

BIOLOGY 1  
PHYSICS 3  
FRENCH 2  
ENGLISH  
HISTORY

162





## COMPETITION. NEWS

### PRIZE ENDSWORD

Details of the Two prizes to be given are inside. One will be for a boy from the First, Second or Third Forms.  
ENTER NOW!

### NAME THE MAGAZINE 5/=

This first edition has no name. Think of an apt title and submit your entry on a postcard, or similar sized piece of paper, to a member of the editorial board. WIN FIVE SHILLINGS

### LUCKY NUMBER

5/=

Each copy of the magazine is numbered. A draw will be held to find the winner of FIVE SHILLINGS.

Keep your magazine. You may be the winner



NUMBER 1.

MARCH, 1968.

\*\*\*\*\* ? \*\*\*\*\*

EDITORIAL.

Editorial Staff: R. F. COOK, J. D. KELLY, F. J. McBRIDE,  
S. A. DRAKE, P. LAITHWAITE, A. H. NELSON, A. LEWIS,  
A. J. RUSSELL, MR. J. G. ALLAN and MR. S. B. PIERCE.

The new magazine is out atlast! As you see, it has no name as yet,-- it is up to YOU to find one. We want all your suggestions, within reason, and the one we consider to be the best will win either a 5/- prize or, if the winner chooses, a handshake from the Editors.

Unfortunately, the magazine has been a long while in preparation and many of you have asked why. There are two main reasons:

Firstly, the response to appeals for contributions, while quite reasonable in the Lower School, has been in the Upper School pathetic. If we are given good articles we can print them - and you will enjoy reading them. If not, then it is your fault that the magazine is not up to the standard it might be. In particular, we want Letters To The Editor, of which we have so far had none, and jokes which can be printed without fear of prosecution for libel. (This applies equally to the content of all material offered for publication.) Please try to correct this in time for the next issue. We have some good material left over from this issue but are always eager for more - Don't wait until you are asked! Send your article in right away. Remember that without your support there can be no magazine.

Secondly, publication could have come about at least a fortnight earlier if offers of typing assistance had been received to a larger extent. If only one or two people are typing, they soon become submerged beneath the piles of stencils so we say for future editions: "Don't say-'I would have helped if you'd asked me'- come and offer now!"

You will find mistakes in this magazine naturally as the result of lack of time for adequate proof-reading but we offer no prize for counting the number! For example, the missing ingredient in McKie's recipe is "your little brother", and the policeman in the serial story by Griffiths was "chilly". We do, however, offer a prize for the holder of the magazine bearing the number selected by lot on Friday this week. There are also prizes for the Crossword Competition as seen inside. Having said this, we must say that we do not want you to think that we are bribing you to buy the magazine -- we are, but we do not want you to think so!

We welcome constructive criticism, original work (someone is sure to recognise work purloined from elsewhere), advertisements small or half-page (5/- per half-page), letters and suggestions. If you wish to remain anonymous (use your dictionary!), this is possible provided the Editors know your identity.

Finally, we hope you will appreciate the work involved in bringing out this magazine. Let us warmly thank the Editorial Board, the willing helpers on the production side largely from Forms 2 & 3 and especially Mr. Allan without whose help this magazine might have been a great success!



## TOP OF THE POPS!

- |  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. LEADER OF THE PACK / IF I RULED THE WORLD             | Mr. E. G. WEBB     |
| 2. I'M A BELIEVER / WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE                 | Rev T. OWEN        |
| 3. MOVE OVER DARLING/ SHAPES OF THINGS                   | Mrs. E. KENRICK    |
| 4. BLOWING IN THE WIND                                   | Mr. J. CONNOR      |
| 5. DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION / I AM THE WALRUS       | Mr. E. V. SHAW     |
| 6. I CAN HEAR THE GRASS GROW / RIVER DEEP, MOUNTAIN HIGH | Mr. W. TAYLOR      |
| 7. WALK TALL / TIN SOLDIER                               | Mr. S. PIERCE      |
| 8. TOBACCO ROAD / ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT                | Mr. B. THORNTON    |
| 9. WHEN YOU'RE SMILING / GLAD ALL OVER                   | Mr. J. G. ALLAN    |
| 10. WILD THING / SUNSHINE SUPERMAN                       | Mr. R. H. SQUIRES  |
| 11. WORKING DOWN A COALMINE                              | Mr. B. WIGGINS     |
| 12. KNOCK ON WOOD / IF I WERE A CARPENTER                | Mr. J. D. HUGHES   |
| 13. KEEP ON RUNNING                                      | Mr. A. K. RICHARDS |
| 14. WHEN I'M 64 / STRANGE BREW                           | Mr. E. C. TOWNSEND |
| 15. I CAN SEE FOR MILES / LITTLE BY LITTLE               | Mr. W. EDGAR       |
| 16. SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS / MULE TRAIN      | Mr. D. CROMPTON    |
| 17. WALK IN THE BLACK FOREST/ ALBI TRUE TO YOU           | Mr. A. WOODS       |

\*\*\*\*\*

### ADVERTISEMENT

Don't fight

J U V E N I L E D E L I N Q U E N C Y,

JOIN IT!

Stop being a cissy!

Get out of the house!

Take part in fights!

Prepare for the rough life ahead .....

JOIN A STREET GANG TODAY!.....and learn good trades

for the future;-

--Sew patches on leather jackets;

--Learn how to sharpen knives and polish brass knuckle dusters;

--Master the art of Dirty Fighting

--Get used to being knocked around!

(Sponsored by the Police Antagonistic League, whose motto is:

"Don't send your son to School; send him to Borstal!")

\*\*\*\*\*

18. UM UM UM UM UM UM

Mr. D. JONES

19. JUDY IN DISGUISE

Mr. D. BORDESSA

20. MR. WONDERFUL

Mr. L. T. MALCOLM

\*\*\*\*\*



## VAMPIRE.

I am according to my colleagues, insane! When you, too, read my statement you will call me a madman! I hope when you have read what I am to tell you, you will weigh my statement, correlate it with the known facts, and then ask yourselves if I am really mad.

I took, at Oxford, a special course in mediaeval metaphysics and had been a mystical student in my day, and at Oxford I had posed as a magician at university. It is true to say I was not an ordinary student as I had an accursed focus on the malign cosmic powers which lay concealed in other planes. I had, in my life at Oxford, participated in morbid occultism and I discovered that I had strange, unique powers and I had contact with cosmic hideousness through telepathy of my unique brain. I had, in the past, penetrated and explored remote and forbidden places, in other worlds, in other galaxies, and in different space-time continua.

I had, and still have, over-protuberant eyes, which my colleagues declared, reflected a glow of red-flames! These over-protuberant eyes, I had been told, alienated all I talked to.

It was on a September night in the year 18\_\_ that I had been lured to an old house. It had been an attraction to me, compelling me like some evil magnetic-force. It was a half-decayed house and people declared that on various occasions, they had heard strange noises floating from within the grounds of the house as midnight drew on.

I had just finished my education at university when I happened to be staying at this old house at S\_\_ with a fellow student. I regret saying that I and my friend lived rather a wild life. We had been attracted to the place of our sojourn by the fact that it was reputed to be haunted and not to mention we were drunk at the time!

I stood before the dying fire with a glass in my hand. My companion sat in a chair, in a state of melancholy, alcoholic saturation, staring into the fire, his eyes wide open and reflecting the red glow of the dying embers of the fire. I glanced at my companion askance and then placed my empty glass on the table. I felt as if I were on fire, and I felt if I had been drinking liquid-fire — my brain was all aflame as the whiskey I had been drinking seemed to burn the deepest recesses of my brain.

My companion had fallen asleep, or he really slumbered rather than slept and I decided to retire to my room. I staggered up the stairs and on reaching the top of the stairs, I groped in the darkness for a candle. On finding one I immediately lit it and made my way to the nearest door. There was an icy draught of air which almost cleared the effect the alcohol had had on me. On entering the room I looked about me. The room was dimly lit by the moonlight pouring through the green panes of the window as the moon peered through the clouds in the sky which hung like spectral-shrouds! It was wrong to say it was light that filled the room; it was more of an emanation on the walls of the room which cast a lurid radiance on the furniture. By the small circle of luminance afforded by my candle, I removed my upper-clothes and got into a four-poster bed.

Before doing this, I secured myself from all intrusion by fastening the window and door. The room reflected a presence of a non-human element which did not allow me to sleep. In fact, as I listened to the branches of a tree rattling against the pane of the window, I groaned in vexation — it was to be a long night!



Settling down to read a book under the dim light of the candle I was attracted by the rustling of a silk-dress and the pattering of a woman's feet in the corridor outside my door. Groaning, I moved from the sitting-posture which I had been occupying for some hours and unlocking the door, I peered into the corridor — there was no-one to be seen!

Fancying it was my drunken-mind I re-entered the bed and tried again to sleep. For a brief moment I incredibly slept, but evidently not for long, for I was awoken by a scream from my colleague. Hurriedly re-dressing, I quickly descended the stairs and re-entered the room which my companion was occupying. There was a struggle, my companion fell dead to the floor. I rushed to the aid of my companion and there was a fetid atmosphere in the room and a form of a woman shrank back into the corner of the room as I drew near.

I threw a dim circle of light on the face of the woman. She was dark, tallish and very good-looking. From her mouth was a flow of red foam and her mouth was deformed by two very prominent teeth. Suddenly her mouth transformed, her ears became pointed and her nose became pinched — her face reflected a glow of malign evil. Her eyes reflected an evil glow of red fires — Vampire!

As I advanced towards the Vampire it shrank in utter fear as the cross I wore around my neck protected me from the evil of this she-devil! I held the cross in my hand — the shadow of it was thrown onto the body of the Vampire. Then the Vampire began to transform; its flesh became withered and blackened and a smell that cluttered the room was wafted into my nostrils. Pinching my nostrils, I stared at the awesome horror as the Vampire fell into a rotten, blackened mass of horror!

D. Knight 4.A.

\*\*\*\*\*

MOHAMMED ALI, THE BOXING CHAMP.

- 1 . He fought like a demon,  
A giant from Hell.  
He fought Henry Cooper  
And Ernie Terrel.
2. I think he's the greatest;  
I'm sure you'll agree—  
The best boxer of all  
Is Mohammed Ali.
3. His speed is amazing  
When he's in the ring.  
In my estimation  
He's an uncrowned king.

(S. D. FRYER, 2E)

\*\*\*\*\*



## TO LIVE OR DIE?

He stood there alone on the dark cliff top,  
Below the waves crashed.  
He had contemplated death before--  
Even tried,  
But at last he had given up,  
Afraid.

Many people had told him of the joys of life --  
He had never experienced them.

He recalled his past:

His mother spent more time in prison than out;

His father was hanged for murder;

Neither of them liked him.

The people at the children's home he had grown up in --

They liked him there!

But now - he was on his own.

And what of the future?

Would he still be unwanted, hungry,

Forced to steal food, driven nearly to madness?

The moon came out.

He liked the moon, friendly with its light,

And the stars --

How many times had he slept under these?

He searched in his pockets and brought out his matches:

Only a book -- he couldn't afford a box.

He found his cigarettes;

Only two left.

He had always said he wanted a quick death.

But how quick would it be?

When he threw himself over the edge, would he die quickly

Or would he be dashed to pieces before dying?

Would he fall straight into the sea and drown?

Could he go through with it?

Suddenly the words of the priest echoed in his ears:

"You've got a lot to live for."

But had he?

Was there really any point in his living?

A car stopped.

He looked, even stared at the couple

Kissing.

He'd never known a girl.

If he had it might have changed his life.

He found himself gripping the cigarette packet.

He took out a cigarette, lit it.

He watched the flame of the match;

It was blown out by the slight breeze.

Would he be like that?

Snuffed out, in the prime of life.

The car moved away.



He stared down at the sea below,  
Crashing onto the chalk cliffs.  
Out on the horizon moved a ship,  
Its lights flickering as it pitched in the waves:  
He had tried the navy -  
But he had failed the first intelligence test.  
He had at last a job as a road-sweeper  
But at what a wage!  
Ten pounds a week - and most of that gone on gambling.  
If only he could stop himself from gambling,  
But he couldn't!  
Why was it his work-mates were not starving?  
They gambled.

Should he have told Brian of this night's intentions?  
Would he tell anyone?  
Even Brian was not a real friend.  
No, he could not go on living.  
Another car had drawn up ---  
Brian must have told the police!!  
He grips the Luger in his inside pocket;  
He had tried that before but had stopped.  
The police are advancing -- he takes a shot:  
A man falls.  
He must go through with it now!!  
He takes a step, -- another --  
Overbalances.

Police run towards him but too late.  
A cry is all that is heard;  
Then all is still.  
Death came to him -- and  
It came to him quickly.

Below the waves crashed.

(A. TULLOCH,)

#### CULINARY CORNER : HOW TO MAKE MUD CUTLETS.

Last of all, start with 3 gallons of water to every cwt. of mud. Add water and some bleach. to improve the texture. Then, if you wish, throw in a cat to see if it sinks:- if it doesn't you're doing well; if it does, at least you're saving KIT-E-KAT money.

Now take it up to a bedroom and spread it all over the floor. Proceed to trample any escaping cat down into the mud again. After this, add:- sauce, crisps, ice-cream, cold carrots, turnips, peas, etc. and a vintage apple (at least 2 years old). Then place right in the middle of Dad's flower bed.

Stir continuously with your little. If he won't oblige, then maybe the postman will! Leave to set for FOUR days.

You should then have the finest mud cutlets this side of Fanny Craddock\*

N. B. Remember always to serve on an upturned kettle: this allows the insects to crawl out in time!

If in any difficulty with this recipe, apply to R. McKie of 2B who will be delighted to help you.



### FALL-OUT!

Three months to go, just three months to live,  
Three months to worship, three months to forgive,  
Three months to enjoy - or at least try,  
Three months to wait, waiting to die.

The horror is coming, the horror is nigh,  
The horror that's near, filling the sky:  
The fallout is coming, like crest of a wave;  
The people are praying; God cannot save.

They thought God could save them; He cannot stop fate;  
They thought it might miss there, but now it's too late.  
Fall-out will kill them; it could start tight now.  
Not a creature will live, - not even a cow.

Two months to go, just two months to live,  
Two months to worship, two months to forgive,  
Two months to enjoy - or at least try,  
Two months to wait, waiting to die.

So time draws on; radiation is here.  
No longer there's hardship, no longer there's fear.  
People loll round with tongues dropping out  
Or slash wrists rather than face that fall-out  
Never before was death on such scale---  
Earth's death ship is about to set sail!

(G. Adams)

\*\*\*\*\*

### A NEW MENACE ???

It is with mounting alarm that local councils up and down the country are discovering a new threat to their educational set-up.....LOZENGES!!

Unlike other addictions, lozenge mastication has no obvious side-effects and is therefore difficult to detect. These seemingly harmless sweets may be purchased from ordinary-looking confectioners(') but the original source is still to be discovered. This practice is not only confined to pupils in the schools but has spread indeed to masters who, bored with the drab monotony of school life, have resorted to these baneful lozenges to give them a kick out of teaching.

While Scotland Yard are still baffled, addicts become bolder and even take lozenges during lessons! What can be done to combat this menace?

(Sebastian Carruthers.)

\*\*\*\*\*

What did the big firecracker say to the little firecracker?

"My pop's bigger than your pop!"

How does a ghost open a gate?

"With a skeleton key!"

(A. F. Simmons.)



PRIZE CROSSWORD NO. 1.

ACROSS: 4. Person with crazy headgear? (6) 7. The very first drink? (5,3) 8. Sluggish to start (6) 10. She has a letter or two (5) 13. Nail that's hard to eat (4) Is among the favoured names for a girl (4) 15. Nap on the carpet? (4) 16. Hairy coat (3) 17. Don't go and change the spot (4) 19. Does a low thing (4) 21. Possibly dominates the town (9) 23. May be driven by the wind (4) 24. Carry (4) 26. A rogue and a bit of a cadger (3) 27. Attractively sketched? (4) 28. Written permission to go through mountains? (4) 32. Scorch one's ears (4) 33. Instrument of punishment (5) 34. The only New Testament yachting-centre? (6) 35. No rustic (8) 36. Guard on the go? (6)

DOWN: 1. It tells of marvellous goings-on (5) 2. The child needs air (5) 3. Lots and lots of land (4) 4. Met a man with gold, perhaps (5) 5. He has a highland dagger (4) 6. Ill-will (6) 9. The beast starts with nothing but finishes with a lot (6) 11. Stranded fodder ingredient (3) 12. To do with Alan's nose (5) 13. Are his selections the very end? (7) 15. May be packed with peas (3) 16. What a surgeon would charge for making your feet smaller (3) 18. Surname to turn it up first (6) 20. Not a suitable description (5) 21. Dim as could be (3) 22. What a broken-down driver needs? (3) 23. There's no meal for an Irishman (6) 25. A group of states (3) 28. Liable to snap? (5) 30. A nice smell (5) 31. It holds you up at the back (5) 32. What to look for when you're a little tired (4) 33. Building material for castles? (4)

N. B. The figures in brackets indicate the number of ~~word~~ letters in the answer.

There will be two prizes in this competition; one for the Lower School (Forms 1,2,3) and one for the Upper School (Forms 4,5,6).

The list of answers should be written out, correctly numbered, on a sheet of paper. This should then be placed in an envelope which should be sealed and handed to either Mr. Allan or one of the Editorial Staff. Prize will be awarded to THE FIRST CORRECT SOLUTION OPENED in each section on a date to be announced on the notice-board near the office.

This crossword was composed by P. Leadbetter of 4A, WHO IS SWORN TO SECRECY!

\*\*\*\*\*

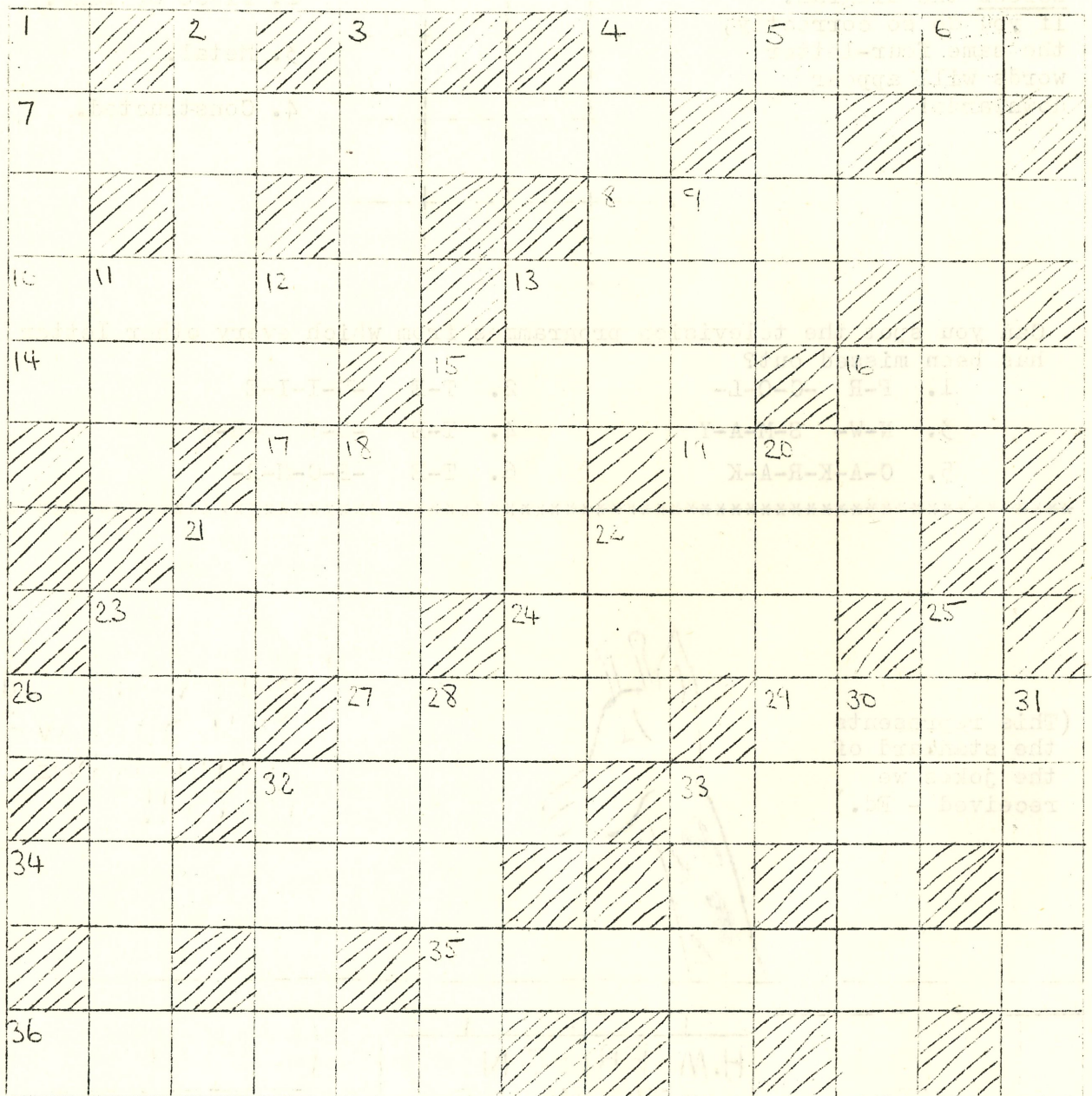
SOCCER LIMERICK by M. Lynskey (2E)

There was a very old forward named Fred  
Who often ran with the ball on his head.  
It was not, he well knew,  
The right thing to do,  
But it covered his bald patch, he said!

\*\*\*\*\*



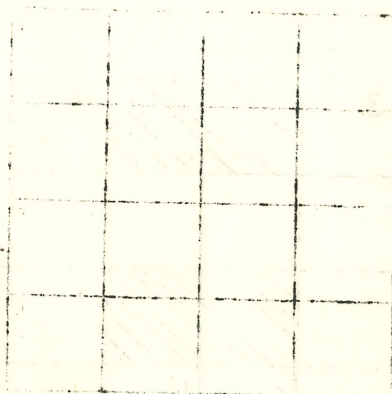
CROSSWORD.





PUZZLE CORNER! (by P. M. Roberts, 3A)

Solve the four clues,  
writing your answers  
across the diagram.  
If you do so correctly,  
the same four-letter  
words will appear  
downwards!



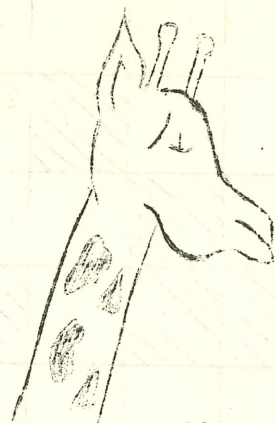
1. Not rough.
2. Piece of land.
3. Metal.
4. Constructed..

Can you spot the television programmes from which every other letter has been missed out?

- |                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. F-R -C-O-L-  | 2. T-E -U-I-I-E  |
| 3. N-W- S-M-A-Y | 4. T-E -U-Y -H-W |
| 5. C-A-K-R-A-K  | 6. T-E -E-C-M-R- |

\*\*\*\*\*

(This represents  
the standard of  
the jokes we  
received - Ed.)



"BUT WARDEN -  
YOU SAID WE  
COULD HAVE  
PETS !!"

H.M. PRISON  
TARDMOOR



## GOAL!

Just beyond the halfway line  
The winger gets his pass.  
He beats his man and cuts inside,  
The football to his laces tied,  
And streaks across the grass.

At once he closes on the goal  
With shocking burst of speed.  
His ears are deafened with the loud  
Imploring voices of the crowd,  
But these he does not heed.

The towering centre halfback  
Is the last man left to beat.  
With quick side-step and agile skip  
The winger gives this man the slip:  
The goal yawns at his feet!

"Shoot! Shoot!" they cry - and so he does  
Like bullet from a gun.  
But then the crossbar seems to crack;  
The flying ball comes hurtling back --  
He's missed an easy one!

But with a most astonishing leap  
He meets it with his head  
And back like lightning goes the ball;  
He has not missed it after all!  
Into the net it's sped!

Happy team-mates mates crowd around  
And shake him by the hand.  
The beaten keeper on all fours  
Slowly rises amidst the roars  
From terraces and stand.

(I. McClenahan, 3A)

\*\*\*\*\*

## OUR MUSIC CRITIC writes;

The annual visit to the Technical College to hear the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra was again a great success.

With refreshing light-heartedness the short walk to the College hall was made by the whole school. The common exuberant spirit could be detected in the volume of conversation, in spite of several exhortations to desist.

The choice of music was, as always, delightful and varied, re-acquainting us with old friends, Mozart and Vaughan Williams, as well as an amusing pizzicato interlude from Benjamin Britten's "Simple Symphony". Next year, perhaps, we may hear extracts from favourites such as Shostakovich and Prokofiev.

In all, it was an exciting break from van der Vall's equation and the economy of Afghanistan, and made a striking contrast to the meaningless wailings of "popular" music to which we are all too often subjected.

(Nathaniel Crake)



## GARRETTS. "THE NEWS-SHOP"

252 Borough Rd. Corner Whetstone Lane

FAST SERVICE FOR NEWS, SWEETS,  
TOBACCO SUNDRIES.

OPEN DAILY 5 AM.

## TEMPLETONS, THE SWEETSHOP

256 Borough Rd

HIGH CLASS CHOCOLATES, ICES etc.

## ROBERTS & JOBSON LTD

Charing Cross. Birkenhead.

## SPORTS SPECIALISTS

"Wrightweight" Golf Equipment

"Speedo" Swimwear

All your sports needs



### A Visit to a Cemetery

Dusk fell and I was alone on that fearful track. The mud and dirt swirled around my bare feet, I could hardly walk because of my numbed legs from the cold and the rain which had chapped my body.

Suddenly! I saw a shimmer of light shoot across the dark sky like a streak of lightning. I rambled on till I caught a silhouette of a strange house.

I walked on, half falling and came to a large gate, I opened it and stumbled into a garden of some sort. As I trod the wet grass beneath my feet, my eyes caught sight of large stone shapes. I walked on, coming to a halt, I knelt down by one large piece of grey stone, and then realized that I was standing on a grave, as I could just make out some lettering on the tombstone, I read;

In loving memory of;  
Annie Elizabeth Jacob,  
Died in 1960 and lived,  
for 50 years.

I was so afraid, alone in the dark, windy graveyard, and I could see light in the house just in front of my view. I ran to the door and banged on it till my knuckles bled. I was allowed in and taken into a room, and the door was locked behind me. All around the room, on the walls, were written the names of Cathrine Lington, Cathrine Harris and Cathrine Tynne.

I dressed for bed and fell into a deep sleep. The name Cathrine must have played on my mind whilst sleeping.

I heard a voice calling to me saying, "Let me in! let me in!" from the window. I thought it was a branch of a tree washing on the pane. I couldn't stand it any more. I broke the window and a hand caught hold of me. The voice cried, "Let me in! let me in! I'm Cathrine Lington!" I replied in fear, "How can I when you won't let go my wrist?"

I rubbed the thin wrist of the thing, on the shattered window until it bled all over the panes. I finally got free. I got some chairs and put them over the whole in the window.

Cathrine! Cathrine! went over in my mind, the next morning. As I went to the window I found it had been broken and chairs on the table.

At that moment I was speechless and kept wondering to myself, was it just a dream or was it really true? I could not tell.

(G. Hough 2B.)

\* \*\*\*\*  
2 TROPICAL FISH TANKS For Sale.  
Complete with all equipment,  
£16 or nearest offer.  
APPLY Beckley, 5A or ring  
ARR 6679.  
\*\*\*\*\*



## A TRIBUTE TO "MY SCHOOL".

On hearing that a new magazine was to be produced by the boys of this school, I felt a deep sense of pride -- and naturally was greatly honoured to be invited to write an article for the very first issue. Indeed, the B.I., along with Eton and to a lesser extent Harrow, has long been a symbol of the great educational standard of Britain. The school, besides setting the pace in the development of teaching methods throughout the world, has in its time produced many famous and eminent men: men such as Wilfred Owen, Lord Cohen and L. T. Malcolm.

The building itself, a strikingly modern erection, has many amenities. A new wing, including gymnasium, has been added as recently as 1931 and now the school has undergone a long-awaited fresh coat of paint. This would have been done earlier, only it has taken sixteen years to recruit a team of painters willing to approach the building. Obviously, the reason for this is that over the years decorators have felt too humble to stand below the gables and eaves of so mighty an establishment.

The interior furnishing, needless to say, is quite stunning. It is believed that many of the desks are of antique value and several museums have made inquiries concerning the numerous structural gems around the school.

So great has been the demand to view the building that, in order to cope with the crowds, Birkenhead has instituted two bus routes (numbers 60&52) to serve them. These vehicles cruise up and down Whetstone Lane, packed with the various sightseers and tourists who hope to catch a glimpse of the famous west face or even photograph the hallowed walls.

I feel very small indeed when I remember that I am a member of the B.I. Only Hannibal can have felt similarly, when he crossed the Pennines. I fear that I can write no further for, I must confess, tears are beginning to glisten in my eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

### W-A-T-E-R !!!

Twenty terrible torturous yards.  
Sweating, soaking, saturated  
Only one last lurching effort.  
Tongue tacky, throat throbbing,  
Desperately diving, - despairing slowly  
Of ever, ever reaching the water-hole.

Slowly strength surged strongly into life and limb  
At last; gratefully gorging myself,  
Gulping gallons of murky, muddy water  
From the stinking sand.

Ian Kearvell -- 2E.

\*\*\*\*\*

What did the big hand of a clock say to the little hand?  
"I'll be around in an hour."

What did the carpet say to the floor?  
"Don't move: I've got you covered."

A. F. Simmons -- 2E.



## THE MIDNIGHT MUSEUM.

It was in the cool, clear light of early morning that a tired and rather constable was making his way back towards the cemetery, the last point on his beat. He had no more love for cemeteries than other men. He looked through the gaps in the railings at the neat rows of well-kept ornamental stones.

"Ought to be two men on this beat," he said. "This ain't a very healthy beat, this ain't. I rather have one twice as long than have to come pounding round here."

In the milky grey light he saw something move. His eyes opened wide. His hands clasped and unclasped. He gave three loud blasts on his whistle and made for the cemetery gates which were still locked. He managed at last to climb over them and drop on the gravel beyond. The THING that he had seen moving was now only an elusive shadow, darting in and out of the headstones and monuments.

He seemed to be gaining on the fugitive. It was a strange-looking thing bent almost double as though it was running on all fours rather than upright and once as it turned to see if he was still following he saw baleful amber eyes....it was a terrifying thing. It had eyes such as no animal had right to have. There was something foul and horribly evil about it. It gave to a high-pitched wailing laugh -- the constable's blood seemed to turn to water in his veins but daggedly he kept on in his pursuit.

He was really close now and had the impression that the THING was playing with him, that it could if it wished develop a far higher turn of speed if it wanted to escape.....Then he pulled up short--- Something yawned at his feet. He glanced down with a gasping, choking cry of revulsion and made a ?? .....

(to be continued-?)

\*\*\*\*\*

### RHYMES!

I never was averse to verse  
Especially if it's witty;  
I always loved a ribald rhyme  
And slightly salty ditty.  
I like a muse that does amuse,  
A metric strain that's free;  
A bawdy ballad bawled about  
Is quite O.K. by me.  
Alimerick is just my line;  
To odd odes I'm addicted  
So WHY, when told to "learn a poem",  
Do I feel so afflicted?

(A. D. Davies)

\*\*\*\*\*



NATIONAL NAUSE INDEX: THIS WEEK'S TOP TEN.

1. HUGHIE GREEN (1)
2. EAMONN ANDREWS (8)
3. MILLICENT MARTIN (-)
4. PETER WEST (-)
5. ANDY STEWART (6)
6. GEORGE BEST (2)
7. BOB MONKHOUSE (-)
8. BRUCE FORSYTH (5)
9. ALAN FREEMAN (4)
10. JIMMY CLITHEROE (3)

The latest news is that Hughie Green holds the top spot, following an edition of "Double your Money" which was really vintage "nause". However, Eamonn Andrews is pressing hard, by flashing his gums on Sunday night so shooting up six places to No. 2. George Best slips to No. 6 since his head has shrunk three sizes after 'United's' first home defeat. and finally congratulations to Andy Stewart on his 100th week in the index!

\*\*\*\*\*

THE DEATH OF NORMAL STREET.

The old and the new move away;  
And yet people stay the same.  
The old crumbles and will fade,  
Yet still the new isn't made.  
Those memories which they hold  
Die and wither with them.  
But the new will soon be born-  
All the secrets they could tell  
Of pain and fear  
And of a long-off yesteryear.

Now in men's hands  
They crumble to dust;  
But from the dust is the  
Re-birth of what's to come.  
They lie there in ruins,  
Still and cold,  
The once-new is now old.  
In their fall shall come height;  
And in their death shall come life!

(C. Berrido, 5B)

\*\*\*\*\*



SUNDAY DINNER.

A butcher's apron full of blood  
A quiet cow chewing her cud;  
A butcher's knife is slashing deep.  
A cow has a chew before its sleep.

A cow is lazing in the sun;  
The lairage and the lairage gun-  
Crimson meat-hook crushes flesh;  
A peaceful life, --- but oh! what death!

A pig rolls over in delight;  
It's full of life - its tail turned tight;  
Now offal, bones, guts, hide and tripe:  
Oh! gruesome, grisly --- ghastly sight.

A newborn lamb is soft and white;  
Now cleaved skull and scarlet tongue;  
It dances 'mongst the daisies white  
Barbarously butchered, lights and lung.

A rabbit with white fluffy tail;  
Disembowelled of all entrail;  
A prancing horse on a sunny day;  
A beef-steak, 'a la francais.

(R. Cook, Upper 6 )

\*\*\*\*\*

HOW TO GET RID OF OLD MODELS by D. Williams (3B)

If you are one of those people who get rid of models by just dropping them in the dustbin, this is not for you. This is to tell how you can demolish or destroy modelcars, ships, planes and tanks.

If you collect whole armies of vehicles, then have a battle using your fists as the shells, so crushing the vehicles. A second method can only be used in late October and early November. For this you dismantle part of the vehicle and place one or more bangers inside it, depending on the size and reassemble with the fuse showing. Light the fuse and stand well back, waiting for the bang. The third and last way requires a magnifying glass and a strong sun. This method deforms the vehicle into a shapeless mass, by causing the magnifying glass to focus on the metal.

You could, of course, use a petrol bomb!

\*\*\*\*\*

SMALL ADS.

CHARGE: 3D. A LINE.

FOOTBALL BOOTS ? SIZE 7. GOOD CONDITION WITH NEW LACES.

PRICE: 15/- . APPLY TO McCORMAC OF 5B.

\*\*\*\*\*



## SP RTS DAY!?!

Since that pinnacle of grandeur -- Speech Day -- has been emaciated, the major occasion of the school year is Sports Day, when the School, in terms of pupils, is on show to the public. For, indeed, parents are invited; you can see both of them sitting alongside the running-track. The tension of this occasion is absolutely stupefying. For look what moments await the captive attention of the 150 or so spectators -- 148 boys unfortunate enough not to be actually taking part and----What!? Three parents? Oh\* no! Just the two (The other is the groundsman -- there is nobody in the bath). There is no truth, by the way, in the rumour that all the boys not taking part are either involved in a competition to see who can eat the most crisps and drink the most lemonade or are fighting behind the marquee. This is absolute rubbish!- there is NO marquee --they have to make use of the shed! In any case, two boys are holding the improvised tape across the finishing-line. What tape is it? Reinforced wool. These two jolly fellows pull as hard as they can to see if they can succeed in up-ending the winner or give him a six-inch rut across the chest.

But don't let us digress too far from those moments of tension. Can the runner navigate his way through that mountainous terrain known as the running-track and stay on his feet? Unfortunately, some do. What of the nerves of the competitor? It is not as may be thought derived from that age-old maxim; "It's not the taking part that counts but the winning," but owing to fears of perforated eardrums from Mr. Squires' "cannon". The agony is prolonged by the g'n's very rarely working first time -- or second --- or third... The competitor very often finds himself left perching on 10 fingers and ten toes, desperately trying to keep balance (and only succeeding in looking a complete ass).

If either of the parents condescends to watch an event in which "little Willy" is not involved and is unlucky enough not to have a programme (it's amazing the number of paper aeroplanes bedecking the field at the end of the day), then he or she is reduced to relying on the announcements of the public-address system - a fruitless exercise unless the parent is versed in Swahili.

Of course, there is still the finale; the presentation of medals and trophies by an illustrious Old Boy who has distinguished himself on the national or even the international sporting field. I have it from a reliable source that this year it will be the Birkenhead and District Darts League champion, Bill Smith. But, as for Speech Day, this little ceremony has undergone some expedient alterations; now the winner of each event receives a whole certificate, instead of a medal!

\*\*\*\*\*

?

FIFTY BANANAS IN A ROW,  
ALL OVER-RIPE AND PUTRID,  
WITH BURSTED SKINS AND FULL OF OOZE  
UNQUESTIONABLY INEDIBLE.  
YET I MIGHT EAT THEM. I'M LIKE THAT!

\*\*\*\*\*



## WAR AND PEACE

Sunrise: as the yellow sun slowly appears over the horizon and throws it's brilliant glare onto the small, mud-hut villages. One by one the doors open and the dark-skinned natives emerge, walking slowly towards their rice fields in the distance.

Early mornin': the thin, naked women go about their daily chores in the blisterin' heat of the red-hot sun; cockin' in their large, dirty wooden bowls; washin' their rags in the muddy river near by, and feedin' their emaciated children with watery soup and bits of rice left over from the day before. Boys and girls appear in bands, playin' simple games with their wooden balls and swimming and splashin' in the warm, brown water. Babies crawl around on the hard ground, unattended by their mothers, scrapin' their little hands and knees and coverin' their bodies in dirt and grime. Old men and women sit around makin' straw baskets, carvin' wooden bowls and sometimes just larin' into the distance, dreamin' about what's goin' to happen next day.

Afternoon: as the men toil in the water of the paddy fields, sometimes they drop on their knees wipin' their sweaty brows and pantin' with exhaustion. But, knowin' they must, they dra' themselves to their feet and carry on with their work even though their hands and feet are sore and bleedin' and their burnin' bodies feel weak and tired.

As the people work, from time to time they glance up to the heavens above and scan the sky for what to them is the "devil" and, inevitably at some time, on some day, it comes- A faint buzzin' sound fills the air- the natives look up, hoping with all hope that they are wron'- the buzzin' becomes louder and louder, their hearts begin to thump with fear and their fore-heads become thick with sweat, and as a black shadow appears over-head they can stand it no longer and run to the nearest tree, ditch or hut, anythin' that will give them protection from the "devil". Thunderbolts hit the ground, striking men in their path and splatterin' their bodies into a thousand different pieces. People crawl through the mud and slutch, some with only half their limbs and with blood gushin' out into the slush around them. Women come cryin' to their husbands slinging one of their arms around their necks and holdin' their cryin' and wounded babies with the remains of the other.

When the buzzing and screams have died away the survivors crawl out of their holes and scan the scene before them. The ground is covered in a red ugly mess, bodies are strewn around, some still wriggling while others are still and lifeless. All is quiet and a horrible smell fills the air.

(A.B.Davies. 4A.)



First Year Form Rooms,  
Birkenhead Institute.  
March 14th, 1968.

As you know, this year's first-formers wrote several compositions as their English homeworks. Recently you and the selection committee for the school magazine sent out requests to all forms. The request was to enter the best compositions to see if they were suitable for the magazine. Our forms submitted several different compositions so that the selection would be varied. ALL of these compositions, however, were turned down. Our English master made enquiries as to why this was so. He was told that they had been turned down because they were old ideas and had all been done before. This is not true as one of the compositions was the account of a true life incident which happened in a first-form classroom quite recently.

As you and your colleagues have turned down ALL of our work, do you expect us to (a) pay any more interest to the reading of the school magazine; (b) submit any more of our work to the magazine; (c) be co-operative in any other school activities -? If what we hear is right, the older boys claim that our work bores them as they have done it before. Some of the compositions have been done before (only a minority) but the English language has changed since then, when our elders were first-formers! Even if the older boys have heard the compositions, our parents and friends have not. We think that the answer to this whole problem would be to allot a certain amount of space in the magazine to each school year. Another answer would be to let each school year produce their own magazine.

We have just read a notice saying, "See your own work in print"- will you kindly tell us where to look for it?!

Yours respectfully,

James Morris.

(on behalf of nearly all the first-formers)

THE RAT.

Brown and long, grey in parts,  
Living on filth in dirt and grime.  
Sensing some food, it suddenly starts  
Climbing and slithering through the slime;  
Nibbling at first; then it bites,  
Gnawing away in a dark, damp gap  
Pulls ferociously, then it fights--  
Silence at last? -- it lies dead in the trap!

J. R. Grayson, 5B.

\*\*\*\*\*