

THE RED ROSE



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April 1973



THE RED ROSE

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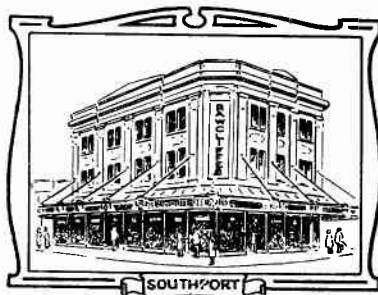
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IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Term begins	1st May
G.C.E. 'A' level Examinations begin	24th May
Half Term	28th May to 1st June inclusive
G.C.E. 'O' level Examinations begin	4th June
School Examinations begin	26th June
School Examinations and G.C.E. end	29th June
Founder's Day—Junior House Final	6th July
Athletic Sports	17th July
Term ends	20th July

VALETE

HOLT, Neil K. U6MSch., Le. 1965-72 (G.C.E. A3, 07) Senior Prefect, House Vice-Captain.
 BALDWIN, Ross, U6ScSch. G. 1966-72 (G.C.E. A5, 05) Senior Prefect, R.L.S.S. Award of Merit.
 BEVERLEY, Peter R., U6ScSch. Ed. 1966-72 (G.C.E. A5, 05) Senior Prefect, House Captain, R.L.S.S. Distinction Award, Advanced Resuscitation Award.
 GEERING, David R., S. 1966-72 (G.C.E. A5, 05) Senior Prefect 1972.
 GRAHAM, C. Mark, U6ScSch., R. 1966-72 (G.C.E. A5, 05) Senior Prefect, Chairman of the Scientific Society 1971-2, Hockey Full Colours, Joint House Captain.
 MANTIN, Peter, U6MSch., Ev. 1966-72 (G.C.E. A4, 04) Senior Prefect, Full Rugby Colours, Athletics Half Colours.
 MELL, David, M. U6ScSch., R. 1966-72 (G.C.E. A5, 05) Senior Prefect, Joint House Captain.
 MELLOR, John C., U6MSch., S. 1966-72 (G.C.E. A3, 04) Senior Prefect 1971-72, School Cricket Captain 1972, Cricket Full Colours 1971 and 1972. Rugby Half-Colours 1971 and 1972.
 RYDER, Alastair S., U6MSch., G. 1966-1972 (G.C.E. A4, 05) Senior Prefect 1972, Chairman Railway Society, Athletics Half Colours, School Choir, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medallion.

STREET, Paul M., U6ScSch., M. 1966-72 (G.C.E. A4, 05)
Senior Prefect, Senior Librarian, House Captain 1972,
School Vice Captain 1972.

BENNETT, Mark, L6S, R. 1967-72 (G.C.E. 04).

DAGLISH, Robert P., L6M, G. 1967-72 (G.C.E. 04) R.L.S.S.
Distinction Award.

JONES, Ian R., L6W, S. 1967-72 (G.C.E. 03) Winner 1972
of the Single Wicket Competition for the Michael Read
Trophy.

McCULLOCH, Ian D., L6b, Ed. 1967-72 (G.C.E. 06) R.L.S.S.
Advanced Resuscitation Award, R.L.S.S. Bronze Medal-
lion.

COLLINS, Kevin P., L6S, M. 1968-72 (G.C.E. 06)

HUGHES, Stephen P., U6M, G. 1968-72 (G.C.E. A1, 04).

KNIGHT, Stephen, L6W, S. 1968-72 (G.C.E. 07). R.L.S.S.
Bronze Cross.

RICHARDS, Stuart M., L6W, W. 1968-72 (G.C.E. 05).

HOUBART Stephen, G., U6S, R. 1970-72 (G.C.E. 06).

THRUSH, Kirk B., 4M, Lu. 1970-72.

SCHOOL NOTES

Mr. D. E. Radcliffe left the staff in December to take up
a post as Head of the French Department at Birkdale
Secondary Modern School. We wish him every success in
his new appointment.

We welcome back Mrs. P. Davies and the Reverend M.
Whyte who between them have taken over Mr. Radcliffe's
timetable.

We congratulate N. D. Pulman who was awarded an
Open Exhibition at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, in
Geography as a result of the Scholarship Examinations last
December. This is the first Oxford or Cambridge Open Award
in Geography the school has won for many years.

Last term's School Play was unusual in that it took the
form of a double bill consisting of a dramatisation of Moby
Dick, produced by Mr. T. B. Johnson and performed by
members of L5X, together with a most unusual modern dress
production of Everyman produced by Mr. P. Holland. A
review of these productions is given elsewhere in this
magazine.

The St. Cecilia Day Concert again showed what a high
standard has been reached by the Choir and Orchestra.

The Annual Carol Service at Holy Trinity Church was
again most successful and the collection enabled us to make
a donation of £27.74 to the National Benevolent Fund for the
Aged.

BLONDE STRIPPER REVEALS ALL

It is amazing to see how many writers will stoop to mere
sensationalism in order to attract attention; however, I trust
that those readers who are now bent double will sink
further into the murky depths of the following excuse for
an editorial.

This is, in part, an apology. In recent terms the 'Red
Rose' has been somewhat justifiably criticized. Boys have
been seen to use their copies to light their reports and a
number of tank-like gentlemen with Italian accents have
apparently been sent to check on committee meetings (all
credit to them if they could find any). I hereby concede that
the last few issues of the school magazine have not been
worth the price paid (unless, of course, you have an older
brother in the school in which case the amount which you
have paid mirrors the magazine's value precisely).

It is fair to say, however, that the rest of the school shares
the guilt with the committee. There has been a distinct lack
of contributions and printable suggestions, suggestions of
what the school would like to read. The committee is
attempting over this term and the next to introduce some
variation and originality into the magazine but we cannot
be expected to produce a magazine capable of satisfying
the whole school unless the school informs us of what it
wishes to read. Could we therefore, please, have your con-
tributions before your criticisms?

Mass vandettas apart, a recent survey which I conducted
in my head and whose subject was 'What the "Red Rose"
needs is . . .' revealed the following useless facts:

- 1% wanted more poetry;
- 29% wanted photographs of the previous 1% being
tortured;
- 14% wanted 'something to do with Maria Schneider';
- 24% wanted 'something to do with two Maria
Schneiders';
- 22% did not want the magazine to be published;
- 7% refused to participate in an imaginary survey;
and
- 3% demanded that surveys should consist of 97%
of the total opinions.

I am sure that had I actually conducted a survey, those would have been the somewhat apathetic results. And yet, despaireth not, for, as the smell from the Prefects' Room suggests, much is in the process of being changed and I think I can safely say that out of all the 'Mags' with which I am familiar, the 'Red Rose' is now the second most attractive.

In coming editions we hope to publish a series of articles by members of staff covering topics of personal and local interest; we begin this term with a contribution from Mr. Butler. As the only official school record we plan to publish detailed results of all the major sports with full rugby and hockey results appearing next term. We are relying on members of school to bring us reports of any special activities or outings. Anyone with reports, creative writing and, above all, new ideas should contact committee members, or the assistant editors before next half-term; they are available at all times of the day and are easily recognisable: they will be seen weeping quietly in the corners of various rooms, planting a tree in '73 (contact the Biology Lab. for details) or setting fire to critics with copies of the High School magazine.

S. M. Manning.

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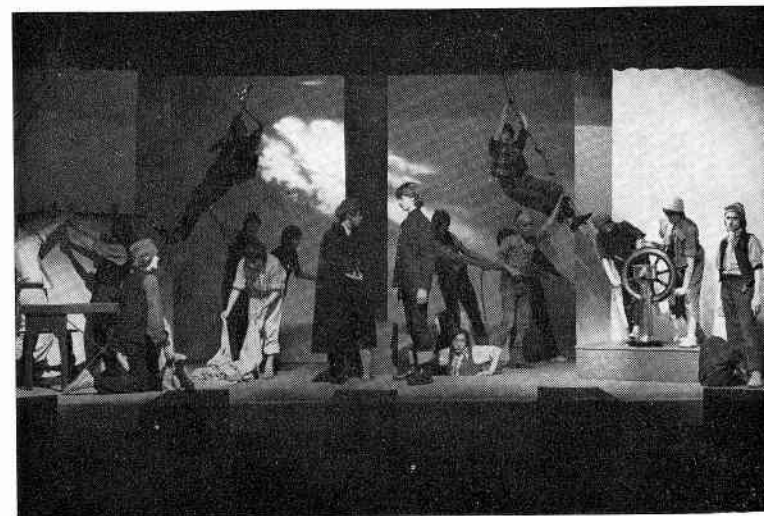
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OLD BOYS' NEWS

- S. W. ALMOND (1920-24), is now managing director of the Alumina Co. Ltd., of Widnes.
- J. D. BONNEY (G. 1941-49), has been elected vice-president of the Standard Oil Company of California after several years as manager of the company's Foreign Operations Staff.
- J. BUCK (Ev. 1954-60), has left his post with the Midland Bank Ltd., Preston, and is now Company Secretary and Accountant with R. Semp & Co. Ltd., Manchester.
- A. R. CARLISLE (G. 1958-63), is manager of an English-style public house in Uppsala, Sweden, and has married a Swedish girl. He is taking a degree course at Uppsala University in English and Physics.
- K. C. COOP (M. 1921-26), has recently retired from his position as Chief Engineer with the N.W.E.B.
- I. DAVIDSON (G. 1959-66). After gaining a degree in law at the L.S.E. is now reading for the Bar and his L.L.M.
- M. DAVIDSON (G. 1961-66). After spending four years in Israel is now in the property development business in London.
- G. L. HOSKER (Ev. 1962-69). Graduated last year from Kent University with an Honours Degree in Physics and is now working for his M.Sc. in Cryogenics.
- D. G. OSTICK (G. 1956-61) has been made a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.
- G. A. STOCKER (S. 1955-62) is now employed by Glaxo Laboratories Ltd., at Ulverston as Head of the Bio-chemical Engineering Section of the Fermentation Development Department.
- R. A. SUTTON (Ev. 1949-56) is now Head of Arts Faculty at the Nicholas Chamberlaine School, Bedworth, Nuneaton.
- J. R. WIGNALL (Ed. 1946-50) is a member of the New Zealand Society of Accountants, a share broker and a member of the New Zealand Stock Exchange.

5 & 7 MARKET STREET, SOUTHPORT.

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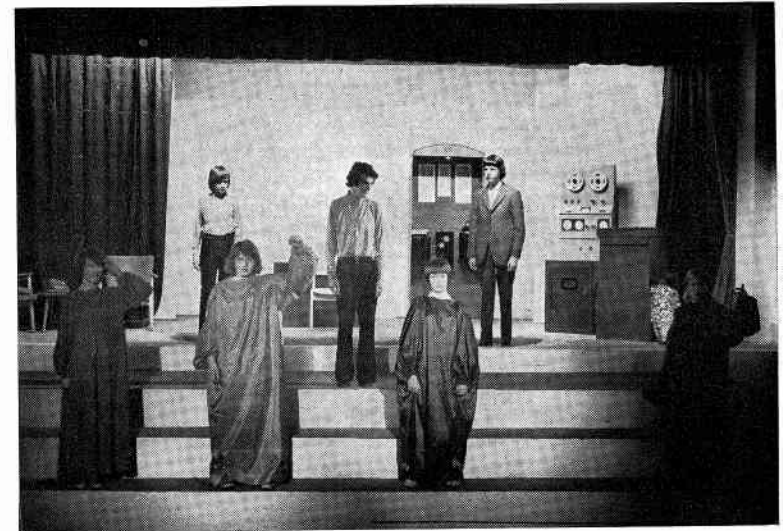


This year we were offered two plays for the price of one, which is very good value in a time of economic recession. Both were strikingly performed and staged and highly entertaining, and they shared the simple scenic arrangement of a bare white stage, varied by schematic arrangements of representational props. In 'Moby Dick' a mast and rigging suggested a ship, whilst a bench and table at one side of the stage did service as the Inn, and a ship's wheel and binnacle on the other stood for the bridge of Ahab's whaler. The whaling boat was built out of a few wooden rostra placed along the top of the steps which led up to the stage at the front, and the audience were unflatteringly imagined to embody the great white whale. The whale was speared and fought with in mime—perhaps just as well from the audience's point of view.

'Moby Dick' was acted with great enthusiasm and intelligence, and (what was more important) without undue self-consciousness, by members of L5X. Particularly impressive were the narrator, Ishmael (J. M. Ball), and Ahab (B. R. Sinclair), who acted with considerable feeling and subtlety of expression. I. M. Robinson and S. M. Galey as Starbuck and Queequeg were equally impressive, though possibly a little less sure of their characters—but Starbuck's long speech when he decides whether or not to confront his captain with a gun was put across well. This was, however, primarily a group production and as such deserves high praise. The real test of amateur performances is the decision as to whether the audience has enjoyed the play as much as, less than, or more than the performers. The performers in this case were doing the play for their own pleasure, and gave their audience as much enjoyment as they evidently derived from acting. The story was simply and effectively conveyed in an unpretentious and engaging manner.

The same might be said of 'Everyman', though the audience may be suspected of having enjoyed the performance more than the play. What seemed to have been lost in the interpretation was the play's spirituality. As we saw it, 'Everyman' was a warning against materialism—which is good and proper, and in keeping with the original form. But what happened in this production was that Everyman's friends were shown to be rather unpleasant people who failed him in the face of an exceptional catastrophe. We felt no awe at Everyman's situation. The dressing of Death in a hospital coat devalued rather than increased his power, although the strong personality of M. Price gave the part much authority. Just because we are more likely to see doctors and nurses *in extremis* doesn't mean that their presence will provide an adequate substitute for the medieval Death, an actor in a skeleton costume, probably, with an hour glass, a scythe and a skull face.

After we had accepted the twentieth century conventions, however, the evening settled down to a series of telling and well-performed sketches, a kind of moral review, with occasional reminders that a Certain Person did not look too kindly on materialism, and an ending in which Everyman, having found at last a moral equivalent of A level English Literature, was told that he might enter the Kingdom of Heaven or some such place. His discussions of an overdraft for purposes of travel, his attempts to solicit lukewarm friends as companions on his journey, and an unpleasant experience in a lounge bar were quite amusing and entertaining. Everyman's honesty and his candid addresses to the audience were well-developed by M. Fitton in the lengthy main part of the play.



The production was, as I have said, imaginative and amusing. The beginning of the performance, with "members of the audience" interrupting the opening moments of some perfectly ghastly detective thriller and the subsequent appearance of Death were, as they should be, arresting and bewildering. It is perfectly in the spirit of a play such as this to have the audience wonder what on earth is going on. Perhaps the performers were a little more self-conscious than the cast of 'Moby Dick', but then this play required greater sophistication and the production demanded more skills and more conscious technique in impersonating character. Indeed, there is so little to distinguish between one person and another in the speeches of the 'Everyman' text, that the actors and the director are faced with the task of creating individual personalities from scratch—and this was a task which they managed admirably, notably R. Morris as a particularly nasty Goods and D. Strang's insensitive and overbearing Fellowship.

Despite my reservations concerning the loss of spiritual impact, it was, I think, a most successful production. In terms of theatrical technique it was an accomplishment which did credit to all who contributed to it. Once again K.G. V has given us an absorbing and entertaining evening; each year leads us to expect more and more of the school's dramatic talents.

Russell Jackson.

SIXTH FORM FILM SOCIETY

President: Mr. Ward **Chairman:** H. Herbert
Committee: B. Skerry, R. J. R. Golightly, R. Birrell,
N. P. Cornish, S. N. Bracher

We have now come to the end of what has probably been the most successful season in the history of the Society. Since the last time of writing, four films have been shown, with an extra short film, "The Curious History of Money", shown with "The Graduate".

"The Throne of Blood", a Japanese production of Macbeth, received various comments, the majority of which were not in favour of the film.

"The Italian Job" was next to be screened. This was generally well liked, though for a popular film it was poorly attended, probably because it clashed with the School swimming gala.

"Privilege" was shown in place of "Citizen Kane" as rumour had it "Kane" was to be shown by our friends, the BBC. This film was supposed to show a futuristic idea of pop music. Unfortunately it was a difficult film to follow and was disliked by the audience.

"A Curious History of Money" was lent to us by Barclays Bank. This was a short cartoon film that was enjoyed by the whole, very large, audience.

"The Graduate" was spoiled only by the fact that the original was shot in Cinemascope and to make a standard 16mm copy, the ends had just been cut off, losing some of the action.

This year's programme has been very successful and our thanks go to Mr. Ward and Miss McArthur of the High School for all their help with organisation. Our thanks also to R.J.R.G. for the use of his car, without which transportation of projectors, Coke, etc., would have been difficult.

Finally all it remains for me to do is wish next year's committee the very best of luck. H.H.

ANGLING SOCIETY REPORT

President: Mr. M. E. Greenhalgh
Secretary and Treasurer: M. Kendrick
Committee: D. G. Blundell, D. Sephton, E. Marland

After a rather lean period recently the society is now showing every appearance of growth and activity. Membership is booming, with a large influx of keen, young members.

Possibly as a result of this influx we found that all the seats on our outing to Tarn Hows, in the Lake District, at Christmas, were soon booked and numerous people had to be turned away. However, while our membership was in a co-operative mood, we could not say the same of the fish, none of which dared to venture near any of the array of baits we provided for them. Even one small one would have made for a far more satisfactory day. Only Mr. Greenhalgh had any measurable success when he procured an assorted sample of water fauna, his aim being, no doubt, to spring them on one of his unsuspecting biologists. In addition to gathering samples, the sight of a fully grown man, thrashing about in water with what looked like a child's fishing net, gathered various comments from numerous onlookers.

Another outing is, at the time of writing, being planned to take place during the Easter holidays. The exact venue has yet to be decided, however.

Though at present we are enjoying a successful season, problems are foreseen for the next school year due to a lack of membership in the upper school, resulting in a shortage of members to take over the running of the society when the present committee leave in summer. A solution to this problem has yet to be found.

The society once again wishes to express its thanks to Mr. M. E. Greenhalgh for presiding over us, and to Mr. H. C. Davies for his support and encouragement and also for the loan of his biology lab. for lunchtime meetings.

M.K.

LIFESAVING

Secretary E. Marland

The past two terms have seen a continued interest in lifesaving from all quarters. With the help and support of house masters and house life saving secretaries, many boys have gained their first lifesaving awards, whilst many others have achieved more advanced success; including thirty of the highly prized "distinction" awards.

The school also entered four teams for the annual competition of the Liverpool and District Branch of the Royal Lifesaving Society in which we triumphed over several strong opponents, including police teams, to gain third place overall and to win the President's Cup for the best non-police team.

The credit for these excellent results rests with Mr. Gale whom I would like to thank for all his hard work. I would also like to thank Mrs. G. Rimmer for her coaching and advice, Sergeant Pym and his police lifesaving team for their help, and all the boys in the school who have participated in lifesaving. I hope that this enthusiasm will continue and that further success will follow.

E. Marland

Lifesaving Results

Distinction	30
Award of Merit	43
Teacher's	3
Advanced Teacher's	1
Bronze Medallion	73
Bronze Cross	16
Intermediate	33
Elementary	28
Safety Award	22
Advanced Safety Award	6
Advanced Resuscitation	83
Preliminary Resuscitation	210
Total	548

Competition Results

Holmes and Thornborough	3rd Overall and best non-police team
Fletcher and Caunce	2nd
Day and Morland	3rd
Suffolk and Monks	4th

IN THE DARK?

I groped around in the darkness. I knocked over tables and chairs and fell over somebody else who had fallen on the floor. I lay there. I did not try to get up again. I knew it would be useless.

Suddenly someone switched on the light. There was a man at the door who had found the switch I had been looking for. He helped my friends and I to get up off the floor. He helped us pick up the tables and chairs and then he told us to go and help others get up off the floor.

So we set off to do this job. People came and helped us. David Lewis said there was no point in being alive if you didn't get up. Janet Daires told us about helping people up in Bangla Desh. We even played records about getting up and showed a film at the High School about it.

Next term we would like to tell you about getting up. Please come to the Christian Union and find out what we are about.

M. Townson.

JUNIOR CHRISTIAN UNION LENT 1973

Chairman: P. Chadwick

Committee: P. Chester, Dog's Body, C. Nelson,

Publicity

Why, 2,000 years since Christ was born, do 15-20 juniors come to the Christian Union?

It's because we know that Christianity is important today—look at the state of the world and you can see the need for it yourself. We also know that being a Christian doesn't involve living the dull, boring, unhappy lives so many of us believe it does.

That is why, throughout this term, we have been having interesting, lively discussions, record sessions, funny film strips—in fact everything that all the other societies offer. So, at the end of one term we begin another by inviting you, whatever your religion is or isn't, to come and join in with us next term.

A final point to consider—a man claiming to be the Son of God must be either a crank or what he claims to be. Have you ever known a practical joke to last almost 2,000 years?

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Committee:

Chairman: P. Whitworth

Hon. Secretary: D. Sephton

Treasurer: D. Strang

Committee: M. Kendrick, E. Marland

The term has brought brighter prospects, the membership is continuing to increase slowly. Although the darkroom is in a state of disrepair, a result of the builders' strike during the Christmas holidays, its use continues, by the more intrepid members. Our last lecture was unfortunately cancelled due to the prolonged absence of one of the members, now a student of the Southport technical college. The Society has once again photographed the play cast and as this report is being written we are preparing to print them. New members are still welcome, particularly those in the upper school, as a new committee will probably be required next year.

D.S.

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BARCLAYS

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

President: Mr. J. J. Comfort

Committee: D. J. Barrett, N. P. Cornish, A. M. Kimbler,
S. N. W. Scott.

Having felt the need for a Geographical Society in the school, a small group of sixth formers set about forming a committee with the support of the Geography staff. We asked Mr. Comfort (Head of the Geography department) if he would be prepared to take on the task of president—which he nobly accepted.

The Society tries to cater for all the forms in the school and has so far had a remarkable response, with an audience of thirty at our first meeting, which increased to nearly fifty for the second meeting when Miss Hosker from the Southport High School gave us an illustrated talk on "Iceland".

We hope that this summer we shall be having several field trips in the North West and possibly into Snowdonia.

The Society now has its own publicity frame in the corridor outside the lower staff room, in which we are trying to arrange a varied and informative display.

S. N. W. Scott

ECONOMICS SOCIETY REPORT

Chairmen: K. G. Reed, C. A. Shawcross

Contrary to popular belief an Economic Society does in fact exist. Its aim is to provide additional information, in the form of organised lectures, on economic matters for the school's economics candidates. Over the past two terms two lectures have been given on banking and finance by the Bank Education Service; one on the workings of commercial banks and the other on international trade. We were also fortunate in securing the services of three managers from the Workington plant of the British Steel Corporation who gave an excellent talk on the organisation they represented.

This term the society has witnessed two innovations. Firstly the department has acquired a business game devised by Shell Oil. It deals with the problems involved in the location of an oil refinery. An absorbing game, it has posed many difficulties, most of which remain unsolved as yet.

The Society has seen the introduction of a monthly Economic Bulletin which is compiled by Hogg and La Court of the Lower 6th. Its purpose is to keep all candidates supplied with current information.

HOCKEY REPORT

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1st Team	11	5	3	3	27	15
2nd Team ...	10	8	0	2	39	7

This term the team has only played four matches, up to the time of writing this report. It had a difficult first match against Preston Catholic College, emerging as victors with a score of 3 goals to 2. The team then travelled to Arnold School, where they were unlucky to get beaten 5-1; in the match the defence was short of two star players, namely Briscoe and Cattrall.

In the following match against Prescott, the team fought back well after trailing 2-0 at half time, to get a fine 2-2 draw, after the captain had missed a penalty.

The team recaptured their winning form for the last match of January when they beat Bolton School 8-0.

The team has some hard matches to play before the end of the season, against Calday Grange, Arnold and Wade Deacon schools. They also have to play in the Sephton tournament in which they hope to do better than last year, when they were placed in a hard group and only just failed to reach the semi-finals. The teams would like to thank Mr. Amer, Mr. Travers and Mr. Allan for all their help and understanding, also Mr. Wohlers for giving up his Sunday to drive us to the Warrington Tournament.

D.F.

THE FOX SOCIETY

Chairman: Mr. Ward

The Fox Society has already met six times this year. The debates have all been of a high standard and very enjoyable. The first debate had the motion of "This House would have stopped the Olympic Games". For this, were 3S and against 4M. The crowd voted for 4M. The next debate was also very good. It had something to do with school "homework". Only seven people turned up but with L5X against and 4B for, L5X won.

After half term we were away again with a motion of "This House would cut long hair". An all 2nd year clash, 3X against and 3B for. The debate was the longest and 3X won. We soon followed this debate with the motion "This House would re-instate Capital Punishment". With 3M for, they had North speaking well and Klaassen also. When the opposition spoke they stunned everybody so they went on to win. Well done, all speakers for Autumn debates.

The first debate of the spring term was ad-lib. We had some very peculiar discussions. Here are some of the subjects. Hancock spoke on "The rising prices of food". Procter spoke on "Hippopotomi", and Klaassen spoke on "The Battle of Waterloo".

Just before half term we had our school topic in "This House should go Comprehensive". Pulhan and Glover were for the motion and Caller and Klaassen were against. Again only seven people turned up and Caller and Klaassen won.

The next debate (I am writing 1/3/73) planned is "This House would bring down the ages for drinking and marriage". 3X are for the motion and L5X with 4M are against this exciting motion.

I would like to encourage all the second formers to come to next year's debates. I would also like to thank all speakers and all people concerned with publicity. I would like to thank Mr. Ward for his constant help in our problems and for being chairman on all occasions. We look forward to more debates in the next year, 1973/74. Also, if you have any ideas for debates please contact Mr. Ward or D. Procter in room 5

D. Procter, 4M.

HOW TO SUCCEED AT SCHOOL

At gigantic expense to both life and limb, we publish at last that for which every ordinary man in the street yearns! Yes, here it is—the one-piece, easy-to-follow, pull-out, racy, unexpurgated, exciting guide to success, and it's all yours!

1. A prefect comes upon you unexpectedly whilst you are removing planks of wood from the Sixth Form Common Room. Would you:
 - a) Ask him to "hold this big bit" for you while you fasten your shoelace.
 - b) Casually remark on his resemblance to a Lithuanian tea-taster you once met in San Francisco.
 - c) Say the woodwork shop need it for the school play.
 - d) Scream "The Fuzz", and run.
2. Your favourite Latin master asks you for the second person plural pluperfect passive subjunctive of the word for 'scrimshank'. Do you say:
 - a) "Yus."
 - b) "My pet mongoose ripped my books to shreds last night after watching 'Whoops Baghdad!'"
 - c) "I don't know because you've got my book."
 - d) "Amo, amas, amat."
3. Having been late for the third time in the past eight terms, you are severely reprimanded by your housemaster and threatened with expulsion. Do you reply:
 - a) "The train exploded."
 - b) "Sorry please, sir" Then offer to play hooker in the next rucker match.
 - c) "Could you speak in my left ear? My right one has a touch of earache, I believe."
 - d) "Well, you see . . . sob, sob . . . my budgie . . ." and embarrass him by flooding your hankey and his necktie with tears.
4. On entering your classroom your geography teacher appears somewhat perturbed by the presence of a vicious looking pekinese. Charged with responsibility for its presence, what is your answer?
 - a) "Perhaps it fancies you, sir."
 - b) "I could deny it. I could deny anything if I liked. But in this particular case . . ."
 - c) "He's called Giles."
 - d) "It fell out of my briefcase."

5. Your English teacher has just discovered that you are resting your naked feet upon a nearby chair during his lesson. Do you respond:
 - a) "What feet?"
 - b) "Sorry, sir," and not remove them.
 - c) "They got wet in football, didn't they?"
 - d) "Pardon," and in one deft move remove your feet from the chair, replacing your shoes and socks upon your feet and licking the chair clean, afterwards assuming an innocent cherubin-like expression.
6. Discovered by the caretaker in the act of filling the lavatories with paraffin, flooding the floor by means of the drinking taps, and setting fire to the paper towels, would you:
 - a) Take poison.
 - b) Say, "Well, it was a joke for your birthday."
 - c) Pretend you were washing your hands.
 - d) Offer him a cigarette.
7. On your way across the fields in a fog you come across a deranged footballer from the nearby football ground. Which would you do?
 - a) Head him to the cricket square and watch him drown in the swamp.
 - b) Take him to the lost property office.
 - c) Ask him for his autograph.
 - d) Offer him to the Biology Department.
8. The score of the school match in which you made your debut is incorrectly announced during Assembly. Your course of action would be to:
 - a) Fall about in the aisle laughing hysterically and pointing derisory fingers towards the stage.
 - b) Hurl lighted fireworks at the offender.
 - c) Leg the offender up in the corridor at a later date.
 - d) Take it like a man.

The cool, successful pupil would have given the following answers:

1.a 2.b 3.b 4.b 5.d 6.c 7.d 8.d

Scores above six promise potential, and those below two show you not to have been worth the reading time.

A TIMELY WARNING

Time and time-keeping enter very much into our lives. Life would be chaotic, wouldn't it, without some sort of routine or time-table to map out each day. Yet, astonishingly, time does not exist! It has well been described as an *ens mentis cum fundamento in re*. Just think of that. And if you thumb through enough dictionaries you will find, sooner or later, this means that time, though based on something real, has itself no existence whatever outside our minds.

The reality on which time is based is, of course, change. Everything undergoes change, and we are able to "time" the extent of these changes because of the earth's regular movements in relation to the sun.

So, a healthy approach to the essential non-existence of time is clearly a "must". Therefore, if up to now you have dabbled in the cult of time worship, blush and amend! This is a favourite pastime of the devils, I would have you know. It seems to me that if there are any ornaments on Hell's sooty and filthy walls they are most surely clocks. Large, magnificent time-pieces, striking every quarter, and thumping and hanging out the seconds exceptionally loudly. The devils, as you know (and if you don't, see C. S. Lewis, "The Screwtape Letters"), have to time their temptations most precisely. Timing is, in fact, part of a devil's stock-in-trade.

Note that demons are never late. A late devil is a contradiction in terms. Yet, interestingly enough, history is full of instances when the good were at least occasionally late. The Good Samaritan, for instance. He must have arrived late somewhere. However, more about this fascinating subject of fiends on some future occasion. Watch this space!

No doubt there are times when clock-watching is undiluted virtue. If you want to cook a soft-boiled egg you have to watch the seconds pretty closely, and catching a 'bus is a rather difficult thing to do if you happen not to be there when it decides to pull off. But becoming "as regular as clockwork", as it is described, for no good reason is somewhat questionable. The early bird undoubtedly gets the worm, but the latter would clearly have been far better advised to have a lie-in. The question is: Are you a bird or a worm? (N.B.—Only late worms have any chance of living to a ripe old age.)

Clearly "timing" must enter into our lives considerably, otherwise there would be chaos, but we should be careful not to value it too highly. It's the quality of a box of chocolates that's important, not the way they are wrapped up. Likewise, it's the quality of our lives that's important, not the measurements we use to "time" how long things take to do. Concentrate on what you do. Make sure that's valuable. Then start to worry about timing it.

So, be careful now, and get your priorities right. Time-worship is clearly a practice of the utmost depravity. It is the enemy of human compassion. It leads men in their lives to prefer the shadow to the substance, militates against breadth of mind and real endeavour, and makes people boast of a habit not a devil is without.

Show me your company . . .

APOLOGY

The poem published in last term's issue of the "Red Rose" entitled Hunter Trials which was submitted to this magazine by David Morgan as an original contribution, was in fact by Mr. John Betjeman. David Morgan wishes to apologise to Mr. Betjeman and the readership of the "Red Rose" for this deception. The "Red Rose" in turn wishes to echo those apologies.

Editor

THE CHANGING COASTLINE

The lighthouse, now visible,
 Stands out, majestically, conspicuously, in an awe-inspiring
 Panorama,
 Relatively unmarred by man.
 Its powerful height and shape dominate the landscape,
 The rugged, rocky, weather-beaten landscape.
 Sentinel-like,
 It guards the coast,
 Ever-watchful, ever-present,
 Though perhaps not as observant now as in former times.
 Work reduced to stormy nights
 When it performs its infrequent duty.
 O brave and hardy lighthouse!
 Your work will soon be done,
 And then you will be able to take a long-awaited rest,
 For you have saved many lives.
 Below,
 Jagged, menacing rocks,
 A constant threat to unwary navigators,
 Appearing ominously above the surface of the sea
 When the tide is out,
 Cunningly hidden
 When the tide is in.
 These are the charges of the lighthouse,
 These are the scheming demons
 Which take advantage of the sea's inconsistencies.
 Fortunately,
 Their murderous intents are usually overcome
 By the lighthouse dedication:
 The lighthouse—the guardian angel.
 A spit, a narrow rocky promontory, affords wondrous
 speculation,
 Having been eroded into weird, grotesque formation by
 the sea:
 Sea arches,
 Worn to an exquisite smoothness by continuous water
 action.
 Fascinating . . . Amazing . . . Magnificent.
 Blotching the forbidden steepness of the cliff walls,
 Caves add to the fascination of this scenery . . .
 Mysterious holes of sinister darkness;
 Very likely,
 Scenes of dark, dangerous, deeds of the Devil—
 Smuggling in long-forgotten days,
 Perhaps connected with the angel-like lighthouse:

No— I think not.
 Yet they remain subjects of enchantment and adventurous
 Imagination.
 Competing against the lighthouse for height and the
 cliff-top kingdom,
 An obelisk,
 Proud and erect,
 Sparkling and gleaming in the sun,
 Outlined perfectly against the sky.
 Yet this will never obtain the splendour of the lighthouse.
 Not far from the obelisk,
 One sees a windmill
 In advanced stages of dilapidation,
 Sails decaying.
 Obviously,
 It was built there for the benefit of the strong easterly winds;
 Disused now,
 Superseded by more reliable, developed, power-generators.
 Further on along the cliffs,
 Peering out over the top of the rocky barriers,
 A couple of pill-boxes,
 War-like, threatening, stone defenders,
 Waiting for ships and soldiers that have never come.
 Below them,
 A small, sunny, sandy cove,
 Cut perfectly into the harsh, overhanging cliffs,
 Thought of as a charming little haven
 In times of peace,
 Regarded as a possible landing-place for dinghys
 In times of war;
 Hence the pill-boxes.
 Situated about a mile from the cove
 In a secluded, sheltered little niche,
 A quaint, nucleated, old-fashioned fishing village,
 Established through many generations;
 Oblivious to the pressures of the outside world.
 But, I fear it will survive no longer—
 It will be swept away by the tide of technological advance,
 And die just as it has lived—
 Quietly.
 Four small fishing boats move with the waves—
 Tied up to a rotting, wooden jetty.
 The cliffs, virtually unassailable,
 Awesome, frightening,
 Stretch on for a mile or so,
 Until . . .

ROBBER OF CORPSES

A gigantic metal arm rises up above the cliffs,
Some distance away,
Poised rigidly over a network of metal girders.
This is the skeleton of a newcomer to the scene,
More fearsome and commanding than the previous addition,
The obelisk.
The scaffolding is for the latest innovation—
An up-to-date holiday camp,
An experiment in providing entertainment
For families seeking cheap enjoyment.
Apart from doing that,
It also helps to disfigure the general landscape.
It heralds the coming of large-scale development to this area.
A swimming-pool for the water-lovers,
Crazy-golf for light-hearted competition,
Evening dancing for the quiet atmosphere,
A football pitch for the energetic,
Tennis-courts for the athletic,
A games-room for indoor competitors,
Nearby walks and scenery for the romantic and appreciative.
Little do they realise the value of the last-named;
But they will regret their impetuosity
In time to come.
The cliffs are now gradually decreasing in height,
Until,
They finally give way to the golden, rolling sands,
Which, as could be expected,
Are the basis for the ultimate 'sight' of my trip . . .
The town.
It lies spreadeagled, sprawling, spacious,
A ribbon development.
Boarding-houses, hotels, gift-shops,
Amusement arcades, fortune tellers and candy-floss stalls
Line the promenade.
Donkeys, deck-chairs, ice-cream stands and bikini'd girls
Line the beach.
Yachts, paddle-boats and speed-boats
Conglomerate round the shore-end of the pier.
Children, waving and shouting in gay multi-coloured
summer-wear,
Line the sea-end of the pier.
This is, indeed, a far-cry from the primitive fishing village.
This, then, is the end.
I have finished my journey into the past,
I have wondered at the beauty of that unspoilt landscape.
And now . . .
It's back to the pressures and hubbub of life,
Back to the harsh reality.

Peter Cunliffe, U5B.

The last rays of light glinted on the bound metal strips of the sentry's helmet. The sun was dropping quickly behind the mountains of the north as if it wished to hide the sight of such a terrible carnage from its eyes. With the sinking of the sun a light breeze began to blow and the air chilled. Gryth pulled his threadbare cloak around him and stretched his cramped legs as he sat huddled behind a thorn bush. He glanced behind him and saw his rugged mountain pony safely cropping the roadside weeds.

Gryth noted the position of the three trees just in front of the pony and began to edge down to the plain below. In the greying dusk the shadows cast by the great fires of the soldiers gave the scene an unearthly and supernatural look. The night air was peaceful and silent until a sudden breeze brought a moan to the ears of Gryth. Most of the wounded, fortunately, had crawled away or died by this time and he was fairly safe in his work from them. The fires around gave a poor illumination to the field so Gryth was forced to grope his way slowly forward, feeling with feet and hands for a safe passage over roots and stones. After moving forward for several minutes he was tripped—not by a root or stone but by the outstretched form of a peasant. The man was like Gryth, except that he was dead, and so little would be gained from his body. He had not much further to go before he perceived the form of a man sitting alongside a tree. He froze and hoped he had not been seen. Death was the penalty if he was caught. He stood rooted to the spot, not daring to move. Then he noticed the broken shaft sticking from the man's chest and sighed with audible relief. He moved on. More slowly now as he passed over the bodies of several soldiers. These men carried nothing of value and so he ignored them. At last his right foot stubbed against the hard metal bars of a shield. This meant a man of some rank, athane or possibly a noble. He groped around, ignoring the two peasants close by until he touched the leather hauberk of athane. His hand travelled across it until he suddenly pulled it away as he felt the congealed contents of the rent across the chest where the battle axe in the death blow had entered the man. Around the neck of the body was a cord. In the dim light Gryth made out several semi-precious stones on it. He cut the cord and dropped them into the sack he carried. Still clutched in the dead man's hand was his sword. Prising open the fingers he put the sword and

two bracelets into his sack. This had been the site of some last ditch defence by the norsemen and the bodies were piled upon each other. Rich pickings were to be had where housecartes and berserks had fought. Many of the bodies were terribly mauled as repeated blows of axe, mace or sword had pulverised the enemy. He took more copper arm bands, a jewelled dirk and a particularly fine helmet. He jettisoned the sword as the weight of his pickings grew.

Suddenly he was aware of voices, and torches cast their light close to him. These were battlefield vigilantes, organised to prevent body looters like Gryth from carrying out their work. He buried his sack under a dead norse warrior and threw himself amongst the bodies. The patrol came nearer as they talked about the combats they had taken part in that day. They came up to the place where he lay, thrusting with their spears as they came, making sure there were no looters or enemy soldiers alive amongst the corpses. Suddenly Gryth screamed in a spasm of pain. And died.

C. M. Roberts, L6W.

MEMOIRS OF COMRADE ESSE

When I chose my job I hadn't any ambition, and a kind of pity for those who did have. I could see the contempt in which they held me: "Strange," I used to think, since they were always worried sick, and I just took what came along. I have watched them, grasping that extra penny to pay for something the wife wants, because she hasn't got anything to match her mink. If I had become one of them I wouldn't be alive and kicking, as I just so happen to be today.

Are you sitting comfortably?

Once upon a time I was fifteen years old in the 'O' level year at school, you know, the one that fell down one Saturday afternoon, in Southport. No-one would believe me when I said the commi's (communists) would be at the helm soon. I predicted eight years. I was wrong. It only took six. It's a long story, beginning with a few unemployed workers, who were skilled at making garden gnomes.

Having failed all my exams, they kicked me out of school, and I was left disillusioned and unemployed at the labour exchange. I can remember the thugs from Liverpool waiting with glee to pounce on you as you left, and pinch your money. 'Muggers', I think they were called.

Eventually I got a job as an apprentice bricklayer, and I would have qualified if the revolution hadn't come first. A lot of the lads I had known at school came to sticky ends, because they were looked upon as 'parasites to society', which meant anybody who used a pen, instead of a hammer. At the time I was glad to be amongst the lowest of the low, grand fellows, whatever they might say.

The new regime chose my job for me, as foreman on a mortorway, and we worked a six-day week under comfortable conditions.

After a year of building roads, America went Communist in a general election, and we were sent 'to help our comrades in the West', and I was employed as a spiderman, building giant chicken hutches, or what they called "blocks of flats". I got my job in a small town called Upper Gumtree, in Florida.

Strangely, the Communist governments, having now conquered the world, realized that organisation needed organising, and so when U.G.I.N. (or 'uggin) the United Governments of International Nationality, were set up in Geneva they made me pack my bags and sent me to be regional manager in China of a commune called "The Joy of Building for the Cultural Revolution", but everyone just called it "squiggle", because they couldn't read the Chinese writing. It was officially the J.B.R.C., a thing no-one knew, and probably never will know.

I have worked in this job to the day I write, and now at the age of fifty-six, I feel too old to change.

From the future I expect no further rise in rank, and I am now waiting for my retirement, which comes on my sixtieth birthday, as with all non-manual workers (manual workers retire at 50) and my pension should keep me to the end of my days. It is my ambition before I retire to build another city for the colony on Mars and to name it after our regime, "Committown" or "Stalinsville". Stalinsville, I think, to match the other town "Thrillsville", after all did not regime invent fire, the wheel and flight?

This world has now changed. It is less polluted, and we are told, all our power comes from unpolluting sources. The next thing I shall do is to build a home in Southport. I think I'll chrome around the windows. I will return there from China when I retire, and swim in the blue, unpolluted sea.

THE SILENT DEATH

Pollution,
Science is the problem,
The growth of man and technology;
Pushing
Pushing for powers,
Powers beyond the Universe.
Factories,
Dumping chemical waste
Foam and acids covering streams;
Killing fish
Killing plant life,
Fouling the air.
Cars,
Exhaust,
Jamming the roads,
Destroying the cities
Causing cancer,
Bursting the lungs.
Ships,
Dumping oil
Slicks churning up beaches;
Killing wild-fowl
Drowning children
Destroying the beauty of the earth.
Slowly,
Gradually
The earth crumbles,
Towns, cities, nations die down
Everything is extinct:
The world no more.

Peter Kelly.