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A magazine compiled  
by members of  
Forms 1 to 4

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# Editorial Staff

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The Editors express their appreciation to all who have assisted in the preparation of this magazine and its sale.

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## PRIZES!

1. Holder of the magazine bearing the number to be picked out of a hat on the next to last day of term. Drawn in public!
  2. Prize Crossword
  3. Prize Puzzle
- } Solutions should be placed in a sealed envelope, marked 'CROSSWORD' or 'PUZZLE', and bearing the solver's name and form. The first correct solution opened on the last day of term by the Editors will be awarded the prize in each competition.
4. Best continuation of the story- 'BOND ? MARK 2.' To be awarded next term.

N. B. The value of the prizes depends upon the sales of this magazine. So encourage others to buy if you want good prizes!

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ADVERTISEMENTS ARE WELCOMED FOR FUTURE ISSUES. FOR RATES, APPLY TO THE TREASURER, MR. S. B. PIERCE.

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## THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN KNOWING AND REALIZING!



During the last war my dad was taken prisoner at the Battle of Dunkirk. He was sent to a prisoner-of-war camp in Poland where many men who were wounded died because no medical facilities were available. Food was short; each man got one pint of potato soup per day (if he was able to get to the cookhouse). The men had to sleep on canvas on the floor even when it became covered with ice!

Later on, in East Prussia my dad saw as many as five hundred Russians buried in the same grave; most had died of hunger as the Germans gave them no food, this being Hitler's plan to exterminate the Russian people. Dead bodies were kept for many days hidden from the Germans so that the small amounts of food allowed could be drawn and help to support those who were alive.

He was working on a farm near Cottbus in East Prussia when many Jewish girls were marched in from Southern Poland by S.S. soldiers and he and a New Zealand comrade were given the job of distributing one carrot and one pint of water to each girl, this being their food for one day. All these girls' bodies were swollen through the shortage of proper food; after only two days' rest these girls were marched from the farmyard and were never heard of again.

My father spent five years in prisoner-of-war camps in Poland and East and West Germany; he says all boys should be proud of those who fought and died so that they can enjoy the freedom and luxuries of this great country.

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D. KYLE  
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### CO-EDUCATION? A FIRST-FORMER'S VIEW.

I think that co-education is good because boys appear tidier in front of girls. They do not tell rude jokes in front of girls either; neither do the girls. As well as this in single-sex schools whole families of boys or girls whenever they see one of the other sex they say, "Hey! look over there - a girl" or the other way round if they are girls, and in this way it helps as well for them to stop getting excited when they see one of the other sex.

However, sometimes single-sex schools are better than co-educational, because in mixed schools there is a kind of bullying which, instead of hurting the person outside, makes a fool of him in front of the other sex. For example, one side of the classroom may be all girls and the other side all boys. The teacher calls out Charlie to have his book marked. At that moment a lad called Feeble Fred is on his way back to his seat. Charlie just walks straight on, not letting Fred past and makes him squeeze past, thus making Fred feel small in front of the girls. Or it could be the other way round.

If I have children of my own when I grow up I shall send them to a co-educational school because I think it would help them to get on in the world with women or men.

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S. G. O'BRIEN  
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Q: What group of guards are both cold and wet?

A: The Coldstream Guards!

D. GRIFFITH  
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## THE "VICTORIA" AND THE "CAMPERDOWN".

Admiral Sir James Tryon was the admiral of the English Mediterranean Fleet about 80 to 90 years ago. He was a man who was never answered back to. He didn't make serious mistakes; in fact, he only made one,-- which cost the British Navy one destroyer and many men. The only thing which sounded funny was that this disaster took place in peacetime!

It happened like this. At the time, this fleet of ships was doing many difficult exercises in foreign waters to prove to foreign countries that Britain kept up to its name of having the strongest naval fleet in the world. On this occasion, the "Victoria" which had the admiral on board was to steer to port and all the other odd-numbered ships followed in single file. All the even-numbered ships followed the "Camperdown" which had the vice-admiral on board. The ships were to travel at full speed until they were one and a half miles apart.

At 2400 yards apart the Admiral gave the order to steer in the opposite direction to which they were going, the "Victoria" to starboard and the "Camperdown" to port. Nobody would argue with the Admiral's order and the two ships were on collision course. The "Camperdown" was changed from full ahead to full astern so slowing the collision down considerably but the "Victoria" followed out the plan and turned. The "Camperdown" rammed her amidships and all of the men who were in that part of the ship and many others died because they could not swim, which was not surprising in those days!

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R. ALDCROFT

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## THE RETURN FROM ZEEBRUGGE.

whole-1, the plan is by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, 1st Baron Keyes, 1854-1929,

After the plan for the operation had been communicated by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes the whole fleet set out on their mission. As they arrived in the early hours they began to weave a smokescreen around themselves. Then the destroyers left the scene because they had more important uses elsewhere.

As bad luck would have it, it so happened that the wind changed its direction and blew the smokescreen right away from the scene, thus exposing the whole of the fleet to the German gun battery along the coastline. Shells were bursting everywhere. The "Vindictive" was the largest of the ships, so she received the worst of the gunfire. The "Iris" and the "Daffodil" were sheltered behind the "Vindictive" as the procession made its way to the Mole.

At last three ships, one battered and the other two unharmed, plus a small convoy of motorboats and the three blockships arrived at the edge of the Mole. The crew of the "Iris" threw grappling-hooks which were too small and slid off, so a handful of brave men climbed out onto the Mole and tried to pull the boat in themselves to enable the crew to clamber onto the Mole under the fire of the Germans. The captain of the "Vindictive" saw that these men needed help but he knew that his ship was unable to moor alongside the Mole so the Admiral ordered the crew of the "Daffodil" to come round to the side of the "Vindictive" and pin it against the Mole. This it did and men went ashore to aid the others. The "IRIS", taking the main part in this operation was getting the full force of the German guns. There were 128 holes in the funnel which was beginning to look like a lace curtain.

The Germans took no notice of the two small motorboats packed with explosives that were heading towards the bridge but suddenly a stray shell hit the second of the two and blew it up with all its crew. The other carried on until it reached the bridge and the crew jumped out a few seconds before it



exploded, being picked up by another motorboat. At this moment the three blockships went into action. As they headed for the entrance, the first ship was holed and sank, blocking the entrance for the third ship. The second ship, however, got round the first ship and sank itself. The third ship reversed round the first ship and sank itself in the entrance of the Submarine Pens. The motorboats seeking survivors had to weave in, and out, of the sinking ships to pick the men up. Suddenly the "Iris" was hit by a large shell right where there were about 50 marines. The ladies' toilets were transformed into a surgery. Another shell hit the "Iris" and this time it was the captain's cabin that was destroyed. The Admiral had been watching all this and decided that there was nothing else that could be done so he sounded the retreat and the ships faded into the distance.

When the King, George V, heard the details of this operation, he ordered that for all the years to come there must be at least one "Iris" and one "Daffodil" and that they were to be called "Royal Daffodil" and "Royal Iris" by Royal Command and that they belong to the Wallasey - Liverpool ferry.

K. CLAYDON



### "THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL"

Her sons now gone, the mother wakes;  
Her sons she now does miss.  
"O, sorry day!" the Wife does say--  
"They left without a kiss."

The Wife she does not realize  
She now has lost her thrice-won prize.  
Her sons for good have left their posts  
As do indeed all normal ghosts.

\*\*\*\*\*R.J.BOWEN \*\*\*\*\*

### TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF MEDICINE.

- I. What is the proper name for the collar-bone?
- II. Why is fluoride sometimes added to drinking-water?
- III. From which plant is morphine derived?
- IV. What did Dr. Jonas Salk introduce in 1954?
- V. Which part of the body is affected by astigmatism?
- VI. Who first introduced chloroform as an anaesthetic?
- VII. If a person is being treated with digitalis, what is his trouble?
- VIII. With which drug is the name of Sir Alexander Fleming especially associated?
- IX. What is the cornea?
- X. How many ribs are there in the human body?

M. BYRNE

Q: Why did the man with one hand cross the road?

A: To get to the second-hand shop!

D.EVANS



Heat -- strength-sapping heat. Then cold -- cold, Antarctic cold that crept its insidious way through to the marrow. Then food and rest for several weeks, his strength coming back slowly. Then heat again and cold and more rest and food. Then the decision -- Room T, Grade II. They came for him at night. They took him to Room T and left him there for the night. In the morning they threw him out into the street, a babbling, broken imbecile!

"There will be brilliant sunshine in all parts followed by a shower of rain." With a grunt, the tall silver-grey-haired man pushed a button. The broadcast ceased. Sighing, he swung round in his chair and faced his companion, a tall, well-dressed, handsome man in his early thirties.

"Well, sir?" the latter said.

"No, it's not well at all," snapped the elder. "We've lost too many good men in the past two years. We're losing men that haven't even been sent out yet!" With another sigh he swung round to the intercom. "Bring in the XI file, please, Miss Jones."

"Very good, sir" came the reply and the file slid slowly towards his desk.

"Now, Foster, I want you to take this home tonight and study it carefully. Don't breathe a word to anyone," he said.

"You can rely on me, sir", replied Foster.

Foster made his way to his car and headed for the nearest postbox. He posted the file to himself. On the way back to the office he stopped at a traffic-light. A car drew up alongside his and Foster glanced idly at it.

Heat -- then cold and rest. Then heat and more cold. Then sleep. Then the decision -- Room T, Grade II at night. In the morning -- another babbling imbecile called Foster. Only he didn't know it. Only Sir Robert knew - and he couldn't do anything to help him now.

Later, Sir Robert held a meeting with three men, all specially trained for the type of treatment they would receive.

"Shall we get down to business?" You know, " he began, " that the loss of men is great. It's your job to stop it. Your special training will help. Firstly, you will be subjected to a long series of heat and cold followed by long periods of sleep; secondly, Room T will be completely blacked out so you will be given a pair of special glasses. Now, any questions?"

"Yes, sir," said the tallest of the three. "How do we get there?"

"A good question. You just go for a ride!"

Three months later the three set out on the mission. They reached the same traffic-lights as Foster; the same car drew up.

When they awoke they were lying on the floor of a room surrounded by large, thick pipes. Then heat and cold alternately but with their special training they just lay there doing nothing but looking at the blank ceiling.

Then they heard footsteps coming along the corridor outside. They stopped at the door, the grille opened and -----?

THE EDITORS KNOW HOW THIS STORY GOES ON BUT THEY INVITE YOU TO WRITE AN EXCITING AND CREDIBLE CONTINUATION. THERE WILL BE A SMALL PRIZE FOR THE BEST INSTALMENT GIVEN IN TO THE AUTHOR, S. LEWIS OF 2B, OR TO MR. ALLAN BEFORE THE END OF TERM.

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Q: What did the earwig say when it fell off a cliff?

A: "Earwigo!"

D. EVANS

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THE NITTI MOB (written in American)

I used to be a small-time punk, but I decided to hit the big time. I was thinking of joining Al Capone's mob, but he got caught by the Feds and was taken to Alcatraz. So I had the choice of Nitti or Bugs Moran. I myself thought Bugs was a punk, so I went to Nitti. He thought I was a good guy so I joined.

My first job was to knock off two of Bugs Moran's boys. This was easy. I got a tip-off that they stayed in a dump called "The Purple Pill". I went in and said to the manager, "Get Big Joe and Charlie. It's a pal". After two minutes they came down. I sat at a table with them. Two of my boys were outside. I signalled them. They burst in and pumped lead into the two punks.

Nitti liked my style but the Fed called Ness didn't. He burst into the office, but Frank just got up and said, "Ness, you make me itch, and I don't like fleas. Get out of here!" Ness turned white and ran.

The next job was to rob 10,000 dollars from a Chicago bank. We went into Brooklyn Street and planted a bomb in the bank which then blew up. We ran in and got the money but the Feds caught one of the boys. This was a blow, so I was sent to see that he didn't sing to Ness.

I was outside the window. I heard the guy say, "Ness, let's make a deal. If I split, will you let me off?" I heard Ness say, "Yeah! I'll put a cushion on the chair." This guy was going to sing, so I pumped the lead into them.

But -----

I'm now on the way to 'the chair'.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* J.C. LEEMING \*\*\*\*\*

AN AWKWARD SITUATION!

Well, there I was trying to explain to two policemen at two o'clock in the morning. Of course, all the odds were against me. I was wearing black boots, black trousers and a striped shirt, gloves and a flat hat and, to top it all, a black mask. Oh, and I was carrying a sackful of tools too. These two came up to me and said, "'Ello, 'ello, 'ello, what have we here?"

I said, "Good morning, officers."

They seized an arm each and started walking me down the road.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" I said.

"We are charging you with robbery with violence at a small jeweller's shop at 1.30 a.m. on the other side of town----"

"But I-I've just----" I stammered.

"You glass-cuttered the windows, put your arm in and opened the door--".

"Hold on a second!" I exclaimed.

"You entered and started removing stock from the stock-room," said the other.

"No, you see ----" I said.

"Then you clubbed down Mr. Phillips as he tried to stop you."

"But I couldn't have; I----"

"Then you ran out, hid the loot and tried to hide over this side of town!"

"Listen a second!" I shouted.

"I suppose you've just been innocently walking home from a friend's fancy dress party where you've been all night!" they said, sarcastically.

I had!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* R.J. BOWEN \*\*\*\*\*





The moon shone brilliantly in a diamond-studded sky. A dark tree stood silhouetted against the gentle silver of the moon. Long dark wispy clouds drifted across its face, like bedraggled tufts of hair.

The dream world was calling me, beckoning me into its black velvet fingers. I was being drawn into another dimension, a dimension of evil and horror, horror completely and indescribably awful. Soft warm fingers wrapped and closed about my throat, a great drowsiness overtook me. A grim veil closed over my mind, the sickly odour of death was in the heavy air. My subconscious had been taken, a prisoner of the dream world.

I was floating gently through a great void. Warm, dark creatures brushed across my face. Gradually I came to a stop. I was lying underneath huge dark oak trees, bent as if enduring terrible agony. The moon shone with a cold grey light. The sound of small waves lapping a beach could be heard, with the noise of rolling shingle, a hollow, empty sound.

A carpet of a thousand sparkling gems was cast out in front of me, spread by the moon, a spectacle of royal splendour on the shimmering dark sea.

I walked on, through the black trees, then ahead of me I saw a figure, robed in arab grey, watching me but without moving. I turned away and started to trot, gathering speed, then started to run. My head was swimming, and I collapsed amongst some ferns. My heart was thudding in my ears and the sound got louder and louder. I started up in a cold sweat. I realised it was the thumping of heavy hooves on soft earth. A sweet odour of death drifted past me, overpowering me.

I held my head in my hands. The steady rhythm of the galloping hooves grew ever nearer. I could feel the horses' hot breath down my neck. I lifted my head; a dark figure sat on a maddened horse. The creature's eyes were rolling, and blazing like red hot coals. The horse reared, and snorted with distended nostrils, its foam-flecked sides, rolling with sweat, heaved and strained.

The figure rose up on his dark steed and the moon flashed across his pearly white teeth. Decaying flesh hung off his face in strips. Maggots weaved burrows in and out of the putrefying fiend. An unearthly peal of thunder rumbled ominously across the sky. Vivid streaks of lightning slashed the universe in two. He was completely lit up; every horrible detail of him could be made out.

His hand came towards me. I felt a horrible revulsion as it came to rest on my forehead. Then he stared at me with green slanted eyes, cutting up my body, condemning me to the world of shades forever, never to return.

The horse rose with a scream and he galloped away. Now the silence oozed gently back, when the rhythmic hooves had gone.

ANON.



THE THING IN THE OBSERVATORY.

The observatory stood on top of a large hill. All around the jungles of Borneo stretched for as far as the eye could see. At night it was a lonely place, as the only people for miles slept in a village at the bottom of the hill.

Dimock was stiff from his long vigil, watching the stars. He would have walked about to relieve the stiffness in his legs, had not the lantern run out of oil, leaving the observatory in darkness. In about three hours it would be light and he could go for his breakfast.

Suddenly, something crossed in front of the telescope, blotting out the stars, which reappeared a moment later. The telescope gave a lurch; something had moved it. Dimock's chair was knocked over and as he picked himself up he saw a silhouette of something sitting on the telescope.

Wondering what it could be, he lit a match. He saw something that looked like an extremely large bat. It was at least nine feet long. Suddenly it launched itself at him. His match went out and he was knocked over. He heard the sound of large, leathery wings as the thing flew back to its perch on the telescope. He struck his last match in an endeavour to try and find the door. Again the thing attacked him. He saw it launch itself at him. This time he ducked, and felt the broken bottle which had held his drink. As the thing came past him he hit out with the bottle. He heard a squeal of agony. By this time his match had gone out and he could no longer see the door. In the struggle he had lost his bearings.

He decided to attempt to find the door. He tripped and fell over a chair but finally made it. He tore down the hill to his hut and awoke his fellow observer, Johnson. He found his revolver and hurriedly pushed his friend up the hill, taking a lantern with him.

As they entered, holding the lantern aloft, the bat-like thing swooped down on them. Dimock fired the whole magazine of his revolver, aiming at where he thought the heart was likely to be, but still it came. He ducked and started to reload. Johnson, however, was not so quick, and the beast caught him with its large talons. It carried him up to the observatory roof and dropped him to the floor. Then it alighted and proceeded to tear him to pieces. Dimock again emptied the magazine of the revolver into it, but it did not stop. In desperation he threw the lantern at it. The lantern smashed and the oil, having run over the beast and its unfortunate victim, burst into flame. The beast soared up in the air, still carrying its victim. The last Dimock saw of them was as they flew away covered in flames.

X X

M. Lewis



WAR IN THE AIR.

A few long minutes pass, then we turn around.

Oh no, oh no! A sudden hit,

we'll have to go aground.

we're going down, going down, at 80 miles per hour,

we're going down, going down, at 30 miles per hour,  
we've got to get some sudden speed, we've got to get

some power.

Bail out, bail out! is the sudden cry,

Jump out into that lonely sky!

So out they go, all eight of them,

Those poor old lonely brave, brave men.

not so long after they hit the ground,

but the nazis are already around.

"Halt, Englander!" shouts one of them,

"Come to your nice little prison den!"

so of they go, to spend their days

in oh, so many lovely ways!

P. WOOLLEY

X X

Our job is done, but even as we turn

The flak is moving up on us astern.

The moment's lull is over-once again

The night is torn with stabs of orange flame,

the night is torn with stabs of orange flame,  
And louder than the motors' vibrant roar

And louder than the motors. Vibrant roar  
we hear the sullen thud of it once more.

And then in the darkness of the night

Came a stunning, awful sight.

Came a stunning, awful sight.  
Anti-aircraft guns did blast,

And into our side the shells were cast.

Plummeting down and gathering speed,

while guns resounded with bloody greed.

bailing out was to no avail,

the canopy, so soft and frail,

The canopy, so soft and frail,  
Ceased to pull him from his fall.

he hit the deck with a fearful call.

M. WORTHY

X X

STRANGE FACTS.

- Some people collect stamps, others books or paintings. William I of Prussia collected giants! These were for his Grenadier Guard. On one occasion he exchanged a valuable collection of china for some suitable guardsmen.
- Someone once counted the steps taken by a waiter going from the counter to the tables. It was found that from 8 a.m. to midnight he took 99,000 steps, which equals 36 miles.

G. CLAMP



## THE GHOST AT BALLANTRAE HOUSE.

During the long winter of 1896, the lord of the manor, the Duke of Clambston, took a walk outside his window along a parapet. The man was rather eccentric and insisted on staying outside despite frantic efforts from his wife and the police. The poor man fell to his death a few minutes after leaving his window. The eccentric lord hit a pailing fence and was spiked in three different places--through the right eye, throat and heart.

Descendants and friends of the lord claim to have seen his ghost patrolling the manor at night. They also claim that the marks could be seen in the exact places.

In 1912 a certain Miss Emily Topp was a guest of the third duke. She was found in a state of extreme shock; she claimed to have seen the ghost. Like all the friends of the family she was apt to become uncontrollable. She had run along the corridors and had set light to the duke's bedroom, after locking him in, causing extensive damage and cremating the duke in the process. I am glad to say that Miss Topp was locked away in a mental home for the rest of her life.

It is said that the ghost has been seen many times since, but not with such disastrous results!

A. RUSSELL

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### WAR IN THE AIR (2)

We hear the sullen thud of it once more,  
The night-fighters arrive, spitting their fire.  
We try to escape, higher, higher....  
There is a flash--the engine's gone up  
It seems now we've lost our luck.  
The aircraft turns, it's in a spin,  
It looks like now the Germans will win.  
The aircraft spins, a swirling mass,  
Very soon now we will hear the last crash.  
We've had our bad times, we've had our fun,  
This is our last mission--our work is done.  
We lie here quite still in the darkness of heaven  
Oh how I long for my home back in Devon.

C.D. PEMBERTON

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#### TOP TEN!!

#### TOP TEN!!

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. "Oh! happy day!" - Mr. Owen(s)         | 8. "Boom! Bang-a-bang!" - Mr. Townsend.           |
| 2. "My Way!" - Mr. Malcolm                | 9. "Without Her" - Mr. Squires                    |
| 3. "Baby, make it soon" - Mr. Wheat       | 10. "Get back (against the wall) -<br>Mr. Connah. |
| 4. "Behind a painted smile" - Mr. Allan   |   |
| 5. "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" - Mr. Miller | ANON.   |
| 6. "Breakaway" - Mr. Hale                 | (for obvious reasons!)                            |
| 7. "Games people play" - Mr. Edgar        |   |



### THE DUEL.

her lovely beauty won their souls,  
to win her love they fought with poles  
of many colours and an end like spear.  
to die for her they had no fear.  
in sturdy armour shining bright  
they mounted their steeds for the fight.  
the trumpeters did tramp aloud  
and then a roar came from the crowd  
as the steeds went into a run.  
this was real and not for fun.  
forty yards, thirty yards, maybe less  
both can feel her warm caress.  
then the clash is violently met,  
whoever wins will not forget.  
one man now is on the grass,  
the other looks with an eye of brass  
as he swings his sword upon his breast.  
no longer does that family crest  
fly in the sky narrow and wide,  
for the victor has won his bride.

P. BURTON

x x

### STRANGE FACTS.

- 5) The famous duellist Cyrano de Bergerac never passed a day without engaging in a duel. Once he killed a dozen men because they laughed at his curiously-shaped nose.
- 6) it seems that false teeth may have been invented by the ancient Egyptians, because some mummies were found to have them. This may have been to avoid being taken as criminals, since pharaohs ordered that the teeth of some criminals should be broken.

G. CLAMP

x x

### LIMERICK

'Tis said that the emperor Titus  
had a penchant for pleasantries vicious.  
he took his two nieces,  
and cut them in pieces,  
and said it was simply delicious!

D. GRAM

x x

- Q. What do you call an eskimo with ten balacclavas on?  
A. Anything you like—he can't hear you.

P. WOOLLEY

x x



DEAF GIRL CURED! (Daily Mirror, Friday, March 7th, 1969).

"A transplant of bones in the ear restored the hearing of a 12 year old Ukrainian girl who has been deaf for two years, it was reported in Moscow yesterday....."

LISTEN.

One small girl in a silent world,  
The guinea-pig for an operation  
By Moscow doctors.  
Suddenly conveyed into a new world.  
But to hear what?  
The screams of burning children  
As napalm fries every tissue.  
The groans of anguish as Biafrans starve  
Disintegrate to form--bones.  
The fearful shouts of a billion people living  
In the destructive shadow of the bomb.  
The end for her, the exodus.  
To hear people cry, ravaged by creeping germs of warfare  
That will infest and destroy  
Her new-found hearing.  
Think, my Russian friend,  
To hear-what?

R.McKLE

x x

A drunk staggered out of a pub, making his way towards a fair-ground. At the fairground, on the rifle range, he shot six bulls-eyes. At this the stallholder gave the drunk a tortoise. Five minutes later he returned and shot another six bullseyes. At this the stallholder was very surprised. "Fantastic, mate! You can have any prize you want!"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said the drunk, "just give me another of those crusty meat pies".

P.WOOLLEY

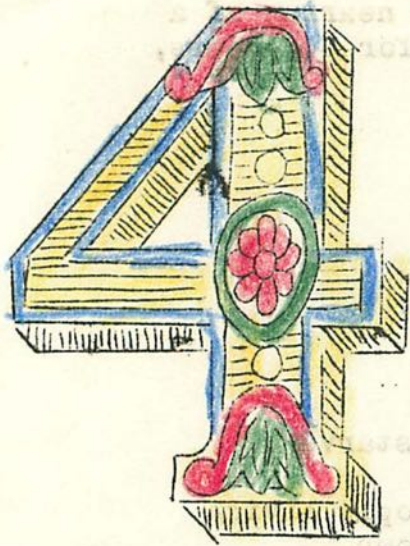
x.x x

MORE STRANGE FACTS.

- 3) The worst known case of compulsive swallowing was reported in December, 1960. The patient, who only complained of swollen ankles, was found to have 258 items in his stomach, including a 3lb piece of metal, 26 keys, 3 sets of rosary beads, 16 religious medals, a bracelet, a necklace, 3 pairs of tweezers, 4 nail clippers, 39 nail files, 3 metal chains and 88 assorted coins.
- 4) The greatest number of children produced by one mother in an independently attested case is 69, by the wife of Fyodor Vassilet (1816-72). They included 16 pairs of twins, 7 sets of triplets and 4 sets of quadruplets. A.LEWIS, A.GILES



## ELECTION ADDRESS!



Dear comrades, or otherwise, I have been asked by at least one or two people to stand for election as Form Captain. I have considered the prospect fully and have reached the conclusion that I am indeed the best person for the job. However, I feel that I should perhaps give you some reasons for my superiority over my inferior opponents.

If made form-captain, I will do my best to dispose of various difficulties and discomforts that we suffer in the form today. For instance, we should get a door-handle for the door and indeed a new, bigger, warmer formroom.

I have few vices and many virtues, such as integrity, intelligence and deep concern for the most trivial matters. Like a successful politician, I have slyness, thriftiness and a determination to have things my own way, which if I am elected, as I will be, will be the form way.

I have something planned to interest everyone. I shall introduce competitions to keep you busy during rainy days and boring lessons. For the more athletic-minded I would introduce serious sports during dinner-hour such as tiddley-winks, draughts, patience and chess. (Editor's note -- We have chess already!) For the more desperate, I have several other ideas.

I should consider it my duty to give adequate warning of an approaching master when your meek and gentle selves are involved in a between-lesson carefree activity such as executing the class sneak or having a brawl. Finally, I should take on the hazardous task of delivering your complaints to members of the staff.

To sum up, if you want these fantastic amenities, which no other candidate has to offer, vote for YOUR MODEST CANDIDATE -----ME! R. DAVIES of 4A.

\*\*\*\*\*

### TO MY DEAREST GENERAL!

When you sip your brandy, think of me!

I'm only one who died at Chamberley.

You didn't flinch or count the cost.

After all, only 10,000 men were lost!

Brave old you! you did it again:

Another 10,000 men just slain.

"But I had to", you may say;

But you live another day!

A. NON (4A)

\*\*\*\*\*

### GLEANINGS FROM THE TOM KYLE FUNBOOK.

"Mummy, mummy, can I play with Grandad?"

"No, dear, you've dug him up twice already."

Q: Why was the hen sent off the football-pitch?

A: Because it was a foul!

Q: What was born to succeed?

A: A budgie without a beak!

\*\*\*\*\*



## THE PSALM OF THE LONG-DISTANCE TRUCK-DRIVER.

The new Highway Code my shepherd is  
Whose advice fails me never;  
I'll ne'er get booked while I have it,  
So I'll keep it forever.

Where streams of living water flow  
My bald tyres make me jack-knife;  
And on the verge at speed I'll go  
And just escape with life.

Asleep and drunken oft I drive;  
With sirens loud they chase me;  
And in their car me gently lay;  
Then in the clink they place me.

In Wales' dark vales I feel so ill  
'Cos there's no shops for miles.  
Good grief! how Taffs can eat such swill  
As leeks -- and still they smile!

You spread a table in my sight;  
Aluncheon large you serve me.  
And Oh! what truck-men, for delight,  
To your famed cafe hurry.

And so down all the length of road,  
My engine faileth never.  
O, transport drivers, sing this praise  
In transport cabs for ever!

\*\*\*\*\*

T. KYLE

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE SOLDIER.

The soldier just sits in his trench  
Sick, sometimes, of the stench  
Of corpses scattered round his feet -  
Once-living things with hearts that beat.  
A sad, unhappy, mournful sound ----  
They now lie withered on the ground\*

Shell-shocked men stagger 'round;  
Some fall dead upon the ground;  
Some scream out, because of pain,  
Sucked under by the blood-soaked plain.  
Thousands come and thousands go --  
Lie in graveyards row by row.

\*\*\*\*\*

D. H. GRIFFITHS

\*\*\*\*\*



## THE AIR TRAINING CORPS.

Many young men and boys of school age think that joining the Air Cadets means going into the Royal Air Force after leaving school, square-bashing, and sitting around looking at pictures of aeroplanes and learning how they fly. This assumption is completely wrong.

In the Air Cadets every enrolled cadet with a uniform and a first-class badge (this is the first "grade") goes flying at least once a year. There is a summer camp once a year on an R. A.F. station which costs only 8/- for a week. In this camp there is flying (in Chipmunk aircraft), shooting (.303 and .202 rifle firing), gliding, and exercises at night and over assault courses in the daytime.

Primarily, the Air Training Corps is a youth organization which helps to bring out leadership, co-operation and discipline. It promotes friendly rivalry and tries to make a young man into a citizen who will be of good use to the community.

There are three Air Training Corps squadrons in Birkenhead: 400 Squadron Tollemache Road; 1175 Squadron, Prenton Dell Road; and 2184 Squadron, T.A. SITE, Upton.

\*\*\*\*\*

S.P.HOGAN, 4B

\*\*\*\*\*

### RAGNAROK.

- I. Closer and closer came the rumble  
Like a thousand devils' roar;  
Closer and closer came Hell's horsemen.  
The smoke screened like a shroud  
Which signalled death for us.
2. Upon us came the ranting horde;  
Blades flashed like a thousand suns.  
Blood flowed like red wine in the dust.  
Arrows, like teeming rain, struck death into our men.  
The bloody mask of a soldier's visage  
I will never forget!
3. Thousands of men died that day,  
Trampled like dirt under hoof  
Until all was quiet and men lay piled like insects,  
Smouldering ruins once as regal as queens  
Made for such as Odin himself!
4. But where are you now, Odin, in our hour of need?  
Or Thor or Heimdall?  
Why do you keep silence like ghosts in the night?  
And now the slaughterer comes  
To kill those who are not already dead,  
Like a scavenger.  
A pain like fire runs through my tortured breast  
And I am dead and seek Valhalla.

\*\*\*\*\*

D.P.FOULKES

\*\*\*\*\*



### THE TENCH

The tench slid dimly beneath the water,  
His back the colour of age-old coals.  
He ventured like a shadow into caves  
Made of weed with watery ends.

With a flick of his powerful tail,  
A fan of his reddish fins,  
He was gone, leaving a misty, pale  
Trail of swirling, brown mud.

Not once have I gazed upon this fish;  
Not once have I wanted him;  
For, though he is not a table-dish,  
He fights as devil-possessed.

His captor would lose sweat, and toil  
As he fought that tench in the weeds.

But once the tench is on the bank  
His slimy sides would fade.  
The greeny-black shimmer of his flank  
Would turn to muddy brown.

\*\*\*\*\*  
P.A.NICHOLAS  
\*\*\*\*\*

### BALLAD OF THE CONKER.

You see this champion conker?  
It has beaten every type;  
Some were big and some were small-  
They all went with one swipe.

Boys come round to challenge me,  
Some fat ones and some tall,  
But they've no match for my conker;  
It's a champ and beats them all.

Now, here comes my next challenger --  
I'm surely going to win.  
Here comes up his 'go' --  
Oh! NO! he's cracked the skin!

Oh!NO! my conker's broken!  
And now it's on the floor!  
There goes my great dignity --  
My conk's a champ no more.

\*\*\*\*\*  
MICHAEL (WORDSWORTH) MAHER  
\*\*\*\*\*

A man awoke in a hospital bed, after being in a bad accident. Then he  
cried, "Doctor, doctor, I can't feel my legs!"  
"I know," replied the doctor. "We cut your arms off this morning!"  
(A. NON)

\*\*\*\*\*



# EXTRA ~ EXTRA READ ALL ABOUT IT

DESPERATE JOURNEY.

by

P.A.NICHOLAS.

=====

At first it appeared as a small dot racing over the sand creating clouds of dust. It gradually grew larger and the shape of a jeep, madly driven, could be discerned through the swirling dust. The man-at-the wheel's teeth were firmly clenched, his face white, and his eyes glittering with an inner light. The jeep disappeared down a dip in the sandy track to leap into the air in a cloud of sand and grit, only to fall down a dune.

Another dot, this one in the air, was seen rapidly approaching from the sun. The plane, as plane it was, was a Fokker-Wolff I90. It had evidently found its prey. The man-in-the-jeep's head turned, his skin taut with fear, his eyes wide open. He jammed his foot down on the accelerator, heaving on the steering-wheel at the same time. This manoeuvre forced the pilot of the plane to overshoot and then come back in a long shallow dive. The quarry grabbed his Mauser automatic and ran for a clump of rocks conveniently near him. He zig-zagged as he ran, and was lucky to be alive as a long line of machine-gun bullets raked up the sand to his left. The plane returned in a sweeping dive, its guns and cannons blazing away. The man lay still until the plane had flown over, only to pop up after it had passed to fire a short burst of his Mauser at the plane. His luck was in. A thin stream of oily-black smoke drifted behind the F.W. I90 as it pulled out of its dive. He must have hit it! The plane suddenly stalled in midair, its engine coughing and flames appearing at the engine's inspection canopy. Slowly the plane turned over and came spiralling down towards the sand-dunes, whistling as it went. Suddenly, the cockpit-cover was pushed open and the figure of the pilot, clearly outlined against the flames of the plane, leapt into space. A moment after, the plane crashed into the sand, sending framework everywhere as it buried itself into a dune; an instant later, the wreck, that was once a plane, erupted into a mass of oily flames. The pilot shared the plane's fate, having baled out too late, and lay in a huddled heap a few yards from the mangled wreckage of the plane.

The man in the rocks got up, walked over to his jeep, pulled out a small canteen and drank his fill, wiping his mouth afterwards with the back of his hand. He took a long draw on the cigarette he took out and said to himself, as he blew smoke through clenched teeth, "I'll end up like that pilot I shouldn't wonder". He started the jeep.

"It will soon be dark", he murmured. "I had better reach Khaber's house before the moon's up". The sun was gone in a few moments and he raced the engine. But a dim glow in the west announced the rising of the moon. The sandy plain turned into a silvery colour.

"The night-fighters may not be out tonight, he said to himself without any real hope. The searching planes usually came out every three hours over the Wadili Depression where Khaber Khan's house was to be found.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when he saw it --- a light moving slowly across the desert towards him. "Damn those Nazis!" He spat into the sand. "They'll find me for certain." He leapt out of his jeep and ran towards a deep ditch at the side of the track. He felt the cold surface of his Mauser press against his thigh as he knelt in the ditch. After a while, the shape of a German Panzer scoutcar appeared. One of the Germans was standing on a platform



raised about 12" above the floor of the car ; another was sitting in the driver's seat, his back to Wrench (our hero). The first German suddenly saw Wrench. For a moment he stood with his eyes wide open, his mouth agape - but that was a moment too long. The Mauser spat flame and bucked in Wrench's hand. The German groped for his stomach, as though trying to rip the bullets out of his stomach, and fell forward. The man in the driver's seat was dealt with similarly. The third German brought his leg up to Wrench's waist and kicked hard. Wrench went back over the driving seat, banging his shoulder against a solid object. The German rushed at him, a hammer scything in the air. Wrench automatically rolled over, firing into the man's chest. Just then, the car which was slowly rolling lurched over and threw Wrench into the sand where he lay bleeding and panting, his shirt slowly becoming a coagulating mass which stuck to his arm.

He was roused by an enormous surge of heat, a terrifying noise and a wave of air which almost swept him off his feet in a swirling cloud of sand and dust. Down the track where the wrecked German car had been, there was now an oily, black hole. "I'd better be off," he said to himself.

His jeep began to move off slowly and Wrench began to sing "Lily Marlene" to his own words but was unable to get the highest notes!

He looked around him. Far to the south he could see the German front line and a column of dust. He knew that this was caused by heavy tanks, the Panzer XI3:-The Germans' secret weapon with which they hoped to drive the Allies back into the sea. Wrench had only two days to get this information back to the British lines -- two days\* - an almost impossible task without transport, even if he succeeded in getting out of German-held territory.

=====

Twelve hours later, Wrench, lying on his stomach, was taking a careful note of patrol-times. Sentries passed the piece of wire he was going to try to penetrate once every 17 minutes. Four minutes after they had passed a searchlight was shone on "his" patch of wire.

"Brr, tonight I wish it was Hans' turn to patrol the wire."

"So do I. It is so cold."

With these words the patrol passed. Then the searchlight. The pliers he had stolen were not as sharp as he would have liked and he had to hide again as the sentries returned. They stopped at the section of wire he was cutting. His heart missed a beat but they only lit cigarettes and passed on. This time the searchlight beam seemed to play full on the breaks in the wire for an age, but they passed. Wrench cut the last strand of wire; then with infinite caution, he eased himself through the gap. Once through, he threw all caution to the winds and ran helter-skelter towards his own lines.

=====

It was five o'clock in the morning. Wrench sat in his British jeep part of the Long Range Desert Group task force specially despatched to counter this newly-revealed German menace. On Wrench's right 12 armoured vehicles were parked, waiting the ambush on the Panzer XI3s racing towards them. "None must get through," Wrench said to his men. "Don't waste a shell."

Crimson and yellow flames shot up in the air as one of the German tanks hit a mine. Wrench fired his Verrey pistol into the sky where its purplish-white glow eerily lit up the sandy plain that housed the German tanks. Boom! the cannon in the rear of Wrench's vehicle went off, making the jeep vibrate with a seemingly inner energy. The Panzer crews were not slow to recover from the unexpected attack. Suddenly the earth in front of Wrench seemed to erupt and burst into flames. The jeep rolled over twice and then exploded, throwing burning oil and mangled metal for yards around it.



When Wrench became aware of his surroundings again, the battle was still raging fiercely. The Panzer strength had been cut down to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of its original. The few that were left had formed a square and were fighting a determined battle with the rapidly-moving jeeps. Wrench had an idea. He ran to the remains of a jeep, grabbed a large tin of petrol and emptied the bottles he found in a medical chest. These he filled with the petrol, stuffed petrol-soaked bandages in the necks, lit the bandages, and then, braving the bullets, accurately aimed and threw them at two of the tanks that remained. The inside of these rapidly became live ovens and as the German crews clambered out they were eliminated. The blazing tanks exploded, pieces of molten metal raining down like thousands of rainbow-coloured drops. The other tank-crews soon realised the hopelessness of their position and retired or were destroyed.

Only four jeeps survived the battle. On their way back to their base, Wrench and his remaining men, scarred by battle, met two German armoured cars; their shells ripped into the midst of the returning victors. Wrench's jeep leaped three feet into the air and exploded. Wrench's body lay where it had been cast by the force of the explosion. Wrench was dead.

"Damn good man that", Sergeant Anderson said to the corporal sitting next to him.

"Ah, well, sarge," the corporal said, "he didn't die in vain. Without him the war could've been lost. We couldn't have held the Jerries at this section of the lines if they had had armour."

"Oh, well!" the sergeant exclaimed. "I'm thirsty, corporal. Coming for a drink?"

"O.K., sarge," the corporal replied, as he slowly got to his feet. "I'll have a drink if you buy 'em!"

THIS WAS THE BEST OF THE STORIES WE RECEIVED FROM FORMS I-4. IT HAS, INDEED, BEEN CONSIDERABLY SHORTENED. ITS AUTHOR IS TO BE COMPLIMENTED ON THE TIME AND EFFORT HE HAS EXPENDED IN WRITING IT. WHY NOT ATTEMPT SOMETHING SIMILAR OF YOUR OWN FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE ????

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Editor,

Wen yu put articals in you're magazeen do yu first chek the speling? I wont two no this becos if yu dont I wil send in sumthing. I dont think Im orl that bad a speler. As a matta of fact I cam therd in a speling compe-tion in ar scool; acshully ther was ounly three taking part, but that is besyde the poynt. Sew wil yu ples hurry up wiv yor reply has I hav got a lode of grate pomes to send yu.

Yors sinserley,  
S. D. Fryer (3B).

Q: How do you stop skunks from smelling?

A: Cut their noses off! (G. Stephens, 3B)



LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

A number of times I have been told by other pupils in this school that they have approached the swimming master, Mr. E. V. Shaw, and asked him when they could enter galas. When these pupils asked Mr. Shaw this, he said he did not have enough time to tell us about them. Other schools enter teams in swimming contests, so why can't Birkenhead Institute do the same?

During a gala two years ago second-form boys were put in charge of a badly-organised team. Mr. Shaw was not even at the contest. This is not right. If there was enough interest in swimming in this school, we could have pupils in the Cheshire or even English swimming teams!

I have made this request for more swimming openly so that a little more notice will be taken of it. I hope that in future years the school will enter many contests and win awards for the school's trophy cupboards.

Yours faithfully,

GIBBONS (4A)

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THE EDITOR CONSIDERED THIS LETTER WORTHY OF AN IMMEDIATE REPLY AND THEREFORE INVITED MR. SHAW TO COMMENT IN THIS EDITION OF THE MAGAZINE. THE COMMENTS ARE PUBLISHED BELOW:

Dear Sir,

I take this opportunity to reply to the letter about swimming in which appear parts which seem a criticism of myself.

I. Every boy who has approached me about teams for galas has had the difficulty explained to him and I have never swept away enquiries with a brief "I haven't got time" without making clear how I was placed. Swimming is an extra activity which I take on voluntarily over and above music. It costs me time and money outside school hours as it is, and boys seldom say "Thankyou."

II. To try to get a gala which we, an academic school, could enter I have repeatedly asked that it should be placed in a month when we are not feverishly engaged in preparing for examinations on which boys' futures depend. We are always at a disadvantage over dates and it is a position I am always fighting.

III. When Mr. Shaw "was not even at the contest", he was teaching music to would-be professionals who depend on him for academic qualifications for which there is a "deadline" time to be met. One evening's teaching can not possibly be missed as it means a whole week's work to each student concerned. All this was made quite clear at the time and great efforts were made to find another "team manager" who could deputise.

IV. All staff are giving as generously as possible of their own time to help B.I. boys, and those who know most about the situation appreciate these efforts and grumble least.

V. If we could fill the trophy cupboards with awards, I, for one, would be delighted. If they vanished, as some of our own have done, would it, I wonder, be a case of "Mr. Shaw was not even there" to guard them when they went?!!

Yours faithfully,

E.V.S.

EDITOR'S NOTE-- Mr. Shaw was in no way obliged to reply to the letter printed; he could merely have stated "No comment".

\*\*\*\*\*



PRIZE PUZZLE : L. ARCH and R. MORRIS.

Collect all the information given below together, consider it and decide which are the first three horses. For each of these, give :-

1. name of horse; 2. colour of horse; 3. stable it comes from;  
4. colours the jockey rides in; 5. starting price.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are 5 starters. Their names are Turtle Prince, King of the Jays, High Altar, The Raging Page, and Macbeth. They ride in these colours: chequered; plain; half-colours; cross-bands; quartered colours. The horses all come from different stables: Kingsley; Fletcher; Winterbottom; Parfitt; Smithers. The colours of the horses are: black; bay; chestnut; grey; tawny. The starting odds are: evens; 2/1; 8/1; 15/1; 100/1. THESE DETAILS ARE NOT NECESSARILY IN THE ORDER GIVEN.

CLUES:

1. The horse in the far left stall starts at 2/1; the horse next to him is the favourite.
2. The horse on the far right comes from Winterbottom's Stables but is not the outsider.
3. King of the Jays is a chestnut horse and is ridden by a jockey in halved or chequered colours.
4. The outsider is not in the right centre stall.
5. Parfitt has a stall next to Fletcher.
6. Smithers' horse is first out, followed by High Altar.
7. The favourite comes out second-to-last and quartered colours bring up the rear on the left.
8. The horses stay in their stall positions and at the second fence the centre horse leads and he wears crossed colours.
9. The favourite comes up alongside the leader who was in the next stall to the favourite.
10. Turtle Prince then takes the lead from the horse from Parfitt's stable.
11. The grey falls back to the tail of the field.
12. The order of the field now is: 1. the quartered colours; 2. the horse from Parfitt's stable; 3. the horse from Fletcher's; 4. the bay at 8/1; 5. The Raging Page.
12. The chestnut falls from the second position while the black passes to challenge the leader.
13. The horse at 15/2 then pulls up two positions in front of King of the Jays and the horse from Winterbottom's stables.
14. Smithers' horse then catches High Altar and there's a battle to catch the leading horse, a tawny one.
16. Macbeth II catches up with the half-colours and goes on after the horse at 15/2.
17. The leader is tiring and the field bunches up. There is only 1 furlong to go and the order is: 1. 100/1; 2. Macbeth; 3. half-colours; 4. the grey horse; 5. the horse from Kingsley Stables.
18. Now, as they reach the finishing post the bay wins, followed by the cross-bands. Third is from Parfitt's Stable.

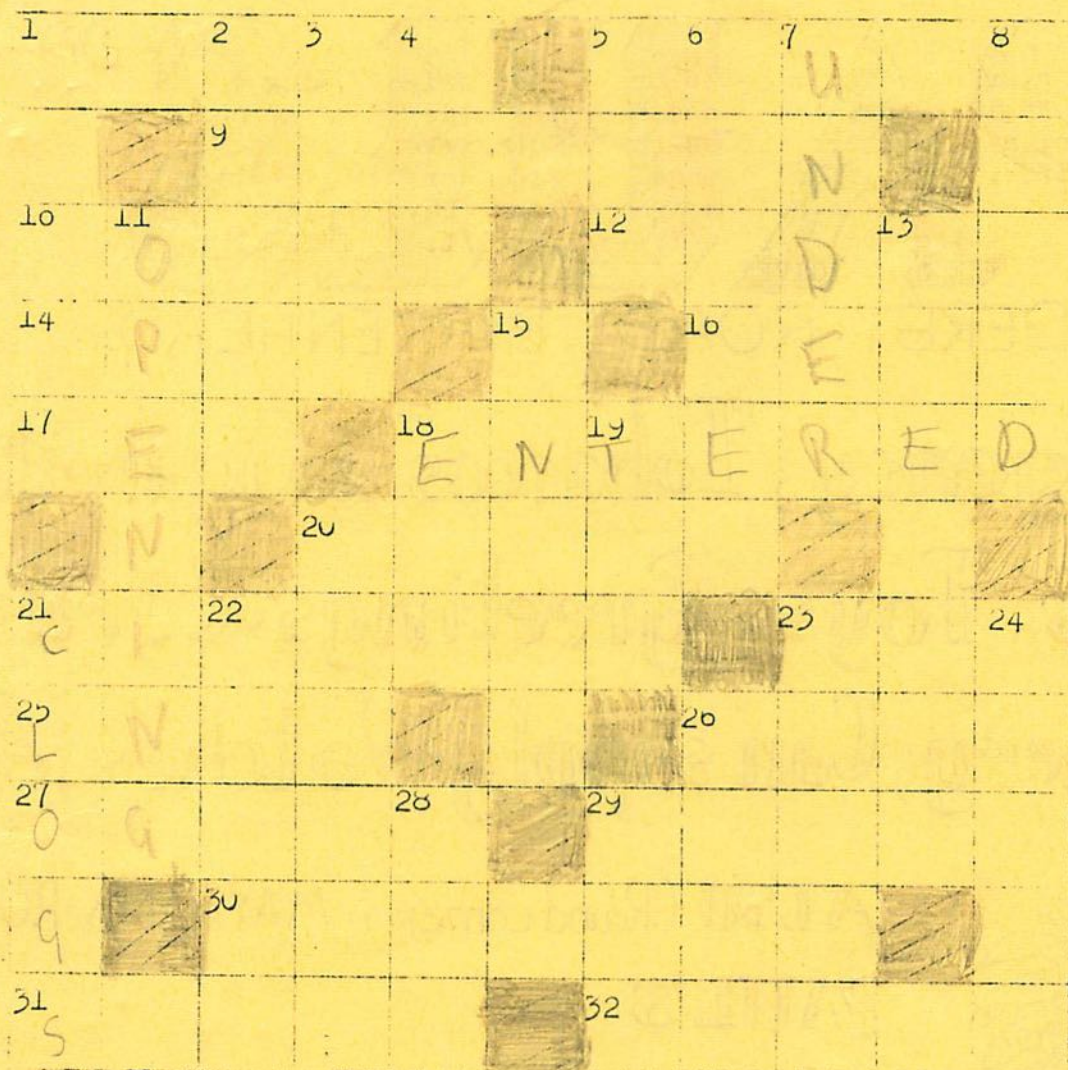
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HAND YOUR SOLUTION IN A SEALED ENVELOPE TO MR. ALLAN BEFORE THE LAST DAY OF TERM. THE FIRST CORRECT SOLUTION OPENED BY THE COMMITTEE ON THE LAST DAY WILL WIN A PRIZE. BE SURE TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND FORM.

\*\*\*\*\*



PRIZE CROSSWORD BY P.M. ROBERTS; 4A.



ACROSS.

- 1) what a noise to the editor!
- 2) sounds like a step on a ladder.
- 9) you may receive this if you are popular!
- 10) performed.
- 12) elbow.
- 14) Jenny-----.
- 16) went not right?
- 17) sounds heavy!
- 18) come into.
- 20) beg.
- 21) not metaphors but---

- 25) is he a dab hand at it? no, just the opposite.
- 25) good cars?
- 26) an unusual cape.
- 27) thumps on a drum?
- 29) establishment.
- 30) to provide sustenance.
- 31) right.
- 32) not here.

DOWN.

- 1) A doctor has an implement?
- 2) eminent.
- 3) balanced at the end of the day?
- 4) A palindrome.
- 5) triumph.
- 6) put on the right road? or chased away?
- 7) beneath.
- 8) round in Belgium.
- 11) slit.
- 13) stern-looking card?
- 15) joints.
- 18) A shortened will?
- 19) molas.
- 20) weapon.
- 21) wooden footwear, but foreign.
- 22) intended.
- 23) the B.A. keeps in the swim.
- 24) dig with a spade.
- 26) Port out, starboard home, by ship for the rich.
- 28) does she make application?
- 29) thump.

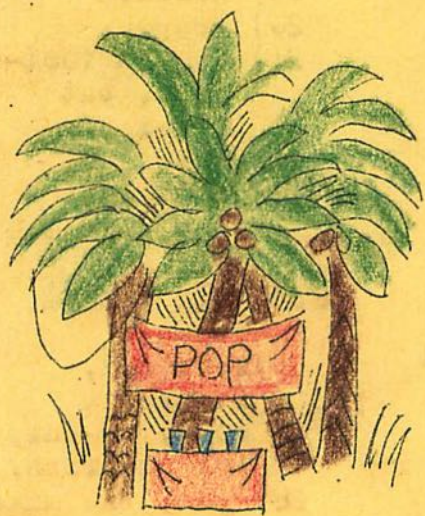


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Newsagency, Tobaccos & Cigarettes  
Sweets, Toys, Greetings-Cards,  
Stationery, Can supply Watches, etc..



ALSO (Round corner in MAYBANK ROAD)  
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POP BAR

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SHANDY Etc..