

THE RED ROSE



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THE RED ROSE

Editor

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SCHOOL NOTES

We congratulate R. Fletcher on winning one of the ten European Schools' Day Essay prize. Fletcher is the eleventh winner from this school of such a prize in the last twelve years. Moreover, his prize was judged to be the best submitted in the whole of the country and will go forward to be considered for the European Gold Medal in competition with essays from candidates in other European countries. It is of interest to note that Fletcher's elder brother, Stuart Fletcher, won a similar prize in 1963.

We have also heard recently that T. C. Williams has won one of these prizes for this year. They will both be travelling to Dublin for the prize giving in July.

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held on 27th April. Mr. Harry Seddon resigned from the Chairmanship after four years. Mrs. E. Ince also resigned from the Secretaryship and Mr. B. Everett resigned from the Treasurer's post which he has held since the Parents' Association was founded in 1965. Mr. John Blackman also resigned from his position as Parents' representative on the Governing body.

Chairman.	Mr. Jack Skerry
Secretary:	Mrs. E. F. Butcher
Treasurer:	Mr. J. C. West
Parents' Representative on the Governors:	Mr. John Edwards

The school choir took part in an outstandingly successful broadcast at Holy Trinity Church in the B.B.C's Songs of Praise series on 9th April. This excellent performance was followed by another most successful concert on 20th March, which included a performance of Holst's "Choral Hymns" from the Rig Veda.

The school is most grateful to Alderman A. V. F. Langfeld (M. 1937-39) for the gift to the school of a personal plaque commemorating his year of office as mayor of Southport.

MASON MEMORIAL FUND

In the second year of running the Mason Scholarships fifteen boys have received, or will receive, scholarships of varying amounts. The total distribution this year is £357, which is the full amount of interest received in this first year in which the investments produced their maximum income. The fifteen awards were as follows:

P. Coulter, Introductory outdoor activities course at Plas y Brenin, Capel Curig. Taken in January.
and the following who will be taking their awards in the summer holidays:

B. R. Marriott and C. M. Watson to walk the Pennine Way.

R. J. Blackman, to go on an expedition to Norway with the Brathay Exploration group.

J. M. Howarth, H. I. Nutter and M. A. Ward, for a Biological and Geological Survey in the Grizedale Deer Forest.

J. E. Findlater and R. I. Findlater for Voluntary Service in Bordeaux with the inter-school Christian Fellowship

A. D. Taylor for a Philosophy course in Chichester with the Verulam Society.

P. D. Melville, to attend an outward bound course at Aberdovey.

N. K. Holt and P. A. G. Fitton for Voluntary Service in Portugal with the inter-school Christian Fellowship.
J. P. Hosker for operation mobilisation in Belgium.

A. J. Wilks towards a visit to France to improve his knowledge of French.

JOSEPH EDWARDS' MEMORIAL FUND

This Fund has continued to be a most useful means of assisting boys to make sure that they are fully able to take part in school activities. A total of £41.20 was distributed to eight boys. The distribution of the money from this Fund is entirely confidential on recommendations from members of staff.

LONG RIGG AND THE JUBILEE FUND

A full programme of courses has once again been run at Long Rigg this term and almost all members of the second and third forms have spent half a week up there. In addition the lower sixth form geographers and biologists will all spend several days there before the end of this term. As in previous summer holidays the hostel will be open for the whole of the summer holiday period for use of school as a hostel. Members of staff will be present at the hostel throughout the period.

A recent improvement has been the provision of asphalt flooring for the games room, larder and porch area. It has also been necessary to have repairs and improvements carried out to the septic tank. Further improvements are planned during next autumn and winter. The Trustees are most grateful to forty-six new boys' parents who have taken out covenants, thus enabling the fund to continue to be used for developing and improving the hostel.

We are also most grateful to Mrs. P. Robinson for a donation to the Jubilee Fund out of the prize she won from the parents' grand draw. We also thank Mr. D. Skinner, Mr. W. Wareing, Mr. J. Morgan and Mr. T. Garrity for donations to the Jubilee Fund.

THE IAN PERCIVAL TROPHY

The School was awarded the Ian Percival Trophy last year for its work on the Adventure Playgound at Presfield. The Trophy was presented to R. A. Fletcher at a ceremony at Presfield School on 16th June by the M.P. About thirty members of the school, together with some members of staff, were present at the ceremony.

IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Term ends Wednesday, 19th July
Autumn Term begins Tuesday, 5th September
Half Term Wednesday, Thursday Friday,
27th, 28th, 29th October
Autumn Term ends Wednesday, 20th December

SALVETE

A. R. Hurst, I. M. Robottom, S. J. Robottom, J. M. Pendleton.

VALETE

COULTER, R. Paul, U6M, Gr. 1966-72, (G.C.E. 09),
died 11th March, 1972, Captain School 2nd XV.
Rugby Half Colours, Junior Prefect. R.L.S.S.
Instructor Certificate.

SEDDON, E. John W., U6MSch., Ed. 1964-72 (G.C.E. A2, 09)
Senior Prefect, House Captain 1970/71, 1st XV Colours,
Bronze Cross R.L.S.S., Rugby, Cricket and Athletics full
colours. Awarded the William Simpson Exhibition at
Manchester University.

MARSHALL, Neil R., L6B, Ev., 1965-72 (G.C.E. 04).

SHAW, Roger, L6W, M. 1966-72 (G.C.E. 04).

WHITEHEAD, Graham, L6M, Le., 1966-72 (G.C.E. 03). Cricket
Half Colours 1971.

HOLMES, Tony, L5B, M. 1968-72.

SHANNON, Andrew J., L5S, Le., 1968-72. R.L.S.S. Intermedi-
ate Award, 1970.

KEWLEY, Philip A., 2B. Hon., 1971-72.

JELLICOE, Adrian G., L5S, W. 1972.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

R. H. BLUNDELL (Le. 1962-71) has been appointed Library
Assistant with the Liverpool Central Libraries.

P. F. BUTTERFIELD (Ed. 1947-52), who is a chartered sur-
veyor and a partner in the local firm of William Rimmer
& Co., has been elected Chairman of the Southport
Round Table.

C. R. CURETON (Le. 1954-61) is now working as a Senior
Design Engineer with Plessey Electronics, Liverpool.

R. A. ELLIS (Ev. 1958-65) has been appointed to a teaching
post at Kent School, Hostert, Germany. This school
caters for the children of British Forces of the Army of
the Rhine.

M. R. EVANS (R. 1942-59) has an appointment as Chief
Accountant with the Guardian Royal Exchange Assur-
ance Co. Ltd., London.



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- F. H. HENTSHEL (Le. 1933-35) is now President of Ispem S.A., Nyon, Switzerland.
- W. HOLLINRAKE (1923-30) County Treasurer, Somerset, has been awarded the C.B.E.
- M. H. IRVING (Ev. 1945-53) has been appointed Consultant Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and is assistant director of the Professional Surgical Unit.
- R. T. JUMP (G. 1954-61) has been appointed as Deputy Superintendent of Battersea Power Station.
- T. R. MARSHALL (Ev. 1959-66) obtained his M.Sc. in Geo-Chemistry, at Leeds University in 1971, and is now working for the Institute of Geological Sciences, London. He is at present on an official visit to Burma.
- J. C. C. MEUNIER (S. 1947-53) who is a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a University lecturer in Architecture, has won a first prize award for a new design for the Glasgow Burrell Museum.
- J. E. MORTON (Ed. 1956-63) has been elected National Chairman for the 18 Plus Federation.
- R. F. MOULD (W. 1951-58) has been appointed Princlal Physicist at the Westminster Hospital, London.
- D. N. PASSANT (Le. 1952-57), having passed his Final Law examination, has now been called to the Bar.
- C. P. RAWLING (Le. 1961-67) now has a post as a Research Assistant in Human Genetics at Newcastle University and has been elected Fellow of the Royal Institute of Anthropology.
- B. RIMMER (Ev. 1949-54), has been appointed Sales Manager for the Scottish area for Cadbury-Schweppes Foods Ltd., and now lives in Perth.
- S. SALT (Le. 1956-63) is in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy and is a section officer in the Aviation Electronics Group of the Air Engineering School at Lee-on-Solent.
- J. K. STUART (Ed. 1951-58) is now Manager of the mid Cornwall district of the South Western Electricity Board.
- D. R. SUTCLIFFE (G. 1955-62) is now a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy and a helicopter pilot on H.M.S. Endurance, the Navy's Ice Patrol ship.
- H. TONKS (Ed. 1942-47) has been appointed Manager of Barclays Bank, Warrington.
- G. WALTON (S. 1920-24) has been elected Mayor of Southport for the municipal year 1972-73. He is the third Old Boy to become Mayor of Southport in the last four years.
- J. T. WINPENNY (Ed. 1952-59) has been appointed Economic Adviser to Middle East Development Division, British Embassy, Beirut.

SCHOOL INVOLVED IN AIR-SEA RESCUE EMERGENCY

The school was involved in a dramatic and remarkable air-sea rescue operation on 26th June when helicopters carrying survivors from a crashed Naval Heron aircraft landed on the school field as the nearest suitable landing site for Southport infirmary.

The Headmaster was informed of the emergency some five minutes before the first helicopter arrived, which made it impossible to inform either staff or boys. Hence the drama of the arrival of two or three police cars, about six ambulances, and a fire-engine, followed almost immediately by the first helicopter, was increased.

The story began at 11 a.m. when a Heron aircraft carrying 3 crew and 8 passengers on a flight from Lee-on-Solent to Belfast radioed a "may-day" distress signal that it had lost power on all 4 engines. The pilot had to lose height in order to maintain speed, and eventually ditched in the sea about 10 miles off Southport. The plane submerged on impact but came up again long enough for the crew and passengers to clamber out.

It was fortunate that a scheduled flight from Liverpool to the Isle of Man saw the Heron come down and was able to keep circling over the spot until an R.A.F. plane took over.

Helicopters from R.A.F. Valley in Anglesey had set out immediately on hearing the 'may-day' signal and they plucked all eleven (10 men and one woman) from the sea.

The first helicopter arrived on the school playing field at 12-15 p.m., and a few minutes later the wet, cold and somewhat shocked personnel were in hospital. All eleven were kept in hospital for 24 hours under observation, but so far as we know only a few stitches were needed.



EDWARDS

House Master:	Mr. Gale
House Tutor:	Mr. Marsh
House Captain:	Wareing
Vice-Captains:	Powell, Aspinall
House Secretary.	Johnson

And so yet again we come to the end of another year of Edwardian reign, although perhaps not to the same extent as in the previous four years.

The 'Stars' of the house have definitely been the Juniors. Under their able coach Rigby they completed the "Grand Slam" in the rugby and have won their first two cricket matches with unsurmountable ease. Their success has not been limited to the Sports field; they have found that Brains can go with Brawn.

The Intermediates have not had much success on the Sports field this year though not for lack of trying and this term's cricket could give them just reward for their efforts.

Last but not least we come to the wise (?) old men of the house. They did extremely well in reaching the final of the rugby, losing to a very strong Evans team by a single try. This was through no fault of our Captain "Igor" Aspinall who could be seen storming down the pitch, arms flying, shouting:—

"Kill 'em, Colours".

The house took to the water well, gaining 200 points more than ever before thanks to Beverly. However, we were pipped by Grears in Lifesaving, Swimming Gala and the Relay Cup, though some controversial decisions were responsible for the latter. The Seniors regained the Basketball Trophy from the old enemy Leeches and we were again beaten into second place in the Chess.

Our many thanks to go Mr. Gale and Mr. Marsh for their inspiring leadership, also to their right-hand man, Wareing for his hard work and leadership by example throughout the year.

B.H.J.

EVANS HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. H. H. Long
House Tutor: Mr. E. T. Johnson
House Captain: R. I. & J. D. Findlater

The highlight of the year was the success of the House Senior Rugby Team. After some very hard games they won the Senior competition and also the senior section of the sevens competition. Mantin was a very enthusiastic and able captain and the team played well with some outstanding individual performances. Some members of the team who have not excelled as rugby players in the past, gave of their best and contributed to the success. We congratulate all who played in these games.

In the life-saving competition the House was placed third. Gaunt worked hard but the competition from Grears was very keen. Considering the amount of talent that was shown in the life-saving competition it was very disappointing that so little was achieved in the Swimming gala. This is explained to some extent by the failure of certain individuals to turn up on the night. There is a great reluctance on the part of some members of the House to put themselves out.

We did reasonably well in the Badminton competition and should be able to win the competition next year as the team should remain almost intact. We have some good chess players but in recent years the House has not had much success. We hope that the juniors will practice more and be able to give a good account of themselves next year.

In the collection of tin-foil we have managed to maintain a high position, frequently at the top of the weekly list. This is a worthwhile effort since a very good cause benefits. It requires little effort but it is still left to certain very enthusiastic individuals to make the effort on behalf of the house. We appeal to everybody to do their share in this simple task.

The thanks of the House go to all members who have played their part in the successes achieved. There has been an opportunity for every member of the House to do something.

To the seniors who will be leaving us this term we wish success in the examinations and in their future whether they be going on to further education or to take up a job.

GREARS HOUSE REPORT

Housemaster: Mr. T. B. L. Davies
House Tutor: Mr. B. Mawer
Joint House Captains: P. A. G. Fitton and M. J. Beazley
House Officials: R. Baldwin, A. C. Beresford, K. Todd

Welcome to Twickenham; or rather, room ten, the well-known home of Grears house.

The atmosphere is surprisingly tense, due either to apprehension of the forthcoming Athletics, sports or possibly due to the seemingly irrelevant 'A' levels, 'O' levels and school exams. After all, life is but a game of Rugby.

The rules are quite simple. The game starts in September and carries on until July with three breaks for homework at the end of each term. Twelve houses take part in the game which comes to a tremendous finale on the 19th July when the Jubilee Cup is presented to the winners.

A tremendous start by Grears took the rest of the competitors by surprise as we scored nearly all the tries in the House Cross Country competition. Barton and Bradley (Jun.) C. Parkinson, M. Fitton, S. Smith (Int.) and K. Allen (Sen.) all looked extremely promising, and we won the Junior competition for the second year running while the Intermediates came a close third.

The basketball competition was a little disappointing, though A. Evans, P. Kirkham and P. Coulter played well. I must mention at this point on behalf of the whole house how sorry we are to lose Paul Coulter; the tragic death of such an active member of the house deeply shocked us all.

The Life-saving competition resulted in a tremendous success for the house with 76 individual awards being gained, an all time school record. Under the instruction of P. Fitton, R. Golightly, P. Coulter and R. Baldwin, no less than 3 Teachers' certificates (1 advanced), 2 Distinction awards, 11 Awards of Merit and 18 Bronze Medallions were attained. Particularly proficient were Townson, Kramer, Pearson, White and Watson who all gained the Bronze Medallion at Christmas and followed it up with the Award of Merit just after half-time.

P. Darwin, P. Mooney (Snr.) and A. Daghish (Jun.) kept our chess teams at their usual high standard with notable performances in both competitions.

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The Senior Rugby team looked effective with Barry John Beresford running rings round everyone, but his prop forwards eventually faded out; though we were semi-finalists in the Sevens competition.

The cricket teams have been a great improvement on recent years with P. Darwin (Snr.) and P. John (Int.) looking particularly good.

The break from the scrum never really came off in the Badminton, though N. Joce and Harris never stopped trying.

The Junior Rugby team, coached by M. Beazley now look extremely promising for the future.

A great deal of credit must go to the manager of this now reputable house, Mr. Davies, whose enthusiasm has never dulled since the word go. He has been right behind the whole team all year and his moment of glory finally came at the Swimming Gala.

A tremendous effort and outstanding performance from everyone concerned, under the captaincy of P. A. G. Fitton, earned us all the trophies; namely the Ross Cup, The Bell Relay Cup and the Bradbourne Overall Swimming Cup. Special mention must be made of A. Holmes, S. Bracker and N. Parkinson who all swam with great potential.

We hope to be as successful in the athletics competition, particularly in the Relay Cup, when for the last two years we have been tackled at the very last second. Who knows, there may be yet more glory in store for Mr. Davies and his partner. Mr. Mawer (a valuable asset to the house I might add) and if the scrum really pushes hard next year we could well win the Jubilee Cup. P.A.G.F.

LEECH'S HOUSE REPORT

Housemaster:	Mr. C. F. Flemming
House Tutor:	Mr. J. C. Campbell
Captain:	M. Lowe
Vice-Captains:	A. Farnworth & M. Wilde
Secretary:	S. M. Manning

The dense fumes of the extinguished panatellas cleared, the empty Bristol Cream bottles were shovelled into haver-sacks, boys kissed their cigarettes goodbye and stubbed out their women — the house meeting was beginning.

Mr. Campbell (played by Harry Andrews) stalked in through the frostiness of an April dawn (played by Dawn Adams), placed his swords at right-angles on the ground and prayers began. An outsider might be forgiven for missing the Leech's prayers entirely; the reason is simple: for

some reason, the House has developed an obsolete form of spiritual whisper which was created in an old stone Jesuit monastery in 18th century France by an old, stone Jesuit monk — I presume the House prays on the principle that if they don't shout at The Lord, He might help us on the sports field. It didn't work.

Leech's didn't actually win anything this term, but what does that matter? It's the thought that counts. All the time we thought we were winning and nobody told us any different. We did, however, try; we were runners-up in the Badminton and Basketball, losing only because the two b's are almost spelt the same and it is confusing when 63% of the House is illiterate, (Farnworth broke his racquet on the basketball and Catterall's shuttlecock, although re-feathered, will never play again according to the latest medical report).

The Intermediate Rugby team reached the semi-final, jealous outsiders screamed 'Drugs!' Drugs were served, along with oranges and just a hint of cognac and the game continued. (I must admit, poppies were worn, but it was simply that Brownjohn suggested that they would match the scrum-half's scarlet body strap).

In cross-country, Butterfield showed his skills but was disqualified by a puritanical judge for doing so; in a hard-fought battle at the rear end, Holt astounded everyone by making a royal flush. Morey was also seen to be walking around with a flushed look after his failure with the chess teams.

In life-saving the Juniors hinted at great things for the future and we thank Lunn for helping with this side of the House activities.

Cricket and Athletics are yet to come and in the former we have reached the Senior and Intermediate Finals (my many hours in Spencer's house room should prove valuable if current form and a certain gypsy on the promenade are anything to go by, we should win both these finals. Thanks go to Fox (who remains unnoticed by the Test selectors) for organising some of the practices.

We thank Mr. Campbell for his work this term, Lowe for captaining the House and Farnworth and Wilde for handling the vice. Last but not least there is Mr. Flemming who retires at the end of the term; we thank him, not just for this term's work, but for twenty years of service to the House and wish him and Mrs. Flemming well in their retirement.

S. M. MANNING.

THE REPORT OF MASON'S HOUSE

Housemaster: Mr. H. Smith
House Tutor: Mr. D. E. Radcliffe
House Captain: R. Fletcher

Dis report is of a house in a certain amount of . . .

Disarray "The uprising of the masses implies a fabulous increase of vital possibilities" not yet, the uprising of the masses has still to happen.

Dismay duty of mine be it to report the sinking of the house, NOT due to enemy action but rather to the . . .

Distasteful of the crew who refused to sail her. This is the responsibility of the whole house. Whatever

Disposition Disaster it was that caused the intermediates to loose the sevens, they . . .

Distraction it and secured the fifteens. Credit to many, in particular the captain Fairclough.

Disregarded The Cross-Country results were for different reasons; — the juniors lacked talent — the inters lacked enthusiasm. A question asked by a senior who like his comrades-in-arms lacked practice. What has happened to the house which won all the races three years ago? However

Disappointing Disability Dispirited Distance? not for

Dismay Dishonour Distinctions is not ours. Among other . . . The house had five senior prefects, Fletcher, Gayton, Everett, Teale and Street. Fletcher won an essay competition, Hirst led the badminton team to triumph.

Disdain — the manner in which we treat our intellectual inferiors in other houses, Nelson scheming both chess teams to victory. Laurels also to Ashton whose in both competitions were decisive. At this moment in time, we are about thirteen hours from the start of the 'A' level examinations. Consequently it is only possible to say that good results in athletics, inspired by Glynn are

Displays

Discernable

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We are also hopeful of success in the intermediate cricket. The seniors and juniors having already . . .

their efforts and themselves from their tournaments.

Best wishes are extended to those who after or during this term.

Thanks are also due to Mr. Smith and Mr. Radcliffe whose aid receives

recognition.

not, nor be

Mason's.

Dissolve, dissension and dispose yourselves to better things. Next term see if the willing manner in which house readings are undertaken can influence all things.

Finally remember that the Jubilee Cup is not won or lost on the playing fields but rather in the minds of the members of the house.

P.M.S.

ROGERS HOUSE REPORT

— A Tragedy in One Act

Cast:

Housemaster.

Mr. J. Clough

House Tutor:

Mr. P. J. Comfort

House Captain:

L. P. Broude

His accomplice:

I. R. Whittaker

House Executive:

P. N. Aplin

House Bouncer:

K. Allardice

TIME: The end of a long school year

PLACE: The school dining-hall

The curtain rises. In the centre of stage is a long dining table (without a cloth) set for lunch. At the head sits Mr. J. Clough, with an expression more of quiet contentment than uneasy cynicism, on his right sits L. P. Broude gazing thoughtfully at a lump of mashed potato.

- J.C. (mouth full of potato) — Munch, chomp, gulp — then of course — gobble, crunch, munch — tinfoil competition.
- L.P.B. (A blank look)
- J.C. I said, then of course, we won the tinfoil competition.
- L.P.B. (with unashamed ignorance) tinfoil competition?
- J.C. Come now Broude. It's our top priority — (with pride) we're a charitable lot in Rogers.
- L.P.B. We were very charitable in Rugby as well sir.
- J.C. Now, now — Allardice did successfully lift the Rugby Sevens trophy for us.
- L.P.B. Yes — along with Aspinwall! I thought the Head took quite a swift step backwards as the two heavies strode forward to collect the cup. Whittaker enters through the main door, bows to his right and approaches the table.
- I.R.W. I've been wondering what to write for the House Report. What have we almost won this year?
- J.C. (Brushing aside such facile cynicism) We've had quite a successful year on the whole, gentlemen. We just kept our heads above water in the swimming and lifesaving (cackle, cackle). The half-share in the relay cup will nicely hold up the other half of the Rugby cup (more cackling).
- I.R.W. Ha! Ha! Ha!
- L.P.B. (Aside) That's enough, don't overdo it. The Juniors are in the semi-finals of the Cricket if you're stumped for something to say.
- I.R.W. If only we'd done something exciting.
- J.C. Well we did win the tinfoil competition.
- I.R.W. (Another blank look).
- L.P.B. Do you think we should bother with a house report this year?

(C) 1972

I.R.W.

'Aspinwall is Edwards Rugby captain'

—Editor's Note

SPENCER'S HOUSE REPORT

- House Master: Mr. S. B. Rimmer
House Tutor: Mr. J. Wohlers
House Captain: C. M. Spencer
Games Captain: A. B. Catherall
Prefects: J. C. Mellor
N. D. Pulman
House Almoner: G. E. Somerset

For Spencer's this has been a year of mixed fortunes. We had an idea that we could do well in certain activities and not so well in others. Enthusiasm was not lacking however.

We started the year hopefully with a convincing performance in the cross country. Pulman winning the senior race and leading the Seniors to victory. Our Juniors came second and the Intermediates third.

Sadly the senior rugby could not keep up this standard and unfortunately, much to Mellor's annoyance, showed the school how to lose rugby matches on three consecutive occasions. However although the teams played hard, we had not got the necessary experience.

Meanwhile the chess team was winning its games silently, and it was only when asked that Larkin would surface to break the news.

Our basketball team played confidently and stunned many a spectator when they defeated Woodhams.

Having now reached halfway through the school year, our second formers had come to know what was expected of them and it was at this time that they were released onto the rugby field. They played hard but did not manage to win either of their matches. The Intermediate rugby team was somewhat more successful.

At the start of this term lifesaving exams were in full swing and our results were good. The most notable accomplishment was in the examination for the Award of Merit. Spencer's House won three of the nine awards made.

The latest events to take place are the cricket competitions. The Seniors played as expected and are now in the final. The Intermediates also did well but have still to defeat Leech's to reach the final. The juniors were unlucky to be defeated by a strong Amer's side in the semi-final of their competition.

With the athletics points still to be finalised we do not know how the house is placed in the race for the Jubilee cup. We should do well but that remains to be seen. Academically though we are very highly placed and this should sway things in our favour.

Despite all the effort that has gone into performing our house activities there is one sad occurrence that overshadows everything. This was the tragic death in a road accident of Michael Read in January.

C.M.S.

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Badminton

WOODHAMS HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. G. Berry

House Tutor: Mr. P. Stainton

House Captain: G. Warren

This year has shown Woodhams exactly what can be achieved if we try, although it has also shown us much failure. Two extreme examples are the Intermediate Rugby team who ably led by Wilks got to the finals of the Fifteens and the Sevens, winning the latter, and on the other hand the Senior Cricket team who could only just field a team. Other notable successes have been the Cross Country where under Mr. Stainton's leadership, the teams won overall, Basketball in which we reached the semi-finals and Badminton where we had much success. Then there are our failures and near misses. The Junior Cricket team who did so well in their first match lost by only one run in the second and were then knocked out of the competition. The Intermediates, like the Seniors, fared badly. The Athletics have not run as smoothly as one might have hoped owing mainly to indifference shown by certain seniors who have done little or nothing to encourage otherwise enthusiastic boys. We suffered in the swimming from a classic amount of school-boy laziness from the majority of House members and too much swimming was left to too few to do. Our successes by Heath, Ryman, Chester, Harman and Tinsley are really to be admired.

Academically there is little to report. All are making satisfactory progress apart from the Fourth Forms, where potential is rarely realised.

Some members of the Senior Section of the House should be congratulated on their contributions to extra-mural activities. In particular Bradley, Sellars, Strang and lastly Stallard have propped up an ailing Debating Society and undoubtedly will continue to do so.

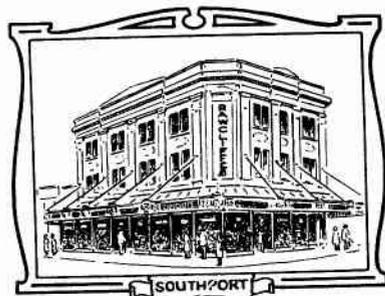
Taylor in the Upper Sixth has won a Mason Scholarship for a course in philosophy which we all hope he will enjoy and benefit from.

Taken altogether we have not been quite as successful as many feel we should have been and certainly more active participation will be needed in future to advance the House, which can in turn only do good for its members. What you put into the House you take out — in all fields.

D.I.S.

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AMER'S HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. M. Amer
House Tutor: Mr. M. E. Greenhalgh

1971-72 has been a very good year. House teams have reached several finals and semi-finals. Our numbers have grown to thirty and next year we will be able to compete in Intermediate events. We are confident that when the house reaches senior level we will be a force to be reckoned with.
Winter Term

Regretfully we did not shine at cross country, Deakin being the only one to uphold the House honour.
Spring Term

In the Junior Rugby we did exceptionally well reaching the final in both the VII-a-Side and the XV-a-Side events but alas, losing to the might of Edwards. Later in the term in the small houses Intermediate event we beat the other three houses to win the competition outright.
Summer Term

The summer term started off with the swimming, where for the third year running we came first in the new houses competition. We also did well in the other events beating some of the older houses for points. We came seventh overall. In the Junior Cricket we were fortunate enough to win our first match by one run but in the other match our opening pair Ball and Bennett smashed the House opening partnership record. The final score was 111 runs which was one run off the Junior House record. A brilliant six by Gamble was included in this score. We managed to beat Spencer's in the semi-finals and we go through to play Edwards again in the final.

We are also doing very well on the academic side.

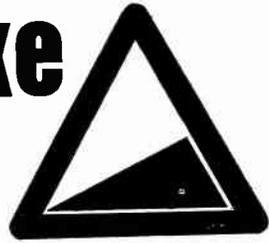
We had several outstanding players in our various teams — Cross Country, Deakin; Rugby, Ellis, Haslam, Kay, Halsall, Ball, Bennett and Jelley and all have played for their respective school teams. Swimming, Ellis and Eyes; and Cricket, Ball, Bennett, Gamble and Deakin.

Here's hoping that the House will do even better next year, perhaps even winning a final.

We should like to thank Mr. Amer and Mr. Greenhalgh in their efforts this year, and are glad to see that they survived.

MARTIN JELLEY.

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HOLLANDS HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. J. K. Ward
House Tutor: Mr. T. J. Bruce

This was no mean term for Hollands although at the time of going to press we have not won any major honour.

The term started off fairly well with the cricket and although we fought hard and won one match we lost to a very strong Rogers side and thus failed to qualify for the semi-finals.

With respect to Life-saving we did very well indeed, winning many awards and coming second in all twelve houses.

In the athletics we have a very strong team which promises a lot in the future.

We are currently third in the collection of tin-foil and many thanks are due to the Crompton brothers for this.

Academically we have done very well and have won several merit cards; the supply of which we mean to maintain.

May we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Ward and Mr. Bruce for their never-ceasing help and co-operation this term, both academically and sporting-wise, and we feel sure that with their backing we will continue to flourish and prosper.

B. R. SINCLAIR.
A. J. PULHAM.

HONEYBONES HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. D. Miley
House Tutor: Mr. L. S. Metford

The Autumn term began with the Intermediates showing a rather promising omen in the cross-country. We managed a commendable, nay, excellent second place. The juniors however could not stand the pace, and we recorded a poor tenth. The Badminton team fulfilled the omen by winning four out of six games — despite very strong opposition from the others. Unfortunately though, our chess team let us down, our only triumph out of five games was when the other side "played truant".

Then came the relished rugby. We overcame the might of Evans by a narrow margin, only to be humbled to Grears. The seven-a-side competition didn't go well either. A word must be mentioned of our Intermediates, who could only take part in the open-house competition because of number problems. They managed to come second out of four. We were unfortunate in the cricket draw to meet Edwards. Despite a respectable score we were beaten, only to take revenge on Masons by seventeen runs in the next game.

Swimming has never been our strong point and we proved it. A last place in the Life-saving and a last place in the Gala, our only finalists — the U14 squadron, having been disqualified.

Altogether though, we have shown we are no longer over-awed by the big boys, in fact we have proved to be serious contenders in some contests.

A. M. HOLGATE.

LUNN'S HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. I. Lunn
House Tutor: Mr. P. Savage

This year has as yet brought no great sporting success to a house team. This is in no way due to lack of effort since all sections of the house have responded enthusiastically when required for practice or house matches. A particularly pleasing feature has been the willingness shown by our fourth formers in helping to organise junior teams.

The Cross Country and Badminton teams under captains S. Ostle and D. Martin respectively tried hard with little success. The Cricket team, captain A. Haddock, failed to survive the early stages of their competition.

The Rugby team, ably led by A. Smith and coached by K. Mardon, came nearest to winning a competition but were eliminated in the semi-finals. However, they made the much heavier opposition work hard before conceding defeat in the later part of the game.

In the Swimming competition, S. Hartley, J. Woolston and B. Glover produced good performances and the captain, S. Crompton, once again set a school record in the butterfly.

SENIOR RUGBY

A disappointing and at times embarrassing senior rugby season tempered only by some excellent junior performances. Far too often matches were lost even before players had stepped onto the field. The reason for this can be summed up in one word — attitude. It was not until the latter half of the season, by which time the average age of the team had dropped considerably, that any satisfaction could be gained from matches. A far more mature and positive approach is required both on and off the field if success is to be obtained in the future. Irrespective of standards, 'enjoyment through determination' must be the key phrase for all concerned. Confidence and comprehension will only be developed through coaching unit and team skills and it is with this in mind that coaching sessions have been continued during the present term.

With a strong nucleus of young, enthusiastic players available for future seasons it is important that a firm foundation is developed next term, and continued. Far higher standards must be set and adhered to. All practices must be attended by every player and tackled in a more realistic attitude. Finally, I expect all prospective players whether of 1st or 2nd team potential to arrive back at school in September **FIT** to play.

J.C.C.

1st XV

Mixed seasons seem to be very fashionable with King George senior teams at the moment. A poor side, however, did develop slowly into a moderate one by the end of the season. The main faults of the forwards was a lack of concerted and consistent effort, particularly in the loose. The play at the set pieces improved considerably and their loose play a little, as the season progressed. This development can probably be traced to the fact that, as the season wore on, more and more members of last year's U15 team were brought into the side. The end result was that, of the pack that played against Southport R.U.F.C. in April seven should return next Autumn and six of these should still be available in two years' time. Unfortunately one of our more promising players, also a member of last year's U15 team, who hooked well in his few games, died in a motor-cycle accident in January.

Behind the scrum, too, there were faults. It took the backs far too long to develop steadiness in attack and defence and they were far too inclined to rely on individual talent without having proper regard to playing as a unit. However some progress was made in this direction as the forwards improved gradually. Which goes to show that even a moderate set of backs can improve their play if their forwards get on top, but if their forwards fail then there is little hope.

The team suffered disasters at the hands of Blackpool and Cowley very early on and St. Edward's later, in the Easter term. They can only blame themselves though for this as they had meekly gone as lambs to the slaughter. They can however recall with pleasure a few games and with pride their wins over a Waterloo Schools XV, Hutton and their excellent performance in the second half against Southport Rugby Club.

Outstanding members of the team were Deeley and Halsall. Deeley combines skill, courage and fire and will surely play for Lancashire next season after being travelling reserve all this season. Halsall contributed just under half the team's points with tries and place-kicking.

Characters of the 1st XV.

R. Fletcher (Captain — Lock-forward)

The burdens of captaincy weighed heavily on him but he never gave up trying. A big, vigorous forward, his own play improved greatly, particularly in the line-out.

J. Seddon (Vice-Captain)

He returned unexpectedly to school and did not finish the season but he was always willing to help out when the team was troubled with injury. He played both in the forwards and the backs as occasion demanded. At his best in "Sevens".

G. Afford (Prop)

He is beginning to help his hooker to good effect. He throws the ball into the line fairly well. But he is still not an eighty-minute player; if he can improve this aspect of his game he could do well next year. A very good handler of the ball.

C. Kersey (Hooker)

One of last year's U15 team he is certainly the youngest and possibly the hardest member of the team. Started as prop, but after Read's death moved to hooker where he is now acquiring skill. Plays vigorously and handles well.

P. Broude (Prop)

Also coming from last year's U15 team he soon made his presence felt. He scrummages well and is quick about the field. His main need now is to practice catching the ball at speed.

E. Aspinwall (Lock-forward)

Due to injury he had to give up propping and move to the second row. Always a vigorous player and ruthless tackler, he can handle well.

J. Berry (Flanker)

He came in from last year's U15 team as certainly the smallest forward to play 1st XV rugby for the school for many years. But his work-rate, tenacity and courage made this an impressive start to senior rugby.

I. Teale (Flanker)

Another smallish player (by 1st XV standards) who has some ball skill but unfortunately he did not live up to his true potential and missed a number of games in mid-season due to this.

J. Deeley (No. 8 or Lock-forward)

Another from last year's junior side he made a very promising start to senior rugby. Of good physique and sound skill he has the dedicated outlook to go far in the game.

D. Davies (Scrum-half)

Started the season on the wing but as the best passer of the ball in the team soon moved to make good use of his skill. He acquired confidence as the season wore on and had particularly fine games against Cowley and the Old Boys' XV.

S. Trickett (Stand-off)

Unfortunately he had an erratic season and his handling sometimes let him down but he has an astute brain on the field and runs well, particularly in broken play. An excellent 7-a-side player.

A. Beresford (Centre)

One of the few players in the team who can be said to have been consistently good all season. He straightens the line of attack well and is quick through a gap.

P. Rigby (Centre/Full-back)

Played most of the season at full-back where his resolution and cool head saved many awkward situations. Moved to centre to provide a greater steadiness in defence, but he lacks the pace necessary for the position in attack.

P. Mantin (Wing)

A big winger and resolute tackler. He lacks real pace but runs with determination and vigour. He handles well and covers his full-back ably.

S. Whittle (Wing)

Yet another product of last year's U15 team, he had rather a mixed season. He is of fine physique and came on well at the end of the season as his confidence grew.

D. Halsall (Centre/Full-back)

The season's highest scorer and a player of many talents but he lacks the will to practice and add the necessary polish to his game. At his best he is an excitingly aggressive runner.

Many others played for the 1st XV, the most successful and promising of them being S. Bell and J. Mellor, who both return next year. Next year's team should again be a young one, with a sprinkling of old heads. It may not have a very successful season but should certainly provide a very useful foundation for the year after when most of this year's youngsters will still be available. Add to these some promising junior players and the future looks a lot more promising than the immediate past two seasons would have allowed us to hope, especially as the standard of rugby being played in the Middle and Junior school is higher than for many years.

T.B.L.D.

2nd XV RUGBY REPORT

The team had a very disappointing season, winning only two of its fifteen matches. Although early season practices were arranged the team as a whole was let down by the unreliability of many of its members who did not attend. A lack of enthusiasm and spirit was prevalent during many of the matches and the team tended to 'give in' too easily to the opposition.

There were however a small, hard core of players who played regularly and always produced effort and enthusiasm. The team as a whole lacked the basics of rugby such as hard tackling, good passing and fast running.

A regular fifteen hardly ever took the field, constant team changes being necessitated by certain players 'crying off' very late on Fridays. This tended to unbalance the side and contributed to the poor results.

The forward play was spirited on occasions but lacked technique and discipline. The backs at times produced good rugby but far too often the passing was mistimed and the tackling negligible. Some of the Upper V players brought into the side showed they could develop into useful players.

The side had been led throughout the season by Paul Coulter who proved to be a reliable and keen captain. The season ended tragically with the death of Paul Coulter in a road accident. It is fitting that the team produced a much improved display in their last match against Calday Grange Grammar School.

2nd XV Players

Benedyk, Hurst, Clarke, Ellis, Wild, Evans, MacSweeney, Thornborough, Whittle, Shearer, Mellor, Teale, Ashton, Skerry, Morton, Bell, Lyman, Whitehead, Allardice, Everett, Warren, Powell, Coulter.

T. J. BRUCE.

U15 RUGBY 1971-2

1. Playing Record

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
17	11	1	5	432	116

v. Blackpool (A) 8-15	v. Balshaws (A) 37-0
v. Cowley (A) 0-28	v. Ormskirk (A) 4-16
v. Manchester (H) 16-6	v. St. Joseph's (H) 54-0
v. Hutton (H) 58-4	v. St. Edward's (H) 10-12
v. Arnold (H) 29-0	v. Stonyhurst (H) 3-0
v. Cardinal Allen (A) 6-13	v. St. Mary's, Crosby (A) 38-0
v. Kirkham (A) 36-0	v. Bolton (Colts) (H) 48-3
v. King Edward, Lytham (A) 64-0	v. Cowley (H) 8-6
	v. Calday Grange 3rd XV (H) 13-13



The team's record almost speaks for itself without telling the whole story of a successful season. The fact that only seventeen players were used regularly points perhaps to a lack of depth in talent, but more to the real team spirit engendered by it. An early heavy defeat by Cowley (later amply compensated for) showed the need for slight arrangements within the team and once settled it produced some outstanding results.

In attack, they averaged 25 points a game. Though the forwards often fancied themselves too much as Barry Johns' of the future, in the main they produced good ball for the backs where real pace in most positions often unsettled the opposition. In Wilks, the side had a real match-winner, but all the backs did well, often underestimating their own ability.

In defence they were magnificent, particularly in the defeats of Cowley and Arnold and also in the loss to St. Edward's, the outstanding game of the season. A record of seven clean sheets is one to be envied at whatever level of rugby.

2. Seven Competitions

Sadly perhaps the main emphasis was on the 15-a-side game and the sevens teams were never quite good enough to dominate any game. They played poorly at Edge Hill but compensated by reaching the final at Stonyhurst where they lost to the home side. The Merseyside sevens is best forgotten!

3. Honours

Congratulations are due to Wilks, Charters and Ainsworth who all played at some stage for the Merseyside team. Further Wilks, Price, Charters, McNorton and Marshall all played for more senior school sides, a hopeful sign for the future.

4. Players

'Bobo' Wilks (Captain/Centre)

His record of 192 points speaks for itself. A centre of real pace and elusiveness who tightened his defence considerably and led the side, particularly the backs, extremely well (Colours reaward).

'Chin' Ainsworth (Full-back)

A brave player with a safe, consistent left foot. Saved the side on many occasions and was rarely caught out of position. 'Master' of the counter-attack and scorer of 25 points. (Colours award).

'Napoleon' Price (Winger)

Showed a remarkable propensity for running through the opposition and trampling them into the ground. Tremendous in defence; deserved more than his 4 tries (Colours award).

'Stitches' Killip (Winger)

Very fast, direct runner and scorer of 8 tries. His speed in defence and general ability to run out of trouble saved the side many times (Colour award).

'Dodger' Wright (Winger)

Very elusive with a 'fantastic' (his own words) side-step. Unlucky to be injured early on, he never gained a regular place (2 tries).

'Mouth' Armstrong (Centre)

Never afraid to let his own side know what he thought, though not always constructively. His defence was good though he did not always pick his men up quickly enough; worked well with Wilks and scored 3 tries (Colours award).

'Ghost' Mawdesley (Stand-off)

Very good and never outplayed for skill; his size made his tackling all the more courageous. His timing of the pass to Wilks set up many tries and his kicking improved greatly. The quality of his play was the basis for the quality often shown by the backs, one try (Colours award).

'Barry' John (Scrum-half)

Did well in his first full season, gradually taking over the organisation round the scrum. Used his ball sense to the full and his kicking set up many chances. Scored the only points against Stonyhurst with a great drop-kick which he won't allow anyone to forget; 19 points (Colours award).

'Fruity' Fairclough (Flanker)

An aggressive pack-leader who never let the pack give up and led by example also; the responsibility seemed to curb his occasional flashes of temperament; 2 tries (Colours re-award).

'***' Chester (Prop)

A competent player who never believed in himself enough to use his potential and weight to the full (Colours award).

'Mighty Mouse' Barton (Prop)

Lacked technique in the scrum, but his general play in the loose and enthusiasm round the field made him a valuable member of the squad.

'Fishfingers' Marshall (Prop)

Most capable; he held his own against all opposition without ever getting full support from the loose head. Quick and hard, he made the front of the line his own; backed up to the tune of 7 tries (Colours award).

'Titch' Alexander (Hooker)

Though lacking in size and strength, he hooked competently without ever being totally convincing. He was one of the quickest about the field and his backing-up showed up many of the other forwards. His accuracy in throwing in made good ball easier to get; he made a surprising contribution to the vocabulary of at least one referee; 1 try (Colours award).

'Chiggers' Charters (2nd Row)

The power in the forwards; his technique is not yet perfect but his time spent with the Merseyside team will have helped him; he held the pack together by example and skill; 4 tries (Colours re-award).

'Hypo' Caunce (2nd Row)

Very capable if a little short-sighted when in possession of the ball. His hardness was seen especially against Caldy Grange 3rd XV; his covering and skill in rucks and mauls could hardly be faulted. If he cures all his injuries (imaginary and otherwise) he will do well in senior sides; it is surprising how often he managed to turn out despite layers of padding; 3 tries (Colours award).

'Mad Maori' McLeod (No. 8)

Started in the centre but really influenced the team when moved to flanker and later to No. 8. Very strong and able in the loose, his powerful running from the base of the scrum set up many tries; 7 tries (Colours award).

'Larry Lamp-post' McNorton (Flanker)

A genuine line specialist, he was never beaten for possession and it was largely due to him that so much good ball was won. Rather independent, he must yet learn to play as his pack leader dictates, and give up his dreams of being a magnificent three-quarter; 6 tries (Colour award).

'Tackler' Caine (2nd Row)

Unlucky to make his debut against Ormskirk in a game marred by poor refereeing; he was on the day the best forward.

'Mac' McDonald (Hooker)

Discovered late in the season, his hooking was a revelation and he starred in the Stonyhurst Sevens; he could make the position his own if he continues to develop at this rate.

The following also played: Liddle (4 pts), Holmes, Seddon, Mawdesley and Moors.

J.R.W.

The team would like to thank Mr. Wohlers and Mr. Davies for all the time put in on their behalf, and also to all the home referees who all but once managed to produce a good result!

A.W.

UNDER 14 RUGBY

P.	W.	D.	L.
20	15	1	4

The strength of this season's Under 14 XV lay in its reserves. Over 45 boys turned out for the trials last September, and had we been able to arrange fixtures we could have turned out two teams every week. As it was the "B" team won its only game — against Cowley — by 34 points to nil.

There has been a tremendous amount of enthusiasm all season, both from players and reserves and the team has always had a large contingent of supporters, both home and away. The support of so many parents, in all weathers, has also been greatly appreciated.

The number of Colours awards must be a record for this age group, yet there were still boys omitted who might well have been included in the list in any other year.

Particular players could be singled out for special mention in a review of the season, but it is fair to say that the successes — and failures — were entirely due to teamwork. No one player makes a team. Even the "stars" are dependent on the hard work of their less spectacular colleagues.

During the season we were treated to some first-class rugby against very good opposition, but on the debit side the four defeats were the result of slackness at crucial times.



Against Ormskirk, (lost 9-10) two lapses of concentration allowed the home side to inch in front in the final minutes, and at St. Edward's (lost 4-14) the game could have been won had not several chances been lost through poor backing-up. Even allowing for the atrocious conditions, the game at St. Mary's (lost 3-4) could have been won had we not been so slow starting, while at Cowley (lost 10-20) the team paid dearly for easing up when they thought the game was won.

This report would be incomplete without a mention of our short tour at half-term.

The party consisting of twenty-six boys and three members of staff set off on the Sunday for Marlow, where we stayed at the Scoat Water Activities Centre, the accommodation turning out to be far better than we had expected.

The game on Monday, against High Wycombe R.G.S. was played in muddy conditions and the team took some time to adapt to them. However after being 8-0 down at half-time, they came back strongly to win 10-8, the winning try coming in the closing minutes of the game.

On Tuesday we travelled into London where we were entertained by St. Benedict's College, Ealing. This game was one of the most exciting it has been my privilege to watch. The spectators were kept on edge right up to the final whistle despite the fact that there was no score. The game flowed from end to end, with both teams playing attractive skilful Rugby, and only first class defensive work preventing tries galore.

We shall long remember these games and the lavish hospitality provided by our two host schools.

In conclusion, congratulations to N. Pickering, C. A. Matthews and Mardon on their selection for the Merseyside Under 14 XV versus Manchester, and we look forward to many more representative honours next season at Under 15 level.
E.T.J.

U 13 REPORT

Lacking confidence and with much to learn about the game, an enthusiastic and hopeful Under 13 team opened the season with an away fixture at Lancaster R.G.S. and were soundly beaten by 36 points to 6. With some of the weaknesses and mistakes corrected the team performed quite well in the second game and held a strong-running Arnold side to a 10-10 draw.

Aware now of its strength and ability the team continued to improve, beating Manchester by 40-4, Cardinal Allen by 6-0, losing narrowly to Blackpool and Kirkham but unhappily, just before Christmas sustaining a 0-28 defeat at Lytham in a keenly fought game against a very strong, well drilled side.

In the Easter term the fixture list looked to be a formidable one with fixtures against some of the leading Rugby schools in the North. Totally unimpressed by their opponents' reputations the team proceeded to win six games consecutively, beating Balshaw's by 12-8, Ormskirk by 50-4, St. Joseph's by 22-12, St. Edward's by 38-8, St. Mary's by 26-4 and, in a challenge game, Christ the King by over 50 points, this one-sided game being stopped at half-time, several players being interchanged, and a more even practice match resulting in the second half.

The final game took the boys to Caldy where the home side had an unbeaten record. Playing with wind and slope advantage K.G.V. swarmed into the opposition 25. Frustration followed upon frustration as vital passes were dropped or slightly forward, players were stopped inches short of the line and only one try was scored. Despite constant pressure the Caldy side held out, gradually came back into the game in the second half, scored twice, but were extremely lucky to win the game by 8 points to 4.

This successful second term made a big difference to the team's final record which stood at:

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
14	8	1	5	274	150

The whole Under 13 Squad of players enjoyed the season. The boys were eager to learn, keen to practice, played the game cleanly and in a sporting spirit, reflecting great credit on the school. If this attitude towards the game is maintained in coming seasons, this group of boys can bring more success to K.G.V. Rugby.
S.B.R.

LIFE SAVING

The Life Saving results this year have been excellent and the boys who were responsible for the instruction are to be congratulated on their efforts. New House and School records were established. E.S.G.

Award	Total
Distinction	11
Advanced Teacher's Cert.	1
Award of Merit	28
Teacher's Cert.	2
Bronze Cross	16
Bronze Medallion	56
Intermediate	33
Elementary	28
Adv. Safety Award	6
Prel. Safety Award	22
Adv. Resuscitation	79
Prel. Resuscitation	115

HOCKEY REPORT

Captain: M. J. Lowe; Vice-Captain: C. Gayton

Results:

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
1st XI	13	6	4	3	10	14
2nd XI	9	4	3	1	25	14

The first XI can feel reasonably satisfied with the results for the seasons games. Despite the dearth of goals for, the team has emerged with more wins than losses. All of the games, except one were close and hard fought. The game referred to was the one against Cald yGrange who have one of the best teams in the North of England.

Six of the L6th have had first XI experience and four of these held regular places. These will form the backbone of next year's team and with practice and more determination should do well.

Although the second XI had an up and down season there was no lack of goals. It was the first season of hockey for three of the players including the captain, Johnson.

Thanks are extended to Mr. Amer and all other members of staff who help with the umpiring of games.

The Regular 1st XI consisted of:-

Farrington (Full colours)

A good reliable goalkeeper who has the enviable record of having saved the two penalty flicks taken against him. Next year he will be a senior member of the team and as such should be more aggressive and dominant in the D.

Holliday (Full Colours)

A competent defender who was the last line of defence when the team changed their formation half way through the season. He kept cool under pressure and always did the safest thing.

Gayton (Vice-captain. Full Colours re-awarded)

At his best in defence but also played games at right half and inside right. Being one of the more experienced players he could be relied upon at all times to clear the ball accurately and with great speed.

Whittaker (Full Colours re-awarded)

The senior member of the team. He had the ability to make the ball appear to adhere to his stick in the tackle. A good all-round player who was much needed with so many newcomers in the team.

Lowe (Captain. Full Colours re-awarded)

He marshalled the team very well and set a good example to future half backs with his accurate distribution and hard cross-field passes. As well as a rocket-like shot he could beat the opposition (sometimes).

Partington (Secretary. Full Colours re-awarded)

Could beat most defenders for speed and skill but rarely had a chance to prove it because of the lack of passes. Moved to half-back at the end of the season but his lack of experience in this position showed.

Mitchell. (Full Colours)

Top scorer for the first team. He is deceptively fast and runs straight which leaves many defenders flat-footed. He has a good shot but his ball control could be better.

Beverley (Fixture secretary, full colours), Smith (half colours), Walmsley (half colours), Worsley (full colours), Briscoe (full colours), Ainsworth (half colours) and Gaunt (half colours) all had games for the first XI but did not play for the whole season.

A. PARTINGTON, U6M, Hon. Sec.

CROSS COUNTRY

Captain: A. Catherall; Secretary: N. Pulman

The overall performance of the cross-country team this year has been a little disappointing despite the experience of the team from the previous season. Cross-country is a team sport but considering their undoubted ability the team did not perform to their maximum capabilities on many occasions. Holt was the most consistent runner in the team though Pulman had one or two fine individual performances, notably his position of 34th in the Waterloo Road Relay Race. Wareing, Allen, Mell and Street despite their obvious keenness often ran below their potential. There were useful additions to the team later in the season with Gunns, Croome and Armstrong. Brassey and Rimmer, two of last season's key runners, lost interest as the season progressed.

The season started on a high note with three consecutive victories giving rise to optimism but much to everybody's surprise, especially the team's, defeat came at the hands of Clitheroe R.G.S. Fortunes continued at a low ebb with occasional victories when the team was not weakened by injury or illness. The season ended as it began with a good result in the Northern Schools Championship and a couple of wins when the team was strengthened by a few new members. It is hoped they can maintain the promise shown.

One of the more unfortunate aspects of the past two seasons has been the decrease in the number of matches for teams in the lower age groups, because other schools cannot field teams. It is a pity that the juniors have not received a taste of the sport to whet their appetite. Next season we intend to broaden our horizons.

Finally, the team would like to thank Mr. Stainton and Mr. Marsh for their assistance and support.

BADMINTON 71/72

The school Badminton team had a fairly successful season but were unlucky in the Red Rose Competition. The season progressed with some mediocre performances and these were somewhat of an apathetic approach towards the matches. The best school performance was against the Bolton school team where the home team lost by a few points after some brilliant performances by Hepworth and Catterall. The season finished on a low note with a good performance by the whole K.G.V. team but lost again to the Bolton team. The opposition was of a mixed strength with Hutton, Crosby and Skelmersdale all playing with a great deal of confidence.

This year's depth of players has been small compared with previous years yet the performances by the younger players of Hepworth, Catterall and Whitely will have good repercussions in the future. The junior team also played well with good performances from Marshall and other players.

The Red Rose Competition was rather unsuccessful this year with the Senior team losing to Southport Technical College with the eventual winners being the Bolton team. Congratulations should be given to Catterall, Marshall and Whitely who are regular players of the Lancashire junior team.

The house league was dominated for the 4th successful year by a very strong Woodhams squad with Warren, Trickett, Stobo, Wootton and Halsall. The runners-up were Mason. The new system has run smoothly in the league table and the junior houses are very keen and active.

I would like to thank everyone personally who has performed in the last three years with me and Mr. Miley especially for the keenness he has shown to the school Badminton team.

GRAHAM WARREN (Captain).

BASKETBALL

The School U15 Basketball retained the Southport Schools Basketball trophy winning all five of its games. The team, although not outstanding, played adequately and were never in danger of losing their unbeaten record.

Catterall and John played exceptionally well in offence and were ably supported by Wilks and Fairclough. Axon and McNorton, although never really fulfilling their true potential, added strength to the team's attack. Croome and Charters played particularly well in defence without contributing over-much to offensive plays. Junior colours were awarded to all of the above mentioned players. Marshall also played one match.

Results:-

Played 5, Won 5, For 142 points; Against 45

(Catterall 44 pts.; John 40 pts.; McNorton 34 pts.; Axon 22 pts.; were the leading points scorers) J.C.C.

THE ANGLING SOCIETY

President: Mr. M. E. Greenhalgh; Hon. Sec.: M. Kendrick
Committee: D. Sephton, D. G. Blundell, E. Marland

Due to gross apathy and indecision amongst our more junior members we were unable to fill sufficient seats in the minibus to make any trips economically viable during this year. The committee had a meeting to inspect the Fleet at Christmas but sadly the President was unable to attend.

Our thanks to M. E. G. for his support and to Mr. H. C. Davies for his generous loan of Biology lab for dinner time meetings. Enthusiastic members will be welcomed

M.R.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY REPORT

Chairman: Mr. F. Large

Acting Committee: P. Butcher, M. Salter, M. Wood

As yet we have not had any meetings this year, but we are hoping to rectify this in the near future.

Many of you will have noticed that the Observatory is falling into decay, and our work this term has been aimed at rebuilding it. Of course we need money (and lots of it!) as well as willing helpers and also, with a little luck, co-operation from some of the masters, especially Mr. Long.

We are attempting to raise money by car-washing and are charging 25p per car. So far this has been quite successful, and the chance of a prize, recently introduced, has brought us more volunteers. (If anyone else would like to help, please get in touch with Mr. Large).

Our first job, when we have raised enough money, will be to replace the wooden dome with one of a stronger material, possibly, fibre-glass. Then we shall need lenses for the telescope, and other accessories.

Last of all I will remind you that we need all the help we can get to raise money. We are also looking for more fund raising ideas and if anyone has any such ideas, please contact Mr. Large or one of the Acting Committee.

P. BUTCHER.

JUNIOR CHRISTIAN UNION REPORT

Chairman: P. Chadwick

Committee: B. Armstrong, C. Nelson, P. Chester

Although attendances have remained low this term there has been a slight increase in the numbers present and we hope that this will continue. One thing that has struck the Junior Christian Union hard is the fact that there are not many first or second years present at the meetings. It is for this reason that a new committee in the Junior School has been set up. It is hoped that since they are in this section, a new link may be forged between the leaders and the attenders.

This term began with Junior C.U. meetings every Tuesday but due to such activities as Intermediate cricket matches, etc. this has had to be changed once or twice.

For the first meeting we had a total turn out of six who clamoured for the autograph of the speaker, Mr. Fitton. The next meetings, however, increased in popularity, with a bunch of noisy Covenanters appearing (but their noisiness may be forgiven for the fact that they do attend).

I will end by giving thanks, felt by all C.U. members, to Peter Beverly, Mike Abrams (who will be becoming leader of the Senior C.U.) and the Findlaters who have led the Junior C.U. ably and well for many terms.

P. CHESTER.

SENIOR C.U. REPORT

Leaders: Brian Skerry, John Hosker, Mike Abrams

The Senior Christian Union this term has met three times as yet. Each meeting has been interesting, but our first was one on Eastern Religions, when Mr. Ken Storey talked about Buddhism, Hinduism and Christianity. I found this meeting the most interesting. The other two meetings were on Northern Ireland and Gospel Records.

I don't know if any have heard of the "Jesus Revolution", which has been characterised by the appearance of large numbers of orange stickers. However at KGV it has been decidedly mild with only a few stickers on lockers and bags. On these orange stickers are the words "Jesus died so that we might have peace with God", and I find this relevant to my life at KGV.

We would like to welcome anyone to our C.U. meetings next term however much they are for or against Jesus Christ.

M.D.A.

CHESS REPORT 1971-72

Ah! Summer is here again and the Chess Team can put away all thoughts of Chess until the Autumn. The team had a moderately successful year, having won five of our nine games in the Wright Shield competition, drawing one and losing three. The game against Wade Deacon school was played at the height of the power blackouts, and was finished by candle-light. Paul Darwin relates that the experience of having hot wax dripped on one's pawns is not a pleasant one.

In the "Sunday Times" knock-out competition, the team for the first time reached the zonal final. This we lost 4-2 to Bolton School, but the match was away, and we were forced to field a weakened team owing to the closeness of 'O' level trials. Excuses, excuses!

Of the team itself, a special mention must go to Peter Ashton, who although only in the first year, plays to a remarkably high standard. He has produced the goods against much older opponents on more than one occasion, after coming into the side at Board 7.

On Board 1, Paul Darwin continued his run of success (the swine!), and his experience was a useful factor in strengthening an otherwise young team.

Boards 3 and 4 belonged to N. Stallard and S. Dean, who continued to render good service, as did Fitchett and Mooney on Boards 5 and 6. The experience gained on these two boards should be useful next season.

Mr. Clough retires as master-in-charge of Chess this year. His work in shepherding the team around the towns of West Lancashire, combined with his cheery personality in victory or defeat was most welcome.

Mr. A. R. Allen will be taking over as master-in-charge of Chess next term. His ability to drive the minibus will be especially welcome, and the team can but wish him every success.

J.M.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Chairman: N. Stallard
Secretary: R. Bradley

Committee: J. Sykes, D. Strang

This term the Debating Society was its usual sparkling self and in one particularly lively debate our beloved chairman even woke up!

Our first debate this term was an informal joint discussion with the High School which took place at Mr. Stallard's house. The starting point was "This house would commit suicide." Our second and only other debate so far took the form of a Brains Trust. The panel consisted of Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. Allen, Mr. Stallard, and Mr. Hubart. Topics discussed ranged from Happiness to Communism to Doodling.

Next term we hope to introduce an Inter-House Debating Contest and to restart joint debates.

R. BRADLEY.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Chairman: P. Whitworth
Treasurer: D. Strang
Hon. Sec.: D. Sephton

During the past school year the Society has been in a state of dormancy. This is partially due to the loss of V. Callen who left the school last year after being the backbone of the Society for several years. We hope to start the Society again next year and with new members it should soon be at its former strength.

D.S.

RAILWAY SOCIETY REPORT

President: Mr. D. E. Radcliffe
Chairman: D. R. Geering
Secretary: N. R. George

Committee: J. Whitehead, A. S. Ryder, A. J. Bretherton

The term began without any fuss with a tremendous amount of inactivity when the members lounged about the school roof with a mass of beer bottles, picking the ice from our pistons. Soon Mr. Radcliffe began to provide the steam, David Geering provided the slides, Neil George provided it wasn't raining and the Society soon found its feet: they belonged to Alaister Ryder and pretty odd they were too.

Mr. Radcliffe gave us a lecture on the Flying Scotsman, providing all his own jewellery, and Ryder discussed the relevance of the goods wagon in Scottish-Patagonian Diplomatic Relations. (No members were present at the latter and the speaker was carried out by the caretaker the following morning).

On the whole, this term can be said to have been different and, next term, apart from a visit to the narrow-gauge railways of the Welsh slate quarries, it is hoped that we can divert the main London to Carlisle line through the Junior lavatories with a request stop at the Upper Staff Room. "Mind the doors, please!" A vast red map of the N.M.R. will be provided free of charge by Mrs. Davies.

N.R.G./S.M.M.

SIXTH FORM FILM SOCIETY

President: Mr. Ward

Chairman: H. Herbert

Committee: B. Skerry, M. Graham, R. M. Birrell, N. P. Cornish

The first film in the Autumn term was "Dr. Strangelove". This film was well received by a large audience. This was followed by a Russian film, "The Cranes are Flying", a slow film with sub-titles and rather disappointing. Dirk Bogarde in "The Servant" was next screened. This too was a slow film, together with a deep story, and little action made un-interesting viewing. "Tom Jones" was the film that closed the Autumn programme. This film was well received and will be remembered for a long time.

The Spring term was started by "Our Man in Havana", a disappointing comedy starring Alec Guinness. A contemporary film, "400 Blows", followed, which was generally enjoyed. The Spring season closed with "To Kill a Mocking Bird." The screening of this by the B.B.C. on the following Sunday resulted in a small audience. Our only film in the Summer term was "Otley", the story of a down-and-out crook played by Tom Courtenay.

The films this year cannot have been a total failure as for the first year in many we made a profit, being £3.10 in the black.

The committees of both the High School and K.G.V. feel that the society needs to see some changes during the coming year. It has been decided to show one programme of six films instead of two of four. The price of the tickets will come down from 80p to 60p. The two committees have met and come up with the following programme, which we hope will offer a broader and more interesting range of films:

CAT BALLOU: A comedy Western about a gang of crooks and their very feminine leader.

FAHRENHEIT 451: Our first science fiction film. The story of a futuristic society that bans the written word and the individual approach.

THE THRONE OF BLOOD: An excellent film set in a land of grim castles and ghostly forests. Said, by the "Daily Express" critic, to be full of hate, blood, eeriness and fury.

THE ITALIAN JOB: Probably one of the best-known films to have been recently released.

THE GRADUATE: Needs no recommendation as an excellent film and a very funny comedy.

CITIZEN KANE: The story of the rise to fame of an American who eventually runs for President; and the decline of the empire he built.

The films may not be shown in the above order.

H.H.

THORNLEY SOCIETY

Chairmen: J. R. Powell, R. Fletcher

Toastmaster General: F. Gorse

Chargé d' Affaires: Mr. I. Travers

Technical Adviser: R. Blackman:

Novices: K. Collins, P. Ramskill, C. Watson

Guest Appearances: A. Bretherton, J. Whitehead, 'Woodpecker' Don, Billy Budd, Al (PUC), Pete, etc., etc., etc.

Grades of Climbs

Extremely Severe

Hard Very Severe

Very Severe

Severe

Very Difficult

Difficult

Moderate

increase in difficulty

"There are few treasures of a more lasting worth than the experience of a way of life that in itself is wholly satisfying, such, after all, are the only possessions of which no fate, no cosmic catastrophe can deprive; nothing can alter the fact if for one moment in eternity we have really lived."

Eric Shipton.

The strains of the Light Cavalry Overture were in late November to herald the entry into Langdale of a large black Rover which managed to increase the reputation of its occupants but did little to boost their energy to climb, and consequently little was done in the last few weeks of term even though this period had been intended to be a prelude to a proposed Scottish winter.

Unfortunately, due to a lack of interest on the part of Bert Foord and the Guardian's meteorological department good snow conditions failed to appear in Scotland, so once again an extremely low pressure appeared in Langdale in the shape of the Thornley Society. However even though snow conditions were poor the temperatures were still low for the time of year which often turned the ascent of even easier grade climbs into epics, which was borne out by an ascent of Great Gully (a Hard Difficult on Dow Crag) during which an interesting conversation about the ethics of using icicles as hand-holds was carried out in rather colourful terms. However on this meet, après climb activities took up more time than usual, and perhaps inevitably a love-hate (with the emphasis strongly on the latter word) relationship was struck up with the camp-warden. The New Year was

brought in in fine style at the Salutation, unfortunately only to be brought back again the next morning by some members. To round off the hogmonay the what has now become traditional ascent of Nineveh was recorded by all four surviving members.

Snow conditions had improved to a certain extent by half-term when Did, Frank and John Seddon hitched up to Langdale, where a very spartan (even the ODG had power cuts) few days were spent for the most part doing snow climbing. North Gully on Bowfell was climbed although on this occasion the descent proved more exciting than the ascent particularly for Free-Falling Frank who was in fine form managing a 300 ft. slide/fall stopping only because he ran out of snow.

At Easter two trips were made to Langdale. Over Easter weekend the elements were really against us, the wind howled in the trees and the rains came and the waters rose and there was a wailing and a gnashing of teeth (due mainly to an excess of Langdale 'nectar' and Rob's cooking). The wrath of Odin descended upon us in the form of P.C. 59 Bimson, who was accompanied by a great fiery message in the sky, saying

POLICE
STOP

Luckily this was only a spot check and activities were still carried on from Langdale camp-site rather than Ambleside nick. However the climbing such as it was was hindered even more by the atrocious conditions, which gave us only one good half-day out of five, flippers would have been a good substitute for boots.

On a fleeting visit to Borrowdale an ascent of Eve (VS) was made considerably easier by the technical advice of Rob Nureyev Blackman, who had done the route the week before. Perhaps the highlight of this weekend was the curious nocturnal activities of one member of the party who we now have found out to be a complete vegetarian, but as long as he was put out to pasture every night he didn't annoy anyone.

The Official Thornley meet held at the RLH the following weekend unfortunately didn't go quite as planned, with the weather once again turning against us, the novices arriving late, and the temptations of Ambleside proving too much for some. However Rob and Did managed to slot in two good climbs during the only piece of good weather, doing Bilberry Buttress and Rowan Tree Grooves (both VS) in a day. The Headmaster's arrival was helpful in teaching the novices and several ascents were recorded in Borrowdale, but apart from this, little real climbing was done.

However the novices probably still did more climbing than is usual on a novices' meet.

At this stage we must thank Mr. Travers for putting up with our antics. He kindly took charge of the Thornley Society at the beginning of the year even though he was a non-climber. The society had, however, managed to function for two years without a master and is still going strong. By its nature the Thornley Society isn't bound by a rigid set of rules but rather it runs on its own inbuilt unwritten laws and the Society must remain a delicate balance between a school society and a close-knit group of friends if it is to flourish in the future.

"When this you see remember us,
And bear us in your mind,
Let all the world say what they may,
Think of us as you find."

R.F./J.R.P.

WARGAMES SOCIETY REPORT

Hon. President: Mr. T. Hindenburg (tactics have not changed in 3000 years) von Allen

General Dogsboddy: Dave Atkins

Secretary: Price

Heads of Sections: Horatio von Chester / B. Jellicoe
Armstrong (Navel), Julius Conway (Ancien)

Although this is the first report of the Society, we have been in existence for about a year. Apart from an exclusive set of warriors who mass under the auspices of our (Hon.) Pres. each lunchtime, our activities during this time have been confined to monthly Saturday sacrifices on Bellona's altar (alias Room 29). From this chrysalid state we have recently been awakened by a lively and extensive campaign involving dog-fights over 1917 France. This has met with some success, indeed even as I write, the agonised cries of Baron von Illingworth rend the air as the dice fall against him. Wafting black smoke from the back of the falling warrior I struggle to continue, but the staccato chatter of Mick McConway's Vickers gun interrupts with a stream of leaden death . . . ah, back to reality. Other activities so far have included a good deal of research and work into naval warfare, pioneered by Chester and his trusty aide "Jellicoe" Armstrong. Conway and Thornbrough lead our ancient section's activities, dazzling us all with a display of atrocious Latin military terms. Exams dominate the field for the rest of term, although it is hoped to launch an East Africa campaign. So, as we leave you, my colleagues suggest this truly apt ending: SALUTE.

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

Vous me demandez très gentiment d'écrire quelque chose pour votre magazine.

Question: "A propos de quoi?" Réponse: "Anything." Je vais donc essayer de parler de "n'importe quoi." Cela peut paraître facile à première vue. Il semble qu'il y ait une vaste étendue de sujets qui traitent de n'importe quoi . . . Pourtant il apparaît que ma nationalité me pousse à parler d'un sujet qui m'est cher: la France; avec cette réserve que la France ça n'est pas n'importe quoi! Que dire sur ce pays? Je ne vais quand même pas vous infliger le Marché Commun, Concorde ou la recette des cuisses de grenouilles. Je propose plutôt un peu de "n'importe quoi" sur ce peuple bizarre: les Français. Je ne vous apprendrai pas que les Français sont indisciplinés, qu'ils ne font pas la queue aux arrêts d'autobus mais préfèrent la bousculade générale même s'ils doivent y perdre la moitié de leurs vêtements; qu'ils ne traversent pas dans les passages cloutés, parce que même s'ils le faisaient, les voitures ne s'arrêteraient pas; qu'ils se détestent les uns les autres, mais adorent se retrouver quand ils voyagent à l'étranger; qu'ils sont fiers de vivre dans une République, mais ont la larme à l'œil quand ils reçoivent le souverain d'un autre pays; qu'ils déplorent de tenir le record du monde des alcooliques mais font payer un jus de fruit trois fois plus cher qu'un verre de vin; qu'ils s'étonnent que tant d'endroits en Angleterre s'appellent Waterloo; qu'ils reconnaissent volontiers ne pas avoir l'esprit sportif et n'aiment pas perdre le "tournoi des cinq nations" qu'ils ignorent complètement les règles du jeu de cricket mais se retrouvent chaque dimanche devant leurs télévisions pour suivre la cause du "tière"; que l'accordéon est en France l'instrument le plus populaire et le plus détesté; que chaque village possède sa "fanfare" mais aucune n'est capable de jouer correctement la Marseillaise; que le gouvernement ne fait rien pour eux mais qu'ils ne pourraient vivre ailleurs qu'en France, enfin et surtout que leur cuisine est la meilleure du monde. Si vous voulez vous en rendre compte et si vous voulez en prendre plus; une seule solution. Venez en France.

J'allais oublier, les Français exagèrent beaucoup surtout quand ils parlent d'eux mêmes.

C. FOUCON.

A LONG RIGG VISIT

The jubilee edition of the "Red Rose" had a photograph of Long Rigg as its back cover to remind us that the major commemoration of the Jubilee was the purchase of the hostel for use by boys of all ages in the school.

No report of a typical three day visit has, however, appeared in this magazine. The following brief reports are meant to fill the gap.

This term all boys in the third forms have had the opportunity to visit the hostel for a period of three days. Each group has been given the same work to do.

3X went to the hostel in two groups during the week

4-11 June.

Group A was under the leadership of Mr. T. J. Bruce and Mr. G. Rogers. The boys in the group were: G. S. Bailey, J. M. Beresford, D. A. Bickerton, C. A. Brewin, A. M. Holgate, M. R. Howard, D. S. McKenzie, J. D. Morton, T. J. Nelson, A. J. Pulham, B. R. Sinclair, M. Stringfellow.

Group B was led by Mr. P. J. Comfort and Mr. T. B. Johnson. Boys in the group were: J. M. D. Ball, I. M. Burton, D. B. Collinge, D. J. Edwards, C. S. Gilmour, R. J. Greenwood, D. Hitchen, A. D. Martin, J. P. Mason, S. N. Mentha, I. I. Nissenbaum, I. M. Robinson, M. I. Thomas, J. C. Yandell.

For the purpose of these reports, after the return from the hostel, each of the two groups was divided up into pairs, and each pair chose to write on one of the headings below. There were thus two reports on each aspect, the better of which, after scrutiny by the group editorial committee, is included below.

The Journey There (Group A)

By 11 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, 4th June, all members of the party were assembled at the entrance of the school.

The luggage was stacked and the provisions were loaded into the back of the minibus. By 11-45 everything was packed. Mr. Bruce and Mr. Rogers, the masters-in-charge, climbed into the minibus. The rest of us piled in arguing as to who should have which seat.

The journey was rather uneventful and we stopped once at a motorway service area. Here we were given 15 minutes to do as we wished. During this time Sinclair was trapped in the observation tower where Holgate had deserted him. Consequently he was late and the masters were not pleased.

M.S./J.D.M.

The First Evening

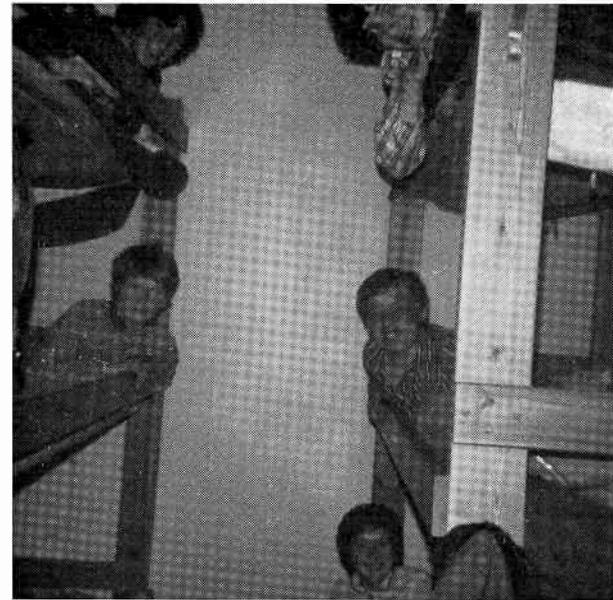
When we arrived at Long Rigg, we divided ourselves into three dormitories, chose our beds and unpacked such things as our walking boots and haversacks — containing a plastic mac. We then unloaded the provisions from Mr. Johnson's car, and stocked them in a larder which already contained the left-overs from the last group — half-full jam jars and bottles with a few drops of orange squash left in them.

Next we all trooped up into the laboratory where we were each given a compass, a 2½ inches to the mile map of Sedbergh and the surrounding district, and a "clip-board" — a thin, flat, hard piece of wood and a metal clip — the use of which is to secure any maps or worksheets onto a flat surface, which is necessary when one has to jot down notes when out in the open. After having signed for these articles (a precaution which is taken against the possible loss of any equipment) we put on our boots and went out for a walk with Mr. Comfort, leaving Mr. Johnson behind as chief cook and table-layer — the results of which showed that he is no novice at the art!

On our walk we went up on to Long Rigg Fell itself, where Mr. Comfort (aided and abetted by Thomas, Martin and Gilmour — to name but a few) showed that the rock we were standing on was "a finer grained sandstone — Coniston Grit to be precise," of, as we were assured, by Thomas, "the Silurian period — about 450 million years old" — "give or take a few million," as Mr. Comfort added. All attempts to find a flaw in Collinge's knowledge of birds and their habitat failed dismally, as he spotted crows, peewits, swifts, skylarks and black-headed gulls.

The walk ended with a trek across the local golf course — not exactly the standard of Royal Birkdale — but nevertheless, a golf course, and then a march through Millthrop, the nearby village, a very small, quiet place where nothing seemed to happen.

After dinner — which consisted of chicken, carrots, peas and mashed potatoes, followed by fruit salad and rice pudding, we did, from inside the hostel, some preliminary work on Settlebeck Gill, a small mountain stream, about which more will be said later.



At about ten o'clock we had supper, which consisted of two (chocolate or cream or plain?) biscuits and a cup of ("milk — hot or cold, chocolate, coffee, tea or lime and lemon?"), after which we got washed and went to bed — though not, for a time, to sleep, I hasten to add.

In our dormitory we had a long theological discussion — participating were J. P. Mason, J. C. Yandell and D. J. Edwards, with helpful comments from S. N. Mentha and ("shh! Can't you whisper?") M. I. Thomas. In another dormitory a pillow fight was raging and in the third one there was a continuous wave of kicking (I quote I. M. Burton).

"I kicked Ball and he kicked Robinson and Robinson jumped down and hit me and I kicked Ball and so-on 'ad infiNIGHTum.' "

However, by 1 o'clock peace reigned.

J.C.Y./J.P.M.

Visit to Settlebeck Gill (Group B)

After doing some preparatory work on the Gill on the previous evening, we left the hostel early and walked as a group to Lane Ends. We followed a little lane to the main road and we walked along this road till we came to the old bridge over the Rawthy and to the point where the Gill has been re-channelled to enter the river at a new point. Here the party stopped and noted various physical and meteorological features.

Then, after a short rest, we pressed on towards Sedburgh. Here we all nipped off to the shops for grub and drinks.

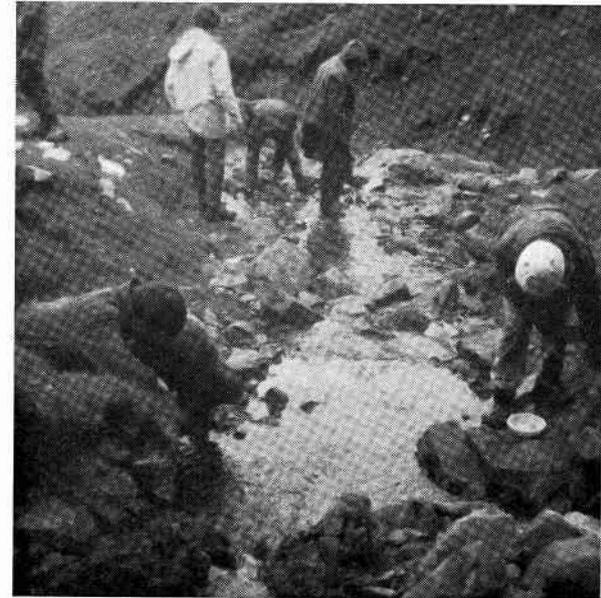
We left the car park (and Mr. Johnson) and followed a rather vague signpost "To the Fell". It started to rain heavily, and we all 'covered up' in our respective manners. In the distance we could see (so we were told by Mr. Comfort) a certain Drumlin which used to have an old Norman castle on it, built probably of wood.

We continued to go on upstream as various 'specialists' pursued their hobbies. If an interesting bird was spotted, all turned to D. Collinge for advice, if an interesting plant, all eyes were on I. Robinson and, on a rare occasion, concerning an interesting rock, I myself (M. Thomas) could give an answer. On the subject of trees (and shrubs) S. Mentha could usually be relied on and so, with everybody interested in something or other, we continued on up the Gill.

We stopped for lunch after about threequarters of an hour on an uneven area about 50 feet straight up from the Gill, spread out over three or four patches of flatter ground. Neighbouring springs made the ground wet and uncomfortable, but I. Robinson had the answer, for on his rucksack he had a pull-out stool.

After lunch was completed, R. Greenwood lost his sandwich tin plus his apple over the precipice. These were then followed by two more apples and one apple-core. After this, we wasted another half-hour in going down to the stream to regain them.

This having been achieved, some of us trooped up a 45 ft. gully (just to waste more time).



We now came down the stream to observe and note various aspects from a high vantage point, this completed, in a slight drizzly shower of rain, we trooped off up the stream for about 300 yards.

We went to do a transect of Settlebeck Gill and were split up for four various jobs on the transect, namely (1) A Levelling Survey; (2) A Vegetation Survey; (3) Stream Bed Examination; (4) A Survey of Terrestrial Fauna.

The different groups finished at various times and chatted amongst themselves while waiting for Mr. Johnson to return from a solitary trek to the top of Winder.

After about 1½ hours, we moved off and it began to rain. We made fast downward progress and were soon in the car-park, at which point it ceased to rain. We were left to make our way home (to the hostel) by the two masters (Mr. Johnson having left his car at the park). We split up and made our way back.

In the evening (after dinner) we copied up our work on the Gill — to form a large, complete transect, which came near to ruin when C. Gilmour 'blotted' it with ink, but it was saved by the same boy, so he redeemed himself.

The rest of that evening is covered later in this account.

M.T./S.M.



The Sedbergh Survey

For this task the party was split up into four groups. The work we were to do was a survey on the development of Sedbergh by 1980, assuming also there was to be a doubling of the population from 2,000 to 4,000 inhabitants. The aspects with which each group dealt were: Housing and Industry, Traffic, Shops and Services, and finally Conservation. I was in the group dealing with the aspect of "Housing and Industry," which included B. Sinclair and A. Pulham, whilst Beresford was in the group with G. Bailey and A. Holgate, dealing with the aspect of "Shops and Services." Worksheets were dealt out to everybody, which were varied according to the work of the group. The worksheet which my group had contained questions such as: "What are the industries present at the following three mills: Millthrop Mill, Birks Mill and Fairfields Mill?" As all three mills were situated along the River Rawthey, questions were asked as to why this was so. To find the answers we had to walk a fair way along the river. We also had to position an "Ordnance Survey" factory and two housing estates positioned conveniently near the factory and also near the routes to Kendal and the M6.

Meanwhile Beresford's group on the subject of "Shops and Services," was walking along the Sedbergh Main Street listing the shops and suggesting possible positions for a large Supermarket and a pedestrian precinct. They also had to look for possible areas for demolition so as to make way for new shops and perhaps services such as the fire and ambulance or maybe even public toilets and swimming baths. They also had to find space for two car parks.

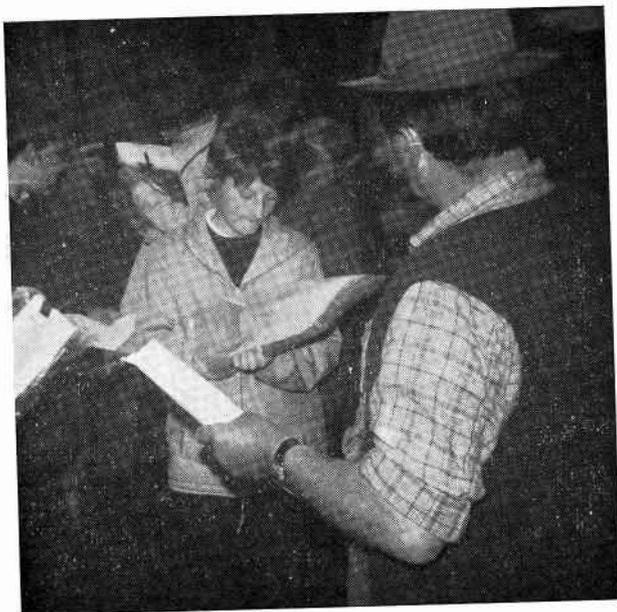
The third group dealing with traffic were instructed to go to all the main junctions and count the traffic that went through there for ten minutes. This information they had to represent in a chart.

The conservationists had the job of walking round town and marking on their map the areas that needed to be conserved.

When we arrived back at the hostel, each group got on with their maps, as in my group's case filling in the positions of the Ordnance Survey factory and the two housing estates.

That evening a "Court of Enquiry" was held in the laboratory: each group showed their work and results. The other groups were allowed to ask questions and try to illustrate the slightest mistakes to the judges (Mr. Rogers and Mr. Bruce) in order to give their group the better chance of winning the prize, 10 pence for each member. The result was almost a tie between my group and Beresford's group, but Beresford's group just won.

J.M.B./C.A.B.



The Farm Visit (Group B)

On June 9th, the third day of our stay at Long Rigg, we visited Blandses Farm, just down the road from our hostel. Mr. Hoggarth, the farmer, told us about his farm where he and his son work.

The size is 78½ acres, a normal-sized farm in the area. There are 21 fields separated by stone walls and the fields mostly grow grass for livestock. The cattle eat silage, which is grass that has been cut and left for a day in the hot weather, then collected and put into large plastic bags. This, according to the farmer, was better for the cows than hay as they produced a lot more milk.

The fertiliser used on these fields was manure 16-8-8. This means 16 parts of nitrate, 8 parts of potash and 8 of phosphate. The content of the manure was indicated at the bottom of the manure bags in this way. Basic slag was also used as fertilizer. Land treated with slag was treated again with 25% nitrate ('nitrochoke'). When the crop was removed, the land was treated with 25% nitrate again and 8% potash. The basic slag provided phosphates.

On the farm, there are 106 cattle, 150 sheep and 46 hogs.

There are a lot of items of equipment. two tractors, two hay balers, a spreader, three carts, a grass cutter, a forage harvester, a plough, disc harrow, a cattle trailer and a cambridge roller. It takes a long time to save up for this expensive equipment, a tractor costing at least £1,520 and all the equipment totalling about £5,000.

At different times of the year, the farmer has various chores to do: In Spring, ploughing and manuring plus cleaning up after the Winter. In early Summer, silaging if the weather is sufficiently hot. More silage is gathered in August and September. In October, sheep are brought in and potatoes are gathered in November. December is left to clean up again.

The farmer buys seeds from S.A.I. in Edinburgh, fertilisers from I.C.I. and Hargreaves and machinery from Taylor's of Bentham. The milk the cows produce has to go to the M.M.B. Newly-calved cows go to Sedbergh cattle market, lambs go to Sedbergh or Kendal and bull calves go to Kendal.

Milking is a very important function of the farm. The farm produces 86 gallons per day. The milking is done in the dairy where about 14 cows can be milked at once. The apparatus which fits onto the cow is connected to an electric supply and a tube for the milk. The machine squeezes and sucks out the milk at the same time. Then the milk is pumped into the tube. This process is continued and the milk goes through the tube into the next building where it is stored in a large tank.

The principle of the milking machine can be shown by putting your thumb in one of the cups so it blocks it completely. The rubber can be felt squeezing the thumb, and the lack of pressure inside makes it hard to keep your thumbs in for long or else it starts to throb.



Every day, a tanker from the M.M.B. comes to the farm to collect the milk.

The farmer does not seem to collect much profit from the milk. It usually depends on the sort of milk it is. Young cows give a lot of milk but only a little butter fat. Older cows give a little milk which has a high fat content. It seems that the retailer collects most of the profit. It would take thousands of gallons of milk to save up enough for a tractor, as the farmer sells a gallon for only 4/6.

C.G./D.H.

Free time could be spent in such a variety of ways that the reports of both groups are included here.

Other Aspects (Group A)

When we had completed our work, we were allowed free time. Some of the time was used for sport; the most popular sports being football and table tennis. On the other hand, however, some time had to be used to prepare work for the following day or for the evening's discussion.

At night, lights out was at half-past ten, and time for going to sleep was about half-past three. Holgate, Pulham, Brewin and Sinclair always made sure of that.

Despite the warning that there was to be no food or drink in the dormitories, there were always a few empty cans and sweet wrappers kicking around in the morning. What the masters confiscated was purely for their own consumption.

Although the work was hard, the contrast of work and leisure was enjoyable, and as we boarded the minibus to go back home, we all said it was a pleasurable experience we should like to repeat.

B.S./A.P.

Other Aspects

You have been told what happened on the first evening, so we will start with the following morning.

We woke up to the smell of sizzling bacon, and the clatter of dishes in the kitchen. There was also a great argument raging between Mr. Comfort and Mr. Johnson as to how eggs should be cooked. Finally Mr. Comfort won, and we had fried eggs. All the meals were very good, and we would like to nominate the two masters for head chefs at the London Hilton, despite the fact they could not make hot chocolate!

That evening a great football match developed between Mr. Johnson's side (Manchester City) and Mr. Comfort's side (Liverpool). Johnathan Ball was commentator.

"Here we are live at Long Rigg, and the teams have just run onto the field. This is not going to be an ordinary game of football, the idea is that both sides shoot at one goal, and the side scoring most goals wins. Mr. Comfort's side looks strong, with Yandell "the Masher" at half-back. (He has been booked more times than anyone can remember). Mr. Johnson's side are not to be outdone, however, with little Hitchen "the Head" sneaking around on the wing. The goalkeeper boots the ball out, and the game starts. Edwards, a 'Manchester City' star traps the ball, and flicks it outside to captain Johnson. He sends over a good cross, and in it goes from Hitchen's head. The ball is booted out again, and Johnson and Yandell, literally, fight for it. Johnson wins, but loses it again to Mighty Mason, the mouse. He beats two men, but then engages Murdering Martin, who, living up to his name, chops down little Moss, a free kick is given to Liverpool, and Yandell tells Martin what he thinks of him.

The goals mount up pretty evenly, and after an hour or so the score is 13-11 to City. Then Johnson trips up the goalkeeper, and Comfort, who has been placid so far, takes the penalty superbly, sending the now mud-covered Ball the wrong way 13-12. Liverpool are now playing well, with Mason and Comfort passing the ball to Yandell in the area. Some time later, with goals now being hard to score Liverpool are winning 15-13. Five minutes to go. The excitement is at fever pitch. Edwards has the ball and trips over his own feet in the area, appealing, rather pathetically, for a penalty. But in comes Greenwood, and blasts the ball past Ball.

Then, Yandell comes bursting through kicking at anything that moves, and handing off in rugby style. A penalty is given to City, and Johnson makes sure with a left-footed drive. In the dying seconds the goals flood in, and Robinson manages to miss a penalty. But it is too late for another come-back, and the whistle goes.

Final Score:

LIVERPOOL 21, MANCHESTER CITY 17

A great game, and those who took part certainly enjoyed it.

J.M., D.B./I.M.R.

Other Aspects (Group C)

There were an awful lot of chores to do.

T.J.B./P.J.C./T.B.J./G.R.



The Journey Back (Group A)

The journey back started in pouring rain. We stopped twice; the first time for diesel oil and the second time at the same service area as before. After leaving the motorway we went through Preston where, for no reason at all, the whole group burst into song. The most peculiar thing about this was that most of the songs were the theme tunes of popular T.V. programmes: The Goodies, Play School, Monty Python's Flying Circus, The High Chaparal, Tales of The River Bank, Rupert The Bear and Sleepy Shores. On arrival back at school we were greeted by the second group. There we told them it was hard work but enjoyable.

M.S./J.D.M.

POLLUTION

The waste products from our factories and homes have increased as our society becomes more industrialised and affluent, thus creating environmental and social problems. The disposal of such unwanted and unusable materials is an increasing problem in a crowded world. If, when the material is thrown away, it offends the senses of others or is detrimental to their well-being then pollution is occurring

Pollution of the atmosphere occurs in five instances. Firstly, this entails the emittance of smoke, grit, ash and sulphur dioxide from industrial chimneys. Secondly, car exhausts cause many unwanted substances to be present in the atmosphere, such as lead compounds and carbon monoxide. Both can be deadly. Thirdly, waste materials escaping from factories, such as asbestos dust, cyanide and fluorine compounds. Fourthly, radioactivity, especially when the activity is high. Effects of radioactive poisoning can occur years after the event. Fifthly, loud and unnecessary noise on our roads and in the air constitutes an annoying form of pollution to many people.

Pollution of water entails the dumping of sewage into rivers. This sewage can be processed to give often useful materials. Oil, of which about one million tons is lost or dumped at sea every year causes loss to marine life and ruins once scenic sea shores. Poison gases are dumped at sea as are other dangerous wastes.

Pollution of the land may be easier to control. Litter constitutes an urban as well as a countryside problem. Slag heaps ruin landscapes and give rise to accidents, or as in Aberfan, disasters. Ugly and derelict buildings in cities cause dirt and take up valuable space.

A lot of harm can be inflicted directly such as drugs which affect our population. C.S. gas, used in riot control causes burns and effects the lungs. Pesticides such as D.D.T. and fungicides such as mercury compounds (recently found in tuna fish) are harmful to humans.

In the following analysis we will attempt to discuss the important aspects of the above forms of pollution.

Pollution of the People

The aspects of environmental pollution that are to be discussed here are the social problems that the advanced human race has to meet. These problems include population, noise and transport. Aircraft will be discussed to some extent later on. We cannot attempt to cover the more sinister forms of pollution through lack of available material.

The population of the earth is steadily increasing every minute. Over the world as a whole some five people are born for every four that die. In certain countries this ratio is more alarming. It has been said that one baby is born every twenty five seconds, on average. This ever increasing population brings with it pollution and is therefore pollution in itself. More people means more clothes, and more land is needed for building purposes. More sewage, more fertilizers to make the exhausted land useable, more industrial waste, all these forms of pollution occur. More fish and animals are hunted, caught and killed for food and decoration. Man is the dominant creature on the planet. One day he might become the only one! We can consider a rising population for which there are no jobs and little food as an additional pollutant.

The noise emitted by cars, lorries, machinery, aircraft and men can, and does, become annoying. As yet little has been done to cut excess noise. Noise is measured in decibels and any new law would have to state a limit of noise for certain things. This could be a hard law to enforce but it is necessary to protect people from unnecessary noise. New laws are needed. The noise from airports can be particularly annoying as it continues irregularly throughout the twenty four hours of the day. A number of suicides have been recorded, especially in Japan, concerning residents of property near airports. Noise is another form of pollution which has lasting effects upon the mind.

The stresses and strains which are laid on a motorist on the roads can cause him to be bad tempered and worried, even out of the car. In the rush hour in large cities, cars, often containing only one person, fill the streets. Traffic jams occur and the drivers' tempers are frayed. In New York one has to leave home in the suburbs at seven a.m. or thereabouts, to be at work by nine. The traffic on the roads could be replaced by a public transport system (road or rail) which would save a lot of worry for a little money.

Pollution of the Sea, Rivers and Lakes

The seas, rivers and lakes of a large part of our planet are spoilt, sometimes rendered completely useless by chemicals and sewage. A large number of our shipping lanes are overcrowded and the accidents which result bring the problems of further pollution to our seas and sea shores with oil and chemical slicks.

To completely deal with the problem of dumping sewage and chemicals in our waters it would be necessary to stop the worlds industries which produce such waste and to use large areas of land such as old coal fields for sewage deposition. For the emitting of wastes into the seas occurs especially around industrial areas or around countries like Great Britain. An alarming example is Japan, a long thin country in shape, which is highly developed and has the greatest population density in the world. In recent year certain chemical plants in Japan have polluted a bay with chemical wastes. Now the local residents are contacting illnesses as a result and nearly all wildlife in the area has been annihilated. This is by no means the only such occurrence in the world. North American Lakes are polluted to dangerous extents and fish are dying out as a result.

In Great Britain we tend to dispose of our unwanted rubbish by partially breaking it down chemically and ejecting it into rivers to be carried out to sea. Southport's stretch of coast is polluted because, when sewage is put into the Mersey and subsequently flows into the Irish Sea, the water current carries it along the shore, past Southport, until it reaches the current of the river Ribble. The chemical plants at Port Sunlight and Brombrough discharge a lot of their waste products into the Mersey and then into the Irish Sea.

To stop the spreading of such pollution around the shores of certain countries, companies must be made to completely treat all waste, and sewage which can be made into useful products must be so used.

To add insult to the injury of the seas, we are now dumping our old weapons in them. A year or so ago the U.S.A. dumped several containers of nerve gas into the Atlantic ocean. The Americans claim that there was no possibility of the gas escaping from the huge concrete cases it was in. If the gas ever did leak out of its deep sea coffin it could lead to the destruction of marine life over a large area and contaminated fish could be eaten by humans. When one thinks of the things that the sea does for us, one wonders why we treat it so.

With the dawning of the super-tanker age another problem has arisen. The shipping lanes of the world are overcrowded. Strategic points such as the English Channel are dangerous because of the hundreds of ships which pass up and down it each day. These ships are bound for Scandinavian, British and European ports if going northwards and virtually any other part of the world if going southwards. They follow no strict code of conduct and various sandbanks make the channel even more treacherous. Various disasters have occurred on these sandbanks and in the English Channel and nearly all have produced oil slicks which have damaged beaches and killed seabirds.

The most famous disaster in recent years did not happen in the English Channel as such. It was, of course, the Torrey Canyon affair. This tanker was split open by rough seas after running aground on a sandbank. The tanker had a full load and the resulting slicks were the worst known by Great Britain. Large sections of coast were affected and numerous sea birds and marine creatures were killed. The Scilly Isles were badly affected, being the nearest land mass to the disaster. Rescue attempts failed to free the tanker and the government decided to destroy it.

Sometimes oil is purposely discharged to lighten the load of a ship in heavy seas. This act is now punishable by a severe fine on the captain and/or shipping company. The introduction of super-tankers creates new problems. Some of these ships need five miles of water to turn in around in and nearly as much to stop in. Some are nearly half a mile in length and crew members have tricycles to travel around the ship when on duty. Nowadays crashes are more numerous, harder to avoid and have much greater effects in terms of pollution and damage.

It has been suggested, and we think it a good idea, that in narrow channels ships should be made to travel in lanes and only cross these at certain well supervised points.

Pollution of the Land

Since most pollution is made on the land this is the one which affects us most of all. The sort of pollution varies from building vast and ugly industrial complexes to the use of possibly dangerous insecticides on our farms. Most important is the pollution caused by industry. Because the siting of these complexes is mainly governed by economics they often take over areas of natural beauty, causing eyesores.

It has been said that before the Second World War there was no pollution. Since we were obviously discharging waste then, this suggests that either the ecological cycles in our world can only absorb a certain amount of pollution back again and we are now exceeding the limit or alternatively,

the waste which we are discharging now cannot be absorbed back into the cycle. Of these two possibilities the second is the most likely. This is not because since the Second World War the amount of consumption per head of population has gone up. What has increased is the use of modern goods as against the old traditional ones. For example, between 1950 and 1967 the amount of beer drunk per head of population in the U.S.A. went up by only about 5%. But during the same period the increase in beer in the new non-returnable containers was 595% — and all these would go on the scrap heap.

Another example is the great increase in the use of synthetic fibres instead of natural fibres for textiles. Between 1950 and 1968 there was a rise from 2% to 37% in the use of synthetic fibres in clothing. Whereas the energy required for growing cotton comes from the sun and is therefore non-polluting, the energy required for the manufacture of synthetic fibres comes from either coal, oil or nuclear energy all of which are pollutants which tax our natural resources. Moreover, when cotton and wool are dumped they disintegrate under attack from micro-organisms and are absorbed back into the ecological circle. However synthetic textiles are indestructible and when dumped remain as rubbish indefinitely.

So far as the consumer himself is concerned there is no difference between natural and synthetic fibres. They both keep him warm.

The crucial question is whether or not we are going to allow industry to continue unnecessarily polluting the land. In any advanced technological society there is bound to be some pollution, but it is up to us to decide whether we are going to permit the rash exploitation of our natural resources and the thoughtless scrap heaps, so as to allow the slightly cheaper production of some article.

To completely solve our pollution problem needs a world-wide dictatorship. Since nobody wants this the only other way is to set up watchdog committees to try and rationalise our industry. Pollution is often caused either through thoughtlessness or selfish, and often, profit motivated desires. To control these would mean that we could come to grips with the problem.

Pollution of the Air

A considerable amount of pollution in the atmosphere is caused by aircraft. This proportion will increase rapidly if, as estimated, the 10 million air travellers in 1980 increases to 100 million by the year 2000. An aircraft can pollute in several ways. It can cause airport noise, toxic pollutants from the unburnt fuel and in the case of super-sonic planes, sonic booms and contamination of the ozone layer.

An article in the Observer of August 30th, 1970 predicted a world oil shortage in fifteen years if British and American aircraft manufacturers were to sell their planned total of super-sonic planes (300 Concorde and 80 Boeing 2707's). A fleet of aircraft this size would need 8% of the estimated total of oil for a year's world consumption, yet these super-sonic planes would be responsible for only 20% of all air traffic. The total fuel consumption of the entire aircraft industry in 1980 would be nearly a quarter of the expected world production of oil for that year, which is slightly more than twice its present level.

As yet we do not know what will be the effect of pumping 46 million tons of kerosene exhaust into the atmosphere every year, never mind the 46 billion tons in the year 2000.

Big as these figures are, many people have suggested that on a world wide scale they will be easily absorbed back into the environment and nobody would be any the worse. Meteorologists are no longer sure of this. Because of the enormous forces of nature it was always assumed that to change them, even slightly, demanded drastic measures being taken. But from the light being shed from recent observations it now seems that the forces of nature, great as they are, are sensitive to even minor changes.

However, there is hope. For instance the air pollution in Britain has diminished drastically since the introduction of the Clean Air Acts. The total smoke emissions fell from 2.31 million tons in 1953 to 0.93 million tons in 1968. These are very encouraging results for they show that with suitable legislation it is possible to cut down on our pollution.

However, it is naive to suggest that such legislation would cut down on our pollution immediately. Take leaded petrol for instance. The consensus of opinion among ecologists is that leaded petrol presents a severe health hazard. However the consensus of independent medical opinion in Britain considers, after weighing all the available evidence, that the effect of lead in car exhausts on people's health is insignificant and that there are other aspects of pollution which should be looked at first. In any case if the decision to use lead free petrol was taken now it would not be until 1980 before sufficient petrol could be provided to meet the demand and it would cost about £250 million at today's prices for additional refinery capacity. Also car engines would have to be redesigned and fuel consumption would certainly go up.

Therefore it is important that when the pollution problem is investigated we should be concerned with the facts rather than emotions.

G. S. La COURT, U5W.
N. P. CORNISH, U5B.

THE PEARL

Supposing the Greeks hadn't known how to build wooden horses? What if Excalibur had stuck in the stone? Imagining your own version of the climax of a well-known story can be an amusing pastime. Why not send some in for publication in the magazine? Here with apologies to John Steinbeck in how "The Pearl" might have ended if . . .

As the sun awoke on the silent town and rose from behind the mountains, its radiance flowed unceasingly out on two lone figures. Juana had the baby Coyotito on her back while Kino walked along in front of her, his new rifle in his hand glittering in the morning rays. But there was something new and mysterious in the air. And slowly as they walked through the town of stone, the people began to stir and wake up; for it was now early morning and time to get up and go to work. Then, one by one, they looked out at the two figures, with the baby on Juana's back as they passed by their houses, their dark shadows cast on the dark, dry, sandy and stoney road.

But now, everywhere, there were cries of joy and happiness, as boys and neighbours rushed to tell their friends of Kino's good luck. For there, was Kino, and Juana with the baby, there they were all three of them dressed in new clothes and looking very pleased. Juan Thomas and his wife Apolonia, as soon as they heard the good news, rushed over from the Brushwood village and congratulated them very sincerely.

But since Kino and Juana had been away, the Brushwood people had constructed a new house for when Kino and Juana returned from their journey. At this Kino was overjoyed and said to Juana, "Now we have a new house to live in and everything that has happened in the past shall be forgotten and we shall start again from the beginning.

And as they walked towards the Brushwood village, they chattered and talked among themselves, asking Kino questions about his journey. They rounded the bend and then Juana rushed forward and looked at the new house and when Kino joined her, they rejoiced.

Suddenly Kino turned around and took Juana by the hand and said to the people that were assembled there, "Juana and I are going to get married at the church very soon". At this there were shouts of joy and cheers, and for the rest of the day and well into the night one could see the camp fires burning brightly as everybody was feasting and rejoicing at the wonderful news. And last of all, very late, as the fires were seen to die down, the elders began to tell the old stories of the tribe by the slowly dying glow of the ashes in the fires.

A few weeks later, as nature unfolded her first buds of Spring, Kino and Juana were married in the little Town church and began their new life together in the midst of all their friends, back at the new house in the Brushwood village where they began to relive their normal life once again Juana looking after Coyotito and Kino back to Pearl Diving where the grains of sand are covered with the Mother-of-Pearl and the waters roll unceasingly on.

R. I. STEVENSON, 3B.

ONE PEACEFUL SUNDAY

It was a typical Sunday morning, peaceful, still and quiet, with the first rays of the sun hitting the small boy's face as he stirred in his bed. He lay half awake contemplating what the day held in store; he could go to the park to feed the ducks or visit Michael to play with his new ball or . . . suddenly he remembered, what about the trap. He brushed the sheets away, an immense feeling of excitement building up inside him, and clutching his dressing gown continued down the hall, through the dining-room until he eventually reached the kitchen door.

Hesitantly he waited and with his small featured face full of hope, gently pushed the partition which separated him from glory or despair. His eyes were fixed on one area of the kitchen floor, that which occupied the expanse beneath the oven, for it was there that his success was to be found. He cautiously advanced, taking care not to disturb the perfect silence which seemed to mingle with the homely smell of the room. Then slowly dropping to his knees, he placed one hand under the stove and felt. He found what he was looking for, a small square of wood attached to a destructive machine capable of immense pain. He slowly drew the object out with very unsteady hand, and with tightly screwed eyes, brought it out into the open. At first he just knelt, afraid of what he might see or what he might not, and then unable to restrain himself any longer, gazed in the direction of his newly found toy.

The disappointment and grief was immense, for there before him lay the trap as empty as it was the night before, only now it represented failure, something very new and strange to the spoilt child who had nearly everything. With a cry of anger and distress he replaced the trap with a jolt and scurried back towards his bed to try and forget his experience by drowning himself in a spasm of self pity.

However downstairs the episode was only just beginning, for there dwelt the enemy a cruel horrible disease ridden rodent they call a field mouse, who had quite deliberately, so as to annoy the boy, built a nest in the adjoining shed and frequently made visits to the kitchen via a minute crack between the door and the floor. So as to put an end to this evil mite, Peter had asked 'daddy' to buy him a trap and although there were some objections from 'mummy', he gained possession of a shining new death trap. As a result the scene was set, for the kitchen was now quiet again as the intruder had disappeared, leaving only the sun to play games with the mouse who had just re-entered.

Hesitantly it made its way along the waste pipe and then finding security beneath the refrigerator stopped to sniff the air. He could smell last night's dinner and the stench of decaying vegetable peelings which had slipped behind the radiator and also the cat food which was beginning to go off. But one smell was outstanding, it was a peculiar aroma but very appetizing, something which caught the rodent's attention and lured it towards the other side of the kitchen. Without any hesitancy the mouse traversed the floor and arrived at the oven. It was the darkest part of the room but some rays had crept in, shedding enough light to illuminate the bait and also some sections of the metal guillotine attached to it. Inquisitively the creature approached and gazed upon the cheese as if it was a gift from heaven.

However instinct told him there was something strange about it that was harmful, some smell, some sense that prevented him from satisfying his desperate hunger and curiosity. He reconnoitered a little, still wary of the danger but also ready to accept the challenge. He sniffed again and again and then again trying to puzzle out what weird sensation kept him out, and then beginning to get frustrated and also confused began to view the contraption from a closer angle. He slowly mounted the wooden base and then actually stroked the cheese with his hind leg, fear gripped him at the touch and resulted in him leaping clear of the trap to find refuge behind the waste-paper bin. His heart was beating rapidly making his whole frame shiver with life. He experienced a painful wait and then with the aroma of the bait filling his nostrils once more approached the strange being for the second time. With a cautious attitude he stopped just before the frame, and licking his hind leg on which a few crumbs had settled, remounted the base. With pricked ears he listened, there was someone in the hall, the footsteps grew in stature and then jolted to a halt outside the door.

The mouse was caught in two minds, for it was now or never, if he didn't take the bait immediately, the intruder would. Edging towards the food, the mouse shivering from head to tail, nibbled the cheese. It was good. Suddenly a

ray of light hit the trap, there was someone at the door. The creature unknowingly forgot his previous fears and taking a lunge forward disturbed the ramp. There was a gust of air and then the crushing bar fell mercilessly into the rodent's abdomen. Blood smeared the creature's eyes as an acute pain spread throughout his body, making him choke up the cheese and gaze horrifically at the linoleum tiles. Then without warning a foreign body approached him and gripping his mutilated corpse drew him out into the blinding light of the kitchen.

The boy's eyes were gleaming and clutching the still mobile body he ran excitedly down the corridor into his parents' bedroom.

"Mummy, mummy, look!"

His mother rose from her slumber with great effort and then with eyes still half glazed, was met with the bloody remains of the field mouse, which landed nearby on her newly washed pillow slip.

"I caught it mother, aren't I a clever boy?" said the child enthusiastically.

His mother screamed with horror and with dismay, her face turning paler by the second.

"Get rid of it," she gasped.

"But where?" came the bewildered reply.

"In the dustbin of course, it's dead isn't it?"

"I think so", he replied, as he picked the mixture of fur and flesh from the pillow. "I thought it would be better than this somehow," he murmured as the first tear began to trickle down his cheek.

S. W. SMITH, L6.

OUT OF THE EARTH

Antony Wayre felt that he could never forget the horror of that night. Even when the actual experience had been forgotten and lived down, there would be intervals of madness when the whole scene was reconstructed in his memory. What Sylvia, his wife, thought, no one knew, for she kept it closely to herself. All her energies were given to keeping Antony from brooding.

It often happened without any preliminary warning whatever. Antony and Sylvia had bought a small cottage called "Romans" in Gloucestershire. Since the war, Antony had been indefinite in his plans, unable to get a decent job anywhere that would bring in sufficient for their wants and yet give him time to go on with his own writing, then at the end of 1924, his godmother was killed in a motor smash and he found himself the possessor of five hundred pounds a year, long before, in the ordinary course of events, it would have fallen to his lot.

He and Sylvia had at once started to look for a country cottage where they could settle down. With what he expected to make by writing, Antony judged they could manage well on his new income by living quietly. Sylvia, who was fond of gardening and of a country life, planned to breed chickens and ducks for their own use, as well as to grow fruit and vegetables.

After much hunting, they found "Romans" and knew it was the home of their choice. The cottage was small and compact, built at the top of a hill, two miles from the village but only a quarter of an hour's walk across the fields from a small market town. The nearest neighbour lived at the bottom of the hill.

The first month they were there passed without noticeable event. They were both in love with the house, both busy all day and tired and healthy enough to sleep perfectly at night. Had they not done so, it is just possible they might have had some warning of the horror that was to come upon them.

Shortly after Christmas, Antony Wayre went to dine with the doctor who lived in the house at the foot of the hill. Sylvia was invited, but there was a thick white mist from the valley which had risen even to their altitudes and as she had a bad cough and cold she decided to stay at home by the fire.

Antony, being a good husband and remembering that his wife was alone in the house — for their daily help went as soon as she had laid the supper — did not stay long with the doctor and was walking up the hill again by half-past ten.

The mist was rolling up in strange white shapes, and by the time he had reached his own garden gate he could not see the lights from the doctor's house, nor any of those from the outlying villas of the town, usually to be seen through the trees. He pulled his scarf up more closely round his throat and shivered a little.

Suddenly he was aware of a strange feeling in the garden, it was hard to define, hard to pin down to anything in the least definite, yet it was strong enough for him to stand still and peer around. He was strangely conscious of the presence of a second person.

The feeling was so strong that Antony called out sharply, "Who's there?" wondering if some thief were hiding in the garden with intent to despoil the chicken run. But there was no answer, the white mist rolled up in deeper waves till it seemed to engulf him. It was becoming hard — with the mist and the darkness — to see even the garden path, in spite of his electric torch.

Shrugging his shoulders, Antony went on to the hall door. Rather to his surprise, it was bolted. He knocked twice, and as he did so the feeling that he was accompanied grew stronger.

A minute later Sylvia opened the door and half dragged him into the hall, shutting and bolting with feverish intensity.

"Hello! What's up?" said Antony, naturally surprised. Then, remembering his own sensations, he asked as casually as he could, "Have you been frightened? Did you think you heard someone about?"

Sylvia laughed nervously and backed into the drawing-room. "No, oh no," she said, "only it's the first time you've been out without me and I suppose I got a little nervous. There's a nasty mist up, isn't there? The house seems full of it".

Antony knew his wife too well to take her words at face value. He could see that she was on the verge of hysteria and cursed himself soundly for having left her alone, even for a few hours. He ought to have remembered that she was not used to the country and that the silence was bound to affect her nerves.

Very deliberately, with the impression of infusing an air of everyday life into the situation, he divested himself of coat and scarf and put his stick into the stand, then lit a cigarette. Then he went back into the drawing-room where Sylvia was waiting for him, the door wide open so that she could watch him in the hall. The room was, as she had said, decidedly full of mist, but it was not too badly lit for him to see that her eyes were wide with horror and her hands trembling as she sat down and picked up her knitting, making a feeble pretence at normality.

"Sylvia, what is it?" Antony spoke sharply. His own nerve was beginning to falter. "What has happened? Why are you frightened?"

She lifted her eyes from her work and gazed at him.

"Tony, Tony," she began, and her voice held a throb of fear in it. "Tony, I don't know what it is, but there's something dreadful about this house to-night. It — the feeling I mean — came on about an hour ago, I've been sitting here, praying you wouldn't be very late. I began to think I should go mad."

Antony shook off the creeping horror that was beginning to possess him also. "Nonsense, darling," he said, as cheerfully as he could "You aren't feeling very fit; you're cold's pulled you down and your nerves have given out. I was a fool to leave you tonight; forgive me, dear. I'll make some cocoa, shall I? And we'll have it by the fire before we go to bed."

His effort at normality seemed to pull her together, but she would not leave him alone. Almost clinging to his coat, she went with him to the tiny kitchen and helped to fetch the kettle and the tin of cocoa. Curiously enough, there was hardly any mist in the kitchen; it seemed to have concentrated in the drawing-room.

"Something to do with the aspect of the house," Antony thought to himself, but he did not comment on it to his wife.

Over the cocoa, Sylvia seemed to become happier, though she jumped badly when a log fell out of the fire on to the hearth.

"What did you talk about at the doctor's?" she asked.

Antony shrugged his shoulders. "Everything," he said with a smile. "The birth and death rate of the village, poultry feeding—by the way, he's got some wonderful food mixture he thinks you'd like to try—local history and so on. He told me that there used to be a Roman settlement here, and that's why this cottage is called 'Roman's'. Apparently at one time it was a pretty big place and then it died out. But every now and then the farmers turn up old weapons and things when they are ploughing.

Sylvia nodded. "I wonder if the hens will scratch up anything," she said. "They work hard enough. I believe they are going to do well. It's a bad time of year to start them, though."

"I suppose so," Antony spoke sleepily. "What about a move upstairs? That fire has almost burnt itself out."

As the words left his mouth he became aware once more of that other presence. For the last few minutes it had left him; now it was back, and even more strongly than before. He glanced at Sylvia. She was looking over her shoulder at the door, and there was fear in her eyes.

"I — I don't think I want to go to bed just yet," she said in a strained voice. "Antony, I'm afraid. It's come back again."

"Don't be silly, dear," he said encouragingly, and all the time knowing that it was he who would be silly if he set foot outside the door. Somehow he knew that it — the Horror — was in the hall — that he himself might have paved the way for its entrance when he came into the house.

The lamp gave a sudden flicker and then went out; the oil had been exhausted. Sylvia gave a little cry of dismay. The room was now only lit by the dying fire. Antony dashed to the window and dragged back the curtains. The mist had lifted and a pale moon shed a gleam onto the floor and the grand piano.

Antony went to the grate and picked up the poker, all the while aware that it was a useless weapon. Then he went towards the door. Whatever it was out there, he meant to face it; he could not endure the thought of being beaten in his own house. But as he laid a hand on the door knob, he drew back. Something was on the other side; something so strong, so definitely evil that every fibre of his soul recoiled by instinct from facing it. He could not co-ordinate his muscles; for a moment he stood still, dumb. Then he pulled his scattered senses together and turned round.

Sylvia was standing behind him, white as the moonlight; her eyes big and dark, her fingers moving tremulously. Antony went up to her and slipped an arm around her waist.

"Darling!" he said, "we've got to see this thing through."

"What is it? What is it, Tony?" she asked half sobbing.

"God only knows — or the devil," he returned grimly.

His arm round her waist still, they retreated to the far end of the room. Their eyes were seemingly compelled to remain on the door. Would it come in? What did it want? When would it go away?

After what seemed hours of waiting, Sylvia gave a little cry and pointed to the floor. Antony followed the direction of her finger, over the threshold, under the door, was coming a slow, thick, greenish vapour that rose slightly in the air as it was forced into the room by the pressure of a further discharge behind.

"My God!" gasped Antony. "What's that?" Clinging to one another, backs against the wall they watched and waited, while the vapour increased in volume till it seemed to fill a quarter of the little sitting room. Then they realised that it was, as it were, kept in confines of its own. That was in one way the most horrible thing about it. It did not spread and diffuse as gas would do, but it moved in a solid block with cumulus edges.

For a moment or two nothing more occurred then Sylvia cried out again. "It's taking shape." Staring, horror-stricken, they saw that this was indeed the case. Out of that solid wall of greenish gas a foul, horrible green that reminded them of rotting slime and duck weed, certain portions were moulding together, were becoming a form. And as the Horror did this, so did the foul smell grow greater, till they could hardly breathe the air around them. It was suffocating them.

Antony made a supreme effort and without loosing his hold on Sylvia, jerked his elbow through the window. The raw night air came in with a rush, but it could not dispel the vapour inside. The edges of the block wavered a little for a moment, but that was all.

Sylvia was sobbing quietly, burying her head on Antony's shoulder, trying to shut out the sight. A sudden catch of his breath made her look up again, and she shuddered, sick with fear.

The form was growing clearer now; the central part of the green gas had become a being, an entity such, as they had never seen before. Swaying backward and forward, raised slightly above the floor but without visible means of support, was a travesty of a man — grotesquely limbed and featured. But the chief horror lay in the expression. Never had Antony or Sylvia conceived that such bestiality, such foulness could live in any semblance of the human face. It seemed incarnate evil, and it swayed toward them with a leer, coming imperceptibly closer every moment.

Antony's back was against the wall, he could retreat no further. Sylvia lay on his arm, half fainting with terror.

Somehow, by some strange instinct, Antony knew that he must make no effort to get out by the window; that outside was the creature's own ground; at a disadvantage here, he would be utterly lost if he made any attempt at a fight in the garden. The Thing must be faced here and now. It was coming closer, the fetid smell was overpowering. Helpless, Antony lay splayed against the wall. It could only be a question of minutes, perhaps only a few seconds before he and Sylvia would be engulfed in this ghastly sea of evil that emanated from the foul Horror.

His hand, groping wildly round, touched the poker, but he made no effort to pick it up, knowing that such a weapon would be no good. His eyes roamed, seeking for help. Was there nothing that could save them? Were they to be possessed for ever by the Thing, to fall hopelessly, irredeemably into its clutches?

Sylvia gave a little moan and fainted dead away on his arm, her head rolling to one side.

The shaft of moonlight caught a ribbon round her neck. Antony saw it unthinkingly, then with a glimmer of hope. With his free hand he jerked at the ribbon and dragged out the little silver crucifix she always wore.

The time for drastic measures had come, the Horror was only a yard away. Antony felt that he himself could not keep his senses much longer; he let his wife slide to the floor and stood in front of her, the crucifix held at arms length, his eyes on the horrible black depths where the Thing's eyes should be.

For a long minute he stood there, taut as a bowstring, concentrating all that was left of his strength. And the Thing wavered, swayed backward, then forward, while a sudden gush of noisomeness engulfed Antony. Dimly he realised that this was the crucial moment; that it was making its great effort to crush him. With one last supreme gesture he flung the silver crucifix straight into the middle of the mocking bestial face, crying, "In the name of Christ, be gone!"

There was a sound of rushing wind, a cry so terrible that it rang in his ears for weeks, and the Horror disseminated and disappeared, leaving the room filled with the raw night air from the broken window.

Then Antony fainted also.

The doctor was already in bed and asleep when he was roused by the pounding of his knocker and the pealing of the night bell and, looking out, saw Antony and Sylvia standing in a state of horror.

J. HARDWICK, L.V.M.

IRISH GRIEF

A shout; a scream; a deathly silence reigned,
Another day, another life;
Gone is the peace in living.
Darkness and horror fills men's minds; chaos exists,
And no-one can survive.
A house, a man: both are equal in the wake of destruction.
Women sob, children weep
As terror cracks down on man's existence;
And no-one can, in peace, survive.

M. B. CALLER, L6B.

WHO? ME?

Prejudiced? Who? Me?
Oh no, it's not me, it's the other feller.
I accept, I don't reject anybody in any way
Except mentally.
Now I don't mind ordinary people,
It's just those Japs and Wops and Jocks and Wogs
And people with cloth caps an dclogs
I hate.
It's not them I mind,
It's just their ways I find
Disgusting.
Well they're so dirty aren't they?
And a bit strange.
They're not like us, you know.
Filthy dirty blacks.
Prejudiced? Who?
Me.

J. MOREY, L6M.

A SPRING MORNING AND A WHITE RABBIT

I bang, knock and swear through the flat, grey surprise of a
morning,
Back to the wooden disillusionment of a door with a handle,
a cupboard with a key,
In the curtain-oranged staleness of the room,
And wonder where the night has gone with its less-solid
landmarks, its less-vicious souls.
Tomorrow is here with a brown, sleepy air; a stifling, drab
shroud.

The mind fills again with the forgotten world and its words,
its actions and its people.
Limbs and eyes will return to the pillow-softness; soft,
thick,
Woollen-soft, warm sleep of blankets and darkness and rest,
but NO.
Force, press, fight an awakening. Lift a hand of lead, wrench
away the curtains
And there you are:
Morning, and a friend. Down there —
Down there, through the winking, dusty window,
In the peppermint, dew-cool, green leaf, roof-top,
White blossom, daffodil, lettuce-crisp breath of a morning,
A friend.
A tiny ball of fur; soft to the touch; soft to the eye —
A pure-white dream of life, hunched on two small feet,
With two enormous comic-pink ears, two drowsy eyes,
Too small to meet the world; but your dream world is a
reality.
And you are a lesson.
In a year, you have not spoken, but have taught me a lot.
A symbol of peace, contentment, of a calm, of a silence,
Of a light, of a whiteness, of a joy;
Without worry or frustration, lacking worldly pain,
Free in captivity, from the words, the actions and the mind
of man.
So, that's what it's like!
Thank-you. I will face the world.
Will someone look and learn from me?

S. M. MANNING, L6M.

THE SCARISBRYKE TAYLES

(with apologies to Chaucer)

This ancient manuscript was recently discovered gum-
med to the underside of the main dining-hall table.
When that Autumne with its drye windes,
Had perced the heet of summer to the roote,
Than cam an compaignie of lerned mene
For to teche at the schole of Kyng y George
But first wol I yow telle the estaat
And the condicioun of each of them as it semed me.
Their leader was a man, thogh he did smyle
Broghte terror to the herts of younge boys.
His deputye, an mellow kindly man
Was yet so sharp in speech and quick in his replye
That al the boys held him in reputation high.

In Englishe wel y versed were ther some more,
 Ther being one that I remember welle,
 An portly man, with face ful round and rede.
 Through al the workes of Shakespeare had he slaven
 After the schole of Stratford-upon Avon.
 A better scoler ther none y was.
 Ther was a maystre cam fro the Western Hills,
 Who spak with accent strange and rare
 Wel wished he that the months of winde and rayne
 Be kept only for playing the Rugbie gayme.
 For he was a man that liked his sport.
 He had a wyf also a yonge daughter.
 They hadde with them other women tweye
 To brighten up the place, or so they seye.
 But I wol not upon that dwelle
 For fear of actions of libelle.
 At yonder Richley Hill* at Tuesday noon
 Were met alway a band of merrie mene
 Their principal, a man of Oxenford
 With hair al short and curled into knots,
 And tawdily he spake, his eyes bright and keen.
 Wel knew he al the sovereigns ther had been.
 For in hystorie they play a part continnel,
 Therefore loved he sovereigns in especiel.
 in Science were ther few of less degree
 But worked al the day in some laboratorie
 From where ther issued such a wealth of stink
 How that it were made — I can not think
 And now I preye you to forgeve it me
 For I have not set folk in their degree
 Or in such high esteem as they sholde stande
 My wit is short, ye may wel understande.
 And finally wol I concede to ye
 That thogh they may not parfit be
 Those that they teche are not al they seeme to be.

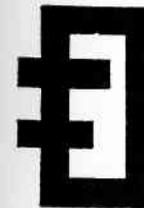
ANON.

*The manuscript here was indistinct and the line has been completed according to style and rhythm.

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