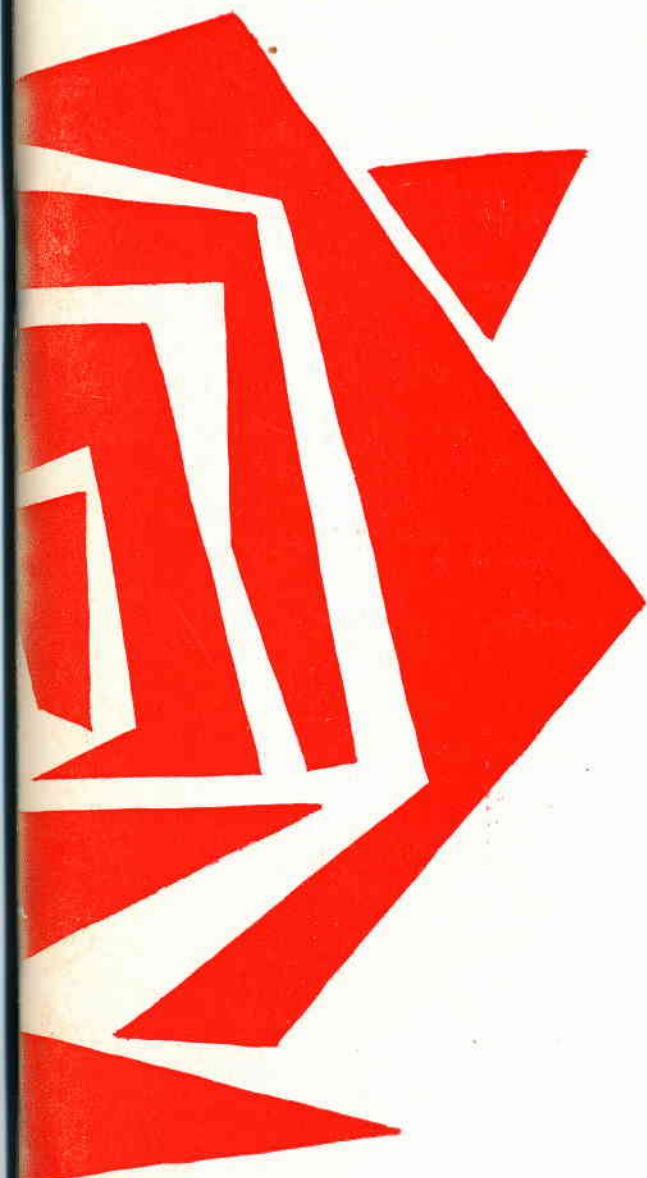


THE

RED

ROSE

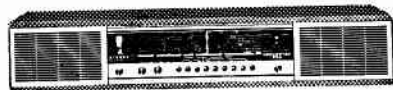


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Portrait of a Queen



Portrait of a Queen was a most unusual play. It was unconventional in its approach to its subject, a mixture of documentary and eye-witness reports; in its construction, spanning fifty years of history in three acts; in its characterization, offering us figures who were partly real human beings, partly symbolic representatives of institutions; and in its dialogue, not a bit 'natural', but all taken from the letters and diaries of the characters themselves. Reading the play, I thought it might be rather dull, for there was going to be little interplay between characters. In Mr. Holland's hands, however, it turned out to be very theatrical—a most entertaining evening and an unforgettable intellectual experience. The production had a feeling of directness; we were drawn into the inner workings of the court of Queen Victoria, we came to know the important people of her age so well as we listened to their authentic speeches. The use of lighting and the sound effects contributed greatly to the achievement of the right moods and the tableaux always looked splendid.

The acting ability of the boys who took part was, in the main, of a very high standard. M. B. Stubington as Victoria dominated the play. He commanded the respect of the audience from the start, although he seemed less happy playing the young Victoria (why did he never smile?) than he was later in the play. He made the death of Albert at the end of Act II a most moving and poignant experience. His handling of the third act (in which, except for a brief moment, he was never off the stage) was masterly, and his facial expressions, gestures and timing here revealed a real professional skill. He acted with feeling and his portrayal will, I am sure, be remembered for a long time.

The central part was supported by W. O. Strutte as Prince Albert and A. L. Halliday as a number of ministers. Strutte tended to be a little overshadowed by Victoria, but came more into his own in the second act where the part gave him more scope. He acted with confidence and ease and made Albert a handsome and impressive figure. Halliday's portrayal of the various ministers was one of the highlights of the production. His characterizations were all individualised and easy to distinguish even though at times he only had a few lines to work on. One had only to look at his facial expression to see he had changed roles. (My own favourite was the prime minister in the first part of Act 2). He gave the impression of being at ease on the stage, surely a sign of his genuine acting ability.

T. C. Williams provided a forceful performance as Viscount Palmerston, although he was a little stiff in movement. He conveyed exactly the right air of assurance and arrogance and was especially good in his Parliamentary speech. The political aspects of Victoria's reign were further brought out in the long scene between Gladstone (N. M. Stallard) and Disraeli (A. S. Fyne). Stallard found the part easy to play; his expressions were very real, his tone of voice just right, and all the time he was on the stage he consciously acted — even if not speaking. Fyne spoke his lines well and made Disraeli a good contrast to Gladstone, but his acting could perhaps have been a little more lively.

M. J. Beazley as the Ballad Singer led the audience through the narrative like a troubadour of old. He retailed (in song) bits of gossip about the characters and was our link between the different periods of time. The part itself gave the play a touch of life and humour a historical study would never have had. Beazley brought out the humour, and played the part with the naturalness and simplicity it required. His playing of the guitar and his singing were both clear and precise and much appreciated.

M. P. Pettitt made a stern King Leopold and R. N. Suffolk and J. K. Fitton looked impressive in their ceremonial robes. A. L. Langfeld, P. J. Reynolds and C. H. Morris individualised each of the Pressmen and looked imposing. The cast was completed by A. S. Ryder and M. J. Taylor as ladies-in-waiting and L. P. Broude, P. A. G. Fitton, C. Hale and S. N. Rooke as four efficient Footmen. They should be congratulated on the perfect timing of their many entrances and exits.

I must also mention those people who were working so hard "behind the scenes". Under the supervision of Mr. Comfort, Mr. Fryer and Mr. Ward, several groups of boys were ensuring the smooth running of the play. The sound effects and the lighting effects were a very special part of this play and the boys in charge coped very well—D. F. Moor, P. Marriot and P. W. Greaves with the sound, and S. J. Abram, P. Canter, S. J. McQuitty and P. Scott with the lighting. Everything seemed to go without a hitch in the performances, and this must also have been due to the remainder of the stage staff: L. J. Biffin, G. G. Bartley, A. P. France, D. H. Long, D. Rose, C. Pickles, I. Procter, R. Wade and J. A. Forster.

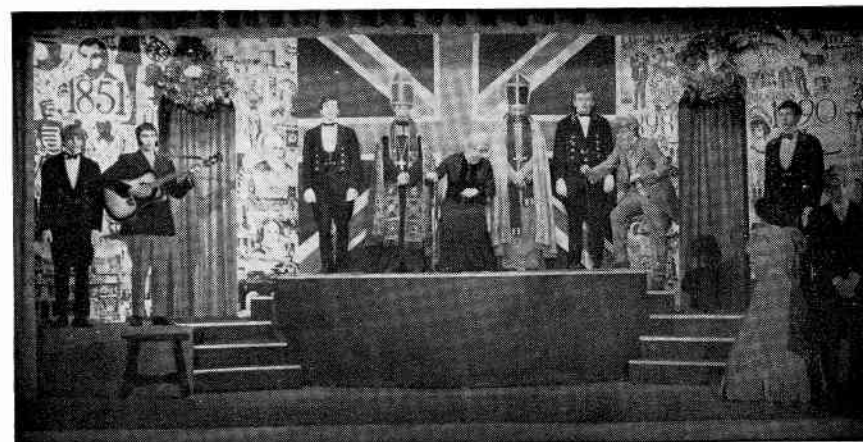
Mr. Harrison and Mr. Long had, over the weeks preceding the play created a quite remarkable setting. Mr. Long had built many different levels which served to indicate the action taking place in different parts of Great

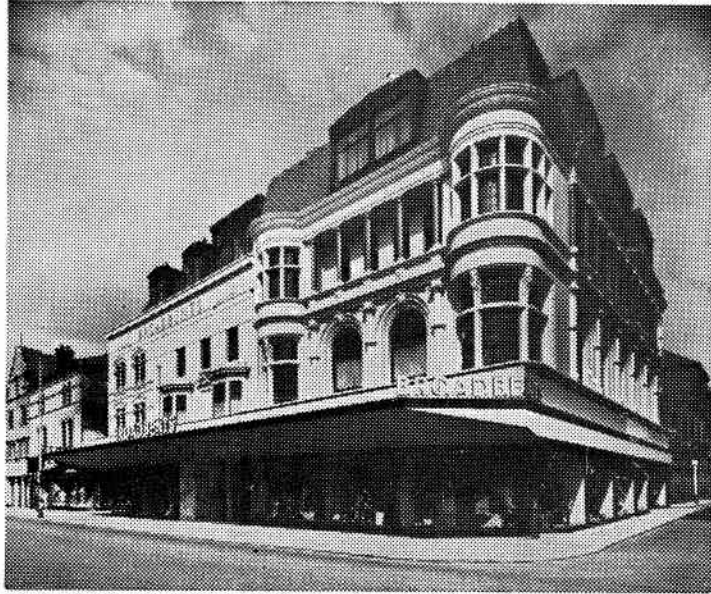
Britain, indeed in all parts of the globe. Mr. Harrison had provided most interesting decorated panels, depicting events from the era of the play. They must both be congratulated on a setting which caught the idea of the play exactly.

The House Managers were Mr. J. Clough and Mr. S. Smith.

Finally I must congratulate Mr. Holland and his "team" (as I heard him refer to all those working with him on the play) for their achievement. I am sure that the performances of **Portrait of a Queen** gave much pleasure to many people. I am sure too that all those taking part in this act of theatrical creativity gained a lot of personal satisfaction from it. In a school play surely that must count for a lot.

Mlle. C. Cohen





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COMMUNITY SERVICE GROUP

Some progress had been made since our last report. The organisation of our aluminium foil collection on a house competition basis has proved very profitable. Credit for this must go to a group in 4S who give unstintingly of their time to ensure success. Our thanks are also due to members of staff who have pushed the collection in their houses.

Our project at Wyborne Gate is dormant at the moment but soon the weather will improve and work can begin again on the garden there.

On a more "personal" level we are beginning to receive requests for help in visiting and doing jobs for lonely or infirm people. This is a field of activity we would like very much to expand. Indeed boys can often, by keeping a close watch or survey on their street, detect when a job needs doing. The approach is not always easy but the reward in terms of personal development and need met can be high.

Links are being forged with the High School with a view to co-operation on community service projects. We hope to arrange a challenge from the junior school to boost tin foil collection and to arrange a sixth form joint walk for "Shelter".

Groups of boys will soon move out to do two decorating jobs and we hope to publish a report on this work in our next issue.



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Society Reports

CHRISTIAN UNION

This term we have made some changes. Firstly we split the Society into a Lower and Upper School Christian Union. The Lower School meets every alternate week during the lunch hour. The meetings have included a filmstrip and a three part series on the Life of Jesus Christ. The Upper School also meets on alternate weeks but on the weeks when the L.S. are not meeting. These meetings are still after school, and have included a filmstrip and various speakers. Before the end of term there will have been a joint rally at the Technical College where the film "Dust of Destiny" will have been shown, and also a debate with the High School. We hope to continue a similar pattern next term, although there is a little disruption with exams, and to see more boys at these meetings, which are open to all.

S. J. Abram, Chairman

RAILWAY SOCIETY

Chairman: D. H. Long

Secretary: N. McMurdy

Committee: G. Constantine, P. Young, N. Campion-Smith,
P. Darwin, N. George

The Society began its activities in the second half of last term, and has to date organized four meetings and an excursion. Meetings take place on Wednesday evenings three times a term. On two occasions we have shown films from the B.T.C. collection and our thanks go to G. G. Bartley for acting as projectionist. At these, and other meetings, attendances have averaged a very encouraging 35-40 people.

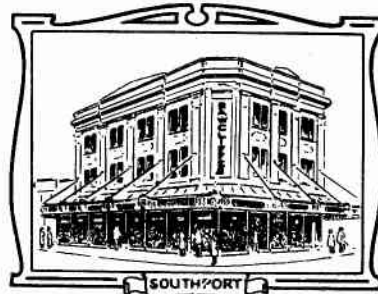
A large party also went on the Society's recent excursion to the West Lancashire Light Railway and the Keighley and Worth Valley Railway. This was a very successful day (except for the weather) and plans are already in hand for further railtours in the near future.

Finally, the Society would like to express its sincere appreciation to Mr. Radcliffe for his assistance and constant encouragement.

D.H.L.

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FOX SOCIETY

It is said, by myself, that the Fox Society caters for all tastes. Anyhow, this term's menu, although limited to three courses, has certainly been spiced with variety.

For hors d'oeuvres we even changed our chairman, Mr. Honeybone being indisposed at that time. This turned out to be a serious formal debate with light relief provided by the extempore platitudes offered by Wade who had forgotten his notes. Surprisingly enough the House did support him in his views that the "Good Old Days were the Good Old Days".

The success of his impromptu style can be gathered from the fact that our main course consisted of an extempore debate, which was unfortunately marred by unfavourable weather conditions—everyone who tried to speak seemed to have been struck by lightning.

Unmoved our gallant committee stoically chose the dessert in the form of "This House Would Decorate Itself". At the time of writing this hopeful experiment has not yet taken place. With fortune on our side it should emerge as a funny informal debate. As George Bernard Shaw once said, "You never can tell."

THE RAMBLING CLUB

There appears to be a growing apathy in the school towards ambulatory pursuits, and many regard hiking as a punishment rather than a pleasure, although this is partly the result of the early morning start which is always insisted upon. This trend is particularly noticeable among Lower Sixth Formers, but here due praise must go to the middle school who form the backbone of the Society.

The Society has held two "meets" this year: the first to Llangollen, where a stir developed when one Rambler mysteriously disappeared and just as suddenly reappeared at the coach. The second ramble was better supported (although some of the party could not be strictly classed as rambler!) and was centred on Glossop in the Peak District.

The committee would like to thank Mr. Parsons for his support on both rambles, since his very presence undoubtedly increases the attendance by 25%, and hopes that more bobble-hatted, boot-clad hikers, complete with "sarnies", will appear at 7.00 a.m. at the bus station for the next ramble.

J. E. Campbell, Chairman

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CHESS REPORT 1968-69

Captain: P. H. Buckley

Secretary: C. A. Marshall

Tremendous enthusiasm has been shown both in the Junior and Senior House Chess Competitions. In the seniors after a long struggle Edwards' and Grear's emerged as the victors. After 6 rounds in the Juniors the trophy could go to either Mason's or Leech's. This enthusiasm has undoubtedly had an effect on the school team.

Despite a general lack of first team experience before this season this young team did exceptionally well. In the Sunday Times competition they reached the zonal semi-final before losing very narrowly to the eventual winners Bury Grammar School. In the Lancashire Schools competition, the senior team got further than any other past school team, but the juniors did not fare as well. In view of these results the team's performance in the Wright Shield of coming second in the second section was slightly disappointing.

The team was chosen from a nucleus of eight. Banks and Rodgers competed for a permanent place on Board 7. Rodgers was probably the more consistent of the two.

On Boards 5 and 6 Thomas and Marshall played very well all season. It was a sad day for the team when one of those two did not win.

Rawcliffe played on Board 4. It is the opinion of the team that if he played chess as well as he managed to procure more sandwiches than the rest of the team he would be a very good player.

On Board 3 Olsen ended the season with a very reasonable record although it is generally thought that one or two of his victories were slightly fortunate.

Board 2 was occupied by Ashton who proved himself to be a very consistent player whose power of concentration pulled him through on many occasions.

On Board 1 Buckley found the change of standard from Board 6 to Board 1 a little disconcerting at first, but he improved a great deal towards the end of the season.

The same team is available next season and they have the potential to become a very good team indeed P.H.B.

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SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Chairman: D. M. West Joint Secretaries: M. R. Gritten
P. B. Inman

During December last year the outgoing officers of the Society held a demonstration evening in which they performed spectacular scientific feats to the delight of a large audience. This year the Society, under new management aims to preserve the enthusiasm shown at that meeting.

A lunch time meeting, already held, attracted an audience approaching 300 in total (it was raining outside). Towards the end of term (it is hoped at the time of writing) a joint meeting with the High School will take place. In the summer term at least one film will be shown and the Society also hopes to play an active part in Open Day activities.
P.B.I.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

President: Mr. H. C. Davies
Chairman: G. L. Hosker Treasurer: M. J. Wray
Secretary: D. V. Lunn Committee: V. Calland, T. A. Willis

This term the Society's activities have been mainly centred around the darkroom. We have now introduced more chemicals in the darkroom to speed up the processing of the films owing to the demand for the use of the darkroom.

The Society now has also a written set of rules which may be inspected by any member of the Society.

Next term, we hold our Annual Open Day exhibition and hope to receive a large number of entries from members.
G.L.H.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Chairman: P. N. V. Armitage Secretary: C. E. Morris

With that well known proverb in mind 'He who lies down with dogs will rise with flies' or 'invention is the essence of all thought,' the Debating Society embarked on a new road to success. A "Balloon Debate" was launched which gave resounding success to the participants, but rendered a certain amount of embarrassment

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to the chairman who at one point during the meeting was bombarded with paper darts and other "unmentionables" from the audience. However, despite almost impossible difficulties the Society has achieved another "first" in the field of K.G.V verbal discourse.

Rain, or more appropriately snow, stopped play! This was the case earlier in the term when fate was against the holding of a joint debate with the High School. Society members that did turn up were issued with spades and invited to join in the search for a certain red bubble car last seen near the Chemistry block.

Next term, it is hoped, will bring to the Society new dazzling heights of success and recognition. C.E.M.

SIXTH FORM FILM SOCIETY

After what may be described as a tentative start to the new job of choosing films, the committees, both here and at the High School, have produced a short list of films for the first term next year.

We have, it would seem, created an amicable "entente" with the girls — and it is to be hoped that some sort of foundation has been set.

At least these foundations are beginning to produce results in that it has been suggested the Society should attempt to produce its own film—finances willing. It seems too that this Society has been the breeding-ground or at least the selling-ground, for other joint sixth form activities. Unfortunately a planned trip to "2001" died a sudden death due to an unexpected (to us) end of the season.

The term's most intriguing film was probably "Seventh Seal", a film which prompted interesting discussion and wide acclaim in our ranks.

"Incident at Owl Creek" drew a noted and well merited applause during the "Shorts Evening".

In our first evening — "Dr. Strangelove" — we were able to draw a comparison with "The War Game", which we saw the term before, whilst at the same time enjoying the many rôles of Peter Sellars and gleaning food for discussion from the exquisite irony of the Vera Lynn song at the end.

P. N. V. Armitage, Secretary



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THE CONTEMPORARY ARTS' SOCIETY

There is a very thick layer of sixth form society, desperately trying to convince themselves that by huddling together in a stratified reef of complacency and apathy they are taking 'A' level and even Scholarship English Literature. Thank heaven there is also a core, independent of the blissfully ignorant or indifferent who meet every fortnight and this term have very successfully developed the syllabus into an extension of school work and an increasing awareness of literature and contemporary culture.

This term the Society has held play readings of "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?", "The Stranger" "The Zoo Story", "The Dumb Waiter" and 'End Game", a discussion of poetry was illustrated by readings of "Lacydus" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and a discussion was held of "The Apprentices" by Peter Tenson and the Pinter Wednesday Play; excursions were arranged to "Mother Courage and her Children" at the Manchester Library Theatre, "Luther" and "A Street Car Named Desire" at the Bolton Octagon Theatre.

Themes of discussion are determined by the people who attend. If you don't like the literature we read or the plays we see please make the effort to suggest an alternative; if not wake up and take another subject.

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Sports Reports

FENCING CLUB

The Fencing Club has at last emerged from its chrysalis and ventured out to fight the foe by accepting a challenge from Fulwood County School, Preston. We took two teams to fence against a considerably more experienced opposition, and did not fare badly at all.

That the 2nd team defeated their opponents is largely due to M. Harrison who surpassed all expectations by winning each of his bouts. D. Lucas terrified the opposition with his windmill attacks, but unfortunately lost two of his three encounters. D. M. Francey gained in experience and confidence, though he too claimed only one victory.

The 1st team lost 3—6 but retained their self-respect by fighting grimly against superior fencers. This inferiority of skill will only be remedied by more competitive fencing. J. McManners fought as gracefully and as subtly as ever while G. Tighe was always ready like a poisonous insect to strike home when least expected and should have claimed more than two victories. M. R. Gritten who, thanks to the weather cancelling rugby, took his place in the team, was unable to use his agile fingerplay to full advantage and sadly went down to all his opponents.

Out of a total of 18 bouts, Fulwood won 10, K.G.V won 8, a defeat by 2 bouts but a defeat which does great credit to our fencers who had not engaged in team competitive fencing before.

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HOCKEY REPORT 1968-69

1st XI Played 17, Won 7, Drawn 4, Lost 6, For 32 Against 16
2nd XI Played 11, Won 2, Drawn 2 Lost 7, For 10, Against 28

It is difficult to follow the success of last year's team especially under the conditions that we faced at the beginning of the year. New men were drafted in and then the team had to be rearranged with the departure of Hopkins and Whalley. All things considered the team gave a creditable performance. Once again we reached the final of the Merseyside Schools' Tournament for the third time in three years (not bad for rugby rejects) knocking out last year's runners-up, Liverpool College, and Wirral Grammar School in the first round. The team beat Prescot Grammar School in the semi-final and met Liverpool Collegiate in the final. Although the score was 0—0 by full time Collegiate were acclaimed the winners by 3 short corners to one. In the past two tournaments no goals have been scored against the school team.

In the main the school team consisted of:

Tighe: A safe goalkeeper. Although having little to do his spectacular saves were a joy to see.

Whittaker: In his first season at full-back he has progressed well and his hitting will improve with practice and experience.

Taylor: Vice-Captain and marshaller of the defence. He is an efficient full-back and a competent attacker on venturing upfield.

Lowe: Unfortunately he made his debut against Caldy Grange, the top northern school, giving a fair performance. He has improved greatly and more experience will give him better positional sense

Morris: A sound strong centre-half whose long reach and 39" stick are most effective.

Andrews: Began his hockey life as a forward but has now developed as a half-back with his strong tackling and hitting. He has already been to the Lancashire trials and shows great potential for the future.

Kennedy: A valuable acquisition at the start of the season. He is a hard hitting winger and a strong runner although his studs (or lack of them) caused him trouble.

Moore: Newcomer to the 1st XI this year. He was used as a link man, making up for any lack of skill with his great reserves of energy. He lacks positional sense.

Howard: A hard working team member. He is not particularly skilful but he is useful for upsetting goalkeepers and defences in general. He has scored some valuable goals.

Williams: Joint leading goalscorer whose shooting and speed has been an asset to the team but lately has been troubled by a knee injury.

Campbell: Captain and joint leading goalscorer he began as an orthodox winger but towards the end of the season became a mid-field link-man. He has been a regular member of the Lancashire Schoolboys side and a great deal of the success of the team has stemmed from his consistently high standard of play.

Manley, Searle, Partington and Smith have also made 1st XI appearances but they have mainly been the backbone of the second team whose record has improved. This will improve even more when the players are able to practice and develop their skills of ball control, hitting and flicking.

There has been an improvement in the ground this season although the players have not found the tracks made by the tractor tyres conducive to good hockey.

Finally all hockey members would like to thank Messrs Amer, Fleming and Comfort for the time and effort they have provided in umpiring games.

Postscript

Praise goes to the Choristers amongst us for their enlightening songs during our journeys.

J. E. Campbell

CROSS COUNTRY

Captain: J. E. Bradshaw

Hon. Sec. J. C. Everett

Masters in charge: Mr. H. T. Marsh, Mr. P. Stainton

The combining of the U.16 team with the Senior team last season gave the new senior members the practice they needed for this season. The results of the last three matches (all wins) of that season also put new life and enthusiasm into the team. So with the advent of this season all were raring to go, and for once the team membership was not diminished by those who preferred to play rugby. Despite the fact that most of the team were still only sixteen at the beginning of the season, the results were excellent.

The first match, away at Wigan, was a rather uncertain victory. After we arrived there on foot a little late, the coach having got into difficulties with a wooden bridge. Confidence was none too high until the next match when we had a resounding win, at home, over Lytham. Five matches later, we still hadn't lost, two of them being triangulars, one away and one at home.

Afer the Waterloo Road Race, in which we did very well to come fourteenth out of thirty four schools taking part, we had the misfortune to lose our second best runner, Nigel H. Radcliffe, who went to live in Kent.

The Interhouse Cross Country (which Mason's dominated winning the Junior and Intermediate races and coming equal first with Leech's in the Seniors) provided new runners to make up the team.

We had yet another win, to complete a double over Wigan. Our next match, which proved to be the unlucky thirteenth since we had last suffered defeat, was against Merchant Taylor's. Hutton next avenged their defeat earlier in the season and Lancaster Royal G.S. beat us on their

own ground. Our losing streak finished. In the Southport Schools Championship the Senior team were unchallenged champions of Southport. Five of us were awarded a place in the Southport team which ran at Barrow in the Lancashire trials. None of us qualified but we enjoyed the race tremendously. We then won convincingly a triangular against Queen Elizabeth, Blackburn and Lytham. The Senior team results with two or three matches to come are:

	K.G.V	Other Schools	
	Pts	Pts	Pts
A. v. Wigan	won 29		68
H. v. Lytham	won 36		42
H. v. West Park	won 19		19
A. v. Merchant Taylor's	won 39		39
A. v. West Park & John Rigby	won 36	38	63
H. v. Hutton and Clitheroe	won 42	70	79
A. v. St. Joseph's, Blackpool	won 25		37
Waterloo Road Race	Fourteenth		
H. v. Wigan	won 14		22
H. v. Merchant Taylor's	lost 45		33
A. v. Hutton	lost 57		27
Southport Schools' Races	Unchallenged	Champions	
A. v. Lancaster R.G.S.	lost 59		25
A. v. Queen Elizabeth G.S. Blackburn and Lytham	won 36	56	89

The U.16 team has much potential but lacks support. They had some narrow losses and one good win at the Southport Schools coming home with the cup. The U.14 team lacks the incentive to train. If they wish to win they must do more training before next season. The U.12 team has been very faithful. They have the spirit, but have not had the opportunity to show their talent as they and the U.14 and U.16 teams have had very few matches because many schools only run Senior teams.

Finally our thanks go to the captain and the masters in charge for keeping the team in such high spirits. J.C.E.

Contributions

KALOS

He lazes; the sky is bright
 And beautiful
 With the deep blue
 Whose purity is diamond
 Green: a sense which hurls
 Itself on the mind.
 But it is kind and gentle
 As the pale blue
 Above the distant mountain.
 Yellow: that is bright
 And drifts with the
 Orange of an inspiring sunset,
 Which, try as it might,
 Will never be free
 From the citadel of beauty.
 Slow . . . slow . . . slow,
 Like a miasmatic dream
 Beauty escapes
 And leaves us memories
 Of life's kaleidoscope.

S. R. H. Millard, U6M

NIGHT'S GIFTS

Night has its secrets—its hidden gifts:
 Darkness, serenity, peace.
 Without one the others are not found.
 From the darkness one finds serenity,
 And from serenity is found peace.
 As one delves through the darkness,
 Away from the city,
 One must be aware of the silence
 Which is astounding at first—
 But which soon becomes a priceless luxury.
 Stop in that silence of the night
 And think.
 For there is no better time, place or way to think,
 Than in the darkness, serenity and peace.
 The gifts,
 That night bestows upon us all.

S. M. Manning, 4B


~~~~~  
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NEVER IN PROSE

The poem has, for a long time, been used to convey stories to people, as it is an easily remembered form of words. The oldest novel in the world, the Odyssey, was originally written as a poem, and look how long that has been around.

Poems can be used to convey a story, an opinion, a thought or a description in much less space than any other form of writing which is acceptable as entertainment. Party political slogans are sometimes written in verse:

'Your're an apple jelly, I'm a pink blancmange
She's a cherry fruitcake, he's a choccy sponge.
Once I hated Indians, now I hate the Reds,
The Chinese and the Viet Cong, and Commie nations'
heads.'

(O.H., Patriotic, 1969)

For such a chant, a strong rhythm is required to work the crowd up into a frenzy, but with less desperate writings an easier style may be adopted, which usually means that the poet can write down more or less the first thing that enters his head. This type of poem is, however, in a minority, since most poems are included in songs, and therefore a strong rhythm is required.

From the dawn of culture, lyrics have been put to tunes and the results called ballads, which usually describe the daring exploits of someone or other:

'The push-bike boys were moving fast, their feet were flying round;

Their wheels were moving even faster, burning up the ground;

Their lives were poised upon a Michelin knife-edge

When, one by one, they hit a bump and piled into a hedge.'

(O.H., touch of whimsy, 1969)

Continuing the saga of the poem has kept poets busy for nigh on four thousand years, and such heights of sophistication have been reached by now that Homer and his fellows would hardly recognise a modern poem as such, but more as badly set out prose.

'Explosion,
And the worlds of light
Come crashing down around your ears.
Intrusion,
In the cold dark night
Which fills you with repellent fears.
Repulsion,

As you draw away
From slimy things that grab your legs.
Terror,
As you run away and die'.

(O.H. in a fit, 1969)

These days, as love songs are beginning to find their way more and more into pop music, the average pop writer with his ever-increasing store of words and phrases, has to cater for the new romantic pop tastes. The choicest phrases of today are not, however, those of yesterday, and

'You say you think you've found in me
The perfect one for you.

You also say you love me,
An I thing that may be true'
has given way to

'Hey baby, yeah, sexpot, wow,
Hey baby, yeah, scubie-dubie-doo.
Hey beautiful, how much is it worth?
Oh, baby, yeah, wow, hey!'

(Both O.H., unfortunately, 1969)

Come back Homer, all is forgiven.

M. O. Houldsworth, L5B

HAPPY, FOREVER

Welcoming the day, with eyes not lined
With the despair of lost time;
Sweet tang of new air,
Streaming goodness of our Star
So distant yet so welcome;
The hermit laughs his mind
Into the vitality
Of another sunrise
With zeal unparalleled
By that of the ostrich-man
Who shades himself away
Behind a print which tells him
So concisely,
So precisely,
So revealingly.
Before he is hurled
(His sins buried
Under a layer of kiwi)
Into whisks of whirling pantomime.
Far far above him
The hermit's face broke into a smile.

S. R. H. Millard, U.6.M.

DRYAD

Sentinel over the untrodden path
Threading through the breaking forest
The forest spirit is felt
Yet is unrecognizable.
Trees clutch;
Woody arms trip;
Moonlight is bright enough,
Yet not enough to pacify the soul.
Characters of wood are watching
Vigilant over life's foray.
Diving night birds piercingly eye
The long-haired intruder from the town.
She waits near the companionable stream
Which trickles from light to these shaded depths.
Nerve ends tingle;
Footsteps approaching;
Is it spirit, man or beast
Hastening dawn weaving paths?
Eyes glint;
In the moonlight, badger fills his hungry frame.
The spirit of the wood has found her
Poured the secrets of the glen;
She waits no longer for her lover:
The forest spirit is her groom.
Soon the panting man arrives,
Full of unpunctual sorrow,
The spirit song floods his ears.
One more spirit in the woodland,
She is happy ever more;
Feeding strength to hungry roots
Pays the price for eternal freedom.

A. J. Thorpe

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LIKE POPPIES SPREAD

"But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed:
Or like the snow falls in the river—
A moment's white—then gone for ever."

These lines seem to me to sum up much of the futility of modern life; our frantic search for a "meaning" or philosophy in life, our pursuits of money and search for "happiness" or that paradise, 'just over the hill'. A man may work for years until he finally reaches retirement age and then what? He is unhappy and misses work! We seem caught on an eternal roundabout of ambition, failure, success, security, ambition and so on till death. Many people fight for years to realise their ambitions but when they finally achieve them they find them empty and unrewarding.

Today, our world seems to be going gradually insane; nothing seems worthwhile any more. I do not yearn for the "good old days" before the war or before that. On the contrary I think that we are living in a marvellous age, scientifically, but people seem unable to find any sort of happiness that is permanent or worthwhile. Their lives are miserable and empty and the demonstrators often simply demonstrate to relieve the boredom that they feel. Looking out of the windows I wonder how many of the people I see are really happy or are they just putting on a big act for the world?

I do not believe that complete happiness is obtainable in this world, or perhaps in the next. More probably happiness derived from a person or thing is greater than any misery or damage we receive in life.

Some people try to find happiness in religion but often fail there; there again some people use drugs to find a dream world, away from their unhappy lives, but fail again.

Many people today blame troubles in the world on our lack of Christianity and say that if Christianity was widespread on earth then all our unhappiness and misery would vanish. But when Christianity was widespread in Europe look what happened: vast wars were carried out in God's name, thousands of people were killed or burned to save their souls. Christianity is perhaps a good thing but over the centuries it has been twisted and used to further the causes of nations, ambitions, men, greed, political and spiritual power, and many other things, so Christianity would have to be applied carefully, like a strong cure.

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Nowadays people seem to think that so long as you have a good bank-balance, a home in the right part of town, and a "respectable" job then it will automatically follow that you will be happy. I do not think that there is any more happiness, just a shifting state of contentment which can vanish very quickly. Man cannot live by bread alone.

P. Wetherall, L5B

SNOW AFTER SNOW

Charging through cloud of white;
The steam-giants on the rails of yesterday.
A flurry of workmen in the snow:
A flurry of passengers drinking tea,
On . . . and on . . . and on
Sheep
Cattle.
A lone horse galloping on its own,
A shot of the driver.
A shot of children.
Driver
Passengers.
Driver,
Snow;
On . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . .
Through tunnels, drifts, stations blurred;
What were the workmen working for?
The dawn-train must get through.
Coal for fire;
Fire for water;
Water for steam;
Steam for pistons;
The engine's charging, barging on and on,
Snow; . . .
After snow; . . .
After snow, after snow after snow,
Just let the morning train get through,
That's all!
Just so the morning train, its name, Barbados,
Can get through . . .

R. Coombs, 3B

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SNOW

You fall,
From the heavens,
Infinite in beauty.
Blanketing, covering.
You fall.
To lie
Peaceful,
Unmoved, untouched . . . until,
In the city,
Trodden, beaten,
Squashed and thrown
You lie about the place.
In the country,
You lie.
Peaceful, even, unmoved.
You await,
Your death.
Looming in the air.
When . . .
Night falls,
From the heaven.
Infinite in depth.
Blanketing covering.
Lying upon YOU.
You lie,
Left,
Darkness,
Peace,
Nothing.

S. M. Manning, 4B

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THE THIRD MAN

"Smith! you 'orrible little man," bawled the voice of Sergeant Major Williams across the parade ground. "What do you think your doing?" The small lonely figure of Private Charles Fitzgerald Smith came to an abrupt halt, and turned to face the sergeant major.

"Er, well sir, it was, that is to say," said the meek little private. "I was . . ."

"Get on with it man," said the sergeant major.

"Please sir, I've accidentally broken your office window, and I was just about . . ." Even as the private began to finish the sentence something like an explosion took place within the sergeant major. He stalked over to where the private was standing, and leered into the other's face saying the words, 'You great, great,' over and over again. Then something clicked within the sergeant major and he snorted loudly and stood up to his full height. "Do you realise, Smith," he said, "that it is the third time this month you have broken my office window?"

"It wasn't just me sir," pleaded the private, "there was someone else."

"Then why is he not with you carrying these?" said the other, referring to the dustbin and shovel in the private's hand, the reason why he had stopped the private in the first place.

"Er, well he went into the mess hut," said the private.

"What's his name then?" inquired he sergeant major, taking out his notebook and pencil.

"Cyril Jenkins," answered the private.

"And was there anybody else?" asked the sergeant major.

"Yes, an Irish bloke who called you an incompetent fool," replied the private with a grin.

"Did he? What's the name of this doomed third man then?" asked the sergeant major, fingering his bayonette in a hostile manner.

"I've forgotten, but he's in the showerhouse now." The sergeant major stalked off to the showerhouse followed by the private. They arrived in record time and the sergeant major burst in through the open doorway. Clouds of steam prevented him from seeing very much so he shouted through the mist. "Whoever was responsible for breaking the sergeant major's office window step forward!" He was visibly shaking with wrath now and the swirling fog and heat did not help improve his temper. A uniformed figure stepped forward and in an Irish accent asked if it was that fool sergeant major talking. The sergeant major grabbed the figure and shook it viciously, and, before the soldier could do anything, was attempting to drown the sergeant major realized who he was attacking. His eyes almost came out of their sockets as he realized that the struggling figure beneath him was that of his commanding officer, Captain O'Brien! The sergeant major came to attention abruptly and it was a full five minutes before the captain had recovered enough to speak.

"I'll have you shot for this Williams!" he gasped. "But sir, I don't understand. You said that you were responsible for breaking my office window," pleaded the sergeant major.

"So I was," replied the captain, "after you had started a fire by leaving a burning cigarette end in the waste paper tin, and as your window doesn't open I ordered Smith here to break it, you fool." The sergeant major looked sickly and he had reason to for as a result of this, it was Sergeant Major Smith who a few years later was bawling at Private Williams, all because of Private Smith's third man, captain Neil O'Brien.

C. S. Hilton, 4B

THE BURN UP

The packets of crisps on the counter are sold,
And the bottles of cola are fizzed out and cold,
For sixpence the juke box will beat out a disc,
While the mods and rockers do the jump and the twist.
Come on all you ravers, let's have a race,
Down to the roundabout and back to this place,
Zip up your jackets with studs all gleaming,
Helmets and goggles and scarves all concealing.
Motor bikes waiting row upon row,
Petrol tanks full and ready to go,
Engines are barking; they do it for kicks,
With exhausts roaring along the M6.
The girls stand around in jeans and in sweaters,
Quiet but excited they watch the pace setters.
Music still plays but the cafe is bare
Each girl watching her hero prepare.
The night is so quiet with no wind whining,
Clear and bright the full moon is shining,
The clouds have gone and the surface is dry,
Stars sparkling like jewels high in the sky.
When the hand drops down the riders will go,
With hooters sounding and headlights aglow,
Risks they take for excitement and thrills,
Teenagers not realizing that too much speed kills.

J. Caine, 2S

GRAND PRIX DAY

The sun shone down brightly, the cars were in line,
It gleamed on their metals reflecting the shine,
There were roars from the engines keen to be driven,
Final adjustments, Pit instructions given.
The noise of the Claxton drowned all other dins,
A few near bystanders jumped out of their skins,
The flag was lowered—the race had begun,
The crowd settled back to anticipate fun.
The world champion led the pack from the start,
But his lead not increasing the others took heart;
Whilst some cars had pit stops and just hung about,
The pace became telling and stragglers fell out.
The lap records tumbled, the leader was pressed,
And finally passed though he gave of his best.
He still kept his foot down and fought like the devil,
And slowly and surely he almost drew level.
The last lap was signalled, the race near its end,
He started to slip stream before the last bend,
His worn tyres screeching he started to spin,
Corrected expertly then burst through to win.

C. W. R. Bibby, 2S

AUNTY OXFAM—an uncharitable jingle

The blackman laughs, he knows the fool.
Indians giggle using U.K. tools,
Sent with pounds to do sterling work
Sent by the British thinking locusts lurk.
Hearts held open with TV nails
Of Ibos, snails and puppy dogs' tails
Eaten in a Biafra at war—
the wealthy few requiring more.
Ban famine advertising in the home
And leave the English conscience alone.
Urge us to save for something better—
to reverse our rôle as I.M.F. debtor.

P. B. Inman, U6M

HOMO SAPIENS

As the small space ship disappeared into the sky, Marvin James turned to face his friend Ivan Kosonyev. "It's going to be a long three months", he said as they were just about to enter the ovoid that was to be their home for the next three months.

Marvin was a small man compared to Ivan, who was a fair-haired giant of a man. Both were clothed in rubber space suits and helmets, owing to the rarified atmosphere of Mars. "Ja, you iss right", replied Ivan in a language which was not quite his own and not quite Marvin's.

With this, he pushed a green button marked 'airlock', and a huge door slid open before them. Ivan went in followed closely by Marvin. He then pulled down a lever on a control panel fixed on the wall. The outer airlock door shut fast and air began to gush in through a series of vents in the floor. Then a red light on the control panel began to flicker on and off and the large inner door rolled back, revealing a spacious room. It was about 30 feet in diameter and had a large radio-telescope in the centre. There were two beds, a large table with some chairs placed at it, some cupboards and lockers, instrument panels and all the usual things of an observation station on Mars. But the two men never saw this as their eyes were fixed on a gaping hole, ripped in the wall. Marvin dived at the light transmitter, only to find the cover torn off and a jumble of wires torn out.

"Sumvone hass been here!" exclaimed Ivan.

"Yes", replied Marvin, "the trouble is who, I thought that Mars was a dead planet!"

"Ja, it iss a dead planet," Ivan snapped. "It must be a creature from anozer planet."

"That's impossible", replied Marvin, "Our planet is the only planet fit for intelligent creatures. Don't let your imagination run away with you." "O.K.", said Ivan, "zere must be some logical explanation for it, only I iss happy zat I do not take ov my space suit."

'Ha, ha, ha,' roared Marvin, "come on, we'll fix the wall. It must have been the difference in pressure causing the wall to split." "Ja", agreed Ivan.

With that, they set to work repairing the hole. While Marvin was inside trying to repair the light transmitter, Ivan was outside, clearing up the debris. Suddenly Marvin heard a piercing scream, followed by a thud on the ground. He rushed outside through the hole to find Ivan sprawled on the floor in a faint. He dragged him inside and tried to revive him. He dared not take Ivan's helmet off because of the lack of oxygen. He took hold of Ivan's head and shook it. Then Ivan began to groan and mumble about eyes, necks and midgets.

"Come on, Ivan," shouted Marvin, "wake up!, wake up!" Then Ivan came round.

"I see zem, I see zem!"

"What did you see?" asked Marvin.

"I seed zose creatures, zey vere little und zey had zeir eyes hanging round zey necks," he shouted in panic stricken terror. Marvin ran to one of the lockers and pulled out two large instruments.

"Here", said Marvin, "take this solar gun". Saying that, he cautiously went outside. Ivan, having just recovered, followed him out. They walked for a couple of hundred yards. Then suddenly "Zapp".

'Aargh'. A ray of light shot at Ivan and hit him full in the chest. He felt a stabbing in his head and chest and then a black veil of darkness covered his eyes, and he fell lifeless to the floor. He was dead. Marvin who had no time for sorrow for his friend, began to run as fast as he was able to. Then he ducked into a nearby cave. By now he knew that the aliens which Ivan had babbled about were following him. He could faintly see two objects moving behind him. Blindly he fired his solar gun. Two aliens fell, but there were more behind them. He fired again, but without the same luck. He was just about to fire again but was too late. A laser beam caught him in the small of the back. He fell moaning with agony and cried 'Curse you!', and then died. The two creatures with so called eyes about their necks, came up to examine him.

Duncan McVitie, a tall red-haired Scotsman, eased a large hairy finger off the trigger of his laser. He took his binoculars off and handed them to Philip Johnson, a little fearless man.

"Och, am I glad that that's oover," said Duncan. "Just look at those beasties. Three arms and a skull-like head. I wonder whether they were more afraid of us than we were of them."

"That just ain't possible Dunc," said Phil. "This place may have more of these beasties, it ain't no place for human beings."

With that last remark they set off for their small exploration craft . . . Half an hour later there was a "phwoosh", and the Earth-Mars U.N.O. expedition started on its long journey back to earth.

P. Van Bergen, 4B

THE ROAD WORKS

The digging and delving of devious ditches
Pick-axes pointed precariously poised.
Pickety! Packety! Packety! Pickety!
Picking the peak of the mountain of mud.
The shuddering, shivering, shimmering shovel
Clearing the clods of cluttering clay.
Heaving and hoping, sweating and swearing,
Moving innumerable tonnage a day.
The pneumatic drill of delirious dilemma,
Shaking and shuddering protesting stones,
Whirling and whizzing and rat-a-ta-tating
The working of workmen goes on still around.
The devious drill decks the dakety daks
With its, Dakety! Dickety! Dilemmarous clacks.
The pneumatic hammer comes clanking along
With its, Clumpety! Clampety! Clamour of cans.
And all to be buried again in the end
To have all its, evil back under again.

M. S. Black, 3B

SCHOOL NOTES

Mr. P. Holland is to be congratulated on the excellent production of 'Portrait of a Queen' by William Francis at the end of last term. This was one of the most outstanding School Play productions for a good many years and fully maintained the excellent tradition of school plays which has been built up over the years.

The Annual Carol Service was again held at St. Philip's Church on December 19th and a cheque for £11 11s. 0d. was sent to the 'Save the Children Fund'. Once again this was a very fine musical service and we congratulate Mr. Wilson and the choir and instrumentalists on the high standard achieved.

We congratulate the following two boys on winning Open Scholarships at Cambridge:

A. J. L. BUDD won an Open Scholarship in Natural Science at Christ's College, Cambridge.

J. M. DOW won an Open Scholarship, also in Natural Science, at Queens' College, Cambridge.

Owing to the week's holiday at Whitsun, and the consequent later end of term, it has been decided that school examinations for the lower forms, up to the lower fifths, shall be held next term during the four days immediately prior to the Whitsun holiday. This will enable us to have a useful and sufficiently long period of work between then and the end of term to allow substantial progress to be made on new work. It is hoped to use the time after the lower school examinations and during the G.C.E. to take parties of junior boys to the hostel. Examinations for the lower sixth forms will be at the end of the G.C.E. period as in previous years.

LIST OF STAFF

HEADMASTER

G. F. DIXON, M.A., formerly Scholar of New College, Oxford.

DEPUTY HEAD

L. C. HARGREAVES, B.Sc., Manchester (Chemistry).

ASSISTANT MASTERS

- *C. F. FLEMMING, B.Sc., Manchester (Physics).
- †G. P. WAKEFIELD, M.A., Liverpool (Head of English Department).
- W. T. JONES, B.Sc., London (Physics)
- ‡R. ABRAM, B.Sc., Manchester (Mathematics).
- *H. SMITH, Loughborough College, (Mathematics).
- *H. H. LONG, Wigan Mining and Technical College (Head of Handicraft Department).
- G. BERRY, B.A., Manchester (French, German).
- H. C. DAVIES, B.Sc., Liverpool (Head of Biology Department).
- N. HARRISON, A.T.D., Liverpool College of Art (Head of Art Department).
- *J. CLOUGH, B.A., Manchester (Head of Classics Department).
- *E. S. GALE, Culham College and Carnegie College, Leeds (Head of Physical Education Department).
- C. G. PARSONS, B.A., Liverpool (Head of Geography Department).
- §D. MILEY, A.R.I.C., Liverpool College of Technology (Chemistry).
- R. P. WILSON, L.R.A.M., Trinity College of Music, London (Head of Music Department).
- *T. B. L. DAVIES, B.A., Wales (Classics).
- P. J. RICHARDSON, M.A., formerly Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford (Head of Physics Department).
- J. K. ANDREWS, B.Sc., London (Head of Chemistry Department).

- *T. B. JOHNSON, B.A., Leeds (English).
 *J. K. GRAY, M.A., formerly Exhibitioner of Pembroke College, Oxford (Head of History Department).
 J. A. HONEYBONE, B.A., Caius College, Cambridge (History).
 §E. T. JOHNSON, St. Katharine's College, (Mathematics).
 §S. B. RIMMER, B.A. Manchester (French and German).
 §P. STANTON, B.Sc., Manchester (Physics).
 † I. LUNN, B.A., Christ's College, Cambridge (Head of Mathematics Department).
 †§M. E. AMER, B.A., Leeds (Economics).
 † P. H. W. GARWOOD, M.A., New College, Oxford (History)
 †§P. HOLLAND, B.A., Leeds (English).
 J. M. FRYER, B.Sc., Liverpool (Physics).
 H. T. MARSH, B.Sc., Manchester (Chemistry).
 B. M. HODGKINS, M.A., Mansfield College, Oxford (Modern Languages).
 §K. TOPPING, M.A., St. Catharine's College, Cambridge (Head of Economics Department).
 K. DOUGLAS, M.A., Liverpool (English).
 J. WARD, B.A., Queens' College, Cambridge (English).
 P. J. COMFORT, B.Sc., Manchester (Geography).
 † S. SMITH, M.A. formerly Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge (Head of Modern Languages Department).
 J. R. WOHLERS, B.Sc., Hull (Mathematics).
 J. C. CAMPBELL, Chester College of Education (Physical Education).
 †§R. H. HARDWICK, B.A., Manchester (Religious Education).
 W. COWBURN, B.A., Wales (Modern Languages).
 D. E. RADCLIFFE, B.A., Liverpool (Modern Languages).
 S. J. GORDON, B.Sc., Queens' College, St. Andrews (Mathematics).
 A. R. ALLEN, B.Sc., Liverpool (Chemistry).

†Librarian.

‡Careers Master

*House Master

§House Tutor

KING GEORGE V SCHOOL GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND

LONG RIGG

Work has continued steadily on Long Rigg. The remaining bunks have been installed and the plumbing work on the downstairs ablutions has at last been finished. This puts us in a position to begin to use the hostel fully next Easter, and a Ford Transit, 14 seater minibus with diesel engine, has been ordered. We hope that this will be delivered in April. The hostel will be used by two parties in the Easter holidays and an Open Day for parents has been arranged on Saturday, April 12th. Towards the end of the summer term we plan to take a series of parties of junior boys to introduce them to the hostel and to the countryside around it.

The purchase of the minibus and the continued expenditure on equipping the hostel itself has stretched our financial resources to the limit. We are very dependant on our primary source of income, which is the seven year Covenant scheme. If there are other parents or friends of the school who would care to take out a seven year Covenant for £1 a year or more, and who have not already done so, details can be obtained from the Headmaster or from Mr. H. Seddon, 16 Knowle Avenue, Ainsdale, Chairman of the Parents' Association, or from the school office. Our income from Covenants, including recovery of income tax, now exceeds £600 per annum.

JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS 1970

THE HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL

Would any old boy or friend of the school, who has any photographs or exhibits etc., which illustrate the history of the school during the past fifty years, please be kind enough to contact J. K. Gray, head of the History Department at the school as soon as possible.

SALVETE

S. J. Andrews, P. J. Bentham, P. G. Bohling, D. L. Shearer,
R. D. Wilson.

IMPORTANT DATES

Summer Term begins	22nd April
Swimming Gala	16th May
Lower School Examinations begin	20th May
Lower School Examinations end	23rd May
Half Term	26th—30th May inclusive
G.C.E. 'A' level exams begin	2nd June
G.C.E. O' level exams begin	9th June
G.C.E. examinations end	25th June
Lower sixth form exams begin	20th June
Lower sixth form exams end	25th June
Athletic Sports	11th July
1st XI v. Old Boys' XI	15th July
Open Day	16th July
Term Ends	18th July

VALETE

EDWARDS Adrian H., U6MSch., W., 1961-68 (G.C.E. A.4, O.5) House Secretary 1967-68.

LLOYD Christopher J., U6ScSch., R., 1961-68 (G.C.E. A.4, O.5) Senior School Prefect 1968, House Vice Captain 1968 Treasurer of the Scientific Society.

WHITTAKER Keith S., U6MSch., R., 1961-68 (G.C.E. A.3, O.6) Senior School Prefect 1968, House Vice Captain 1968, Senior Librarian 1968, Chairman of the C.E.W.C. 1967-68, Chairman of the Debating Society 1968.

BUTTERWORTH Brian, U6MSch., S., 1962-68 (G.C.E. A.3, O.6) Senior School Prefect 1968, Joint House Captain 1968, House Cross Country Captain.

DOW John M., U6ScSch., G., 1962-68 (G.C.E. A.4, O.5) Senior School Prefect 1968, House Captain 1968, Full Colours Rugby 1967-68, House Rugby Captain, House Cross Country Captain, Open Scholarship in Natural Science to Queen's College, Cambridge December 1968.

EATON Martin J., U6ScSch., M., 1962-68 (G.C.E. A.4, O.5) Junior School Prefect 1968.

HOPKINS Philip H., U6ScSch., Ev., 1962-68 (G.C.E. A.5, O.3) Full Colours Hockey 1968.

LOUND John M., U6B, Ev., 1962-68 (G.C.E. A.1, O.5) Half Colours Hockey 1968.

MURRAY John H., U6MSch., L., 1962-68 (G.C.E. A.4, O.5) Senior School Prefect 1967-68, Modern Languages Librarian.

RATCLIFFE Nicholas A., U6MSch., W., 1962-68 (G.C.E. A.4, O.6) Senior School Prefect 1968, House Almoner 1968.

BUDD Arthur J. L., U6ScSch., M., 1963-68 (G.C.E. A.5, O.5) Senior School Prefect 1968, House Almoner 1968, Open Scholarship in Natural Science to Christ's College Cambridge, December 1968.

HARDIE John, U6S, R., 1963-68 (G.C.E. O.4)

COPPOCK Lawrence P., L6W., S., 1964-68 (G.C.E. O.6)

SHANKS Christopher S., L6Sp., W., 1964-68 (G.C.E. O.2)

MARTIN Andrew R., L5S, M., 1965-68.

CUNLIFFE Leonard, 4M, L., 1966-68.

IRISH Stephen J., L5S, R., 1966-68.

QUICK Adrian T. L5X, S., 1966-68 (G.C.E. O.6).

RADCLIFFE Nigel H., L6B, Ev., 1966-68 (G.C.E. O.5)

STEWART Ian J., U6Sc.Sch. Ev., 1966-68 (G.C.E. A.3, O.6) Junior School Prefect 1968.

WESTON Paul, U6S, M., 1966-68 (G.C.E. O.4).

HENSHALL Stephen T., 4M G., 1967-68.

MOLLOY Philip, 3M, G., 1967-68.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

- J. D. ADAMS (G. 1951-68) has moved from Esso Research to Esso Chemicals S.A., still based in Brussels, and is responsible for the sale of elastomers to Eastern Block Countries.
- J. T. H. ALLEN (W. 1950-57) was leader and chief organiser of the Manchester Karakorum Expedition, 1968, which attempted to climb one of the highest unclimbed mountains in that area.
- A. F. BLOWER (Ed. 1956-63) is now Chief Engineer for Leonard Fairclough Ltd., working on the approach road to the second Mersey Tunnel.
- R. BRADBURY (G. 1952-57) has gained his master's certificate in the Merchant Navy and has a post with the Cunard Line.
- T. B. BRAY (M. 1948-55) has been appointed Lecturer in Physical Education at Southport Technical College.
- G. F. BROWN (W. 1938-43) has been appointed Assistant Manager for the Sun Life Assurance Co., Liverpool.
- S. J. BURGE (L. 1957-60) gained his Ph.D. degree at Liverpool University in 1968 and is now a Scientific Officer with Glaxo Laboratories Ltd., Ulverston.
- R. L. BURGESS (R. 1957-64) obtained his M.Sc. in Statistics at the London School of Economics in 1968 and has a post as statistician with the Milk Marketing Board Thames Ditton, Surrey.
- R. S. CHRISTIE (L. 1934-40) has been appointed assistant Manager of the Liverpool City Office of the Westminster Bank.
- I. D. CROMPTON (G. 1952-58) has been appointed National Account Sales Manager for Philips Scott Turner and Co.
- D. DANDY (Ev. 1947-54) has left his post with the U.K. Atomic Authority at Aldermaston and is now Lecturer in Applied Physics at the Lanchester College of Technology Coventry.
- W. E. DARGUE (S. 1958-65) now has a teaching appointment at Shirestone School, Birmingham.
- J. M. DAVIS (Ev. 1957-64) is now a Company Director of Lowes (Wholesale) Ltd., Southport.

- J. DELANY (G. 1951-56) is now superintendent with the Rhodesian Post Office at Umtali.
- K. F. EDWARDSON (L. 1945-53) is now consultant surgeon in the Central Wirral Group of hospitals.
- P. K. FELLOWS (Ev. 1957-63) has been appointed Technical Officer in the Productivity Services Department of I.C.I. Fibres at Kilroot, County Antrim.
- J. A. FORSHAW (S. 1948-56) is now Area Manager for British Railways at the Kyle of Lochalsh. He is also in charge of the railway pier and the car ferry from Kyle to Kyleakin, on Skye.
- F. GREENE (S. 1939-46) has an appointment with a large fruit produce manufacturer in Kelowna, British Columbia.
- R. H. GRITTEN (M. 1957-64) has a post as Financial Analyst at the Central Finance Office of Rootes Motors Ltd.
- PROFESSOR D. R. W. HADDOCK (L. 1937-44) has been appointed Associate Professor of Medicine at Ghana Medical School, Accra.
- B. HALLIWELL (L. 1947-54) is now Ophthalmic Medical Assistant at the Montefiore Hospital, New York City.
- M. HEELEY (Ev. 1953-57) has been appointed Manager of the Wigan office of Lloyds Bank Ltd.
- S. HERSHON (M. 1948-55) is Head of the Modern Language Department at St. Hilda's School, Liverpool, and has now been accepted to do a Ph.D. course at the University of Sheffield.
- R. H. JACKSON (L. 1961-68) has an appointment on the staff of the Overseas Branch of the Midland Bank Ltd., in Liverpool.
- D. McMANUS (W. 1951-58) has a post near Chicago, Illinois, as Head of the Analytical Department of a large firm.
- G. H. MOORE (L. 1945-48) has been appointed Chief Fire Officer of the Rochdale County Borough and is, at 37, the youngest Chief Fire Officer in the country.
- S. D. PARTINGTON (L. 1951-59) is now Geography Master at Astley Grammar School, Duckinfield, Cheshire.

- R. A. RATCLIFFE (Ev. 1941-48) is now Senior Valuer with the North Western road construction unit covering motorways and major road schemes throughout the country.
- A. D. REDMAN (R. 1950-58) has been appointed quality Manager at the St. Mary's Mills Factory, Leicester, of the Dunlop Co. Ltd.
- J. C. REID (R. 1956-61) has gained the National Certificate of Agriculture in 1968, and is now at the Wolverhampton College of Technology on a course leading to membership of the Institute of Biology in Entomology.
- D. H. RIMMER (Ev. 1948-55) has been appointed Chaplain at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh.
- J. N. ROSTRON (Ev. 1956-64) has been elected President of the Liverpool University Dental Students' Society.
- K. H. SACH (R. 1962-67) has been elected Secretary of the Union of St. Peter's College, Birmingham.
- B. SEED (W. 1940-46) has been appointed Headmaster at St. Philip's C. of E. Primary School, Southport.
- D. SHAW (R. 1952-59) who was granted his Ph.D. from Queen Mary College, London, in 1965, has now been put in charge of the Nuclear Magnetic Laboratory of Variac Associates Ltd.
- E. D. SINCLAIR (S. 1957-65) has been awarded his Blue for Golf at Oxford University.
- R. J. SINCLAIR (Ev. 1947-53) has passed Part II of the Final Examination of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries and is group Cost Accountant of the Wedgewood Pottery Group, Staffordshire.
- E. STEPHENS (M. 1947-49) has been appointed director of Masius Wynne-Williams Ltd., Advertising Agency.
- G. A. STOCKER (S. 1955-62) has successfully completed his M.Sc. Course in Theory and Practice of Automatic Control and has joined Simon-Carves Chemical Engineering Ltd., as Process Engineer, at Cheadle Heath.
- G. STOCKS (W. 1923-28) is now Manager of the Midland Bank Ltd., Northwich, Cheshire, and is President of the Northwich Rotary Club for 1969.

- D. STUART (Ed. 1955-63) has taken a post as Design Programmer at I.C.I. at Preston.
- D. R. SUTCLIFFE (G. 1955-62) is now a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy in the Fleet Air Arm, serving with a Naval Air Commando Squadron based at Culdrose, Cornwall.
- J. J. THOMPSON (W. 1949-57) has been appointed part time Lecturer in Education at King's College, London. He is also the author of a recently published book, "Introduction to Chemical Energetics".
- B. W. TRUEMAN (S. 1941-46) has been elected Chairman of Southport Music Festival.
- E. P. G. WARBURTON (Ed. 1942-48) has been appointed Senior Probation Officer in Sunderland.
- D. C. WAREING (W. 1945-50) is the North Wales Area Underwriter for Abbey Life Assurance Co. Ltd.
- T. P. WHITEHEAD (R. 1960-65) now has a post with Babcock and Wilcox Ltd., London.
- A. T. WILLIAMS (Ev. 1949-56) has been appointed Senior Lecturer in Operational Research and Computer Science at the University of Cape Town for the academic year 1968-69, and will be proceeding from there for a one year Senior Research Fellowship at the University of Sussex in 1969.
- R. J. WOOD (Ed. 1953-60) now has a post as an Electronics Engineer with Pye Telecommunications Ltd., Cambridge engaged on space research.
- B. G. WOODCOCK (S. 1955-61) has been appointed graduate engineer with the Swaziland Electricity Board.
- A. S. WRIGHT (G. 1956-63) has been appointed to a marketing position with the Esso Petroleum Co. Ltd.
- A. C. WYNNE (S. 1942-50) who was on the staff at King George V School from 1957 to 1961, has been appointed Headmaster of Heywood Modern School, Bolton.
- I. A. YOUNG (R. 1940-44) is now Head of the Data Processing Section of the Commercial Union Australia Group of Insurance Companies, Sydney. He has also been awarded his State and National Colours for small bore rifle shooting, 1968.

THAT NIGHT

The memory of it was as clear as if it were yesterday.

It was a hot, sticky night in July. Everybody was uncomfortable in this abnormally strong heat. I was exceptionally hot and nervous, which is rather strange because I was not usually nervous at our bookings but I had the weird feeling that something would happen that night. All about me people were sitting, smoking and drinking and generally complaining about the heat. The other members of the group were tuning up and looking forward to a good night's work. Everything was set up and tuned up and waiting for me to introduce the first number.

I sat in the middle of the crowd, sipping at my beer and dreading getting up on that stage. It was uncanny. For the first time in my life I was absolutely petrified of getting up in front of hundreds of people and making an exhibition of myself.

Suddenly I felt a faint tap on my shoulder and looking round I saw the friendly eyes of our drummer beckoning me to the stage. I swallowed the remains of my beer and dragged myself to the stage. A loud applause was heard as we mounted the stage and took up our positions.

As I switched the microphone on my heart throbbed harder and harder in my chest and at one moment I thought it would burst. I plucked up enough courage to introduce the first number, then the club lights dimmed and the bright stage lights shone in my eyes. Everything was silent. The music started and I knew in a few seconds I would have to hit that dreaded first note. If I didn't the song would be ruined. My mouth went dry, a lump formed in my throat, my mind went blank and my knees went weak.

I put everything I'd got into that first note and made it. The song went well but the audience sat there hot and lifeless. Somehow I had to get them dancing and enjoying themselves but with that infernal heat it would be difficult. By now the sweat was pouring off me and I was just starting to feel at ease but way down in my stomach there was this mysterious feeling.

After an hour of solid slogging I was exhausted. My clothes were soaking with sweat and my hands were hot and clammy against the cool, smoothness of the microphone. The audience were alive and enjoying themselves at last. I felt relieved. Then it happened.

I felt my mouth go dry and my voice went hoarse. After an hour of perfect singing all that could be heard was a croak then silence. The sudden silence was deafening but was broken just as suddenly by laughter. Laughter that went straight through me. Laughter that echoed in my brain. Laughter that made me feel like committing suicide.

The audience thought it was the joke of the year. Little, did they know it wasn't a cabaret act; it actually happened.

I will always remember that night: the heat, the crowd, the sudden silence and the contract that was landed by my dry throat.

P. Marriott, L5S

THE TRAIN

The white washing smoke all blown with the wind
Passing every person, pausing at every post.
The stewards all serving sausages and sauce,
The women all wondering what it will be like.
Rain on the right windows running straight down,
The wheels on the tracks clikety clock! Clikety clock!
The train keeps travelling, turning and travelling,
Stopping at stations, slowing down at signals
The thunderbolt still thundering, throwing forward its
throttle,
The coaches still moving following the train.
Some people smile, others stand snarling,
The snarlers are smothered as the smoke is splattered.
Coming to a corner, the coachman clasps the cord.
Speed slackens as it spies the station.
The people aboard are abandoning their seats
As they queue in the corridor with cases.

P. Broude, 3B

THE DAY I CAUGHT A SCORPION

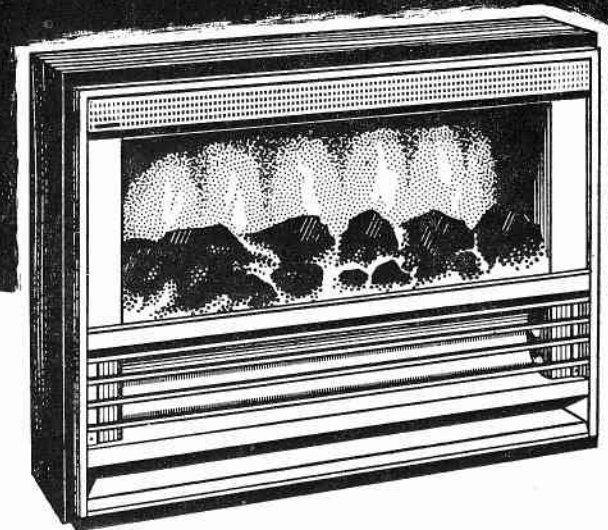
Looking at the title of this piece of work one dreams up weird and creepy pictures of six-legged things with large claws and a dangerous tail. The scorpion I caught is a fish. You may feel disappointed at the revelation but the sea scorpion or lesser weaver as it is more commonly known, is just as dangerous as the insect it is named after.

The lesser weaver is a small fish about 6" to 9" long and has a sharp spine on the gill cover and, like a perch, has a spiked dorsal fin. The fish has a nasty habit of burying itself in the sand, leaving the dorsal fin showing. As the fin is supplied with a deadly poison, the result would be quite serious if somebody tread on the fish. The spines of this fish remain quite active for quite a long time after death.

I had my first taste of weaver when I was fishing on the west pier at Brighton. This pier has a large iron platform reserved for anglers. The bait most commonly used at Brighton is the lugworm. This is a different type to the hard black thing found in Southport and is a light brownish red colour, fat at the front and divided into several segments at the back. The way I put these worms on the hook is to thread the hook through the rear of the worm and work it out at the mouth. I cast in and after several minutes I felt a light twitching followed by a knocking. I reeled in and was about to pick the fish up when I saw it had a spiked dorsal fin and it was slashing at my feet with it. I wrapped a damp towel around it and removed the hook. This done, I cut off the dorsal fin and threw the fish into the water. I wanted the fin for a group of students who were doing research on poisons and were asking for the spines from various fish. I threw the fish back because it's not its fault it is a weaver and it is virtually harmless without its dorsal fin and so it is just not fair to kill them.

M. Bernard, 3S

Winter Bonanza BARGAINS!



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Telephone: 6173



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