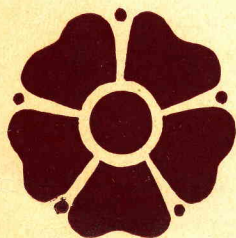


# THE RED ROSE

THE MAGAZINE OF  
KING GEORGE V SCHOOL



KG  
V

Vol. XLII

No. 1

March, 1963

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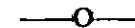
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## **Editorial**

This issue of the "Red Rose" is devoted largely to creative writing. Especially in the senior forms of the school, many boys have no time (in any sense) for literature. They believe that it is not up-to-date, that it has no relevance to modern life. The scientists in the sixth form tend to regard it as the fantasy of certain cranks who never quite had the practical sense to study science; the modernists tend to see "Eng. Lit." as a body of knowledge to be absorbed more or less painfully for examination purposes.

A more balanced view is surely healthier. Science explains many phenomena; as Keats regretfully said, it reveals the beautiful rainbow to be merely a prosaic prism. Literature, and the arts in general, express human and emotional attitudes to these phenomena—this is not just a pleasant diversion, but an essential function. Modern man is in danger of retrogression. He has harnessed and channelled many natural forces; but he is probably more fretful, more dissatisfied, less generous, more self-seeking, and more bored than ever before. To crystallise what is so far only a trend, Man is becoming inhuman—he is forsaking the qualities forged in centuries, and is letting himself be swept along by material progress without any attempt at a critical judgment of this process, which would separate the good from the bad elements.

Literature, even at school magazine level, can encourage both the writers to formulate their hazy feelings, and the readers to open their prejudice-encrusted minds. Several of the contributions here printed have a gloomy atmosphere. Even to established authors, the world today often appears threatening and harsh; and it is now very difficult to reach a "happy ending" convincingly. What is important is that our contributors show evidence of thought about the world in which we live: they are not victims of apathy, the lack of feeling about everyday events. This, of course, does not mean that every contribution is humourless.

I would like to thank those boys, at all stages in the school, who have made this edition possible.

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\* Denotes Housemaster. † Denotes Careers Master.

† Denotes Librarian.

## School Notes

At the end of last term we said goodbye to Mr. R. E. Rimmer who left the staff to become Music Master at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Blackburn. Mr. Rimmer has done a great deal for the music of this school in the last three and a half years. In particular his training of the Madrigal Choir has brought their performance to a standard not often reached in schools. We are very grateful to him for all his work here and the enthusiasm he has shown and we wish him every success at Blackburn.

In his place we welcome Mr. R. P. Wilson who was trained at the Bretton Hall Training College and at Trinity College, London. He has been music master at the Rugby High School for the last three years.

The Christmas Play last term was "When we are Married" by J. B. Priestley. This was Mr. Wakefield's first production for some years and it proved to be a most popular choice.

The Old Boys' Dance was held on 20th December in conjunction with the Old Girls' Association at the High School. Once again this was a most enjoyable annual event.

We were pleased to have a visit from Trevor Williams (Ev. 1949-56), who was Captain of School in 1955-56, on 18th December. He gave an interesting talk to the sixth form on Ghana. In 1961-62 he spent a year at the University of Accra as a Rotary Foundation Fellow.

On 7th February the sixth form had a talk from Herr Brandl, the German Consul in Liverpool. His subject was Germany and the Common Market.

We are very grateful to Mrs. T. K. Tedstone for the gift to the school of a Stevenson's Screen for housing thermometers and other apparatus for meteorological observations, and also for the gift of a set of photographs of the moon.

Mrs. J. L. Rogers has very kindly presented the school with an oil painting of her husband, Mr. J. W. Rogers, founder of Rogers' House. This portrait was painted by Mr. Henry Merchant, a former Art Master of the school, and will be hung in Rogers' Houseroom.

We are most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Stott for the gift to the school of a cheque for £15 15s. 0d., which will be used to purchase a musical instrument for the orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Stott's younger son left the school in February.

We congratulate D. H. Bennison on winning an Open Exhibition in French and German at Keble College, Oxford, last December. We also congratulate J. Dickinson on being awarded an Industrial University Scholarship by the Mersyside and North Wales Electricity Board.

D. Boothman of L6Ma has been awarded a Scholarship of value £40 by the Educational Interchange Council to enable him to study for the whole term at a school in Germany. He will take this Scholarship up next term.

The collection this term was on behalf of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, and realised the sum of £24 10s. 0d.

### CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

For the first time in the School's history, the Christmas carol service was held in a church and in the presence of a large congregation of parents and friends who, together with those taking part, numbered about eight hundred people.

The service was held in the splendid setting of Holy Trinity Church and took the form of the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols. The traditional lessons were read by representatives of various levels in the school and by members of staff. Carols varying greatly in age and idiom were sung by a selected and well-trained choir under the direction of Mr. R. E. Rimmer, and the congregation joined in singing some of the well-known Christmas hymns. Musically and in its general arrangement the service was most inspiring and tribute must be paid to Mr. R. W. Bell for the part he played in organising it. It is perhaps a pity that on this occasion there was not provided a greater opportunity for the general congregation to participate.

A retiring collection was taken on behalf of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign and the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. Considering the size of the congregation, and the fact that the plates contained 500 sixpences, the total of about £25 was most disappointing. Surely this is a very grave reflection on the concern of those who have for those who have not, especially at a season which even by non-Christians is associated with goodwill to all men.

J.W.L.

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## Important Dates

Summer Term begins	...	...	...	...	...	23rd April
Swimming Gala	...	...	...	...	...	17th May
Half Term	...	...	...	3rd, 4th and 5th	...	June
G.C.E. "A" level examinations begin	...	...	...	...	...	10th June
G.C.E. "O" level examinations begin	...	...	...	...	...	17th June
Summer Examinations begin	...	...	...	...	...	27th June
Summer Examinations end	...	...	...	...	...	2nd July
1st XI v. Old Boys	...	...	...	...	...	15th July
Athletic Sports	...	...	...	...	...	16th July
Open Day	...	...	...	...	...	17th July
Term ends	...	...	...	...	...	18th July

## Valete

SILVERTON, R. M., 1956-62—Evans'. U6MSch. (G.C.E. A4,O5), Senior School Prefect 1962-63; House Captain 1962-63; R.L.S.S. Bronze Medal 1960-61; School Librarian 1962-63; Secretary Economics Society 1961-62.

EDWARDS, P. L., 1957-62—Edwards'. L6Mb. (G.C.E.O6).

EDWARDS, D. L. 1958-62—Gear's. L6Mb. (G.C.E. O4).

LLOYD, P. J., 1958-62—Gear's. L6Sc.Y. (G.C.E. O5).

RIDOUT, D. E., 1958-62—Spencer's. U5B.

BLORE, I. R., 1960-62—Gear's. 4A.

ELLIOTT, F. J., 1960-62—Edwards'. 4Y.

GILDART, B. R., 1961-62—Evans'. 3B. R.L.S.S. Elementary Certificate 1962-63.

LABBETT, P. J., 1961-62—Spencer's. 3X.

LAWRENCE, C. B., 1961-62—Rogers'. 3A.

THOMAS, J. J., 1961-62—Evans'. 4B.

THOMSON, A. P., 1961-62—Masons'. 3B.

## Salvete

A. P. Beckingham, S. Charmak, M. J. Filbey, P. W. Gathercole, D. H. L. Roberts, J. G. M. Rooke, D. J. Siddall, I. D. Tinsley.

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I was most impressed by all the differences between an English and a German school. The first things I noticed were the school uniforms, and the different times of starting and finishing. My school starts at 7-30 and finishes at 12-10. But there is also school once or twice a week in the afternoon, when the clubs, choir, and orchestra meet; in addition, we go to school on Saturday morning. This system means that we have no school dinner. Before I came over to England some English friends warned me of the school dinner. But I think it is not so bad.

Though we do not have a perfect system, the discipline is not worse in our schools. Instead of the perfect system we have a School Parliament, to which every form sends two representatives. All the pupils of the school vote a chairman for the Parliament, who is at the same time "Head Boy" (or "Head Girl"). But the Parliament has no power at all. It mediates between teachers and pupils, and organises activities.

Our school teams in handball and athletics have only one or two matches a year. I prefer the English system of having more school teams in several sporting events, and of having a match every week.

Now I shall talk about the system of study. In Germany pupils have to go to grammar school for nine years, while it is usually only seven years in England. There is no "O" Level; the only examination, called the Abitur, which is an equivalent of "A" Level, comes at the end of the course. In Germany, pupils study about twelve subjects for seven years: then they drop five of them, and in the Abitur everyone has to do German, Maths, and one foreign language. The modern side does also a second foreign language and History, whereas the science side does Physics and Chemistry. In England there is much more specialisation. Instead of examinations we have tests throughout the year; and if a pupil has bad marks in his report, he will be kept down to stay another year in that form.

Finally, I want to say that I enjoyed my stay very much, and that I hope I shall be able to come back again.

**ALBRECHT ZEH.**

**THE JOURNEY**

The scene was a small South American republic, early in the twentieth century. Miguel Fernandez was standing in front of a military tribunal, charged with offensive actions against the State. The colonel facing him was very pensive. Occasionally he would look at Fernandez, and then he would look down at the desk at which he was sitting and run his finger along his small moustache.

He suddenly came to a stop, stared Fernandez in the eyes and said: "This tribunal finds you guilty of the charges brought against you, and therefore sentences you to the maximum penalty of death by firing squad. Sentence to be carried out immediately!" He stood up and so did everyone else present. They all said together "Viva el Presidente y la nacion!"

As Fernandez walked out of the courtroom, surrounded by four guards, his thoughts were confused. Different events of his life were appearing before him like ghosts. Then he thought of his wife, his dear wife and children. What would happen to them? He was marched out onto a field, where four soldiers were standing to attention, and an officer beside them. "It must be midday" he thought. The heat was intense, and the sun pounded down mercilessly as the air hummed with flies and other small insects.

Fernandez was offered a blindfold, but he turned his head away. It was then that he looked around him. There was nobody else, just himself and five soldiers. Taking his only chance he began to run. He could hear shots and voices behind him, but he kept running. Slowly the noises died down, and again the air was filled with the buzzing of insects. Fernandez looked round him. He was hundreds of miles away from his home, yet he was standing in front of the river he always used to cross on his way home.

The sun was still high, and sweat made his shirt stick to him like glue. Perspiration was also stinging his eyes. Again he looked around him. Yes, it was near his home. He had not far to go now. As soon as he got home, he would take his family and leave the country, he thought to himself as he walked along. He was free now. His house lay in a valley. He lived in a small community of a few hundred people. Yes, he was nearing the slope of the hill which would take him home. He could hear children shouting in the distance. He reached the top of the hill and saw his wife running to greet him. He began running down to her. Suddenly, everything turned red, and a tremendous explosion shattered all around him. The soldiers lowered their smoking rifles. Justice had been done. The penalty of death had been carried out.

C. Page, LVb.

#### TON-UP

As I skated down the back-streets  
On my bike of oily black,  
I saw the flames come spurting upwards,  
Heard my mighty engine crack,  
Smelt the fumes from my exhaust,  
Heard my tyres skid and screech,  
Turned my face towards the heavens  
But the stars seemed out of reach:  
I saw the curtained grimy windows,

Then the dockyard cranes so high,  
And the scores of factory-chimneys  
Stretching upwards to the sky,  
Saw the road come nearer, nearer,  
Felt my blood begin to race,  
Felt the pain come through my helmet,  
Felt the gashes on my face;  
Heard the rain run in the gutter.  
Knowing Death had broke my back  
I turned my face, and saw him, laughing,  
Then all I saw was black . . .

Jake, LVa.

## The School Play

"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED" — J. B. Priestley.

Alderman Joseph Helliwell, Councillor Albert Parker, Herbert Soppit, and their respective wives, Maria, Annie, and Clara, meet in Helliwell's house to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary. When they find out that they have never really been married at all because of a Parson's mistake, the prospect of being the victims of scandal provides the situation around which are built up many humorous episodes in Priestley's famous comedy chosen for the annual school play last term.

Councillor Albert Parker is essentially a self-righteous person, and Day brought this across well. Annie has a much suppressed personality owing to the domineering nature of her husband, and in this respect Porter understood his part perfectly, although sometimes his quietness of speech made it rather difficult for his lines to be heard.

Heyes was extremely well cast as the ebullient, jovial Helliwell. Maturity of voice was his great asset while his facial expressions and realistic laughter were very notable. His emotional wife, Maria, was played by Armitage, whose feminine movements were by far the best of all the "ladies" in the cast. Also, Armitage's stage experience was obviously of great value to all of the players.

Stubington, as Clara—wife of Herbert Soppit—was not supposed to be ladylike, and he managed her battleaxe nature, and all other aspects of the part, very well. Clara most definitely wears the trousers in that marriage, and Nind, as Herbert Soppit (how the name suits the character!), was a very precise caricature of a henpecked husband.

The highlight of the whole play, for me, was Simpson's performance as the perpetually inebriated photographer, Ormonroyd. His was a very difficult task: namely, to give the right amount of drunken incoherence to his words without becoming

inaudible to the audience. The result was what can only be described as an impeccable performance. He is obviously quite at home on the stage—a natural actor.

Rimmer, as the other press representative, did not show quite enough of the effrontery typical of that class of person, but otherwise fitted in quite well as Ormonroyd's companion.

Cohen was very acceptable as the working-class "how-many-pairs-of-hands-do-you-think-I've-got" housekeeper. His interpretation was original, and the only serious complaint is that his laughter was artificial and forced in the extreme.



Carlisle gave a very enjoyable performance as Ruby, but it is a pity that his build and movement did not match his voice when dealing with some of the more naïve lines. Carlisle and Simpson, however, managed to keep the slow middle of the second scene going quite well, although I felt that the frequent pausing made this part of the play drag a little (excepting the excellent pause from Ormonroyd when he—so unsteady on his feet that he is nearly falling over—accuses Ruby of "bobbing up and down!"). Priestley specially designs this scene as a sort of

"Natural Break" between the rowdy and hilarious first and last scenes, but there is no doubt that the audience was becoming rather restless as it progressed.

Emslie, as the Reverend Clement Mercer, was perfectly cast. His posture and speech were typical of these members of the community who can be so vague in such a precise manner. Everything about Emslie was clean-cut: his articulations, his mannerisms, his timing, his collar. In short, his treatment of the part was excellent and he was very amusing indeed.

A general criticism can be made of some of the minor characters, for when two or more were on the stage, each one seemed to be delivering his own separate monologue instead of trying to integrate his own contribution with those of the others. This was especially evident with Dickinson, as Forbes, and Carr. Carr, as Lottie Grady, had a very unenviable part to play and tried very hard indeed, but, rather like Porter, had difficulty in moving about the stage in a ladylike manner.



Dickinson's deportment was not too good and he was rather self-conscious (understandably—anyone would be if he had to play a romantic young man in his first play). Because Abram, as Nancy—the object of his affections—is much smaller than Dickinson, the latter tended to talk down into the stage, hunching his back awkwardly. Thus the audience could not quite hear what he was saying. Nevertheless, his general attack was very encouraging.

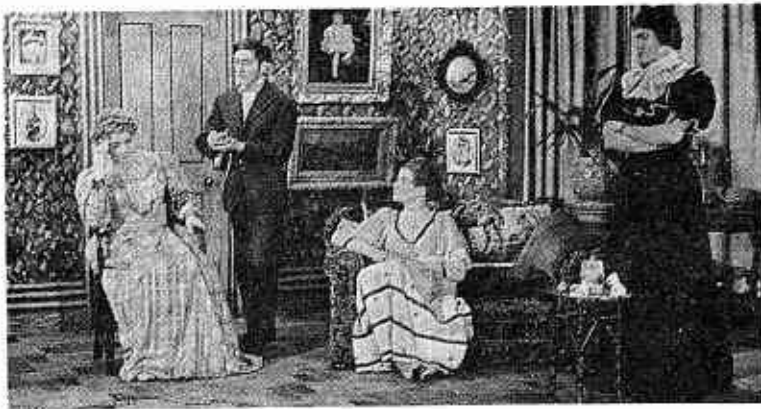
Mr. Harrison, Mr. Long, Mr. Trayhern, and all their helpers with the stage, gave the play a very good start by arranging the set in such an artistic and professional manner. The whole stage



was suitably laden with large pieces of furniture, which, if not truly antique, were certainly most effective in creating the Victorian atmosphere. The audience was not slow in showing their full appreciation as soon as the curtains parted for the first scene.

Costume and make-up are always stumbling blocks when boys try to act the parts of women, but with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, the general impression was of a very high standard. One particularly well made-up character was Nancy Holmes. It was, no doubt, Mrs. Bell's feminine expertise that made Abram look the part so well. How I did wish, however, that so many characters would not forget to make up under the chin, behind the ears, and round the side and back of the neck. In some cases, the "mask effect" resulting from their forgetting these areas was genuinely frightening!

Mr. Wakefield produced the play. His production was not perfect in every respect; the casting of certain of the more minor parts was not ideal and the middle of the second scene could



have been played more adventurously. But it was largely due to Mr. Wakefield's general interpretation and appreciation of the script that this play turned out to be such a success. The immense amount of work involved in such a production is no mean task for any producer who has to give up a lot of his spare time to reach such a high standard.

The excitement has died down. The spotlights rest for another three terms. The Lecture Theatre reverts to its sombre self. In conclusion, all we can say is that if all future productions are as well acted and appreciated as much as "When We Are Married," the Debating Society has a great deal more in store with which to surprise the unsuspecting K.G.V.—Parent public!

A. K. Canter.

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Total population of British Isles .....	52,000,000
Total over 65 years of age .....	14,000,000
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	38,000,000
Children under 16 and housewives not gainfully employed in industry .....	16,000,000
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	22,000,000
Total Armed Forces: Army, Navy, Air Force .....	2,600,000
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	19,400,000
Total Local Government Officers, Transport, Cinemas, Banks .....	14,900,000
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	4,500,000
Total Civil Service, Bureaucrats .....	1,204,000
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	3,296,000
Police and private Gestapo .....	350,000
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	2,946,000
School Teachers .....	271,000
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	2,675,000
Total insane, Unemployable, Liberal M.P.s, Cabinet Ministers .....	492,417
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	2,182,583
Total Under Government Contracts and Permits .....	1,716,000
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	466,583
Spivs, drones and other vermin .....	300,000
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	166,583
Publicans and Staff .....	126,583

<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	40,000
Total in Jail .....	39,996
<hr/>	
<i>Balance left to do the work</i> .....	4
Number awaiting death sentence .....	2
<hr/>	
<i>Total of Employable Persons</i> .....	2

That's right: two alone (at the moment unemployed) to carry the burden of exports, imports and every port.

S. B. Fletcher.

### THE LETTER

The little old lady stood sadly on the platform as the train pulled out. Her last words were still echoing in his ears. "Write as soon as you can." The date was some time in 1943, and her only son had just left her to be mobilized. His destination could have been anywhere. She trudged slowly homewards to a house that seemed hollow and ghost-like.

The next morning, she was up early to wait for the postman. There he was, slowly making his way down the street. Eagerly she ran to the door, to find that he had already passed. She consoled herself with the thought that the boy had arrived at his barracks too late to catch the post. Maybe the afternoon post would prove more fruitful.

The days passed. Yes, the postman called, but not with the letter she expected. The old lady grew sick with worry and despair. She took to sitting by the window most of the day. She hardly ate anything, and her imagination ran riot with all the most horrible things that could have happened to him. The worst thing was the helplessness. She had no way whatsoever of getting in touch with him.

Then it came, so normally and naturally that it seemed impossible. The letter just fell through the letterbox and lay on the mat, like the everyday occurrence it was. All her misery left her. She snatched at the letter eagerly and read it through and through. Owing to some emergency, the soldiers had not been allowed to write, and this was the first opportunity. She walked slowly into the living room, her eyes never leaving the words on the paper. She knew that she would have to suffer this heartbreak and surging joy many times before this awful war was over.

N. Windham, 3X.

### THE CINEMA AND SOCIETY

The cinema is a uniquely twentieth century form. Evidently it is a twentieth century invention following directly from the rise in technology, but more deeply it can be said to have embodied in its very form something of the nature of twentieth century civilisation.

Although the cinema demands less from the spectator than any other medium, it involves him more than any other medium because he must accept the viewpoint forced on him by the camera; in fact the cinema is dictatorial. In this it parallels the major political movements of the century; indeed the Nazis exploited this aspect of cinema in their brilliant and awful propaganda films such as "Triumph of the Will." The cinema also has the property of reducing the three-dimensional reality of the external world into images of two dimensions, which, although they can be used honestly in attempts to evoke the original reality, can also be manipulated in very deceitful ways. This is reflected everywhere in contemporary society: for example, public figures no longer appear honestly before us but concern themselves with presenting their images. It is probable that this cult of image manipulation has been inherited from the cinema; certainly film "stars" are the subjects of more image-making than any other class of society, and a recent tragic result of the confusion between image and reality was the suicide of Marilyn Monroe.

Another important aspect of cinema as a twentieth century form is the unfortunate fact that it is Big Business. Production is in the hands of those whose prime objective is profit and who simply exploit our existing sensibilities without attempting to give us anything of real value. Here the parallel is with the whole of Western economy: that which will give the maximum profit to a minority and not to society in general determines what occurs. The enormous expense of modern film-making has two direct results: the cinema must appeal to a mass audience, and the true artist of the cinema, the director, must work in industry as he cannot afford his tools! Needless to say, as a mass audience has a low average intelligence, the profit motive does not produce the best films. This is altogether disappointing because the best films that have been made show that cinema is capable of being the most expressive and exciting medium yet devised for the communication of an artist's personal vision of the world. The director in industry is rarely allowed complete control over his medium, and he usually has to be contented by saying something personal, through his individual style, in a film in which he has little interest. It is generally accepted that a good writer is one who can convey the nuances and subtleties of his feelings not through his story or plot but through his choice and arrangement of words, that is through his style. What is not generally accepted is that a director can in a similar way augment the value of his film by his style. In Hollywood films this style can be noticed only after seeing a number of films made by the same director and then it becomes clear that he is trying to express something often in the face of enormous obstacles. This is the reason why films with the weakest of stories can be worth going to see and it is also the reason why a good film is worth seeing more than once, although the story is known.

Until the cinema-going public attain a sense of visual language, not much improvement can be hoped for, but this can only be achieved by giving education in the visual arts in our schools in the same way that education is given in the appreciation of writing. The significance of the director's choice of camera angle, camera movements, colour, composition and sequence of images must be realised before a full appreciation of any film is possible, and when we have a more discerning audience then the profit-motive will work for the cinema and not against it. Only when directors are given more respect by audiences and producers will the cinema develop.

R. B. Henry.

## THRELFALL & MARSDEN

(Arthur Marsden, R. P. Marsden)

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## THE RED NOSE

*Extracts from the Spring, 1903, school magazine of our predecessors on this site, the King Guiseppe of Valetta School. These have been excerpted from the archives of the lost school, which have been recently discovered sunk in the marsh.*

### 1. Editorial

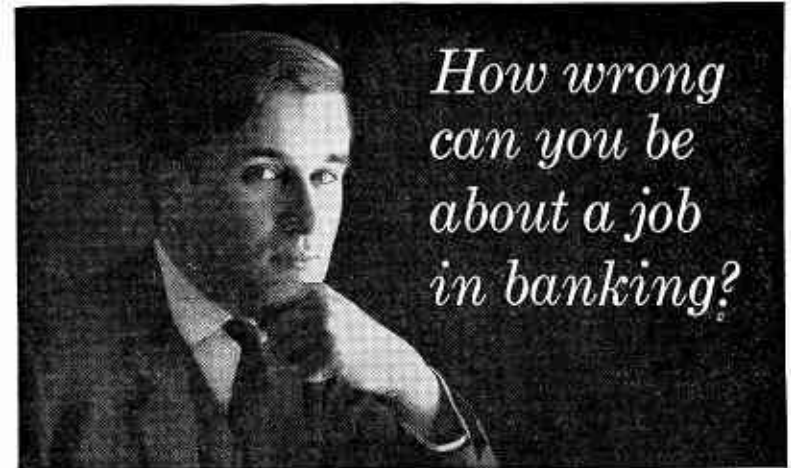
At the moment in this school there is a deplorable lack of interest shown by the boys in how well—or badly—their house fares in the Jubilation Cup. Of course some boys do try to improve their house's position, but the majority of these do it for selfish reasons: some in order to be recommended for prefect badges by their housemasters ("Surely a life of relaxation in the prefects' room is worth a few knocks on the rugby field"). Then there are those who help in the house so as to obtain good comments from their housemaster on their university application forms. It is only a very small minority of extroverts who make any attempt to win a house match; most regard the game as a huge joke.

Something must be done to remedy this disgusting situation and the only way is to make the house system more competitive. To do this sweeping changes must be carried out. Firstly, a transfer system of boys between all the houses should be introduced.

It so often happens that one or two of the houses seem to obtain more than their fair share of talent in the new boys for two or three years running. Consequently that particular house dominates all competitions for a number of years, and the houses who unfortunately get the "duds" haven't a chance of winning anything. However, having a transfer system between the houses will enable the less fortunate houses to buy boys from the other, better off, houses. Transferred boys will, of course, receive a portion of the transfer fee and housemasters will have to give their best boys small monetary rewards—to keep them from going on the transfer list. Because of these payments for service the general standard of play in all competitions is bound to increase tremendously, and a bonus to members of the team which wins will inspire them to even greater efforts.

The system, as far as we can see, has only one difficulty and that is, how will housemasters raise sufficient funds to enable them to buy new boys? However, after a little thought, one realizes there is an infinite number of ways of raising money. We will mention just a few of the ones which have occurred to us.

Charity collections can be replaced with collections for house funds; housemasters should bear in mind that the threat of a



"A year or two ago, there I was, about to leave school. Had a pretty good GCE—but I was far from decided about what I wanted to do.

"Then a friend of Dad's suggested District Bank. I certainly hadn't thought of *that*. I'd always thought of banking as a dull and stuffy job.

"But, you know, he told me a bit about working for District Bank. It sounded really rather intriguing. And I found out a bit more from their booklets.

"Dull? Banking's anything but. I'm a cashier at the moment, meeting different people and different problems every day. I've been on a couple of courses already to learn about various aspects of the job—and enjoyed them.

"And I'm getting ambitious. They told me that everyone who joins them is looked on as a potential manager.

"I'm planning to be a *bank manager*! How wrong can you be about banking?"

#### WHY DISTRICT BANK OFFERS MORE OPPORTUNITY

The Bank's continual expansion means that in the coming years more and more branch managers will be needed and they will be chosen from the ranks of the young men joining now, for promotion in District Bank depends on merit alone.

For further information on a career with District Bank, apply to any branch or write to The Staff Manager, District Bank Ltd., Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester 2.

**DISTRICT BANK**  
LIMITED



OVER 570 BRANCHES

Saturday morning detention will make even the most miserly boy give liberally.

Weekly house lotteries will be a steady source of income, and, for houses whose funds are low, bingo tables in the house-rooms, with the houses taking a percentage of the winnings, would soon put them back on their feet.

As we have no hesitation in assuming our suggestions will be acted upon in the very near future we are quite willing to let any housemaster have the benefit of our money-raising ideas—for a small fee, of course.

A.J.C., etc.

## 2. Sport

### ROUNDERS

Batting	No. of Outings	Highest Score	Total Runs	Average
T. Nametab .....	2	7	13	6.5
A. S. Spright .....	74	2	3	0.0405
P. Rostrum .....	12½	1	9	0.072
J. Fill .....	27	0	0	.....

Bowling	No. of Overs	Runs	Wickets	Average
R. Limey .....	24.4	920	9	102.2222
G. Pestle .....	103.3	2	2	1.0
A. S. Spright .....	2,172.1	252	22	11.5
M. I. N. I. Car ...	0.4	24	0	.....
	P.	W.	D.	L.
	12	0	12	0

As can be seen from the record of results most of the season's games ended stale, mate. The School tended not to attack the opposition enough, although they did make some fair declarations (Yes, yer 'onour, Swiss-made). The notable exception was the Old Boys' Game when the School was saved from defeat only by the weather or not we would have won or not depended upon the weather or not we would have . . .

### INDIVIDUAL CRITIQUE

Jeff Fill—What a silly mid-on!

Pete Rostrum (cap'n)—His aggressiveness made him feared throughout the length and breadth of the wicket.

Tom (Hossy) Nametab—He was good in parts—like the curate's egg.

Space is very limited (Einstein) but mention must be made of two of the team's bowlers: Anglo-Saxon Spright, and Guy "just-another-one-before-we-go" Pestle who both bowled well on

occasions, especially when the blonde was watching. One must also remember P. K. "Tubby" Thompson whose performance was unfortunately often marred by severe pains in his hair—or was it cramp in his fingernails? However, his square leg came in very useful.

W. G. Day

(who wishes to remain anonymous).

## 3. Societies

### FENCING CLUB

Of the chairmen for 1902-3, three died as a result of unfortunate accidents; J. Smith retired as the result of external pressure (the sword of his successor); and the latter in turn surrendered the badge of office after stabbing pains in the chest. There were two possibilities for this year's chairmanship, P. G. Tips and A. Blade, the latter being foiled in his challenge.

In our annual match against Southport Fencing Club, although our captain played well and did not get at all flustered, many of the juniors unfortunately lost their heads, with the result that we were defeated by 5 members to 4.

Lately a great change has come over the Fencing Club, for its members, after seeing "Genghis Khan," "Spartacus," "Hercules Unchained" and "El Cid," have discarded face masks for plumed steel helmets, and foils in favour of scimitars; protective clothing has been replaced by breastplates and leg-trappings.

Finally, a plea for new members: we always welcome new blood.

### EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The other day, walking down the corridor, I chanced upon one whose name looms high among those of professed literary interest. Held close to his body by the curve of his arm were several works of obvious gravity; and in between, folded neatly and protected from the icy blasts, was what I at first took to be a manuscript, but which on closer examination turned out to be the current edition of "Beano." Sensing my surprise, the literary giant was at pains to assure me of the disappointment he had suffered, for he had been unable to purchase the "Dandy," on whose early editions he had been doing research work. He was endeavouring to resurrect the doings of Desperate Dan, the creator of whom had recently crossed the Jordan. We shall never be able to assess the debt the School owes to such single-minded devotion to scholastic pursuit.

## TIPS FOR DEBATERS

1. It's better to keep one's mouth shut and be thought a fool, than to open it and remove all doubt.
2. It's all right to have a train of thought if one also has a terminal.
3. Do not indulge in slander: mud thrown is lost ground.
4. A speaker who does not strike oil in ten minutes should stop boring.

## 4. Why Study?

### INNER MONGOLIAN

The tremendous challenge facing the student of this vital language is, of course, its essential attraction. They say that space exploration, unlike any "earthly" subject, has infinite possibilities. Studying the Inner Mongolian alphabet, however, would keep anyone busy for several reincarnations. The language has no grammar and no punctuation. Furthermore, the order of the letters in an Inner Mongolian word does not affect its meaning in the slightest. Word order is also completely at random. Finally, each family has its own distinct accent.

Strangely enough, however, Inner Mongolians are a very quiet reserved people, prone to falling into silent depression, who do not even speak when spoken to. Their culture is not particularly advanced, owing to their nomadic existence. Six books have been written in the 5,000 years of their civilisation. The most well-known is "The Art of Horse-chasing" (now available as a paperback translated by George Bernard Shaw). The others are: "Horses and their Habits," "How to catch a Horse in the Gobi," "How to change Horses in midstream," "Capturing Horses for Pleasure and Profit," and "Everyman's Horse Manual" (recently filmed in glorious Mongoscope). Just at the moment, a new novel is nearing completion, called "Horse in my Tent," by Agatha Crikey. Inner Mongolians are rather fond of horses.

As a school subject, Inner Mongolian can be taken at G.C.E. at the Ordinary level. A pass in this examination satisfies the Bangor University Entrance Requirements. Successful candidates at 'A' level are NOT advised to pursue applications to "Voluntary Service Overseas," and anyone who passes the Special 'S' paper will be given sympathetic consideration (or just sympathy, as the case may be).

In fact, I personally recommend this study to anybody interested in the Inner Mongolian civilization and of low enough intelligence not to be put off by the total lack of appropriate textbooks, all of which are still in the press . . . somewhere in Inner Mongolia.

James de R. Horse-Manure.

## 5. Heard Around the Upper Sixth

1. A member of U6 Sc Y has asked the American Embassy for a deer-stalker hat.
2. A feud between two members of the Science side is now officially over.
3. One person in U6 Sc B is infamous for his "bucket" experiments in Chemistry.
4. Newts get smaller every year.
5. Cigars "on the school" were much appreciated during the school play.
6. One young woman is not now the topic of conversation in U6 Sc Y.
7. It is rumoured by one member of the modern side that the answer to the trials "lois in the soil"—preferably six feet of it!
8. One junior prefect was ignored on the doorstep to a party recently—much to his embarrassment.
9. One boy on the modern side seems to have a passion for liver sausage and toast during break.
10. The 'out-of-bounds' rule for the school field did not stop the annual snowball raid on Meols Cop.
11. The size of a rather large suitcase seen in Room 10 seemed to indicate that one junior was going to stay at school over Half Term.
12. One person in U6 Sc B had ulterior motives for wanting to go to college in Portsmouth.
13. A duel is reputed to have been fought in the Senior Wash-room.

## 6. Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

My neighbour has told me that her son has only joined K.G.V. because of the wonderful lunches served. Would it be possible for my son, Johnnie, to become a member of the school for lunches only.

A Hopeful Mother.

Dear Sir,

Whilst walking along Lord Street the other day, I was stopped by an old man with a long white beard, who was obviously thrilled to see me again, and told me that we went to K.G.V. together in 1850. Can any of my contemporaries at school, remember whether we had a boy with a long white beard in our class, as I couldn't remember him?

Very Old Guiseppian.

## 7. School Magazine Accounts

### CREDITS:

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions due .....	99	16	0			
Less amount we should be very surprised to receive .....	99	15	0			
					1	0
Receipt from magazine bingo sessions .....	134	7	0			
Advertisements .....	100	0	7½			
Sale of magazines .....		3	0			
Annual payment from Mr. X for not publishing information on file .....	100	0	0			
	£334	11	7½			

### DEBITS:

Committee's trip to Bermuda to attend School Magazine conference. Total cost £2,500. First H.P. instalment (to be fully paid by 2025) .....	50	0	0
Payment to printer for 1889 magazine .....	80	0	0
Payment to Messrs. Fiddle, Fiddle & Son, solicitors, for unfortunate outcome of libel action over last edition .....	90	0	0
*N.I.H.W.S.I. ....	114	11	0
Cash in hand .....			7½
	£334	11	7½

\*No Idea How We Spent It.

# Going Our Way?

If you aim to start out on a career (not just to take a job); if you like meeting people (all sorts of people); if you are interested in what goes on around you (and in the larger world outside) then there is much that will satisfy you in our service.

For we provide an amazing variety of banking facilities through an organization of over 2,340 branches—large and small—in the cities, towns and villages of England and Wales and the Channel Islands. We have, too, offices at the leading airports, at the Ocean Terminal, Southampton and in several of the Cunard liners. The Midland is everywhere—in everything. You will find no lack of variety if you join us.

#### ► SALARIES ARE GOOD

The basic salary scale compares favourably with any in similar fields. Examples are:—

Age	Provinces	Central London
17	£305	£405
18	375	475
21	440	540
24	565	665
31	930	1030

But do remember that these are only the basic figures. Every young man of promise is given practical help and encouragement and those, for example, who move into a Special Grade will receive at least £160 above the figure quoted.

#### ► PROSPECTS ARE EXCELLENT

Promotion is based solely on merit (and, moreover, on merit regularly, impartially and widely assessed). Training is provided at every stage to prepare all who respond to it for early responsibility and the Bank's special scheme for Study Leave will be available to assist you in your studies for the Institute of Bankers Examinations. Young men can confidently train to enter branch management (many will reach it while still in their thirties). Salaries in this field range from a minimum of £1,730 to £4,500 a year—and more—according to the level of responsibility attained.

The highest positions in the bank are open to all and at the top are rewards that would satisfy even the most ambitious.

#### ► PENSIONS ARE FREE

A non-contributory Pension Scheme brings a pension equal to two-thirds of final salary after full service.

#### ► YOU SHOULD HAVE

a good school record (G.C.E. passes at 'A' level entitle you to one year's seniority on the salary scale, and earn exemptions in certain subjects of the Institute of Bankers Examinations). Sound health, absolute integrity and the will to succeed are also essential.

#### ► WE SHALL HAVE

pleasure in arranging for you to have an interview with a District Staff Superintendent at one of a number of convenient centres in London and the Provinces, but please write first to:—

THE STAFF MANAGER

## MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2.

## FLUORIDATION

Last term, in the magazine, there was a short discourse on the question of the right of Free Speech in our present democracy. Now a problem has arisen for the Southport Council and many other local authorities throughout the country, as to whether fluoridation of drinking water, as a principle of mass medication, is medically, democratically, and morally correct.

A lot of sheer nonsense has been offered by those opposed on medical grounds to the use of sodium fluoride. It is true that fluoride may be cumulatively toxic, but the evidence suggests that so little fluoride is actually involved that a person would have to drink bathfuls of water in one sitting before there would be any poisonous effect. People have claimed that fluoride impairs the function of the kidneys and the liver, and accelerates the onset of heart disease and cancer, especially in old people. The very scale of these preposterous suggestions defeats their users' purpose. There seems to be no weight of scientific evidence to corroborate their claims. On the other hand, considerable research into the effects of the fluoride ion on human physiology has repeatedly suggested that it favourably influences the growth and strength of bones and teeth (where it presumably replaces the less efficient chloride ion). The fluoride would be absorbed by the body from liquid solution wherever drinking water formed part of our diet, e.g. tea, coffee, or any boiled food. In other words, the medical standpoint is sound, and should stand up to these freshwater cranks who object to their water supplies being treated at all. Because "animals seem to do all right on natural water supplies," these ridiculous people think we should all go back to nature. Peculiarly enough, it is these same people who say that "animals do not react the same as human beings and therefore are useless in the testing of pharmaceutical products." Presumably, they would also hold the view that there is no struggle for survival and no natural selection in Nature; no animal dying from disease or from malnutrition. These "Wind in the Willows" Naturalists with their fairy-tale doctrines make Darwin turn in his grave!

A few people with loud voices, viciously wagging tongues, and even more viciously quivering pens can create quite a large stir in local circles—totally out of proportion to their actual numbers. All it needs is about ten letters to appear in the local paper, signed by the "old regulars", crying that "the majority of the people are against fluoridizing the water supply and therefore the process is undemocratic", and, of course, all the gullible old people in the town immediately believe them. Thoroughly indoctrinated with irrelevant and illogical argument, these then join in the battle cry. But is this process truly undemocratic? After all, we do elect the council to make our decisions for us. It would be a fine thing if, every time the council had to decide on an important issue, they

had to consult its electorate. If government by referendum is these misguided cranks' idea of a practical democracy, I suggest they all move to France.

It is on the so-called moral point of view that the fun really begins. The suggestion is that fluoridation is immoral on the grounds that those who do not want fluoride are going to have it thrust down their throats by a few people in power at the water board and the Town Hall. One particularly macabre gentleman sent a gem of a letter to the local press in which he all but accused the government of trying to administer rat poison to the populace. Another wrote a letter claiming that since fluoride is "well-known" to attack brain tissue, the authorities were trying to perform a sort of Stalinist treatment in order to make everyone susceptible to political indoctrination. Presumably, everyone would passively acquiesce in any government action, and any opposition would cease to exist. Indeed, I can well imagine this gentleman creeping out to his own private water supply in the middle of the night, in order that he might continue the fight against the House of Commons, while the rest of us languish in a dreamy brainwashed stupor.

A simple solution to the problem, of course, would be for the council to supply all known eccentrics with free silver nitrate solution so that the "deadly" stuff could be precipitated (or simply diluted to taste) by them in their own back yards!

But please, Council, hurry up and treat the sensible majority to this precious fluoride medicament before all our bones become rickety and our second sets fall out!

A. K. Canter.

## CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas. The night was black and starless. The air was cold and biting, and it was possible that Christmas would be a freak one, with snow. The church stood at the corner of the road. It was silent and dark, even blacker than the night. But beyond the church the houses were bright and shining, as their occupants celebrated Christmas. The curtains of many of the houses were open and the light from the rooms within streamed through the glass onto the dim greenness of the lawns. From the road the houses were like aquariums whose exhibits wandered strangely across the lighted glass, their mouths opening and closing like fish.

At Mr. Brown's house the party had begun. In the road outside his home, were the cars of his relations and friends who were inside helping the party along. The front door was open and a block of light fell onto the dark path. Inside it was uncomfortably warm. The atmosphere was laden with smoke, with heat from



people's bodies and from the blazing fire. In one of the front rooms, the carpet had been turned back and people were attempting to dance on the unshiny floor. Other guests were sitting around the room. They felt hot and moist but they were content to laugh, talk and smile, and sip their drinks. A balloon burst and signalled another wave of laughter.

Mr. Brown was serving drinks in the dining room. It was quieter there and cooler, for there were fewer people; but even so the minute droplets of perspiration sparkled on Mr. Brown's balding head. He was quite content to be there, for he was not a very sociable man, the party being his wife's idea. Occasionally he chatted for a while with one of his guests. Many of them he did not recognise. It appeared to him that the whole road was there. Even the vicar had turned up. He looked a stranger without his collar and he, like everyone else, was wearing a paper hat.

Eventually, as the night drew to a close, people began casually to leave the party. "Merry Christmas" they uttered for the last time that day, as each mechanically made his noisy farewell. Suddenly, unbelievably, they were gone, leaving only Mr. and Mrs. Brown to survey the now lonely rooms. The house was empty and oppressively silent.

Mrs. Brown shrugged, sighed happily and went to bed. Mr. Brown looked at the room. He saw the empty bottles, the glasses, the torn decorations, the pathetic paper hats, and the slight pall of cigarette smoke that hung over all. He poured himself a last drink before going to bed. He was feeling slightly unsteady after the night's alcohol and, as he leaned against the mantelpiece, he knocked several Christmas cards onto the hearth. A small card fluttered onto the hot, dimly glowing coals, left in the grate. For a moment he dully stared at it as it slowly changed colour. Then he made an attempt to pluck it from the heat. As he touched the card it burst into flames and he pulled his burnt fingers quickly away. He watched the flames devour the card. For a fleeting moment he saw a bright star and a stable; then there was nothing left but the ugly black ash.

He vaguely remembered something from his childhood; then he turned, switched out the light, and slowly climbed upstairs to bed.

D. Nind, U6 Sc. X.

#### NATURAL BREAK

The owl was silently in flight.  
The murderer crept into the night,  
The sky was dark, the air was still,  
The house stood stark, dark, silent, till . . .

A flash of light, a shot rang out,  
A piercing scream, a dreadful shout,  
The body to the ground did thud,  
And stained the floor with deep, red blood.

A constable from Scotland Yard,  
Saw the murderer running hard:  
The murderer's eyes with horror shone,  
And then . . . alas! end of part one.

J. Wilford, LVA.

#### "GREEN" by Tr X

##### I.

Green was a young male frog. He lived underneath an old rotted log lying amidst the reeds and rushes of the river bank. The log was a dark mulatto brown in colour; it had the bark stripped off half of the way up one side and was covered with abounding arrowweed and dead reed stems. Behind the log lay the bank, arrayed in lush green grass, with anemones and such other plants of the bank sending a sweet aroma wafting through the air amidst the rushes. Brown sedge which adorned the shore contrasted with the murky greenish blue of the water and the bright red of the occasional poppy.

One early morning in late summer, Green had been hunting flies which flew, in great hordes, about the bank. His favourite position for catching these insects was a sunny projection of the land into the reed banks. He sat here, waiting, concealed amidst the grass, and as soon as a fly came within several inches of his mouth, his sticky tongue would flash out and the fly would meet its fate.

Having well contented himself with this diet of insects, he took to the water and swam with steady strokes to the opposite bank. Then, when he reached his objective, he suddenly felt a sharp spasm of pain stabbing through his shoulder. A huge dagger-like beak had made a shallow cut in his skin and a neck had recoiled immediately for another, certainly fatal strike. Green's immediate reaction was to hide under a stone, concealed by the bulrushes.

Looking up, he saw his antagonist. It was a stately heron, standing in the shallow water. It had a white wedge-shaped head with a long beak, and grey wings with dark tips. From the bird's head protruded a crest of the same colour. It drew closer to where the sticky blotched body of Green lay motionless in the mire beneath the stone. Then, just as Green thought all hope was gone,

a sudden rustling of the long grass upon the bank startled the heron and he took to his great wings with a sonorous "croak". Green curiously peeped out from beneath the stone and perceived a human with a long pole, which, unknown to Green, was a fishing rod.

The man wore a curious hat, tweed jacket and trousers and dark knee-length boots which glistened with the moisture upon them. Thankful for this unsuspected ally, Green leapt into mid-stream and headed for home. On reaching the old rotten log he clambered into the enveloping darkness beneath it and slept.

The fisherman, disappointed by a bad catch, collected his gear and proceeded homewards, not in the least realizing, as he brushed aside the low boughs, that one solitary frog was glad of his timely arrival at the riverside. Then he turned away from the river with vague memories of his poor day's fishing, hoping that his next visit would be more fruitful. As he passed a lofty spruce, a hermit thrush sang his golden ecstasy to the growing twilight.

J. M. Dow.

## GREEN : II.

Paws was a small jaguar cub that lived in a cave on a small tributary of the Amazon, in the Brazilian jungle. His name was awarded him by his mother, Cali-tivi, because his paws were the largest, fluffiest ones in the whole jungle. Now Paws was a curious jaguar; everything was new and had to be investigated by him. Li-wom the ant-bear greatly fascinated Paws because of his long, black, silky hair and the long tongue which is so common among ant-bears. Cali-tivi always kept a close watch over Paws because some anaconda might mistake him for a nice, plump hors d'oeuvre. Every day Cali-tivi would tell Paws something new about the jungle and its noises. For example, she taught Paws to tell whether the rustling of a leaf was made by wind or the hoof of a wild boar, the jaguar's worst enemy.

As Paws grew older he began to discover the joy of succulent pieces of meat from the carcase of a luckless monkey. These were very rare, for the monkeys always stayed in trees; only once in a while, one foolish young monkey would jump to a weak vine and come crashing to the jungle floor and the mouth of a hungry jaguar. Rala, Paws' father, was killed by Black-Heart, the boa constrictor, on a rainy night while he was returning to the side of his wife. Ever since Paws was born, his mother trained him to fight with anything, especially to avenge his father's death.

Throughout the jungle Paws was talked about for his great kindness to other small animals. So far he had not shown bravery

and proved his manhood. One day, as Paws was lying flat out on a rock sunning himself, he heard a strange noise, a noise which his mother had never told him about. Jumping off the rock, he began to climb a nearby tree to see if he could find out what the noise was. Upon reaching a thick branch he saw what made the weird noise. It was a man, a two-paws! Crawling out on the branch a little farther he heard a crack and then the ground came rushing towards him madly. Solid terra firma met with Paws and if he had only known he would have stayed on his rock, for there, hissing before him, was Black-Heart. The man went running through the jungle leaving the two enemies.

Yellow teeth went flashing at the constrictor's head and at the same time a muscular slimy body looped a coil over Paws' chest. Black-Heart's coil tightened around Paws' body as he struggled to get at the snake's head. Nearer and nearer he got, yes, yes, now he'd got it, bite, bite! It was too much for Paws: he gave up and fainted. Next think he knew he found himself stretched out over the snake's dead body. From then on Paws was known as Paws, son of Rala, killer of Black-Heart and friend of the jungle. If there was one thing Paws wasn't that was "Green!"

E. T. Strid.

## THE POLICEMAN

The church-spire struck its eerie chimes,  
He gazed along the street.  
He was a policeman, long and dour,  
With large determined feet.

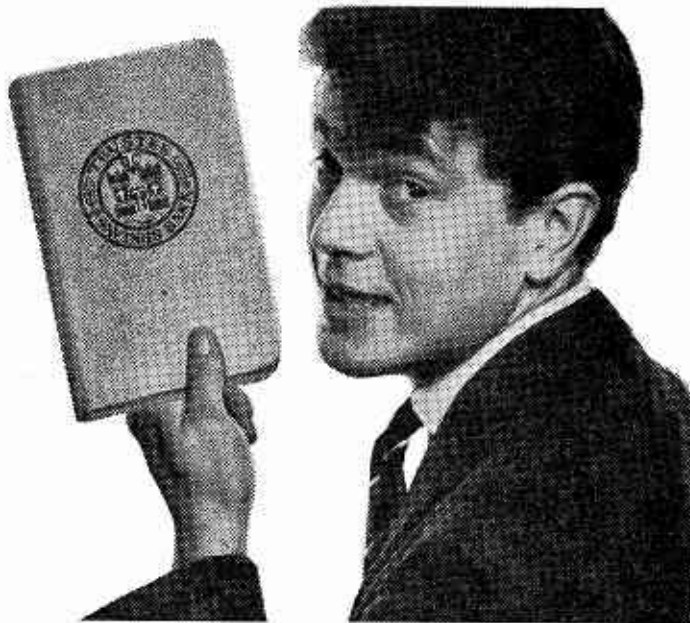
"As usual on the beat" he thought  
"It is so very clear—  
I'm patient, but I've had my lot—  
I'm in the wrong career."

The watchman's brazier glowed ahead.  
A voice said "You and me  
Enjoy our pleasant midnight chat,  
Supping our can of tea."

They chatted for a dullish hour,  
The bobby warmed his feet;  
Then off he lumbered with a yawn,  
Pounding the slippery street.

D. Knowles, 4b.

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### **SEEN FROM A BRIDGE**

A cold gust blew past him and left the telegraph wires to herald the coming of the North Wind. It rushed over the stone parapet and swooped down low into the valley far underneath. The scantily-clad limbs of the silver birch shivered as the gust rolled on along the valley floor.

The man's gaze followed its course across the wide valley. Far below stretched a neat tidy mosaic of frozen fields and trembling trees. In a corner of one field he could see a flock of sheep, whilst in others sat buildings, huddled together for warmth.

He looked straight down at the little stream which ran under the bridge onto the plain. It was broken up farther on into ditches which surrounded the fields. Wondering how high above the valley he was, he picked up a small piece of ballast from the railway-track and tossed it half-heartedly over the side. He was able to hear it land on the rocky bank of the stream seconds later. He estimated his height as 200 feet: not hard for an eminent scientist. He looked into the sky and saw nothing: not hard for an eminent atheist.

His condition was what psychiatrists call chronic depression. Not accepting that the human mind, just like the valley, has limits, he had striven to understand everything: now he could understand nothing.

But now he was free. He was 200 feet above the plain of life, completely independent of it, completely detached from it.

He crossed the track and peered over the other parapet. His gaze followed the stream, which at this side ran a faster, less erratic course, until he saw it tumbling from a pine-forest. Hundreds upon hundreds of trees stood with branches entwined and pointing to the sky. Higher and higher they stretched, until they appeared to hang from the sky itself; and the mountain peaks held up the storm clouds as a finger holds up a wet sponge. The secretive brooding mountains formed a very sombre contrast to the neat plain on the other side.

He sat down alongside the track to think, facing one end of the bridge. On his left sat the mountains, full of the unknown, totally incomprehensible to him. Below on the right was the mundane plain of life, crossed by the narrow streams of knowledge from the hills. But he was interrupted.

Looking up, he saw a goods train silently approaching, high plumes of steam brushing the heavy clouds. Then, the regular pulse of wheels on railjoints became audible, broken only by the excited

flapping of a loose tarpaulin or the mournful singing of a faulty axle-box.

Most people think of life as a train journey, and as such one is travelling to a destination. But to him life was like the passing of a train before a fixed point, starting suddenly and ending suddenly, the regular rhythm of the wheels being relieved by small disturbances: but all of no lasting importance.

As the last wagon rolled away, taking with it his last link with civilisation, his eyes pointed upwards at the mountain peak. There was only one, revealed for a moment by a break in the clouds. With the break came a calm, but for a brief second only. Snowflakes played a game of hide-and-seek around massive masonry columns which stretched upwards from the plain to support the viaduct. Above, some of their brethren sank like boats in a storm into the red pool of blood around the dismembered head between the railway tracks.

S. P. Higson, U6 Sc. B.

### POETRY

Poetry: the expression of thoughts in words.

Men have toiled and toiled in vain,  
In this exacting forge,  
For the poet's work is endless,  
And mortal life is short.  
The poet's work improves  
And yet improves again  
Until perfection is almost reached.  
And then death comes,  
As death never fails to do;  
And the poet leaves behind,  
Imperfect, a work of art.  
With the passing of time  
It may become a thing of high esteem.  
But never will it wholly express  
The beauty of thoughts,  
Simple thoughts,  
In the ugly symbolism of words.

J. Poole, 3X.

### IN DEFENCE OF THE SCIENTIST

Much has been said and written about "illiterate scientists." This is absolute nonsense, because "literate" means "instructed in learning and science," and so the adjective "illiterate" cannot conceivably be applied to any scientist. If, however, the critics are using the word with the meaning "having no literary ability," then history can refute that.

Two of the greatest Greek writers were scientists, even if their science was practically restricted to scientific philosophy. They were Plato and his pupil Aristotle. Chronologically, the next great scientist-writer was Leonardo da Vinci. Not only was he one of the greatest scientists, but was also a great painter. Francis Bacon, who some people claim wrote Shakespeare's works, was eminent in science and statesmanship. Sir Isaac Newton, though he never wrote anything but scientific literature, did so with a style that rivalled any author of his day. The next great scientist-writer was the Frenchman Descartes, who was a philosopher as well as a mathematician. Benjamin Franklin, who was born in England but became an American citizen, was a scientist, but was best known as one of America's earliest and greatest newspaper editors. Thomas Paine, author of "The Rights of Man," was also known as an inventor and engineer. Charles Darwin is a more recent example of a scientific litterateur, and who can deny that his "Origin of the Species" is equal in literary merit to Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (though, of course, considerably shorter)? Herbert George Wells is the classic example of the scientist-writer. He is one of the greatest English writers of this century and was the "father" of science-fiction. He wrote not only books such as the prophetic "Shape of Things to Come" and "World Set Free," but also observations on social matters, as in "Kipps" and "The History of Mr. Polly." C. P. Snow is known more for the novels he has written than for any scientific achievement, but he was at one time scientific adviser to the Government. Lastly, Aldous Huxley, although not a scientist himself, had a scientific upbringing in a family of scientists (his grandfather was Thomas Huxley and his brother Dr. Julian Huxley); and has written "Brave New World," a novel about alarming scientific developments.

So we see that scientist-authors are not rare. The motive behind this slur on the scientists is, I believe, a deep-rooted jealousy on the part of the "modernists" because they realise that the scientists know more about "modern subjects" than they themselves know about science subjects. The root of this prejudice is the grammar school, and especially the fifth and sixth forms. By this time the pupils have been split into the "modern" forms and the science forms. The science forms take not only science, but also subjects, such as General Studies and English, which broaden their knowledge of and outlook on the world in general.

The modernists, however, are taught almost exclusively "modern subjects" and science is, to a large extent, neglected.

I would be foolish to deny completely that there are "illiterate" scientists, but the scientists who do not have the necessary command of the English language are a minority, and such minorities exist in all parts of society. I would like to re-emphasise that the use of "illiterate" to describe scientists is wrong. This incorrect usage of the word shows a poor grasp of the English language on the part of the modernists.

A. M. Winters, L6 Sc.A.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Prefects' Room,  
Monday, Jan. 28th, 1963.

Dear Sir,

I am told by those that know that somewhere in a dim dark area, known to habitués as the "Back Corridor," there exists a breed called "scientists." My dictionary defines "scientists" as "those who study science," and "science" is defined as "knowledge systematised." Yet on the few occasions I have penetrated into this mysterious hinterland I have seen no evidence of "knowledge systematised" nor, for that matter, of systematised knowledge. Why! they don't even number the doors; but one must suppose that to support this they quote Einstein: "As all time is relative then it doesn't matter whether I'm in the E.C.L. or the A.P.L. (or, perhaps, in the F.B.I.)."

But, to come down to the real reason for this letter. Today, Monday, 28th January, 1963, our scientists have perfected the ultimate in deterrents—poison gas. The delicate tang of hydrogen sulphide still titillates my nostrils. Is it necessary that the school put up with this? John Locke and other philosophers like him advocated rule by the majority, but one must remember that the majority is not always right. There are more scientists than modernists in our sixth form: this does not give them the right to perpetrate this evil, they are lacking in social responsibility. Indeed, once having prepared this gas they seem unable to control its spread. They try to pass the buck by quoting Graham's Law of Diffusion, though Confusion would be a better word.

Sir, I appeal to you as the editor of this, the organ of our school. Let us henceforth transfer all scientists to the outbuildings (the A.C.L. is a very good idea) until they realise the horrors they have inflicted on others. Let them sniff their own hydrogen sulphide/sulphur dioxide atmosphere. Give us, please give us, fresh air!

DUOMYNONA.  
Tuesday, 29th January.

Sir,

Oh! No! Not again!  
"Once more into the reek, dear friends! once more!"

## Old Georgians' Section

- D. BAILEY (Ed.) (50-58), who obtained a degree of B.Eng. at Liverpool University last June, has recently taken up an appointment with the Northern Electrical Company of Canada, and is now living in Montreal.
- H. BROOKS (L) (51-59), who graduated at Oxford last summer in Law, has taken up a position in the overseas department of Dexion.
- S. CARTLEDGE (Ev.) (29-33) has been appointed Deputy Chief Constable of Bath.
- P. J. CHESTER (R) (51-55), who is in the Merchant Navy, has gained his first mate's certificate.
- E. D. FLETCHER (M) (41-48) has gained the degree of Ph.D. at Liverpool University. He now holds an appointment at the Mullard Research Laboratories at Reigate.
- M. H. IRVING (Ev.) (45-53) has been awarded the degree of M.D. at Liverpool University.
- REV. D. MATTEN (M) (41-48) has been appointed chaplain of St. John's and All Saints', Kampala, Uganda. He conducted a service attended by the Duke and Duchess of Kent last October.
- F. H. REES (S) (37-43) has been granted the degree of M.Sc. at Manchester University. He holds a position with Standard Telephone and Cables Ltd., London.
- M. L. SALKIE (Ev.) (47-55) has passed his M.B., B.Chir. at the London Hospital. He previously studied at Cambridge and Sheffield Universities.
- A. P. SIMM (S) (55-60) successfully passed out of Sandhurst in December, 1962, 39th in order of merit out of more than 200 cadets. He has been commissioned into the King's Regiment (Manchester and Liverpool) and is at present stationed in Berlin.
- E. STEPHENS (Ed.) (53-60) has been appearing on ITV as captain of the Leicester University quiz team in University Challenge.
- W. VICKERS (M) (20-24) has been appointed deputy chief public health inspector for Southport.
- K. WILLIAMS (Ed.) (49-56) has been appointed assistant Lecturer in Electrical Engineering at the Royal College of Advanced Technology, Salford.

L. BARTON (S) (44-51) has appeared regularly this year for the Cumberland and Westmorland Rugby team, and played in the 1st English Trial at Carlisle.

We regret to record the death of E. B. FAULKNER (R) (30-38) who was killed in an air disaster in which 97 passengers and crew lost their lives when a Boeing 707 airliner crashed near Lima, Peru, in November. He was a consultant telecommunications engineer and had been working in South America for the last seven years.

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