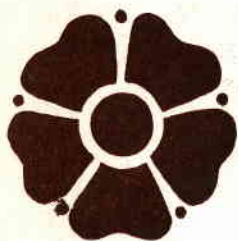


# THE RED ROSE

THE MAGAZINE OF  
KING GEORGE V SCHOOL



KG  
V

Vol. XLV

No. 141

April, 1966

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## COMMENT

Can we say that we always fully appreciate the liberties bestowed on us by democracy? When reading the morning newspapers, do we ever stop and think ourselves lucky that the National Press is free from nearly all forms of censorship? Perhaps we have become too easily accustomed to this freedom. And yet think what human history and knowledge owes to the free expressions of facts, ideas and opinions. In the past, truth has been first ridiculed, then suppressed, and then finally accepted—prejudice has been temporary and removeable. But is not that same prejudice much more powerful now than ever before? Should we not look with fear on propaganda techniques of any kind, whether political, religious or merely the “hard sell” of the advertiser, which in the last count are designed merely to blur and distort the truth?

To know, and to be able to express, the truth, may be only one aspect of individual liberty, yet it is also the key, the foundation stone. Mass inculcation of ideas can only result in the eventual disappearance of all individual rights and liberties. It is up to us, therefore, even through the seemingly unimportant medium of a school magazine, to ensure that freedom to express individual or minority views is retained, for only this will make certain that we remain as identifiable human beings, and not the components of some nightmare Orwellian society.

I.D.T.

## School Notes

At the end of last term Mr. M. G. Allan left the staff to become Head of the History Department at Welwyn Garden City High School. We should like to thank him for his services to the school and in particular for his management of the Film Society which has been so successfully revived during the last few years.

We welcome in his place Mr. P. H. W. Garwood, who comes to us after several years' experience in the History Department at King's School, Canterbury.

We congratulate the following winners of Open Awards at Cambridge last December:

E. B. Caplin, Open Scholarship in Natural Science at Queens' College.

G. Dean, Open Scholarship in Natural Science at St. John's College.

M. G. Pritchard, Open Scholarship in Natural Science at Gonville and Caius College.

Congratulations are also due to the following:

D. A. Harkness on being elected Captain of the Lancashire Schools Badminton Team, and

J. E. Roberts of the King George V School Scout Troop and T. A. Marshall of 62nd Southport Troop, on their award of Queen's Scout badges.

Last term's Play was “Hobson's Choice” by Harold Brighouse. Great credit is due to Mr. T. B. Johnson and all the cast, as well as all other helpers, for such a most successful and enjoyable production.

The Old Boys' Association Annual Dance was held in the School Hall on 21st December last and, to judge by the numbers attending, must be accounted a great success.

Once again, the School is most indebted to the Old Boys' Association for making a presentation to the School. On this occasion three magnificent reproductions of famous paintings have been presented, and these are now on display in the corridors. The Old Boys' Association have expressed their intention of adding to the collection from time to time when an opportunity occurs.

The Annual Carol Service was held on 20th December last in St. Philip's Church by kind permission of the Vicar, the Reverend E. A. Strickland. As a result of this service we were able to send a cheque for £18 5s. 4d. to the Grenfell Mission Association.

We are most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Hepworth, who have presented to the school a very fine 'cello.

Last term we were again visited by the Gideon Society who presented copies of the New Testament to boys who arrived at the school within the last two years. We are very grateful to them for this gift.

At long last work has begun this term on the construction of new lavatory blocks inside the two quadrangles so that we can look forward in the fairly near future to a long overdue modernisation of the lavatory and washing accommodation of this school.

## IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Term begins .....	19th April
Swimming Gala .....	13th May
Half Term .....	30th, 31st, May, 1st June
G.C.E. 'A' level examinations begin ....	6th June
G.C.E. 'O' level examinations begin ....	13th June
Summer Examinations begin .....	23rd June
Summer Examinations end .....	28th June
1st XI v Old Boys .....	5th July
Athletic Sports .....	11th July
Open Day .....	12th July
Term Ends .....	13th July

## Valete

CAPLIN, E. B., 1959-65—Evans'. U6ScSch. (G.C.E. A5,04).  
Junior School Prefect 1965-66, House Secretary 1965-66,  
Secretary Scientific Society 1965-66.  
Open Scholarship in Natural Science to Queens' College,  
Cambridge in December 1965.

DEAN, G., 1959-65—Leech's. U6ScSch. (G.C.E. A5,04).  
Open Scholarship in Natural Science to St. John's College,  
Cambridge, in December 1965.

HODGE, D. M., 1959-65—Woodham's. U6ScSch. (G.C.E. A3,04).

PRITCHARD, M. G., 1959-65—Spencer's. U6ScSch. (G.C.E.  
A5,05). Junior School Prefect 1965-66, Chairman of Scientific  
Society 1965-66, House Almoner 1965-66.  
Open Scholarship in Natural Science to Gonville and Caius  
College, Cambridge, in December, 1965.

BILTON, P. N., 1961-65—Edwards'. L6B. (G.C.E. 04). Life  
Saving Award of Merit 1965.

PICKFORD, M. E., 1961-65—Evans'. U5B. Chairman Lower  
School Society 1962-63.

ROBERTS, M. J., 1961-65—Leech's. L6M. U15 Cricket Colours  
1964-65.

FORSHAW, B. N., 1962-65—Woodham's. U5W.

LLOYD, A., 1962-65—Mason's. U6ScSch. (G.C.E. A5,04). Senior  
School Prefect 1965-66.

TAYLOR, J. E., 1962-65—Gear's. U6ScB. (G.C.E. 04). Junior  
School Prefect 1965-66.

NELSON, K., 1963-65—Mason's. 4Y.

APPLEBY, B. R., 1964-65—Woodham's. L5X.

BLACKBURN, A., 1964-65—Woodham's. 3M.

HORSBURGH, J. M., 1964-65—Gear's. 3B.

WAREING, M. J., 1964-65—Woodham's. 3B.

## Salvete

P. G. Bayliss, C. McEwan, P. R. M. McEwan, C. M. Morris,  
N. J. Robinson, J. A. Smith, C. R. Turner.

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 P. G. Longhurst, B.A., Nottingham (Economics, Physical Education).  
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 J. Hodnett, M.A., St. Catherine's College, Oxford (Geography).  
 J. W. Lord, M.Sc., Liverpool, F.R.I.C. (Chemistry).  
 J. Clough, B.A., Manchester (Classics).  
 E. S. Gale, Culham College and Carnegie College, Leeds (Physical Education).  
 C. G. Parsons, B.A., Liverpool (Geography).  
 B. A. J. Norman, B.A., Nottingham (English).  
 D. Miley, A.R.I.C., Liverpool College of Technology (Chemistry).  
 R. W. Bell, B.A., Durham (Scripture and General Subjects).  
 R. W. Rothwell, B.Sc., Manchester (Mathematics).  
 R. Heyes, B.Sc., Liverpool (Chemistry).  
 D. S. Allen, B.A., Queen's College, Oxford (French and Spanish).  
 B. Howson, B.A., Durham (French and German).  
 M. A. Thurlow, B.A., Formerly Exhibitioner of Magdalen College, Oxford (English).  
 R. P. Wilson, L.R.A.M., Trinity College of Music, London (Music).  
 T. B. L. Davies, B.A., Wales (Classics).  
 P. J. Richardson, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford (Physics).  
 J. K. Andrews, B.Sc., London (Chemistry).  
 J. Howgego, M.A., Formerly Exhibitioner of Queens' College, Cambridge (Modern Languages).  
 T. B. Johnson, B.A., Leeds (English).  
 J. K. Gray, M.A., Formerly Exhibitioner of Pembroke College, Oxford (History).  
 J. A. Honeybone, B.A., Caius College, Cambridge (History).  
 E. T. Johnson, St. Catherine's College (Mathematics).  
 S. B. Rimmer, B.A., Manchester (French and German).  
 I. Lunn, B.A., Christ's College, Cambridge (Mathematics).  
 Mlle. M. F. Rogala, Licence (Anglais), University of Bordeaux (French).  
 P. H. W. Garwood, M.A., New College, Oxford (History).  
 M. E. Amer, B.A. (Econ.) Leeds (Economics).  
 P. Stainton, B.Sc., Manchester (Physics).  
 J. G. Worthington, B.Eng., Liverpool (Physics).

## KING GEORGE V SCHOOL GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND

At the time of going to press, about eleven months after the inauguration of this Fund, the total so far raised is £700. This is a most encouraging first year and we are well placed to reach our target of £5,000 by 1970. With this money behind them, which will be enough for the deposit on a suitable property, the Committee is making an active search for suitable farmhouses or other properties in the Pennine area. Several visits have been made and an offer, so far unsuccessful, has been made for one farmhouse. The search continues.

One very satisfactory feature of the situation is that the Fund has been accepted as an Educational Charitable Trust by the Department of Education and Science so that we are in a position to take advantage of the refund of Income Tax which is made when a seven year Covenant is taken out in favour of the Fund. So far a number of Old Boys and parents have generously responded and the Fund is now assured of a total income of £100 per annum for the next seven years. We are hoping not so much for very large seven-year covenants as for worth to the Fund £1 14s. 1d. per annum, and thus a total donation of £11 17s. 7d. If any parent, Old Boy or friend of the school wishes to have further details of the Covenant scheme will they please get in touch with the school office.

The parents' Committee continues to be very active and held a very successful Coffee Evening at school on 8th February, the proceeds of which will shortly be added to the Fund. The Committee would be very pleased to hear from any other parent who would be interested in their activities and would like to join the Committee. Will they please get in touch with Mrs. D. J. Laws, of 12 Trafalgar Road, Birkdale.

Forthcoming events in aid of the Fund include a Prefects' Dance to be held at the end of this term, another wool collection organised by Mr. Bell and carried out by junior boys, and events which will be held at the Open Day at the end of the summer term. The Parents' Committee intend to hold a General Meeting, to which all parents are cordially invited, on the evening of 17th May.

## SCHOOL CAROL SERVICE

The annual Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols was held in St. Philip's Church on December 20th. The lessons were read by members of the school and staff, and the choir was the augmented madrigal choir under the direction of Mr. Wilson. The choir was up to its usual high standards in performance of some difficult music, including Byrd's 'O Quam Gloriosum'. Particularly to be commended was a modern setting of the medieval German carol, 'Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen'.

The officiant was Mr. Bell, and the Blessing was given by the Vicar of St. Philip's, the Rev. E. Strickland. The attendance was good, and the collection in aid of the Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland realised £18 5s. 4d.



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## SWIMMING

The Swimming Team has maintained, if not improved, the standard set by last year's team. Rigby's hard work for the team must be placed on record: particularly the organisation of Autumn and Spring Term land-training.

This year's team has received a 'shot in the arm' from the achievements of the first-year team, who have scored nearly maximum points in all their matches. The performances of Atkinson and Tinsley deserve special mention.

The absence of a school swimming pool has for many years restricted team training. However, this year it is encouraging to see many of the team joining the Southport Swimming Club where they can complete the extra training required.

We have not competed in the Southport Schools' Swimming Gala for some years, because the heats are held during school hours. As a result of this, the School had no representatives in the Lancashire Schools' Swimming Team, although at least four boys would certainly have made the standard, given the opportunity.

By extending our swimming season to all three terms of the academic year, we have been able to include three new matches so far this year, against Blackpool G.S., Liverpool Institute, and Edge Hill College of Education; all these have resulted in victories for the School.

Special credit must go to two boys in the Junior Team, Holmes and Banks. A newcomer to the School this year, R. Holmes has more than deserved his selection for the team. He is also to be congratulated on gaining a place in the "Top Ten" for the Individual Medley in the entire country, in connection with the Amateur Swimming Association's Age Group Championships. J. S. Banks has shown a remarkable improvement in his swimming, and, with continued training, could bring out his great potential ability.

The Intermediate Team is practically unchanged this term, but is not entirely fulfilling its expectations. Some of its members could do more serious training, perhaps by joining the Swimming Club. P. Smith-Crallan has made an excellent come-back to the team as a strong supporting crawl swimmer.

The Senior Team, by no means the strongest for many years, has forced itself to train hard. This is bringing forth results: in the Edge Hill match, against a strong team, we managed to pull off three very close victories. D. Newton and D. H. L. Roberts have joined the free-style relay team to replace J. Taylor, who unfortunately left last term. The team again should realise the need for out-of-school training. Such essential training has had considerable success in the case of T. Evans, who, after only four appearances for the Diving Team, gained first place in the match against Calday Grange.

Belated congratulations are due to J. P. Rigby, who is Southport Men's Backstroke Champion for the second year, and K. H. Sach, who is Liverpool and District Intermediate Breaststroke Champion. The team's morale has been boosted this term by the adoption of racing trunks in the School Colours, and most regular swimmers now possess these. We have been pleased to welcome the parents who regularly support both home and away matches, and we are especially pleased at the small but growing number of boys who come along and support our matches.

Preparations for the Swimming Gala next term on May 13th are well in hand. An even longer period has been allowed this year for Swimming Qualifications and House Captains are asked to avoid any last-minute rush.

A Swimming Team Tea has been arranged for March 23rd and this innovation looks like being a great success. We have invited as our guests on this occasion Mrs. J. Metcalfe, in order to acknowledge her help in the life-saving exams, and Mr. D. S. Allen, who leaves us at the end of this term. Mr. Allen has been one of the masters in charge of swimming for nearly two years, and has impressed us all with his enthusiasm. He has given up much of his time and we shall miss him greatly; we offer our good wishes both to him and Mrs. Allen in their new home in the South.

#### Results, 1964-65

Swum	Won	Lost	Points for	Points against
15	12	3	1489	1311

Also

First overall in the Merseyside Grammar Schools' Swimming Association Gala.

Fourth overall in the Fylde Inter-Grammar School Gala.

#### 1965-66 (so far)

Swum	Won	Lost	Points for	Points against
7	6	1	1011	597

Also

First overall in the Merseyside Grammar Schools' Swimming Association Gala.

#### Life-saving

We have just been informed that the School has been successful in gaining the Leverhulme Shield for the highest number of points gained in the Liverpool and District Branch of the Royal Life Saving Society. The School gained 676 points, whilst our nearest rivals were Liverpool Blue Coat School, with 425 points. This was a very convincing win for the School, and special mention must be made of the hard work and organisation of the Secretary for Life Saving, K. H. Sach, as well as of the efforts of all those who took part.

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## "HOBSON'S CHOICE"

After a year of experiment featuring an original musical adaptation of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer", Mr. T. B. Johnson chose a more conventional approach to "Hobson's Choice" for this year's school play. Having been absent from K.G.V. for several years, Mr. Johnson was able to resume his role as producer of the school play, achieving once again the high standard for which his previous productions were noted.

The play, written by Harold Brighouse early this century, is a Lancashire comedy concerning Henry Hobson, a middle-aged Salford man proud of the social position he has gained from his shop, and his three daughters. Hobson is perturbed at the "uppishness" of his daughters, so when his eldest daughter Maggie, destined to be an old maid by her family, decides to marry the retiring Will Mossop, an employee in the shop, more out of spite than emotion, he is distraught. The two younger daughters, Alice and Vicky, also wish to marry, respectively, Albert Prosser, a lawyer, and Fred Beenstock, a small business man; because of Hobson's antagonistic attitude, however, Maggie devises a plan by which the unfortunate man has to consent to the marriages. Whilst wandering drunkenly home one evening Hobson falls accidentally into the warehouse of Mr. Beenstock, who threatens to bring charges against him; and Hobson has to retract. It is at this point in the play that Hobson realises he is a chronic alcoholic and needs constant attention; Maggie is the only daughter willing to perform this task but only on the condition that Will, who by this time has a flourishing business of his own, should take charge of Hobson's shop.

It must be remembered, however, that although the play is a comedy, it was written not as a farce, as some of the cast mistakenly believed, but as a serious social comment on working-class life, and the state of marriage. We see Maggie as a domineering woman forcing the reluctant Will to marry her, generally showing little affection towards him, but expecting him to obey her every word: this typifying the state of many marriages of the 1920's as well as many marriages of the present day.

The highlight of the play, without doubt, was the acting of K. S. Whittaker as Will Mossop. Perhaps his most amusing scene was that enacted in his own shop on his wedding night, when it was obvious that he was frightened of being alone with his wife, preferring to sleep on the sofa rather than with Maggie. He had so captured the hearts of the audience that everyone rejoiced at Will's new-found confidence at the end of the play; in fact a performance that can only be described in Will's own words — "Ee, By Gum!"







P. J. Taylor as Hobson himself also gave an excellent performance, and it was obvious that he had read deeply into his character's personality. However, he tended to make his misfortunes pathetic rather than amusing: the audience, instead of laughing at him, felt sorry for him.

It is always extremely difficult for boys to play women's parts but M. B. Stubington, J. P. Minshull, and C. H. Williams, as Hobson's three daughters, acquitted themselves very well. Stubington as Maggie had a long and difficult role but nevertheless managed to put across the overbearing nature of this woman. The only faults that could be found were that Minshull as the smallest of the three, would have been more ideally cast as the younger daughter, Vickey, while Williams, who played Vickey, tended at times to be rather ungainly.

L. R. Hardman as Hobson's drinking companion, Jim Heeler, proved very popular with the audience, but he must take care not to overact. Albert Prosser, played by C. D. Mitchell, and Fred Beenstock, played by M. M. Lockyer, were presented in a most polished fashion by the two actors. P. P. Gubbins in his role as Tubby Wadlow showed himself to be potential for a larger



part in future years, while S. Houghton as Ada Figgins, with his fluttering eyelashes, proved a most realistic woman. A. C. Nettleton with an excellent Scottish accent, played Dr. McFarlane, while the part of Mrs. Hepworth was taken by D. P. Parker.

Once again thanks must go to Mr. H. H. Long and Mr. N. Harrison for work on the set, to the House Managers, Mr. J. Clough and Mr. R. W. Bell, and to the Stage Manager, Mr. R. Heyes and his staff, without whose aid the performances would not have been possible. The number of sets was greater than usual, ensuring not only a greater initial task to Mr. Long, but also more work for Mr. Harrison in painting them.

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## Views

### THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE

I feel it is my duty as a Christian to protest most strongly against the fallacy that one cannot believe in the Bible and science.

Some people say that science has made the Bible unreliable, mainly because of the first chapter of Genesis with which, they believe, scientific accounts of creation disagree. Whether the theory of evolution is true or not does not matter. The Bible does not say how God made man, it merely says that he did, neither does it define the time it took for God to make man. Again, it is said that since there is no scientific evidence to support them, miracles do not happen. But a miracle is an exception to what usually happens and the Bible does not claim that they are everyday experiences. And so, since science is only concerned with what normally happens, it has no jurisdiction to comment upon miracles. The Bible was intended neither as a guide to science nor as a science text book. In times past, Christians thought that the theory that the sun was the centre of the universe was contrary to the Word of God. There was a needless furore over this theory, because there is no scriptural backing for any opposition, and the supposed conflict between science and the Bible has never been extinguished since. Galileo summed it up admirably when he said: "The Bible is not intended to teach us how the heavens go, but how to go to heaven." This is not to admit that the Bible is full of inaccuracies, but to stress the more important job of the Bible.

A much more serious allegation concerning science and the Bible is the fallacy that science has made the Bible unnecessary. Why worry about God's explanation when science can cure our diseases and reveal to us the wonders of the universe? The Bible may be relevant to the parson or historian, but science has made an impact on everyone's lives. Can the Bible?

Science has made the Bible even more important. Science gives power to man, but doesn't tell him what to do with it. But the Bible does tell us what to do with our lives, it does tell us the meaning of life. The world needs the Christ of the Bible. If men surrendered their lives to Him, he would channel their power into the right things, the relief of poverty and unnecessary human suffering. But this is a hypothetical situation. Man is greedy, he uses his power to obtain more power for himself. The Bible tells us this, and how true it is! We mustn't fall into the error of creating a God ourselves, by regarding God as an explanation of things we can't explain ourselves by science. God is behind everything whether we can explain it or not. God

made the whole world, he is the God of all experience. God is revealed in the Bible.

Science is just one viewpoint, a technical explanation of the world. For a complete viewpoint we must go to God through his Word, the Bible. There we will find that God is Love, God is a Person and not an impersonal substance, God is a Father. He asks each one of us to be one of his sons, to serve him. He makes a demand on our lives because he died for us, a cruel death on a cross. It is up to us to face up to this demand and decide for ourselves, yes or no. We can trust the Bible in this age of scientific advancement. We can serve God and follow his commands, if we decide to.

D. GASKELL, U.6.Mod.Schol.

### SOUTHPORT SUNDAYS

Empty case of a Sunday! Most blessed ever-toiling week, put your briefcases in the corner, your paper money, pinstripe trousers, and pray for the peace of your honest labour. They shall prosper that love thee!

Come, six-day enemy, and watch my Victorious Saviour escape the tomb! Yet this time he cannot ascend. Nail Him Down again, there is no air outside the tomb. No hammers, no nails, no chisels, no pens. Try to fold Him in your 'News of the Macrocosm', and He will elude you.

Watch the crowds gathering, their stupid faces breathing out noises, knowing nothing, thinking nothing and talking of nothing, unless it be of you. Ram their fingers further into their ears and watch Him give up talking and return to His cross unnoticed. Sister to me shouting to Him and hear them distort my sounds. 'Ora pro nobis'. 'Orap ron abis'. 'Sibon orp aro'.

Look at them crowding out of the Holy Bingo Hall. 'It must have been you as won the jackpot,' cackled one young woman. "Fraid not," says Peter thrice.

And after this, my exile, I'll show you the Sunday which has been hiding inside some others away from the crowd. Come into this building and look at the people. No hands, no nose, no ears, no mouth, no eyes. Microcosm after microcosm. They cannot see, hear, smell, touch or speak to each other. Watch Him give them His sight, hearing, smell and touch, so they may see Him gleaming in the Bread, hear Him singing St. Gregory's tune, smell Him in the fragrance of the incense and feel His hand in the Water. Do not approach Him, for a red light hangs above His abode.

St. Peter and St. Paul, bring your friends from Rome and Corinth, march through the streets and drive the people out!

*Sicut erat in principio, non nunc, sed semper et in saecula saeculorum.*

I mean!

L. J. SAWYER, U.6.M.A.

### SIXTH FORM OPINION

"Have we separated the Arts and Sciences too far?"

—("SIXTH FORM OPINION", Dec. 1965).

The tolerant society, in which we are supposed to live, was once one in which all manner of men, conflicting principles and ideas could exist freely and openly in a climate of affability. Learned men from all intellectual fields conversed and discussed their work in an atmosphere of uniform interest. New trends of thought were originally a stimulus to society but familiarity, it seems, has bred only contempt. Now this society is being split rapidly into two almost completely incompatible polar groups. Between them there is an ever-increasing gulf of mutual incomprehension and the two have almost ceased to communicate at all. I refer, of course, to the "two cultures" — the Arts and the Sciences.

The Scientist and the non-Scientist live in strict segregation, at opposite ends of a social yard-stick, each adopting a severe "Holier-than-thou" attitude and each regarding the other as intellectually inferior. On the one hand, the non-Scientist regards his opposite as a brash idealist who has a vivid but misguided imagination and a peculiar affection for his fellow human beings. On the other hand, the scientist regards the non-scientist as a narrow-minded individualist whose views are restricted purely to the existential. Narrow-mindedness is, of course, an attribute of both.

The Scientist is obsessed with realism, fiction is abhorrent to him, he shuns the present and looks entirely to the future. At the other end of the scale, however, literary figures shun the possibilities of the future and restrict their views to the past and the present. To the Scientist, every material works for the good of mankind unless specifically proved otherwise. Non-scientists, however, take a more cynical view — every material to them is valueless until proved of value. In its original state, the scientist sees all in a shining light — the non-scientist sees all in darkness. All of their attitudes are destructive and have resulted in such a wide rift that reconciliation is virtually impossible in so short a period as our own lifetime.

That we have separated the Arts and Sciences too far for social comfort is blatantly obvious but reconciliation, on a long term basis, is indeed well within our capabilities if only we face up to and overcome the problems that will restrict such an undertaking.

We glorify our educational system to a point beyond recognition, yet it is staid and is generally a restrictive force upon the

views of society. Our post-war governments have had a fanatical belief in educational specialisation, segregating, at an early age, candidates for each of the two cultures, between whom no unifying link is allowed to remain. Thus, instead of encouraging compatibility, we are, in fact, breeding hostility.

Obviously we cannot repeat the Renaissance but we can teach more widely and encourage far greater flexibility. We may well have great scientific and great literary figures in our English society but this does not hide the fact that basically we are ignorant of each other. For ourselves there is little we can do but there is no excuse for letting another generation be as completely devoid of understanding as we, its parents, are and always will be.

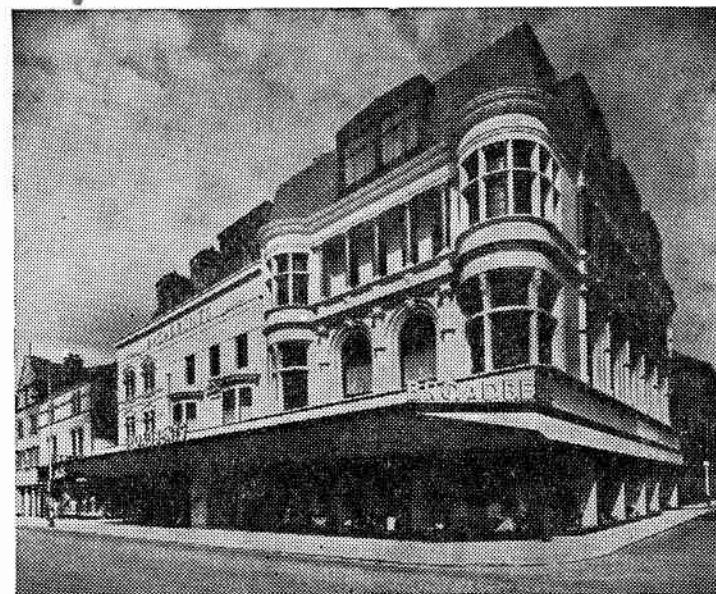
"Indifference in mind is the father to an indolent society".—  
(THOREAU).

C. P. RAWLING, L.6.M.

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## THE PROBLEM OF MANKIND

When the record of the generation of White Men who held the reins of power during the fateful twenty years since the end of the Second World War comes to be weighed, one fact will unquestionably stand out from all others: their colossal failure in their confrontation with the emergent nations and the coloured peoples. For during these years—especially in the last decade—the gap between the richer and the poorer nations, between the white and the coloured, and between the developed and the under-developed, has grown wider in terms of politics and economics.

None of the measures taken or discussed has made any sizeable impact on this fundamental trend. The situation is getting worse with every day that passes; the strains and stresses are becoming greater and less manageable. Vietnam and Rhodesia are only the beginning of a threatening clash of cultures and peoples on a scale such as the world has never before witnessed.

We can see no evidence from the current proceedings of the United Nations, or from such bodies as the Organisation for African Unity, or from any of the greater or smaller power centres of our time, that any measurable effort is being made to correct this seemingly inexorable movement towards a disastrous confrontation of two seemingly irreconcilable trends. But the worst thing mankind could do would be to accept all this as a kind of inevitable fate about which nothing can be done. We must ask ourselves whether we have not started at the wrong end of the scale, whether there is not another, as yet untried, road that may offer a more hopeful end to our journey, which will otherwise end in disaster for all mankind. We must look at the whole concept of Europe, America and the Afro-Asian world, at the relationship of coloured and whites, at the question of integration and assimilation from an entirely different standpoint. Above all, we must be realists, and not evade the issue for fear of treading on someone's toes.

The most significant steps which should be taken in order to avert this disaster are quite simply—the feeding of the hungry, and the education of the illiterate. Hunger and illiteracy, if not stamped out with vigour and determination, will continue to cause civilisation to decay and in the end lead to disaster. Therefore, it is the duty of every nation in the Western Hemisphere to forsake its selfishness and to make a determined effort to drive hunger and illiteracy from the very face of the earth. Only then will civilisation be able to look forward to a peaceful and hopeful future.

J. L. SILVERTON, U.6.M.A.

## TOWARDS A WORLD WITHOUT WAR

There is a thread which runs with tragic regularity throughout the recorded history of man; it is the thread of war and bloodshed between peoples and nations. Can it be stopped? No-one knows. Yet if ever there were an opportune time and a burning need, this is the moment.

Why do we want Peace? Most people desire it because the alternative of War means discomfort, inconvenience, poverty, misery and death. Peace provides the opportunities for improving standards of living, orderly progress, education and ever-increasing amenities for all nations and all sections of the community. When we live in peace we are better able to help those less fortunate than ourselves.

Do people want peace? In general, I believe they do, but there are some circumstances in which they are prepared to face war lest worse should befall them.

In modern times it is rare for people to accept war for any other reason than self-preservation. No leader since Hitler or Mussolini has offered war for the purpose of pure expansion or "land-getting". Even the Chinese today say that war is necessary "to destroy capitalism" which they hold to be the greatest evil. (In fact, of course, the Chinese Communist concept is Expansionist and Imperialist, but it is not represented to the Chinese people as such).

But there is need for objective thinking about disarmament. The fact must be recognised that in some circumstances some peoples or their rulers may prefer war—no matter how much we might prefer to believe that enlightened and well-informed people prefer peace as we do.

It should not be difficult to convince ourselves that war does not pay. The experience of two Great Wars ought to be sufficient evidence for us. In both cases we, as the "winners", have come out the poorer materially whatever we may have gained in moral status. Our wealth has decreased, our military strength has decreased and our political influence has decreased.

If there were no armaments, such wars as broke out would be little more than fist-fights. We cannot make other countries lay down their arms. Unilateralists argue that we should set an example and lay down our arms in the hope that other nations would also lay down their arms. Recent history has shown that this does not work very well. Denmark disarmed before the 1939 war. When the war had been going some months Germany marched into Denmark, pointed their rifles and guns at the defenceless Danes and occupied the country until they

were defeated. From this it is fairly clear that where only one country disarms, arms will still be used.

This does not mean that there is anything wrong with disarmament itself. But disarmament must be brought about by international co-operation, not by actions of single governments. What the world needs, in my opinion, is disarmament by everybody. We need disarmament that does not leave us, or for that matter, others, at a disadvantage.

Such disarmament is made realistic by practical factors. One such factor is the existence of a vital organisation for international co-operation—the United Nations. But perhaps the most important incentive for a disarmament agreement is the increased awareness by all nations of the great perils inherent in the present world situation.

A. G. WINTERBOTTOM, U.6.M.B.

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# Verse and Prose

## OLDEST INHABITANT GNAWED BY RODENTS

Mr. John Croll, of eighty-two Spenser Terrace, was quite cheerful as he told his story to a "Crusade" reporter yesterday. Lying comfortably in his bed at the General Infirmary last night, the nonagenarian cracked nuts with his false teeth in between the sentences of his narrative. Mr. Croll was lying on his rug one evening, counting the flower-vases on the wallpaper, when he heard a scratching at the door. He switched on the light and saw a pointed face under the door: then, with a crash, the door gave way, and a torrent of rats poured into the room. "There was thousands of 'em", said Mr. Croll, lifting himself up on one elbow to lend emphasis to his account. "All as I could do was to curl up in the corner by the pianola-roll case, pull the rug over me eyes, and hope for the best".

Fortunately, help soon arrived when neighbours, hearing Mr. Croll's screams of anguish, phoned the police. The police beat back the rodents with fire-extinguishers, and got Mr. Croll out of the corner before gangrene had time to set in. Doctors hope to replace Mr. Croll's nose by plastic surgery, but they entertain no false hopes of saving his toes or his left ear. "We have the pieces all right," they told me, "but putting the poor old chap together again is another job".

At their home in Transom, Bucks., last night, Mr. and Mrs. Croll, the patient's parents, declined to comment. "We are just good friends", was all they would say.

Mr. Croll's favourite hobby is mating and breeding field mice. "After this," he said, "I will have to give up rodent-rearing altogether".

A great admirer of Hemingway, he had planned to spend the summer holiday big-game hunting, but this unfortunate mishap will, he says, make things rather difficult. "Besides", he added confidentially, "I never drink South African sherry on principle, and would not like to patronise a country whose attitude to wogs is — disgraceful". Mr. Croll is also a member of the Clean up TV League, the Marlow Society, and the International Brotherhood of the Left-handed. He has had seventy previous convictions (69 for assault and battery and one for tax evasion), has fifty-one children, and lives in a reconditioned batting machine in the back yard of his house.

R. B. JACKSON, L.6.S.

## LAKESIDE

Divine bareness of trees,  
Casually swaying in the January wind.  
The thin moon-like sun  
Shows icily through the clouds:  
The clouds that once were over nowhere  
And came together just here, for us,  
Just this once. We should be honoured.  
We forget them, never miss them,  
Telephone cables cut them.

Blue skies are hardly seen but always appreciated.  
Deep blue, some way up, too high  
For us to go yet, altogether.  
Only a few chosen by others can journey up there.  
Don't be jealous, love, they may miss this;  
All this down here.  
They let it pass, like fear.  
Our sensation they hardly know:  
That of sitting by a lake as it shimmers.  
The wings of a butterfly contain veins;  
Here, by the lake—you shiver—  
Wait until better atmospheres,  
Wait until the weather clears.  
Brush away your fears, as I  
Remove the fallen hair from your forehead,  
Under the January trees.

S. J. CHARMAK, U.5.B.

## THE SEA

The sea, the sea—  
It whispers at the break of dawn,  
It whispers, it whispers—  
The sea, the sea—  
It can be heard in the break of the surf,  
The incessant pound of the pitiless sea,  
The terrifying sea.

Sea full of wonders,  
Of wonders untold:  
Of mermaids and derelicts,  
Of spray and of salt.  
Sunny sea which boats traverse,  
Sea which claims thousands.  
The sea, the sea!

It whispers  
A message that no-one knows.

P. McEWAN, 2.S.

## THE HAVEN OF REST

Between the senior end of the top corridor and the dining-hall roof lies a 'petite chambre', scornfully referred to by some as a cupboard, known as the Haven of Rest, wherein dwell three distinguished personages, the names of whom are well known to all who read the notices of the Transport Society and the Christian Union. (There are also two others, but they are rarely seen in our midst since they reside in that other chamber of horrors, the Prefects' Room).

In this treatise I should first like to clear up certain falsehoods which are commonly believed about us, and about what goes on within the sacred confines of Room 27. Firstly, it is not true that we do no work at all; M. is toiling hard every morning from 8-30 to 8-45 (or was last time anyone else arrived at such an unearthly hour; it is rumoured he has since retired), whilst yours truly partakes of that noble recreation known as Work from 3-55 p.m. to 4-5 p.m., Mondays and Thursdays only. Secondly, we have no spare desks for sale or hire; all are fully laden with coats, rubbish, etc., some even containing school books.

What does in fact happen chez nous? Read on, and learn the truth about the Haven of Rest. Let us take a typical day in the life of a member of the Haven...

8-45 a.m. Arrival at Haven of Rest for traditional coat-doffing ceremony. Expression of envy on faces of U5th bystanders, since Haven of Rest the only room anyone has thought of unlocking (or rather, the only one nobody has thought of locking the previous night).

8.47 a.m. Go to meeting of Prefects' League for Corporeal Eschauffement in hall (in plain English, go to lean on hall radiator).

9.00 a.m. Return to Haven of Rest for morning nap.

9.25 a.m. Meeting of Signwriters' Society to produce notice for Transport Society or decorate blackboard with notices for other Societies.

10.10 a.m. Signwriters' Society outing: visit to junior and senior notice boards.

10.20 a.m. Meeting of Poetry Society to compose pieces of Potty Poetry, Pompous Prose or Pure Poppycrack.

10.55 a.m. Go to Changing Room to meeting of Junior Gastronomical Society. Consume milk and buns to satisfy appetite created by hard morning's work.

11.10 a.m. Return to H. of R. Begin essay due for last Tuesday.

11.15 a.m. Arrival of friends from Mod.A. Have discussion on last year's A-levels, next year's House Cricket, Harold Wilson, British Rail(ways) or anything else which comes up.

11.50 a.m. Put away half-completed opening sentence of last Tuesday's essay, in view of necessary departure to General Studies period.

12.40 p.m. or later. Return from above period, much the wiser. Lunch: sandwiches eaten in Haven of Rest-aurant, or School dinner devoured down below.

## FINE DAYS

1.00 p.m. Set out on voluntary Prefect's duty (Forest Rd., Scarisbrick New Rd. and Chapel St. Station patrol).

1.55 p.m. Arrive back at School. Reprimand a certain member of 3B for cycling up junior drive.

2.00 p.m. Enjoy well-earned rest after exhausting peregrinations into town and back.

## WET DAYS

1.00 p.m. Demonstration by Board-duster Bangers' Association of how to bang a board-duster clean. Watched with curiosity by ravenous hordes of juniors eagerly awaiting second sitting, who have obviously never seen a Prefect hanging out of a window whitening the wall beneath.

1.10 p.m. Go downstairs to hear lectures by first-year boys on Geology (wish we knew as much as they do!).

1.50 p.m. Enjoy well-earned rest. (After what?).

2.20 p.m. Argument about whether peaches are cooked or not before they are put in tins. Will somebody please settle it for us?

2.40 p.m. Get last Tuesday's essay out again.

3.15 p.m. Put away essay. Open window and inhale fresh air of sunny Southport. Observe snow floating down onto the cycle stands and occluded warm front (or something) approaching from far side of railway.

3.20 p.m. Arrival of S. with urgent request for History Society notice. Get thoroughly clattered up with ink from G's leaky felt-tipped pens.



4.00 p.m. Departure for home, with detour to pin up History Society notice, for School library to consume 'thé et biscuits' at the Europa, or for town library, usually on Thursdays, when on arrival we discover, to our infinite chagrin, that it is closed.

\* \* \* \*

Of course, there are variations in our daily routine. There was the time when we formed a Radio Society, with the intention of broadcasting from our own pirate station, Radio K.G.V., to be situated on the dining-hall roof. This society soon folded up, however; in fact, the only meeting ever held was when M. tuned in one morning to Radio Erin, which obliged by going off the air ten minutes later.

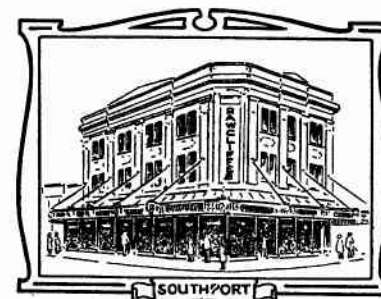
Sports activities are, alas, virtually non-existent, since the shoveha'penny table was commandeered by higher authorities last September and no-one has yet brought any tiddlywinks, billiards or darts, or even confiscated a pack of cards. Our sole sport thus appears to consist in trying to deposit a piece of litter in the bin from some distance away. Yours truly thinks he can remember one occasion in the past six months when he scored a hit. (By the way, we do pick the litter up afterwards).

This, therefore, is It, the Haven of Rest, that tropical paradise of good, clean, honest living, the atmosphere of which is permeated by the fragrant odours of succulent roast beef, luscious spring cabbage and smooth, creamy mashed potato, whetting the appetites of all who dwell within.

D. M. SUFFOLK, U.6.Mod.Schol.

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## ICHABOD

Inside, the measured, leisurely ticking of the air-conditioner sounded loud in the parched silence. The steward with the mole on his nose appeared at the other end of the cabin, mumbled the commander's compliments, and would they please be ready to land in fifteen minutes. Gerald, bent over his papers, rudely waved him out and continued writing. Lydia automatically reached for a mirror, and with practised ease the lip-stick moved deftly over the hardened outline of her lips; she had always admired Gerald's imperious way with those he did not have to respect. Without pausing to criticize the result, she turned to scan the table of events once more. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed Gerald growing increasingly restless at the engine's mounting whine. He brushed the sweat from his brow, and sat back to watch the dense purple void outside diffuse and merge into subtle greens and blues as the craft entered Skyra's atmosphere, their faint glows playing over his wife's impassive face. He was sorry for her at times like these. In the early days, when she brought young Jonathan with her, she would chatter endlessly in childish anticipation and gleefully complain of butterflies in her stomach, or groom herself meticulously in order not to disappoint him. Now, with Jonathan gone, she seemed to delight in his trips no longer. Gerald stacked his papers, moved over beside her, and kissed her turned cheek. Startled, she countered unthinkingly:

"Oh! Hullo, darling". She bit her lip, that was a stupid thing to say. "Have you finished the draft treaty yet?"

Gerald coughed, his asthma was coming back. He folded his arms:

"Yes, it's finished. But these Skyratians are so illiterate. I'll probably have to re-write it to-morrow", he added testily.

Lydia turned to the window. Outside it screamed chrome-yellow, and a glass began to rattle with the engine's growing pulse.

"Do you see those mountains over there, on the horizon?" He saw her eyes move in the glass. "I'll have these Skyratians tied up within the week. If you like, we'll take a trip out there? I could do with the rest", he added.

Lydia was confused, and those mountains looked bleak.

"Mmm", she said, "that's fine", and pressed against the shivering glass to watch the space-port swing into view as the massive Diplomatic Corps craft described a graceful arc and descended.

The cold plateau on which the small group stepped out was a welcome shock to their numbed bodies. As they walked briskly to the reception hall Lydia recalled rumours about Skyra's peculiar climate, of erratic suns fusing the blue sands, and of gas pockets which were ignited by solar flares, beautiful but dangerous. The group passed through a wall of hot air into the scented silence of the formal reception. It was at times like these that Lydia envied the simple lives of humble wives, who could send their husbands off secure in the knowledge that in the evening they would be undisturbed. Gerald did not have a job, it was a way of life, for diplomacy knew no hours and no bounds. And her life, she reflected, was a profession. Lydia moved down the line of dignitaries. Over the years she had assimilated her husband's attitudes; wary of careless comments, precise, and intuitively incisive, she saw herself as from afar, and could not act. She smiled; Jonathan used to call her "Ichabod".

They left the hall, and walked into a wall of searing noise and fierce lights. Gerald appeared, breathing heavily, on the distant rostrum, craning microphones preying on his every word. He glimpsed Lydia on the fringe in an eddy of pressmen.

"Mrs. Zanzfeld, is it true you help finance the Phobos University Neo-Nationalist movement?"

"Mrs. Zanzfeld, our readers..." A flash-gun pained her eyes. Buffeted by the wake of Gerald's rapid rise, Lydia had assumed the reassuring veneer of intense convictions which probing pressmen had thrust upon her, and her answers came easily.

"...readers are eager to hear your reaction to...poptrend...folkvote..."

The vicious hiss of a departing capsule down the line woke Lydia out of her reverie. The cheap wine on the plastic table had started to crystallize about her match-stick, and she picked it out. Gerald's footsteps echoed in the empty building.

"I'll have to follow on by hover-car now, last capsule's just gone." He sat down to ease his laboured breathing. "Bah! That's what comes of bringing inexperienced men on missions".

The match-stick circled the sugary liquid, gashing crimson in the viscous pool. Gerald leaned over:

"Don't fret dear, we'll be back on Earth for spring". Lydia stared at him, and he kicked himself for the maudlin remark.

"I really must fly now, dear, the car'll be back for you in the hour". He moved heavily off: "That's if those fools haven't started a war or something", he shouted over his shoulder. Lydia followed him out, but his wave was lost in the swirling dust as the car gathered speed toward the fiery horizon.

By the time Lydia had found some cigarettes and strolled outside, the vast, glimmering sun hung over the mountains' ridge, sodium flares arcing low over the plateau, blackening the blue sands and throwing the buildings into an eerie relief. Suddenly a sharp crack reverberated round the hills, and Lydia had a vision of some ethereal giant as hot air breathed over her. Another flare looped lazily above, dropped, and suddenly whipped around. Lydia squealed and crouched as she sensed the acrid tang of scorched hair. The sands vibrated again to a muffled thump, and warm air sighed from behind. She turned resolutely, but her eyes relaxed as she saw, hanging above her, a gaseous veil of iridescent colour rippling delicately in the breeze. She rose quietly, captivated by the flushing, transient hues, and advanced slowly, reverently, until, quivering with nervous anticipation, she stretched out her hand into the heart of the warm, whirling colours. A sharp crack close behind racked her tranquil nerves and tensed her heart. The blast of burning gas choked her, her eyes burned, and she flung herself down just in time as the flaming sphere swirled and lurched at her. There was a long silence, and another breeze flowed over the cowed figure. A glowing sphere revolved serenely a little way off, overwhelming Lydia's heart with its imperturbable grace and nobility. She approached admiringly, but cringed as a fire-ball ballooned nearby and floated off. Yet the consummate beauty of the wavering thing revitalized, stupefied her bleeding senses. She moved again, with infinite, painful care, until she stood erect before the globe. In the happy stupor her fearful limbs felt heavy, and she sank onto the warm sand. Light flared once more, and a cry of bewilderment was choked by the sulphurous surge of gas.

The steward with the mole on his nose discovered her out on the plateau, dishevelled, grimy, and so exhausted he had to carry her all the way back. He and his wife plied the ravenous Lydia with food, lent her an old dress, and tidied her up just before Gerald returned. He had come with a devious apology for the troubles that had arisen, and was surprised to find he had no need of it.

S. McPHERSON U.6.M.B.

### ADDICTION

I am caught, trapped, ensnared in an iron clamp. My every nerve and sinew strains to be free, free from my addiction. A momentary release, freedom at last, at any price, be it dishonour, loss of face. I'm out! But, even as I think, these iron fetters reach out, again to clasp me tighter. For I, like you, am an addict. The drug which holds me is known as respectability, injected into my mind by society.

R. M. JONES, U.5.B.

### TRUTH

Wood,  
Hard wood,  
Nails,  
Hard nails,  
And caught between, a man or God?  
He has started wars, and ended wars,  
Caused pain, and eased pain,  
He can help you, says the preacher—  
Can it be the truth?

R. M. JONES, U.5.B.

### "BOY NEGOTIATES WITH VEGETABLES" OR "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK"

I had just returned from Orchestra practice, where I had been improving my short hand by taking notes, and was waiting at the bar of the Rainbow Room of the Ankle Club. It was called the Rainbow Room, because you go all colours when you see the bill; and it was called the Ankle Club because it is one of those 'low joints'. I was, in fact, waiting for a young old friend of mine called Peter Cook. He was a very fine string player, but was down on his luck in recent times because he had run out of very fine string.

When he entered, I could tell he hadn't really much money, for even his suit had very small checks. To try to cheer him up I bought him a glass of tonic water, which he took in the right spirit, and challenged him to a story competition. This is where both Mr. P. Cook and myself tell of our adventures, and the one our listeners prefer, wins.

The following is Peter's story.

"I was up this palm tree throwing down coco-nuts . . . Oh, I'd better start at the beginning. I was sailing in the good ship "Ship" (the launcher had a stutter) with my wife. We were really enjoying ourselves, playing deck quoits, dining at the captain's table and doing all those kinds of things one does on board ship. Incidentally, I've never heard of anyone else playing deck quoits whilst dining at the captain's table, but that's typical of us. Doing things that are different from the average. From the average what, I'm not quite sure, but there it is.

"On the seventh month of our voyage, we heard shouts of 'Man the lifeboats!' We waited ten minutes then we realised that it wasn't a beatnik who hadn't finished his sentence, but a silly bar steward who had finished. We swam for the nearest shore and our lives. During our swim I came across a bar of soap, so rubbing it between my hands, I spread lather all over the two of us.

## THEOSUS

The air in the compartment was hot and stuffy with a smell of stale tobacco and people. Six people sat in that compartment. Six people. Close together. The train swayed and rattled. Outside the sun was falling. The train was leaving the city and going back to the residential town. Five of those people were going home. Home to the wife, the kids, the television. There were five normal people in that carriage. Five average men, smoking, talking, but not thinking. Theosus was the sixth. He sat and thought. All his life Theosus had thought. Now he knew the answer. He had always asked himself why. Now he knew why. The knowledge was beautiful. All his life he had sought that knowledge. Now he had found it. He turned that thought in his mind. It was marvellous. Men had asked themselves why for centuries. Now Theosus knew. He knew for all eternity. He told nobody. Who would believe him? The question men had asked since the beginning of time. Theosus knew the answer. Only Theosus knew. He told nobody. Only he would know.

The train slowed to a stop. The doors hissed and drew apart. Theosus stepped out. The air was cool and refreshing. Theosus savoured the air. Yes, it was refreshing. He was aware, distantly, of the doors closing. The train faded from his mind. He left the station. The ticket-collector was puzzled, but he said nothing. Silence was important. Everything was to be silent. Theosus walked. Now he knew why. The answer to man's eternal question, and he could tell nobody.

Down the road. Past the fields. Through the woods. Then to the sandhills. Theosus walked. He knew why. He walked through the sandhills, and came to the last hill. Away behind him the lights of the city twinkled, but the air was silent. And still.

He sat on the last hill and gazed across the beach. The sun was almost gone. Waves lapped the shore. Silently. Then he was sure.

As he walked towards the sea, towards the sun, the air stirred. The sand eddied round his feet. Theosus felt nothing. He walked. Theosus had known why. He had told nobody. Theosus was gone and nobody knew why. Only Theosus had known.

P. DAVIES, U.5.S.

## STARFALL

Come now, tear yourself from the dewy trap, spare yourself the carnal slip-slap, gaze dull on the turf-coloured waters, and reach out your hand to the constellations. Do not fear, I can

take your groping fingers, lock them in mine, and haul you shimmer-shatter clamouring to the dizzy falling heights of my star; there to have your rhyming breath sucked from your muted speech — by the rhythmic, visible plummet of the crystal beneath our trembled feet.

Starfall — together we slice the heaven — heaving cold; and silence, silence, silence.

Cry past the screams of swooping Icarus, violated by the sun, till we long again for the sprawled night crawling above. Roaring, having left, hung back there, that outer dream of incredible happiness. The flood on which we course to earth covers the rabid woman and the human sand-shell, lingering, fingered, on the thigh-smooth shore. Tied to the warm arrow-shaft of light we twist and crash into the sea; I ask you to come now and stand with me, life-loving, in the moonlit foam.

P. J. TAYLOR, U.6.M.B.

## QUIETLY, DEATH, QUIETLY

Smoke peels from out its chimney skin,  
Bubbling, fritters in a breeze:  
Wafts, at a loss,  
Grates through a sieve of trees,  
Then melts in the blue—as candy floss  
Drains down the watering smile of child agrin.

Shy shadow moon, usurping daylight sky,  
Smiles wisp-weak beams  
At puzzled sun,  
Who, unsure, worried, briefly dreams  
A second fall of bleaked Hyperion;  
But, cheered, he spits at fate with myriad rays afly.

Somewhere a death, past houses Sunday-still,  
A death accepted—daily expected!—  
With minimum of tears.  
Brief hearse—thoughts soon rejected,  
The idle breeze, still careless, steers  
And gently trickles the smoke through many a trill.

What meaning life? What perfect waste of hours is this?  
Shouts, discontent, an angry word,  
are mixed with spasmic joy,  
Ephemeral joy! soon-passing joy!

ABSURD!

Life is a butterfly's wing,  
A flash, a dainty-coloured thing  
Which dirty-fingered Death employs  
As towel, and wipes away its hues. Then life-blood cloy.  
C. FABER, U.6.M.A.



## CONTEMPLATIONS

Sun, starlight, moon,  
Hello halo, world goodbye.  
No trace, all gone; Death  
Is here: world goodbye.  
Halo? Horns! Forked tail!  
Forked tongue! No halo.  
Sanity none, if this  
Is so. Sanity gone,  
No trace, all gone, Death  
Is here: world goodbye:  
No return: blank-sheet future,  
Nothing in store, no store,  
Only void, adenoid nose  
That knows nothing:  
Animal instincts fail,  
Follow your nose and  
You wind up dead.  
Nobody knows, just suspects.  
That's what I think.  
STOP! Thought is bad.  
Alright I feel, I sense  
I stink with emotion  
In an unemotional world.  
Blame the bomb if you must,  
Blame thirteen years of Tory rule  
But just you keep off-a my  
Blue-suede mind that can't make  
Head nor tail of this distorted world.  
Yeah, but time's drawing on:  
We're all in the sun  
Now, but it won't be long  
Before your hair goes grey  
Or your teeth drop out  
And then you're just  
Another insect rotting slowly  
In the light of a winter moon.  
So now I gotta move  
And kick the legs from under  
The enemy, the unknown enemy  
That scares me badly  
For I don't know how to fight.

J. POOLE (L.6.M.)

## PEACE, A MOOD

Time glided slow and wavering  
In warm-breathed currents of content;  
Dropped heavy minutes, like some patient bird  
Retrieving breaking snails to plunge again.

Time hovered motionless in calm,  
Sighed backwards, mixed with minutes past  
Those minutes yet to come, and fused itself  
Into an abstract, countless whole.

Unnoticed and uncared, the hours  
Seemed one, though each a separate  
Sea-quiet breeze; each breeze alike,  
So hours—an everlasting pause  
To think on thought and think again.

Idyllic unconcern, ease measureless!  
(Indeed, I could not wish to measure it  
Since I am wrapped in furs of thought)  
Let sleep this hardy clay-made world  
Which the eternal potter (shapeless force!)  
Spins in cosmic dizziness at will—  
—And wilfulness!

All-bloating peace! hold yet,  
In thy imperial and timeless sway,  
My thoughts displacing mundane griefs;  
Thoughts slack on puppet strings  
And brushed in ease off my mind's stage.

C. FABER, U.6.M.A.

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## **BULL IN A CROCKERY EMPORIUM**

*"Every man has three characters: that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has."*

[Attrib. to Alphonse Karr.]

Arnold Lovelace was infatuated with a shop-assistant. She stood all day behind tier upon tier of tumblers, and display-racks which positively dripped bone china, in a crockery and glassware shop in Western Street. His infatuation drove Arnold Lovelace to dash into the shop every lunchtime and regularly on Saturdays, to admire his radiant heart's desire from a respectable distance.

Not that Arnold ever said anything to the girl—he was too shy, too morbidly obsessed with the 'rules' of old-fashioned decorum for **that** sort of thing. Whilst passionately in love with the black-clad figure behind the counter, he presented to the world the Arnold Lovelace as he would like to imagine himself. This stone-faced, cold-blooded businessman wooed a desirable female by 'politely' refusing to acknowledge her very existence.

So Arnold continued his siege on a female heart. He occasionally wondered whether he really was in love with the girl, or whether he merely liked the girl, and was in love with the idea of loving her. These treacherous thoughts he quickly chased away by a simple test—"Don't think of her" he resolved in the morning, but by lunchtime he was back in the china shop; he obviously **was** in love with her.

Not unnaturally, the girl, whose name was Joan Munroe, (as good a name as any) was getting fed up with all this. "If the fellow had any sense, he would have made a bold protestation before now," thought she. Anyway, Lovelace was not very attractive to her. "If he wants to carry on bashing his head against a brick wall, he can do it," was her conclusion. "I don't care." Had Arnold known this, he would have immersed himself in the business which, when he was not thinking of Joan, occupied his waking hours (she occupied his sleeping hours by appearing in his dreams, of course) and would have sensibly forgotten her. But . . .

Arnold had got it into his head that he could not give up, and that he would have to take action sooner or later, to avoid going mad, or something equally unpleasant. He resolved to take action several times, but only once did he actually do so. He screwed up courage and actually asked the girl to go out with him.

One Friday (a day chosen because of its proximity to Saturday) Arnold marched into the shop, with simulated and unwonted boldness. He took up the usual position, and pretended to admire a German Stein jug. He thought he had lost

his nerve. He decided to give up, and was halfway to the door when he saw the shopgirl standing near him arranging some willow-pattern on a display counter. He took the metaphorical bit between his teeth and advanced towards the counter:

"Might I have a word with you, Joan?"

"Who, me?" ('He knows my name,' thought she).

"Yes, er, you."

"But . . ."

"Ah, I've got you worried now . . ." (Arnold congratulated himself inwardly on his control of the situation).

"Oh . . .": and she edged her embarrassed way behind the counter.

Arnold leaned his elbow on the counter, very suavely, he thought, and crushed a china basket with it. He stammered an apology, and clumsily, red as an angry beetroot, tried to piece it together again. He had never felt so clumsy. "Damn", he thought, "I'll have to pay for that, but I mustn't stop now while I'm under full steam."

"I wonder if you would care to come and see . . . er . . . er . . ." Trying to remember the name of the film, he clicked his fingers in the air. He had the misfortune to click in the direction of an elaborate glass water jug, and to click this beautiful piece of craftsmanship into a pile of tiny fragments. "Hell . . ." thought Arnold. "Oh dear, it's not my day today," he said out loud, with growing embarrassment.

"Look," said he immediately, lest the girl should have any chance to object, "will you come out with me tomorrow night? . . . I'm crackers about you," he blurted out. Astonished, the girl replied that she was sorry, but she was already going out with someone on the night in question.

Never, even in the most detailed rehearsals of what he would say to her, had Arnold envisaged such an answer. "God!" he thought "What should I say now?" Unable to find anything worth saying he slammed down a five-pound note on the counter. "That's for the damage," he explained, and walked, stunned, towards the door. "Oh," he turned round to apologise, "I beg your pardon—" and in turning he knocked over a display of tea-services which stood near the door. He did not even stop to explain, or pay, or anything, but beat a hasty retreat, leaving the girl puzzled and uncertain as to his mental health . . .

Arnold's story does not stop there. But my patience with the fellow does.

(All characters, or rather **both** characters, in the above piece are, needless to say, entirely fictitious. Qualities and faults from a number of people have been commixed to produce Arnold, and this also applies, in a much lesser degree, to Joan. So there).

R B. JACKSON, L.6.S.

A dead world where no-one "lives",  
And no-one breathes a "living" breath,  
And all is take and no-one gives;  
And death is life, and life is death.

Where much has gone, little remains,  
And "useless" is a common word—  
The cloudy skies, the dusty lanes—  
And nothing is spoken, nothing heard.

The flowers now refuse to bloom,  
And trees refuse to bud a leaf;  
Where happiness turns into gloom,  
And joyous thoughts are only brief.

And all is captive, nothing free,  
And death is freedom for the pure,  
And leaders now refuse to see  
The blood-red fruits start to mature.

And all the world has now gone Red,  
And all that was free exists no more,  
And American slaves just bury their dead  
From whose shattered bodies the hate-blood pours.

And black hair has now turned to grey,  
And backs are bent with toil and strife,  
And some will see no other day.  
Are the living "dead" throughout their life?

M. J. COOPER, L.5.Y.

### ALL MEN

The lift slowed to a stop. The doors sighed apart. He walked down the carpet to room 307. Inside he took a shower and then dressed in his evening suit. He poured himself a drink and swallowed it before he left. He would spend the evening at his club . . .

He came home from work hungry and tired. Leaving his donkey jacket dripping rainwater in the hall, he walked through to the kitchen. He sat down at the table and his wife put his dinner in front of him and then sat down to pour his tea. He would spend the evening in front of the telly . . .

He stumbled down the alley. He pulled the lid of the dustbin and groped inside. He felt something and frantically put it to his lips. No, it was just a piece of broken cup. He clutched his chest and tears came to his eyes. He gasped and sank to the ground. He would spend the evening slowly going cold. For all men are equal, but some . . .

P. DAVIES, U.S.S.

### WOODS AT NIGHT

The hooting of the starry-eyed night watchman breaks the silence.

Litter, scattered about,

Is the only reminder of the daytime intruders.

The barks of the big oak trees

Are a memorandum of who loves whom and who was here.

But now the moonlit grass is shadowed by the night wanderers,

Out they come,

The badger and the rabbit,

The mouse and the fox.

The mouse searches for any dropped cheese sandwiches,

The fox sniffs the salmon-spread,

While the badger and the rabbit are content with nature's own generosity.

The owl up above has a keen eye for the mouse;

Meanwhile the squirrel appears on the branch of a tree,

With acorns and nuts:

The sun appears at last,

And now the hooting of the night watchman,

The searchers of night,

Are all a midnight dream.

J. G. LIDDLE, 3.S.

*It pays . . .*



*...to have an Account*

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## A DEATH

He was an old man, as old as his clichéd praises, which had all given up the slightest ghost of a meaning years ago. Fat and grey, his face was too old and wrinkled to show anything but his wearied age — least of all the superlative hot-penny descriptions flung to and fro in the daily papers. The right honourable, venerable old gentleman was about to pass on, since it was too common to die, and absolutely revolting to kick the bucket.

Good, bad or humanly mediocre, he really was dying, and the reporters, television, anybody, were all beginning to inhale a great stale spittle of air which they could respectfully heave out in a sigh at the appropriate time, when another obituary slow-marched solemnly away into ignominy and the record books. Time was ripe, and providence sharpened its well-worn sickle with the disgruntled air of an underpaid labourer. Only another job.

He's ill! the Great Man's ill! The world, with its black suit pressed and ready, shudders in a horror of disbelief. "Ill? How?" and such variety of fitting platitudes, all of them, rows of rhetorical questions. Silent, reverent crowds, with the professionalism of pickpockets, jostle to get nearer the door on which the final bulletin must inevitably be pinned. One just hopes one is lucky enough to be in the crowd when the death is announced. A motley crew of policemen, fresh from patrol at the football match, pad around the equally motley crowd with that famous mask of solemnity. In their minds, football fans and funeral fiends evoke the same suspicion.

"There is said to be no change in His condition tonight", mumbles a doctor, making the most of his self-importance. His words mean "wait for it, you vultures, wait for it!" The Prime Minister paid a visit, but this, surprisingly enough, was not sufficient to raise the old man from his death-bed. "No change". Again and again this announcement is issued; the television broadcasters tire of saying it; the expectant crowds thin out and return home disappointed.

Suddenly, interest revives with the retirement of the Great Man into an unconcerned state of unconsciousness. The crowds reaffirm their staunch position of yesterday, now more confident than before; both channels make discreet approaches for broadcasting rights to show the funeral, and "I'm afraid all children's programmes tonight are cancelled".

Dead! Tears all round, lavishly round, perhaps even some genuine ones. At least the tears of the editors, children, and his immediate family. What a pity he had to die in a coma! No last words. "England—I tried" would have been lovely in gigantic

memorial print, bordering a gigantic memorial picture of an enormous and memorable face.

Little boy "don't know why me feyvrit programme should be put off just cos of a funeral. Rather 'av adventure any day". The funeral fades away and the little boy mopes miserably up to bed, though secretly not too unhappy, rather reassured perhaps because he knows "me other feyvrit programme'll not be off tomorrer".

He knows what the funeral meant, though. Someone never going to come back again. But he would willingly bet every marble in his possession that it was nowhere near as important as his 'feyvrit programme'. C. FABER, U.6.M.A.

## MAJOR AND MINOR

*"Life, Love, and The Pursuit of Happiness."*

Life is strange, so they tell me,  
And I believe them — Why shouldn't I?  
For they are older than I will ever be;  
Because all I want to do is die—  
To die in peace with life still glorious  
In the memory, not faded as it would be  
If senility were allowed to take its greedy toll.  
Death is quick, and death is sweet to taste!  
But I care for neither of these. The  
Calm of death is all that pleases me.  
They tell me Hell is bad and Heaven good;  
But why should I make a choice, even if I could?  
Live life to the full, then throw it all away,  
And leave the World to mourn your glorious, futile passing.

J. PATON, L.6.W.

*"Confessio Clamantis"*

"Well really I don't support either team, you see,  
I think a lot of the Rangers and the others appeal to me.  
I'm all for both of 'em, even the referee,  
Since I even like the brassband, though they're never quite in key.  
What? Why do I come and yell like hell at all and sundry?  
Well, to tell the truth, you know, 'tween you an' me,  
I only come to shout — d'you see?"

R. B. JACKSON, L.6.S.

## A FIREWORK

Une pièce d'artifice sauta dans la pluie  
Et des millions de petites étoiles tombèrent  
Sur la trempée terre.  
Fasciné, je regarde, et puis,  
Je cherche les mares un million de fois  
Mais je ne trouve pas  
Une étoile à reporter chez moi.

*A firework exploded in the rain  
And a million little stars  
Fell to the sodden earth.  
And though I search the pools a million times  
I cannot find  
A single star to take home.*

## TO BE, OR NOT TO BE

Quand je ferme les yeux  
Je n'entends pas gérer la Banshée  
Et la ville noircie  
Est perdue dans le ravissement de mes pensées.  
Et dans l'espace derrière mes yeux,  
La cacophonie de bruit sans fin  
Coule doucement à sa mort silente.  
Enfin, si la mort elle-même était si douce,  
Avec un ruban donnerais-je mon ânie  
Et si fraîche la molle terre brune!

*When I close my eyes  
I cannot hear the banshee wail  
And the blackened town  
Is lost in the ecstasy of my thoughts.  
And in the space behind my eyes  
The endless cacophony of noise  
Flows sweetly to its silent death.  
And if death itself were knowingly so sweet  
Then with a ribbon would I give my soul  
And how fresh the soft brown earth!*

E. CRIMMINS, L.6.S.

## SAMSON AGONISTES COLUMN

A Gentleman communicates thus to us:—

"Nothing could be more lugubrious, or sad even, than Southport on a cold, winter, Sunday afternoon. Alone, the after-dinner perambulator, pleasure-bent on a fully charged stomach, finds little to raise his spirits. All the clean, well-lighted places of this outpost of baroque civilization are crammed with baroque teenagers. (Note please that the author is himself a teen-ager, but as yet un-ornamented with the trappings of modern fashion. Lacking the loot, he confines himself to a set of clothes neither dated with bourgeois moral standards nor encrusted with the Grinling-Gibbonese of fashionable attire).

"Undaunted, one enters these places of light, yet sufficient unto-the-purpose-of-the-moment, refreshment. The excellent Doctor Sam Johnson has remarked that self-consciousness is a form of self-importance. If this be verity unadorned, our author is the most self-important person in the township. Outside the commensality of his family hearthside, and the company of his acquaintances, he is tortured by excessive concern as to other people's opinions of himself. Even the formidable author of the first dictionary to grace our mother tongue with its attention cannot persuade our author, headstrong and stubborn in maintaining his tortuously inept and unfortunately erroneous ideas, that these ideas be lacking in truthfulness and accuracy.

"Nothing is more unnerving than the notion that one is being scrutinised. One pays closer attention to the news-sheet or tome of learning which one has at hand, fidgets with one's neck-kerchief, and, fired with the conceit that one presents a ludicrous appearance to the populace (thereby in truth giving one of contempt for vulgar usages and those around one's table) one drains one's Coke to the very lees, and effects a hasty retreat from the establishment."

*Having diagnosed our patient's ills, we perceive the illogicality fundamental to his malady, and commend him to two remedies: to wit—*

(a) *Do not make so bold as to venture from the family hearthside aforementioned OR*

(b) *If one must take exercise, do so in the company of a friend, preferably of that sex to whose rank you do not belong and whose attributes you are able to admire with a duly objective and balanced appreciation.*

# Old Georgians' Section

J. T. H. ALLEN (W.50-57) has joined McCorquodale & Co. Ltd., Newton-le-Willows, as sales representative. He would like to meet any Old Boys living in the Manchester area who are interested in mountaineering.

C. C. ASHLEY (Ev.52-59) has been awarded the degree of Ph.D. at Bristol University and now has a research post at the University of Oregon, Eugene, U.S.A.

DR. N. COULSHED (S.33-40) has been appointed Postgraduate Clinical Lecturer at Sefton General Hospital.

J. C. DELANEY (G.51-56) has been appointed Postmaster near Umtali, Rhodesia.

DR. R. DUCKWORTH (R.40-47) has been appointed Reader in Oral Medicine and Oral Pathology at the London Hospital Medical College.

DR. K. F. EDWARDSON (L.45-53) has been appointed Senior Surgical Registrar at Broad Green Hospital, Liverpool.

S. J. GORDON (G.52-60) has been appointed statistician at the Rowett Research Institute, Aberdeen.

DR. M. H. IRVING (Ev.45-53) has been appointed to a research post at Sydney University, Australia.

K. S. MILNE (R.52-59) has been appointed Deputy Head of St. Philip's C.E. School, Southport.

C. B. SMITH (Ed.27-32) has been elected Captain of Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club.

A. B. TRAVIS (Ev.54-61) has now been appointed Pilot Officer of the R.A.C.

DR. S. P. WILFORD (G.46-52) has been appointed to a post in the Farnborough Research Establishment after some years with the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, Aldermaston.

A. T. WILLIAMS (Ev.49-56) has been appointed Director of Business Operations Research Ltd.

## YOU ARE INVITED . . .

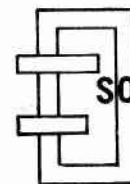
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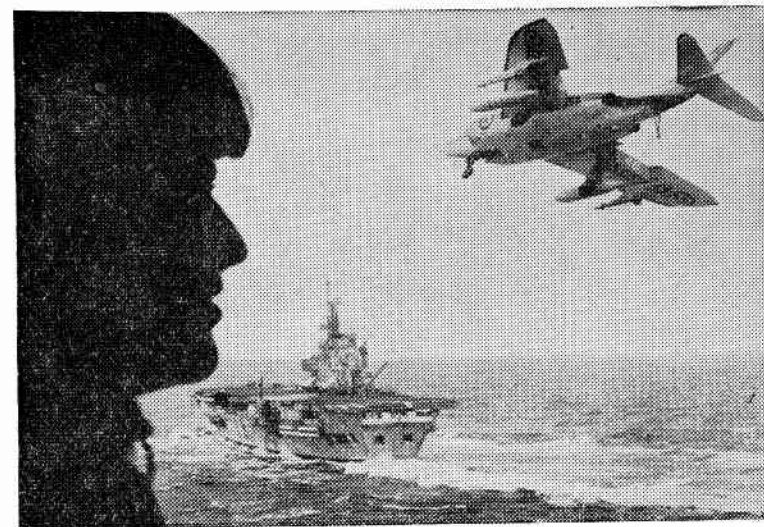
*They who would be advised on such matters, may without fear of indiscretion, confide in S.G. at the Saracen's Heade, over-against St. Paule's Church in the city, on Wednesdays and Fridays, for fees as small as xii pence per nostrum.*

R. B. JACKSON, L.6.S.

### DAWN END

A golden dawning showered the party,  
Despair showed on their faces,  
Yellow despair, red despair;  
Some crying for the one departed,  
Some crying for themselves,  
Others just trying to cry.  
She knew she had lost a friend.  
He did not think of it that way,  
More of a separation.  
Only one knew why and how,  
The one dressed in black,  
Him, right at the back.  
Watch him very closely,  
Always look behind you when at a funeral,  
There he will be,  
Black hat, black coat, black tie,  
And a smile on his lips.

S. J. CHARMAK, U.S.B.



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