

THE RED ROSE

50th YEAR



Vol. L
No. 2
April 1971



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- † House Tutor.

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IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Term begins	22nd April
Swimming Gala	21st May
Lower School Examinations begin	21st May
Half Term	31st May - 4th June inclusive
G.C.E. 'A' level Examinations begin	27th May
G.C.E. 'O' level Examinations begin	7th June
G.C.E. Examinations end	29th June
Lower Sixth Form Examinations begin	23rd June
Lower Sixth Form Examinations end	28th June
Founder's Day - Intermediate House Final	2nd July
Atheletics Sports	Tuesday 13th July
Junior and Senior House Finals	14th July

VALETE

BERRY, John, U6MSch. G. 1963-70 (G.C.E. A3, 06), Junior Prefect 1969-70.

BUCKLEY, Peter H., U6S R. 1963-70 (G.C.E. A3, 05), Senior Prefect 1969-70, House Captain 1969-70, Badminton Half Colours 1968-69.

ASHTON, William, U6MSch. G. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A4, 05), Senior Prefect 1969-70, School Chess Captain, Chess Half Colours.

AUGHTON, Richard, U6ScSch. Ev. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A3, 06), Junior Prefect 1969-70.

BEVERLEY, Andrew P., U6ScSch. Ed. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A4, 05), Junior Prefect 1969-70.

CUSHNE, Richard A., U6MSch. Le. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A4, 05), Junior Prefect 1970. Treasurer of the History Society 1970.

DUERDIN, Malcolm, U6ScSch. S. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A3, 03), Junior Prefect 1969-70.

DODD, Anthony T., U6ScSch. M. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A5, 04), Junior Prefect 1970.

HORNER, Stephen G., U6ScSch. Ev. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A5 04), Junior Prefect 1969-70.

LUMB, William, U6ScSch. S. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A5, 05), Junior Prefect 1969-70. Open Exhibition in Mathematics with Physics to Christ's College, Cambridge 1970.

RATCLIFFE, Robert M., U6M Le. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A3, 06), Senior Prefect 1970, Senior Librarian 1970, House Secretary 1970, Secretary of the History Society 1970.

RICHARDSON, Paul, U6MSch. Ev. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A4, 07), Senior Prefect 1969-70.

SALKIE, Raphael, U6MSch. G. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A4, 06), Senior Prefect 1969-70, Open Exhibition in Modern Languages to Queen's College, Cambridge, 1970.

SMITH-CRALLAN, Robin, U6M Le. 1964-70 (G.C.E. 07), Rugby 2nd XV Colours, Junior Prefect 1970.

WILKS, Brian T., U6ScSch. W. 1964-70 (G.C.E. A4, 04), Junior Prefect 1970.

BARRACLOUGH, Adrian M., L6M Le. 1965-71 (G.C.E. 04), R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion 1969, Under XV Rugby Colours 1969.

LODWICK, Alan J., U6ScSch. W. 1965-70 (G.C.E. A5, 05), Senior Prefect 1970, House Secretary 1970.

PEARSON, Arthur R., L6B Ed. 1965-70 (G.C.E. 05), R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion.

BEDFORD, Alan J., L6Sp. Ed. 1966-71 (G.C.E. 02).

HIGHTON, Andrew, U5S M. 1966-70, R.L.S.S. Advanced.

MORRIS, Robert J., U5W W. 1966-70.

PICKLES, Christopher, U6M G. 1966-70 (G.C.E. A2, 03), Junior Prefect 1970, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion.

BIBBY, John, U5W W. 1967-70.

COURT, Jeremy E. A., U5W S. 1967-70.

BETTELEY, Steven, L5S Ed. 1968-70.

ELLIOTT, Alistair R., 4M W. 1968-70.

TIGHE, John G., U6MSch. Ev. 1968-70 (G.C.E. A4, 07), School Captain 1970, House Captain 1969-70, Fencing Half Colours 1970, Hockey Full Colours 1970.

CARRIBAN, Mark C., 3M R. 1969-70.

GARNETT, George S., 3M W. 1969-70, R.L.S.S. Elementary award.

HARVEY, Ian A., 3S Lu. 1969-71.

POMFRET, Stephen W., 4S R. 1969-70.

MULLER, Thomas, L6M G. 1970.

RAWSON, Charles P. L., U6ScSch. Ev. 1970 (G.C.E. A4, 05), Junior Prefect 1970.

RICHARDSON, Anthony, L6S G. 1970 (G.C.E. 07).



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SCHOOL NOTES

We congratulate the following boys who won Open Awards at Cambridge last November: W. D. Lumb, who was awarded on Open Exhibition in Mathematics with Physics at Christ's College, and R. Salkie, who gained an Open Exhibition in Modern Languages (French and German) at Queen's College.

We also congratulate G. D. Smith on being chosen for a year's Voluntary Service Overseas from next September. Three members of this school have now been chosen for this in the last two years.

We congratulate J. Deeley on being selected for the England U15 Rugby Team, and we should also like to congratulate Mr. E. S. Gale on being awarded the Certificate of Thanks by the Royal Life Saving Society for his encouragement of Life Saving activities in this school. Last term a record number of over 350 Royal Life Saving Society Awards were gained by members of the school at various levels.

We congratulate the School Bridge Team on coming second in their heat in the English Bridge Union Competition in the preliminary round and they now go forward into the semi-final.

We were sorry to lose the services last term of Mr. P. Holland, who had given us most useful service in the English Department for the last four and a half years. His excellent productions of the School Play and his useful service as editor of the Red Rose will long be remembered, and he had the distinction of being the founder Housemaster of Holland's House. We wish him every success in his new post as Head of the English Department at Harold Hill Grammar School, Romford.

We were also sorry to lose the services of Mr. J. Fryer from the Physics Department. He has also been with us for the past four and a half years. Mr. Fryer returns to his home town at Barrow to a post at Barrow Grammar School. Apart from his useful work in Physics, Mr. Fryer created a niche for himself as back stage manager, and lighting manager in successive School Plays. He too carries our best wishes with him.

Mr. K. Douglas also left us at Christmas from the English Department after three and a half years, for a Head of English Department post at Glenburn Comprehensive School, Skelmersdale. We were sorry to lose his services and should like to thank him for his work in the English Department and his valuable editorship of the Red Rose, including the Jubilee number. His enthusiasm as master in charge of fencing was also most valuable to the school.

We welcome Mr. H. L. Bhatia into the English Department and Mrs. B. Partington, who joins the Chemistry staff. We are also grateful to Mrs. M. C. Watson, who is helping us in the English Department at short notice for this term.

LONG RIGG

Activities at Long Rigg have been on a reduced scale this term, but several useful working parties have gone up to undertake decoration and completion of the Laboratory equipment and accommodation. The heating and lighting arrangements for the recreation room have been completed by a local contractor who has also supplied us with a modern electric cooker capable of coping with the number which we are normally sending up there. The full programme of regular visits will be resumed next term.

PRESFIELD SCHOOL

Useful work has been undertaken at the Presfield School in construction of the Adventure Playground. The final total of money raised by the sponsored walk last term is £1675.5.1. Already the fence round the enclosure is nearly complete. Earth mounds have been created and excavations for the foundations of the sand pit have been started. Many boys have taken part in a large number of small parties which have gone up at frequent intervals under the direction of Mr. Lacy. We are hoping that this Adventure Playground will be finished before the end of the Summer Term and it will then be officially opened.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

The Importance of Being Earnest was an adventurous choice for a school production, but in the event it was a happy one. The play cannot fail to entertain, and the demands it makes on the actors are considerable, for it is impossible to get away with over-acting or to forget that there are other actors on the stage than oneself. Amateur productions of Shakespeare often disastrously allow both deadly sins; other comedies can be so produced that most of the characters exist solely as foils for the antics of a few happy souls gifted with good voices and little inhibition. But in Wilde's play, none of the speaking parts (even the servants) is without its good lines, and although they have wit in common, the characters are individualized. The play offers the actor and the director wonderful opportunity and demands a strict discipline.

Discipline was a remarkable feature of the production. By refusing to overplay any of the jokes, Mr. Holland maintained a suspense very necessary to the play. I have seen it produced in such a way (by the Bristol Old Vic) that one was given ten minutes warning of the approach of a good joke. The actors in such a production seem to be planning every remark as though they were playing chess, instead of allowing the flow of the dialogue its proper casualness. Wilde's original actors had trouble with their speeches, until he advised them to speak the lines and think them simultaneously, with as little forethought as possible. This is setting the actor a difficult but elementary task—Wilde's advice was less a precept than a reminder of one.

It was evidently a precept which this production took to heart. There was little awkwardness in the acting and much subtlety in the direction. Given this basic restraint, the production was able to allow itself the occasional farcical absurdity. The second act opened on a very pleasant **trompe-d'oeil** set which was in itself a witty parody of scenic naturalism, and when the noise made by the flagrantly painted birds grew too loud, Miss Prism suddenly turned and hushed them completely. In the last act the very formal positioning of the characters and the patterning of the acting emphasized the absurd mechanism of the plays **dénouement**. We were not allowed to forget that of all things in it, the play's plot is not to be taken in earnest. There was absurdity lurking ready to assail the unwary, hiding in the care with which certain details of a realistic nature were established — the railway timetable was of the correct period, the actors moved in the way socially acceptable in Wilde's day, and the matches were of a contemporary brand.

The acting was remarkably good. One did not have to make allowances based on the difficulties of the play, which amateur players too often seem to demand of their critics: one accepted the difficulties as contributing to the confirmation of the actors' intelligence and skill. Lady Bracknell was played by Mark Taylor who, of all the actors, seemed to have tackled the problem of when to push a line for all its worth. The fear that to "miss more trains might expose (us) to comment on the platform" was an example — projected straight to the audience from the very front of the stage. He made Lady Bracknell someone who does not merely sweep in and out of rooms, but who can hover ominously with alarming efficiency. Of the two young ladies, Gwendolen was less at ease than Cecily (she is, after all, the more sophisticated of the two) and Cecily seemed a little too artless. Peter Moor played her admirably, but he did not really convey the calculation that underlies her behaviour. When he did, as in maintaining that Miss Prism needed a walk with Dr. Chasuble to ease her non-existent headache. Cecily was a little too arch. Dr. Chasuble seemed to me to be played in quite the wrong way for although I appreciate that what Nigel Stallard did was well done, in making Chasuble the one character in whom the saying of outrageous things appear more the product of simplicity than the device of sophistication, I do think that the balance of the play was upset. What should have emphasized the significance of the rest of the acting, tended to make one too aware that the whole play could be played much more broadly. Chasuble was good, but in a way very different from that of the other actors.

Jack (David Moor) and Algy (Nigel Barnett) were both good in very much the same way as each other. As characters they alternately trespass and reprimand each other. Jack's arrival in mourning for his dear, departed brother, Ernest, was splendidly played. Algernon had his moments of conversational glory and the considerable task of much food consumption which he carried off with great relish. Both parts were played with a pleasing assurance and nonchalance which constituted a considerable achievement.

Miss Prism was acted with simplicity and humour by Mark Somerset, whose command over the birds and propensity for writing three volume novels of a "more than usually revolting sentimentality" were entirely credible. Her marital interest in the reverend Dr. Chasuble was not guyed (another fault of the Bristol Old Vic) — it proved enough to know that Miss Prism's life-force is as well developed as her elocution, and it was allowed to burst out in all its glory in the last act.

Lane, the manservant, of Algernon, was played with ludicrous gravity by Tom Williams, whose country counterpart Merriman (Andrew Crispus-Jones) had that resigned deference which sets off resigned arrogance so well. All in all, a delightful jubilee play.

RUSSELL JACKSON

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY REPORT

President: Mr. P. J. Richardson

Chairman: R. I. Pendrey

Treasurer: M. E. Sheldon

Secretary: B. A. Wootton

Committee:

M. Birch, G. Mason, V. Calland, G. Sanderson

At last things are happening in the Astronomical Society. Some interest has been stirred up in the school following the very successful Liverpool Planetarium trips and we are even hoping that this interest will last long enough to provide some helpers to repair the observatory which is still in an advanced state of decay despite great efforts made by the committee members in making good the roof and the telescopes verniers.

Some good suggestions have been put forward by a certain V. Calland, who, for the uneducated, regularly goes berserk in the Biology Lab, including painting the observatory, (heaven only knows what colour), opening the society to the Lower School and at the same time introducing an entrance fee to provide some money for eyepieces and a new mirror and also, incidentally, to give our treasurer a job.

And finally a reminder to any boys wishing to join — don't forget to see a committee member before turning up.

B.A.W.

BEE CLUB REPORT

This term we have not published the BEE CLUB REPORT as if we were to go about painting and repairing for very long I can assure you it would be very boring.

We have been painting and repairing hives as is usual in preparation for Spring and Summer. The bees have flown once or twice this term already, during some of the warm weather but alas some were killed by severe frost at half term. The Bee Club has been in hibernation for much of the term, and thus the report is brief and SLEEPY

S. J. ANDREWS 4B (Treasurer)

SCHOOL BRIDGE TEAM REPORT

This term the school bridge team has been going from strength to strength under expert tuition from the headmaster. The team, consisting of B. Wootton, A. Peil, R. Pendrey and myself, have rapidly improved both in bidding and in play. Using the Italian "Blue Club" bidding system we are sure, that we will confuse all opposition and we hope that we do not confuse ourselves.

In the 1st round of the **Daily Mail** Schools Cup we finished second out of thirteen — qualifying for the semi-final in Manchester. With a bit of luck we might well qualify for the Final in London.

A. SLATER (Captain)

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UPPER SCHOOL CHRISTIAN UNION

The form of meeting this term has been a short introductory talk followed by free discussion.

The first meeting was entitled "God in Science" — a discussion ably led by R. Lunt. The attendance at this meeting was good, and it was encouraging that the vast majority of those attending were willing to join in. After a consideration of the theory of evolution and other such scientific topics the discussion diverged onto some rather less scientific topics centred around the concept of "Faith".

Then in February, the Rev. Frank Robinson, Curate of Christ Church, led a discussion on "God in Experience". Here, the historical basis of the Christian faith was contrasted with the emphasis of some other religions on an "Experience" in which a man was said to discover God.

Our last meeting this term was entitled "God and Philosophy", or "Is Faith Intellectual Suicide?" A lecturer in theology, Mr. Howard Sainsbury spoke at this meeting and considering the meeting was just before the trial examinations, attendance was good.

Finally, immediately before half-term, Christian representatives of the High School and K.G.V. Unions took part in a debate opposing the motion, "This House believes that man created God". A full report of the debate will probably be found elsewhere in this magazine, but I am pleased to report that the motion was defeated.

The Christian Union exists to proclaim the fact that God exists and that he is definitely interested in mankind. In this connection I would like to thank all those who have helped in the running of the Society this term and for the interest that non-Christians have expressed in its activities.

S. C. D. CROSS, Chairman

LOWER SCHOOL CHRISTIAN UNION

Chairman: B. N. Fox

Secretary: J. P. Hosker

Asst. Secretary: M. Abrams

There have been two meetings so far this term, and another two are to follow before the term ends. Our first meeting was in the form of a short film-strip, the second in a series narrating the story of **The Pilgrim's Progress**. For our second meeting, we are very grateful to Mr. Greenhalgh, who talked to us on the importance of the Sermon on the Mount, which provided an opportunity for some interesting discussion.

Both meetings were attended by several regular boys, and numbers have been quite promising. We hope very much that for our two remaining meetings this term (one of which is to be led by a representative of the Sudan United Mission) and throughout next term, we will continue to be supported by more junior boys, as well as our regular few.

B. N. FOX

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HOCKEY REPORT — SPRING 1971

For the 1st XI this term has been something of a disappointment, with three defeats whereas last term they were unbeaten. A 0-1 defeat against the "old enemy" Liverpool Collegiate, has prompted many players to say that they will stay on at school until they are beaten. In the game with Caldý Grange the 1st XI again lost 2-3, but since Caldý are acknowledged as one of the best teams in the north-west, and have not conceded two goals for some time, KGV acquitted themselves well.

As usual the inclement weather has led to the cancellation of fixtures which mean long spells without a game. Our own pitch as usual, has been reduced to a near quagmire in places, meaning that it is not possible to practice. This lack of games and match practice possibly accounts for the lack of good results in some instances.

However, the picture is not all bad. The 1st XI have repeated their annual humiliation of Merchant Taylors' (7-1), while a side with the forward line consisting almost entirely of reserves, beat Wirral G.S. 4-0. This does great credit to the 1st XI players who get consistently good results, such as a 10-0 win over Liverpool Collegiate 2nd XI. It seems certain that the 1st XI will not be defeated next year.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Only three debates have been held this term but what has been lost in quantity has been gained in quality. Only one of the debates has been "ordinary" — if it is ordinary to see Mr. Moore and Mr. Beazley brilliantly attacking the school's prefects before a house composed largely of the "pigs" under discussion. They comfortably defeated Mr. Searle and Mr. McKay to carry the motion "This house deplores the school's prefect system".

The next debate, was one of the noisiest and best attended on record. Masters' debates are always popular, especially with the lower school, but Mr. Greenhalgh and Mr. Dean proposing "This house believes in home rule for Lancashire" certainly gave value for money (after all admittance was free) and Mr. Bruce and Mrs. Watson were completely outclassed losing the debate by (about) 60 votes to 25 with 5 abstentions. Altogether a SUPERB debate.

Finally, another joint debate which, under the inspired chairmanship of Miss Ball, rejected the "circumstantial" evidence of Mr. Williams and Miss Madden in favour of the motion "This house believes that Man created God" preferring a quietly delivered statement of faith by Mr. Cross well backed up by Miss Abrams.

This has been a very successful term and we hope that those who have supported the Debating Society will continue to do so and we shall see some new faces at the forthcoming meetings.

T.C.W.

Proposed C. M. Spencer (Publicity)
Seconded P. R. Frampton (Chairman)

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ECONOMICS SOCIETY

President: M. E. Amer

Secretary: P. R. Frampton

The dominant trend within our highly exclusive clique during this term has been towards continuing disillusionment with the policies of a Conservative government thrashing out in a puerile attempt to put the plug back and stop the dirty bathwater of British industry from going straight down the drain. Asked by the people to relieve Van Wilson who had kept his finger in the dyke for six years, our 'green' grocer 'Ted' tried to stop the flood with his proverbial cucumber.

It didn't work.

So what did he do? He sat back and said 'Let it happen' and like the Ark, some part of Britain would emerge from the sea Britannia used to rule. But then we can't all afford a yacht to brave the flood.

A similar trend is the move towards rejecting 'economic' values within society as a whole. As the great economist J. K. Galbraith wrote, 'In the poor society, the relationship of economic circumstances to social thought and therewith to political action is powerful and rigid. For various reasons the rich society continues to assume that economic condition must be the dominant influence on social thought and action. This assumption becomes in turn a barrier to rational thought and needed action . . .'

And 'Escape from the Commitment to economic priority enables us to consider a range of new talks from . . . the enlargement of cultural opportunity . . . to the suppression of the influence of weapon-makers on foreign policy'.

Hence today Economics plays a minor role in campus activity though the right to reject economic values has been questioned by the authorities. John Mitchell, U.S. Attorney General, even goes to the extent of questioning the academic standing of this new radical force. 'I'll tell you who's not informed, though. It's these stupid kids . . . They pick the rhetoric that they want to hear right off the top of an issue and never finish reading to the bottom . . . And the professors are just as bad if not worse. They don't know anything. Nor do these stupid **gentlemen** who are running our educational institutions'.

EUROPA

Chairman: B. Searle

Secretary: M. J. Wilding

Treasurer: B. Hill

Committee:

R. A. Spoor, I. R. Whittaker, C. Humphreys

The talk and slide show of Brittany to be given by Mr. S. Smith at the end of the last term had to be cancelled at the last moment due to the electricity strike. Instead a discussion was started on French literature past and present, and the various philosophies and ideas it puts forward. The meeting was attended by members of our own and the High Schools Linguistic staff who debated the merits of the then current 'Roads to freedom' serial being shown on television. Unfortunately the discussion had to be drawn and as the silhouetted figures talking sank slowly into the sunset, the library was plunged into darkness with the result that everyone had to fumble their way out.

Another meeting included a talk by Mrs. Johnson of the High School on the differences between family life in England and France, and her provocative remarks over the English husband's "night out with the boys", were deadened by her appraisal of their willingness to help out with household tasks (and other things). The talk questioned aspects of life taken for granted by the English and it was surprising to see how French culture and living differed immensely from our own.

A selection of continental music was played at our last meeting. It was clearly visible that the French pay a great deal more attention to the words and ideas of their songs than do many English singers. Yet the slow, melodic and message sending songs of the French are now running side by side with new and revolutionary musical ideas, hence the change of style in songs by Johnny Haliday. Music was played to cater for every taste from the sexual overtones of "Sois Erotique" to the beautiful and heart-hitting songs by the expressive Edith Piaf.

Provided we are not submitted to another electricity cut the postponed slide show will be shown in the near future and another discussion group meeting with the High School is to be arranged.

M. J. WILDING, U.6.B.

FILM SOCIETY REPORT

President: Mr. Ward

Chairman: C. Brookfield

Treasurer: C. Brookfield

Secretary: B. A. Wootton

None of the films so far this term have been what we would call failures, although we have not had full audiences.

At the 'War Game' Mr. Ward actually managed to stir up an interesting, if one-sided discussion on the film which many people considered to be the best they had seen for a long time. It was a documentary film about the results of a nuclear war and caused many a downcast face. We hope to liven things up a bit with our last show this term 'Irma La Douce', which is a hilarious comedy.

We also held our 'Classical Shindig Discotheque' this term to raise a little money and it was very successful despite a little incident towards the end and because of this success we hope to hold many more similar events.

B.A.W.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This term, we have had a rather quiet time, with only one major meeting. One bright spot in our society which is an investment for the future, is the number of 2nd formers who have shown great interest in photography. They attend our meetings regularly and often make full use of the facilities that we offer.

These facilities are still open to any people who may wish to join the society, and also to the present members. The introduction of colour photography into the range of possibilities has given further interests to our members. It is hoped that this extra facility will induce our members to use the School darkroom more regularly for in this branch of photography, many superb prints have already been produced.

We hope to hold many more meetings next term, and we hope that we can count on our members' support.

M. B. CALLER, U.5.B. (Secretary)

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RAILWAY SOCIETY REPORT

President: Mr. Radcliffe **Chairman:** G. M. Sanderson

Secretary: N. George **Asst. Secretary:** A. Ryder

Tours Organiser: D. Geering

Committee: A. Tate, J. Whitehead

Our first trip this term was to the Keighley and Worth Valley Railway in January. The ride along the line (behind Manchester Ship Canal locomotive 67, 0-6-0 T) provided an exhilarating experience for all the enthusiasts present, and with the appearance of more "gricers" than were expected. An extra carriage had to be added. However in the appalling weather conditions this proved too much for the little tank locomotive and on the return journey uphill from Keighley to Haworth she stalled five times, and the poor fireman had to shovel more ballast onto the track, for extra adhesion, than coal into the firebox. This trip also afforded a look inside the new K.W.V.R. shed at Oxenhope, along with numerous photographic opportunities.

Some of the more senior members of the society also took the opportunity of visiting our Capital City by B.R. on the special eleven coach train from Southport. Some 270 travelled on this train, and B.R. is considering more of them for later this year.

Meetings this term have consisted of two slide shows and an interesting demonstration and talk by the Tours Organiser on Branch Line workings, with the aid of a model layout.

The Committee is proud to announce that, thanks to the support of our trips by the members this term, we have been able to cover a working "negative profit" incurred on a poorly supported trip in 1970.

Once again the Committee would like to thank Mr. Radcliffe for his support (and interest-free loan!)

G.M.S.

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RAMBLING CLUB

Secretary: E. J. W. Seddon **Chairman:** P. R. Frampton
Vice-Chairman: S. G. Wright **Treasurer:** D. Posed
Chief Guide: R. A. Fletcher

'So they left him and chose rather to live in a rugged land and rule than to cultivate rich plains and be slaves'.

Heroditus, the Historian

Heroditus in his surprisingly anglicised Greek was attempting to put over the general philosophy of rambling; that of a few cats escaping from a bad scene to a distant pad where they could do their own thing man. However, the doing of one's own thing can only succeed if each participant refrains from infringing upon another's doings. Thus the Rambler is a responsible fellow attempting to achieve a balance between life in a dull residential town and existence in an equally boring natural environment. He never leaves gates open, trespasses with care, never chases fleeing sheep and on occasions has been known to offer advice to motorists.

Unfortunately the fell-walker is often mistaken for the straying tourist, a species of urban fauna distinguished by its perpetual excretion of bottles and tin cans. As a result ramblers must remain at their smoothest when on the hills always ready to lick a rustic boot. Then all of a sudden someone had planted a golf course on our mountain. Not that the eighth green suffered much from our mud-packed boots. Then someone shouted 'Four' or was it something else and we all trundled down into the hostel still graceing a solitary ping-pong ball displaying its two millimetre crack. The February exercise gave the chairman a chance to see how dead Sedbergh is on Sundays in preparation for the great stroll which was to take place on April 4th. The route set up was a new one and itself was to be repeated on this joint ramble when several interesting variations were expected.

Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Mawer we expectantly thank as we do Miss Black of Hillside High. 'May all your rambling bring you joy'.
Tom Paxton.

THORNLEY SOCIETY

Cairman: N. Knowles **Treasure:** E. J. W. Seddon

Secretary: P. Frampton

Toastmaster General: R. A. Fletcher

Climbing and other chores: J. Powell

Terminology : Festering — physical nihilism

Are you going away with no word of farewell

Will there be not a trace left behind?

We could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind,
But you know that was the last thing on our minds.

Tom Paxton (a pitiful corruption of)

Indeed Lord Jim (Mr. Honeybone to the unfamiliar) has passed from this last Thornley era of festering and left scarce a trace . . . someone even nicked that. But utterly indelible is that stamp of personality pressed on o'er three score souls during the last six years. His wise and sometimes unwelcome words flew in a solid immovable mass, iced with a radicalism stirred in the barracks and no doubt by some balding high church clergyman knitting his way through the corridors of Caius, Cambridge. Whether arguing on the floor of the Gwryd or whistling at the 'desprat ruet', he was constantly giving of himself. In the Thornley tradition we remain truly ungrateful.

Olly, Olly!

We struggle on without a leader but nevertheless come August 1970, Max Dow belayed on the roof and a wary Graham Tighe at the wheel, the Festermobile (a brakeless van resembling a wartime Red Cross ambulance) was to be seen burning up the Langdale road. We set up tent in a crowded Langdale camp-site but unfortunately Croudace decided to store his infamous stench within. Rising at 11-00 a.m. to greet the mid-day midges we, as a rule, concluded it was too hot to climb. Hence in twos and threes we strolled (or rolled, depending on the previous night's activities) along to the Old Hotel where suddenly, the site of those brave people edging up the sheer crags above stirred something inside us. Off came the shirts and off the boots in preparation for a Thornley siesta. Standards rose considerably through the meet and our climbing also improved. One of the 'hard' men who were added to the party failed in an attempt to set up a new route up the Salutation despite an abundance of jugs (good landlords) though Old Powell must take the credit for daring to follow Max Dow (late of Grears) on a traverse of the Festermobile at 35 m.p.h.

Three months later the old FEB's, PA's, EB's, RD's, Cherry Reds and what have you again came off in Thornley unison, only this time in a wet, dismal North Wales. Doug Meller (late of Masons) smelt out a barn in the Ogwen valley, which Knowles obligingly enriched despite the presence of other naturalists, who had been washed off the land of their fathers by whirling torrents. The weather having been so kind the Thornley got down to a piece of good old-fashioned festering, as at Christmas when, we braved sub-zero temperatures to sup 'coffee' in the Old Dungeon Ghyll.

N.B. The picture of Sid Powell on Watson Wall, East Raven crag is from August 1970 on a day of rare activity especially for the Secretary who ventured up, shedding saintly beads of sweat, to take the photograph.

THE 4M FOOTBALL TEAM REPORT

• RAINBOW ROVERS HIT THE TRAIL

WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS! chanted the crowd which consisted of Mr. B. M. Hodgkins who never failed to turn up and fly up and down the wing cheering us on. The first battle was fought against Mike Liddle and his army of LUX. Our team came out proving that they were worthy of their title. The kits varied from player to player. We scored first but it was a very lucky goal as it was toe lunched and bounced in off a crater — one of the many of the pitch — this was the score at half time. Pearson equalised in the second half for LUX and this livened the game up. Mr. Mawer whom we would like to thank very much for TRYING to keep law and order did keep the grass at a decent height and he was kept busy by the arguments that followed. With then minutes remaining S. McNorton prodded home a neat goal from the ever-working Edwards' corner. The score remained.

Our second match was a tough one to say the least. And the attendance went up due to kinder weather. We would like to say Mr. Clarke was around but impossible though it may seem he was not. Fairclough despite that mop of hair on his head still jumps up and down clawing at the ball brilliantly like some savage. He was well helped by Edlinson and Axon in defence who both were brilliant. Another back Sawyer was outstanding. This was because his profile put off the onrushing forwards. This defence conceded only one more goal scored by Brookes who played consistently throughout the game for 4S as well as Hughes and Catterall. This goal however was just a consolation because we had previously scored two. One of these goals possibly being scored by Parry or otherwise an own goal. The other was a gem by Paul John who was marvellous as the king-pin in attack.

Chadwick and Edwards both helped with these goals as they were flawless in midfield. Barker after a lot of persuasion decided to turn up for the second game. Parry shone out as an inspiring player finding breaks. We would LIKE to thank Gordon Croome for being a marvellous substitute. (On the first bus home). Why would he never turn up?

Mr. Lloyd the caretaker was left with the pleasant job of cleaning the studs, blood ribs, bodies, hair and all other remains of the players after the controversial incidents were sorted out in the changing rooms. The final statistics were:

4M	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
	2	2	0	0	4	2	4

Scorers:- A. Carter, McNorton, Parry or an own goal, John.

D. PARRY, 4M

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C.W.R. BIBBY LVX. THE GAME

"Difficult course this, isn't it," said my partner. "The holiday brochures said it was unique and it certainly is. There are bunkers all over the place".

"Yes", I replied, "but I find I'm hitting the ball further than I usually do. Some of my shots have gone all of five hundred yards, which is pretty good considering all the equipment we have to carry around with us here".

"Yes, but you can't blame the wind for that last slice you just made, though", he pointed out. "That's because there is none, not even the slightest breeze".

"Never mind that now", I said. "Where's the next green? Oh, I see the flag, quite a large one at that. Here we go then".

Several minutes and shots later we approached the flag. When I observed the flag I thought it odd, because I hadn't seen a flag on a golf course previously with the stars and stripes upon it.

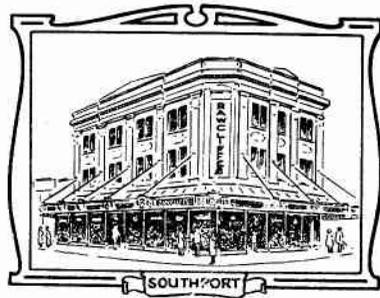
"I don't like the look of this green", said my partner, pitching up to it. "It looks like someone has been using it for archeology. All these rocks thrown around and with trolley marks on it as well! I am going to complain when we get back to the clubhouse".

"Well that's it then", I said, finally tapping the ball into the smallest hole of many. "That makes it all square, I think. Oh, by the way what is the record score for the course?"

"A fellow called Sheppard went round in '71 I believe. He officially opened the course and his record still stands".

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TRY

As the players came in from the fields around,
All packing tight,
Above the ground
With shoulders down and heaving chests,
The push began, this was the test.
With a blast from the whistle,
And a wave of the flag,
The ball flew in,
Their knees did sag.
There were howls and groans,
As the studded boots struck,
Their heels dug in,
And the ball bounced up.
A second time the feet did strike,
And the ball flew cleanly out of sight,
As the colours passed it down to the right.
With thighs stretched taut the legs did pound,
But suddenly fell to the ground.
The ball went loose a tragedy!
But as luck would have it the ball bounced back,
And fell before a colours track.
Which he took without a hitch,
And ran, and ran with what seemed to be,
An everlasting burst of speed.
His hopes were raised, as he did see,
The touchline close before him.
A dive from the left,
A dive from the right,
But both did fail,
As they fell upon his crowded trail.
So home he ran, with a joyful cry,
With a thud from the ball,
As it crushed to the ground,
A Try, A Try,
Was the joyful sound.

I. Nissenbaum, 2.S

THE BATTLE

My friend's dead,
Nothing left for me,
except a memory of blood and murder,
Massacre,
Jum, my friend, shot through the brains,
Brian, my cousin, gouged through the chest
with an iron bar,
And finally, Anne, my wife fatally injured
All this for more money,
All this for less taxes,
41 injured and 18 dead,
And, still no money, still no reduced taxes,
Just corpses.

T. N. Hall, 4B

HOMO SAPIENS?

Gigantic monsters streak upwards;
Search for distant planets,
Fat-bellied children grasp for dishes;
Search for more food.
Learned men look for hidden faults;
Wonder what they could be.
Rejected children die in their thousands;
Wonder why it had to be.
The whole world prays for three brave men;
Prays for their safety.
Nurses request more equipment;
Pray for more money.
Presidents tax for more money;
Money for 'The World's Development'.
Charities beg for a few coppers;
Coppers for the world's under-developed.
Millions of pounds are spent each year,
For what? Development?

T. J. Patrick, L5X

LIFE — DEATH

Old man, warm bottle in old four-poster
Nazi bullet playing him up
Butler goes to get warm drink
Only to return to see
Peaceful rest . . .
Eternal?
The shaking butler blunders over
To hear a rather irregular beat,
Sigh of relief, he sits on Georgian chair . . .
Earthy sleep for butler,
Heavenly sleep for old man.
City man, with bowler and ulcers
Pending problem poses collapse of firm, of job, of himself
Cigarette lit, puffed once, snuffed out
"How can I get out of a decision?"
He stands to open window,
Looks down from sky-office
As he turns, answer to question,
A pain, a gasp, a death.
Soldier boy, burning and rioting
Front line against schoolgirls
Stones fly past as you shoot to the air,
Stones keep coming, and a leg hurt as you look for arrest,
Stones upon stones until . . .
A small metal stone,
A dead thing, as people run to laugh in a shop doorway.
Baby falls as it plays in its pen,
Busy mother, bothered with tea, comforts crying child.
Rings are heard, well if it isn't Elsie
Baby with different world on other side of play pen,
That flickering glow has to be looked at
A small hand reaches up, shrivels up,
Fire zooms along pretty dress,
What dress? and who was in it?

Mark Townson, LVX

ANTONY'S ORATION SPEECH — revised for these items

Friends, shoppers, housewives, lend me your cars;
I come to assist you, not to confuse you
The farce of £ s. d. is no longer here,
The good was oft mistook in ignorance;
So nett it be with the New P. The noble Fiske
Hath told you to give more; get change;
If it were so, it was no grievous fault,
But cautiously have the people answer'd it.
Here, on the eve of this Decimal Test —
For decimal is the user of the number 'ten';
So is it all, all to do with the number 'ten', —
Come I to speak in £ s. d.'s funeral.
The bank is our friend, there to be helpful;
And none say this to be fictitious;
And Fiske is an honourable man.
He hath brought new coinage into the home,
Which doth the general public's pockets fill;
This did for the Board seem ambitious,
When that the people have cried, the coin is inept;
And should be of more distinguishable stuff;
Yet Fiske says the coin is quite propitious;
And milord is an honourable man.

R. McDonald, LVX

IMAGINATION

The maths lesson was well under way; we were at that time about 10 minutes before lunch was due to start. The heat was upon us like a heavy veil.

I paused my busying pen and let the sunlight stream onto my face and down my neck. Looking around me, my eyes were fixed on everything and nothing at the same time, and I could concentrate on the heat only. Everything began to grow hazy, although I could still see vague outlines.

A thousand miles away, a sparrow began to twitter. Eventually the twitter died away, and I could see the bird, decaying away and having a sickly charnel smell, the eyes disintegrating and flowing away, turning to hamburgers as they rolled. A sound like a huge trombone filled the air, and the next moment a huge beast came into vision. It had huge horns and had the remains of a dead child between its teeth, which were a green colour. I crouched back while I watched a raspberry-ade bottle loop the loop and smash into the master's head. A grey, sticky, spongy matter filled the room and I was drowning, gasping for air. Millions of flies flew into the room and started sucking the fluid. I screamed aloud, dispersing the flies and the fluid in some mysterious manner.

Everything was quiet again and a plate of hamburgers and what looked like parsley sauce was in front of me. I cut the hamburger into pieces with a handy knife and fork, for I was suddenly hungry, and I started chewing some of the pieces. The plate turned into a skull, and the hamburgers became eyeballs in brain sauce. I realised that the salty thing I was chewing was a piece of the left eyeball. I was sick again, and I smelt the vomit seeping over me.

A sharp tang awakened me and I realised I had had a sunstroke and half-fainted. I had suffered none except that I could neither speak nor feel any tongue in my mouth. I was covered in a sickly substance, and my imagination had taken hold of me. The time was half-past twelve, but as the lesson broke up, I could not force myself to go to the canteen.

M. G. Davies, LVX

NATURE'S NIGHT

When darkness falls the tempo of life changes,
Like the spring of a clock —
For some rewind, for others, run down.
The fields are quiet at first,
But hedgerows stir with life later on.
Small creatures scuttle and scurry in withered leaves
In search of food.
Owls fly from trees and belfries tall,
Their sharp eyes seeking movements in the golden corn and
russet leaves,
They swoop silently to snatch up an unwary mouse in a
sheaf of corn,
Then glide effortlessly back towards their perch.
The harvest moon plays hide and seek among the scudding
clouds.
The fresh breeze makes the corn and trees sway as it
journeys through the night.
Cows in the meadows low gently as they rest.
The church clock breaks in on nature's sound each quarter
hour.
The stream still gurgles, for it never rests,
Otters play round their lodge,
Badgers snuffle in the copse.
At last the sky gets lighter,
Golden bands form in the eastern heavens,
The long night's over — the world awakes — and sleeps.

Simon N. Mentha, 2B

THE GANG THAT NO-ONE KNOWS

The gang of thieves that no-one knows,
Robbed the bank, quite clean,
Their leader is _____ anonymous,
He likes to keep unseen.
The names of two of them are known;
There's maybe ten in the gang.
They work at night — use dynamite?
The safe goes up with a bang.
The two that are known are well-aged men,
Professionals at the game;
One's been wanted for seventeen years,
The other was sprung from jail.
Nobody knows where they live,
Nor where is their H.Q.
They don't even know the town they're in,
Maybe the country too.
So it goes on, Year after Year,
How they manage no-one knows,
But it still goes on, despite I.N.T.E.R.P.O.L.
Will they catch them? Who knows?

Ian M. Robinson, 2S

WANDERING THOUGHTS

"The main bearings are connected to the ring"
He rose from his seat, frowning,
For wandering thoughts with all his talk,
He could never hope of drowning.
The trees outside waving with the wind
The seagulls wheeled to and fro,
Picking morsels from the ground
To keep themselves alive.
"The big ends are connected to the piston"
He rose from his seat, frowning,
For wandering thoughts with all his talk
He could never hope of drowning.
Bright mottled colours flowed in spasmodic streams
Fulfilling their ever-forming dreams
Trees, now calm are straight with pride
The pupils' minds are not inside.
"The pinion turns the driving wheels"
He sat down again still frowning
For wandering thoughts with all his talk
He could never hope of drowning.
Nearby was a babbling brook,
A twisted and turning course it took,
Alive with white spray, which turned —
And fell among the stones again to be churned.
He rose once more and frowned again,
He gave up and dropped his pen
For neither Physics, Maths nor English nor Sports
Could put an end to his Wandering Thoughts.

A. Shannon, 4M

MARS II

It was the 5th of June, 1992. My fellow astronauts, Frank Moreland, Peter Armstrong, Alan Cooper and Steve Mitchell were in the spaceship orbiting Mars. It was about half an hour to go before Alan, Pete and I were scheduled to go through the tunnel into the Martian module, close and bolt the hatch before leaving the command ship Phobos (named after the larger Martian moon). The Martian module was nicknamed Deimos, after the smaller moon.

To get to where we were then, it would have taken two years at the speed of the old lunar missions. Now, owing to recent developments, the journey can be completed within a month at an average speed of about one hundred and twelve thousand kilometres per hour although we are still much slower than at the speed of light which at that speed would have taken just over four minutes to get here from earth. The scientists back on earth have learnt many things about the composition of the rocks and atmosphere of the planet, but they needed to send men to the planet so that they can collect the best samples of rock and describe the scene as only men can do.

Mars is a fairly small planet with a diameter of four thousand two hundred miles. Its orbit round the sun takes about six hundred and eighty seven days and the Martian day is thirty seven minutes longer than the day on earth. From previous unmanned landings on the planet, it has been proved that a very primitive form of planet life exists on the surface and there is more oxygen and water vapour (than had been imagined by scientists) right close to the surface. Around the equator the sun has parched the land into a mild Sahara climate while at the poles the temperature nearly reaches absolute zero (-273°C). It was thought many years ago that the green areas on the surface of the planet were part of some vast irrigation system developed by the Martian population to cultivate crops in the warmer areas by melting the ice at the poles. It has been proved that no beings exist on the surface and the green "canals" are now known to be enormous crevasses stretching at least five miles deep and caused by an atomic explosion formed by the now extinct Martians and a vast internal eruption from inside the planet. Earth may be like that one day! There are no mountain ranges on the planet as we know them . . .

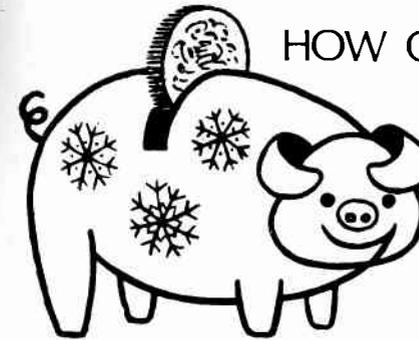
We climbed through the tunnel and then secured the hatch. Time to separation: Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four, Three, Two, One ZERO. At the same instant, our retro-rockets were fired and we began our six hour descent to the surface in "Deimos" while Frank and Steve began their week of continuous orbiting round the planet. Alan was in charge of the electrical and fuel side, Pete and I were resting for a few hours so that we would be fit for walking and before that, the navigation of the ship onto a suitable landing site and not down an endless crevasse. We were allowed three minutes firing with retro-rocket braking system and half a minute for emergencies. Fortunately, we were not destined to go down a crevasse and we started slowing down with short burnings of the retro-rockets at about five miles above the surface. At about eight hundred feet above the surface we encountered a dust storm, but from our radar equipment, this was found to clear about a hundred feet above the surface. We fired our main retro-rocket at about a thousand feet and this slowed us down from five thousand kilometres per hour to a soft landing speed of two kilometres per hour about fifteen feet above the surface. The exhaust gasses began to kick up a terrible dust storm, but we found a suitable place and aimed for it. It was very even and flat for an area of about a hundred yards square. We settled nicely in the middle of this. Man had landed on Mars!

D. J. Riding, LVX

OLD BOYS' NEWS

- J. O. CLARK (G. 1942-51) has been elected Fellow of the Institute of Electrical Engineers and has been promoted to Controller of Radio Communications of B.O.A.C. at London Airport.
- R. A. DIX (M. 1959-65) passed the Diploma in Civil and Municipal Engineering at Wigan and District Mining and Technical College in June 1970.
- P. P. GUBBINS (S. 1961-68) is spending a year teaching in Hamburg, West Germany, during his University course.
- I. G. HIGGINBOTHAM (R. 1956-63) has obtained his Ph.D. at the University of York and is now Lecturer in Physics at the New University of Ulster, Coleraine.
- P. HOLLAND (L. 1953-61), formerly on the staff of King George V School, is now Head of the English Department at Harold Hill Grammar School, Romford.
- M. O. HOULDSWORTH (M. 1965-70) now has a post with the Halifax Building Society.
- H. JACOBS (M. 1958-65) has now received his degree of B.D.S. and has gone into private dental practice in Manchester.
- D. A. JONES (S. 1956-61) has an appointment as an Accountancy assistant with the Crosby Corporation.
- G. B. KENDREW (L. 1927-34) was appointed in 1970 as superintendent Minister of the Carlisle Circuit of the Methodist Church.
- P. J. KENYON (Ed. 1946-50) was appointed in 1969 Regional Adviser for the West Midlands area for Silcock & Lever Feeds Ltd.
- B. A. KIRKHAM (W. 1962-64) has been appointed Director and Partner with Peter Masson & Partners, European Media and Research Consultants.
- A. KNOWLES (S. 1926-29), who lives in Windermere, wrote the late Donald Campbell's official biography and has just completed a book "Auto"-Biography, covering forty years of motoring with strong Southport background.
- ALDERMAN A. V. F. LANGFELD (S. 1937-39), a former Chairman of the Old Boys' Association, has been elected Mayor of Southport for the municipal year 1971-72.
- CANON J. S. LEATHERBARROW (G. 1920-26) has been elected Proctor in Convocation for Diocese of Worcester and attended the inaugural service and sessions of general Synod of the Church of England.

- D. B. LEWIS (W. 1960-67) is now reading for his post-graduate diploma in Personnel Management at Slough College.
- R. MANTIN (Ev. 1964-70) is now teaching English in Dakar, Senegal, for a year's Voluntary Service Overseas.
- B. MAYOR (M. 1942-48) is now second in command of the Automotive Fuels Unit of Shell Mex and B.P. Ltd., London.
- P. K. THOMPSON (L. 1956-64) has now been appointed Solicitor to Littlewoods Group, Liverpool.
- J. D. WARBURTON (Ed. 1954-60) gained a postgraduate diploma in Management Studies at Newcastle Polytechnic in 1970.
- A. T. WILLIAMS (Ev. 1949-56) now holds a visiting appointment as associate Professor of Business at the University of Wisconsin.
- N. R. WINDER (G. 1957-64) is now an associate member of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors.



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