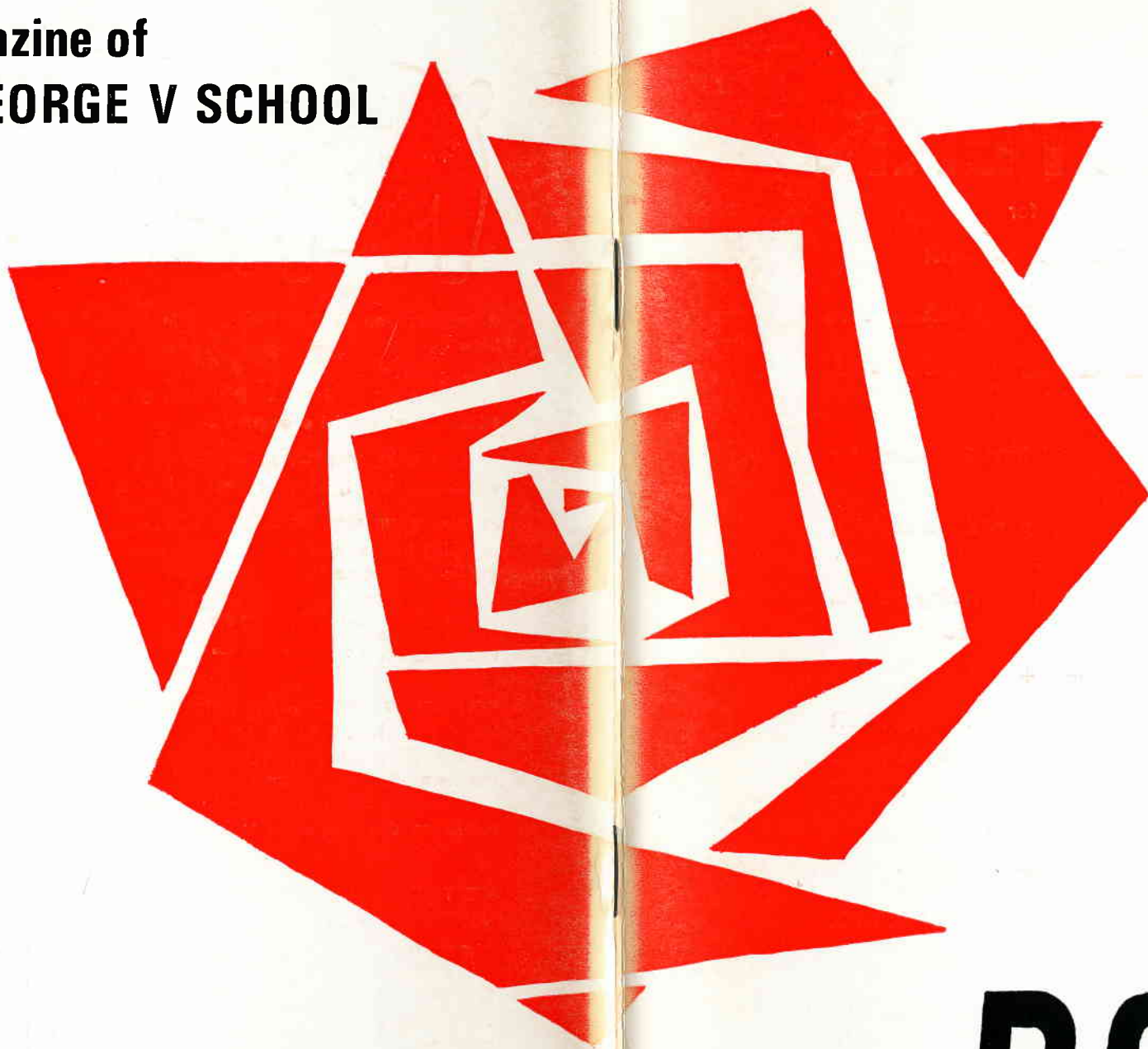


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KING GEORGE V SCHOOL**



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ROSE

Vol. XLIX

No. 1

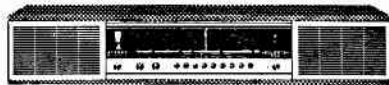
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STAFF CHANGES

Mr. W. T. Jones retired from the staff last term after 24 years' service in the Physics Department. Mr. & Mrs. Jones carry with them our best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

Mr. J. K. Gray left us last term to become Headmaster of Bessemer School, Hitchin, Herts. We are grateful to Mr. Gray for his successful five years here as Head of the History Department and latterly as Housemaster of Spencer's, and we wish him every success in his new post. Mr. Gray's place as Housemaster of Spencer's House has been taken by Mr. S. B. Rimmer. (Ev. 48-56).

We were also sorry to lose the services of Mr. K. Topping after only two years. Mr. Topping has taken up a post as Head of the Economics Department at Preston Sixth Form College.

Mr. S. J. Gordon left us last term after one year to take up a post in Industry.

At the end of last term Mr. Hargreaves gave up the post of Deputy Head which he had held for the past five years. We are very grateful indeed to Mr. Hargreaves for all his excellent work as Deputy Head which has been invaluable to the school. It is good to know that he is not yet retiring from the staff.

Mr. G. P. Wakefield (L.31-39) has taken up the post of Deputy Head this term and his place as Head of the English Department has been taken by Mr. T. B. Johnson. Mr. Johnson's post as Housemaster of Woodham's House has been taken by Mr. G. Berry.

We welcome the following new masters this term:

Mr. S. J. Parkinson, who was educated at Wigan Grammar School and Liverpool University, where he took an Honours degree in Physics. He takes Mr. Jones's place in the Physics Department.

Mr. R. Clark who was educated at Cowley Grammar School, St. Helens, and St. Catherine's College, Oxford, where he took an honours degree in Mathematics. Mr. Clark takes Mr. Gordon's place.

Mr. B. Mawer has also joined the Mathematics Department from Wigan Technical College and Hull University where he also took an Honours Degree in Mathematics. Mr. Mawer joins the staff as an additional member of the Mathematics Department.

Mr. J. Mills also joins the Mathematics Department from Rochdale Technical College and the Didsbury College of Education. Mr. Mills takes the place of Mr. E. T. Johnson temporarily for one year. Mr. E. T. Johnson has been seconded to the Liverpool University Education Department for one year on a course.

Mr. L. S. Metford of Rhondda Grammar School and the University College of Swansea, where he read History and took an Honours Degree, joins the History Department, Mr. Garwood having been promoted to Head of Department in place of Mr. Gray.

Mr. I. R. Hartley of Blackpool Grammar School and Manchester University, where he took an Honours degree in Sociology, joins the Economics Department temporarily for one year, Mr. Amer having been promoted to Head of Department in place of Mr. Topping.

We also welcome to the staff Mlle. M. A. Fabre as French Assistant and Mrs. Coates as German Assistant.

Numbers in School

Number in the school this term is 797 with the sixth form standing at the record number of 236.

Improvements to School

Much needed improvements to the school's heating system have been undertaken this term with the abolishment of the old coke-fired boilers and the installation of two oil-fired boilers instead. This resulted in the school being very cold in early November before the installation was completed, but our deprivations at that time were well worth-while in view of the great improvement to the school's heating which has resulted.

LONG RIGG

Long Rigg was open from Whitsun this year and large numbers of boys were taken up in small parties in the latter half of the Summer term. The hostel was also extensively used during the Summer holidays by independent parties of boys and there have since been several parties who have gone up this term. In all there have been some 800 overnight stays at the hostel since Whitsun. The minibus purchased also at Whitsun has proved invaluable in use at the hostel and also in many other school activities.

KING GEORGE V SCHOOL GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND

With the purchase of the minibus and the presentation of bills for substantial alterations which have been made to the hostel the fund was almost out of money at the end of the Summer Term. The Trustees therefore decided that they must take out a further mortgage on the property for an extra £500. This has now been done but it means that the mortgage on the property now amounts to some £900. However, the income from seven year Covenants continues to increase thanks to generous new Covenants by parents of new boys, and now stands at £679 per annum including return of income tax. We hope that this continued income will help us to pay for the loan in a comparatively short time.

We are also most grateful to the Parents' Association, together with Mr. Abram and Mr. Clough, for their major undertaking of a Grand Draw this term. At the moment the exact sum which will be brought in by this effort is not known, but it is likely to exceed £700. This we hope will enable us to make a start on the provision of a games room at Long Rigg which is the last major structural alteration which we require to make.

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Junior

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IMPORTANT DATES

Lent Term begins January 7th
Half Term February 16th & 17th
G.C.E. Trial Examinations begin February 23rd
G.C.E. Trial Examinations end March 6th
Lent Term ends March 25th

Salvete

S. G. Alderson, S. R. Ambrose, C. G. Ashton, R. N. Ashton, A. R. Ball, R. A. Barber, J. C. Barton, S. D. Bate, P. L. Batho, A. Bennett, J. A. Biddolph, D. M. Birrell, E. K. Black, M. A. Blyde, A. P. Bond, R. D. Bouch, M. A. Brade, J. P. Brecknell, I. A. Britstone, A. R. Brookfield, S. H. Brooks, G. J. I. Brown, P. Buck, G. Y. Buss, P. Butcher, C. W. Cameron, P. B. Carney, G. L. Carr, M. C. Carriban, M. J. Catterall, A. Caunce, M. R. Clarke, I. P. Connerty, A. L. E. A. Crompton, C. S. Crompton, M. P. Crook, P. R. Cunliffe, A. H. Daglish, M. S. Davies, C. J. Edwards, H. R. Edwards, M. W. Ellis, T. G. Essex, P. Evans, D. P. Farrow, W. M. Fletcher, G. S. Garnett, C. Gayton, P. M. Goggin, G. H. Golightly, A. H. Goodman, A. J. Green, B. T. Griffiths, D. J. Griffiths, D. G. Halsall, P. Halsall, P. I. Halsall, M. C. Hanks, T. M. Hanmer, S. Hardiman, I. A. Harvey, P. M. Haslam, S. J. Heap, N. Hickson, R. P. Hill, D. A. Hitchcock, G. L. Hogg, M. H. Hughes, S. J. Illingworth, S. D. Jackson, S. G. Johnson, G. H. Jones, G. M. Kay, A. S. Kennedy, G. Kirkham, N. A. Kirkman, F. Koch, G. S. Lloyd, R. A. McCulloch, S. McNally, S. W. Mantle, K. F. Mardon, C. P. Marshall, N. S. Martin, C. Mason, A. C. Matthews, C. A. Matthews, J. R. Matthews, T. R. Mawdsley, S. A. Melville, T. W. Metcalfe, J. C. Milligan, C. S. Mills, A. D. Mitchell, D. H. Mitchell, P. S. Monks, N. R. Moorhouse, D. Morgan, P. Murley, P. Murphy, G. R. K. Naidoo, A. D. Ormerod, S. J. Ostle, S. G. Parkinson, N. Pickering, I. S. Pogson, S. W. Pomfret, P. M. Price, G. V. Rawlinson, G. J. Rimmer, A. R. Rymer, M. G. Salter, R. M. Scholtz, J. G. W. Seddon, D. Sells, E. R. Sloman, E. L. Smith, S. W. Smith, S. J. Spalding, R. B. Street, T. R. Thornborough, A. E. Tomkinson, D. M. J. Tozer, P. J. Tyson, A. E. R. Waddington, M. T. Walsh, F. J. Warren, C. J. Watson, J. K. Webber, P. J. C. West, P. J. Whiteley, D. J. Williams, N. M. Wilson, A. Wood, K. Wood, M. Wood, M. Wood, M. I. Wootton, I. Wright, S. R. Yielding.



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- WILLIAMS, Martyn A., U6W S. 1961-69 (G.C.E. A1, O7), Junior Prefect 1968-69.
- ASHTON, John A., U6B Ed. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A4, O5), Senior Prefect 1968-69, School Tennis Captain 1968-69, Rugby Full Colours 1968-69, Bronze medallion R.L.S.S. 1966.
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- DAVIES, F. Paul. U6M G. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A3, O6), Junior Prefect 1968-69.
- DAY, Ian T. U6MSch. R. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A4, O4), School Captain, 1968-69, Senior Prefect 1967-69, House Captain 1968-69, Senior Librarian 1967-69, Rugby Full Colours 1966-68, Athletics Half Colours 1968-69, Secretary Joint Sixth-Form Film Society 1967-68, Vice-Chairman Debating Society 1968-69, Joint Chairman Golf Society 1968-69, Vice-Chairman Table Tennis Club 1968-69, Sixth-Form Council 1968-69, Red Rose Committee 1967-69, European Schools Day Essay Competition Prize Winner 1966 and 1968.
- DOW, Alan Y. U6ScSch. G. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A3, O4), Senior Prefect 1968-69, Rugby Half Colours 1968-69.
- FARESS, Charles K. U6MSch L. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A1, O6).
- FYNE, Anthony S. U6S M. 1962-69 (G.C.E. O4), Junior Prefect 1968-69, House Secretary 1968-69, Librarian 1968-69.
- GRIMES, Michael P. U6S R. 1962-69 (G.C.E. O4), Junior Prefect 1968-69, Cross-Country Full Colours 1968-69.
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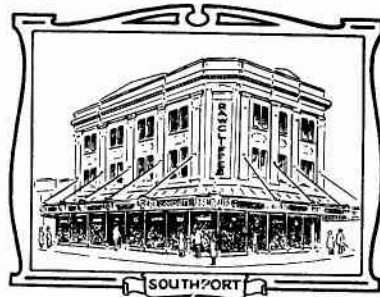


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- HODGE, Alan. U6M L. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A2, O1), Junior Prefect 1968-69.
- HOPKINS, Tony A. U6ScSch. Ev. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A4, O6), Senior Prefect 1968-69, House Vice-Captain 1968-69, Bronze Cross R.L.S.S.
- HORROCKS, Rodney. U6W S. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A4, O5), Junior Prefect 1968-69, Rugby Half Colours 1968-69.
- HOSKER, Gordon L. U6B Ev. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A3, O5), Senior Prefect 1968-69, House Vice-Captain 1968-69.
- HOWARD, Neil. U6M G. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A2, O5), Junior Prefect 1968-69, Hockey Full Colours 1968-69.
- KITCHEN, Charles W. U6MSch. Ed. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A3, O6), Senior Prefect 1968-69, House Captain 1968-69, Secretary Sixth Form Council 1968-69.
- LAWSON, Keith A. U6B Ed. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A2, O4), Rugby Full Colours 1968-69, Cricket Full Colours 1968-69, House Almoner 1968-69.
- LONG, David H. U6MSch. G. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A3, O7), Junior Prefect 1968-69, Chairman of Railway Society, Secretary of History Society 1968-69, Committee member of C.E.W.C.
- LUCAS, Philip A. U6ScSch. L. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A5, O5), School Vice-Captain 1968-69, Senior Prefect 1967-69, House Vice-Captain 1968-69, Rugby Full Colours 1967-69.
- McNAUGHT, J. Keith. U6S M. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A3, O5), Junior Prefect 1968-69, Hockey Half Colours 1968-69.
- MELLOR, Douglas. U6S M. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A4, O5), Junior Prefect 1968-69, Chairman Thornley Society 1968-69.
- O'CONNOR, David. U6S M. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A2, O4), Junior Prefect 1968-69.
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- STUBINGTON, Michael B. U6B Ed. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A1, O4), Senior Prefect 1968-69, Rugby Full Colours 1967-69, Cricket Full Colours 1968-69, Games Committee member 1968-69.
- TAYLOR, Steven. U6B Ev. 1962-69 (G.C.E. A4, O4), Senior Prefect 1968-69, House Captain 1968-69, Hockey Full Colours 1968-69.
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FOREMAN, Anthony D. U5M G. 1963-69.
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INGRAM, Peter. U6S R. 1963-69 (G.C.E. A2, O3), Junior Prefect 1968-69, Rugby Full Colours 1968-69.
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BALL, John H. U5S M. 1964-69 (G.C.E. O3).
BARNES, Roger. U5S R. 1964-69 (G.C.E. O1).
CAVEN, J. Stuart. U5M G. 1964-69.
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ARMITAGE, Paul N. V. U6M L. 1966-69 (G.C.E. A3, O3), Junior Prefect 1968-69 Assistant Editor of the Red Rose 1968-69, Chairman of the Debating Society 1968-69, House Secretary 1968-69, Secretary of the Film Society 1968-69.

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SIMPSON, David A. 2B W. 1968-69.

REYNOLDS, Paul J. T. U6S M. 1968-69, (G.C.E. A3, O4), Senior Prefect 1968-69, Rugby Half Colours 1968-69.

THOMAS, Paul A. 3M L. 1968-69.

LEAVERS 1968-69

The analysis below shows all those boys who left between September, 1968, and July, 1969, excluding those who were transferred to other schools owing to their parents leaving the district:

Universities 44, Further Education (Degree courses) 7, Further Education (other courses) 18, Colleges of Education 3, Employment 31, Not known 5, Not yet fixed up 4. Total 112. (29 boys left for other schools).
Universities, University Colleges.

Aberystwyth 1, Belfast 1, Birmingham 1, Bradford 2, Bristol 2, Cambridge 5, Dundee 1, Durham 1, Exeter 1, Imperial College 1, Kent 1, Leeds 3, Leicester 1, Liverpool 7, Manchester 2, Newcastle 1, Oxford 4, St. Andrews 1, Sheffield 3, Surrey 1, Sussex 3, Warwick 1.

Subjects (Degree courses)

English 5, History 4, Law 3, Bus. Studies 3, Maths. 3, Physics 5, Chemistry 6, Chem. Eng. 2, Medicine 3, Pharmacy 1, Agriculture 1, Materials Science 2, Philosophy 2, Geology 1, Geography 3, Biology 2, Dentistry 1, Commerce 1, Mech. Eng. 1, Mod. Lang. 1, Economics 1.

Chief Types of Employment

Civil Service, Banking, Retail Trade, Craft Apprentices, G.P.O., Merchant Navy, Royal Navy.

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CAMBRIDGE

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G. DEAN, B.A. Natural Sciences.

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K. H. MOSS, B.Sc. Hons. Mech./Eng. Cl.II, Div.II.
G. J. OSTICK, B.Sc. Hons. Maths. Cl.III.
B. R. SAMUELS, LL.B. Hons. Cl.I.
J. V. SEYMOUR, B.A. Hons. English Philosophy, Cl.II, Div.II.

MANCHESTER FACULTY OF SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY

M. R. ALEXANDER, B.Sc. Hons. Chemical Engineering, Cl.I.
D. P. REDFEARN, B.Sc. Hons. Chemistry, Cl.II, Div.I.

NEWCASTLE

D. S. MAYOR, B.Sc. Applied Science Metallurgy.
P. W. J. MILLWARD, LL.B.

NOTTINGHAM

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Sports Reports

1st XI CRICKET REPORT

P 10, W 2, D 4, L 3, Tied 1.

Despite the weather spoiling the season to a certain extent, the side can look back on their performances with some pleasure, particularly the Ormskirk and M.G.S. games. But one must also look at the other side of the coin and remember rather shamefully the defeat by Kirkham G.S. which was mainly due to failure in the batting.

The openers were changed throughout the season owing to injury and non-availability, and as a result the side rarely received a steady start on which to build the innings. This was followed by a middle order which was, on occasions, excellent but more often than not found itself bogged down sometimes owing to tight bowling and sometimes owing to its own inability to attack the bowling and play strokes. It was often left to the tail to wag, which it did admirably on more than one occasion. Individual efforts were also needed to save the day, and there were several fine performances.

Whereas the batting was rather mediocre the bowling and fielding were good. The fielding was of a high standard throughout the season with several fine catches being taken close to the wicket, and this encouraged the bowlers to bowl well. Of these bowlers, Rooke and Harrison were the most consistent with almost identical averages, although Harrison bowled ten more overs than the more expensive Rooke. These two were well supported by Clark and later in the season by Jackson and Aughton. Perhaps the strongest criticism of the bowling was that the quicker bowlers generally lacked fire and ferocity.

PIMLOTT: Captained the side thoughtfully and led by example. His wicket keeping was of a high standard but, except for his match-winning century at Manchester and a carefully compiled near-century against the staff XI, his batting lacked the mastery that we expect to be a feature of his play in the 1970 season.

ROOKE: Bowled steadily throughout the season, being most successful against Balshaw's with 5 — 31. Not as successful with the bat as in recent seasons, mainly owing to his golf!

KIRKMAN: Another who came into his own at the end of the season. The only thing he lacks in his batting is confidence. A good fielder, although slightly lazy at times.

WRIGHT: A useful all-rounder. Although he had only one really good innings the experience gained should be more than useful next season. Bowls medium pace, and is an alert fielder.

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LAWSON: A strong, forceful batsman who played several good innings—notably his 37 against the Old Boys XI. During the season he developed into a very fine gully fielder.

HARRISON: Probably the best all-rounder in the side. He bowled very capably throughout the season, and scored a fine half century under pressure at Ormskirk. Second in both the batting and bowling averages, he set a fine example to the rest of the side with his excellent fielding.

CLARK: The side's opening bowler. He bowled without much luck all season and had several chances put down, particularly at M.G.S. His batting was always forceful, to say the least!

BRADBURY: A good defensive opening bat. He found difficulty at times in scoring, and this usually led to his getting himself out. Seemed very casual in the field, but took some good catches.

HOWARD: Failed to recapture his good form of last season, although he played well against Southport and Birkdale C.C. He is, however, still slow in the field.

JACKSON: Came into the side about halfway through the season and bowled with a lot of fire, particularly against Ormskirk and M.G.S. He needs to improve his fielding.

AUGHTON: Made up for slowness in the field with his bowling, moving the ball a great deal in the air. Batted sensibly when needed.

WOOD: Came into the side after captaining the 2nd XI for most of the season. Did not show his full talents, but played capably. Should be a great asset to the side in the coming season.

Stubington, Cumbley and Corder all appeared in the 1st XI and all three made valuable contributions. Others who played were Whittaker, Powl and Jubb, and the experience they gained should stand both themselves and the side in good stead for next season.

Thanks must go to "The Boss"—Mr. Rimmer—and also to Mr. Gale for the time and effort they devoted to the side throughout the season, and also to the players for making the season such an enjoyable one.

HOCKEY REPORT

Captain: G. P. Andrews
Vice-Captain: A. S. Kennedy
Secretary: J. G. Tighe

Owing to the increased cost of teas for home games and coaches for away games, the hockey fixture list has been severely curtailed this term. Over the season, six Saturday games which had already been confirmed have had to be cancelled. The result of this is that hockey fixtures are restricted to Wednesday afternoons.

This inevitably creates a clash with the House Rugby competition during the second half of the term, and if the competition is delayed due to bad weather, as it has been this term, it becomes impossible to turn out a full school hockey team. One set of House Rugby matches were, however, re-organised to allow a hockey team to turn out against Maghull Grammar School. At least one Housemaster, whose house was no longer in the running for the Rugby shield, and who placed school sport before house sport, released a hockey player for that game.

Ground conditions are greatly improved this year. The pitch has been moved about three yards to one side, but still remains in a direct line from the senior door to the shop; and is still mistaken for a football pitch by some juniors.

Three newcomers to K.G.V.: Smith, Rawlinson and Gayton have proved valuable assets to the first team and Andrews has proved himself a worthy replacement to Campbell as captain. Smith and Andrews did well to be selected to the final twenty two of the Lancashire school-boys.

The 1st XI have played seven games, won two and drawn three. The defence has played extremely well, conceding a goal in only two matches. The attack, though sound in build up, seems to lack the ability to put the ball in the net, and finds things difficult against a hard running, hard tackling defence. A lot of work remains to be done in this respect.

The team can score goals however, against the right sort of opposition. The High School were beaten 9—0 . . .

A suggestions that the hockey team had been awarded too many full colours last season, led to a match against a rugby XI. The game was played in extremely high spirits and the rugby team played with surprising skill bringing a new approach to the game. The hockey team didn't achieve a rugby score, but won comfortably 7—0.

The team gratefully acknowledges the time and effort devoted to school hockey by Messrs. Amer, Fleming, Comfort and Parkinson and also by that refugee from the rugby field Mr. J. R. Wohlers, whose vocal support and abuse has been a welcome feature of home games.

A. S. KENNEDY.

COMMUNITY SERVICE: GARDENING

Last year Cohen and I really got the Aluminium foil collection off the ground and in the process of a year's work, we managed to collect over twenty stones of it. This year the collection has been left in the very capable hands of Cornish, White and Cutner.

During the past years gardening has been done in a small way with Afford and Bayliff of L.V.B., doing the odd job or so. Gardening at Wyborne Gate was last year said to be dormant and now I can quite safely say that it is extinct, as the Matron has moved to West Dene to carry on her services there. We are now hoping for future contact there.

This year Mr. Parkinson of the Housing Dept. has been in touch with us about some bungalows in Hart St., whose gardens need attention. We have also a few other jobs in hand which are waiting for work to begin.

I cannot begin to pretend that our support in this field has been excellent, in fact, compared with our minor attempts last year, it is relatively poor. We can only hope that when the lighter evenings come later next year, that our support will increase tenfold.

H. HERBERT, L.V.M.

CHRISTIAN UNION

The general apathy prevalent among members of the school is evident in the lack of support for our meetings. If there are some who feel that Christianity is beneath them, or has no logical basis, why not join us and put forward your views? There may be others who feel that to become involved in any of the activities of the "God Squad" is soft: once again they are welcome to attend our meetings and we will be glad to give them a hearing.

If more of us are not prepared to become involved in discussions, or to take any form of interest in Christianity (whether it be for or against), then perhaps we are at fault in the running and presentation of our meetings! It's up to you to tell us, and we look forward to seeing you next term.

J. K. C. FITTON, Chairman.


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### **DEBATING SOCIETY**

And now I must sit down and think of something to write about the activities of the Debating Society this term. "What activities?" you might ask. That is a very good question since up to the time of writing we've had two debates. But oh, what brilliant debates those were, with such distinguished speakers as Knowles and Kennedy speaking against the motion that we live in a free society, and with Tighe and Andrews both making maiden speeches that were wonderful to hear. (You really don't know what you are missing when you don't attend one of our debates!)

When the House supported the Hippies, the gallant speakers for the motion (Dowling and Ford) were unceremoniously trodden into the ground by that Master of Ceremonies, Gritten, and his counterpart Frampton.

Yet still we have a complete half-term to go with a Joint Debate with the High School in the offing, and undoubtedly one or two more fine home debates to look forward to. Before I forget, if you have any suggestions for debating topics that you think everyone will enjoy, why not let the Secretary (J. K. C. Fitton) or the Chairman (P. Kay) know

### **FOX SOCIETY**

The first term committee has had a completely successful term, and if we get equal results during the next two terms, then we will be able to boast a creditable year.

We have tried to have a wide variety of debates this term, to cater for all tastes.

Our first debate was phrased: "This House would defend Senator Kennedy", and proved a real "sizzler", with the house narrowly defending the Senator.

The next debate was on the controversial issue of the Common Market and the house also unanimously voted against entering the market.

Here ended the 'serious stuff' (being thrown out of the window), and with the next debate destined for the magical date of the 5th November, we had a debate titled "This house would blow up the Houses of Parliament" and although Mr. Stringfellow nearly had a fit trying to persuade us to put rip-raps up Harold's pipe, the House voted against the motion, and Stringfellow was thrown out of the window landing painfully on the 'serious stuff.'

Our last debate is destined to be a Balloon debate and should finish the term off in fine style.

All of the debates this term have been informal debates, and with attendances high, the informal debate is a roaring success. In fact one debate got so informal that we found ourselves in a happy, cosy circle with Mr. Honeybone, a loyal chairman if ever there was one, disappearing under a pile of screaming 'newts', his glasses being thrown out of the window and landing on Stringfellow, who was stuck to the 'serious stuff'.

I must take this opportunity to thank Mr. Sellars, for writing the minutes, Mr. Honeybone for tying down the newts and myself for writing this report.

**M. J. ROBINSON.**

## RAILWAY SOCIETY REPORT

**President:** Mr. D. E. Radcliffe

**Chairman:** G. Constantine      **Secretary:** P. Young

### **Committee:**

G. Sanderson, J. Whitehead, N. George, P. Darwin,  
D. Geering, B. G. Moyle.

After a highly successful open-day exhibition the society started the term's activities by electing four new committee members. G. Constantine takes over the post of chairman and P. Young that of Secretary (of sorts!).

Two shows of British Transport Films have been held during the term and the committee would like to thank Kay for being our resident projectionist. Next term we hope to procure the B.B.C. film 'Giants of Steam' for a meeting.

Following the highly successful and ambitious Ffestiniog trip, the society's Autumn trip ran to the Carnforth depot of the Lakeside Railway Society and the Lytham Creek Railway and Museum. This was very successful and was enjoyed by both junior and senior members of the society who were given an insight into the maintenance of preserved locomotives, and were also entertained by Mr. Middleton and his steam engine 'Caliban'. In all respects this trip was very successful and also rewarding for the organiser, yours truly, who would like to thank all those who helped to make it such a success.

Finally, the committee would like to thank Mr. Radcliffe for his part in the society, and without whose help the society could not exist.

P.Y.

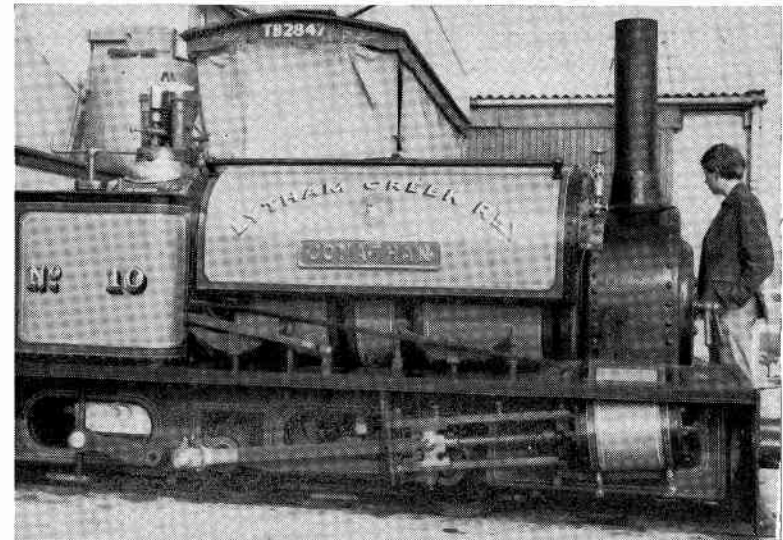


Photo: Pride of Mr. Morris's collection at the Lytham Creek Railway ex-Dinorwic Quarry locomotive 'Jonathan'. in the background is Mr. Morris's traction engine 'General R. Buller' (Reg. No. TB2847).

Photo by Mr. Radcliffe.

## THE RAMBLING CLUB

**Chairman:** M. A. Roberts

**Secretary:** J. P. Fox

"What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like inhabitants o'the earth,  
And yet are on't"

Shakespeare—Macbeth Act 1.

Such was the appearance of the 40 or so 'hardy mountaineers' returning from their various wanderings on the wild heights of Snowdonia at half-term. The ravages of the weather did not, however, detract from the enjoyment of a memorable day, on which one party completed the traverse of the Snowdon horseshoe—one of the classic scrambles in these islands.

The junior party, which was pleasingly large in number, also successfully attained the reigning peak of the principality, by an unfrequented and adventurous route around the wild and lonely north-western cwms of the Snowdon range, and the exciting ridge of Crib-y-ddysgl.

The intermediate party reached the Glyders, also by an untrodden and ambitious route, via Gallt yr Ogof, but inexplicably found the following of the path down to Pen-y-pass somewhat beyond their capabilities as navigators.

In conclusion, we would like, once again, to thank Mr. Parsons, without whose presence many features of geographical and geological interest would be passed unappreciated.

M.A.R.—J.P.F.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY REPORT

In many past reports we hoped for better times, now we have them. The darkroom is now a lot cleaner after being painted and is a pleasure to work in. The long awaited colour print facilities have finally materialised and those for colour films are coming shortly.

The society itself is over fifty strong, all of whom have the new membership cards. We have recently elected a sub-committee and so we may have every hope of an ever-improving society.

V.O.C.

## HISTORY SOCIETY

**Chairman:** G. J. Ive

**Secretary:** C. H. Williams

After a lapse of several years, the History Society has this term been revived, and although as yet the meetings have been concerned with deciding what form the society should take, it is hoped that full meetings will soon begin. Certain guidelines for these meetings have already been determined: it is hoped that we will be able to lure guest speakers from Liverpool and Manchester, and it also seems likely that a historical balloon debate will be organized. The Society also hopes to arrange several trips to local places of historical interest, and any suggestions as to the possible destinations of these trips would be welcomed.

Tentative approaches have been made to the High School, in the hope of arranging joint functions; of this, more anon.

C.H.W.

## THE CONTEMPORARY ARTS SOCIETY

Once again this term the society has had to put up a fierce fight for survival. Nevertheless "we few, we happy few", have learned and gained from our discussions and readings. Our scope is comprehensive and due to the widely varying tastes of our members we have an extreme catholicity of interest.

Our critics insist that our topics and readings are specialised and provide no interest for the ardent physicist, historian, economist or other student. This is a fallacy, indeed we already have a (mad?) physicist within our ranks.

If you have a favourite topic, book or poem come along to a meeting and tell us about it—we will cure it for you.

C.P.

## JOINT SIXTH FORM FILM SOCIETY

**Chairman:** A. France

This term has been a very successful one for the Film Society; we shattered all records by selling right out of tickets. The films shown to this enthusiastic throng have provoked considerable comment, some favourable, some unfavourable, but all highly entertaining.

We pleased the High School by showing "Breakfast at Tiffany's". We pleased K.G.V. by showing "The Pawnbroker". We puzzled everyone by showing our "Shorts Evening" which included the surrealist "Un Chien Andalou". We have yet to show "A Man and A Woman", which has a nice theme tune.

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## FENCING CLUB

This term has seen a complete reorganisation of the Fencing Club, which now has the services of a professional coach; Mr. Finch, who complements and has enlarged upon the coaching given by Mr. Douglas last term. The appointment of a coach has fulfilled a long standing need and enables the club to concentrate on producing first and second fencing équipes as well as introducing younger members to the art.

The membership has grown this term. Although some seniors no longer attend meetings there is a larger number of juniors who are now learning the basic skills. There is room for many more members if people would but come along to the gym. on Monday evenings.

Fencing costs very little, the school provides foils, masks, jackets, everything except gym shoes, and also the chance to participate in what has become a school sport, qualifying for the award of colours. The only cost is a small subscription each week to help pay for the services of Mr. Finch.

The club is affiliated to the North West Schools Fencing Association, and this term took part in that body's annual tournament. Moss and Harrison fought well to reach the quarter finals and Tighe was unfortunate to be denied a place in the final by one point.

At one time, in order to gain practice, fencers surreptitiously participated in duels fought along the school corridors. The danger to innocent bystanders however, brought this practice to a stop.

It is now possible to fight in the gym in any lunchtime, so fencers who wish to take the sport seriously are assured of regular practice.

In the near future there is the prospect of a match against St. Edmund's Girls College and the club looks forward to a renewal of interest within the school in the noble and ancient art of cutting your opponent to bits.

A. J. KENNEDY.

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## THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE LVB FOOTBALL TEAM

**President:** Mr. Mawer

**Secretary:** S. M. Manning

**Hon. Mascot:** G. S. M. Whyte

At the time of writing, it has been a rather disastrous season for the team who played only two friendlies, losing both. Some responsibility must be taken by our mascot who saw neither game. The team was put to grass on an October evening and promptly had their morale shattered when beaten 3—1 by 4B. Worth mentioning are the performances of our giant centre-forward "Big Toe" Evans and our not so giant winger "Tiny Pim" Pimlott. Special mention must also be given to our original goalkeeper Stephen "Cat" Briggs for the way he played and who was immediately dropped from this position. The game was not without its violent moments which included a disallowed goal, a disputed penalty and the near sending-off of Evans for his extra linguistic efforts.

After numerous noticeable team changes, the team took to the fields a week later only to find 4B with an even stronger side than the week before grinning mercilessly at them. After only five minutes, 4B were winning 1—0 and although the team managed to pull level, thanks to a brilliant "Tiny Pim" 25 yard shot, 4B walked away possessors of a 4—1 victory. Evans was again lurking suspiciously about the field and was cautioned for his fouls, language and for starting a mass pile-up on a 4B player after the game. Special mention must go to "Bony Tony" Lymath for a creditable performance but the team does not thank the new goalkeeper "Narrow Harrow" Harrison for letting in four goals and abandoning his position in the middle of the game. It was during this match that the team suffered a great loss when their reserve "Big Nell" Nelson walked home with pneumonia after standing on the touchline, doing nothing for sixty minutes.

Our thanks go to P. Rigby in providing what he strangely considered a team and to Mr. Mawer for organising the games and for the unique way in which he refereed them. LVB. Played 2; Lost 2; Goals For 2; Goals Against 7.

S.M.M.

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## PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL — A BUSINESS

(An interview with Don McEvoy of Southport Football Club  
by D. P. Lucas)

**Why did you become a manager?**

I always had an interest in football as a boy and by entering professional football I felt as though I could give something to the game.

**What do you consider to be the aims of a football manager?**

To win the F.A. Cup or any of the world's major football trophies, or to be promoted to a higher division. Failing all these, the manager must try to keep his team working hard and bolster their confidence and morale.

**Are you worried about the state of security of the job?**

The position as a football manager is insecure in that I have to prove my worth all the time, but although I do worry it is certainly not uppermost in my mind, as I cannot afford to let worry impair my judgment as a manager.

**How far are your decisions affected by the Board of Directors, in team selections for example?**

I have full control over team selections and coaching and what tactics are used. I decide on what or on whom money is spent. When I wish to buy a player I can only use the money available, that is, money allotted by the Board. Therefore my financial decisions are governed by the amount of ready money. This being so, all financial decisions go before the Board.

**As a manager, what do you find interesting in a game of football?**

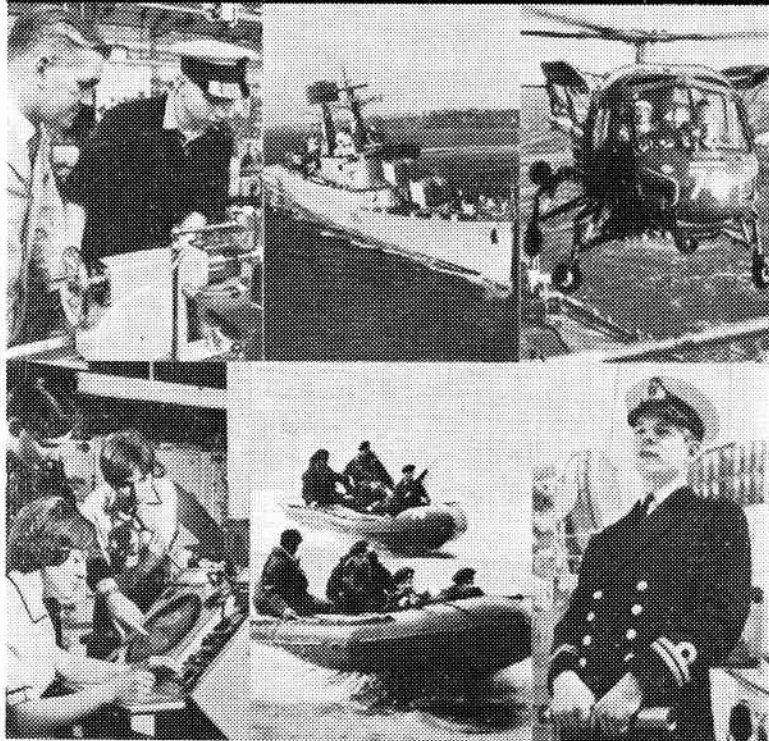
To see the results of hard training and the practice of clever tactics, to see lots of support and appreciation of good play. There is too much pre-judgement of a game and this affects the team's play. Unless the team scores goals the supporters don't enjoy the game — they forget any good moves that have been played. To them goals are all-important, not the attractiveness of the football.

**Are players more mercenary than formerly?**

I think all players start in football for the love of the game, money is not the prime objective in the beginning. When a player turns professional money does become very important. Some of the famous footballers have financial managers who organize and protect their money. For example, if a magazine wants a player to write an article then he contacts his financial manager to work out terms of pay.



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Nowadays some players talk of money before they talk of playing football. I think that footballers are more mercenary than before.

## What do you think of the astronomical figures offered for players nowadays?

I think that this is wrong in the sense of the value of a player's skill. However it is not if football is a business. A footballer's price is not dependent on his skill, there are many other factors involved. He could be the right cog to fit in the machine, in which case he is very valuable. Teams that are struggling and who are desperate for good players are often made to pay much more for a player than they would do normally, just because they are struggling. On the other hand, there are players bought for income tax purposes alone. If the money is not spent it is taken in tax.

## It has been said that football is no longer just a sport but a commercial business.

Although I don't like the commercial, mercenary money-making image of football, it is necessary to make a profit, otherwise the smaller clubs will collapse and the only clubs that will survive are the big ones and it will mean the end of local football. I don't see why private firms should make huge profits in the form of pools promotion, on a result that we make. The Football League should have its own 'pools' and the profits should be shared by all the clubs in the league.

## Do you think that the present trend of violence in football will continue and if so how can it be prevented?

Players are under great pressure to win because of the stakes involved. This often makes them tense and nervous and this frequently is the cause of the violence and 'dirtiness'. Besides this when a player is brought down by a tough tackle he is expected to retaliate in kind, so there is a lot of needling and this is often the cause of fights on the field. If a player is punched he is then expected to return the blow—this is wrong. I tell my players it takes far more self-control and courage to walk away from a fight than it does to participate. In every good player there is an element of ruthless determination which sometimes becomes so intense as to make him look vicious to the spectator.

## THE ROPE LADDER

The small orange and blue customs launch bobbed up and down in the heavy swell of the Mersey alongside the huge 100,000 ton tanker, "Colorado". For a moment I could not see the rope ladder hanging over the ship's side, the next minute it was in front of my eyes. I crouched on the roof of the steering cockpit of the launch as it moved through a distance of ten feet. To board the "Colorado" in this heavy swell meant that I would have to jump from the launch onto the rope ladder, and the distance from the ladder to the launch was never less than five feet and if I jumped too late it could be fifteen feet.

Again the launch rose next to the ladder. Then I jumped. Both my hands gripped the rope, both my feet were on the ladder, but something was wrong. The strange ashen grey colour next to my face was going upwards, but as it was impossible for the hull of the ship to go up I must be going down. I clung to the ladder. It was then that I noticed that the rope was coarse and straggley, and I made a mental note to wear a pair of gloves next time. Almost at that same moment the launch flashed by me. Three of my assistant officers were on deck; they looked cold and stiff, like something out of a mortuary. Above their heads, fluttering in the strong breeze, was the Union Jack and the customs flag. I realized it must be upside down as the crown was in the bottom left hand corner, not the top. Below my feet the Mersey was speeding up towards me. Probably some young crewman has left the rope ladder undone at the top. Suddenly the thought occurred to me that the water would ruin my uniform but maybe I could swim to the launch. I passed a bright blue porthole. A startled face was looking out. I wondered if it was the correct time to smile back, but the face was gone. I fixed my gaze at the river. It wasn't blue, just a murky green and brown. Should be dredged I thought, but despite this insult the river rose to consume another life as it had done so often before. Perhaps I could jump, but I could not move. Perhaps I could have grabbed that porthole; I thought it looked cosy in that room, but it was too late, the Mersey engulfed my feet. Then there was a sudden jerk. The river collapsed below my feet. I was not moving. Again the river rose above my feet. Suddenly I realized that the ladder was my passage to freedom. I climbed up the ladder, past the porthole and collapsed exhausted on the deck of the "Colorado". "What happened?" I gasped.

"About ten feet of the ladder was rolled up at the top, your weight unrolled it," said somebody.

My only reply was, "Tell someone on the launch the flag is upside down."

C. S. HILTON, LVB.

## FREEDOM

Nine months, three weeks, four days, twelve hours and twenty-five minutes ago they brought me into this room, and now they had come in and said I was to be released . . . His actual words were, "Oh, by the way, you are to be released".

My initial feelings were of gratitude. I actually felt grateful to that man who had kept me in here for what seemed like years. I felt elated, on top of the world.

Then a strange feeling hit me. It was a few minutes before I realised that it was fear, fear of what would be waiting for me, outside, in the big world.

I tried to imagine what it would be like, back in the old routine; up at eight, breakfast at half-past and a drive down to the office for nine. A hard day's work with a break in the middle to snatch a cup of tea in one of those plastic cups from the machine, and then sit down at my desk and eat sandwiches and drink whilst at the same time writing up the latest story that has just come in. Then home to the flat at five, sit down to dinner, spend a quiet, cosy evening with a cup of coffee and the television.

Somehow I felt as if I would like to return to this routine, and I found that I was quite looking forward to it.

I began to tidy up all my belongings: A comb, some notes on various things, my clothes, my toothbrush, an old bus ticket and myself. I haven't the faintest idea why I did this, for it could be days or even months before I was released.

Suddenly, while I was lying on my bed, thinking, with what few things I had around me, I was brought back to life by the fumble of a key in the lock. The door opened and he entered, him, the man I was so grateful to. I felt a happy kind of fear and thought maybe . . .

He signalled me to collect all my things and to come with him. I was free!!

He took me into another room, where he gave me a shave, a haircut, and a meal. At last a decent meal, it was luxury. When I had finished, he escorted me, and my belongings, outside.

I was bewildered. I couldn't think. I started to talk to people, different people. We got into a car which was waiting and it started to move off. As we travelled along I looked out of the window, at all the people and places. I felt excited; like a fisherman catching his first fish, it felt good to be alive. I looked up at the sun. It was still there.

We finally stopped outside the British Embassy. There was a crowd outside as I stepped out of the car; the cameras clicked and the people shouted, but I didn't care. I was free again.

I woke up next morning in a comfortable bed. The first thing I noticed was that it was different. Everything was different; there was no crack in the corner, the walls were covered with wallpaper and there was no bare light bulb. Then I started to focus properly again. I remembered I was free.

My first feeling was that of hunger, terrible hunger. Then as I lay there, a man came in with a trolley containing my breakfast. This was soon gone, and I felt the need to talk. So this man sat down while I talked to him. We must, sorry, I must have been talking to him for hours, as while I was talking a man came in and said it was late, and I had to get up.

In fifteen minutes he was back, and he escorted me downstairs. He then showed me into a room, where the British Consul was sitting. He offered me a cigarette, which I took, and asked me to sit down. I told him about what had happened and he asked me to sign a document. I signed this, and he said I was to return home, accompanied by two security guards. With this, he asked me to follow a couple of men, who were standing behind him. We all went out and got into a car which drove us to the airport.

We boarded the plane at twelve noon and we arrived in London at three-thirty precisely. From there I was taken among a crowd of reporters to give my comments. Then I was taken by car, yet again, home.

I opened the door of my flat with a key one of the men gave me. They asked me if there was anything I needed and then left. I put the kettle on and then sat down to think. I was free.

J. TURNER, LVS.

## BEGGARS' ALPHABET

Anode and Cathode were lovers,  
Oh, what a colourful pair!  
Anode was an Orangeman,  
But Cathode she was green.  
He was her man, but they lived in Belfast.  
Before Zebedee, Coily Man, Magic Roundabout  
Came Billy Bean and his Magic Machine.  
Where is he now, this childhood hero?  
He bought a tobacconist's and moved to East Cheam.  
Come away, Come away from Edward Short,  
Come away, come away, he'll grant you naught,  
Cut your hair, cut your hair,  
You long-haired thug.  
Or else we won't teach you.  
Do not collect £200  
without informing the Revenue men,  
Do not pass Go  
until the matchstick man tells you to,  
Go to Jail.  
Do not breathe unclean air.  
Electrician's mate required.  
Some knowledge of electricity essential,  
Shocking personality preferred,  
But will consider those with potential.  
France is a gastronomical country.  
One franc will buy one bowl of frog spawn,  
Five francs will buy five bowls of frog spawn,  
And ten francs will buy ONE Alka-Seltzer.  
Green Shield stamps, if stretched from here to Brighton,  
Would buy a Bingo Hall for two in Spain, olé!  
But if diverted down a London manhole,  
Your books would all be down the drain.  
Hard egg and chips  
Stale bread and butter:  
He spends his day  
    Inside a cage,  
And scarcely cares to mutter.  
Iridescent, infinite, intangible,  
How should I describe you?  
For you are all that I detest,  
And I'm only trying to bribe you.  
Jehovah's Witness, squatting on the doorstep,  
Says the Crunch will come in Seventy Five,  
Jehovah's Witnesses will all be saved  
And no one else left alive.  
Krakatoa, not being the name  
Of a new breakfast cereal,

Nor a housewife's morning exercises,  
 Was an island grown tired of the sea,  
 Blew its top and hit the sky.  
 Liverpool, city of bad dreams,  
 How your ONE-WAY streets confound me.  
 I drove a car down Pier Head,  
 The damn thing nearly drowned me.  
**M**oney is the Root of All Evil,  
 Therefore if All Evil is + Money Squared  
 The square on the Hypotenuse  
 Will equal the sum of the other two bribes.  
**N**oah was a clever bloke,  
 To build a boat that never broke,  
 With all those pigs and cows on board,  
 His life was full of household chores  
 Like cleaning, scraping, milking, mating  
 And then, just waiting.  
**O**ne day Alpha and Omega, childhood friends,  
 Went for a walk, being both at loose ends,  
 Climbed up the Delta, saw Beta the Constable,  
 Then met up with Gamma, in his shiny convertible.  
 But they weren't jealous, for they were reversible  
**P**ressed, Babs and Woodcock  
 Closed down their shop.  
 They didn't want to,  
 But 'twas all they could do.  
 Selling eternal promises and contaminated meat,  
 And Pressed Bab's collection  
 Of deadlock and cold feet.  
**Q**ueues are lines of angry people (grr)  
 Gathered together to groan and grunt.  
 I wish I had a pound (£1) for each minute spent,  
 Studying the ears of the man in front.  
**R**ip Van Winkle, born in a pod,  
 Was a Psychology Professor, considered odd,  
 Who fell asleep for twenty years,  
 To alienate his Middle Class (agh.) Fears.  
**S**isyphus was a silly man.  
 His life was such a muddle.  
 He should have sent the Rock up by rail,  
 And saved himself the rubble.  
**T**urkey for tourists is a terrible place,  
 Toorist speak Inglis, toorist speak French,  
 Old Ataturk's scowling, he's just got the stench  
 Of rats in the toilet, bugs in the bed  
 And cats in the alley that have never been fed.  
**U**nplaced in the G.C.E.'s,  
 I flogged brushes for a while,  
 But got fed up, joined the Army,  
 Ambushed a few friendly natives,  
 Then opened up a Wimpy Bar

On the banks of the Nile.  
**V**oltaire was ashamed of his real name,  
 Which was Eriatlov;  
 Also he had a very long nose  
 And he didn't like his father  
 So he turned it round.  
**W**hen I was young I wanted to be  
 An engine driver, a pilot or an explorer.  
 When my son grows up he wants to be  
 A night-club owner, a pool hall operator  
 Or a drug addict. What's wrong with  
 American society?

Yours sincerely,

A. Capone.

**X**mas is the word for Christmas,  
 Used by Americans and advertising men who have run out  
 of space.  
**Y**iddish — what a strange, beautiful language.  
 I found this poem written on our local Sinnergog wall:-

YYUR, YYUB,

ICUR YY4ME.

Don't you know?  
 That's the Sound of the men working on the  
 Drain Gang,  
 All day long they work so hard,  
 Fifteen men to lay five yards.  
 Don't you know? you can hear them going

S. R. H. MILLARD, U6 Mod. Schol.

## ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY

It was my 18th day at sea and I sincerely hoped, all being well, that it was to be my last on this particular voyage.

Since I rounded the bottom of the Australian continent and heading in a northerly direction the following north-westerly winds had dropped and slowed my rate of progress. My best chance of an early arrival lay in the effects of the south-east trade winds but for a few hours the winds were light and variable and my hopes appeared to have been dashed. Just as I had started to reconcile myself to another night at sea the wind increased and backed to south, which was precisely what I had been praying for. Contacting Sydney by radio, I advised them that I could arrive during daylight or early evening if the favourable weather conditions prevailed. The wind grew stronger and by late afternoon I was only a few miles from my destination. I was now hugging the coastline of New South Wales, drinking in the beauty of the bush foliage and endless coves. Gradually Sydney Harbour began to present itself to my eager vision and the moment which I had so long awaited was imminent. I could scarcely believe that the long months of privation were at an end and the feat that I had striven so hard to achieve was about to be accomplished.

As the 300 feet high sand-stone cliffs known as "The Heads" came into view a small armada of sailing craft and light motor vessels approached me unfolding a spontaneous scene of great welcome before my eyes.

Sydney Harbour Bridge came into sight and reminded me of a giant coat-hanger with its 1,650 feet central span. The bridge, the towering blocks of flats, private homes, public buildings and in fact the whole of Sydney was festooned in red, white and blue bunting with union jacks visible everywhere in a blood-stirring spectacle of patriotism, hospitality and welcome.

As I drew closer to my point of disembarkation, daylight began to fade rapidly, so that by the time I had weighed anchor, the platform on which the welcoming committee stood had been illuminated. The darkness seemed to be viewed as a challenge by the jubilant Australians, and, as lights winked on in homes and buildings around the hilly shores, so searchlights began to play around the harbour, gradually focusing on the scene of which I was now the central figure. At the same time, hundreds and hundreds of fireworks were let off in magnificent array and amidst this colourful display I finally stepped ashore for the first time in six months.

C. W. R. BIBBY, 3X.

## EAGLE KING

Eagle, giant on the wing,  
Flying with the mountain breeze  
Or swooping down against it;  
Swooping, soaring, free and living,  
You rule the mountains that are your home,  
These mountains, which raised and fed you:  
Magnificent cliffs which saw your birth  
Are guarded, protected by you.  
With a glitter of gold and talons sharp  
Your day's first hunger is over  
A solitary vigil now you keep  
As the lake ripples gently below you.  
And then you are off, once more to flash  
Under your rugged mountains  
To swoop and soar, to glide and dive  
In freedom, my gilded eagle.

M. PRICE, 3S.

## BLAST!

My fifty-eighth bomb. Luck had been kind to me. Another forty-two and I would be free. Let me explain. I am a concentration camp prisoner because I deserted. About a year ago the camp Kommandant had faced all the male inhabitants with a proposition: Disarm a hundred bombs and you will be pardoned. We were given all the dangerous bombs, new unknown ones, or just bombs in dangerous positions.

My guard pushed me down towards the bomb; he stayed a safe distance away in case the bomb went off. I was on my own now; just a giant, black slug and I.

I approached the slug, carefully noting that it was a hair-line precision bomb, leaning against a crumbling wall in a precarious position. Any slight movement could set it ticking.

I removed the cap and began to take out the detonator. Next I removed the green wire. I was now completely engrossed in my work. I hunched over the bomb, my back shaped like a mountain slope with mountain torrents streaming down it to a small lake at the bottom. Then I removed the yellow wire, one more to go and I could remove the small pack of explosives which detonated the T.N.T.

My hands were shaking like leaves in the breeze. I took a deep breath and then placed my hand inside the cavity and grabbed the red wire. I was easing it out gently, when suddenly, the wall that the bomb was propped up against collapsed slightly causing the bomb to move. Almost immediately an ominous 'tick-tock' broke the silence.

For a moment I panicked. What should I do? I was petrified like a stone statue. Should I try to disarm it before it exploded? It could go off at any moment. My sweat was almost choking me. I looked at the body of a young woman, barely ten yards from me. Her face had been squashed to an unrecognisable pulp when the house collapsed. Green slime oozed out of her nose. God! I did not want to end up like that. I grimly thought that if this deadly slug did explode there would be no body to find, just a slimy ooze spread over a large area.

If I ran away all the bombs I had disarmed before would no longer count, according to the Kommandant. All those times I had faced death disarming bombs would have been wasted. Anyway the bomb might have an hour fuse, plenty of time to finish the job before it blew up. I mopped my forehead so that I could see through the sweat.

The guard had not realized anything had gone wrong and smiled down at me. I moved towards the bomb. It stopped ticking. This was it, in a second it would go off. I crouched back in terror. Then all hell broke loose. A bomb can explode in many ways. This one exploded upwards from the middle of the bomb in a V-shape. The guard was killed by the blast, I was left unharmed except for a slight concussion. The V-blast had left me at the side, knocking me back ten feet. Yes, luck had been kind to me.

C. WORSLEY, LVB.

### POEM

Top of the Pops is dead!  
No more will I see erotic legs  
Or poke idle fun at society's dregs.  
No more the Thursday work-load dash  
To turn on again, strident and brash;  
And learn to improvise the latest pose  
Or catch-chord, or . . . well, Mel Cornish knows.  
We've been John Lennon-ed, Krishna Menoned,  
Frank Zappa-ed, Mama-ed, Papa-ed  
Geoffrey Cannon's blown us all to bits!  
Top of the Pops is dead! . . .  
and alive and well, and living on Radio One.

J. P. A. Baird

### POET, MUSICIAN OR NOVELIST?

"Dylan is more of the earth than of the mind, the content of his music is nevertheless subtle and almost crafty," said Geoffrey Cannon of the "Guardian", after Bob Dylan, alias Bobbie Zimmerman made his legendary return to the Isle of Wight after a three-year silence. On that day one quarter of a million people made the pilgrimage to this remote island for a glimpse of the living myth or the 'enigma' as his disciples hailed him, people who had earlier in his career called him a prophet and the poet of the century. One is very wary of calling these people fans. "Fans" said Johnny Cash, "are what pop stars have" and Dylan is to be differentiated from pop stars and folk singers. Dylan sings Dylan songs, writes Dylan poetry and it is a complete culture of its own: his contact with Alfred Lord Tennyson is no more distant than his connection with pop music and this point must be realized before people pass judgement on him.

He was born Robert Zimmerman in Duluth, Minnesota, 1941, but he later changed his surname to Dylan because of his great admiration for Dylan Thomas. Having left home several times in his youth he eventually graduated to the University of Minnesota where he spent a restless six months — but like many young rebelling Americans of his day he was greatly troubled by the world around him and eventually dropped out.

Dylan will have a lasting effect on posterity without doubt; songs he wrote nearly ten years ago have already become classics in their own right, songs like "Blowin' in the Wind" which has virtually become the folk scene's national anthem. Dylan's work is so vast and protean, so deep and complex yet so complete and unpredictable that it has all the qualities that will cause it to be remembered by generations to come.

His voice was the voice of the sixties, which was more realistic and descriptive than any history book. He sang his protest songs and became the figurehead of the American anti-war movement, a movement which was perhaps one of the most potent political weapons of our time. His voice was harsh, it was sad, it was the resenting voice of American Youth — he wrote in his "Song to Woody" (Woody Guthrie who was his first inspiration): "I'm seeing your world of princes and things, it's sick and it's hungered, it's tired and it's torn, it looks like it's a dyin" and it's hardly been born." His tunes were melodious but he treated the melody with all the roughness and vigour of a troubled youth, he was not at that stage suitably content to perform his songs with melodious perfection as becomes the matured man.



His first phase as I've said was probably his protesting era, a time when his raucous and inarticulate tones were to be born and accepted. After an early obsession with death this era heralded songs like "A hard rain is going to fall" which was written at the time of the Cuba missile crisis of 1962, a song which epitomised Dylan's and our fears of the outcome. Perhaps his most vicious song ever written was produced in these times, a song called "Masters of War" which attacked the capitalists who exploited war for financial gain: in true Dylan style this song is given an intensely personal delivery — typical songs of this calibre were "With God on our Side", "Talking World War Three Blues" and "Bob Dylan's Dream".

Race and the colour problem was the subject of a series of songs with titles like "Chimes of Freedom" and "A pawn in their Game". He exploited the sins of the nobility and the upper class who mis-used their influence, he condemned authority and bureaucracy that had left a trail of distress not only in the States but world-wide. He wrote of his own personal experiences both of love and the world around him. He searched and looked and reflected upon what he saw and heard with the subsequent result that he was poignant and mocking, angry and exultant, reflective and whoopingly joyful. Hence we traced in his songs (novels and poems as well) the character of the man.

Unlike a lot of people of his time Dylan was not confined to a single pattern of delivery. He told parables or narratives, he painted images and revealed his own experiences as a base for his creativeness.

As time went on his style changed, his voice altered and over a passage of nearly ten years we delved into the incredible dimensions of Dylan. We discovered Dylan's early thoughts of drug taking in the melodious and tuneful days of "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Just like Tom Thumb's Blues", we literally burst upon his social comments such as "It's all right Ma, I'm only bleeding", "Subterranean Homesick Blues" and "The Gates of Eden". Around 1966 near the time of his tragic motor cycle accident he dropped his acoustic guitar and harmonica routine and went over to using an electric guitar with a group called the Band. As a result he lost many of his admirers but as he conquered yet another field they all came rolling back to accept yet another dimension. Around this time his work became littered with his own personal love sagas, his moods were more pensive and sensitive yet he still had the majestic art of revealing everything except the end. "Just like a woman" and "Sooner or later one of us must know" are immediately brought to mind. Yet again Dylan had won but throughout the passage of time had proved that he was no "stereotype". He moved quickly, not caring about anyone's reactions, writing only of what he felt.

There was a long silence when the "man that no-one could get close to" slipped away to his country mansion in Dakota and became something of a recluse. But in 1968 he returned in all his former glory producing a strangely different album called "John Wesley Harding" bent on ancient philosophy and distant images and he conquered. Now he returned to Britain and the crowds flocked to see the transient Dylan. He had changed again, his voice sweet and contented and self-confident and so the passage of nearly ten years has yielded nine albums and a score of vastly differing phases and perhaps he is now in his final phase.

Much of Dylan's literary success as a novelist and both as a poet and composer must largely have been due to his wonderful command of the English language. His lyrics are notorious, their uniqueness and potency is world-wide knowledge. His early descriptions were similar to Dylan Thomas, strange yet remarkably accurate. Thomas said of Mothers that they were "dressed in black like wobbling mountains". This is to be compared with Dylan's "crying like a fire in the sun"; both are strange but remarkably accurate descriptions. Yet his style never remained the same; he spoke directly but it was so camouflaged as not to appear so. For example Dylan's way of saying small men have feelings is portrayed by "In ceremonies of the horsemen even the pawn must hold a grudge."

Dylan's all-time classic "Desolation Row" leaves definite traces of Steinbeck's "Cannery Row". It lasts eleven minutes and tells of the type of person that dwells in a fictitious ruin called Desolation Row. In it are such characters as Romeo, T. S. Elliot, Ezra Pound, Robin Hood and Cinderella — the song appears to be littered with imagery but complete understanding and analysis can never be known and this is part of its attraction — there is always something else to be revealed on each listening. What Dylan means by the song is unknown. It may just have been a collection of meaningless thoughts, yet so descriptive and beautifully arranged that it has appealing depth.

At times Dylan's words are intentionally meaningless, but here the potency of the song lies in the tune, the sheer alliteration and sound of the lyrics, such as "All except for Cain and Abel and the hunchback of Notre Dame everybody is making love or expecting rain."

Like a great poet, his style is in a class of its own, even in his lyrics. Consider:—

"For between sundown's finished and midnight's broken toll, we ducked inside a doorway as thunder went crashing. As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds, seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing." In the last sentence of this particular quotation Dylan's art of alliteration is obviously shown and this has just as much effect as the rare combination of lyrics.

Dylan has left a trail of unique similes and metaphors such as "I'm helpless like a rich man's child" and string of profound statements such as "money doesn't talk it swears"; his style will never be forgotten and the works of this man will have an effect on posterity.

Dylan's songs have lain in our minds for years now. And his relationship with society's view of itself has become more and more complex and charged with meaning. There are certain events which cannot be dissociated from Dylan's own references to them. Television specials of race, Vietnam, bureaucratic violence, etc., don't need Dylan's songs as sound tracks: he's already made the point. And his overt indifference to public affairs these last three years, to me, is because he knows he has made these points, which have made contact with everyone's perception of the disasters of peace as well as he ever will be able.

The analogy between a Dylan interview and the oracular remarks of a religious prophet is close: not because Dylan is any kind of religious leader in the obvious sense, but because, like a prophet his words are searched so keenly, by so many people, that jokes and silence and games become the only way to escape interpretation. He can only be himself by being personal.

At the Isle of Wight Dylan was touching on a body of work — his own — so complex and so dense and so well-known that his easy style seemed that of a consummate scholar. One thinks what scholar? What text? The Talmud. And Dylan's style is now Hasidic. Joyful, earthy: its value absolutely depending on constant recreation of itself (unlike Christian scholarship, which is by comparison inflexible and cerebral).

And Dylan himself looked and acted like a Hasidic scholar, too. He bobbed and weaved and swayed, smiling, in possession of an incalculable amount of potent knowledge, which was believed. He was happy and full of life. Bob Dylan has gone a full circle. Now he's wise; and he's also Bob Zimmerman. He has come to his people. And we are his people.

I. McALISTER, U6 Sc. Schol.

## BIOLOGY

Man is part of a web of life in the weaving of which he plays an increasingly important part. The success of his weaving depends largely upon his understanding and utilizing the basic principles of life, in short, upon the understanding of biology.

Biology today is an infinitely more complex discipline than say, 25 years ago, in fact the vast expansion in all fields of biology has raised such complex questions as to the very nature of life that techniques have not been evolved to answer them as yet. Biology used to be regarded as a simple cataloguing and identification of all species of plants and animals and no real thought was given to the more subtle points such as how plants actually grow. This cataloguing has its place in modern biology too, but the predominant aim now is a comprehension of the intricacies of life itself at the molecular level.

Much work has been done in order to achieve this final aim, the comprehension of life as a whole, but it will be a very long time before the ambition is realised. Meanwhile, work will go on in every field. Cytology, Biochemistry, Botany, Bio-energetics, Genetics and Immunology, are a few of the diversified sub-disciplines included under the title of Biology and it will be seen by the reader that a small article such as this purporting to represent the state of biology at the present time cannot hope to achieve much. The sub-disciplines of biology are so diversified and numerous that nobody could hope to cover them in so short a space, still this should speak for itself. The huge scope of biology makes it interesting and rewarding to devote one's time to its study. In the end mankind will benefit from any study of his environment, internal and external, and its populace, and it is this study, biology, which is becoming increasingly important. Today a good career is within the reach of any competent biologist. Most schools have good facilities and universities are unbelievably well-equipped for research work of many types. A future is assured, true expansion is not as great now as it was, but people who are good biologists are always needed in one field or another. People are needed to develop drugs, more effective contraception, more efficient farming, fish farms, and generally more efficient usage of life on this planet. Biology and its sub-disciplines, if they are studied will enable man one day to control his life to a level that is beyond our wildest dreams at the moment. Artificial organisms could be produced 'test-tube' babies could become realities, in fact, anything could happen, and one day due to biologists ( and chemists and physicists ) it will!

A. T. COULTER, U6W.

### SEA REVERIES

The rocks remain steadfast;  
Bombarded by a million gems.  
A slowly rolling tide  
Creeps mockingly along the sand.  
An overwhelming air of freshness prevails.  
This—the picture of this place,  
Where the sky meets the sea meets the land;  
Clearing the mind and thoughts.  
I could sink into the depths  
And stay at rest.  
At peace.  
Buried with a thousand mysteries of the past . . .  
I wait; the seas roll.

S. M. MANNING, LVB.

### I WANT TO PAINT

I want to paint, in glorious technicolor:-  
The earth colliding with the moon,  
The day the aliens land  
“Good Morning” in letters ten miles high,  
The Earth being split by a billion megaton bomb,  
The mother of Christ’s mother’s son,  
A large monster, perhaps twelve miles high  
With an on/off switch too small for the eye,  
A wondrous city, made from coloured glass,  
A union jack flying at half mast,  
An ant eating an elephant with man licking the crumbs,  
And a tiny city chock full of bums.  
A hospital fifty miles high  
For any creature that can die,  
A beautiful sunset, as yet not seen  
As the earth slowly sinks into the sun,  
I want to paint, trees bending in the wind  
Moving, yet absolutely still,  
The universe, on a four-dimensional canvas  
The birth of a star, the death of a galaxy,  
The creation of the Universe, and the end.  
I would like to be there,  
To paint the start and the finish  
Or the finish and the start.  
I would like to paint; a song  
An orchestral score in music  
The vibrations in the air,  
Green clouds in the sky,  
Ready-cooked fish in the sea,  
A beautiful Earth covered  
With green and blue and white  
Worlds connected by galactic subways  
A galaxy of quiet and order  
A universe of peace.

R. S. BOWLER, UVB.

### SIMPSON

Simpson is my name Sir,  
I’m an educated tabby.  
I’ve lived in Oxford all my life  
In fact it’s there I met my wife,  
The daughter of a cabby.  
We always stroll together,  
Are known in all the clubs,  
We never stay out very late,  
For that is something that we hate  
And never enter Pubs.  
But now we have a family,  
Of kittens good and true.  
Born in our favourite college,  
A seat of learned knowledge  
Of subjects old and new.  
So should you come to Oxford,  
Please spend a day or two,  
We’d love to have you staying,  
That goes without our saying,  
There’s lots of room for you.

G. KAY, 2M.

### FISH-WHISKERS THE POST-CAT

Fish-Whiskers is a post-man cat,  
He works for the G.P.O.  
He wears a proper postman’s hat,  
And his number’s three, five, O.  
He has a little post-cat’s bag,  
In which he carries mail,  
And he delivers letters,  
Through rain, snow, sleet, and hail.  
He knocks on the door with a rat-a-tat-tat,  
And then hands in Her Majesty’s Mail,  
And the people say, What! a post-man cat,  
And he gives them a wave with his long brown tail.  
And sometimes when it’s Christmas time,  
He gets a present of fish,  
And this, says post-cat Whiskers,  
Is the best a cat can wish.

P. BOND, 2M.

### FELIX THE WINDOW CAT

Cloth in paw and singing gaily  
Felix cleaned the windows daily.  
He wiped and polished with all his might  
From dusk to dawn, from morn till night.  
Sixpence a window, seven bob a house  
And if he was lucky he caught a mouse.  
An occasional scrap with the dog next door  
And up the ladder to clean some more.  
The next house had some pet white mice.  
Which Felix thought would taste quite nice;  
He tried to reach through a crack in the door  
But only succeeded in trapping his paw.  
He limped with his bucket to the end of the row,  
Pulling his ladder which made him slow.  
Then he cleaned the last window pane,  
And curled up to sleep in the nearest drain.

A. KENNEDY, 2M.

### THE MATHEMATICAL CAT

Calculus the cat doesn't count on his claws,  
He can add and subtract without any pause,  
In his youth he avowed he abhorred acrobatics  
He sat on a mat and worked out mathematics.  
The rats and the mice caused quite a commotion  
While he purred as he pondered perpetual motion,  
And now in his old age he lies in his bed  
And does long division sums (just in his head).  
With decimal, binary, fractions, equations,  
(He keeps a computer to count his relations!)  
Though his eyes have grown dim his mind is clear  
As the end of his present life draws very near.  
His friends foretell that this famous feline,  
Will succeed in exceeding the usual nine.

I. WRIGHT, 2M.

### THE UNWELCOME VISITOR

When I entered my room, late one night,  
I had a feeling that something was wrong,  
I switched on the light,  
A pair of eyes were staring at me,  
A Visitor!  
An unwelcomed visitor!  
Large headed, small faced and hooked beak.  
An Owl!  
A large Owl!  
Staring at me with large round eyes,  
Eyes that seemed to say, "Beware of me."  
I opened my window to let it fly out,  
But the owl just sat,  
It seemed to want to stay,  
No! Not in my room!  
Then all of a sudden my visitor moved,  
In a most terrifying way.  
It swooped and it dived down at me.  
I must be brave!  
And in my panic I made for the door,  
But the owl in its fury attacked me again,  
Preventing me from leaving the room,  
Again and again the owl dived at me,  
For protection I covered my face,  
A weapon!  
I must find a weapon!  
I grabbed the poker from the hearth,  
And beat off the owl viciously,,  
I struck and I struck,  
Until the owl had had enough,  
And it flew away out of the window.  
When I entered my room, late one night,  
Yet again!  
I had a feeling that something was wrong,  
I switched on the light,  
And lo and behold,  
Another owl . . .

A. DAGLISH, 2M.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE

By chance,  
I see a light,  
Far out at sea,  
Twinkling on and off,  
And with it being late at night  
On an island off the coast of France,  
No solution can I see.  
And then — it dawns on me,  
On the west side of the island,  
There's only half a mile of water.  
After that there's the rugged coast,  
Where the sea is deep, and at its most  
Stormy.  
And many a man can tell a story,  
Of people found dead on the rocks,  
Which surround — a lighthouse.  
An old gaunt lighthouse.  
Which dwarfs the chimneys of the docks,  
And overhangs the hills around,  
And seems to frown  
At the people on the ground,  
Who gossip in the town.  
It is said to be,  
A haunt of smugglers, pirates, and the like.  
But it seems to me,  
That people never bother  
To attempt the hike  
To reach the old lighthouse.  
At last, the light comes to a stop,  
At what I suppose to be the top.  
For the light had been ascending  
Up what I presume to be the spiral steps  
Of the lighthouse.  
Suddenly —  
As I expected,  
A beam flashes out,  
With a widening ray,  
And cuts a path through  
The large expanse of black,  
And bathes the ground,  
And shadows the bay,  
Like an unsuspected  
Bolt from the sun,  
Like the spark from a gun.

Immediately,  
The light dies away without a word,  
And the world is left in the dark,  
As if nothing had occurred.  
The echoing sound of a dog's bark  
Breaks the silent atmosphere;  
Like a scream of fear.  
The light is now descending.  
Until,  
It disappears from sight.  
Leaving me alone to face the night  
Except —  
Perhaps.  
The lighthouse, dark and gaunt,  
Which.  
In a bygone age,  
Was a smugglers' haunt.

PETER CUNLIFFE, 2S.

## GEOGRAPHY

Today we have Geography. Yesterday  
We had mathematics. And tomorrow morning,  
We shall have biology and physics. But today,  
Today we shall have geography. The football match  
Plays on outside; we should be able to win this one.  
And today we have geography.  
This is the Northern Hemisphere. And these  
Are the British Isles, which lie near to France  
On the continental shelf. And this country is Germany  
Striving hard for greater things. They still play  
And as half-time draws near, we are one up from a header.  
Striving hard for greater things.  
This is known as the old world: and this is  
called the new world  
Which is North and South America.  
This is Australia which is one hundred and seventy degrees  
east,  
Which is measured from Greenwich, London; and the ball is  
in the net.  
The opponents have equalized and they are equal as the  
whistle goes.  
For today we have Geography.

W. FAIRCLOUGH, 3B.

### FRENCH IN ROOM ONE

Today we have French in room one. Yesterday  
We had French grammar. And tomorrow morning,  
We shall have what to do after verbs. But today,  
Today we have French in room one. The snow  
Sparkles like stars on all of the opposite hills,  
And today we have French in room one.  
This is the record position. And this  
Is the playback position, whose use you will soon see,  
When the current is on. And this is the calling button,  
Which in your case is not there. The branches  
hold the snow, like mist on top of a mountain,  
Which in our case is not there.  
This is the record light, which always goes on  
When the record button is moved. And please do not let me  
See anyone pulling this off. You do not need to  
If you have control in your finger. The leaves  
are frozen and brittle, never letting anyone see  
Any of them using their finger.  
And now everything is done. The current  
Is switched on. Now begin to record. The lesson  
Today is about manners at the table. At breakfast  
At lunch, tea and at supper. The twigs  
Are cold and stiff like icicles from the roof  
At lunch, tea and supper.

S. F. THAIKER, 3B.

### MISS THOMPSON IN CARNABY STREET

Miss Thompson went in a boutique.  
The new one opened just last week.  
She hadn't been in it before,  
And hardly had she closed the door  
When Joy! Oh Joy! What Vanity!  
A purple nightshirt! With one, two, three  
Yes, three brass buttons down one side.  
Miss Thompson, quite enraptured, sighed.  
'Twas three pounds ten and her small pension  
Could never cope; and not to mention  
A dozen eggs, a pint of milk,  
A yard or two of softest silk  
To make a shawl. All these to buy!  
Miss Thompson, trying not to cry.  
Turned through the door and disappeared,  
But in that window still she peered.  
And ever after, she'd confess,  
She longed to own that lovely dress.

J. SYKES, LVX.

### HILLSIDE, SOUTHPORT

God! I will pack and take a train  
And go to Lancashire again!  
For Southport's the one place I know  
Where men with ageing hearts may go  
And of Southport, Hillside fair  
A place for men to take the air  
And of that district my abode  
Would be the handsome Hastings Road  
For Birkdale people are rather sly  
And sell a very small meat pie  
And Churchtown men are very clannish  
Their women large and rather mannish  
At Crossens dogs continually bark  
Worse than in Victoria Park  
Strong men have blanched and taken a guide  
In order to get into Marshside  
And the railway men at Ainsdale  
Are always rubbing the Royal Mail  
While in the famous Lord Street  
People never make ends meet  
On Waterloo Road there's many a battle  
While on Trafalgar machine guns rattle  
But Hillside! Ah Hillside  
There's a place where a man can hide  
A clubhouse when the weather's bad  
Where drinks and food can still be had  
Great dunes among the well kept course  
Where a man will never feel remorse.

R. S. BOWLER, UVB.

### REMEMBRANCE

I remember. It was an afternoon, one of many, normal,  
ordinary. My company were in pitched battle in the fields. A  
vast, open space. We lay unsafe with the enemy in the hills  
beyond. They had been firing at us all day and the field lay  
in desolation with hardly any of the natural, fresh, grass left,  
as if disembowelled by some monstrous claw. There were  
shell holes everywhere and by the afternoon, when reinforce-  
ments had been sent to the enemy, our company was com-  
pletely immobile; left, to wait; with power but without the  
chance of using it.



Such moments are testing for a man; such moments when he has only the earth and the sky for company — moments when he waits to stand up, throw down his gun, run, shout and set himself free of a seemingly immovable burden. War is not recognised in war but when a man is forced to stare at the ground, shells exploding and comrades being killed hour after hour while he is incapable of giving help, his nerves and mind are stretched to the limit of endurance and he can, quite easily, turn insane. Such were my thoughts on this day when I myself could have gone insane were it not for the Corporal.

I had only met the Corporal in the morning when we started talking. We talked about what men in our situation would be expected to talk about; our lives, our homes, our families and by the afternoon, I felt I had known the man for years.

Then at five minutes past five on that July afternoon, the Corporal was killed by a hand-grenade which was thrown into 'our' hole.

During the conversation our minds had wandered; we laughed, thought and joked and the enemy advanced. I had told a joke and he had fallen back in acute laughter; I too laughed, but I saw the grenade.

Tears of laughter were in my eyes when a funny green object moved over my head, it landed near the top of the crater and rolled to within a few feet of the Corporal who continued to laugh unsuspectingly. I had stopped laughing and could only stare. My obvious impulse was to call out but although the thought was there, for some unknown reason, my body would not respond. I just stared and stood as though I had grown roots. All around me was white, blue, black, red and hazy in turn. Nothing was real except the presence of the green hand-grenade. Why wouldn't it go off? — Why? — come on, it had to — blow, you swine, blow. A slim streak of laughter trickled through to my ears and in a flash, I remembered the Corporal and wished for an end to everything. The tears of laughter had seeped away and all I knew were tears of sheer terror, something I had never known before. I couldn't shout. I lifted my head to the sky and with outstretched arms uttered a slow, gruesome groan which was muffled by the noise in the field beyond.

In another unconscious instant my body flung itself towards the far side of the crater as if obeying the command of the previous . . . second? minute? hour? It was a nightmarish lifetime. I hit the side with a thud and clenched some soil, tight, like a rosary, until it crumbled in my hand under force and sweat. I tasted the grit of the earth and it did not matter. I had not thought about the laughter until it stopped. The apparent silence was sickening to me but was soon broken by a horror-stricken, penetrating yet undistinguishable cry . . . the bomb.

My mind returned to the cause as an overwhelmingly frightening explosion rocked the crater. My body was pressed against the side as if under an immense weight. My ribs were sore — my ribs. I thought of myself and once more time was relevant.

It was some time before I could turn round and then it was with great pain — I could not feel my right side. Surprisingly, I immediately looked for the grenade. It was not there — in its place, another hole. I looked for the Corporal. As I was expecting a body, I could not move with fear and I stuffed my hand in my mouth when I discovered his remains. The uniformed carcass lay sprawled on its back — burnt and unrecognisable. I felt sick and turned away; I had to get away. As I was doing so, my eyes fell upon what appeared to be a small, white ball. The corporal's white, deformed head lay a few feet from the body, staring at the ground with his Final Facial expression of terror — of death. . .

I walked away on that same, normal day; after all, I had only known him for one day.

I remember.

S. M. MANNING, LVB.

## OLD BOYS' NEWS

- M. R. ALEXANDER (R.1960-66) gained a first class Honours degree in Science at Manchester University this year and is now continuing his studies for an advanced degree.
- G. BARNES (1929-36), a former Chairman of the Old Boys' Association, has been appointed manager of the Birkdale and Hillside branches of Martins Bank Ltd. He has also been appointed President of the Southport Lions Club for the coming year.
- D. M. BARTON (Ev.1950-57) has taken up an appointment as Assistant Production Manager with Chance Bros. in Birmingham.
- H. F. BRISCOE (S. 1932-37), who is now Senior Lecturer in Education, has been awarded his Master of Education degree.
- A. K. CANTER (Ev.1957-63) obtained his M.B. and B.Chir. degrees at Cambridge and Kings College Hospital, London.
- J. H. CARR (Ed.1958-65) has gained his B.Sc. in Pharmacy at Liverpool Regional College of Technology, and now has a post at Boots Ltd., doing his practical training for M.P.S.
- P. HOLLGATE (R.1959-66), who is sitting for the Graduate Diploma at the London College of Music, has been appointed head student for the forthcoming year.
- L. ILLINGWORTH (W.1948-55) has been elected President of Heidelex Corporation, a new company formed in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, U.S.A. This company manufactures automatic systems for testing memories in computers.
- W. E. MARSDEN (M.1943-50) has been appointed Lecturer in Education at Sheffield from January, 1970.
- B. R. SAMUELS (M.1959-66), who gained a first class Honours degree in Law at Manchester University this year, has now taken up a Dauntsey Senior Legal Scholarship to research for the Ph.D. degree.
- N. WOLSTENHOLME (R.1946-53) has, for the past five years, had a post as flight test engineer with the Lockheed aircraft company at Georgia, U.S.A.

We regret to record the death of Mr. H. D. Williams, Art master at the school from 1945 to 1948.

## KING GEORGE V SCHOOL SPORTS FUND ACCOUNT 1969

|                                       | £   | s. | d. |                                                                      | £   | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------|-----|----|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Subscriptions, Autumn Term 1968 ..... | 226 | 14 | 0  | Teams' bus and train fares, Sept. '68 to July '69                    | 325 | 13 | 9  |
| Subscriptions, Lent Term 1969 .....   | 212 | 17 | 0  | £473 4s. 9d., less £147 11s. 0d. contributions from members of teams | 118 | 12 | 5  |
| Subscriptions, Summer Term 1969 ..... | 207 | 10 | 9  | Teas and lunches for teams and visitors                              | 9   | 2  | 4  |
| Sale of Colours Ties and Badges ..... | 14  | 19 | 0  | Subscriptions .....                                                  | 2   | 11 | 0  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Insurance—cups, etc. ....                                            | 12  | 0  | 0  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Giddens—photo repairs and framing .....                              | 9   | 15 | 0  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Repairs to stop watches .....                                        | 5   | 0  | 0  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Donation to Olympic Games Fund .....                                 | 2   | 13 | 4  |
|                                       |     |    |    | R.L.S.S. Handbooks .....                                             | 85  | 19 | 3  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Purchase of sports equipment—                                        | 15  | 2  | 4  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Smethurst Sharp .....                                                | 10  | 10 | 0  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Golf Tuition—McLachlen .....                                         | 3   | 3  | 0  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Anderson .....                                                       | 7   | 10 | 0  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Cricket—Hire of Indoor Net .....                                     | 54  | 8  | 4  |
|                                       |     |    |    | Balance .....                                                        |     |    |    |

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### MAGAZINE ACCOUNT 1969

|                             | £           | s. | d. |                                       | £           | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------|-------------|----|----|---------------------------------------|-------------|----|----|
| Watkinson & Bond, Printers: |             |    |    | Subscriptions, Autumn Term 1968 ..... | 54          | 10 | 6  |
| Autumn Term, 1968 .....     | 141         | 3  | 0  | Subscriptions, Lent Term 1969 .....   | 53          | 11 | 0  |
| Lent Term, 1969 .....       | 129         | 8  | 0  | Subscriptions, Summer Term 1969 ..... | 52          | 3  | 0  |
| Summer Term, 1969 .....     | 109         | 19 | 10 | Revenue for Adverts:                  |             |    |    |
|                             |             |    |    | Autumn Term, 1968 .....               | 70          | 10 | 0  |
|                             |             |    |    | Lent Term, 1969 .....                 | 67          | 0  | 0  |
|                             |             |    |    | Summer Term, 1969 .....               | 67          | 0  | 0  |
|                             |             |    |    | Sale of Magazines .....               | 9           | 0  | 0  |
|                             |             |    |    | Required to balance .....             | 6           | 16 | 4  |
|                             | <hr/> <hr/> |    |    |                                       | <hr/> <hr/> |    |    |
|                             | £380 10 10  |    |    |                                       | £380 10 10  |    |    |

### GENERAL ACCOUNT 1969

|                                            | £           | s. | d. |                                       | £           | s. | d. |
|--------------------------------------------|-------------|----|----|---------------------------------------|-------------|----|----|
| Prizes for various Clubs and Societies ... | 10          | 12 | 6  | Subscriptions, Autumn Term 1968 ..... | 19          | 12 | 0  |
| Insurance .....                            | 1           | 12 | 9  | Subscriptions, Lent Term 1969 .....   | 19          | 6  | 0  |
| Teas for Clubs, Societies and Parents'     |             |    |    | Subscriptions, Summer Term 1969 ..... | 18          | 14 | 0  |
| Evengs .....                               | 37          | 19 | 9  |                                       |             |    |    |
| Balance .....                              | 7           | 7  | 0  |                                       |             |    |    |
|                                            | <hr/> <hr/> |    |    |                                       | <hr/> <hr/> |    |    |
|                                            | £57 12 0    |    |    |                                       | £57 12 0    |    |    |



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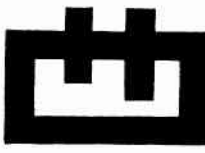
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