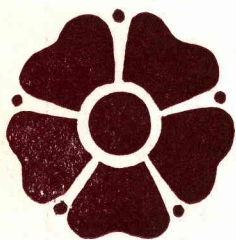


# THE RED ROSE

THE MAGAZINE OF  
KING GEORGE V SCHOOL



KGV

Vol. XLIII

No. 2

MARCH 1964

# Red Rose Officials

**Editor:** Mr. B. A. J. Norman

**Assistant Editor:** W. G. Day

**Advertisement Manager:** D. Ellis

## **Committee:**

Mr. M. A. Thurlow, T. S. Goldsmith, S. B. Fletcher,  
J. B. Emslie, C. Stubington

**This Edition, which is of necessity smaller than the other two editions, has in the past lacked an identity of its own. In an attempt to give it this identity, almost all the magazine is given over to original contributions.**

**As a result of a far from unanimous decision, the committee have decided to award the prizes in the Short Story Competition to A. M. Winters and R. B. Jackson. We print these stories and a selection from the others submitted.**

**We print these stories and a selection from the others submitted.**

*The committee would like to thank those members of LVB, 4B and 3X who helped with the production of this magazine.*

## Comment

The readers of this magazine may be divided into two categories: those who read the editorial and those who do not. Those who do will now probably be searching elsewhere for the conventional heading. Those who do not will now cease, righteously indignant that they have been duped into reading this article.

As a result the writer of this "Comment" has now become his own audience and can address himself until the editorial chasers catch up.

Why is it socially unacceptable to talk to oneself? Talking to oneself is, surely, an ideal state of affairs and one which should be encouraged. One is, after all, the only person who can immediately comprehend one's jokes; the only person who can read the same books and see ALL the subtle allusions. One has no longer to repeat a joke with the sarcastic promise of a hearing aid for Christmas; one can quote "Winnie the Pooh"

as a book with social implications without being regarded with a puzzled look, a pseudo-intellectual condescending smile and a derogatory remark or the cries of "Isn't that a children's book?"

With so many Johns, Peters and Davids around it is refreshing to meet someone who knows straightaway which one it is to whom one is referring. It is socially acceptable to read diaries of dead people such as Samuel Pepys or John Evelyn; millions of women listen in to "Mrs. Dale's Diary" (as was). What more is a diary, one might ask, than talking to oneself in writing? Millions of people must keep diaries, and suppress their emotions by writing instead of talking to themselves.

Writers such as James Joyce have become very successful with books which reveal a character's thought.

"Ulysses" has gained for itself a worthy literary reputation. It concerns the thoughts of a number of people during the course of one day, and as a result of Joyce's frankness about some of these thoughts, the book has been banned at certain stages of its literary life. Read, however as an insight into a small group of people it is most absorbing: the reader is listening into the conversation which the characters conduct with themselves.

When talking to oneself any subject can be fully examined and finally exhausted and indeed the commentator of this comment, having made this plea, has come to a. W.G.D.

## School Notes

At the end of last term we were sorry to lose the services of Dr. C. Haigh who had been Head of the Physics Department for exactly five years. He has moved to a post as senior Science Master at Dinnington High School, near Sheffield. We wish him every success in his new post.

We welcome Mr. K. L. May who is taking Dr. Haigh's place temporarily for this term.

Last term's Christmas Play "A Man for all Seasons" by Robert Bolt, was another outstanding production by Mr. Wakefield. A fuller account appears later in this issue.

The Carol Service was held on December 19th, once again at Holy Trinity Church.

The Old Boys' Dance, held on December 20th in the School Assembly Hall, proved to be an outstanding popular success. Two modern groups, The Teenbeats and the Berry Pickers provided the "music". The attendance was over 300.

We are grateful to Captain C. K. Atkinson for a gift of £5 to the School Sports Fund.

Four boys were successful in the Open Scholarship examinations at Oxford and Cambridge last December. I. H. Campion-Smith won a Major Scholarship in Natural Science at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge while M. S. Armitage won a Choral Exhibition at Jesus College, Cambridge. This is the first musical award won by a member of this school.

At Oxford J. Hunt won an Open Scholarship in History and W. G. Day an Open Scholarship in English, both at Wadham College.

The collection this term was in aid of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution and raised £22 3s. 2d.

On 26th February a Sixth Form History Conference was held in the School Hall. We were glad to welcome more than 200 visitors from neighbouring Sixth Forms. We are most grateful to the two lecturers, Mr. R. A. Wake, H.M.I., and Mr. J. J. Bagley of the Extra Mural Department of Liverpool University, for addressing the Conference. We are grateful to Mr. Steane for his energy and enthusiasm in promoting such a successful conference. We hope it may be followed by others.

## Important Dates

Summer Term begins	14th April
Swimming Gala	8th May
Half Term	18th, 19th and 20th May
G.C.E. "A" level examinations begin	8th June
G.C.E. "O" level examinations begin	15th June
Summer Examinations begin	25th June
Summer Examinations end	30th June
Athletic Sports	13th July
1st XI v. Old Boys	7th July
Open Day	14th July
Term ends	15th July

## Valete

CAMPION-SMITH, I. H. 1956-63—Spencer's. U6ScSch.A. (G.C.E. A.5, O.6) House Secretary 1963, Open Scholarship in Natural Science at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, December, 1963.

AYRES, A. W. 1957-63—Evans'. U6ScSch.B. (G.C.E. A.3, O.6) U.14 Cricket Colours 1960.

HUNT, J. 1957-63 — Leech's. U6MSch. (G.C.E. A.4, O.5) Junior Prefect 1963-64, Junior Librarian 1962-64, Chairman of Economics Society 1963-64, Open Scholarship in History, Wadham College, Oxford, December, 1963.

CARLISLE, A. R. 1958-63 — Gear's. L6ScB. (G.C.E. O.5) School Play 1961-2-3.

GREENWOOD, G. W. 1958-63—Edwards'. L6Mb. (G.C.E. O.5).

THOMSON, A. 1958-63—Gear's. L6Mb. (G.C.E. O.4). Half-Colours Cricket, 1963.

PEART, R. 1959-64—Gear's. L6ScY. (G.C.E. O.4).

STANSFIELD, J. A. 1959-63—Edwards'. (G.C.E. O.5). Bronze Medallion R.L.S.S.

ROSS, B. D. 1960-63—Masons'. L6ScA. (G.C.E. O.4). Under 16 XV Colours 1962-63.

BARTRAM, P. R. 1961-63—Woodham's. 4Y.

WILLIAMS, J. J. S. 1961-63—Evans'. L6Mb. (G.C.E. O.5).

BARTRAM, J. M. 1962-63—Woodham's. 3X.

## Salvete

G. R. Barnes, M. Barnes, A. J. L. Budd, D. Hanna, I. Hanna, K. McFarlane.

Tuition in Pianoforte, Organ, Theory of Music

**Brian W. Trueman**

B.Mus. (Dunelm), F.R.C.O., F.T.C.L., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.  
(Spencer's, 1941-46)

132 CAMBRIDGE ROAD

SOUTHPORT.

Tel. 88339

## "CAUTIONARY TALES FOR A SICK GENERATION."

### BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

*"By The waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, yea,  
we wept when we remembered Zion."*

The huge iron door clanged open to admit two more prisoners. They were perspiring a good deal, and both looked as if they had had neither a wash nor a shave for several days. They were dressed in torn military uniform, the taller of the two having stripes half torn off his once padded shoulder. The other looked as if he could easily become violent, and was swearing vehemently.

This man listened to hear if the guard had gone, and when he heard no footsteps he took from his pocket a small piece of crumbling cheese. His shifty eyes darted round the room to see if his companion was watching. The latter had his back to him and was seemingly talking to himself. The shorter man stuffed the cheese in his mouth and chewed it, spluttering like an animal. The other man sensed that his companion was up to no good and turned round.

"You dirty rotten pig!"

The other looked at him surprised.

"That was for both of us that was. I helped you smuggle it in. Half of that was mine and you've eaten the lot."

"Why the hell shouldn't I? It was me who stole it on our way here."

"Why shouldn't you?" the other exploded. "Why shouldn't you? Because I'm a lieutenant and you're a private, that's why. I'm your senior in rank."

"You were."

"Why you . . ." The lieutenant plunged towards the private and in a moment both were rolling in the dust, ejaculating blasphemous oaths. Suddenly, something they saw in a dark corner made them stop and get up. It was a man kneeling on the floor, tears streaming down his face.

The two men watched him kneeling, his arms in front of his face. At length, the lieutenant spoke: "Who are you?" He received no answer, so he tried again,

"They didn't tell us we were going to have to share a cell with anyone. Who are you?"

Still no answer came from the crouched figure in the corner.

"Is he dead?" asked the private. He went over to the man and touched him. He was certainly not dead. "Speak, won't you." The private shouted yet again. Still no answer came from

their strange companion. "Come on. You've got to share a cell with us. We're not going to share a cell with somebody who never speaks to us." At last they got an answer.

"What can I say?" the figure murmured without altering its posture.

"What can you say?" The private pushed the figure backwards and the clasped arms fell revealing a clerical collar.

"Don't touch him," the lieutenant said excitedly. "He's a priest. Have you no humility? In a few hours we'll be dead, in the nearer presence of God, yet you abuse his servant?" All was silent for a moment, then the lieutenant spoke again. Now the anger had gone out of his voice and he spoke quietly and with great resignation. "Father, can you give us no comfort?"

"The only comfort I can give you is that you will receive your just reward in the Life to Come, my son."

Silence. Only the sound of thousands of insects swarming about in the sun-dried air outside the prison. The lieutenant chuckled almost insanely.

"Funny really, I always thought I would die peacefully in my bed. Relations sobbing at both sides and all that, you know, priest at my bedside administering the last rites. I loved life when I was a kid. I used to run over the grassy hills at San Antonio and think myself free . . . free to live the life I loved, out in the open under God's glorious Mediterranean sky. I used to go to the little church on the hill, sometimes three times on Sunday. I loved that little church. When I was a child I used to think of Nazareth as a village like San Tropé where I lived.

I was only eighteen when the revolution broke out. I didn't know much about politics in those days. Everything I ever knew of politics I learnt from the priest. Even today I can remember him saying to me in a whisper 'Do what pleases you, my son, but never become a Fascist'.

He inspired me and enflamed me so much that when I was twenty-two I joined the Secret Reactionary Army. I attended meetings until one day I was arrested, brought before a 'court,' he sneered at the word, "And sentenced to death like you two."

The private bit his lip:

"We're like captives in a strange land, you know. I don't recognise this country as the same country I was brought up in. When I was a kid I used to think of religion as the creed of hypocrites . . . sanctimonious hypocrites. I think the last few hours have altered all that. I'm beginning to believe all that was rammed into me."

The priest looked at each man in turn and then said, "You



know there's a portion of a psalm that describes us:

"For they that carried us away captive required of us a song and they that wasted us required of us mirth."

They fell down and prayed, their faces turned to the tear-stained dust of gnashing of teeth. Suddenly the guard entered;

"Come with me Father."

The priest turned to the soldiers and spoke, trying to hide his emotion. "Take this, think of it when you die. It will help you." He went out without farewell and the door shut behind him.

He had given them a crucifix.

"Perhaps we could bribe our way out with this," said the private.

"You base, ignorant animal." In a moment they were once more grappling and did not hear a shot from the courtyard below.

L. J. SAWYER (U.V. Tr.M.).

### THE STORM

The day before had been fine, but cloudy too. Towards evening great grey clouds began to roll across the darkening sky. The lighter grey of the old church steeple stood out against this background of newly risen forces. The wind began to change as the hours slipped by; from east to west as the barometer began to fall. Almost as swiftly fell the rain.

As dawn broke, a grey dawn over the rolling countryside, the wind increased in strength. Thick soaking rain continued falling in fitful blows upon the sodden land. As man woke the storm grew worse, both in strength of wind and quantity of rain. The churned-up ground became liquid mud and the edges of things dripped into the puddles which were rapidly forming.

The wind shouted for obedience and the great oaks bowed at the command. Smaller vegetation became broken in the storm. It lay, rotting, rotting back to the earth from whence it came. Birds crouched back from this mighty force, apart from the eagle, mounting towards the sky and the sea-gull crying on the wind.

From coast to coast the storm raged, intensified in its anger to man and the destruction which he, in his ignorance, was causing. He was like an animal who kills for sheer destruction.

Above the howling of the wind came another howling, an eerie sound, a noise amidst the vast metropolis which man had made from wood and stone and glass. It swayed on the tempest, then slowly ceased and with one final effort came to rest once more. At once all things came to a halt, men stopped, women screamed, children cried. Some shouted, some laughed, some

went insane: all ran, down steps, into the cover of bridges; home. Some knew not where to run but ran until exhausted, there to stumble, sleep, to dream about a fading world.

Through the clouds came a low scream and many thousand feet above the homes of men something waited: to destroy.

A fall, a billow of silk, very quietly it fell, carried by the efforts of the wind until it found a resting place. The barometer needle swayed and then began to turn faster and faster until it shattered through the surrounding glass. Thermometers burst their blood-like fluid; fighting for an unknown freedom in a boiling air.

Man clawed the air and died, it didn't seem to take them long. The buildings too were all destroyed although they had taken many years to build. The clocks stopped.

The storm had ceased now, apart from a low moaning wind which spread across the levelled landscape. The birds had gone, plucked from the sky in death, the animals, insects, fish had disappeared if erased. The trees and hills had gone; the ground was flat. Flat for man's new motorways, and yet man too had disappeared.

Even the clouds had gone; apart from one which stood alone, right in the centre of that desolate plain. It was a big grey cloud and moved within itself. It had a curious mushroom shape.

M. J. HALSALL (L.6. Mod.B.).

### TOMMY'S DAY OUT

The three young children paused a moment then answered nonchalantly together "Dunnow".

Tommy had not been seen by anybody since the morning and it was now three o'clock. It was most unusual for Tommy to miss lunch and even more unusual for him not to say where he was going.

"I do hope nothing's happened to him," she said. She was mentally frustrated and decided to have a drink before making enquiries of the neighbours. She ventured into the dining room, furnished with an ultra-modern suite which she would probably have paid for in ten years and a small cocktail cabinet which was probably purchased on the same terms. She reached for the handle of the door, pulling it open with a pair of bony, badly manicured fingers. At a glance it was clear that the bottle of expensive Cognac was missing. After a little thought her slow-working mind told her that dear, sweet, clean-living Tommy had taken it.

By this time, sweet, dear, clean-living Tommy had knocked back well over three-quarters of a bottle. It had obviously affected him to say the least. He had managed to reach the

station without being noticed and had boarded the train for Brighton. Throughout the journey he had slept soundly and the other passengers had probably thought nothing of it. He was awakened by the stopping of the train and had walked along the platform, handing a somewhat crumpled ticket to the man at the barrier. Walking along the street, he saw a Woolworths which he entered. The atmosphere was warm and he felt quite daring. Slipping his hand carefully out of his pocket he reached over the counter. The assistant happened to be looking the other way so he made a grab at a three-pin plug. He carried out the operation quite successfully and made his way into the street.

He was quite near the sea-front so he started in that direction. He could see the pier and thought that he would have a flutter in the amusement arcade. He daringly ventured into the road without so much as a glance and a big car almost hit him. He didn't really care; Brighton was a nice place and he was happy. He had a bottle of Cognac in a paper bag, so he entered a sun shelter and quickly polished it off. At the arcade he made a small profit and had a sixpenny ride on a rather grotesque elephant. By this time he was in a very bad state so he left the pier, making his way along the front.

It was high tide and the wind was cold. He climbed on the railings unsteadily and perched himself on the top. Here, he commanded a rather hazy but pleasant view of the ocean. His head suddenly began spinning and he overbalanced, falling into the roaring sea. He was a strong swimmer but a bottle of Cognac inside him slightly retarded his progress. He was gradually pulled out to sea, his cries for help unheard. The next day his body was washed up at Hove and was later identified as that of Tommy Smith.

C. LAWSON (L.V. B.).

### THE CHANGE

Back in the eighteenth century when England's proud Empire still flourished, and the slave trade was at its height many atrocities occurred. Here is one of them.

It was in the summer of 1750 when the drought on West Africa's coast was so severe that much tribal warfare broke out in the fight for survival. It happened, therefore, that many prisoners were taken, thus giving the slave traders an ideal opportunity of waxing rich. Life was cheap!

Marie lived in terror for many days. Her father had been killed in one of the raids and she had witnessed his slow death. She had fled, with her mother, from the village, but luck was not with them from the start—after only a few hours they were captured by the very tribe from which they had fled. She was dragged, with her mother, to the enemy village where they were

brought in front of the fat chief. He was very pleased as a girl of twelve would bring a good price at the factor's compound. Eventually she was sold to the factor and taken to a ship crammed full of other miserable wretches. There followed a long and arduous journey during which the conditions were intolerable. The sights which she saw were forever imprinted on her memory.

The bewildered and frightened girl found herself at the slave market being poked and prodded and examined by scores of white men. She was forced to stand for several hours, in such a manner and was whipped if she showed signs of fatigue. She had the good fortune to be bought by the same master who bought her mother and they were herded with many others into a cattle-truck. For the next few years Marie lived a life of utter dejection—night and day followed meaninglessly. It was one long hell.

One day Marie was carrying a churn of milk to the master's house as she had done countless times before. However, this time was to be different. She slipped. The precious milk quickly vanished into the ground. She watched it in complete disbelief, her glazed eyes showing no emotion. Suddenly a hand was on her arm. She looked slowly up, it was her mother. She seemed to be telling her off but the words just did not register—it was as though she was not taking part in the action. Then the familiar crack of the whip rang out, followed, as usual, by a shriek. This time it was her mother grovelling in the dust at her feet, with the awesome figure of the foreman standing over her, yelling—

"What the hell yer playin' at," he screamed, "ye dirty nigger trying to take over my job. Nobody shouts around here 'cept me!"

He started using his whip again. Marie just stood and watched. The power of pity had been whipped out of her. Tears would not come. She was only glad it was someone else being whipped, not her—even though it was her own mother. The sound of lashing echoed in her ears as her mother was whipped mercilessly. The shrieks went on; now even her dull mind was moved and then suddenly silence descended. The whip had been dropped a hundred and seventy-five times. And what for?—for merely acting as mother. The whip had done its job and she had paid with her life. She lay there, a battered lifeless wreck. And even then the tears would not come, they had dried up long before.

And why had all this happened? Did Marie deserve to be changed from a carefree girl into a hard-hearted woman, a dull, lifeless slave?—I think not!

G. WINDHAM (U.V. Tr.M.).

## A Career in the Bank

*Never before have opportunities for young people been as promising as they are today in Barclays Bank. Here is a brief outline of the career that awaits you there.*

The Bank wants young men of character and integrity, with a good standard of general education. Given these qualifications and an aptitude for the job, there is no reason why you should not find yourself a Branch Manager in your thirties, with a salary upwards of £1,750, and the chance of doubling your pay by the time you are 50. Looking ahead you could be one of those Managers whose salary exceeds £5,000 a year—a man with a big job, full of interest and responsibility. A goal worth striving for; and those who reach it will have a pension at 65 (without any contributions on their part) of £3,000 a year or more. Moreover, the biggest jobs in the Bank are open to all. For the early years there's a minimum salary scale for satisfactory work: £315 at 16 to £960 at 31 with a year's seniority for a good Advanced Level certificate and three years' for a degree, plus certain allowances if you work in large towns (£100 a year for employment in Central London). From 22 onwards merit can take the salary well above these figures; if the early promise is maintained, the salary at 28 can be £1,035, instead of the scale figure of £845.



Write for further particulars to the Local Directors, P.O. Box 39, 8 Water Street, Liverpool 2, or to the Staff Managers, 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.



**BARCLAYS BANK**

## T. S. GOLDSMITH TALKS TO DR. HADLEY

### 1. What attracted you to teaching in the first place?

I suppose that all teachers who really enjoy their work are basically motivated by a power complex, a desire to project their personality, to convert others to their enthusiasms and ideas and to influence in some way the future shape of society. I became a teacher because I felt myself to be temperamentally suited to the work and because it was the most worthwhile job I considered myself capable of doing with a reasonable amount of success.

### 2. As a teacher do you feel that you are in a position to mould the characters of your pupils?

If this were not so, then for me half the point of teaching would be lost. Education is concerned with the development of the whole personality and any schoolmaster worthy of the name must be concerned with more than mere instruction. Even the advent of teaching machines will not destroy the teacher-pupil relationship, which, after the parent-child relationship, is probably the most important single influence in the development of an individual's character. That is not to say that any one teacher can flatter himself that he can measure the amount of his influence on his pupils: he merely provides several of a multiplicity of factors that can combine in innumerable permutations.

### 3. Do you think it would be better to teach a second modern language in preference to Latin in the English grammar school?

I think it is important that as many grammar school pupils as possible should acquire a good understanding of more than one non-English culture. The trouble with Latin studies at the moment is that too great an emphasis is placed on the acquisition of doubtful linguistic standards and too little time is devoted to the inculcating of a real appreciation of Ancient culture and especially literature. The linguistic benefits normally claimed for Latin could be provided at a much lower standard of achievement than is required at Ordinary Level (clarity of expression, better command of English) and many can be provided by a study of any highly inflected modern language (e.g., German, Russian). Moreover, it is relatively easy—and with modern methods will become easier—to acquire sufficient linguistic command of a modern language to fully appreciate the foreign culture.

However, before I become completely 'persona non grata' with our Classics Department, let me hasten to say that when Latin studies place less emphasis on the attainment of impossible linguistic fluency and systematically attempt to inculcate a real appreciation of Ancient Culture (and this means literature in translation) then the place of Latin in the grammar school is assured.

**4. Do you think philosophy should be taught in Sixth Forms as it is in French lycées ?**

I should not like to see philosophy become a specialised Sixth Form subject as it is in France, since I think it should form part of every Sixth Former's education and should not be linked with special techniques or specialised vocabulary. It makes its greatest impact on and is best adapted to the adolescent mind, when it can be taught at varying depth and can be diffused through a variety of subjects and masters. This, I hope, is what happens in this School: I know I find it impossible to run a course on Advanced French Literature without introducing a variety of philosophic topics. But perhaps many boys don't recognise "philosophy" when they meet it!

**5. What do you think of the youth of today and their amusements?**

I hardly feel competent to make a generalisation, since my experience of youth has been limited to grammar school adolescents—surely not typical of youth as a whole—and every day I grow further away from my own youth and from the youth of today. So far I have always found youths I have known so basically different from each other, and that, surely, is a good sign. So you will have to excuse me from making the no doubt expected condemnatory diatribe.

**6. Can you explain the fact that we have had three female French assistantes?**

More French women than men want to come to England, a situation that we have been very happy about: the feminine presence in the shape of legendary French chic has had a salutary effect on the study of modern languages and a rejuvenating effect on the staff.

**7. What is the worst memory of your own schooldays?**

Waiting to leave the room during my first week at the grammar school and being afraid to ask the awesome black cloaked figure for permission to do so. Nothing can compare to the excruciating physical and mental agony of that lesson.

**8. Every man has his faults: do you feel you have any you would like to correct?**

I could catalogue more conscious faults than you have space for. My wife says I talk too much and she should know. She also says I argue for the sake of arguing and any sixth former I have taught should know about that. Rereading my answers to previous questions, I feel bound to add: a tendency to pontificate and to strike attitudes. If I lived to correct my more obvious defects, I should probably be a better man, but technically a poorer teacher.

**9. What do you think of these questions?**

Having ploughed my way through them and embarrassed myself and probably others by this public strip-tease, I prefer not to think of them.

SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY APPARATUS

**Gallenkamp**

*Supply the World's Laboratories*

**A. GALLENKAMP & CO. LTD.**

**VICTORIA HOUSE, WIDNES**

**Tel. Widnes 2040**

Also at

**LONDON — MANCHESTER — STOCKTON-ON-TEES**



## Have you thought about a career in banking?



Not so long ago, this man was about to leave school. He had a pretty good GCE—but did not really know what he wanted to do.

Then a friend suggested District Bank. He certainly hadn't thought of that! Banking, to him, was a dull job.

But as he learnt more about District Bank it very soon began to sound rather intriguing.

Now in his own words: "Dull?

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

"And the prospects look good. Everyone who joins the Bank is regarded as a potential manager.

"I've already got *my* eye on a managership!"

### OPPORTUNITY AND DISTRICT BANK

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



over 570 branches

If these prospects interest you, you are invited to write for further information to The Staff Manager, District Bank Ltd., Head Office, 17 Spring Gardens, Manchester, 2

## A PLEA FOR SCIENCE FICTION

Science Fiction (S.F. for short) has a bad reputation at the present time because of the "Pulp" magazines that flourished between the two World Wars. These cheap magazines have given the general public the impression that S.F. consists of gruesome looking "Bug-Eyed" monsters clawing their sadastic way through the minds and bodies of unsuspecting heroes and heroines—mainly heroines. This impression is unfair and harmful.

S.F. today, on the contrary, provides all the requirements that readers gain from other branches of literary fiction. Humour is much in evidence in the works of such authors as Clifford Simak and Damon Knight and escapism is provided by most S.F. writers especially the brilliant Ray Bradbury. Social comment and political satire is the strength of Frederick Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth whilst John Wyndham and Charles Eric Maine provide excitement and suspense. Quite a large amount of S.F. is set in the future and this provides an almost unique vehicle for prophetic stories about mankind's ultimate fate.

S.F. is unfortunately dominated today, thanks to outsiders such as George Orwell and Aldous Huxley, by the "gloom school" of writers (just as in many other branches of fictional literature) and it is probably caused to a great extent by international tension and the "Cold War". Fortunately there is a growing tendency for social comment to overcome planetary disaster as the main theme of S.F. writers and this is an encouraging sign that S.F. is growing up at last. All that is required now is to persuade the general public to acknowledge its maturity.

A. M. WINTERS (Up. VI. Sc.A.).

## "STORIES OF THE SPACE AGE."

### MARBLES

The three-hundred foot rocket stood patiently on the launching pad, waiting for its passengers. The four astronauts gazed at the star-filled sky, as they made their way to the gantry crane. The lift took them up the side of the rocket to the nose section that housed the crew's quarters. The men were helped through the small hatch and strapped into the shock-couches. Once the hatch was sealed, the countdown began.

As the countdown neared completion, all the instrument checks were repeated for the last time. Tension mounted in the concrete blockhouse. The seconds crept down to fifty, then twenty-five, twenty, fifteen and ten. On five a finger moved, buttons clicked and on zero man reached for the stars with an ear-splitting roar as the needle-nosed monster, spitting, howling, and shuddering, leapt into the blackness on a finger of orange flame.

On the first day of the pioneer voyage to Mars all the equipment functioned as planned and the rocket soared across thousands of miles of space in an incredibly short time. However, on the second day a hint of mystery crept into the reports from the space-ship. Captain McGraw asked Earth if they wanted the astronomical observations exactly as they were obtained by the crew. The reply was that unless this was done, the reports would be of no use. When the report finally came through the scientists became puzzled. If true they would necessitate the complete revision of modern astronomical theory. As the rocket went further out into space, Mars neared them at a tremendous rate but its size remained more or less the same. Later reports seemed to show that Mars was getting smaller!

Dr. Graves, head of the scientific staff at the base, was eventually called to the radio room by a very worried and puzzled astronomer. The astronomer explained to his superior about the curious reports and started to explain their consequences but there was no need. Dr. Graves immediately realised the possibilities that the reports lent substance to. The doctor took over one of the transmitters and started to question Captain McGraw.

"What is all this nonsense about Mars, Captain?"

"It got smaller, Sir."

"Why 'got', Captain, has it now grown larger?"

"No Sir, we just passed it. It was no bigger than a golf ball. Johnson donned a space-suit and went out and picked it up. We have it in the ship."

Dr. Graves frowned as he slowly realised exactly what was wrong. He asked the Captain to carry on with the report.

"We've changed course and now we are going over to pick up Venus . . . The way it looks, Sir, we've disproved all astronomical theory. Everything in space is no bigger—than it seems when seen through the largest telescopes on Earth."

Across the cold void crackled the electronic hum of human conversation as the lone space-ship trailed a zig-zag course through black, empty space, sending back reports that mocked man's knowledge, data that laughed at science . . .

"Uranus is no bigger than a tennis ball . . . Jupiter is like a rubber balloon, light as a feather . . . You could no more land on Venus than an elephant could sit on a pinhead . . ."

On earth scientists, army officers and government men looked, wondering, up into space at the stars and planets gleaming like so many diamonds.

"I just don't understand," said the puzzled astronomer.

"Isn't it obvious?" replied the doctor.

". . . Some of the crew are having a game of catch with Neptune, others are playing quoits with Saturn's rings . . ."

"We gave them every scientific development known to man. We trained them, tested them, proved to ourselves that they were good men, capable men whom we could depend on. But what we didn't count on was space."

"The Stars! Look at the Stars! They're nothing but marbles; bright, shiny marbles. Come on! Let's play marbles . . ."

"We hadn't counted on the effect of space on man's mind . . . the extreme vastness. Throwing men up into the vastness, we hadn't counted on the mental changes that were bound to occur."

"This is McGraw . . . you ought to be with us now. What a time we're having! I'm through calling back your stupid reports, I'm going to join the others. Hey fellows, wait for me."

The rocket plunged earthwards, unguided and accelerating every second. It would only be a matter of time before it would strike the denser parts of the atmosphere and be turned into an incandescent meteor coursing its way across the starlit sky.

"Yes; that rocket is manned by a crew driven utterly insane . . ."

"Hey fellows! I can't play any more . . . I . . . I've lost . . . my . . . marbles . . .!"

The radio went dead. Dr. Graves walked sorrowfully outside. He slowly raised his head and looked at the stars. That sombre look of mourning melted away and was replaced by one of pure, abject horror as he realised that the bright shining points of light that were the stars were no longer grouped in the familiar constellations.

A. M. WINTERS (Upp. VI. Sc.A.).

## THE BACK-SET DILEMMA

The year is 2100 and, as expressed in the diary of a great author of that age, to quote, "The barriers of perpetual space and time will and are being broken by the continual determination of man for knowledge." The sky-line of London, much mutated by the first neutro-atomic war, has evolved from great marble domes and granite spires, inhabited by pigeons, to shining glass spheres and great constructive works made of a light alloy of aluminium. The deep toned bell of Big Ben, has evolved into a new atomic timepiece sending out radar impulses and bearing no resemblance whatsoever to its predecessor. Monorail speed-cars swing like silver cocoons from a high rail. It is a completely new city with only old architectural achievements to remind one of what lay here before.

It was late afternoon in early May when a businessman acquainted himself with the controls of a monocar. He was in the large glass-domed building of Monocars Limited, to purchase a second-hand monocar. The salesman finally persuaded him to take a black 2007 model. The man ran his hand carefully up the red leather upholstery and looked at the controls, manipulating them so that he could feel the incessant throbbing of the engine beneath his feet. Thoroughly pleased with his purchase he ran it home on the monorail and polished it as if it was new.

With the impatience of a child wanting to open a Christmas present, he decided to take it on a run in the country that night. So he left and was gliding beneath the rail, with his headlights piercing the gloom, when suddenly he felt the presence of someone in the back seat. Swiftly he turned round, and saw nothing, so it completely escaped his mind until again he felt something behind him, but there was nothing but a red upholstered seat. But, when the lights of the town came to his eyes, momentarily dazzling him, he felt the presence go, like a heavy pack slipping off his shoulders. Curious, next week he took the monocar out and waited till the lights of the city had gone behind him and dusk gathered roundabout. He was in anticipation of this thing and when it came he felt a cold sweat run down his face and drip onto his shirt, making it clammy.

Now he resolved only to go out in the lights of the town and natural daylight, but, when coming home one evening, he was caught in a power cut. Slowly all the lights dimmed, he knew what it meant, he was now quite demented and driven into a mad mania, to escape this thing. Driving onwards through the gloom he did not know his whereabouts, nor did he care. Then he badly miscalculated a bend, and heard a sharp crack and the screaming of metal. He was tumbled and jolted and thrown against the door of the monocar. A dark pool opened at his feet and he dived into a state of semi-consciousness.

When he awoke he was lying on the dew-soaked grass in a mist. He was on a shallow, sloping, shelf of rock. His body was torn and bleeding. Looking over the edge of the ravine which lay in front of him, he saw his monocar, smashed and smouldering, with the upholstery torn and burning and the paint charred with the smoke of the burning wood. It was a relief as he looked down there. Whatever there had been in the monocar would trouble nobody any more. J. M. DOW (3X.).

## HORTICULTURAL TIPS

I have heard of many instances in which people have had trouble in making a garden; because of weeds or the state of the soil. But as far as I can see I have one of the worst gardening problems ever known. I am one of the first twenty-five settlers, and this is the worst land possible to farm. The problems are innumerable. I will try to explain only a few to you in case you decide to farm here. The main problem is the lack of oxygen and therefore the lack of moisture. Another is the rarity or non-existence of helpful minerals in the soil. You might ask where on earth you can find conditions such as this. The answer is that you cannot find these conditions on earth.

The year is, as usual, a hundred years in the future. I am Percy P. Thrower, space colonist on Mars, grandson of the other Percy Thrower. My friend, Horace J. Batchelor, has a plot of land near mine. Now, how to overcome some of these problems.

The first thing to do is to buy a fibre silicone bubble with a thirty foot radius, which can be bought at any space station on the way to Mars. While you are there you could also get a supply of liquid oxygen which is easier to transport than the old fashioned cylinders. Then you need some atomised minerals and fertilizers for the soil. One must next get some plants. Any plants can be used except one, which is the rhubarb plant. There are certain minerals which cannot be manufactured, and as these minerals are lacking the rhubarb plants compensate by becoming cannibalistic or omniverous. Some space farmers have had the idea of using the omniverous rhubarb plants outside of the enclosed gardens to keep away the vegetarian Russian dogs.

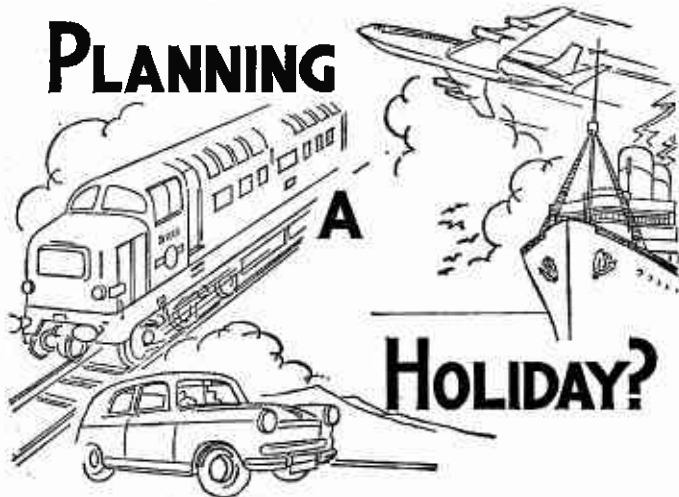
These Russian dogs have become a terrible nuisance. They are thought to have crash-landed here back in 1965 and have bred since then, and become vegetarian.

They can chew a hole in the silicone bubbles and eat everything in sight, so the rhubarb plants are used as guards.

This idea has not always proved successful because the rhubarb plants in some more fertile parts of Mars have uprooted themselves and gone in pursuit of the master race, the homo-sapiens (farmer).

The moral of the story is that rhubarb plants can never be trusted or if you do plant a garden on Mars you should watch it closely or instead of eating the vegetables, the vegetables may eat you. M. S. FARRELL (L.V. B.).

# PLANNING



## HOLIDAY?

**THEN BEGIN NOW.....**

..... **BY SAVING** FOR IT THROUGH THE

# TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK

- Personal Savings Accounts
- Holiday Club Accounts
- Share-Out Club Accounts
- Home and Overseas Travel Facilities

**23 LONDON STREET, SOUTHPORT**

and at

646 Liverpool Road, Ainsdale — 43 Liverpool Road, Birkdale —

174 Cambridge Road, Churchtown — 25 Chapel Lane, Formby

## "A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS"

Coming after the hilarious farce of last year—'When we are Married', to a casual observer 'A Man for all Seasons' might appear to be a particularly difficult offering. This, however, had no effect on the audiences who turned up in their usual large numbers.

The play is, when reduced to its simplest form, a study of conflicting pressures on one man—Sir Thomas More. Living in the reign of Henry VIII and the time of the English break with Rome, More is a devout Roman Catholic who cannot accept the Oath of Supremacy with its implication that the Pope is not the rightful spiritual leader of all Christians. More is also, however, a leading statesman, Lord Chancellor—just one of those men to whom the people look for guidance in such matters. From the king's point of view it is imperative, therefore, that More sign the Oath. Keeping to his religious principles, More refuses and is disgraced from his office. But this is not enough; to allow More to go on living without publicly assenting to the Oath is too dangerous in that it may act as an encouragement to others. More's friends snub him, he is reduced to penury; he is put in the Tower; but he will not recant. His family are at last allowed in to see him, but only after they have promised to try and make him change his mind. To no avail. More must die. And so he is executed.

There are too a number of minor plots woven into the structure of this play. More's daughter, Margaret, is in love with a vehement Protestant, William Roper. Naturally such a union cannot be countenanced by More who refuses to permit the marriage. When he sees the shame and degradation inflicted on More, however, Roper is converted and becomes as vehement a Roman Catholic. And though one might have thought that this was an indication of a rather weak character, More at last gives his consent and the marriage takes place.

Another thread of the plot concerns Master Richard Rich, a nobody at the beginning of the play, who, because of his passing acquaintance with Sir Thomas, gains a job as Librarian to the Duke of Norfolk, and from here is taken into service by Thomas Cromwell as a political spy. It is Rich who supplies the false evidence to bring about More's condemnation and execution.

Acting as a unifying force over all other movements came the Common Man. Sir Thomas More's steward; a waterman; a common informer; the executioner; all these and others are facets of the composite Common Man. C. J. Heyes had an exceedingly difficult role here, one involving a change not only of voice but also of apparel in full view of everybody. A useful asset to the dramatist this, and Heyes did very well in portraying



his many characters. As the link between the scenes he gave the play continuity.

D. G. Nind as Master Richard Rich showed his versatility too, in a role far removed from his "worm that turned" of last year's production. As a rather mercenary and extremely obnoxious character he ingratiated himself whenever possible and in the end he turned on his original benefactor—Sir Thomas More—and sent him to his death.

Lady Alice More, Sir Thomas's wife, played by A. R. Carlisle, was one of the finest individual performances. At first a character who rather antagonised the audience by her self-centredness, by the closing scenes Carlisle had managed to win the audience round to thinking that Lady Alice was an innocent party being denied the rights one should expect with marriage. Not realising the full political and religious significance of the situation, all Alice wanted was her husband back.

M. R. Abram and R. J. Chandler as the young lovers, Margaret More and William Roper were understandably more convincing when debating Sir Thomas's stand than when expressing their affection for one another. Nevertheless, they both gave good supporting performances: as did R. Halsall as the Duke of Norfolk. This is a difficult part for Norfolk starts off as More's friend. Even after Thomas's expulsion from office Norfolk tries to show his friendship, though in secret. More, understanding his friend's position, abuses him in an endeavour to give him an excuse to break off the friendship. Norfolk, however, remains friendly and has the painful task of trying Sir Thomas and condemning him to death.

C. S. Kerse and J. A. Cohen, as Cardinal Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell both showed the inhuman desire to succeed despite all opposition which was common to statesmen of that time. And Cohen, as Cromwell who was the real force behind More's death, played a particularly convincing objectionable role.

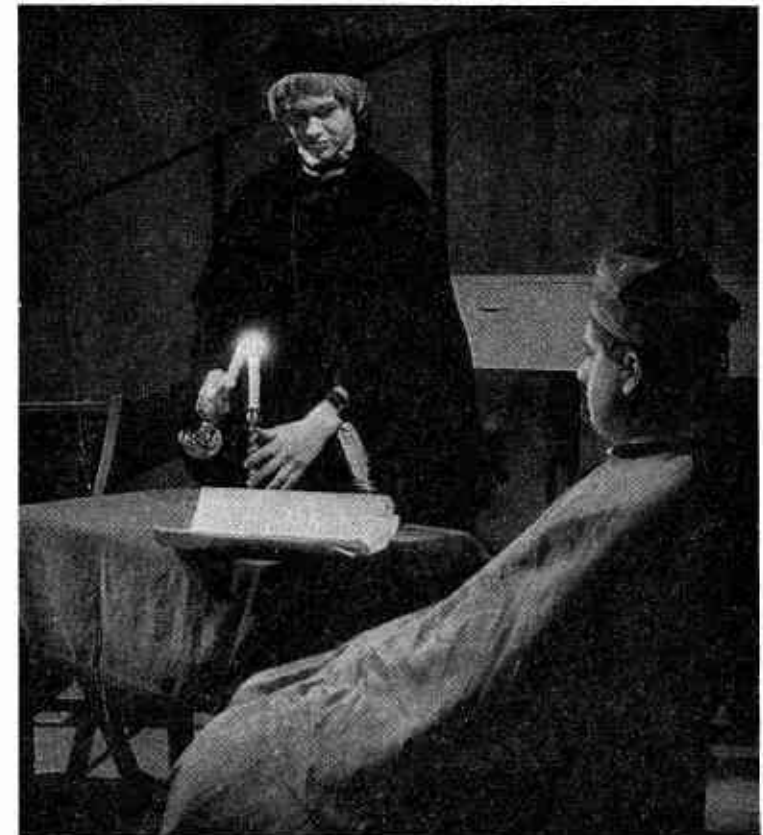
E. D. Sinclair satisfactorily played Signor Chapuys who, dressed all in black, kept emerging from the shadows in order to hear private conversations from which he could obtain little bits of information to pass on to the Spanish government. B. A. Kirkham as the flamboyant, big and blustering King Henry VIII, obviously enjoyed his part despite a tendency to diminish it.

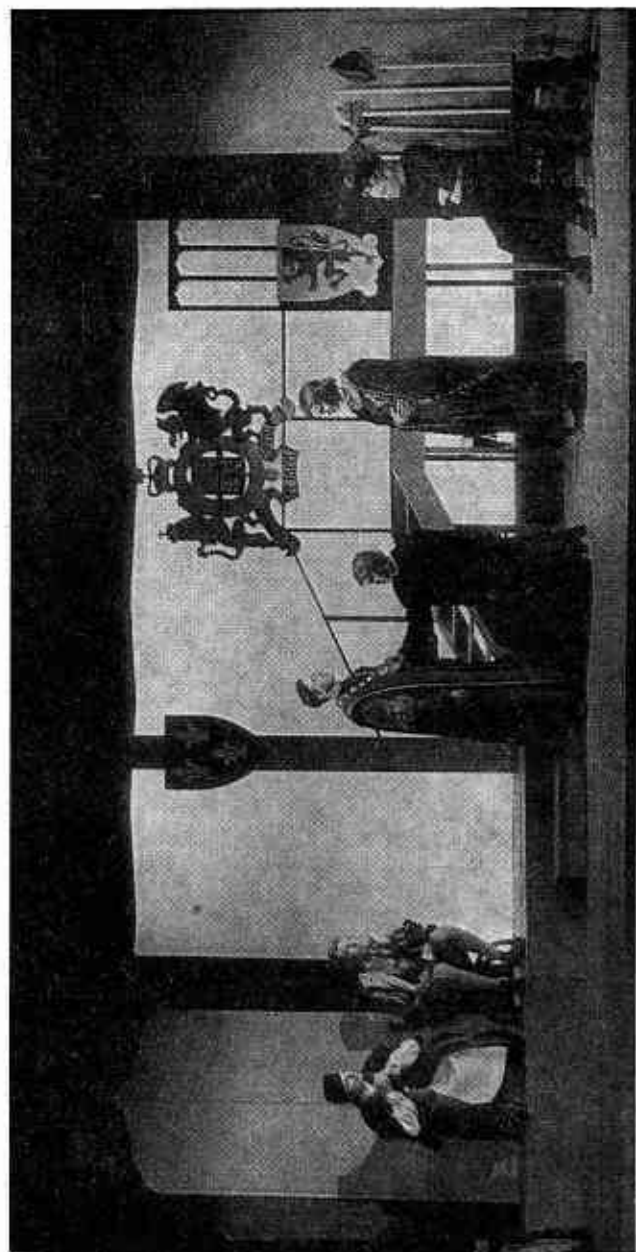
Above all other parts, however, rose that of Sir Thomas More himself, played by C. R. Stubington. A long and difficult role, Stubington always had it under control. His performance could make or mar the whole play for it was for him to portray all the differing emotions to which More was subject during his trial, both spiritual and actual. That he succeeded was evident from the gasps which came from the audience at the execution. A fine performance.

This play, technically, is a very difficult one. The same scenery is used throughout with only minor alterations—an inn sign, some foliage to signify a garden, a shield or two to indicate the court. The principal changes of scene were brought about with the aid of the electricians: T. P. Whitehead, P. H. Jackson and P. Molineux, and R. Q. Laws, who looked after the sound effects.

The scenery was, as usual, ably constructed and painted by the boys of the School under the directions of Messrs. Long and Harrison; house management was under Messrs. Bell and Clough; and stage management under Mr. Heyes. The debating Society would like to extend its thanks to all these gentlemen for their help and hopes that in creating enjoyment for others they enjoyed themselves.

Finally, our thanks to Mr. Wakefield, the producer, for yet another excellent production.





*Dispensing and Photographic  
Chemists - Perfumers*

**P.D.A.**

THE SIGN OF QUALIFIED SERVICE

*for*

CAMERAS, PROJECTORS and SCREENS

DEMONSTRATION THEATRE

PART EXCHANGES

PAILLARD BOLEX — BELL & HOWELL

*Sheldons*

(CHEMISTS) LTD.

**509/511 LORD STREET**

Telephone 55584-5 (Two lines)

---

HEARING AID CONSULTANTS

---

**EVERYTHING FOR THE SICK ROOM**

# "NARRATIVES OF VIOLENCE AND CRIME."

## THE BLOCK OF FLATS

A huge, twenty-storey block of flats in Mayfair. Nothing astounding in their appearance, but it was once the scene of a very interesting incident.

It started a good many years ago when James Chatterton, a well-known drug-thief, had struck out at a policeman's face in the execution of the policeman's duty. The policeman received a scar, and Chatterton a well-earned stay for five years in prison. Ever since, a mutual hatred had existed between them.

But Chatterton left after five years. The time had passed slowly for him, but quickly for the policeman, for he lived in dread of Chatterton escaping from the prison, or even getting out at all. The couple became watchful, always looking out for each other, always on their toes. But Chatterton was the victor. Each day he noted the policeman's movements, the very spot at which he stood every day. This spot was on the pavement directly in front of the said block of flats. Things then began to happen. Chatterton chose a flat at the top of the block.

The day after he had settled in, Chatterton disappeared, leaving no trace. Four days later he staggered into the entrance of the block, carrying a huge suitcase, which bulged at the sides. He must have gone mad for he actually started to climb the stairs, instead of taking the easy way up in the lift. His whole appearance had changed. His eyes were bleary and blood-shot, his clothes tattered and dirty. I do not know how he finally reached the top, it must have been a nightmare for him. After fumbling a while for his keys, he stumbled into the room, breathing heavily.

A few hours later he awoke from a deep sleep. He shot a glance towards the suitcase on the floor, the half-closed door, and then at his watch. All was safe. Only an hour to go. He knew that much anyway. He fell back onto the bed, but did not sleep. A vague memory of hatred crept slowly into his thoughts. This then developed into the thought of the oncoming problem.

He must do something to ease the tension. "Look out of the window and admire the view," he muttered. No, that was no good. "Unlock the suitcase," he again muttered. Yes, that was it: unlock the suitcase. As he opened it and then looked inside, his whole behaviour seemed to change. He gave out a horrible demoniac laugh, and in his eye could be seen a gleam of emotion. He was like an animal of prey gloating over its victim.

He then wrapped his arms fully round the object, and raised it to waist height.

The object in his arms was a huge mass of iron and lead weighing at least one hundredweight. No wonder he had staggered up the stairs as he did. The mass was lethal if used in the right way.

Like a little creature, he scuffled towards the open window, muttering as a madman. He placed the weapon on the window-ledge in readiness for his weird scheme. He leaned out and looked down. Far, far below, people were still scuttling in and out of the shops, appearing like ants from Chatterton's position. He collapsed onto the bed, exhausted with worry. In another half an hour the hated policeman would be standing in his usual position, for the last time. Sweat broke out on the man's face, the cigarette quivered in his mouth. But he lay still, and soon fell into a short sleep.

He awoke some time later in panic. Surely he had not overslept? No it was all right. His weapon was still on the ledge, and the policeman was slowly walking down the main street towards the flats.

The policeman stood under Chatterton's window, while Chatterton was himself carefully placing his weapon in the exact and required position. Oh, you would have laughed to see how he glared down at the policeman's head, and then moved the weapon this way and that, judging. By now he was breathing heavily and muttering hatred.

The victim moved out into the middle of the pavement. "Come back, you fool," Chatterton groaned. The policeman stepped back again, but not under Chatterton's window, but the adjacent one. He swore heavily. In another five minutes the victim would be leaving. He moved back into his original spot again. Taking a last look at the policeman's head and observing that he had taken off his helmet to wipe his brow, Chatterton shoved the mass off the ledge. He followed it down with his eyes, watching it grow smaller and smaller with every second of its descent.

The policeman collapsed horribly under the terrific weight of the mass of iron. Women's screams arose, and a crowd soon gathered round the unfortunate victim. They looked up at the windows of the block and saw a face staring down at them, laughing hysterically.

And Chatterton had decided that life just wasn't worth living after what he had done.

"Watch this," he yelled. And he scrambled on to the ledge, lunged far out, and dropped towards the upturned faces of the crowd.

D. BOOTHMAN (4A.).

## THE PHOTOGRAPH

Tom Wilkins had what is sometimes called an unstable mind. He was also a very keen cinema-goer. He would go every weekend to the cinema and sit and watch from early afternoon to late evening.

Unfortunately, with a mind like his, Tom was easily influenced by what he saw. Once, after a particularly inspiring spy film, he spent weeks concocting a bomb. It was intended to blow up the Russian Embassy but actually it only flattened his garden shed, costing him a few pounds and his moustache and eyebrows. His latest idea was rather more lethal and more likely to succeed. He had seen a film about a maniac who thought a certain photograph in his family album seemed to leer at him so he went to the photographed person's house and calmly strangled him. Now Tom had always felt bitter about his sister-in-law, Jane, a widow of about forty. He looked for her picture in the family album and, sure enough, it seemed to leer at him. The next morning he felt an insatiable desire to imitate the screen maniac.

When he arrived at her house, it was about eleven o'clock and she asked him in for a cup of tea and a chat. As he drank his tea, his sister-in-law noticed a change in his eyes. They seemed to be impatient, longing for something. He started fidgeting in his chair and trembling with excitement. She offered to fetch some more tea but he declined. She was really frightened and obeyed him when he told her to stand up facing him. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw his hand come from his pocket, then a searing flame shot through her brain, ripping her nerves apart. Then there was blackness.

Tom put the gun away and set off home. He arrived half an hour later and suddenly the realisation of what he had done stunned him. He could still see the neat hole punched in her forehead with blood gushing out. He wondered whether he would be caught but he doubted it. She lived alone in the country and didn't go out often.

That night he decided to forget the incident so he went to the hall to remove Jane's photograph from the wall there and remove the one from the album. When he saw the framed picture, his heart was gripped by the icy clutch of terror. The photograph was streaked with red and there was a neat hole in her forehead! He touched the picture to see if he was dreaming and stared in horror at the fresh blood that came off on his fingers. He decided to check the album but when he took it out, the pages were stuck together with clotted blood!

He ran upstairs, determined to sleep, but sleep would not come. He could not erase the image of her contorted face with the punctured forehead. He heard something and stopped breathing to listen. Yes! The front door had slammed shut. Again

the icy grip clutched his heart. He heard faint, far-away footsteps mounting the stairs, slowly, resting on each one as if in pain, then they were coming along his passage, slowly, the footsteps of a woman. He was shivering uncontrollably and going hot and cold. He was dripping with sweat and the agony stretched his nose to breaking point. Suddenly he realised his door was locked on the inside. He reassured himself but still could not control the violent shivering. The footsteps stopped. She was outside his door. A low wail started outside his window, slowly rising in pitch. He glanced out of the window but could see nothing. When he glanced back, his heart stopped, she was in the room! She advanced slowly and deliberately towards him. He opened his mouth but was unable to utter a sound. Suddenly he noticed the thin rope grasped in her white hands and the neat black circle on her forehead. There was no blood, though, just deathly white. She came on . . . on . . . and on

His landlady found him next day with his pyjama cord around his neck. In hospital, he revived and was quite well, physically, after a couple of weeks, but a few words spoken in his delirium had prompted the police to compare his fingerprints with those found in Jane's house. They also searched his house and found his gun but reported no strange photographs.

Tom was charged with Jane's murder but was acquitted, being found insane, and sent to an institution.

D. WHITEHEAD (U.V. Tr.M.).

## THE TELEPHONE

As the electrically-operated door shut silently behind him SR/W/N/02 sat down in the swivel chair in front of the ebony desk. He tried to make out his vague reflection in the shiny black wood and reflected. Here he was, a spruce young man of twenty-nine, when emotion was supposed to be at its lowest point in his life, 5 foot 10 with rugged features and a prominent jaw, which was supposed to convey determination. He mused. Ironically, he cut quite a dashing figure, but to the scientists he was just a number, a punched card to be fed into a computer. Almost one hundred feet down below the burning hot sands of Nevada he had to watch and wait for the telephone call which would instruct him to press the button spelling death to millions of America's antagonists. There were three other men besides him entrusted with this task of waiting—6 hours each a day for two months, then another relay took over the nerve racking task; for it was well known what a protracted period of this sort of work could do to a man. He had seen them once taking a friend of his away foaming at the mouth and raving as he was trussed like chicken in a straight jacket—he had turned away and vomited, sickened at the sight.

The room itself was designed to relieve monotony. Nothing



was perfectly symmetrical and the colour scheme included specially selected pastel shades to sooth the mind yet not to lull it into a dull stupor. There were no books or papers, no radio or bed, for no risks could be taken. The only objects in the room were the chair, the table, the telephone with a direct link to the President wherever he was, and the button. The button was white, contrasting with the deep black glow of the desk and set in a groove lest some careless hand or elbow jolted it into its fearful task. Moreover, a thin wire cage with a padlock, the key to which lay in front of him, stretched over the convexity in the hope that if temptation should overpower the sentinel for the moment, by the time he had unlocked it common sense would prevail. As for the telephone it was tested every now and then by short rings, but all knew when the call came it would not stop after exactly ten seconds.

SRW/N/02 felt the revolver with exactly one bullet in it, hanging loosely by his thigh and wondered if he should ever have to use it. At the moment he would have liked to do so for life was indeed hard. His wife, not knowing of his vital task and thinking that he was employed as a minor government official, was annoyed by his irritability and short temperedness and was contemplating leaving him. He was in debt—though paid well. He smoked 75 cigarettes a day, had to take tranquilisers and sleeping pills and, what was worst, was beginning to drink—which was absolutely forbidden. His immediate chief that very day had said that it was time he took it easy and went on a long holiday. SRW/N/02 knew that unless he quickly adjusted himself he would suddenly disappear—yet he couldn't pull himself together and he was beginning slowly but surely to face up to the fact that he was losing his mind—and the image of his friend, struggling wildly, the next minute a pitiful animal, came into his mind; and he shuddered.

The more he played with the idea of suicide the more it seemed a reasonable way out until finally he was obsessed by the idea of taking his own life and getting his revenge on the world for trying to put him away. He glanced at his watch. Four more hours of his life to pass. He unlocked the cage and his hand rested on the globule of ivory. He caressed it with his fingertips, while gazing vacantly into space. Then, as if making up his mind, he locked the cage again and meticulously placed the key in the centre of the desk. He opened the holster and drew out his well oiled gun. He gazed at it lovingly for a moment then emitted a sardonic laugh. Carefully placing it against his temple he released the safety catch and then slowly pulled the trigger—but on his face he wore an air of triumph. The first drops of blood had hardly started to congeal when the telephone began a slow, insistent ringing . . .

I. DAVIDSON (U.V. Tr.M.).

# To RAWCLIFFES

## AND THEN



# To SCHOOL

FOR ALL SCHOOL REQUIREMENTS

AS APPROVED BY THE

HEADMASTER

*Official Scout and Guide*

*Agent*

LONDON STREET

SOUTHPORT

Tel. 5344

## HOW TO SUCCEED IN EXAMS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Nearly all members of the school are faced with examinations in the coming term and, one hopes, will apply themselves to the business of revision over the holidays. The writer offers the following examination paper as a basis on which they can assess their revision.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE Time  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour  
(though it might as easily be anything else)

1. The following passage is taken from an "O" level physics text book; read it carefully and answer the questions:  
A saturated vapour is defined as one which is in  
(2) equilibrium with its liquid or solid form. In terms of the Kinetic Theory this equilibrium is considered to be dynamic rather than static. The magnetising force of AC at a given  
(4) distance is exactly the same as that given by DC equal  
(6) to the instantaneous value of the AC.
  - a. Summarise the passage in about 100 of your OWN words.
  - b. Give the meaning of the following as used in the passage:
    - i) be      ii) is      iii) the      iv) as      v) A.C.
    - vi) D.C.
  - c. Do you consider "considered" (line 3) worth consideration?
  - d. Give a suitable title.
2. Write 13 to 14 sides on one of the following:
  - a. Threading a needle
  - b. People.
  - c. A public festival or holiday I did not enjoy.
  - d. Beer.
  - e. Bulgarian cooking.
  - f. Thought.
3. Analyse:  
But to think, as it were, that I would, and could, and yes, positively so, but never in such a manner as I did and will if the opportunity, to be sure of, yes.  
(graph paper will be provided for this question)
4. Write THREE sentences for any SEVEN of the following to show that you know the meaning of FOUR of the

remainder as you would use them on SIX of the occasions which you have mentioned in TWO of the former.

- a. f . . . f . . . filthy swine.
  - b. you nuance.
  - c. hard to bear.
  - d. social responsibility.
  - e. What do you mean you don't know?
  - f. Tump it in, and trash it out.
5. You were to accompany your friend this coming Christmas on the firm's seaside outing, but your brother is suffering from over-exposure to atomic-radiation and taking too many slimming pills. You will have to stay at home to look after his pet rhinoceros and will not be able to go. Work out how much in debt you would be if you sent a telegram explaining this.

### HAVE YOUR CARPETS CLEANED

by the . . .

### SOUTHPORT & BIRKDALE CARPET BEATING CO.

12a KEW ROAD, BIRKDALE

BEDDING REMAKES

UPHOLSTERY REPAIRS and RE-COVERS

Telephone 68244

Est. 50 Years

### Southport and Birkdale Motor and Carriage Co. LTD.

## GORE'S

40 NEVILL STREET . SOUTHPORT

Phone 5124

FLEET OF LUXURY COACHES

14, 27, 33, 35, 37 and 41 SEATS  
can be booked for any occasion

HUMBER, PULLMAN, LIMOUSINES FOR WEDDINGS, ETC.  
TAXIS FOR HIRE

## Henry Pidduck & Sons Ltd.

GOLDSMITHS . SILVERSMITHS & JEWELLERS . VALUERS



for  
TOP CLASS  
WATCHES  
SILVER & BRONZE  
MEDALS  
TROPHY CUPS  
and  
REPLICAS

175 & 177 Lord Street, Southport

Also at MARKET SQUARE, HANLEY  
Telephone 3653

ESTABLISHED 1841

## KEITH SMETHURST

SPORTS OUTFITTER

FOR . . .

**SPORTS  
GOODS  
TOYS  
GAMES**

**TENNIS RACKET  
RESTRINGS  
and  
REPAIRS**

**12 hour  
SERVICE**

**3-5 Burton Arcade, Lord St.**

**SOUTHPORT Tel: 2522**

## “LEGENDS WHICH DEFY DEFINITION.”

### THE MAD WELSH COBBLER WHO LIVED IN ROSTOW—AND HIS FATAL MISTAKE

There lived in Rostow, one Thomas Lewellyn David Jones, a cobbler by trade, and an immigrant from Wales. Thomas was separated from his neighbours by his militant Welsh nationalistic turn of mind; but despite his habit of walking up and down the main street bearing a banner with the legend “Hands off Welsh Water” one of his customers struck up a friendship with him. The name of his customer was Nikita Orlov Stepanovitch; he was of mixed parentage (. . . Irish and German), and he, like Thomas, was quite mad.

One day Thomas and Nikita were talking about the weather over a cup of (Russian) tea, in the back-shop, when there came a tremendous hammering on the front door of the shop.

“Who’s there?” shouted Thomas, leaping to his feet, and spilling tea all over an eight-hour carillon-chimer which stood on the mantelpiece.

“Police. Open up,” came the reply.

“It’s the English,” said our hero. “They’ve come to take me back to Wales!” and he bolted the door, barred the windows and reached for his shotgun with the utmost celerity.

“Open up, citizen!”

“No! You English swine!” retorted Thomas, “Go back to your stolen Welsh water.”

There was a sound of muttering from the police officers from which intercourse, Thomas could make out the words “mad”, and “fanatic”.

“Come on, citizen, we only want a few words with you, . . . it’s only about your driving licence,” came a second, more coaxing voice.

“A trick!” screamed Thomas, “A trick!”

By now Nikita was covered under the table in the back-room, but Thomas Lewellyn David Jones, (thrice candidate for the chairmanship of the Rhyl Nationalist Vigilantes Association, (defeated), graduate of Lloyd George boys’ reformatory Bettws-y-Coed, winner of fruit and berry table centrepiece prize Resurrection Sunday School, Bathgate), was not so easily daunted.

"Back! Back to your filthy public schools!" he yelled firing a few blasts in the direction of the shuttered door, "Take that . . . scum!"

There was a scream of pain, and more fervent whispering.

Ten minutes later, the police burst in, grabbed the now despondent, mad cobbler from his chair, bundled him into a yellow van, and drove off towards the police station, (whence he was taken to an asylum).

After the sound of the van had died away, Nikita crawled from his hiding place, picked up his hat and gloves and made his way through the shop and out into the snow-covered street.

After he had gone a few yards, he remembered seeing a white object on the threshold of the cobbler's shop. He walked back to the spot and picked it up.

It was a bloodstained manilla envelope, with the cobbler's name written on it in violet ink. On opening it, a piece of paper was revealed to him, which was headed, thus:—

Rostow Police  
XVIII district  
10/12/96

THOMAS/LEWELLYN/DAVID/JONES.

Is hereby summoned to appear before a magistrate of his Imperial Majesty. On a charge of . . .

"Failure to Renew his licence for The Use and Driving of a Road Vehicle, Traction Engine, Omnibus, Steam Carriage, or any other appliance tested in law 670985/t/B106/D/1801/63A".

R. B. JACKSON (L.5. Y.).

### THE SHORT STORY

There was once a young boy, who, because he happened to have 685 words to spare, and because he needed the money, decided, against his better judgment, and the advice of his friends, to write a short story. Unfortunately he had not an inkling of what to write about. His short story writing career was just about to come to a premature end, when a strange combination of events suddenly seemed to restore his will to write. He began to take an intense dislike to the clean sheet of paper before him, on the table, which seemed to stare back at him with a look of blank defiance. Finally, he managed to look away from the hypnotic glare of the regulation, 32 line, 9 inches by 7 inches, sheet of paper. He stood up, turned off the television set, sat down again and began to write. Slowly and deliberately he began to cover every square inch of paper, between the margins, with writing. He noted, not without satisfaction, how

the neat rows of royal-blue words steadily wiped the look of smugness from the once all white page. He was enjoying himself.

Just as he reached the last line of the first side of the sheet, he realised that he no longer had any more page to write on. After careful consideration of the alternatives which he could take at this point, he decided to turn the piece of paper over. Suddenly he remembered his dislike of blank sheets of paper and again he found himself compelled to write. "If it is the last thing that I do," he thought, "I will make this page sorry for looking at me like that." With the page now reeling under renewed attacks from the rear, he watched, with astonishment, as his pen stopped writing blue words and began to scratch its way across the page, digging crazy trenches as it went. For just a fraction of a second he grinned wickedly as he thought of the destructive power which his pen possessed. Then, for once, his better judgment, aided by a hint of immense financial gain, persuaded him to refill his pen and to continue writing his story. Once he had got used to writing again he had no idea what he was writing about. He wanted to cover that page with words also. He knew, however, that he was concentrating by the way that he held his pen,—like a poker, and he wrote with the nib inverted.

He could see the blue words stacking themselves neatly, line upon line right down the page. He could see his hand obediently following his pen across the page. For the first time in his life he found writing easy, he was enjoying himself. His pen stopped writing for a second or two and he had time to review his position. The magazine for which he was writing had imposed a limit of 1,000 words. This, he thought, must be to save some enterprising student from writing a whole volume for his story. Nevertheless, he thought, if someone was all that conscientious, he could write a lot of short stories, and give them in separately. He decided to finish off his story at this point as he would just about reach the bottom of the page and yet still be in the word limit.

Thus, the young boy used up his spare words and covered the paper with pleasing designs and qualified for consideration for financial remuneration by handing his short story in, to the appropriate authorities.

(The author would like to point out that he had no political motive for writing this story and regrets that he cannot enter into any correspondence).

D. HOLLINGS (U.6. Sc.A.).



## The Bookshop of Quality and Note.



**C. K. BROADHURST & CO. LTD.**

5 & 7 MARKET STREET, SOUTHPORT Phone 2064

42

## NOW AND THEN

Extracts from the Red Rose of 1924  
(selected by T. S. Goldsmith)

### A well known local retail shop advertised as follows:

Boys are invited to walk round the shop and examine the goods displayed for sale. They will not be pressed to buy, nor interfered with in any way so long as they conduct themselves in a quiet and orderly fashion.

### From the Debating Society report:

Stewart followed with a short discourse on the use of dogs in war; while Cunliffe recounted some experiences in Lakeland during a 100 mile journey accomplished in a single 24 hours on a "MOTOR BIKE".

### The arrival of the school Wireless:

A large number of boys have found their way this term to the "Wireless Room", where occasionally their astonished ears have been greeted with the strange modern invention called jazz.

*"The air is full of noises. Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.*

Before long we hope that a large number of boys will be able to listen in at the same time—the Governors have granted us a loud-speaker.

(Even today, 40 years after this report was written, it is still thought that there are some people who regard Jazz as strange and modern).

### The School Library Report:

We have now more than 900 books—the work of the librarians has become very considerable.

(Today the library has some 6,000 books).

### The Magazine concludes:

*The Editors are in no wise responsible for the opinions or language of correspondents.*

(NEITHER ARE WE!)

43

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

As a mere scientist I feel stimulated to complain about the present inefficiency of what was the school's most well organised and interesting society, namely the Debating Society.

Last term the standard of debates, speeches (sic) and attendance was at its lowest ebb for at least the past seven years. The first debate which I attended this term, however, yielded the grand total of five black blazers and nine red ones, hardly "grand" out of more than six hundred boys. The speakers all managed to speak for less than the time allocated. One or two speeches had obviously been prepared that afternoon, and were written on old envelopes. At this debate there was one person acting as both Secretary and Chairman. Two weeks later there was neither a Secretary nor a Chairman; one of the principal speakers had to change "sides" at the last minute; three speeches ran for about half the full time and nobody spoke from the floor, obviously because of the apathy of the speeches before. Only ten people attended this debate to the end, three having left halfway through for reasons unknown.

Please, sixth form, attend the debates and committee of the Debating Society, do something.

R. PORTER (L6Sc.B.).

Sir,

The Committee of the Debating Society feels that the above criticism should be answered. The committee this year have had a particularly difficult task as previous years have seen a decline in attendances at the debates with the result that it has been difficult to find speakers willing to take an active part in front of a small audience. Fortunately there have been a small number of members who have been ready to fill the gap at short notice; this, coupled with the fact that these members are often officials, explains the rather short speeches and the absence from their usual positions of Chairman and Secretary.

The Committee have tried, whenever possible, to debate serious motions although it realises that large audiences can only be attracted by pandering to popular demand. Nevertheless, the committee feel that the extension of the merely humorous will lead to a further decline in speaking standards and have tried to combat this. The result has been a drop in attendance but your

correspondent will surely agree that as the season continued the standard of speaking improved.

Finally, the drop in attendance is inevitable owing to the profusion of societies now in the school. There are some twenty societies operating after four o'clock as against about nine when your correspondent entered the School.

The Committee hopes that in spite of such opposition their successors will not move from the stand they have taken over the subject matter of debates, and look forward to seeing Mr. Porter as a regular attender again next year.

W. G. DAY,

(Joint Chairman)

p.p. The Debating Society Committee.

# THRELFALL & MARSDEN

(Arthur Marsden, R. P. Marsden)

## Decorators

72 Hall Street - Southport

Phone 5469

Est. 1876

## OLD GEORGIANS' SECTION

- L. BARTON (S. 44-50) and N. SLACK (G. 43-50) have both played for the Cumberland and Westmorland rugby football team this year.
- LT. COL. T. W. BROWN, R.A.M.C. (W. 35-39) is now stationed at Tidworth.
- DR. P. W. BRUNT (Ev. 50-54) has been awarded the degree of M.R.C.P.
- T. M. BUNTING (S. 28-35) has been appointed captain of the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club for 1964.
- S. H. GREEN (M. 50-56) has passed his M.B., Ch.B. and is now a house officer in the Middlesex Hospital, London.
- L. J. GRIMLEY (L. 55-60) has qualified as a junior technician in the R.A.F.
- B. J. HARTWELL (M. 21-24) who is a member of the Advisory Council for the Treatment of Offenders, has been Chairman of a sub-committee which has produced a Report for the Home Secretary on the Organisation of After Care.
- REV. J. S. LEATHERBARROW (G. 20-26) Rector of Martley, near Worcester, has been appointed Rural Dean of Martley.
- L. LYONS (M. 48-55) has been awarded the degree of Ph.D.
- J. P. MARSH (M. 54-61) was awarded his association football blue for Oxford University and played against Cambridge last December.
- D. T. ROSS (L. 42-49) has been appointed Advertising Manager in Toronto, Canada.
- B. WHITTLE (M. 56-61) has been appointed golf professional at the Capitol City Golf and Country Club, near Brookhaven, Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A.
- S. P. WILFORD (G. 46-52) has been awarded the degree of Ph.D. at Leeds University.
- R. WRIGHT (S. 39-45) was awarded the O.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List. Until recently he was clerk to the Nairobi County Council. He has now moved to Northern Rhodesia where he is Deputy Town Clerk at Andola.

## LIST OF STAFF

- Headmaster :  
G. F. DIXON, M.A., formerly Scholar of New College, Oxford
- Deputy Head:  
H. HIGHAM, B.Sc., Liverpool (Chemistry)
- Assistant Masters:
- A. G. LESSITER, M.A., Downing College, Cambridge (Mathematics)  
 †L. C. HARGREAVES, B.Sc., Manchester (Chemistry)  
 \*H. EVANS, B.A., Wales (English, Latin)  
 \*C. F. FLEMMING, B.Sc., Manchester (Physics)  
 †G. P. WAKEFIELD, M.A., Liverpool (English)  
 W. T. JONES, B.Sc., London (Physics)  
 \*R. ABRAM, B.Sc., Manchester (Mathematics)  
 H. SMITH, Loughborough College (Mathematics)  
 H. H. LONG, Wigan Mining and Technical College (Handicraft)  
 G. BERRY, B.A., Manchester (French, German)  
 \*A. J. NORRIS, B.Sc., Bristol (Mathematics)  
 H. C. DAVIES, B.Sc., Liverpool (Biology)  
 \*P. G. LONGHURST, B.A., Nottingham (Economics, Physical Education)  
 N. HARRISON, A.T.D., Liverpool College of Art (Art)  
 G. M. HANKINSON, B.Sc., London (Chemistry)  
 \*J. HODNETT, B.A., St. Catherine's College, Oxford (Geography)  
 \*J. W. LORD, M.Sc., Liverpool, F.R.I.C. (Chemistry)  
 \*J. CLOUGH, B.A., Manchester (Classics)  
 E. S. GALE, Culham College and Carnegie College, Leeds (Physical Education)  
 J. M. STEANE, M.A., formerly Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford (History)  
 C. G. PARSONS, B.A., Liverpool (Geography)  
 C. G. HADLEY, M.A., St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, Docteur de l'Universite d'Aix-Marseille (Modern Languages)  
 P. BOLTON, B.Sc., Durham (Physics and Mathematics)  
 B. A. J. NORMAN, B.A., Nottingham (English)  
 D. MILEY, G.R.I.C., Liverpool College of Technology (Chemistry and Mathematics)  
 J. E. TRAYHERN, B.A., University College, Oxford (History and General Subjects)  
 R. W. BELL, B.A., Durham (Scripture and General Subjects)  
 R. W. ROTHWELL, B.Sc., Manchester (Mathematics)  
 R. HEYES, B.Sc., Liverpool (Chemistry)  
 A. N. GUDGIN, B.Sc., Wales (Geography, Economics)  
 D. S. ALLEN, B.A., Queen's College, Oxford (French and Spanish)  
 B. HOWSON, B.A., Durham (French and German)  
 S. M. REID, B.A., Durham (French and German)  
 M. A. THURLOW, B.A., Magdalen College, Oxford (English)  
 C. P. MEADOWS, B.A., Jesus College, Oxford (French)  
 R. P. WILSON, L.R.A.M., Trinity College of Music, London (Music)  
 M. G. ALLAN, B.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge (History)  
 T. B. L. DAVIES, B.A., Wales (Classics)  
 K. L. MAY, B.Sc., Liverpool (Physics)

\* Denotes Housemaster. † Denotes Careers Master.

† Denotes Librarian.