

THE RED ROSE.



THE MAGAZINE OF KING GEORGE V SCHOOL, SOUTHPORT

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SCHOOL NOTES

VALETE.

- HORWICH, L., 1934-42.—Rogers', Upper VI Science, Higher School Certificate 1942.
- ABRAM, R. H., 1935-42.—Edwards', Upper Vb Modern, Inter-School Athletics 1942, A.T.C.
- BUCKLEY, J. H. M., 1935-42.—Edwards', Upper VI Science, Higher School Certificate Subsidiary 1942, School Swimming Team 1942, A.T.C.
- PARKINSON, R. K., 1935-42.—Gear's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1941, Prefect, 1st XV Colours 1942.
- PENDLEBURY, E., 1935-42.—Evans', Upper VI Modern, Higher School Certificate 1942, Borough Scholarship, Librarian, Prefect.
- BLACKER, J. D., 1936-42.—Spencer's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1942.
- GRUBER, E., 1936-42.—Woodham's, Upper VI Science, Higher School Certificate Subsidiary 1940, Prefect, A.T.C.
- BADLEY, R. C., 1937-42.—Woodham's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1942.
- BLORE, N.D., 1937-42.—Gear's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1942, Award of Merit R.L.S.S. 1942, Swimming Colours 1942, A.T.C.
- WILKINSON, P., 1937-42.—Woodham's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1942.
- GORST, J. B., 1938-42.—Rogers', Upper Vc, A.T.C.
- HEATH, F. R., 1938-42.—Rogers', Upper Va Modern, Inter-School Athletics 1942.
- LUND, G. R., 1938-42.—Spencer's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1942.
- PRICE, A. B., 1938-42.—Edwards', Lower Vc, A.T.C.
- WATCHORN, K., 1938-42.—Gear's, Lower VI Science, School Certificate 1942, Bronze Medallion R.L.S.S., A.T.C.
- EDWARDS, E. P., 1939-42.—Gear's, Upper Vb Modern, A.T.C.
- HUGHES, D. C. T., 1939-42.—Mason's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1942, A.T.C.
- ABBOTT, P. J., 1940-42.—Edwards', Lower VI Science, School Certificate 1942, A.T.C.
- ABBOTT, D. J., 1940-42.—Edwards', IVa Modern.
- BENNETT, A. J., 1940-42.—Leech's, Upper V Transitus.
- BROWN, D. A., 1940-42.—Spencer's, IVb Modern.
- FRANKLIN, R., 1940-42.—Mason's, Lower VI Modern, School Certificate 1942, Collector War Savings Group.
- CHADWICK, L. J., 1941-42.—Gear's, Lower Vc, A.T.C.
- POWELL, E. C., 1941-42.—Woodham's, IIIb.
- RODDICK, I. C., 1941-42.—Woodham's, IV Remove.
- STAMPER, I., 1941-42.—Rogers', Lower Vc.
- SUMNER, M., 1942.—Evans', Lower Vb Modern.

SALVETE.

G. M. Booth, C. E. Cottrill, D. A. J. Martin, D. Priestley, W. J. Sumner.

In December, R. H. Garstang was successful in gaining an Open Scholarship in Natural Science and Mathematics at Caius College, Cambridge.

E. Pendlebury and R. K. Parkinson have been chosen to attend University Short Courses for intending Naval Officers. Pendlebury is now in residence at Magdalen College, Oxford, and Parkinson at Liverpool University.

N. G. Irving has been granted an Engineering Cadetship.

It has been decided that a permanent record shall be kept of all old boys who are serving with various Armed Forces. Any information regarding an old boy will be gratefully received by his former Housemaster, or the Head Master.

National Savings for this term amount to £590 3s. 4d. Much valuable work has been performed by the Group Secretaries of the various Houses, and from inquiries made it is apparent that only a very small number of boys are not members of some savings group or other. The Secretaries are very anxious that every boy in the school shall become a member of a group and also a regular saver.

A party of senior boys attended a lecture in the Cambridge Hall by Mr. Joseph McLeod, of the B.B.C., on Friday, February 12th. The subject was the Theatre in Russia.

The Sixth Form boys attended a lecture by Major Woollcombe, D.S.O., on February 17th. Major Woollcombe spoke of the opportunities open to senior boys to obtain commissions in various branches of the Army, and also discussed the possibilities opened up by the various Short Courses at the Universities.

We are grateful to Sergeant-Pilot Price for the gift of West African coins (Ed. VIII, 1936) the only currency, it is claimed, minted in Edward VIII's name.

The Science Department is much indebted to Mr. W. H. Watts for the gift of a large Wimshurst Electrical Machine. Boys in the Science Classes know how easily these machines are made ineffective by dampness and it will be a big advantage to have a second one in reserve. This particular machine has been used for working an X-Ray tube and so should be capable of giving a long spark. We give Mr. Watts our hearty thanks for his gift.

HOUSE NOTES

EDWARDS'

Owing to bad weather conditions, the Junior team have so far played only one match this term. They were defeated, but it is hoped that they will be more successful in future.

We remind boys that the Athletic and Swimming Sports take place next term and that "practice makes perfect." The House Athletic and Swimming captains are L. G. Jaeger and R. E. Bracewell respectively.

The House Savings Group has a membership of forty-five, but unfortunately only about half of them subscribe regularly. We wish to thank G. E. Flenley and S. C. Smith for their work as War Savings Secretaries.

EVANS'

The start of this term found the house poorer in two respects; the Senior Rugby Shield no longer adorned the walls of the House-room, having been lost last term to Spencer's in a hard-fought final, and in the ranks of the House prefects a gap marked the loss of E. Pendlebury, now at Oxford on a Naval Short Course.

The Juniors, however, have been trying to avenge the defeat of the Senior XV and have won both their recent matches, beating Spencer's 17-0, and Grear's 18-0.

The swimming activities of the House have been progressing favourably under the tutelage of G. E. Sanders. A number of boys are entering for the Intermediate and Bronze Medallion examinations in life-saving. It is hoped that next term will see an increased enthusiasm in swimming and also in athletics.

Best wishes are offered to all boys who are taking the S.C. and H.S.C. examinations next term.

F. W. B. S.

GREAR'S

This term K. Parkinson has left us to study at Liverpool University for a Naval Cadetship.

The Junior Rugby team has suffered from a lack of confidence, but of the seniors, R. E. Holmes, K. Parkinson and D. F. Sutton have been awarded 1st XV Colours.

Life-saving practices are being held regularly, and we hope to add to last term's successes in this field, in which bronze medallions were gained by Cox, Eagar, Hilton, Leigh, Shilling, Stewart and Walker, and intermediate certificates by Leigh and Shilling. Ross gained the 2nd class instructor's certificate.

L. S.

LEECH'S

Owing to bad weather, the Junior Rugby matches have been postponed, the only match played so far being lost to Spencer's. Regular life-saving practices have been started, under the instruction of Kenyon and Garstang, and considerable progress has been made. All boys should try to prepare themselves for the swimming qualifications next term, by practising regularly.

We are glad to see an increase in the support of the War Savings Movement by members of the House. More regular contributions from some members of the House would lead to still further improvement.

R. H. G.

MASON'S

Last term the Senior XV won one of the three matches they played, but the enthusiasm shown provides a good forecast of greater achievements next season. In the Junior team, J. C. Scarisbrick, Aitken and Ackers have been awarded Bantam colours. We are hoping that the Junior Rugby Shield will once again appear in the Houserom.

We are very pleased to note that every boy in the House is a member of a savings group. The efforts of the savings secretaries, Harrop and Hyam, have been rewarded by several splendid totals in recent weeks, but more regular support is needed.

We would like to remind boys that the sports events are not far distant and urge them to commence training and secure for the House a bigger proportion of success than we have had in recent years.

Boys are urged to exert themselves to the utmost so that the supremacy of the House in the scholastic sphere may again be established. We wish all boys who are taking H.S.C. and S.C. Trial Examinations the best of luck.

ROGERS'

The House would like to take the opportunity to welcome T. H. Griffiths and R. W. Hayden as Joint House Captains.

So far our Junior House Rugby team, under the captaincy of S. Miller, have won all their matches; if they continue to play with the same vigour and enthusiasm, they should enjoy a fair measure of success.

The Life Saving Classes (under the able instruction of Griffiths, Hayden and Jennett) are being enthusiastically attended and all the new members hope to be able to take their tests soon. We ask all members of the House to do their very best in the Qualifications Contest, so as to ensure that the maximum points are gained.

Finally, we would remind all members that the Summer Examinations will soon be here and that a little extra effort now is well repaid.

SPENCER'S

Last term we concluded the successful series of Senior House matches by beating Evans' in the final. Congratulations on the fine play to all members of the team. The Junior XV has improved tremendously and has won the only game played so far this term.

The swimming sports will soon be upon us and it is a vital necessity that every boy who can swim, or is capable of learning, should qualify. Swimming and life-saving classes are held weekly and details are available from the House Swimming Captain.

So far this term the weekly collections of war savings have been fairly high, but the need for consistent saving cannot be over-emphasised.

WOODHAM'S

The House regrets the loss of Henry, who, having given useful service as House Secretary, has left to join H.M. Forces, and Bantock, who has returned to London and will be greatly missed in the cricket season.

At Rugger, although they put up a good fight, the Juniors were sadly defeated by Mason's in their only match this term.

House swimming activities are still progressing satisfactorily and we would again invite all boys wishing to learn to swim to attend the classes on Saturday morning at 10-30, at the baths.

Savings totals have maintained a fair average this term.

E. E. S.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

ROLL OF HONOUR

It is with deep regret that we record the deaths of the following Old Boys in the Forces.

J. H. DICKINSON (Spencer's 1928-1932)	R.A.F.		1940
A. D. MUNSLOW (Leech's 1931-1936)	R.A.F.	5th July,	1941
G. N. HIGHAM (Spencer's 1932-1933)	R.A.F.	5th July,	1941
L. S. COLLINS (Edwards' 1932-1935)	R.A.F.	15th March,	1942
J. R. WRIGHT (Grear's 1931-1938)	R.A.F.	11th April,	1942
D. HALSALL (Edwards' 1930-1933)	R.A.F.		1942
J. ROBERTS (Spencer's 1931-1938)	R.A.F.	19th November,	1942
I. H. M. ROE (Grear's 1934-1940)	R.N.V.R.	31st December,	1942
A. GREEN (Woodham's 1927-1933)	R.A.F.	8th January,	1943
J. A. B. HIGH (Rogers' 1928-1936)	F.A.A.	21st February,	1943

Lieut. P. H. Woodham, R.N.V.R. Fleet Air Arm, has been awarded the D.S.C. for skill, bravery, and sustained resolution in many air attacks against enemy submarines and E-boats in the Mediterranean.

R. T. Christy at present a student of the Liverpool School of Architecture, has been awarded the H. W. Williams' prize for 1942 by the Liverpool Architectural Society. The prize is to the value of £50.

B. J. Hartwell has been appointed Magistrates' Clerk at Southport.

J. G. Silk and D. C. Marsden have been chosen to attend University Short Courses for intending R.A.F. Officers at Cambridge.

J. E. Cotterall and J. E. Roberts are attending University Short Courses for Naval Officers at Liverpool University and Cardiff University respectively.

R. T. Ackroyd gained 1st Class Honours at Liverpool University in the final examination for the degree of B.Eng. He was awarded a special prize for Mathematics and has now been appointed by the Admiralty to carry out research work in connection with anti-submarine warfare.

I. F. Cardy has also passed the final B.Eng. examination at Liverpool University.

H. S. Atherton, C. M. Graham, R. Smith, G. Rimmer and G. A. Vaughan have accepted Engineering Cadetships and have already begun courses.

MARRIAGES

- A. M. ABRAHAMS to NANCY LEVY, at the Jewish Synagogue, Southport, on January 6th, 1941.
- D. H. LEAROYD to VERA SCHOFIELD, at Emmanuel Church, Feniscowles, Blackburn, on December 5th, 1942.
- M. A. S. WILLIAMS to JOAN HORNCastle, at St. John's Church, Birkdale, on December 17th, 1942.
- E. RIDDLESWORTH to CECELIA ATHERTON, at St. Andrew's, Southport, on December 26th, 1942.
- T. H. DUTTON to HILDA BOURNE, at St. Nicholas Parish Church, Newport, on January 16th, 1943.
- R. D. MCBRIDE to PATRICIA SHEW, at All Hallows, Tottenham, on January 23rd, 1943.

OLD BOYS' LETTERS

Caius College,
Cambridge.
2nd March, 1943.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS.—We first offer congratulations to R. H. Garstang on his success in the Christmas scholarship examinations of the College. We believe he is to join, or in most cases succeed us, next year.

The writer is tempted to attach the title "Cambridge in Spring-time" to the present epistle, for this is certainly the season that makes one want to describe Nature's beauties, and these are much manifested locally. It is very pleasant to walk on the backs just now, amid a blue and gold pattern of crocuses. Soon the trees of Midsummer Common, where two of our Society spend many a happy hour with the Home Guard, will be turned into avenues of pink blossom. Incidentally, Home Guard manoeuvres provide some of us with unusual opportunities for studying the geography and natural life of the district. For example, lying still in a wood, as dawn is breaking, is impressive if only for the birds' chorus, and one sees such rare sights as stoats and badgers. Of course, some think this hardly worth the sacrifice of a night's sleep, as presumably our member who has had a cold and been in London for the last two manoeuvres.

Considerable amounts of political mud have passed between members in previous letters, so that a slight digression here, it is hoped, will be forgiven. One of our members is treasurer of the University Liberal Club, and most of the meetings are held in his rooms. A large increase in the Caius membership of the club is noted, although one of these members has been overheard to admit that his preference for the club was merely because it assembles in Caius. We are also pleased to record that this member has been elected to the

new College Committee, which is about to institute major domestic reforms, including, we hope, provision of a table-tennis department.

Not the least impressive feature of the University is its library, in which it is no uncommon feat to get lost. Your scribe recently discovered there, that the less valuable a book, the harder it is to obtain. All the really large and valuable books on a particular subject were found listed in the catalogue and easy of access. But when a glance at a five-shilling copy of a more elementary volume was required, it was found not to be catalogued. Large notices invite enquiries at the Superintendent's desk and this led to a walk with a nice young lady to shelf thirty-three, where an enormous tome revealed that the book was in the library, and in principle obtainable. After the writer had been given a slip of paper and directed to the central office (some hundred yards away) things began to look promising, especially when the man was certain "it" would be on the North front. A further journey to the front brings one to an extensive card index system where the quarry was found listed with a large asterisk opposite. Another charming assistant revealed that this meant "only to be read in the Anderson room." A form was filled with details of College, status, date of birth, etc., and soon the Anderson room on the west side was reached. A few minutes' wait in a luxurious chair and a door opened silently to admit a junior librarian with the fruits of an afternoon's travel, just as the shrill clamour of the closing-time bell filled the lofty corridors.

We are, Sirs, yours faithfully,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY OLD GEORGIAN SOCIETY.

The University,
Manchester, 13.
2nd March, 1943.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS.—As we write the Easter Examinations are drawing near, implying Finals for a few, Sessionals for some, and Terminals for t'others. Our best wishes for success go to J. Edwards, the first of the few.

Leaving the subject of work, we come to C. Ditchfield and L. Becker. The former is going all out for triple colours—solo whist, bridge and hockey; he is doing very well at the first two. To be fair to the latter, we must admit that we now see him more often; after his maiden debate in the Union some say that he is an accomplished orator; others say nothing.

We congratulate R. Abram on his being selected for the Combined Universities XV; it is unfortunate that an injury prevented him from playing. Talking of injuries, we are pleased (and relieved) to report no fatalities here, in spite of the fact that C. Moss and E. Rose are taking a course in unarmed combat, and are regularly to be seen endeavouring, with ferocious delight, to break each other's necks, while G. L. Ingham seems contentedly determined to break his own neck on an S.T.C. motor-bike.

After three weeks of influenza we are pleased to see G. J. White back again. We learn from a reliable authority that three female members of the staff of the Faculty of Technology were in semi-mourning during his absence. This he emphatically denies. P. F. Wilks now leads the life of a recluse; we assume that he is working hard.

It may interest readers of our last letter, to know that the medico amongst us reports a marked improvement in the general health of Manchester traingoes in the honoured compartment, as a result of the mid-winter fresh-air treatment which O.G's. have administered by judicious manipulation of the carriage windows.

For all we say, however, work (with a capital W) claims the undivided attention of all the grey matter that we can muster, since the courses have been mercilessly telescoped, one way for L. Becker who does a one year's course in three years, the other way for C. Moss, who is tackling a six years' course in four years but will probably take eight. The other O.G's. work on a proportionate mean. What spare time we have is absorbed by Military Training.

We are, Sirs, yours faithfully,
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY OLD GEORGIANS.

Magdalen College,
Oxford.
21st February, 1943.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS.—It seems that there is some sort of spell cast over Old Georgians, which prevents more than one of them being up at Oxford at any one time. My predecessor went down before I arrived; I am here in solitary splendour, and I shall have gone down before the next Old Georgian arrives. However, I have reason to believe that the spell will be broken next October, when two Old Georgians, at present suffering from the unspeakable horrors of Sixth Form History and Economics, arrive at Oxford.

Being the only Old Georgian at Oxford has the advantage that there can be no fierce arguments as to who is to have the extremely doubtful privilege of writing the Old Georgians' letter. It has the disadvantage that one can only talk about's one's own activities, and therefore cannot fill up the letter with would-be-humorous references to the latest line in hat-wear of fellow Old Georgians. With apologies to my readers, I shall therefore proceed to talk about my own activities.

First in the academic sphere, there is philosophy. Unfortunately, the college where my tutorials are held has been taken over by hordes of females from a Government department, and it is very hard to feel philosophical when ravishing blondes in scarlet slacks are passing to and fro outside the window. Then there is training with the Naval Division. On two days a week the writer, feeling very self-conscious in bell-bottoms and a round hat, marches dutifully down to Headquarters to learn a little seamanship. On three afternoons a week, there is a great commotion on the river as a rowing skiff, completely out of control, shoots up and down the river, with great danger to life and limb of everyone within range. Needless to say, the occupant of the skiff is the writer, indulging in something very uncustomary—active exercise.

My conscience begins to prick me about the length of this letter. The Controller says 19 per cent., and as I have in any case nothing more to say, I shall use that as a perfectly good excuse for finishing this letter.

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,

O.U.O.G.

The Priory,
High Street,
Cheltenham,
Glos.

24th February, 1943.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS,—The early and obvious approach of Spring sees the passing of the Lent term. It has passed quickly. A fortnight of exams., an education drive, three weeks on School Practice, a couple more exams. and such breaks as big football matches, dances and a 'stay-at-home' half term, have sped it on its not unpleasant way.

Sport, as ever, has taken part of our time and much of our interest. Besides soccer, we have tried our hand at basketball, which game was introduced to us by the American troops, who are unbelievably efficient at it.

Indoors, our activities have been limited to playing swing records on a portable gramophone (which once graced the windows of a second-hand shop in Southport) and catching mice. The latter occupation has resulted in the expenditure of several bright pennies on traps, a few ruined food parcels, countless sleepless nights, threats against the College cat, and one small, dead mouse on the lawn, which probably died of old age.

Our outlook on studies is that we realise that unless we get our Teaching Certificates we have wasted our own time and other people's money. Over coffee and buns (local papers please copy) we discuss careers (and how few of us really want to be teachers), religion, marriage, the formulation of a philosophy of life, music, leg-pulling and who is going to pay for the coffee and buns.

I am looking forward (immensely) to next term, when we shall be able to explore some of the beautiful Cotswold hills I can see from my window.

As my two years of College life approach their close, I am beginning to see the truth in the statement made by my elders, that their years in College were the happiest of their life.

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,

TREVOR DODD.

Guild of Undergraduates,
The University of Liverpool.

7th March, 1943.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS.—This is an extremely practical University. What we mean is this: that students are very keen to prepare themselves for their studies by their daily doings. Thus law students gain an insight into crime by breaking the law in every conceivable fashion, and art students display in everyday life a marked poetic licentiousness. (Parents! Please do not take us too seriously.) We were not greatly surprised then to find J. Hartley (a scientist) boiling an egg in a beaker with the aid of a bunsen burner. We were horrified one day when we looked into the Muspratt Lab. to see four chemists seated in a mystic circle and drinking tea from very large beakers. Each beaker of tea had its own specialised colour—in stages from pink to yellow—doubtless regulated by the chemicals already in the vessels.

What promotes this state of affairs? The cafeteria. If you want to look further into this matter, consult all Guild Gazette publications of the last five years.

Now, it's very difficult to write this type of letter. When one has grumbled at the cafeteria and S.T.C. (cf. last term's letter) not much remains. We could say things about individuals, but they are all either working hard or getting into mischief. We could say, for instance, that E. B. Taylor is still cadging, or that R. F. Grosvenor is Guild Council. We could add that J. L. Goldberg says he is not slacking. But who wants to hear all this? The only interesting person is J. G. Thomason, who has been on his death-bed. One moment we were getting bulletins from Pritchard, and the next we found the invalid swilling coffee in the caff. (polite for cafeteria). G. Whelan is feeling so gloomy about the exams, that he is either a liar or a disgrace to his parents, and poor Twink Roberts, who has been expecting to be called up the next day for two terms, has now got to face the exams. Arnold Charnley is only occasionally visible, and we have seen N. Coulshed once. These medicals will insist on working. Les. Curzon was in the union the other day. He thinks the army is fine, and he has refused a commission, which he may have to accept, anyway. A newcomer to the University this term is Sea-Cadet Parkinson.

We have now a painful duty to perform. It seems a sudden transition from the frivolous and foolish to the death of Bart. Taylor. But the news of his fatal accident came just so suddenly to us at the beginning of this term. He would have been the last to want anyone to fret over him, but this letter would not be complete without some tribute to a courageous and magnanimous student, who died in the budding of his career. He is remembered by many friends. And with this note we must end our letter.

We remain, Sirs, yours faithfully,

L.U.O.G.S.

University College,
University of London,
Singleton Park, Swansea.
10th March, 1943.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS.—I am probably in disgrace. It was early in October of 1942 that I heard that I was to join my College. Exactly eighteen hours later I was scribbling notes in my first lecture at U.C.L. On the strength of this sudden entry into College life, coupled with the lamentable fact that even to-day I do not know whether next week will see me wielding a pen or a sword, I ask you to forgive me for not having communicated with you ere this.

Perhaps it would be as well to mention at this point that the U.C.L. is no longer in Gower Street. We are, in fact, well spread over the face of this "green and pleasant land," the Faculty of Engineering being in Singleton Park as the "guests" of University College of Swansea.

I shall not attempt to tell of the rather devastating effect that the "call-up" bogey is having on College life; you must appreciate only too well our difficulties and troubles in this connection.

We have, of course, our own Professors down here with us, but are seriously handicapped by the lack of demonstration models, etc., in Mathematics and Engineering Drawing. We are obliged to share lectures in Physics and Chemistry with the Swansea people. These arrangements have their drawbacks, but I am glad to be able to say

that as a whole the two Colleges have settled down to work with a will.

I am sorry to have to report that I am the only Old Georgian in this College Faculty, but I would mention that if I am still here in October next, and if an Old Georgian is on the Fresher List, then he is going to get a great welcome from the U.C.L.

We are, of course, all ardent members of the College Home Guard, which is now pressing for recognition as an S.T.C. The Guard is a fountain-head of grouses naturally, but I think I voice the general sentiment when I say that we will tolerate no word against the well-earned reputation for efficiency.

The year to date has not been uneventful from my point of view at least. Soon after entering the College last term, we had the elections of representatives from each of the three "years" for the "Ensoc" Committee, and much to my amazement I found myself elected unanimously as the representative of the first year. This, of course, has meant a deal of work, but I can honestly say that I have never tackled a more agreeable job or one which has repaid me so thoroughly for every ounce of energy which I have put into it.

At the end of last term we had our "Termies." I regret to say that the "first year" followed in the footsteps of previous first years, and scored marks so low that even they themselves were a trifle shaken. Early this term I felt the need of a new society in College life, namely a Junior or Intermediate "Ensoc," and accordingly I called the "gang" around and we brought into being the "Inter. Ensoc." The function of this society is to allow fellows with little or no engineering experience to speak to an audience of men in the same boat as themselves, thus stimulating a desire for further practical knowledge and making the limited knowledge of each member common property. So far this Society has enjoyed 100 per cent. support at every meeting. I look ahead with confidence to the future of the "Inter. Ensoc." May its life be long; may its members be better engineers, and better men, by virtue of their association with one another through this medium.

Now Foundation Week is upon us. To-morrow we start our celebrations. Already we have purloined four Belisha Beacons and a weighing machine, along with a dozen road signs from around the town. Over a chair in my room is an old lab. coat. Paint has improved it almost to the standard of a College blazer, and on its back in bold purple letters are the words "U.C.L. for ever." I shall wear this coat to-morrow, and may those who see us know that we are celebrating because it is in very deed "U.C.L. for ever."

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,

JOHN E. GRIFFITHS.

Union Society,
Durham.
March 16th, 1943.

To the Editors of "The Red Rose."

SIRS.—It may appear strange that after nine terms in St. Chad's College, the headquarters of the D.O.G.S. should suddenly move to the Union, and we hasten to add that A.G.L., who for the past three years has been in solitary state as President, Secretary, Committee, and member of D.O.G.S., has not suddenly decided that the Union Society's rooms, whither he makes his way most mornings to drink coffee and talk for a while, are much to be preferred to the accommodation offered

by St. Chad's, and taken up his permanent abode there. Not so, Sirs! the D.O.G.S. has for the past two terms been flourishing, with a membership increased by no less than 100 per cent. This happy state of affairs came about by the arrival last October of J.W.M., now a member of Hatfield College, who is here for two terms to take the Royal Air Force Cadet course. Unfortunately, owing to difficulties in arranging a meeting, last term's letter failed to arrive in time to be included in the "Red Rose," so this letter is for J.W.M. an *ave atque vale*.

During his stay here J.W.M. has played "soccer" for Hatfield, as well as taking part in the very full Air Cadet course; for while A.G.L. goes to his lectures in the morning and is left to his own devices for the rest of the day, J.W.M. with his fellow Air Cadets attends lectures, both morning and afternoon, and has parades and P.T. as well. Nevertheless, in spite of his full days, J.W.M. has found time to work, for in his final exam. his results were among the best.

A.G.L. is still in residence at St. Chad's, wrestling with the Honours School of Theology, and, doubtless to the surprise of all who knew him at K.G.V.S., has taken to rowing. He has also been elected President for this year of St. Chad's Literary and Debating Society.

Early in the term the University remembered its founders and benefactors by a service in the Cathedral, with a University Sermon preached by the Dean of York, and on March 2nd, St. Chad's College kept its festival. During the term our Professor of Greek, Canon Mayne, has left us to become Dean of Carlisle; but his successor has not yet been appointed.

This letter must, we feel, close with the customary appeal. J.W.M. must leave Durham for a time at the end of this term, and next term will be A.G.L.'s last term in residence. The D.O.G.S. has behind it now a history of nearly four years, and it is to be hoped that Durham will not be without Old Georgians in the future. It is the hope of A.G.L. that when the new course of Air Cadets comes up next term an Old Georgian or two will be among them, and they can be assured of a hearty welcome.

We remain, Sirs, yours faithfully,

D.O.G.S.

We are glad to be able to publish the following extracts from letters of Old Boys, now spread over the face of the globe.

From E. F. B. Cadman, who has been completing his medical studies in U.S.A.

The academic side of this visit has, of course, loomed largely. During my stay I have, with the aid of certain credits granted to me because of my work at Liverpool, been able to cover the whole of the last two years of the medical course here.

Although holidays have naturally been curtailed "more than somewhat" because of the war, I have managed to see something of the North American Continent. My port of arrival over here was Montreal, so that I had a brief glance at Canada before settling down to work. At Christmas, 1941, I spent two weeks with relatives in New York City, where most of my time was spent "rubber necking" at the towering buildings. Ten days at Easter were spent in the "Mountain State" of West Virginia, which is very similar country to our Lake District. Most recently, having purchased a 120 dollar car for the job, I spent four weeks driving out to the Pacific Coast and

back. The round trip covered a distance of 7,500 miles and took me to such places as Kansas City, Denver, the Rocky Mountains, Salt Lake City, Boulder Dam, Los Angeles, San Francisco and finally Yellowstone National Park.

From S. V. Perry, Prisoner of War in Italy.

Mail is our only link with home and you would realise how much we appreciate it, if you could only see the morning rush when the mail comes in, even though that rush is very often, for most of us, a fruitless one. The camp is a 14th century monastery up in the mountains of Southern Italy, just the spot for meditation, enforced that it unfortunately is. So far, since I have been here the weather has been very good, plenty of sunshine as you might expect, but we are expecting a cold winter, even though we are well South. Life is very boring, but we try and dispel this boredom by study of some kind. Myself, I have been taking classes in German, Italian, Economics and various subjects which previously I didn't have the time to devote myself to, and just recently I have started to receive books sent out by my professor at Liverpool. But even so I find it difficult to settle down and concentrate, cut off as I am from the events now taking place in the world. I only hope it won't be for very much longer.

From P. Snape, serving in India.

There must be quite a lot of Old Georgians in India serving in the various forces; actually, I haven't come across many—just the odd one; I met Tony White a year ago; he's in the Service Corps. India's a pretty big place and you soon lose touch with people.

After six months' Octu and four months at Signals School, I got my commission just over a year ago. I went straight up to Rawalpindi in the Punjab, traditional centre of the Indian Army, and stayed there a year. The winter and spring were delightful, crisp and with plenty of sunshine, and one was glad of battle-dress. The summer was rather hot for a month or two, the thermometer hitting 120 degrees sometimes. Then the rains came and flooded the ground with green.

We saw a bit of the Frontier and got to know the ways and language of the Punjabis. There was a terrific amount of training going on. The expansion of the Army in India has been unbelievable. For six months I was adjutant: the job was excellent for experience, but the hours were trying. I couldn't get any leave—we were too busy—though the Murree hills were only 40 miles away and you could see the Kashmir snows on any clear day. We were half British and half Indian, Punjabi, Mussalmans and Sikhs. It's hard to generalise on whole classes of people but, roughly, I found the main traits of the two as follows:—The Sikh is intelligent, quick, keen to get on, imaginative, with terrific family pride—rather like a Continental; the Mussalman is more contented, dour, with more of the peasant in him. Both, in their different way, are extremely likeable. The language, of course, is the key: once you can speak to the Indian soldier in his own language the rest is easy. All officers have to pass their language examination; otherwise there is no promotion. I've seen majors come down to lieutenants and captains to second lieutenants because of failing.

From P. C. Hammersley, serving in North Africa.

I have arrived safely in North Africa and am now camped by the sea not far from Algiers. We made the sea crossing in a large liner in a convoy quite safely, seeing no signs of enemy aeroplanes or of

U-boats. I found that sleeping in a hammock was a very comfortable experience and had a very good time on board except when I was sick in a bit of a gale! We approached the port of disembarkation in the early morning and it looked very beautiful indeed with the rising sun over the blue snow-capped Atlas mountains behind the town. The first person we saw was a little Arab chap, who sold us a French newspaper. The people here are chiefly French and Arabs, and my French learnt at school is coming in very handy, especially in the shops.

The village we are camped in has ultra-modern villa affairs, a few shops, but no cinemas, and as everything, including the "local," closes at seven, there is not much to do in the evening except go to bed.

It is very hot and sunny here in the day-time, but is just the opposite at night, when it is extremely cold. We manage to keep warm in our blanket and great-coat, however. We are having a very fine time bathing in the blue Mediterranean each day (my tent is only about 50 feet from the sea), having good food and gorging ourselves with oranges, tangerines and dates.

I am sending this in my mother's letter to save envelopes, which are unobtainable here, though we hope to get a N.A.A.F.I. established some day. We haven't received any mail since leaving England and are looking forward eagerly to receiving our first letters.

From A. Blythe, serving in India.

Like a good many others, I haven't a great deal of good to say for this country. The heat, dust and filth are such predominant features that one's mind is apt to be biased. Everywhere you see disease and dire poverty. But I must admit that there are parts of the country that are very pleasant. The tea plantations of Assam are most attractive. The natives are more prosperous and appear to be of a higher standard. I spent a very enjoyable leave in Darjeeling, which, as you may know, is in the Himalayas. The scenic beauty up there is spectacular, especially as from the town you have in full view the snow-topped peak of Kinchinjunga, which is more than 28,000 feet above sea level and is I believe the third highest mountain of the world. Everest also can be seen, but as it is over sixty miles away, the view isn't comparable to that of Kinchinjunga.

✱

SAFETY FIRST

[We are glad to be able to print the following, received from H. Broadbent, now serving as a pilot-officer with the R.A.F. It is part of an article written for the magazine of his flying school at Miami, Florida, and should prove of value and interest for its statement of principles which apply to more things than flying.—Ed.]

The maxim that is derided by dare-devils is mutely confirmed by tombstones. But it is no satisfaction to know that one's action has supported a wise saying if the consequence is an incapacity to know or apprehend anything at all. So be a learner and not a teacher of this truth, and consider yourself lucky if you come so close to disaster as to see the folly of your action without suffering the penalty that fate is wont to exact from fools. And having looked over the edge, never go near to it again!

Mark that word "near." The cliff is safe right up to the edge—but the edge is where you fall over. Don't be one of the jaunty many who laugh and say "A miss is as good as a mile." It is not as good. Remember the inexorable law that dogs every taker of chances: the first time the ball goes round, black comes up; it may come up a second and a third time, but nobody can soberly suppose that the red is never going to appear. It will appear, and the chance-taker is lost. So watch danger whizzing past at a safe distance of a mile, and refrain from asking it to singe your whiskers. Give yourself a margin: recognize that there are three areas—danger, safety and the zone separating the two. It is only in this way that safety—complete and continuous—is to be achieved. But the further you venture into that forbidden margin, the lower falls the index which measures the number of chances of survival against the possibility of disaster.

It must not be imagined that the margin of safety is governed by a rule of thumb stating baldly, "Keep one mile away." A margin is always in the last resort indeterminate, clearly visible only to the penetrating eye of providence. It is true that a man endowed with providential vision could avoid disaster by a hair's breadth—could step nimbly from before the oncoming car just as its bumper-bar grazed the seat of his trousers. But there is no man whose eyes are not shrouded by the dim veil of mortality: he sees not a clearly defined line, but a wavering smudge: and in keeping his path too far away from one danger he may gradually approach another! For there is another cliff, just as treacherous, whose slopes are strewn by the over-cautious and whose crags ring with the querulous despairing cries of those who played not for safety but for too much safety, who escaped the engulfing maw of Scylla only to be seized by the horrid tentacles of Charybdis. There is one factor which restrains caution from falling into panic; it is judgment. This is the quality that enables man to tread the path of the Golden Mean, the ideal sung and honoured by poets and scholars from the beginning of mankind's development.

But judgment needs fair play: give it a margin and it will not let you down. It will support you in all hazards: it will tell you when the danger-index has begun to rise and prevent a panicky reaction. The air pilot trusts his judgment but does not treat it roughly; he does not force it to make decisions involving inches, but gives it yards. A good judgment may narrow the margin of safety but cannot abolish it. It is possible to knock a T-sign over with impunity once or twice; but some day the T-sign will stand up and hit back and turn out to be not a T-sign at all but a rock or a house or another aircraft. Do not, then, blame your judgment; blame your folly in forgetting the rule of always establishing a margin of safety.

For in the execution of any manœuvre there is always the chance of going round to do it all over again. Be prepared at all times to relinquish the natural desire to complete an almost completed movement when a snag looms up ahead, and avoid any degree of absorption in the job in hand which may tend to blind you to such a snag. It is possible to try too hard! An air pilot has to act at such a speed that nothing less than a permanent awareness of what is happening will suffice to apprise him in time of approaching danger. Keep one eye on what you are doing and the other on what anybody else or anything else is doing, and remember that a safe landing is far more important than a perfectly executed manœuvre which leads one fateful inch farther on into calamity. Nobody will ever blame you for "going

round again": it shows that your eyes are open and that your mind is versatile enough to drop its absorption in the job in hand to swing away on another and a safer path. "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day; but he who fights and thus is slain, never, never fights again." The old song has a variety of interpretations.

—✕—
THE BUCKET

O come with me, my bonny lads,
And leave your books a day:
Though they'll be here in a hundred year,
You hasten soon away.

And, maidens, while it shines with gold,
Trick out your braided hair:
Come out to-day, before 'tis grey
And the sheen is dulled by care.

For many a lover this vale has known,
And many a kiss has seen,
And many a lass this way did pass
Whose grave is growing green.

L.S.

—✕—
CUPID POLGLOT

Translations by various hands.

GREECE —Anacreon

Cupid once, among the roses,
Chanced to meet a drowsy bee,
And was stung upon the finger—
Its approach he did not see.
Running then to Cytherea,
"Mother, I've been stung," said he,—
"A horrid little winged insect;
Countrymen call it a bee."
She replied, "Well, if the bee's dart
Hurts you as it buzzes by,
How much do you reckon, Cupid,
Hurt the darts that you let fly?"

J.B.P.

ROME—Catullus

You used to say you knew none but Catullus,
And rather unto me than Jove you smiled;
I loved you then, and in no common fashion,
But as a father loves his only child.
But now I know you, Lesbia, and though I
Burn more with love, yet 'tis a meaner kind.
And why?—Because your guile my love increases
Yet makes me hate you in my inmost mind.

J.B.P.

FRANCE—Pierre de Ronsard

To Cassandra

Come, let us see if that sweet rose,
Who but this morning did disclose
Her dress of crimson to the sun,
Has lost her silken petals clear,
And hue just like your beauty, dear,
Before this weary day is done.

Alas! her beauty is thrown down:
In time so short her scarlet gown
Has withered up, and drooped and died;
O Nature! how austere thou art,
Since such a flower must swift depart
Before the fall of eventide.

So, if you do believe me, dear,
Whilst life is still in tender year
And flourishes a little space,
Grasp, grasp the glory of your youth.
Life's but a flower, and, bitter truth!
Age will your loveliness deface.

H.Q.D.

SPAIN—Lope de Vega

"Compose a Sonnet," Violante said;
Such difficulty have I never met,
For sonnets must to fourteen lines be set;
Blithely the first three on their way have sped."

Rhyming I thought was far above my head,
Yet now the second quatrain I have gained,
And once the fearsome sestet is attained,
No more the quatrains shall I have to dread.

Boldly I come to tercet number one:
My genius moves, it seems, on nimble feet,
Since with this line it is already done.

The second tercet confident I meet,
And now the thirteenth verse is easy won.
Are there fourteen?—Love's duty is complete.

E.E.S.

GERMANY—Heinrich Heine

O urge, thou lovely fisher-maid,
Thy vessel to the land;
Draw near to me, and sit thee down:
We'll dally hand in hand.

Lay thy dear head upon my heart,
Calm all thy fear away:
In the wild waves, without a care,
Thou trustest every day.

My heart, just like the waters,
Has storm, and ebb, and flow,
Yet in its depths, full many a pearl
Is lying far below.

L.S.

PRINCE ODSOX AND THE DRAGON

Once upon a time, in the days when men were men and a pansy was a flower, there lived in a castle, in the city of Little Wopping on the Sluice, a princess. She was very fair, so fair in fact, that the railway company had to run special excursion trains for her suitors. These suitors were all princes and therefore all eligible for her hand, so, to decide which should be her husband, the princess made a rule that whoever wished to marry her must kill a certain fierce dragon which terrorised the countryside.

One day our hero, Prince OdsOX, rode up to the castle gates and, parking his bike by the railings, ran up the steps two at a time. Handing his clips to the page who stood at the door, he said:

"Is Princess Myrtle in?"

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he found his way to the throne room. A guard was standing at the door, and on asking the Prince what he wanted, received an answer to the effect that he wanted to marry Princess Myrtle.

"Oh, well, in that case, you'd better have one o' them there and one o' them 'ere."

"One o' them there," the Prince found to be a circular informing all and sundry that whoever killed the aforementioned dragon could marry the Princess, and "one o' them 'ere" was a form to be filled in by any applicant for the post of husband to Princess Myrtle.

Prince OdsOX carefully placed the two documents in his inside pocket between his identity card and his sweet coupons and retraced his steps to the castle gates. He mounted his "Raleigh Sports Model" and whistling "Deep in the heart of Texas," he rode away.

Eventually our hero came to the foothills of the mountains which surrounded the country, and parking his "bike" once more, proceeded on foot up a little track, until suddenly from behind a large rock he saw a cloud of smoke rise. Cautiously, he crawled round the rock and saw, not a dragon but a tramp smoking a clay pipe. He picked himself up feeling rather silly and asked the tramp whether he had seen a dragon anywhere about.

"Oh, aye," said the tramp. "Where was it?" asked the Prince eagerly.

"O'er yon," said the tramp, indicating with the stem of his pipe a clump of trees.

Once more the prince went on his way, this time whistling, "Who's afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" He was just entering the wood, when he saw the dragon in a somnolent posture. Going up to him he gave the dragon a poke in the ribs.

Albert (for that was the dragon's name) woke up with a start, and, when Prince OdsOX drew his sword, whimpered pitifully. The prince tilted his helmet and scratched his head in the approved police force style, because he had fought hundreds of dragons in his time, but he had never met one like this before.

"Come on and fight," said Prince OdsOX.

"Please, I'd rather not," replied Albert.

"Why?" asked the Prince.

"Well," said Albert, "I'm a peaceful dragon. At least, till my blood's up. I want to do something useful for the country."

"Oh!" answered the Prince. "In that case you had better come back with me to the castle and we'll see what we can do."

When the two reached Little Wopping on the Sluice, the Princess was waiting for them on the castle drawbridge, and when she learned what had happened she immediately promised to marry Prince OdsOX (who, by the way, had often been mistaken for Robert Taylor).

The happy pair and the dragon went in to tea, and as a great treat Princess Myrtle opened a tin of Grade I salmon.

What happened in the end? Well, of course, Princess Myrtle and Prince OdsOX were married and lived happily ever after, and the dragon can be seen any day, pulling a cart on the side of which, in letters of gold, runs the legend, "L.W. on the S. Corporation."

J. H. H.

THE PACKET

It was a dark, windy night in October. The villagers were huddled round their fires, listening to the howling of the gale outside and the slatting of the rain on the window panes.

Along the dark village street the constable struggled against the wind and turned the corner into a quieter lane. Two shadows, which had appeared to be part of the little church, heaved a sigh of relief and went the opposite way to that taken by the policeman. They spoke no word, those two, they were too cautious for that, for they had a mission, and only they, and a select, hand-picked few knew what that mission was. They would get no medals, only the congratulations of their leader, the Master.

At length they left the village behind them, and began to ascend a steep hill, covered with gloomy, dripping trees. In the distance could be faintly seen a little hovel built of rough-hewn stones by the side of a mountain stream now greatly swollen by the rain. The two kept on until they were outside the door, and then one of them, furtively looking over his shoulder, gave three muffled knocks.

The old door creaked, and partially opened. A hand, gnarled with age, handed a well-tied, sealed packet to the travellers. Without saying a word, the smaller of the two put it in his coat, and the pair turned round and proceeded homewards.

The return was a little less cautious than the outward journey. Where previously they had looked at every tree and every bush as though frightened that it contained a lurking figure, they now merely glanced around to see that the coast was clear, and chatted pleasantly to each other. It was, therefore, not surprising that neither saw the headlights of a car as it turned from a by-road into the road where the two travellers were admiring the seals of the packet.

In the glare of his headlights the driver saw two dark shapes fling themselves away, and as they leaped aside a squarish object fell from them. There was a scream of tyres on the hard surface of the road and a sound as of fifty wooden match-boxes being crushed at once. Two figures sat on the bank by the side of the road and cursed vehemently and long. The driver of the car got out and said:—

"Did I run over anything of yours?"

The caretakers from the local museum looked at him sorrowfully and two tears ran down their respective cheeks as they groaned in unison:—

"The only banana in England."

D.H.

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE

On Friday, February 19th, several members of the sixth forms attended a lecture at the Cambridge Hall, given by Joseph MacLeod.

Mr. MacLeod spoke of the history of the Russian Theatre, stressing the fact that periods of distress had produced Russia's greatest dramatists.

Each State in Russia originally owned its special theatre, and its own school of drama. Finally, however, as a result of amalgamation of the individual theatres, the school of " Socialist Realism " had emerged.

Mr. MacLeod mentioned that, among many Western European authors, Shakespeare and Molière were particularly popular.

The lecturer finished by speaking of the great part children's plays, and children also, play in the important sphere of the theatre in Russia.

J.B.P.

THE RUTHERSTON LOAN COLLECTION

I am, of course, aware that comment upon pictures which have already been removed is of little objective value. I have no remedy for that, nor can I anticipate pictures we shall receive next term and forestall their arrival with relevant criticism. The reception, however, of one particular picture which seems in no uncertain manner to have offended those of fastidious taste (I use this in its very limited sense) suggests to me that some remarks indicating a new line of approach may be pertinent. This picture, " The Red Teapot " by Frank Freeman, so frankly " un-literal " and unconventional, has introduced us to yellow milk and purple tea, thereby outraging, not our sense of design, proportion or colour, but most unpardonably, our stomachs. Now I am as fastidious over my diet as most, but I must confess that whether an artist drinks purple tea or uses green shaving water is of equal consequence to me in deciding upon the merits of his work, and providing that my stomach is comfortably—not over—full, I do not allow it to impose its banal preferences upon judgments whose determination is the province of other faculties. Colour is good or bad in so far as it relates, not to substances, but to other colours, and the relating of colour shapes, masses and forms towards an " ensemble " is a distinctly more artistic achievement than the visual rendering of a group which may in itself be commonplace. Imitation knows nothing of what is characteristic or essential. It is the manner of conceiving a subject, the ability to do it justice in terms of the artist's materials, that determine what the result shall be, and relevant judgment or criticism involves the ability to abstract from the appeal of the subject matter, and consider only the plastic means in their adequacy and quality as constituents of plastic form. Judgment must not be confused with merely personal and arbitrary preference. Preference will always remain, but its existence is consistent with a much higher degree of objective judgment than at present prevails. Painting is too often judged by academic rules or emotional irrelevancy, and technical proficiency too frequently mistaken for artistic significance. Condemnation of the " purple tea," without reference to its part in the larger scheme, means that the standard set is the imitation of familiar things or forms either in nature or in previous art, seen without the deeper perception which imparts life

and unity. With most of us the intrinsic appeal or repulsion of subject matter will constitute the chief pleasure or displeasure afforded by paintings. It is not easy to ignore subject matter, but concentrate in future upon the manner in which line, colour, space and mass are used and how they inter-relate with each other. Old and firmly established habits will have to be broken up, and new ones started, but eventually what appears now to be absurd and freakish will develop a new meaning, and beauty a deeper significance.

Does this apply only to Modern Art? No! It applies to all art, for all art has, in its time, been modern, and the person who really appreciates what Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Constable all separately did in their own time, understands too, in his contemporaries, their æsthetic counterparts. If he claims to understand the one without the other, then he is deceiving himself.

J. B. J.

RUGBY

RESULTS

1st XV

January 23rd—v. Ormskirk (at home), lost 6-8.
February 3rd—Wigan G.S., at Wigan, won 5-3.

2nd XV

January 23rd—v. Ormskirk, at Ormskirk, lost 6-18.

Bantam XV

January 30th—v. Merchant Taylors' (at home), won 35-0.
February 3rd—v. Wigan G.S. (at home), lost 0-3.

1st XV CRITICISMS 1942-43

K. HEPBURN (Captain) 1st XV Colours 1940-41-42-43. Centre Three-quarter.—Has shown remarkable anticipation in defence when positioning himself to receive a pass from a harassed colleague, which has enabled him to use his excellent kicking ability. Possesses strong attacking qualities, but is inclined to tire himself through not making sufficient use of his colleagues.

D. F. SUTTON (Vice-Captain) 1st XV Colours 1941-42-43. Loose Forward.—In spite of a lack of weight he has shown amazing forcefulness which has been combined with intelligent leadership of the pack. With ability in both hands and feet he has been more than a very good loose forward by his faculty for sensing a loose ball and using it to the best advantage.

H. H.

R. K. PARKINSON, 1st XV Colours 1942-43. Loose Forward. Has used his break-away from the line-outs to good advantage but does not know when to part with the ball. Has a tendency to delay his tackling.

R. E. HOLMES, 1st XV Colours 1942-43. Loose Forward. Played well in line-outs and loose-scrams and usually distributes the ball to advantage. In defence he has fallen on the ball well and tackled strongly.

F. HORTON, 1st XV Colours 1942-43. Hooker. His dribbling this season has been one of the outstanding features of the forward play. Has a good cut through from line-outs and backs up well. Has hooked successfully.

D. M. HARTLEY, Centre Threequarter. Has improved since the season started, but still draws away from his supports. He has developed a quick change of direction, but his footwork is rather clumsy in a small space. In defence his tackling is much too high.

L. G. JAEGER, Fly Half. Runs well with the ball, but is inclined to crowd his threequarters. Has a useful cut through but slows down to pass and so loses the advantage. Defence sound.

R. D. DAWSON, Second Row Forward. His work in the line-outs and loose scrums has been excellent, but he will not part with the ball at the right moment. He is very slow in defence.

C. A. CHURM, Front Row Forward. The most improved player in the team. His work in the line-outs, where he has used his height to great effect, has been excellent. Tackling weak.

N. G. IRVING, 2nd XV Colours 1941-42. Wing Threequarter. Although his tackling and falling on the ball have improved, he seems to have lost a lot of last year's speed.

A. M. ANDERSON, Front Row Forward. Has used his weight to good effect in the fixed scrums, but is apt to kick the ball too far ahead in the loose. He is rather at a loss when in possession of the ball. Tackling has deteriorated.

W. SCARISBRICK, Full Back. Falls on the ball and tackles well but his handling and positioning are at fault and he does not open up attacking movements.

I. M. ROSS, Second Row Forward. Suffers from lack of experience and so he is not always positioned to the best advantage. Falls on the ball and always packs well in a loose scrum.

W. B. JENNETT, Scrum Half. His play is much too orthodox and so he is at a loss when he has no support. His passing from the base of the scrum is too low, but falls on the ball well. Tackling weak.

G. A. SLATER, Wing Threequarter. Has used his speed to good advantage but does not make full use of his support. Tackles well.

T. H. GRIFFITHS, Centre Threequarter. Has a good cut-through but lacks the necessary speed and acceleration to take full advantage of it. Falls on the ball well, but his tackling is weak.

W. J. MCMURRAY, Scrum Half. His passing is good and he has used his kicking well. Defence weak.

R. E. BRACEWELL, Back Row Forward. Dribbles the ball very well and uses his height well in line-outs but is apt to kick the ball too far ahead. Tackling weak.

D. C. TRIMBLE, G. D. ROSEN, A. DAVIDSON, P. OAKES, J. H. M. WILLIAMS have also played. K. H.

652 KING GEORGE V SCHOOL FLIGHT, AIR TRAINING CORPS

During the past term, there has been considerable progress in the training and efficiency at the Flight. We congratulate the following cadets on becoming "Cadets, 1st Class," Cadets Clark, Fraser, Matthewman, Pulman, Robson, Sharrock, Trimble, Wilby, J. G. Wood. Many other cadets should qualify at the next examination. Flight/Sergeant Irving has been awarded an Engineering Cadetship and L/C. R. B. Griffiths has been accepted for a R.A.F. University Short Course. L/C. Griffiths was also awarded a prize by N.W. Command for his essay on "Camp Life." L/C. Blore and Cadet Watchorn have joined the R.A.F. as apprentices.

This term we have lost six cadets, but have gained 16 recruits, bringing the total strength to 80. A library has now been formed, under the supervision of Sergeant Shepherd and Corporal Hyam. A gift of books has been received from the School and any other books dealing with aeronautical subjects would be welcomed.

Musketry training is now starting, and the loan of a .22 rifle for miniature range practice would be greatly appreciated.

In December last, the Flight visited an R.A.F. Station and obtained interesting information concerning several types of aircraft and aerodrome procedure. A visit has also been made to the observatory in Hesketh Park. We wish to thank Messrs. Bell, Watts, and Watson for their help in this.

On the occasion of the second anniversary of the formation of the A.T.C., the Flight attended Church Parade at St. Philip's Church, Southport.

The "Progress Chart" is now proving of interest, and by stimulating friendly rivalry between sections the scheme should tend to increase the efficiency of the Flight.

Sergeant Jaeger and Corporal Hyam attended a course on Physical Training; this should prove very helpful.

Finally, we wish to express our thanks to Mr. N. S. Taylor for the very valuable assistance he is giving to the Flight in electrical and radio theory.

THE VIOLIN CLASS

This term a great deal of enthusiasm has been shown by the class. We would like to remind all other boys who would like to learn the violin, that the school has a spare instrument if they do not possess one of their own, and we should be glad to welcome them each Wednesday at 4 o'clock. P. B.

ART SOCIETY

Anyone visiting the Senior Art Room towards the end of last term would have found many boys working hard on the mural design and rigging up screens, all in aid of the Annual Art Society Exhibition. This work was not in vain, and the result a big success, each section of the Society contributing work in order to make it so and each having its own particular part in the room.

Finally, Mr. Percy Lancaster kindly came along to judge the exhibits. He remarked that the exhibition was quite the best he had seen at the school, the work being of a very high standard. The drawings were so numerous and so varied that it meant having a large number of prizes which led to the depletion of the Art Society's funds. This, however, was soon remedied at the commencement of this term.

Mr. Lancaster's judgment was as follows:—

Oils.—1st prize, B. Kay.

Watercolours.—1st prize, B. R. Newton.

Design.—1st merit, B. Kay; 1st prize, G. R. Newton.

Landscape.—1st prize, B. Kay.

Composition.—1st prize, B. Kay.

Still Life.—1st prize, B. R. Newton.

Plant.—1st merit, B. Kay; 1st prize, L. Burman.

Modelling.—1st prize, D. Eccles.

Best Junior Work.—G. Kay.

A new committee was elected at the start of the term, consisting in the main of the same members as last term.

Two new sections have been welcomed to the society, the Natural History Illustration Section under D. Eccles, and the Crafts Section under C. M. Bason. Good work has been done. B. K.

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MUSIC SOCIETY

The attendance at our meetings, we are glad to say, is still increasing. We are particularly pleased to see a few of the younger members of the school among us. It would, however, add to our pleasure if they, and some of the older members too, could be quieter during the changing of a record, for they seem to be unable to keep still, even, alas, sometimes during the actual performance.

While expressing once again our thanks for the records which have been lent to us, we should like to exhort boys not to be shy of bringing any classical work for us to hear. We know of one or two people at least who possess a few records, but they are either frightened they will be broken or cannot be bothered to bring them. Records in the charge of the society will be taken great care of and anyone assisting us in this way will earn our deepest gratitude. To K. Blundell, who was forced to leave us last term, we extend our thanks for his services as secretary. S. G. S.

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CHESS CLUB

Meetings have been held on two evenings each week. The annual tournaments have been played. The Junior tournament was won by C. O. Gold, and the Senior by F. McManus. We congratulate these boys on their success. R. H. G.

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LIBRARY AND READING ROOM

Senior Librarians—F. W. B. Shepherd, L. Shilling, H. Townsend.
Junior Librarians—P. A. L. Anderson, C. A. Churm, M. Craingold, H. Q. Dowland, I. Entwistle, T. H. Griffiths, D. M. Hartley, R. W. Hayden, J. B. Perry, E. E. Sainsbury, K. A. Smedley, D. F. Sutton.

During the past term considerable trouble has been taken over the repair of books. It is hoped that boys will treat these books with especial care.

Our warmest thanks for gifts of books are due to Dr. Heisler, W. M. Towers, Esq., K. F. Hulme, M. Craingold.

THE LIBRARIANS.

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IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Terms begins	May 5th
Sports Day	May 18th
Half Term	June 14th, 15th
H.S.C. Examination begins	June 25th
S.C. " "	July 2nd
Term ends	July 27th

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