drunks are squabbling. Someone is trying to get into the locked toilets and a hoarse Glasgow voice is yelling its dreary obscenities. The new £20,000 arrival indicator announces to a stunned and defeated audience with bright and precise efficiency, how much further into the new day their trains will be. Lights are switched out. Birds begin to sing.

Maybe it was better three years ago — at least you could get at the bananas.

P. J. Whiteley, U5B,

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