

THE RED ROSE

THE MAGAZINE OF
KING GEORGE V SCHOOL



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School News

PAST . . .

We were very sorry at the end of last term to say good-bye to Mr. P. G. Longhurst who had been a member of staff here for twelve years.

Mr. Longhurst's efficient organising of the Economics Department has resulted in its considerable growth until it now is the most popular choice for boys in the sixth form on the modern side, and we are greatly indebted to him for all his work in the Department.

As Housemaster of Mason's House for the last eight years Mr. Longhurst was equally successful. The fact that Mason's was able to win the Jubilee Cup for three years in succession is ample evidence of this. Mr. Longhurst's interest in games of all kinds also had its influence and effect on members of the school over many years. We wish him every success in his new post at Stowe School, Bucks.

Last Term's School Play, **The Physicists**, was another most successful and interesting production by Mr. T. B. Johnson and we should like to congratulate him and all the cast, as well as other helpers, on their efforts..

The annual Carol Service was held on December 20th as usual in St. Philip's Church by kind permission of the Vicar. The sum of £15 was sent to "The People" Christmas Fund. The singing of the School Choir at this service was quite outstanding and Mr. Wilson is much to be congratulated on the most interesting choice of Carols and on some original arrangements.

A link with the very early days of the school will be broken this term when Miss Kitty Threlfall retires from the school kitchen. When the kitchen was opened in 1929, Kitty's grandmother and mother were in charge of it.

Mrs. Threlfall (Grandmother) retired in 1930, and Mrs. S. Threlfall retired in 1949. Kitty herself has worked in the kitchen for 38 years, always willing to help, especially out of school hours, Kitty has been responsible for preparing games' tea on Saturdays for a great many years. Members of the school, past and present, have cause for gratitude to Kitty for her loyal and devoted service. We wish her a long and happy retirement.

We must apologise that the name of Mr. J. M. Fryer was omitted from the list of new masters which was published in the Red Rose last term.

Mr. Fryer was appointed last Autumn and is a member of the Physics Department. He was educated at Barrow Grammar School and subsequently read Physics at Liverpool University.

PRESENT . . .

We welcome Mr. C. N. Wharton to the staff this term. He is temporarily taking Mr. Longhurst's place. Mr. Wharton is an economist who has had over 30 years experience in industry.

We also welcome Miss A. J. Varley who is temporarily filling in a vacancy in the English staff this term. Miss Varley graduated in English last year at the University College of Rhodesia.

We should like to congratulate Mr. G. P. Wakefield who this term is holding a Schoolmaster Fellowship at New College, Oxford. These valuable Fellowships are much sought after and provide practising schoolmasters with a whole term's residence at Oxford to promote closer liaison between schools and Universities, and to give opportunity for the holder to do some original work. We are very proud that Mr. Wakefield has won this considerable honour.

The school is grateful to Mr. and Mrs. D. Silvertown for a most generous gift of twelve reproductions of famous paintings in commemoration of the careers of their three sons in the school: H. D. Silvertown, R. M. Silvertown and J. L. Silvertown. This collection of pictures will be known as the "Silvertown Collection" and it is hoped to have them displayed possibly before the end of next term.

We congratulate the following winners of Open Awards at Oxford in the examinations last December: R. B. JACKSON, who won an Open Scholarship in English at Wadham College, and L. J. SAWYER, who won an Open Exhibition, also in English, at New College.

At long last the new lavatories have been completed and taken into use this term. This was a much needed modernisation which was long overdue.

THE CAROL SERVICE

The annual Carol Service took place in St. Philip's Church on December 20th. It took the traditional form of nine lessons and carols. The lessons were read from the New English Bible by boys and masters from the school, concluding with the familiar section from the beginning of St. John's Gospel read by the Headmaster, who also read the Bidding Prayer. The augmented Madrigal Group, under the direction of Mr. Wilson sang some unusual and interesting carols, while the congregation joined in the more traditional ones. Mr. Wilson also arranged a fanfare of trumpets and some original accompaniments.

The collection, in aid of "The People" Christmas Fund, which has helped local charities, raised £15. The Blessing was given by the Vicar of St. Philip's, the Reverend E. A. Strickland. Grateful thanks are extended to all who took part and especially to Mr. Wilson who had obviously given a great deal of time and thought to the organisation and preparation of the concert. L.J.S.

SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM REPORT

The School Swimming Team has had only five matches since the beginning of the school year. The first was encouraging in that we beat a formidable but weakened team from the Manchester Grammar School for the first time for many years. In our next match, we were beaten by Bolton, our team having endured the strain of the rugby field. The annual joint match with the Girls High School against Edge Hill College ended in the usual victory by both schools allowing for the fact that most of their team were either playing squash or mountaineering; one member had one foot in plaster. The fourth match was a new fixture with Kirkby-Ruffwood Comprehensive School which ended in resounding victory for us: we won every event outright except two.

Having lost several swimmers to the Rugby teams, our first match in the Spring Term suffered and we lost away to Hutton G.S., by a narrow margin. The Juniors who swam in the senior events are to be congratulated for their excellent efforts.

The small number of matches is largely owing to a number of postponements, as Rugby seems to take precedent at other schools as well as at K.G.V. Future fixtures, however, are heavy and with a steady building up of team strength through the inspiration of Davies, the captain, we shall, we hope, be relatively successful. T.P.A.E.

Some of our managers are older than David Barber



and some are younger

In 1948, at the age of 16, David Barber started as a Junior at a small branch of his home town, Sheffield. He left at 18 to do his National Service stint. On rejoining the Midland in 1952, he worked at one of the main Sheffield branches, and three years there gave him wide general banking experience. A spell in Bradford followed. After that, an appointment to Pudsey. Then from 1962 to 1964 he was at Head Office in London, working with the branch Superintendent responsible for a part of the North-Eastern Region.

Since early 1964, David Barber has been Assistant Manager at a large and busy branch in York. It's a job carrying full managerial responsibility (and salary).

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THE SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

Captain: F. Dart
ViceCaptain: M. Williams Secretary: J. F. Stocker

This has been a progressive season. The marking-out of a hockey pitch on the field for the first time signified a new importance for the game in the school sports' programme. The mere presence of the pitch attracted more boys to the game and gave the team the advantage of being able to play more games at home.

Despite having only a few players with experience from the previous year, the enthusiasm amongst the new players was such that the team now became well-balanced and of a high standard. They must learn, though, for next year, to work as a team together and think less of individual abilities, although teamwork was by no means completely lacking this season.

There was keen competition at the start for the position of goal keeper between Dodd and Lound, but soon Dodd's ability to learn his job gave him the position regularly, with Lound as a useful substitute. The rest of the team occupied the same positions throughout the season with reserves Morris and Hopkins playing only occasionally. Wilson and Taylor became reliable full-backs, but the real back-bone of the team was the half-back line. Williams, Dart and Stocker showed capability in limiting the movements of their opponents and distributing the ball to the best advantage of the forward line. Indeed, the team's main problem was to score goals and with Thomas the only forward of much experience, the four others—Cambell, Boyd, Newman and Ashworth—took time to settle into their difficult jobs. All four improved with every match, Newman becoming a regular goal scorer with the others all scoring at some time or other, but even at the end of the season, too many chances were being missed in front of the goal. Dart and Thomas were chosen to play for Lancashire Schoolboys this season, and the team may have a few more of its members also playing for Lancashire, next year.

At the end of the winter term the team was unfortunate to lose the services and inspiration of Mr. P. G. Longhurst, whose influence still lingers in the new shirts he acquired for the team, in the appropriate colour of Royal blue. Finally the team would like to thank Mr. Amer for taking over responsibility and refereeing this term's matches
J.F.S.

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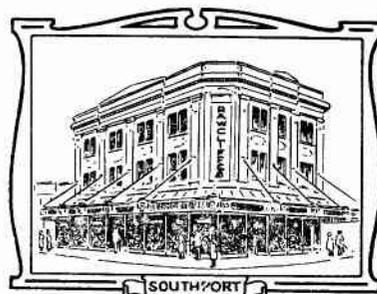
P. J. Benham, A. W. Crispus-Jones, A. R. Mottershead, M. S. Orr, C. Pickles, R. A. Spoor, M. J. Wray.

VALETE

BALL K., 1959-1966. Grear's (GCE A5, 05) Senior School Prefect 1966-67.
CLARKE M. G., 1960-1966. Evans' U6B (GCE O3) School Junior Prefect 1966.
JONES R. J., 1960-1966. Edwards' L6B.
LEE J. S., 1960-1966. Spencer's U6ScS (GCE A4, O3), Junior School Prefect 1966, House Secretary 1966.
SILVERTON J. L., 1960-1966. Evans' U6MS (GCE A4, O4) Senior School Prefect 1966, House Vice Captain, Sec. Europa, Sec. History Society, Sec. C.E.W.C. Member of Red Rose Committee.
PICKTHALL R. B. 1961-1966 Spencer's L6W (GCE O4)
RICHARDS J. C. 1961-1966 Masons' U6MS (GCE A3, O6) Senior School Prefect 1966, House Captain, 1st XV Colours, School Cross Country Team.
THOMPSON H. K., 1961-1966 Roger's U5M (GCE O4)
GARRITY C. R. 1962-1966 Roger's U5S.
PRATT E. W. 1962-1966 Evans' U5B.
RIDDLESWORTH M. E. 1962-1966 Masons' U6S (GCE O7) R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion.
SCHUNKE J. B. 1962-1966 Grear's L6M (GCE O4).
HULME R. W. 1963-1966 Spencer's L6Sp (GCE O3)
BAKER R. J. 1964-1966 Edwards' L5A.
DORMAN N. P. 1966 Evans' 3S.
BLACK E. 1966 Evans' 2M.
GAUBE R. H. 1966 Spencer's U5S.
LONGSTAFF M. W. 1966 Woodham's 3S.
STANTON I. P. 1966 Leech's 2M.
TAYLOR M. W. 1966 Grear's 3M.

To RAWCLIFFES

AND THEN



To SCHOOL

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FUTURE . . .

IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Term Begins	April 10th
Swimming Gala	May 5th
Half-Term	May 29th-30th
G.C.E. A level exams. begin	5th June
G.C.E. O level exams. begin	12th June
Summer Exams Begin	23rd June
Summer Exams. end	28th June
1st. XI v O.B.	July 4th
Athletic Sports	July 11th
Open Day	July 13th
Terms ends	July 14th

KING GEORGE V SCHOOL JUBILEE FUND

Last year in the April issue of the Red Rose we were able to announce that the Jubilee Fund had reached £700 and that approximately £100 per annum had been promised in seven year Covenants. Now, twelve months later, the total in the Deposit Account at the Bank is £1572 and we have an income from Covenants of just over £400 per annum. The Trustees are most grateful to all those who have contributed whether by gift or by Covenant Form.

We suffered a great disappointment in early March when, although we had signed the Contract for Netherglen, another purchaser came along at the last moment and bought the house. We did increase our offer somewhat but unfortunately the increase we could offer was of necessity limited. Vigorous efforts are being made to find an alternative building and we hope it will not be many weeks before we are able to complete a purchase. It is still the trustees' aim to have the hostel operating within a few months and to equip it and have it in full working order by the Jubilee year of 1970.



Whose hat?

*Does it belong to
a pilot? a navigator? an engineer? a logistics expert?
a personnel manager? a ground defence commander?
an air traffic controller? a teacher?
or someone else?*

The fact is, a lot of people just don't realise how many different careers there are in the R.A.F. today—or how many different ways there are of starting. This is a pity—because in this age of Global Air Mobile Defence, with swing-wing aircraft, vertical take-off and all the rest, the opportunities are far too good to be missed.

If you are interested in becoming an R.A.F. officer, ask your Careers Master for some leaflets—or get him to arrange for you to meet your R.A.F.

Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat. Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain M. A. D'Arcy, R.A.F., Adastral House, (25FM1), London, W.C.1. Please give your age and say what qualifications you have or are studying for, and what kind of work in the R.A.F. most interests you.

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Fifth Form Opinion

FIFTH-FORMERS IDEAS ABOUT . . .

. . . PARENTS

What is particularly interesting, not to say surprising is that no-one presumed to take advantage of the verbal freedom granted to them to hurl abuse at their elders. General criticism usually came first, but even this was modified. "Parents can be mean and over anxious about their children," writes one boy. "Some parents seem to think that once a person is fourteen or fifteen, they (sic) are a menace to society and should be restrained like a bitch in summer and punished for the slightest offence." Having got this impersonal complaint out of their system, all showed great understanding towards their parents.

Everyone was agreed on the motivation of the parent's actions. The expression "They are only doing what they think is right," occurs frequently. Whilst agreeing that it is right that teenagers should be given more freedom than their counterparts of previous generations, most people respected the justly strict parent rather than the lax unconcerned one. "I definitely agree that the child who is brought up strictly will benefit from it in later life, whilst the child who is spoilt tends to grow up with the attitude that he can get whatever he wants."

As is invariably the case with boys, when one parent is singled out for special comment, it is the mother. As outside interests and girl-friends take up a greater amount of leisure time, several people complain of undue possessiveness even jealousy on the mother's behalf. "As one gets older and starts going out every night with girls, one finds that the mother begins to get a bit jealous, because she wants to keep you, and often tries to persuade you at nights not to go out, saying that there are all sorts of exciting things on television." Several boys complain of being wrongly suspected of misbehaving: "I had a perfectly innocent and foolproof excuse." Some boys are worried by parental disapproval of their choice of girl-friends: "To me she looked perfectly respectable . . . I suppose what they objected to was her mini-skirt."

Most people objected to parents bringing their children up as they had been brought up themselves, not recognising the basic changes in the society in which the gregarious teenager involves himself, with all its trappings. "I don't think he really regards modern music as so bad, for I have often heard him whistling tunes and once I heard him singing "Yellow Submarine". The fact that adult society is necessarily different is generally understood, and mature adults who endeavour to be "with it" are ridiculed.

Basically the parent-teenager relationship is summed up, as one boy put it, as: "Teenagers and parents just have to give and take with one another."

THE CHURCH AND RELIGION

It is difficult to determine the exact viewpoint of the critics of the Church in the Upper Fifts. The dichotomy between "believer" and "unbeliever" does not seem to be the issue in question, and it is significant that none of the representative section of opinions expressed claimed, "I do not believe the doctrine" as a cause for dissension from church-going. In this they mirror the attitude of the general public, and their opinions are symptomatic of a greater unrest.

The Church is attacked firstly for its defects in organisation and its reactionary attitude to membership and the world in which it finds itself. It is "heading towards self-inflicted death." Most people recognise that church attendance is declining, and this is attributed to the fact that its congregations are elderly, comprising "the persons who in 1970 will be six feet under." At the opposite extreme few young people are being attracted to join the Faithful. This is partly because church services are considered boring and repetitive, and experiments in liturgy, introduced by enthusiastic clergy, and conducted by teenagers, are resented and opposed by elderly church-goers.

Nor are young people stimulated by the prospect of societies centred on Sunday Schools or the semi-militaristic organisations such as the Boys' Brigade, which foster old-fashioned, restrictive morality centred around the sinfulness of alcohol and tobacco. Moreover such societies are usually run by the middle-aged, who have lost contact with the teenage world.

The non-organizational aspect of church life is considered to be lacking in vitality. Several people believe in a sacerdotal personality cult: "In all the popularity of a church depends upon its minister." "The Church is seen as being too introspective and too concerned with its own financial stability, being once described as the "money-grabbing church." Quite apart from the rulings of separate organisations and sects, the moral teaching of the Church is considered to be outdated. In an age when pragmatism is acceptable to all but the most doctrinaire, a more realistic outlook on life is called for. All in all the general opinion is in favour of "livened-up services, more variation from convention, and a lot more understanding."

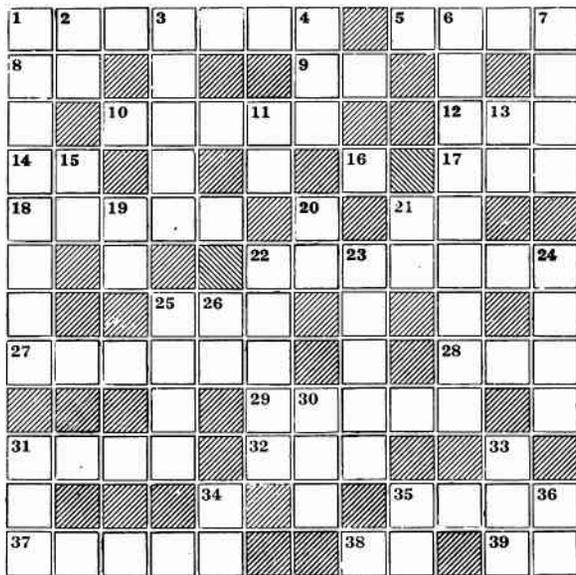
THE SCHOOL

Most boys considered that there are more problems behind the staff-room door than in the classroom, meaning presumably, that the staff have their worries too. Everyone realised that there are great difficulties in obtaining staff. They saw nothing wrong in employing female teachers, particularly as they can often control classes better than many men. "I think boys . . . tend to respect a woman teacher more than a man who can't keep control." Many referred to changes in staff which affected teaching standards, particularly in the G.C.E. year.

The prefect system was severely criticised on the grounds that prefects fail miserably to set a good example to older boys. Many, it is said, are obsessed with their petty power, and seize every opportunity to use it. The method of selection is also considered suspect.

Several people considered that the house system would be more valuable if all houses adopted the new principle of having two housemasters. There is always the fear that the individual and his problems and progress will go unnoticed. The "games establishment" of the school was frequently deprecated, especially in regard to compulsory games. All games it was stated time and time again should be optional after the age of fourteen.

Grateful thanks are extended to Mr. Bell and members of the Upper Fifts for their help in gathering the material for this report. L.J.S.



SOLUTION PAGE 23

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 A patriotic way to begin.
- 5 Although wet and slippery, it's one way to find things out.
- 8 Very negative.
- 9 Either way it's exclamatory.
- 10 A balanced position.
- 12 Can be heavy and yet move fast.
- 14 A case of reversal if you know 15 down.
- 16 Indefinite and single.
- 17 Not very pleasant to be in one.
- 18 You rarely find anyone who doesn't possess some of these.
- 21 Drunk in France.
- 22 Druids and others.
- 25 Distant now.
- 27 To offer arguments against.
- 28 A little of this helps things to run smoothly.
- 29 Faint in one of its senses.
- 31 Cotton pickers may not want to dance this.
- 32 Sitting in the past.
- 35 Your last days may be feeble.
- 37 Often signed between different nations.
- 38 A command of existence.
- 39 A little word but of infinite meaning.

CLUES DOWN

- 1 To put in peril.
- 2 See 8 across.

Compiled by D. P. Lucas, 4M.

- 3 Very slack and often not well thought of.
- 4 The female of the species are more musical.
- 6 This sort of arrival could be very unwelcome.
- 7 This footballer has foxed many a defence.
- 11 The backbone of France.
- 13 Still in France, but I wonder where?
- 15 A rather old fashioned mother.
- 19 This authority could be civil or military—only you can decide.
- 20 Provides you with choice.
- 21 See 38 across.
- 22 You might get something done this way, but you could end up flat out.
- 23 'The portrait of a blinking...' (Merchant of Venice)
- 24 Just outside the window.
- 25 Keeps you warm in winter.
- 26 Some Lancastrians refer to their headgear in this way.
- 29 The Secret Service, but not for long.
- 30 Not really the way to settle international disputes.
- 31 One way of knocking.
- 33 "..... drink and be merry!"
- 34 A Soanish confirmation reversed
- 35 I and others.
- 36 Not all right this way round.

**INTERVIEW WITH . .
KITTY THRELFALL**

MISS THRELFALL who has given 38 years devoted service to the School, retires from the kitchen staff at the end of this term.



Did you have another job before you came here in 1929?

Yes, I worked in a confectioner's shop in High Park Road. Granny was working at Woodlands, where the School originally stood, and I joined the staff the first day the school was moved here. I was only helping then: later Mr. Millward persuaded me to take over the cooking, although I didn't want to because I felt I couldn't manage it. I was not expecting to be here very long.

Have you always lived in Southport?

No I was born in Formby, but when I was still very young my mother took my brother and myself to Co. Wexford. I was a children's nurse there. We came back to Southport when I was twenty-one.

Do you have any particular memories of your 38 years at the School?

I remember the first day. There was a dreadful rush to get everything ready—all the new silver and crockery had to be unpacked and the dining-room prepared. It used to be lovely out there with the white cloths and flowers on each table. We had glasses as well, but the war changed all that. There were two sittings for about three hundred boys. Although there aren't any particular incidents I remember. I've enjoyed it all.

Have you noticed any changes in 38 years?

Well, I think manners have deteriorated—but I've never had any trouble with the boys. I've always stuck up for them, and they've always been good to me. We had some good times in the kitchen when the staff used to come in here for tea. It was more like home then. Of course there are so many now, they can't all come in. But I still have good fun with the girls; and we tantalise some of the staff. There are still some long serving masters here, but there are a lot I don't really know.

How will you feel on your last day in the School?

Of course I'll be sorry to leave because I'll miss the masters and the boys. But I feel ready for a rest—I've been working every schoolday for 38 years and it's beginning to get a bit much for me.

What will you do in your retirement?

I'll do all my work by midday and relax for the rest of the day. I enjoy gardening very much, looking after my roses. And I'll be looking after my brother.

Is there anything you would like to say through the magazine?

Yes, I should like to thank the staff and boys for being so kind and say how much I'll miss them.

Interview conducted by I. R. Pond Photograph by Mr. H. C. Davies.

COMPARISON

The fields swayed below,
In mixtures of green, yellow,
And grey for the emptiness
They were beautifully planned.
All of them entitled
To the same nourishment and care:
But the bare, fallow, grey fields
Seemed the outcasts of the community.
There were only a few of them
Between the soft, luscious, green grass
And the swaying, waiting, golden cornfields.

Scorned by these neighbours
And seeming to be even more fenced-in,
They could only look back pleasantly
And forward, hopefully.
But this hope caused them to become haughty.
They knew that soon they would
Carry the crop for the cultivator.
Happiness strode into their hearts
With the proudness. They were glad
That the others ignored them.
After all, they only had to be patient,
And in a little while,
Their day would come.

S. J. CHARMAK, L.6.B.

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“LA CAMPAGNE SE MEURT. TANT MIEUX.”

L'image traditionnelle que se fait le citadin de la vie de campagne pourrait se résumer ainsi:—D'un côté c'est une paysanne aux joues roses, éclatante de santé, un pot au lait dans les bras; de l'autre c'est une petite maison à toit de chaume, se détachant sur une prairie intensément verte. Mais laissons notre citadin à ses rêveries et examinons de plus près la véritable vie de campagne qui continue à se cacher derrière la souriante beauté de ses paysages.

Pour les gens qui y vivent, la campagne ne représente qu'une suite de malheurs incroyables. Vivant dans des conditions abrutissantes, le campagnard mène encore cette même existence primitive que connaissaient ses ancêtres il y a quatre cents ans. Illettré et se suffisant presque à lui-même, le campagnard a pu vivre jusqu'à ces dernières années uniquement de la terre. Maintenant après des siècles d'agriculture la terre a perdu sa fécondité, de sorte que le rendement agricole ne peut plus satisfaire aux besoins alimentaires des habitants.

Tous les jours de nouvelles difficultés se présentent, difficultés que l'on ne pourra jamais surmonter. Considérons par exemple, le problème du chômage. L'accroissement du taux de la natalité a été tel que les plus de 20 ans sont maintenant obligés d'aller à l'extérieur s'ils veulent trouver une situation qui convienne à leurs aptitudes.

Ce problème, si grave en lui-même, a amené d'autres problèmes encore, notamment celui des distractions. Par suite du développement industriel et économique, les grandes villes sont maintenant à même d'offrir aux jeunes des distractions incomparables à celles de la dernière génération.—terrains de sports, piscines, cinémas, bowlings, courts de tennis, dancings et ainsi de suite. Mais pour en profiter il a bien fallu que les jeunes gens quittent la campagne pour s'installer dans les villes;—d'où le dépeuplement toujours plus rapide des campagnes.

Quoique les effets de ce dépeuplement se fassent sentir partout en Europe, c'est surtout en France qu'ils sont les plus marqués. La France contrairement à L'Angleterre est un pays agricole, et cette exode rurale risque de nuire énormément à la vie économique du pays. Déjà le gouvernement français a pris des mesures financières en vue de résoudre les difficultés. On est en train de transformer les petits villages en stations de sports d'hiver. Les pistes de

ski, la petite plage au bord d'une rivière de campagne sont là pour attirer les touristes. Aura-t-on du succès? Seul le temps le dira. La campagne mourra quand elle voudra . . . avec ceux qui y vivent . . . Mais advenue que pourra, une chose est certaine, c'est que sa beauté ne disparaîtra jamais.

D. M. COOKE, U6W

AFTER THE FUNERAL

Through the ages long and cold,
How often has the death bell tolled?
The coffin through the streets is drawn
Draped with wreaths from those that mourn,
Who, dressed in black, soon arrive
And at the graveside stand alive
Into the pit the coffin sinks,
The women weep, one man blinks;
A prayer is said, a hymn is sung
Once again the death bell's rung.
The earth is thrown, the stone is cast
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
The crowd returns and all at once
The cloak of mourning falls; from hence
The wine, the laughter then goodbyes
And now no women dry their eyes.
A quick drive home, journey's end;
Ours is the future that lies round the bend.
The deceased is gone the stone is laid;
How many visits to the grave are made?

N. HOWARD, U.5.M.

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The Physicists

At the beginning of the play "Les Cériseurs" is an expensive sanatorium, a peaceful home for moneyed madmen. But the deaths of two nurses have cast a shadow over it. During the play the autumn sunlight fades and gives way to the glare of searchlight, then to darkness. At the end, three sane men must become madmen: the philanthropic motives of a mad, deformed, spinster are unwittingly turned to the destruction of civilisation. With the play's progress, we are reminded of all civilisation involves—chicken and wine, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, cigars and brandy. At the end some of this is still heaped up in the corner on a sofa, before the eyes of the audience.

Th play is not "naturalistic"—the scenes involving Voss, Frau Rose and Herr Rose are there to remind us of the world we know and recognise. Normal men impersonate madmen, a mad woman is taken for a sane woman. The gradual revelation of true value and identity renders the play frightening. We must feel uncomfortable at the end of it, unsure of ourselves and of what we have seen. This

is drama at its best—not answers, questions. Like Dürrenmatt's other well-known play *THE VISIT*, this play combines elements of comedy and tragedy: comedy here to suggest all that is lost in the tragedy—more than cigars and philosophy, but something of which these two form a part. In the first stage direction of *THE PHYSICISTS*, the author is explicit with regard to this: "Little is required for the furnishing of a stage on which, contrary to the practice of the ancients, the satire precedes the tragedy."

And a notable feature of this production was the balance between comedy and tragedy. No-one played Hamlet as Charley's Aunt, or vice versa. The two deadly sins of under and over-playing were avoided

Halliday (Fräulein Doktor Mathilde von Zahnd) gave a performance that would credit a professional actress. He does not laugh convincingly, but that is hardly a criticism and shows how difficult it is to censure his performance. Taylor, the police inspector in a situation which defies his experience and comprehension, was at ease on the stage: we noted the slight displacement in the policeman's assurance that the author demands, but this was part of his natural movement and speech, which gave his part immediacy and reality. His assistants, Gordon, Geddes and Murray, and particularly the Police Doctor, (Nettleton) with his authentic corpse-side manner, were in accord with their chief's apprehensive mood. They talked and wandered around with the studied nonchalance of policemen.

As Matron Boll, Strutte gave a very good account of himself, although he was perhaps not as convincing as Pettit, whose Nurse Monika bore more resemblance to the real thing. Moreover he died with startling verisimilitude at four successive performances. The assailant, Whittaker, made a splendid job of Pettit, as indeed of the rest of his part. As Möbius he bore on his shoulders a good deal of the play's meaning and his acting never failed to do it justice. He terrified us with the "Song of Solomon" in Act I, and guided us through the intricacies of the debate in Act II with subtlety and an acute feeling for the dramatic perhaps a little slowly, but not excessively so.

Gubbins—"Sir Isaac Newton"—acts well and enjoys it, and the audience shares in this enjoyment. Sometimes, to those who know him, P. Gubbins showed through "the shade of Newton," but as the part so well suited his own personality, nothing seemed out of place and the

balance between levity and seriousness was achieved. Of Einstein I can say little more than that his acting fully lived up to his astonishing make-up. Armitage acted not only as befits a man who thinks he is Albert Einstein he also acted as befits a man who is pretending to be a man who thinks he is Albert Einstein. Both Gubbins and Armitage made much out of parts where the actor's every gesture and word are themselves the imitation of an imitation, such parts are like Chinese puzzles, boxes within boxes ad infinitum—and they are what make the play's characters rich in significance and association of ideas.

Frau Rose was played by Jagger, who together with Connolly, Berry and Pickles (as her sons) and Vaughan-Williams (as her fumbling missionary husband) gave an entertaining and amusing touch to the scene in which Möbius feigns madness. They built up a carefully observed series of details—the good lady's sniffing and shame at having worked in a chocolate factory (Tobler's chocolate factory); the regimental sitting and standing of the sons and their priggish fear at the sight of their father; the fidgeting imbecility of Herr Rose.



Wood and Winter proved awe-inspiring and ruthlessly efficient as the assistants of their chief, Sievers (Halliwell) who made the audience shift nervously in their seats with every move—"Monsters" comments Einstein on their entry.

The set, designed and executed by Mr. Harrison, Mr. Long and their respective teams of assistants was as excellent as we have come to expect, but not I hope to take for granted, and they were this year asked to compress into the narrow limits of the School Stage a set that was originally planned for the vast Aldwych Theatre in London. This was in itself no mean feat. Thanks also to the Stage Staff under Mr. Heyes and the electricians supervised by Mr. Fryer, the production ran smoothly. So, too, did the management of the House, ably directed by Mr. Bell and Mr. Clough.

Last, and by all means first, Mr. Johnson is to be congratulated on another fine production. Few of the audience see Mr. Johnson, fewer still, perhaps, fully realize the responsibility he bears and the skill and insight with which he produces and directs the play, working to a narrow budget and with limited resources of time and space. The producer brings together all the elements that make up the School Play, and in doing so, Mr. Johnson has this year proved again that "The Play's the thing."

R.B.J.

LIFE OR DEATH?

- To the world-now
A barren, smouldering ruin—
It came,
A holocaust, unheralded.
No-one suspected, except . . . the few,
Those who believed,
Those who knew.
For them,
Life.
Everlasting life, joy, peace.
The remainder . . .
Nothing.
Lost . . . for ever.
The Redeemer came, long ago.
They rejected Him.
Now, the reward.
Misery,
The burning agony of eternal damnation,
Death.
He has judged fairly.

J. C. HAYNES, U.6.M.

IN DEFENCE OF SATIRE

No-one is as cruel as the unthinking, be he youth or adult. It is he that can cause the utmost pain, the severest anguish by his own thoughtlessness. He makes fun of the afflicted, finding amusement in their disorders. This is true intolerance of the superior for his hapless inferior. But surely when people refuse to accept the truth, believing all to be well, for them to be intolerant of their self-imposed ignorance is not condemnatory, but praiseworthy. It is for this reason that satire is most devastatingly used. When respectable people hear a naughty word, or when well established institutions like the Monarchy or the Church are attacked they fall into a tumult of righteous indignation. It is not, therefore, the satirist, the observer who is intolerant, but the unthinking, who criticize the satirist as intolerant.

R. M. JONES, L.6.B.

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AUTUMNALL

"I hate extremes; yet I had rather stay
With Tombs, then Cradles, to weare out a day"

(John Donne)

In the northern city of N. lived a respectable and unsuspecting individual. He loved his fellow men. He loved his fellow women even more. He had a passionate desire to be liked, a spasmodic craving for Turkish Delight and an old banjo. He went to church on Sunday, read serious paperbacks, liked Sibelius and sang Mozart in the bath. He was, in all respects, normal.

But his fellow-citizens had little time for him; and his fellow men regarded him with mistrust. So did his fellow women. So did Sibelius, Mozart and the inventor of the banjo. So, we must admit, did the people in the flat below. On a warm summer's night the sound of his voice and the twang of his banjo floated unappreciated, out, under the bathroom door, down the stairwell, and out into the air. Burghers strolling by the door of the block of flats would stop awhile and listen to the plaint as it echoed down the stairs and reverberated in the drainpipes: then they would move on saddened or, more often, angered by the mournful lay J.R. would lie for ages in the bath—the water lapping colder round his thighs—often falling asleep and having to be woken up by his house-keeper hammering at the door—she knew that when he stopped singing, this was a sure sign of his having fallen asleep in the bath. Then he would get out and dry himself, accompanying the rustling of the towel with hummed snatches of the Karelia Suite, participated by intervals of silence during which he breathlessly traced his initials with his finger in the condensation that fogged the bathroom mirror. Then, and at times when he was eating or asleep, J.R. was a happy man. It was what went on in the spaces in between bed, bath and board, that made him an unhappy man.

For everyone thought that J.R. was a madman. Why they thought this he never discovered, and I, in all my painstaking researches into the documents and materials connected with the life and deeds of this perfectly normal individual, have not been able to ascertain the cause of this misapprehension on the part of the entire population of N. They spent their whole lives doing perfectly natural

things — eating, sleeping, working — and yet they branded as abnormal a man who devoted himself zealously to these very pursuits. And they were reticent almost to the point of obstructing me in my investigations. I was forced to fill in forms, to provide references, to show certificates, before they allowed me anywhere near the reading-room of the records office. In the hours of waiting on canvas-bottomed chairs in hygienic and fluorescent corridors, where the onset of evening was barely noticed as the strip lighting stayed on all day, and where nature only peeped in through frosted-glass skylights—in those wearying hours, when all the world was numbed and senseless, I retreated into the confines of my mind to create a mental picture of the man whose biography I intended to write, and whom I hoped to raise from oblivion by the fame it would bring to him. And days of writing, days of watching official-looking attendants and secretaries go round corners and up stairs whose destination I never knew—days of this would end in a five-minute interview with a stone-faced official at a marble-topped desk, and a written permit to delve further into the bureaucracy of N. And every day the attempt to draw a mental picture of J.R. grew more and more confused, as details cancelled out details, and impressions were rendered empty by facts which seemed to contradict one another. From the laundry bills, the bank records, the photographs, the diaries, the words of all the citizens of N. whom I interviewed, there accumulated a body of information concerning J.R. But there was no life in the body, and the flat penny-plain photographs, the sepia postcards and letters written in faded brown ink, which filled the drawers of his flat seemed resolute in their silences. I knew from the very beginning that my subject was a case of supposed insanity, and yet nowhere did I find any trace of that insanity. Even the writings of J.R. himself, smudged letters on thin bank copy paper that anonymously found their way into my hand, revealed little of the man himself. He seemed acutely aware of the fact of existence, but that was all. He told me more about the citizens of N. than about himself, and even the strength and unusual sensitivity of the love-letters was no more than a prosaic and elementary personal detail. J.R. remained, not so much aloof as remote. He was a two dimensional figure for all his apparently voracious zest for life.

So it was that I passed three whole years in N., assiduously collecting information and compiling data. I had notes to show the frequency of J.R.'s visits to the barber, the number of razor-blades he bought, the ebb and flow of his political and religious opinions, his tastes, his habits, his affairs and his dress. But I had no man. Daily I would sit at my desk, typing the chapters of the first draft of the biography, smoking pipe after pipe with varying degrees of relish and dictating memoranda to my secretary. I had rented a large office and filled it with filing cabinets full of the information I had so carefully gathered; I had taken on a staff of ten, then twelve, and finally of fifteen. I was the head of a large concern whose capital was raised by advance sale of serial rights and the subscription of a privileged 500 readers who were to receive de-luxe presentation copies of the book signed by me, the author.

But there was an unsolved riddle, an enigma—the man J.R. I knew N. inside out, knew its wind-swept streets where chains of yellow single-decker tramcars snaked alongside the roadway, knew the bars with their sinks set in the counter-tops and the peak-capped foreign sailors who propped them up. I knew the dour red-brick buildings with their puritanical gables and pastel shade window shutters, where geraniums nestled tactfully in the window boxes, in the warmth of the summer sun—a sun that cut triangular shadows in the cobbles and softened the gothic acuteness of the cathedral towers. And I knew the citizens of N. who lived and loved a mechanical northern way, like so many men and women whose lives in this doll's house of a city were ruled by the dictates of an artfully concealed mainspring. Even the woman whom I fell in love with and married during my third year in N. seemed only to be affectionate by clockwork. So normal and automatic were her reactions to everything from the morning milk to the taste of my lips, from the clicking of the clock, as it summoned up strength to strike with its worshipping bell, to the sound of birds pecking at bread on the flagstones outside the back door of our house, that she made these things beautiful. If I loved her then it was for the tenour of her ways. That was the beauty of the town of N. and no doubt I fell in love, not with a woman, but with a town.

Money had long since run out, the company was liquidated, and I was paying off my debts by instalments, life was cheap and good in N. and we lived comfortably on the money we earned. J.R. was put away in the drawers of my desk, his lesser documents consigned to the attic. And then he was forgotten. When I was twenty-six my wife died.

It is surprising how easy it was to be lonely in N. So involved are the citizens with their own affairs: old men sit watching the sun disappear from the blank window panes on the other side of the street where the houses face West, and the tramcars snake along the broad streets insidiously. The clipped sound of the language, and the academic regularity of the academic life are the citizens' mainstay and their greatest security. They had been my wife's, and through her I loved them, but in her absence I hated them. I seemed alone against the citizens of N. I retreated more and more into my own world, I took up my researches again, and through them I seemed to become still further removed from the life of N. The gables and tramcars and cobblestones seemed to retreat in the great shadow of J.R., but where was the source of this shadow. It was not to be found in the yellowing documents piled up in my attic, and since she died, in the parlour which my wife had made her own special reserve.

And it was not to be caught out on the harbour wall, there the air cut through the body like a carving knife on edge, and the seagulls floated along the grain of the sky. The spires and clock-tower of N. brooded, upward strokes of the pen, against the vast horizon: the whole scene was a combination of marquetry and ink. A few lonely beach-combers trod along the line of seaweed, wrack and dead wood that showed where the tide had drawn its line today. There I tried to solve the mystery of identity. There I found no more than I found in the streets of the town, and there it was that I eventually gave up the search for the madness and personality of J.R.

I still live in N. I have got used to the absence of my wife and surrendered to the demands of life in the town. I rise early, and go to bed early, and work in a toy factory. Strange people, the citizens of N: they all treat me as if I were a madman. But even Joseph Haydn could

tell me little of practical use by now. In his music, Haydn hid nothing from me. All the life of this eighteenth-century man was laid before me plainer than it ever could, or can be expressed in print on paper. And the stacks of yellowing papers in the handwriting of J.R. remained silent, as inward as the mellowed streets of N. and even more secretive because the streets had less to hide. And they will always be there and will always be mute-both papers and streets. So will J.R., I think. One of these days I will have a huge bonfire.

R. B. JACKSON, U.6.S.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

The pleasant summer sun smiled gently and warmly onto the sides of the soft green valley. Not far away from a sparkling, dashing river wound a set of aged, rustic rails, resting on rotten sleepers with weeds gathering on the ballast and covering the track. Nobody, however, was bothered, as long as the trains managed to arrive at the quiet, timeless hamlet, where, amidst the small stone cottages they ended at Llanledr village station.

About twenty miles up the line a train, as was quite common, came to a stop, the odd thing was that the train was intended to stop there, for this was the engineering train which was to repair Bridge number twenty-three. The train consisted of the crews corridor, a tools van, the engine and, strangest of all, a steam crane. The job, in the hands of exiled Scot, Jamie McGregor, was scheduled for finish within six hours, so starting at ten they could be home in time for tea. Then there was the much younger crane-operator, Harry, he was a country lad himself from Surrey, who lived at Llanledr, and there was the guard who did nothing.

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Stepping down from the engine cab, Harry turned and was struck dumb by the amazing scenery that met his eye; he turned to his mate and said,

"Awe, Jamie, will you just look at these hills, and the fields. Look, you can see the Berioyns as clear as a bell. What I'd give to go up there."

To his surprise his foreman turned and in his soft Celtic voice said,

"Aye, t'is a wonderful view, as fine a scene as you'll see anywhere, so if you really want to, off you go, t'is all right by me and there's no hurry. Away with you, and no argument, there's all the time in the world."

Bewildered and bemused, Harry turned and walked away towards the hills beyond. He turned and looked at his boss, but he shoved him away shouting after him:

"Take your time, there's no hurry, all the time in the world" and turning to his guard he said:

"Come, lad, get tea on will yer?" and settled down for a rest. The sun was pleasantly warm and the two old men basked lazily on the grass, looking aimlessly into the distance. The odd train rattled by but no one seemed to pay much attention, which was only fair as they received none themselves.

Presently young Harry ran up, red in the face, puffing and panting. His boss turned and looked at him blankly,

"You bin runnin', lad?"

"Aye, I was so overcome with the beauty of the hills that I completely lost all track of time. I'm ever so sorry Mr. McGregor but I did, honestly."

"That's no worry lad, you shouldn't have run. You'll ruin all the peacefulness around here, no lad, there's no hurry, I reckon as now you're here you might as well have your lunch."

So Harry, still puzzled, but glad of a rest, sat down. He hungrily ate his lunch and after wiping his lips with his shirt sleeves he sat back and said,

"You know, Mr. McGregor, it was really lovely up there, I was ever so happy, not a care in the world, and whilst I was there I saw a crag over yonder and I felt I must climb that, Harry, I must! but I remembered the job so I had to come back."

"Well lad, if your'e so content by climbing that crag, you'd best go and climb it, hadn't you?"

"But Mr. McGregor, what about the job?"

"Don't you worry about that; it will still be here when you get back. Don't you worry, off you go son, Will and me will sit here and watch."

And so, again, Harry, bewildered and bemused, turned and walked away. He turned and looked back at the crew.

Don't run back, this time "shouted Jamie and sat down.

At about three o'clock Harry walked back to the train and sat down, he was quite exhausted. Jamie gave him a cup of tea and told him to sit back and rest. Half an hour later he got up and said,

"Well, Harry, I reckon as how we ought to get on with our job, what say you?"

"Aye, seeing as how that is what we came out to do, I suppose we ought."

A train clattered by, the engine labouring away to get its meagre train home to Llanledr.

Harry was then told to get the steam crane fire going whilst the others had another cup of tea. It was getting rather late to start work, thought Harry, but then Jamie must know what he was doing.

About half an hour later the fire was blazing away and the steam pressure clock was reluctantly rising to the working pressure mark. The young lad was still puzzled about the situation but was a bit happier knowing that he was working as he should. Jamie walked over to the lad who was beginning to sweat with the heat, and said,

"You'd better get out of there, lad, or you'll collapse from exhaustion, the fire will raise steam by itself, come on out and cool off. Steam will be up by about five o'clock so don't get all worked up, lad, relax, it's too hot to work so furiously."

When the steam crane started to chug merrily and go into work, the sun was starting to sink down towards the hills. Harry slowly lowered the jib towards the bridge and with Jamie and Will on the site, they started work at quarter past five. For over an hour they laboured, and Harry then wondered about the time it would take and when

he would get home. According to his calculations they would finish about eleven at night, something had to be brewing in Jamie's mind. His answer came very soon after the six o'clock train to Llanledr passed by, Jamie suddenly downed tools and walked over to the crane.

"Well lad," he shouted. "You can shut down steam now. Stop work, and listen to me."

"Stop work, Mr. McGregor? We were supposed to be finished before we stopped, and we've got to steam the engine before we get out of here, it will be gone seven then."

"Don't you worry then, my boy, it's gone six o'clock, so that means the last trains gone so the old man who works Cyufal halt signal box will be closing down and we haven't got the staff so we can't move out of this section we are bound to be forgotten by the old fellow, so don't you see, we are stuck."

"Trapped, Mr. McGregor, trapped" said Harry.

'Aye, reckon we are, and seeing as how the next train is on Monday morning we are here for the weekend, aren't we? So, as I see it, we have four hours overtime rate, then six hours at time and a half, then ten hours at time and a quarter, then twelve hours at double pay and finally the remaining time at triple pay. There's three of us we can all sleep in the coach, there's a heater and water, food and tea. We'll be quite all right, don't you see Harry?"

"I see, Mr. McGregor," said Harry with an air of amazement. So this was his game, and a very nice one too.

"Well as I see it, Harry, you'll be seeing a lot of each other this weekend so you can stop calling me "Mr. Mc Gregor" and call me Jamie, and Will here as Will, see lad."

"I see," said Harry, as a smile spread over his face. "I see."

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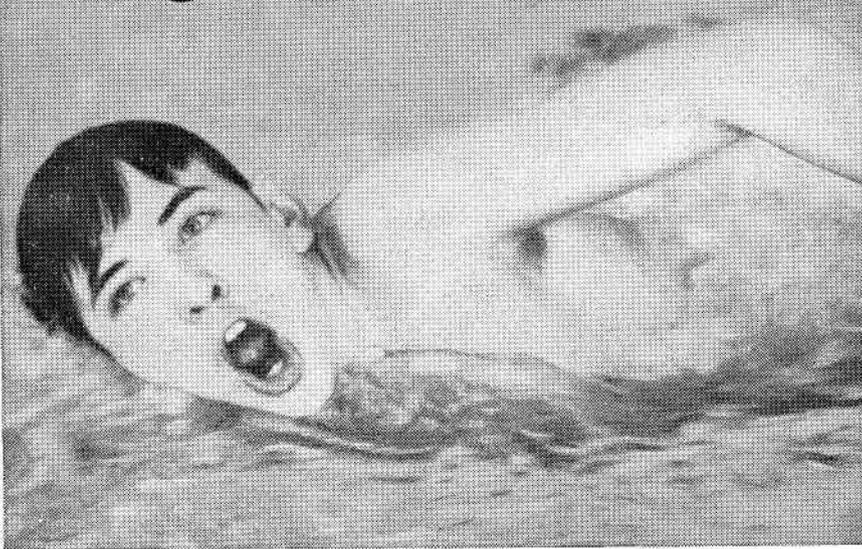
I lie here looking out
on the world
into myself.
My whole life flies past.
My mind,
stimulated by past experience,
takes stock of my own life
and the world.
Cruel world,
stab-in-the-back, kick-in-the-gut
World.
A world with money,
money our God and our Redeemer.
After this, a brief excursion
out of the half world in which I try to exist,
floating free of the world
yet of it.
I find an inner peace in my wanderings,
I return invigorated,
ready to face my greatest enemy
Myself.

R. M. JONES, L.V. 1B.

“THE SUNSET” and “THE CORPORATION TIP”

In the December issue of **The Red Rose** two poems were published under the above titles. They were submitted by a boy in the school and published in good faith. It has since been learnt that they were not the work of the boy concerned, but were written by pupils at another school. The committee of **The Red Rose** apologises for the misrepresentation and expresses its regrets to all concerned.

Lengths ahead!



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OLD BOYS' NEWS

- J. D. ADAMS (G 1951-58) has taken a post with Esso Research S.A. in Brussels, working on Butyl Rubber Sheeting.
- D. W. BAINES (M 1952-59) has taken a post as Lecturer in Law, Liverpool School of Commerce.
- C. B. BALL (Ed 1931-36) who was recently on a visit to Southport, is Property Manager in the Lawrence Construction Co. in Toronto, where he has been living for the past eight years.
- J. E. BELMONT (M 1948-56) has been appointed Head of the German Department at Brierley Hill Grammar School Staffs.
- T. B. BRAY (M 1948-55) has been appointed Head of the Physical Education Department Leigh Grammar School
- H. A. BROOKFIELD (Ed 1949-56) is now Head of the Social Studies Department at Cherrywood School, Birmingham.
- M. L. BURTON-CARROLL (Ev 1936-38) has a Naturopathic and Osteopathic practice in Stockport and has recently started a Yoga class there.
- J. CHAPMAN (S 1945-51) is now on the staff of the Chief Financial Controller of the Calor Gas Organisation.
- S. T. COLEY (Ed 1950-57) has gained the Higher National Certificate for Building at the Liverpool College of Building, 1966, and now has a post as Architectural Technician in the Lancashire County Architect's Office.
- D. DANDY (Ev 1947-54) is still working for the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority at Aldermaston.
- J. M. C. DAVIDSON (W 1943-51) has been appointed Lecturer in Audio Visual Aids at the Educational Foundation for Visual Aids.
- G. V. DAVIES (G 1955-61) has been appointed Lecturer in English at the Rheinland-Westphalia Technical University, Aachen.
- A. E. EAGAR (G 1938-42) has been appointed Manager of the Midland Bank, Thames Ditton, Surrey.
- J. H. ENTWISTLE (S 1955-62) is now Lecturer in Textile Technology at Manchester University.
- A. GAMMON (W 1959-66) has been appointed designer and scenic artist to the Derby Repertory Co.
- R. A. HARGREAVES (R 1949-56) has been appointed master in charge of the Nuffield Physics Department at Chorlton Grammar School, Manchester.

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TAXIS FOR HIRE  
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- G. K. HARRISON (S 1937-43) is now Captain in the P. and O Line and Commander R.N.R.
- R. A. HODKINSON (G 1959-61) has taken up an appointment with the Bureau of Census and Statistics with the Australian Government.
- D. HOLDEN (Ed 1945-52) has been appointed Captain of the Hesketh Golf Club for 1967 and will be youngest Captain in the Club's history.
- A. D. HUGHES (R 1949-56) has a post as Lecturer at the College of Further Education St. Albans.
- R. T. JUMP (G 1954-61) has been appointed Assistant Charge Engineer at Meaford Power station, Stone, Staffs.
- DR. D. MARSH (R 1944-53) has been appointed Captain of the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club for 1967. He will be the youngest Captain in the Club's history.
- B. MAYOR (M 1942-48) is now in charge of the Marketing Advisory Service of the Consumer Markets Division, Shell Mex-B.P., Northern Division.
- M. L. A. MONCRIFF (R 1938-44) has been awarded his PhD. for work in connection with Atomic Survey at Imperial College, London.
- R. F. MOULD (W 1951-58) has been appointed Senior Physicist at the Royal Marsden Hospital, Chelsea and also gained his M.Sc. degree in Nuclear Physics at the University of London last year.
- D. G. NEWMAN (S 1955-62) is employed as Planning Officer in Ranks, Hovis, McDougall (Research) Ltd., High Wycombe.
- C. RAWCLIFFE (M 1951-57) has been awarded the Royal Humane Society testimonial on vellum for bravery. He swam more than 240 yards in high waves to go to the assistance of a man who had been swept out to sea at Cayton Bay on 30th June last.
- D. H. RIMMER (Ev 1948-55) is curate of St. Paul's Daybrook Nottingham.
- J. E. ROWNTREE (G 1951-58) is electronics design engineer with Marconi Instruments Ltd. St. Albans.
- R. J. SINCLAIR (Ev 1947-53) is now Group Chief Accountant with Quickfit & Quartz Ltd., Scientific Instrument Manufacturers, Stone, Staffs.
- J. K. STUART (Ed 1951-58) has recently been appointed Assistant Secretary to the South Western Electricity Board in Bristol.