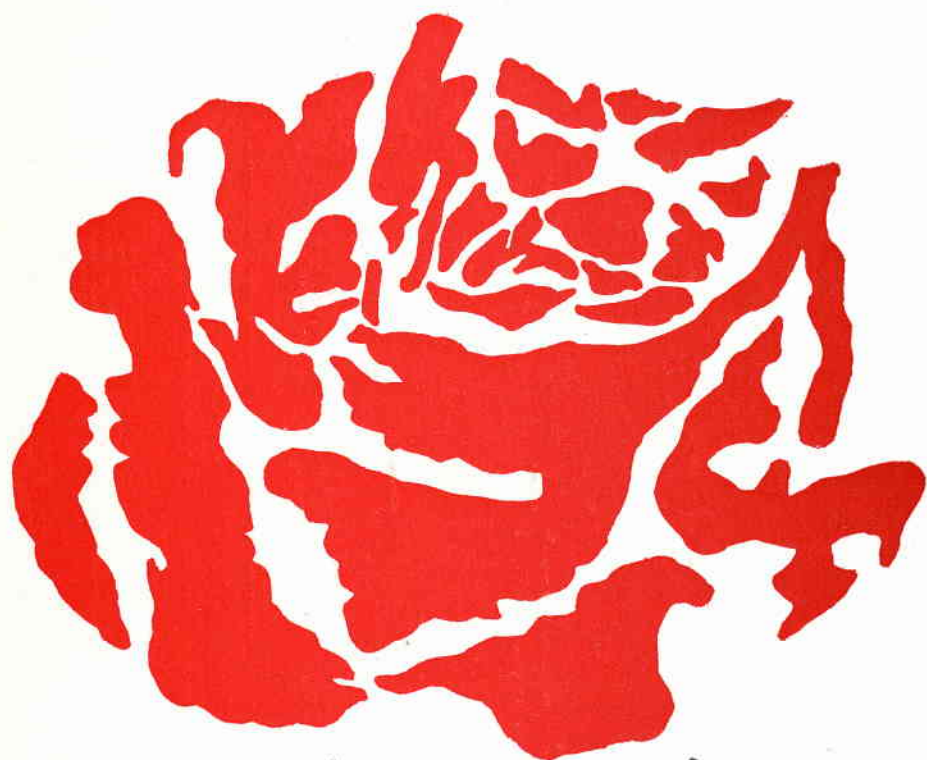


THE RED ROSE



Vol. LI

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THE RED ROSE

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IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Term begins 12th April
Swimming Gala 5th May
G.C.E. 'A' level Examinations begin 25th May
Half Term 29th May — 2nd June inclusive
G.C.E. 'O' level Examinations begin 5th June
School examinations begin 26th June
School examinations and G.C.E. end 29th June
Founders' Day — Junior House Final 7th July
Athletic Sports Tuesday 18th July
Term ends 19th July

VALETE

READ, Michael, U5W., Sp., killed in a road accident on 3rd January 1972

ASHWORTH, Thomas F. J., U6ScSch., Le., 1969—71 (G.C.E. A4, O5), Senior Prefect 1971—72, Chairman of the Scientific Society 1971—72, House Life-Saving Captain 1971—72, Bronze Medallion 1970—71.

DUNN, Ian A., U6ScSch., Le., 1965—71 (G.C.E. A5, O5), Senior Prefect 1971—72, House Secretary 1971—72, School Orchestra 1971—72, School Projectionist 1971—72.

EATON, Michael T., U6ScSch., M., 1965—71 (G.C.E. A3, O5), Senior School Prefect 1970—71, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion.

GABBOTT, Brian, U6MSch., Ed., 1965—71, (G.C.E. A4, O6), Junior Prefect 1970—71.

HART, Martin, U6ScSch., Le., 1965—71 (G.C.E. A4, O5), Senior Prefect 1971—72.

HEPWORTH, David, U6ScSch., Ev., 1965—71 (G.C.E. A4, O4), Junior Prefect 1971.

MILLER, David E., U6ScSch., Ev., 1965—71 (G.C.E. A4, O5), Senior Prefect 1971.

MORTON, Andrew C., U6ScSch., G., 1965—71 (G.C.E. A5, O5), Junior Prefect 1970—71, Open Exhibition in Natural Science to St. Catherine's College, Oxford, 1971

RODGERS, Ian W., U6ScSch., Ed., 1965—71 (G.C.E. A5, O5), Junior Prefect 1970—71, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion.

WILLIAMS, Thomas C., U6ScSch., Ed., 1965—71 (G.C.E. A3, O9), Junior Prefect 1970—71.

WOOTTON, Bruce A., U6ScSch., W., 1965—71 (G.C.E. A5, O5), Junior Prefect 1970—71, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion.

G.C.E. A5, O5), Senior Prefect 1971, School Orchestra.

CRISPUS-JONES, ANDREW W., Ev. 1966—71 (G.C.E. A5, O5), Senior Prefect 1971, School Orchestra.

SPOOR, Richard A., U6MSch., Ev., 1966—71 (G.C.E. A4, O4), Senior Prefect 1971, House Captain, Senior Librarian.

BATEY, Simon T., 3X., Ev., 1970—71.

WRIGHT, Stephen, L5M., G., 1970—71.

SCHOOL NOTES

We congratulate A. C. Morton who was awarded an Open Exhibition at St. Catherine's College, Oxford, as a result of the examinations last November. He will be reading for a degree in Geology.

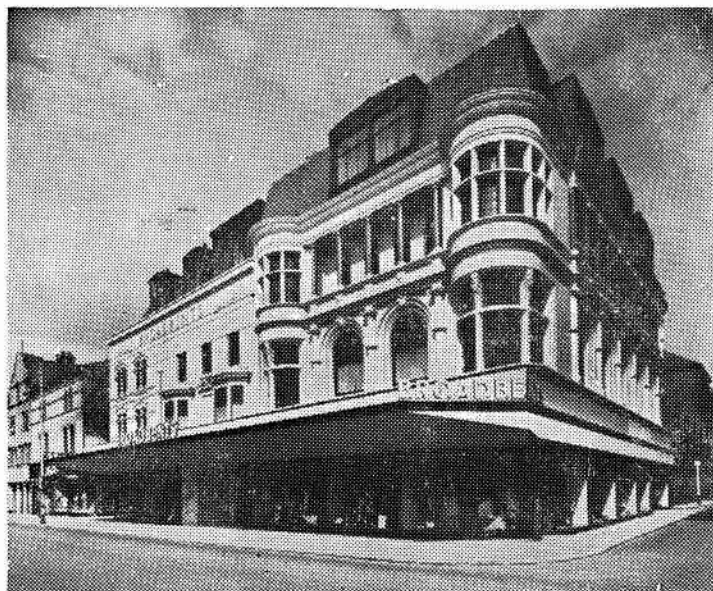
We welcome Miss M. M. Clarkson who has taken up a temporary post in the English Department until the end of the Summer Term.

We should like to congratulate Mr. J. Ward on his production of King Oedipus, a highly ambitious venture which proved to be of absorbing interest to the audiences last December.

A new venture last term was the St. Cecilia Day Concert which again showed a very high technical standard on the part of the Choir and Orchestra and was greatly enjoyed by all those present. The school choir also took part in recording for the B.B.C's programme for the Songs of Praise at Holy Trinity Church in February. We understand that this programme will be shown on B.B.C. 1. some time during April.

The annual Carol Service was held this year at Holy Trinity Church with a record congregation. It was most successful and enjoyable and we were able to send a cheque for £26.52 to the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies.

The school is most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Read who presented to the school a cricket bat autographed by international players. This bat will be competed for in an annual single-wicket contest, in memory of their son Michael Read, who was killed in a road accident in January.



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HOCKEY REPORT — SPRING 1972

Captain — M. J. Lowe

Vice Captain — C. Gayton

Both teams have had only five games each this term. Inclement weather caused the cancellation of the matches against Preston Roman Catholic College, Bolton School and Edge Hill College. The cancellations were perhaps fortunate as it was in this period that several 1st XI players had to go for University interviews. After this lay off the teams came back to beat Merchant Taylors 2—0 and 4—1 and then Liverpool Collegiate 1—0 and 7—0. These were the only four wins of the term. The first XI had previously drawn 0—0 and 1—1 with Prescott and Arnold respectively. The second XI had lost to Prescott 2—1 and drawn 1—1 with Arnold. On their latest match the teams have been beaten 2—0 and 1—0 at home by Preston R.C.C. There is one more match before the team travel to St. Helens for the Hockey Tournament and after that there is one match before the end of term which is against Caldy Grange.

The 1st XI has many skilful players but some lack the right attitude to the games. If this can be put right and a little more effort put into the games the team could do very well.

As usual we take this opportunity to thank Mr. Amer and his helpers for umpiring and arranging fixtures.

This term we also give thanks to the people responsible for doing something about the frugal home teas. They are now non-existent.

A. Partington U6M Hon. Sec.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Since just before the end of last term the Debating Society has been preoccupied by the Lancashire and Cheshire debating Competition. We reached the final, in which four teams took part but we did not win. The dinner, I am told was excellent.

Despit this activity we still managed to hold an Extemporary Debate and a more serious if rather humourless debate, "This house prefers life in the U.S.A. to life in the U.S.S.R." Our enterprising capitalists won.

With half a term still to come we look forward to some interesting discussion.

M. Spencer

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

We planned three meetings for this term but have only managed successfully to hold two. The first planned meeting was cancelled when the films we had ordered were not sent. However, the second meeting, a talk about Fingerprints by Det. Sgt. Wareing from the police Headquarters at Hutton was very successful. Still in the pipeline we plan to resurrect Sark Survey '17 yet again for a more scientific study.

After the end of term we plan a trip to Jodrell Bank which should be very interesting and we hope will be well supported.

M. Spencer

FOX SOCIETY

Chairman — Mr. Ward

Last term an expiring Fox Society received a life saving injection in the form of inter-form debates, and these stimulated vigorous rivalries that rushed the blood to many an otherwise fairly cool head.

Debates have been serious, at times humorous, and occasionally given a dash of vinegary wit from a certain honourable member I shall not name.

The advantages of such a revitalised Fox Society are shown by a tremendous boost in attendance figures the record being 79, at the 3X — 3S debate on the prosperity of space travel. The 3M — 3X debate on whether or not the X stream should be abolished also produced very good results, with an attendance of over 40. We obviously hope this golden flame will not be exhausted for many years to come.

The Society will be glad of the support of any members of the lower school, especially the 2nd forms who must not feel 'out of it'.

On behalf of the Society I would like to thank Mr. Ward as chairman for the invaluable work he has put in to raise the Society to its new found glory.

JUNIOR CHRISTIAN UNION

Chairman — P. R. Beverley

Committee Members — J. D. & R. I. Findlater

At the time of writing this report, there had been only one meeting of the Junior C.U. — namely a filmstrip entitled "Return Ticket". Now, with the Trials behind us, we have a series of meetings planned for the remainder of the term.

We are glad to see that more people have shown interest in the C.U. this year. Many people think that Christianity has no relevance in 20th century life, but with a living Christ as our guide we know this is not so. We feel that the ONLY way to live is with Jesus Christ, and our sole aim in the C.U. is to put this across. Any Junior is welcome to come and see if this is so or not.

CHRISTIAN UNION

Lent 1972

Once more this term, the Christian Union hath sallied forth into the world of reasoned argument and frank discussion about religion. Happily, great interest in religion is present in the senior school, and the first thing which lithely springs to mind is our first meeting of the term entitled "A Proclamation to the Masses". This consisted of a series of short, concise speeches on "Semi-Christian" religions, including Mormonism, Seventh-day Adventism, Theosophy and one or two other equally obscure philosophies. At the meeting, however, most of the aforementioned 'masses' appeared to have disappeared, but the attendance was still encouraging and we hope the meeting proved worthwhile to all.

After a similarly successful meeting with an Eastertide flavour on the question of the resurrection, the committee concentrated its efforts on planning an 'end of term' rally which at the time of writing has not taken place and at which, coincidentally the High School for Girls will doubtless be present.

Finally, may I thank all who have taken part in this terms meetings and extend a welcome to all boys, whether for or against the concept of religion, to our meetings next term.

B. Skerry

EUROPA

Chairman — C. R. Humphreys

Treasurer — D. N. Everett Secretary — R. Canter

OBITUARY

It is with our deepest regret that we have to announce the departure of two of our beloved committee members, M. J. Wilding Ev. 65 - 72 and R. A. Spoor Ev. 66 - 72. Apart from the applause when it was announced, we are all sorry to lose them. No flowers by request. Donations if desired are to be made payable to the treasurer and forwarded to him as soon as possible.

On February 9th, 1972, under the auspices of B.H. and W.C., members of the society journeyed to the David Lewis Theatre in Liverpool to see a performance of "Les Femmes Savantes" presented by the University's French Circle.

It was a farcical story of love. The introduction to the play by a guitarist proved to be a fitting backcloth to the message although this message was buried in a morass of mediocre filler. According to the majority of the sixth formers present the production was poor compared with "La Malade Imaginaire" seen by members of the society last year. Our seats were to the back of the theatre and the diction was poor. It was impossible to hear the character's speeches when they stood at the back of the stage, although the acoustics were good.

Act 3 was the most amusing, when Vadius criticised Trisotlin's poem. This brought forth a burst of laughter from most of the audience.

The costumes and wigs were well suited to the seventeenth century in which the play was set.

The play had something to say, but the second half escaped us, the upper sixth being conspicuous by their absence. They found that the second half brought another good goal from Alan Clarke at Elland Road (when Leeds played Liverpool in the fourth round replay of the F.A. Cup.

It is hoped to hold a joint discussion with the High School concerning the merits of Moliere and his play "Le Misanthrope" The date has yet to be decided.

D. N. Everett

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CALIFORNIA BLUES

The sun rose over a black Californian sky. The outline of a small grey figure could be seen. This figure, blending against the red Californian tones, would not have meant anything to a passive onlooker. But to the police it meant, a cold, hard criminal. Joseph Mitchell had been on the run for 15 days. This was a miracle so far as Californian Police were concerned. Yet Joe Mitchell was no weak person. He was a person with a very strong character. Although only five feet eight inches high, he was very well built. And his thick black hair, now showing signs of grey, was beginning to thin out on top, leaving a very bald patch on his head. This was now glistening against the sunlight and small beads of sweat formed patterns on the smooth skin.

Joe Mitchell was wanted for murder. The penalty for this was death, by the gas chamber. The air itself was now resembling a gas chamber. A heavy mist hung over him. Joe cocked an ear, but all he could hear was the early morning birds which fluttered here and there in hysterical movements. Joe, listening to the crying and shouting of these birds, did notice another more familiar sound. A car was drawing near to where Joe was lying, along, I suppose, what could be called a beaten track. Joe's ear once again cocked up intently. His lips quivered as he heard the sound of the engine. In panic Joe leaped over a barbed wire fence, catching his trousers on one of the barbs, but in spite of the metal, tearing into his flesh, he dragged himself away and hobbled across a field, diving down the bank of a small brook. He lay there, his lips again quivering, his feet dangling in the muddy water.

The car which had navigated the track, was, as Joe suspected, a police car. The driver was Lieutenant John Walker. The car gradually slowed down. Joe again panicked and hopped up the other side of the bank of the brook. John Walker knew who it was!

"Mitchell" he yelled out in a coarse voice.

"Mitchell" he yelled out again, this time his voice fading into a cough. Joe took no notice and continued across the field, blood streaming from his leg. Two shots rang out, an echo followed the two shots all through the valley. The aforementioned birds flew up into the air, echoing more sounds in Joe's ears. The first shot hit a tree trunk near to him. The second one didn't miss, it threw itself at Joe's left shoulder the bullet embedding itself deep in the flesh. Joe fell to the ground with a thud. Two policemen leapt out of the car, like vultures.

A minute later they had reached him. They hauled him up, like a butcher would haul up a side of beef. They sat him up in the back of the car, and jerked off down the track with a

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roar. This was because the car had virtually no exhaust system and this was the reason for the unhealthy sound of the engine. It must have taken an hour to reach the city. But Joe couldn't tell. He was semi-conscious all the way, while the bullet bit into his shoulder. When Joe retained full consciousness, he found himself surrounded by four grey walls damp, but clean. He realized with sudden terror that he was in prison. He leapt up and began to scratch at the door like a mad-dog. This was obviously useless, as the door was probably no less than five inches thick. He sat down again on a rough bench. The thoughts that now flashed through his mind were thoughts of terror. He flicked backwards and forwards between two moments. The moment when those two shots had rang out across the clear air of the valley, and the moment that was undoubtedly to come in the gas chamber. He knew he was guilty, even though he knew that he had killed in self defence.

It is hardly worth relating what happened at the trial. It was only a formality. Joe Mitchell was dead before it started. He was put before a prejudiced judge and jury, and Joe Mitchell was sentenced to death.

He was to be slaughtered the following morning. Slaughtered, like a pig for its meat. Joe couldn't sleep that night. He turned over and over on his hard wooden bed. The bullet in his shoulder had been taken out by a prison doctor, leaving a gaping wound, which every time he turned sent him into a fit of pain. However he did manage to sleep for about half an hour. And for a man with a death sentence hovering over him he slept quite well. The morning came too soon for Joe. The same birds which shouted and screamed in the valley were now hovering over the prison, as if they were vultures waiting to pick his bones. There was a knocking at the door which echoed around the damp walls. Joe was not a religious person, but he did know a few prayers. But he trembled so much that his lips could not utter them. He bowed his head instead partly in pain and partly in reverence. He walked out of the room with tears in his eyes. He found himself walking along a clean, but equally damp corridor. He could see the chamber even before it met his eyes.

He was lead into the chamber by a well built policeman, a burly man, like himself. The policeman smiled a forced smile, and led him to the chair and strapped him in. A door, much thicker than the one guarding his cell was slammed shut like the door of a great safe. Joe waited for a hiss. This hiss would mean that the bag had fallen into the acid. It came. A white sheet of fumes filled Joes lungs, just as mist had filled his lungs the previous morning. Breathing

was difficult now, his eyes rolled in agony. Tears mingled with sweat. A few moments later it was all over. And just as he had bowed his head in the cell his head bowed now. But this time it was his last bow.

FIRE

A spark leaps out of the darkness. It hits some straw and it bursts into flame. The fire spreads to other cases and the ware house bursts alight. The flames flickering and crackling devour everything, the colours of the flame are dazzling as they leap up wooden joists.

Suddenly a crash breaks through all the noise the warehouse callapses. Hours later the last flame dies and the fire leaves a splendid warehouse in ruins.

Mark Fisher

THE FLAMING BUSH

The ground under the cigarette butt, that has been carelessly thrown onto the dry timber of the Australian Bush. starts to smoulder, then little tongues of flame start to shoot up from the Bush as the flames leap yards into the air. A day passes, then another, but still the fire burns. The sounds that come from it are terrifying, the crackle, the snap and the terrifying, spitting, hiss. On the third day, the sky clouded over and rain came pouring down, quenching the flames forever.

Michael Jones

A FEW MINUTES UNDER THE SEA

I am a poor boy in a poor street in a poor village. My father is dead and I live all alone with my poor mother.

"Mother, Mother please can I go out". "Yes, but be careful" my mother shouted.

"I think I shall go down to the river and see if there are any fishermen about". When I got down to the river I heard some splashing. I turned the corner and there to my surprise I saw six frogs. Then they sang a song.

Eena, meena, feena, fo
Into the water we will go.
We will show you golden caves
Beneath the splashing slurping waves.
Eena, meena, feena, fo,
Into the water we will go."

Of course I couldn't resist this so I decided to go into the river. Then the . . . well what looked like the leader said or should I say sang "Coral flowers and sea pearls grow, In our kingdom down below." Suddenly I saw a queen and at the side of her I saw wonderful treasures. She said "all this treasure is yours. You are the only person who has dared to come to see me".

With that I said "Thank you, thank you very much". When I got home I told my mother. We made father's grave the best in the cemetery, then we bought a new house in a new village and we are living as happy as kings. It was the strangest experience I ever had.

Keith Gibson

SECRET AMBITIONS

Jack the bricklayer walked along the road, his boots clattering on the tarmac, and his cement-stained coat flapping open in the frosty breeze. Thoughts of the bets he would make at the bookie's that night occupied his mind. He imagined himself drinking his beer in the pub that evening, with a drooping cigarette and his legs stretched out underneath the table. He wore a contented smile on his weather wrinkled face, for on the outside he was a very happy man.

He ambled up to the site and went into the hut and waited for a cup of tea to brew, and drank it quickly letting a contented 'Ah' slip out of his mouth between each gulp. He sat resting for awhile in the warmth of the hut, preparing himself for a long day. He smiled once more as he thought of the way he had helped a crate of cider to fall off a lorry. Who would know? He could never have afforded the stuff, but he felt he had the right to have it.

Brick after brick then slap of cement after splodge of cement. It would have been monotonous, but his skilled hands did the work while his mind slipped off into the complicated dream world that he had developed over the years.

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"Good morning Miss Byron, late again I see, there is a file of paper on your desk, I hope you get it done before the next batch arrives," said Mr. Jack Smith the manager.

"I'm very sorry sir, it won't happen again," replied a very attractive secretary, who strolled out through the door and disappeared.

Jack was sitting in front of a shining, leather topped desk, clear except for a pen and pen-holder, a date counter and a square blotting pad. In his lapel was an important looking badge saying 'Mr. Jack Smith, Area Manager.'

Jack sat back in his padded chair as Miss Byron brought him a coffee and handed him the sugar bowl.

"We've got some new orders coming in sir, ten blocks of flats are needed by Niplock Council, I've sent a provisional reply." The Secretary looked across the desk at him, her eyes were filled with respect.

Jack awoke from his daydream. He was now ten layers higher up the wall and it was time for lunch, Bert was calling him from the lorry asking if he wanted fish or pie with his chips.

'Fish, and tell the chappy at the bl. . . dy shop not to put vinegar on the chips.'

That afternoon he was building the front wall to the house, and he looked up every so often to watch the cars go past. He marvelled at them, their speed, their cleanliness and their prestige, but most of all their cost.

He thought of his moped, broken down and old, which was propped up against the privy wall at the end of the garden. Then he shot a glance at the driver of the Rolls, and he tried to think that the man was in a different class to him, not only in mentality but also physically. It was like trying to think that a flea was a god, and trying to force himself to kneel and worship it. Impossible! How could a wizened prematurely-aged old man be better than he?

The deep thought tired him, not because he could do no more, but because society had taught him in an indirect way that he was not a good man if he thought too deeply. He slipped once again into his dream world.

He looked up from the wall about an hour later. His hands stopped as he watched a black Daimler pass by. In the back of it sat the mayor, his nose swollen, red from wining and dining, and his chain of office placed neatly at such an angle around his neck, that if he moved towards the window it could be clearly seen. It was a well known fact in the pub, that the Mayor had failed all his 'O' levels and it was often laughed about. Words fluttered across Jack's brain, a remembrance of a rhyme he had learnt at school:

'Never wrong,
Not far sighted,
Living long,
Sometimes knighted,
Vain, illiterate and ambitious he,
The head of our society.'

The mayor's car glided past along the road, the mayor in the back made thousands of pounds a year, having no qualifications at all, Jack made eight hundred, foul or fair, each year, and he had three 'O' levels.

All reasoning met a stop.

I.K.S.

A SHAPE POEM

The Volcano

Steaming, burning,
Sizzling curse from the
bowels of the earth I do
emerge with an enormous blow
and a clatter and a bang I let out my
anger among man kind, My heart is deep
and as red as hell, because of this no man
dare dwell beneath my burning sulphur bed of car-
essing heat and burning lead and down my side my
anger flows scorching men with deathly groans and burning
fruit in it utmost lust to nothing but a blackened crust but
finally its anger ceases and once more the burning inferno of
red hot death is concealed behind the captured walls of the
burning red giant. The End.

Christopher Gamble 2B

Stanley Matthews Football Boot

I
am
Stanley
Matthews
football boot
and proud to be
so, many a golden goal
I've scored on his left foot. But now every
day I lie and languish on a rusty peg forgotten
If only there was a young star to take his place
to be cared for, for black sparkling leather and the
thud of the ball as it goes for goal and the roar of the
crowd then I would
be happy again.

John Barton 2B

MODERN ART

To most people, art, or more specifically; painting, is typified by the highly skilled and realistic works of the "Masters"; such as David and Rembrandt. Thus, when faced with an abstract modern work, especially those which are not immediately recognisable as an aesthetically pleasing work, there is a somewhat hostile attitude. This is understandable, the natural reaction of people to change, or to a break in tradition, is one of fear and mistrust. In the following short article, I shall try to define, explain and justify, "Modern" Art.

However, it is very difficult to define exactly where Modern Art began, and traditional art ended; there was no immediate change in attitudes or styles; rather there was a gradual movement, towards the end of the 19th century, away from traditional realism.

The first attempt to break from the realism of their predecessors was made by the Impressionists; a group of painters who painted mainly landscapes or outdoor scenes, in a way that conveyed the movement, moods and colours of an ever changing world, as they saw it.

From this generation of painters came the man who is generally acknowledged as the predecessor of all modern artists: Paul Cezanne. He was a French painter, who dabbled in Impressionism before isolating himself to formulate his own ideas. Cezanne was the first painter to see beyond the simple images presented by his subjects, to escape from the mere duplication of what he saw. In doing this he tried to see his subject as a complete object, not from just one aspect, that is why his paintings have such an overall effect of living.

As we shall see, Cezanne was very important to the forthcoming modern art movements. At the turn of the century, there was a major upheaval, a discontent, in the arts; many artists were discontented with the established ideas; and it was this period that produced many famous artists, and musicians, Stravinsky being one example.

In 1907, a young painter, who was already quite well-known for his realist work, began experimenting with Iberian and African native sculpture; he intermingled this with the ideas of Cezanne, and the result was "Les Femmes d'Alger (O. J. R. M.)." the young painter was a Spaniard named Pablo Picasso, and the painting was his first step towards Cubism; one can see Cezanne's ideas embodied in the painting, which shows a brothel scene; one of the heads is shown from three facets, combined in one.

Picasso, realising his discovery to be important, went on to develop it into cubism, the first important Modern Art movement.

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Modern Art has seen many changes since 1907, but the driving force behind the early movements was to achieve the emancipation of the visual image and in many ways has remained the same to this day. This is illustrated by the similarity between post — Great War movement, and today's Pop Art.

The movement called "Dada" was formed in 1917, in Zurich; it was an expression of revulsion and disgust with a society which could kill on such a scale. The movement rejected and ridiculed anything traditional, especially art. Thus they produced works constructed from rubbish, and scraps of paper, they produced outrageous manifestos, and generally shocked a horrified public. Ironically, some of their work was found to have an aesthetic appeal to it, and was taken seriously, being displayed as art.

In many ways, Pop Art is similar; its exponents use every day articles in the same way, and all the other trappings of the society of the "mass-media" films, television advertising etc. (Witness the repeated coke bottles and soap cans of Andy Warhol).

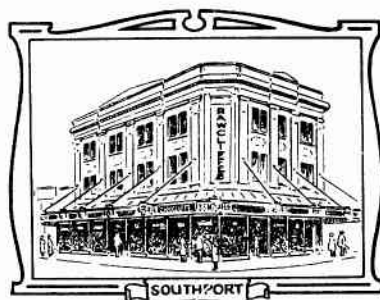
In the same way as Dada, Pop Art is a reaction; a reaction against the increased "Americanisation" of Europe and Britain, the world of the hard-selling fast-talking, P.R. men of the American business empires, a reaction against the "Throw-away" culture.

And thus we arrive at the cause of the changes in Art which happen so quickly; that of reaction; reaction against the art of the past. In the same way that a child reacts against the ideals of his parents, artists want to paint in the way they feel is right, not in the manner of a long dead realist. It is true that the masters exhibited an unsurpassed degree of technical skill, but perception? Could they see their subject as a complete living object, could they emphasise the dynamic life and change in it, as Picasso does? It is this desire to see more, to delve deeper, to perceive and understand more, which has driven Modern Artists like Picasso to move from style to style, never stagnating.

A common criticism of Modern Art (and Music), is that it is false and pretentious, trying to do something it should not. After all, the role of an artist is to paint 'pretty pictures' is it not? To such criticism, I must answer that art, like music and literature, entertains on different levels, some art forms have something to say, or need to be understood, by analysis (as with modern jazz, or the poetry of Dylan Thomas). One can still be entertained by the superficial aesthetic appearance of a work, but for some people, it increases enjoyment to discover what the artist is trying to say, or show.

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Much of the above criticism stems from the refusal to accept that the artist's role in society has changed. Whereas, until the mid 19th century, he merely assumed the role a photographer plays today, he is now in a position, through the successful removal of the shackles of tradition, to express himself in his own way, to communicate and, as art is a form of communication he may communicate his own feelings. Thus he becomes sociologist, philosopher, revolutionary, etc., combined in one. Thus it is not false to try and understand what he has to say; art is for everyone, and everyone should enjoy it in their own way.

A. J. Travis U6S

DAYS WHEN ITS FOGGY

Foggy days are depressing and boring. There is nothing to do but sit and wait for the fog to clear. Fog is like an ocean of mist covering everything in sight. Even familiar things look different. They appear as shadows in the ghostly mist. As you open the door you walk into a mysterious ice cold gloom and you give a shiver.

As you walk along the road you have to grope along the garden walls so you don't wander into the road. There is no one in sight. Even the noise of the traffic is muffled by the blanket of fog. The dim lights in the sky puzzle me. It is only the street lights which fade into the sky. Occasionally car headlights appear to break the grey fog but quickly disappear again.

Fog is very unpleasant. It covers everything in its path, the sea, the roads, everything you can think of like a thick low cloud it makes a day so dreary.

Michael Fawley Form 3M

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THE BLACK DAYS

It is about half three and all around is frosty, lights begin to flash on as the buildings of the "Miners" come alive. All the houses, trees, grass are covered with a white blanket. The big black clouds start to move away as blue and white clouds appear behind but it is still quite dark. Then at about quarter to four the miners wrap up in scarves, hats and big sheepskin coats walking over to the mine. Then at four, a siren goes so that the people who haven't arrived will know what time it is. When the men have checked in they go to a tool rack to get their tools which are . . . one pick-axe a helmet with a light on top a Davey lamp and if you smoke some bubble gum to stop the men from having an urge to smoke. The first few men get into the lift and go down into the depths below then another lift full goes down. When they get down they put their meals in their lockers so they will not get spoilt by the coal dust.

The men then start to work with sweat pouring off them. They continue hacking away at the black rock being very careful. With black faces they get back onto the lift and go up into the fresh air giving back their tools and having a good smoke. Then they go home get washed and watch T.V. or listen to the radio and the next day will be the same as yesterday. This seems a dull life but if they like it it's all right. At about ten p.m. the lights go off and it is quite peaceful once more.

J. Woolston Form 3M

METALLIC RULE

Bang goes the door
Where once there was life there is no more
Where once there was beauty there now remains
Only an eyesore for passing trains
No more hum of the engines sound
It's now just a piece of derelict ground
The walls have crumbled fallen down
The turbines stopped there's not a sound
Modernization has taken its toll
Thousands of people are on the dole
But in the end man will overcome
And once again the turbines will hum
But at the moment computers rule
Man's not a man only a fool.

Marshall 4M

LOST AT SEA

The location was Stromstad in Sweden. The time was Summer 1970. The weather was dull and very windy. The sea was an angry mass and regular white columns of surf invaded the almost white shore. The fresh, salty smell made one feel good on the jetty, but when I was in the mass of hostility the stench nearly choked me.

Here I was untying the rope of the boat that I had hired for two hours. Next to me was my fishing rod. On the line were three barbed hooks, and on the end was a shiny new spinner. In the boat I had put a bowl of freshly collected mussels. There they were in a little yellow bowl, screaming inside their black and silver shells, but in vain. Their shells were only to be cut open and their succulent, golden brown bodies were to lure a mackerel on to the hook, or so I thought.

After untying the boat I carefully put the rod in, then I myself climbed into the flimsy vessel. I put both oars into the water and pulled back. The boat moved forward and I leant forward again, immersed the oars and pulled back again. I was now accelerating. My, I was going fast., I felt good; if only I could have known.

I kept rowing for about ten minutes. I thought I must be getting near the other fishing boats now. I looked round. Oh, my God! I had gone too far. Never mind! Turn round and row back, you fool! I used the right hand side oar to turn round. I was hot from rowing and the cool, sea, spray cooled me down and refreshed me. When I turned round I felt the strong, icy cold wind dig into my spine. It no longer refreshed me, it cut into me like a knife of ice. I felt the waves smash into the front of the boat like an advancing brick wall. A sudden wave of realization sliced through my brain. I could see the shore and the other fishing boats, mere dots on the horizon. I panicked and dropped an oar into the water. Leaning right over the boat, I tried to reach for it. Then a wave of concrete hit the side of the boat. The boat overturned and in I went, into the liquid ice. I felt cold salt water seep up my nostrils as I choked and went down, down, down

Martin Tozer Form LVB

TO DIE FOR GOD

Aah, the heat, the heat.
It brings back childhood memories
Of good and bad times
Best and worst
The heat reminds me of the summers.

My body burns now
As then it burnt in thirst for knowledge
My days at university
My pride in my first, new church
How it all comes back to me.

And the past year
How I stood strong in my faith for God
My love in Him
And now this
A burning death on a Martyr's pyre

J. C. Allen Form LVB

NONSENSE POEM — ANIMALS AND BIRDS

Thee elleff antis biggand strong,
These naxis lowand long.
Thee antis wee kand smorll,
Theage irraff isverr eet all.

Smew thand gentull ark atts,
Verry senn sitiv arr battes.
Bee gand feerse arb airs,
Mise all ways givv scairs.

Theeb urdes fligh I and lowe,
Won thatt fliese highis thee crowe.
Sum flutter sum glied,
Off ownly thay kood givvus arried.

Mark Widders

VULTURES

Vultures vultures,
Mangy feathered vultures.
Squarking circling
Over the dead.
Away goes the cheetah
With a belly full of Zebra
Then down glide the scavengers.
Fighting for the innards of the mangled-up
body that the cheetah left behind.
Ripping at the guts and the head that was torn off
The Zebra, that is lying in the blood.
That the cheetah made.

D. Lisle 2M

PARABLE

Mrs. Smith is feeling gay,
She's throwing a party on Saturday.
Mrs. Jones is full of spite,
She'll have a party on the very same night,
Mrs. Smith soon finds out,
She rents the air with fearful shout,
She is green from head to toe,
An enormous party she will throw.
Champagne and Caviare bought,
Money from the bank is sought;
Mrs. Jones has done the same,
To bring her neighbour pain and shame.
Preparations day and night,
Those two rivals in their fight;
Both the women short of cash,
Tend to get a little rash,
Smith loans money from the baker,
Jones borrows from the undertaker;
Purchased then are bottles of wine,
And golden plates from which to dine.
When the night arrived no-one did come,
But money'd been spent in a great vast sum;
The rivals bitterly wept and sobbed,
They both felt like they'd been robbed;
When morning came up rose the sun,
It shone on a battle no-one had won.

N. Klaassen 3m

DESTRUCTION OF THE MIND

No smoke, no wind, no sun, all is still and quiet.
A miserable mind destroying day.
He lay there, curled up on the mat miserably
She started an argument because of nothing
just because she was fed-up.
An island. a desert island, a desert island with
palm trees.
An island where you are never miserable, there
is always something to do.
First a spec, then a spec with a tower,
As we grew closer, it grew bigger, and then we
saw it.
A desert island with palm trees.

L. G. Hogg 4M

THE HANDS OF THE FAMILY

Look at the baby's hands
As white as creamy milk.
As soft as the finest silk,
Brought from foreign lands.

Look at the boy's hands —
As black as new coal
Never seen a washing bowl,
Dirty from oily sands.

Look at the girl's hands —
Stitching with needle and thread
She's doing what her mother has said,
And mending with cotton strands.

Look at the teenager's hands —
Ready to smoke a cigar.
And ready to play the guitar,
As he lies on the seaside sands.

Look at the labourer's hands —
Hard at work with the hod and brick.
With cement that he hopes very much will stick,
To build the house within its lands.

Look at the old woman's hands —
Frail and feeble and lined.
But nobody seems to mind,
That once they were handsome and grand.

Mark Pulham 2M

THE FIGHT

Dusty concrete playground, after half past five.
Dead school, broken windows, never alive.
Silence, stillness, no bird cries.
Boy creeps, frightened, another boy he spies.
His brain tells him, run, but he cannot.
His legs try to move but they will not.
With sweat on his face the boy walks out,
Is greeted by jeering, scornful, shout.
No longer does fear tear at his mind.
He walk towards the boy, to find,
He too is scared and cowering like a frightened bird,
In the shadows, hoping his heart couldn't be heard.
Both boys rush at the same time,
They lock to-gether, until with a whine,
One boy drops to the floor,
The other boy, sadly triumphant, walks silently away.

C. Cameron 3M

HOUSE NOISES

The baby bawls aloud in the bedroom,
The radio screams and screeches to the sky.
There's the banging of baby boys bouncing a ball,
The dreamy hoover drives on to death.
The crockery crashes with a crushing sound
The boys blow on trombones till their brains burst
Dad's using the drill to make a drawer.
Meow ! Meow ! the cat meets a mouse
It pounces and paws it but misses the mouse.
The tic tac tic tac of dad hammering tacks,
The alarm clock's ring ring at the wrong time.
The water swooshing and swilling in the bowl,
A jet plane booms overhead nearly blowing my
 brains out,
The girls scream and jump out of their skin,
They must have seen that menacing mouse.
It is too much for me I'm leaving this house.
It doesn't die down as I leave the house,
But it fades in the day as I flee in fright.

Mark Widders

THE PANTHER

The Panther slinks about,
One would think at night,
For he has a coat of velvet black,
But beneath those velvet cheeks,
Lie's a mouth of venomous teeth,
At night he lies in the dark trees,
His body tense,
Ready to pounce.
And then in a flash,
With one graceful flowing leap,
He falls upon an antelope,
And from those innocent velvet paws
come vicious claws of white,
Then in a flash he streaks away,
And thats all you see of velvet panthers.

M. White

DEATH

All was quiet on the lonely road,
Leading from a little quiet village.
When, as the car was easing itself
Round the corner, everything wasn't quiet
 anymore
A pedestrian walking from nowhere stepped,
Without looking, into the road.
The car swerved, hitting an oncoming vehicle,
Suddenly my mind went blank,
Then, I was winning a football match,
Playing cricket with my brother on beach,
Learning to play snooker with my Father.
All these things happened, a new school,
New games, new friends, all in a slow,
Remembering second.
Then blank again, a thick black blankness
A blackness that you never come out of
A blackness that sometimes lasts for ever.

Gordon A. Croome

OLD BOYS' NEWS

- D. BAILEY (Ed. 1950—58) is Senior Design Engineer for International Nickel Company Ltd., in Ontario.
- J. E. CAMPBELL (M.1962—69) has been selected for the Lancashire Hockey XI.
- P. D. CHISNELL (Ed.1963—69) was awarded the prize for the most outstanding second year degree student in pharmaceutical chemistry at the Liverpool Polytechnic.
- J. O. CLARK (G.1942—51) is Controller, Radio Communications, B.O.A.C. at London Airport, and is a Fellow of Inst. Electrical Engineers.
- R. A. DIX (M.1959—65) gained his diploma in Civil and Municipal Engineering.
- I. R. ECKERSLEY (Le.1958—66) has been awarded his B.Sc. in Civil Engineering at Bolton Institute of Technology and now has a post in the Engineering Department of Wigan Corporation.
- M. G. A. ELSEN (Le.1946—52) has entered the Chorley College of Education to study for the Certificate in Education.
- P. A. GUBBINS (S.1961—68) has spent a year teaching at a Grammar School in Hamburg.
- I. G. HIGGINBOTHAM (R.1956—63) is now Lecturer in Physics in the New University of Ulster.
- J. D. HIRST (Le.1960—67) has been awarded his M.A. in Social History at Manchester University and is now studying for a research degree at the London School of Economics.
- M. O. HOULDSWORTH (M.1965—70) has a position as clerk at the Halifax Building Society.
- P. D. HYDE (W.1956—61) is working at Lloyd's Bank, Southport.
- D. A. JONES (S.1956—61) is employed by Crosby Corporation as an Accountancy Assistant and is Treasurer of the Merseyside Youth For Christ.
- G. B. KENDREW (L.1927—34) is Superintendent Minister of the Carlisle Circuit of the Methodist Church.
- P. J. KENYON (Ed.1946—50) is with Silcock and Lever Feeds Ltd., and is now Regional Advisor for the West Midlands. He has captained the Cholmondeley Cricket Club in recent seasons.
- B. A. KIRKHAM (W.1962—64) is a director and partner in Peter Masson and Partners, European Media and Research Consultants.

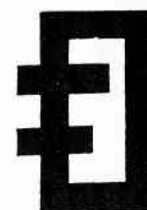
- A. KNOWLES (S.1926—29) is author, motoring correspondent and book critic. He wrote the late Donald Campbell's official biography which was serialized by the B.B.C. His latest book "Auto" — Biography covers forty years of motoring, and has a strong Southport background.
- C. G. KNOWLES (Ev.1950—57) has been appointed public relations chief for John Players, Nottingham.
- CANON J. S. LEATHERBARROW (G.1920—26) has been elected Proctor in Convocation of Diocese of Worcester.
- R. MANTIN (Ev.1946—70) is now working with Voluntary Service Overseas, teaching English in Dakar, Senegal.
- B. MAYOR (M.1942—48) is with the Automotive Fuels Unit of the Industrial and Automotive Fuels Division at the head office of Shellmex and B.P. Ltd.
- I. S. MILNE (R.1954—61) has been granted a Diploma of Fellowship in the Faculty of Anaesthetists.
- G. H. MOORE (Le.1945—48) has moved from Rochdale and has now been appointed Chief Fire Officer of Sunderland.
- D. MORGAN (S.1957—64) gained B.Sc. in Geology/Geography from Liverpool University in 1968, and now works in Durham as a Geologist for N.C.B. Opencast Executive.
- D. G. NEWMAN (S.1955—62) has been appointed Market Development Officer with the White Fish Authority, London.
- M. M. PENNELL (W.1927—35) has been nominated as a Managing Director of British Petroleum with a seat on the oil group's main board.
- I. W. RIMMER (W.1951—68) is now Technical Production Engineer with Rolls Royce Motors Ltd., Crewe.
- J. C. SCHOFIELD (M.1920—23) is now sales representative with a firm of canners in Wanganui, New Zealand.
- T. L. SCHOFIELD (M.1928—36) is now consultant surgeon in Bath.
- B. A. SHARPLES (M.1942—46) has been made a member of the Hotel and Catering Institute and has been Manager of the Civic Hall, Whitehaven, since April, 1969.
- T. K. STRATFORD (Sp.1940—48) has now been appointed Headmaster of Priory School, Shrewsbury.
- R. N. SUFFOLK (S.1963—70) was commissioned into the Royal Air Force on 9th March, 1972.
- F. THEWLIS (R.1929—37) has just completed a round-the-world preaching tour.

- N. P. THOMPSON (R.1960—67) is now a Technical Officer, Refractories Department, British Steel Corporation, Consett, Co. Durham.
- P. K. THOMPSON (L.1956—64) has been appointed a Solicitor to Littlewood's Group, Liverpool.
- J. D. WARBURTON (Ed.1954—60) gained his Diploma in Management Studies in a Postgraduate Course at Newcastle Polytechnic.
- T. D. WATKINSON (M.1958—65) was promoted in 1971 to Publicity Manager of Cooper Heat, Southport.
- K. J. WHITEHEAD (W.1958—65) has been promoted to First Officer in B.E.A. flying Trident Aircraft.
- I. W. WHITESIDE (Le.1957—62) is an audit assistant with the Southport Corporation.
- N. R. WINDER (G.1957—64) is assistant surveyor and valuer in the Estates Department of the Lancashire County Council.
- A. M. WINTERS (S.1958—64) now works in the Technical Information Service of Unilever.

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