

Magazine of the Birkenhead Institute

THE VISOR

JUNE 1971



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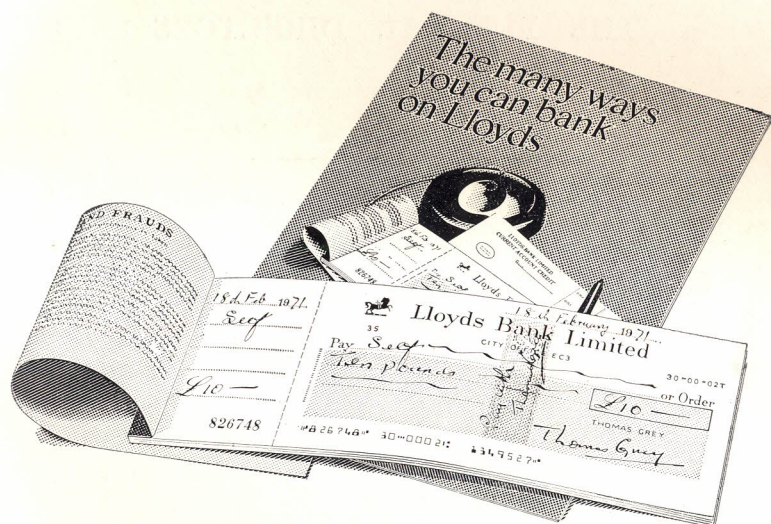
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Headmaster: Mr. S. DENERLEY, B.A.
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EDITORIAL

It was a little like pouring old wine into a new bottle, except that the 'new' bottle was partly filled with some quite good wine already and also, the bottle was not sufficiently large to hold the entire quantity. The principal anxiety was, however, would "Chateau Inny '89" and "Chateau Tolly '32" mix? One could, of course, carry the comparison to absurd lengths, but it is possible to see some similarity between the image described, and the process which began last September and which continues.

Despite the 'squeeze', the school has functioned remarkably well throughout the first two terms, everyone has been fitted in, somewhere or other. Academic standards are upheld, perhaps with a little straining sometimes. The House System continues to inspire loyalty and the new houses are beginning to establish their own standards. Nor has the almost universal enthusiasm for games diminished. As for uniform, the majority CONform: for the rest, "Solomon in his glory was not arrayed as one of these!"

Best of all, however, the anxieties which caused most magisterial heartburn and palpitations did not materialise. The playgrounds have not echoed during the lunchtimes with the sound of conflict, as protagonists went forth to defend imagined scholastic heritages. Incidentally, the playgrounds have remained unnaturally quiet between 11-55 a.m. and 1-15 p.m. To where **do** they all go?

All things considered, the School has emerged in a healthy condition, from its recent treatment. Let us hope that when the wine settles, it will produce a vintage to equal, or even surpass, the old.

M.M.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The editor wishes to thank all who have made possible the production of this magazine: the Headmaster for his support and encouragement; those colleagues and the boys who have contributed items; that persuasive group of salesmen, Messrs. Davies, Jemitus, Ladyman, Thompson and Tulloch of the Upper Sixth and P. Croker, 5R — without whose efforts this magazine would have rapidly followed many another into insolvency —; M. Royden 5B, who laboured to render the illegible legible; the advertisers for their patronage; and lastly, the printers who have shown such patience and understanding towards an Editor so late with the material, and so ready with the excuses.

Ed.

HOUSE NOTES

ATKIN

This year to date, Atkin House has not really shown any prominence in any particular field of the Inter-House activities. Quite a few competitions have been held including the "Design a Christmas Card Competition" which was won by J. Morris 4A, despite the large number of entries.

The Inter-House Chess was divided into two groupings of Senior and Junior, in each of which, each House formed a team of 6 to take part in the knock-out competition. A draw in each grouping was made pairing off the teams to play in the first round. Three teams in each grouping would then pass onto the next stage of the competition. One team was awarded a bye to the next round, this being decided fairly by the spin of a coin; the remaining two teams of the group playing a semi-final to decide the other finalist.

In the Junior Challenge for the Tickle Trophy at Christmas, Atkin was defeated by Westminster by 5 games to 1 game in the first round. However, the victors went on to beat Davis in the final by 3½ games to 2½ games.

Again our defeat was repeated in the Senior Competition for the Wright Shield this time by Cohen.

Despite these defeats, both the Senior and Junior teams put up a good effort and I am sure they will go on to do better in the Summer Competition. It has been decided to total the number of points gained by each House in the first round of the Christmas and Summer Chess Competitions, the points going to form an Annual Championship: in the result of a tie the Captains of each House team concerned will take part in a play-off to decide the outright winner.

L. Arch (L.6)

COHEN

In its first year of existence, Cohen cannot, unfortunately, be said to have enjoyed success. It is fair to say, however, that its various teams entered all competitions with enthusiasm, and many members of the House have expressed a determination to allow no obstacles to stand in the way of success next year.

Two members of the House, C. Glover and M. Jackson, Fourth Year, regularly represented the Town, as members of the Birkenhead Schoolboys' (A.F) XI.

DAVIES

We were pleased to know that the name of our House was to be that of a well-known old boy of the school. Mr. George Davies, for many years chairman of the Education Committee, has already paid us the honour of a brief visit and we look forward to the fulfilment of his promise to visit us again in the near future.

A first-class fortune teller would have had a most difficult task even to attempt to forecast results of Inter-House competitions this year. Six Houses, containing as many unknown quantities, have led to some interesting results but next year House Masters will not be working quite so much in the dark.

In this first year of our new school many problems have arisen and not all of them have been solved. It was expected that there would be difficulties and under the circumstances we are quite pleased by the progress made by Davies House. At the time of writing, competitions have been held in Soccer, Cross Country, Indoor Soccer, Basketball and Chess and the house has not disgraced itself in any of these. The fourth form's 'second' was the best place in soccer and they won the indoor tournament. We were delighted to win the Basketball and managed to get a second and two third places in the three Cross Country groupings.

Chess, however, has been our most successful activity and here we won the Senior Competition and were runners-up in the Junior section.

We also had the individual winners in both Senior and Inter sections in J. Hughes 5 and S. Jones 3 respectively. Congratulations.
Keep at it, Davies!

A.J.P.

STITT

At the beginning of this school year, the two schools, Grange and B.I. combined and due to this the school's activities were not as many as usual. There was no inter-house Rugby or Cricket; but despite this, there was a five-a-side tournament and a basketball competition. In the football Stitt didn't have a great deal of success, but all who represented us did their utmost to win. With the Basketball, the Senior Team, despite having played little or no Basketball previously, managed to reach the final but were beaten in a close game by Davies.

In a short time the inter-house Athletics will be held at Ingleborough Road and providing the weather is fine, an enjoyable day's sport will be seen and perhaps with the aid of a little luck, Stitt will retain the Championship.

Summing up then, due to the increase in the size of the houses, organisation was extremely difficult, but under the conditions the house has been well-represented and the enthusiasm shown by the members of this house was very promising.

K. Hodgkinson, (House Captain 1970-71).

TATE

Tate House has had great success in the House Chess Championships. J. Bigelow of 1 Tate has won the Junior Chess Championship — a great achievement for a First Year boy.

There is considerable interest in Athletics and a number of Tate boys are practicing regularly for the Athletics sports although the response from the Seniors is disappointing. Many of these athletes are also entering for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, and we wish them success.

WESTMINSTER

The House started the year on a very enthusiastic note. The first competition held was the 'Christmas Card Competition', in which Doherty of the 4th year was placed 3rd. Being the first competition of this type ever held we were well pleased with the result.

The first sports competition held was the 5-a-side football, in which the first four years participated, the results of this were very gratifying. The 1st years, showing great potential, finished 2nd, and the 2nd year finished 3rd. The 4th year, against very good opposition, only managed 5th place, although this was remedied by the 3rd year team of Parke, Turner, Salisbury, Caplin and Rimmer who finished 1st. Overall, the House finished 2nd, a very good result!

In the "new look" comprehensive school, certainly the opposition is keener, but without taking the credit from the opposition, Westminster's efforts in the 11-a-side football was hardly what champions are made of. The 1st year team took 3rd place, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th year teams all failing to qualify.

Although the Senior Chess team was eliminated in the first round of the competition, the junior team put up an excellent display and won the Tickle Trophy. Credit should go to Turner, the Captain, who led his team to the '6 games to 0' win against Tate, and then on to victory against Davies in the final.

Cross Country proved a rather sore spot with the Junior and Intermediate teams who finished 6th and 4th positions respectively. The senior team, however, finished 2nd overall. This was due to the champion, Nicholas, finishing 1st and some strong running by team mates R. Lewis, D. Griffiths and S. Ladyman.

During the years 1957-1965, Westminster held the coveted Coronation Cup. They reigned supreme winning 41 events out of a grand total of 51. If Westminster is to regain her prestige, AND THE CUP, it will only be by a hundred per cent. effort from all of its members.

I. H. Rowan.



"The New Boy" — D. Williams, 5B

Original Contributions

JUNIOR LIBRARY

The library is open each lunchtime from 12-30 p.m., or thereabouts, till 1-15 p.m. Enthusiasts gather from noon and wait with understandable impatience for the librarian.

Although we cannot compete with the British Museum, the Bodleian, or the Library of Congress, nevertheless, we do boast a reasonable selection ranging from Theology to football. So, if you want to be a footballing parson

By the way, if you are a senior, do not be put off by the prefix "JUNIOR": we are not limited to legions of 'Biggles'.

One final plea, consider the librarian; the accumulation of months, (years?) of dust, (God forbid!) cannot but have the most deleterious effect upon his spirit and pulmonary cavities.

. . . . Which reminds me if you don't know what "deleterious" and "pulmonary" mean, there's a very good 'Oxford Dictionary'

M.M.

TOO YOUNG

He asked why no grass grew there;

Nor birds sang.

He asked why no trees grew there;

Nor flowers bloomed.

"There was a war", I said, and gazed along

The row of neat stone slabs.

"What's war?"

He was too young, he wouldn't understand.

"You're too young", I told him,

"You wouldn't understand

Even if I could tell you".

P. Hall (Lower 6th).

THE FOOTBALL MATCH

It was a good game at the match today,

The crowd pushed and shouted and started to sway.

The referee's whistle gave a large, sharp shrill,

But after forty minutes the score was, nil-nil.

The City winger scored the opening goal,

And on to the pitch came a toilet roll.

The linesman's flag went up in the air,

'Offside!' he shouted as he stood there.

The referee wondered what he should do,

As the City supporters began to boo.

A goal was the referee's decision,

Then a United fan shouted he should be put in prison.

It was now half-time and the United players looked ill

As the score was still City one, United nil.

The whistle went for the second half,

And up in the air went a city scarf.

The ball went forward and then went back,

And United started a brilliant attack.

They had a shot, it was handled on the line

How many minutes left? There were only nine.

The penalty was awarded as the player ran up,

It was their only chance to stay in the cup.

He kicked the ball, the goalie made a brilliant catch

And City had won an exciting match.

Glyn Hughes (I.S.)

DEATH'S EMPLOYEES

Soon I saw the smoke was clearing,
And there before me, mid the ashes,
Lay the bodies of the people.
Atomic power had claimed its victims, ,
And death,
Had a mass congregation that day.
They had flown the bombers over,
They had seen the bombs fall,
Watched the people run to nowhere,
Heard the bang as bombs touched target,
Saw the mushroom in the sky.
I hope they never sleep again,
For I won't.

Larry Q. Jones (2T).

"BOVVER"

The innocent victim shouts out loud,
As the Bovver boys walk in,
Yelling echoes over the town.
The figure of a boy sprawled out in the darkness,
Streets get watered by the shouting of the Bovver boys,
Windows smash, Police arrive,
Then a night of riot.
Morning breaks, bricks, sticks and bottles line the quiet road.

G. Knight (3C).

PETROLEUM

Amoco, Shell, Esso, National
Advertizing gets on one's goat.
Gulf, Jet, B.P. Total,
Rammed down one's throat.
Personally, I don't care what the name
Whether ninety or ninety-one octane,
As long as my old tin-box moves
In the long and widening asphalt grooves
Called streets and roads and ways and lanes
And avenues and crescents
Which require my presence.
But still, I think I'll always know
About a petrol, Texaco,
Which claims to be always 'ready to go'.
That 'V.I.P.'s for V.I.P.'s,
That servicemen are on their knees
That Cleaveland give away masses
Of clear-cut cocktail glasses
And stainless frying pans
And Esso understands.
All that should attract one now
But one's inclined to ask "How
can we, with the money to be given?"
It all goes up — with the cost of living.

M. Wray, (3A.)

THE SUN

The sun that shines in a western sky,
A token of the sweetest love,
A fiery eye of eternal light
To guide us on our way.
A monument to honour land,
A clear-cut diamond shining bright.
A raging beacon of heavenly flame to shine
And light a darkened earth.
A sky-blue cushion on which to rest,
A set-out route past star and planet,
Past constellations, painted shapes
Upon a sky-blue canvas.
Through many ages thou hath passed,
And heard each secret children kept,
A treasured phrase or two.
Every day to shine on things good and true.

A. McKie (1T).

DESTRUCTION SITE

On the way to school,
The same old site sounds,
The houses fell like flies,
People came and went like money,
Leaving behind them destruction and rubbish,
The people went like migrating birds.
Only one house left at the end of the street,
People went like the wind,
Every brick that was knocked down
was like breaking a bone in my body,
Only rubbish is left,
They were good houses in their days.
People went like the wind.

W. A. Thompson (3T).

THE "SKINHEADS"

When the powerful roar of bikes is heard,
The streets are cleared and shopkeepers close their shops.
No lights are seen,
for the windows have pieces of hardboard nailed to them.
'Tis like the Devil's abode.
Then, a young boy,
Who knows not the danger of venturing into the street,
Leaves the safety of the house.
He trips,
And a noise such as one never imagined is let loose.
Whereupon the skinheads rush,
And beat and kick and punch.
Soon, they quit the "game",
And walk off as if they know not what they have done.

R. Stephenson, (3A).

"COME ON, TOTTENHAM!"

Dave called for me at 8-30 on the Friday before the match, we called for George and then 'Cliffy' arrived.

We filed into the 'out-door' where Dave bought the cider, and upon leaving the place met George's dad. A long talk with him saw us off to Charing Cross for the coach.

As we had arrived early a visit to the 'chippy' was in order, where I ordered a greasy mass of chips for a 'tanner'.

We wandered back to the coach station where we waited for half an hour for the coach.

Then without further ado we set off.

As the journey was by night the scenery wasn't all that brilliant so we settled down for a nice easy ride.

After about 3 hours one or two of the men decided that they had a most pressing engagement so the coach was stopped.

The journey being resumed, found some of the men thirsty, so the glasses were passed back for refreshment, when one came to me to be passed on to the front, a bloke said, "Have a drink, son!" so, half a glass later he received his drink.

We reached Birmingham in the early hours of the morning.

Someone took a ball out of the coach and started booting it all round the car park of the service station, where we had stopped for a rest. The ball landed on the Motorway. Down one of us went and picked it up only to see a police car arrive, so we busied ourselves by helping "some feller" push his lorry load of pigeons on to the Motorway.

We reached London at about 6 a.m. and the coach nosed it's way into White Hart Lane where the television cameras stood, so chants of "We're on the telly!, we're on the telly!, ee-i-addio, we're on the telly!", were repeated till it became monotonous.

Disembarking from the coach, we made our way down behind the Park Lane stand into White Hart Lane itself and then on to the bus which took us to Seven Sisters underground rail station.

Our train stopped at Highbury where a couple of chants of "Come on Arsenal!" followed by a quick run back on to the train kept away the boredom. Eventually, we reached Piccadilly.

At Piccadilly, we met a Canadian newspaper reporter who took photographs of our group and also a tape recording of us singing "You'll Never Walk Alone" and then the police moved us on to Trafalgar Square.

We walked around the Square and then off into Soho for a laugh and then down Carnaby Street onto a breakfast of beans on toast.

This was followed by a train journey back to Seven Sisters from Charing Cross.

Coming from the station we went into a shop which sold books "for men only", so I went in behind Dave who was at the head of the queue and was informed later that he had been first in and last out.

Next door stood a milk bar with four Spurs 'bouncers' propping up a pin ball machine in the corner, so I strode through them and left a rather worried group of "hard" mates behind.

Just before we got into the ground I bought a hat and a badge and an incredibly cheap programme for sixpence.

In the ground seven thousand Liverpool fans packed the area behind the goal. We saw the police and officials eject several over-enthusiastic supporters, for fighting.

The result was 2-0 in the favour of Liverpool; the goals coming from Emlyn Hughes and Chris Lawler.

After the match a bottle screamed through the air and smashed a rear window in the coach so we made a hasty retreat from the ground.

On the way home through London an odd looking character, with apologies to Danny-La-Rue, gave us a popular hand signal. All available rubbish (for some unaccountable reason) seemed to shower down upon him.

Our 'friend' still kept this up so we countered with signals which would have done credit to Winston Churchill. The traffic moved on again.

The journey home was uneventful and we reached Birkenhead at midnight.

By the way, who was that little bloke with the navy blue and white scarf wandering round the village? Where did he come from?

Oh! Blimey!! . . .

P. LEDSHAM (5R)

"MAX"

Max was a rather freaky gunner of a "Tiger" tank. Max's friend was called Hans, he was the driver. Between them, they ran the whole tank. They were in a partnership; they owned a public house (Pub) and a few casinos for they were professional gamblers. Max's full name was Maximillian.

He had lived in America till the war, he was a Corporal after his demotion from Lieutenant, (he was a pilot, till he lost his plane, by crashing it into a General's quarters).

Max was riding down a quiet lane in the tank when Hans began to moan. Max inquired what was up and Hans told him that his hot-water bottle had exploded. Then there was a sound of tank tracks; it could be a "Sherman", for they often 'dropped' tanks in, but, no. They came face-to-face with a "Stalin"; this was the only kind of tank which could obliterate the "Tiger". Max loaded and fired, it hit the side of the "Stalin"; the tracks ripped off on the right side, then the "Stalin" let "fly". This hit the side of the "Tiger", ripping it out. Hans let out a scream, for pieces of metal tore through his face. Max was rocketed out of the top like a "V.2". He landed on the top of the "Stalin" and then he leapt back into the "Tiger" tank. He climbed in and loaded up a shell, and "let loose". This hit the "Stalin" under the turret, the turret was ripped off and Max could see the Russian bodies fly up in the air, burning; then all went quiet.

Some time later, Hans recovered and called for help on the radio, then he climbed out onto the "bonnet" as he called it and looked at "his" beautiful engine. Normally a "Tiger" tank engine travelled at 17 m.p.h., but Hans tamped it up to go 60 m.p.h. All was well after 30 minutes, then came the task tow-truck and dragged them back.

On the way back they met a squadron of "Republic Thunderbolts" (P47D's): these attacked, shooting up the truck. Max quickly loaded up the gun, levelled it at the sky (planes' direction) and fired. The shock waves got three and the explosion one, even though a "Republic Thunderbolt P47D could go through a wall (this is a fact).

The rest of the planes went away just as fast as they came. Max began to laugh and yell after the planes had gone. Hans mocked him and once again began to look over "his" engine in case any damage had been caused.

When they arrived back at the base they went in and asked for a medal from their Captain. He told them where to go; this they disagreed with. The things that were heard in that office should never be repeated again. Well, at least they got a two week vacation but Hans took the engine with him so as no one else would touch it and learn its secret.

After coming back from the long and tiring holiday in Sweden with a few friends, Max and Hans (plus engine) reported to their Captain for duty ("hell", that's what Max and Hans call it). The Captain was so pleased he had to be helped up from the floor. He told them (after getting up), that there were a few uninvited guests wandering around the countryside knocking off stragglers, e.g. Patrol cars, etc. Max, to Hans' and the Captain's surprise, accepted, but he named his price at 500 marks a "kill". Hans replied that he thought Max was getting soft in his old age.

The Captain watched the two white and orange-clad bodies stumble over to the tank. Hans soon had the engine in and revving at a fantastic rate, then all went quiet and there was a beautiful aroma of eggs and chips (the animals' feed). Then the tank started up; suddenly it roared off towards the gates, nearly doing a "wheely" then smashing through the gates, and roaring off into the far distance.

An hour later they stopped at a petrol dump, and while Hans was 'chatting-up' the guard, Max sneaked in the back and stole a few different types of fuel which Hans had told him to get. Then when they got it they casually said all their goodbyes and rode off. They stopped in a well-concealed bush and mixed the fuels with the special 'Hans mix'.

Meanwhile, a "pack" of "Shermans" were coming straight towards the bushes where Hans was attending to urgent business. Max and Hans quickly scampered back into their "little tortoise shell" (the "Tiger" Tank). The Americans insisted that the two of them surrendered (for they, the "Shermans" were now hiding behind rocks). Then there was a sudden blast and a "Sherman" lost its turret — the other "Shermans" did a tactical withdrawal (they ran) and hid, waiting in ambush to get revenge for their lost comrades (because they owed them money). Max was looking over the "Sherman" while Hans was sticking a sticker on the side of the tank. The "Sherman" was called "Invulnerable".

Max scrounged the tank looking for drink, sweets and any magazines, but instead he found a bad-tempered Alsatian dog which savaged him. Hans killed the mutt before it killed Max. Max thanked Hans, then they walked back to the tank. Then an old Czech farmer staggered out with a pitch-fork, he threatened them with it. Hans dived to catch the old farmer's attention, while Max rammed a knife in his ribs. The old farmer swayed, coughing blood up, then fell with a heavy thud. Max and Hans casually walked back to their tank — started it up and drove the tank over the body. There was a sickening crunch and the tracks were covered in blood. Then the "Tiger" tank went off in the direction of the ambush.

Slowly the tank came closer to the ambush. The guns on the "Sherman" were at the ready to fire.

All was quiet, too quiet' but Max drove on without stopping. He was looking for trouble. Suddenly the Shermans opened fire, the "Tiger" looked dull in the mist of cordite. Then in the silence the turret of the "Tiger" tank broke the silence. It swivelled its turret to fire — it fired, spitting out hell at the "Shermans", ripping out massive chunks and incinerating the enemy.

The "Tiger" had its tracks blown off so it was immobilised. Max and Hans were pretty "shook-up", but still fought on (they had to), to keep alive; then they had to put another spanner in the works. Two "Thunderbolts" came along looking for trouble. They dived, firing intensely round the "Tiger". Then to Max's and Hans' relief four "Panzers" came along, but with a "Stalin" hot on their tails. Max swivelled the turret at the "Stalin" and fired — it missed. Max's heart stopped for ten seconds, then the "Stalin" fired. It hit the "Tiger" slightly, ripping off part of the back and setting it on fire. The Panzers fired at the "Shermans" and knocked one off, but the Shermans fired back and 'knocked-off' two "Panzers"; one "Panzer" went up like a petrol bomb.

Max fired in the air and one "Thunderbolt" came down and smashed into the third "Panzer", this knocked the "Tiger" over and back up again. This really did shake them up immensely. The "Stalin" fired and ripped off the barrel of the "Tiger", making it just a powerful machine gun, which fired at the "Thunderbolt". Then Hans started up the engine and roared off on the valley towards the "Stalin"; there was a clash of metal — the "Tiger" had rammed the "Stalin". Max and Hans climbed out of the "Tiger" and jumped onto the "Stalin" with the bazooka off the side of the "Tiger" — loaded it and fired at the lid. The lid, plus Hans, got ripped off the "Stalin".

Max grabbed the bazooka and fired down the "tin-can", then there was a blast, Max got knocked off the Stalin, and went "flying" in the air, and he landed next to Hans.

Max gave a grin as he watched the Russian bodies twitching on the floor. Hans was out "cold".

The other "Thunderbolt" came and began to churn up the ground, trying to get the "Panzer" — this it did with "both" bombs. The "Shermans" came and left again, (what was left of them), and then the "Thunderbolt" left this shambles, thinking that some help was on its way.

Then Max blacked out and didn't 'come-to' for a few days. When they woke up they were both in a Military Hospital. All they got was an "Iron Cross" for bravery, above and beyond the call of duty.

All Max and Hans cared about was that they missed the celebration and the vacation, and the 500 Marks which the Captain owed them.

P. Fleming (2W).

SOCCER QUIZ

1. Who won the League Championship in 1960-61 season, and how many points did they get?
2. Who won the first World Cup, and whom did they defeat?
3. Who scored the most goals in the 1966 World Cup?
4. Name the 2 clubs promoted to the Second Division in the 1969-70 season.
5. What position did Leeds finish in the 1965-66 season, and how many points did they get?
6. How many goals did Brazil finish with in the 1970 World Cup?
7. Name the captains of Derby County and Spurs.
8. Which clubs were relegated from 1st Division in 1969?
9. How many goals has Alan Ball scored in his career up to the end of 1969-70 season?

SOCCER QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Tottenham with 66 points.
2. Uruguay who beat Argentina in 1930.
3. Eusabio of Portugal.
4. Watford and Swindon.
5. 2nd with 55 points.
6. 18 goals.
7. Dave MacKay and Alan Mullery.
8. Leicester and Queens Park Rangers.
9. 102 goals.

J. Stewart (1S).

C. Smith (1T).

A DIVINE SONNET (1)

How, Lord, inflict I thee with such deep grief
That thou dost cut my rope, and leave my soul
Upon the tides of mine own unbelief
To drifting, always further from my goal?

Yet like a lead weight whirled on a string,
The course I take thou choosest, Lord, for me
And even when released and far do wing
I simply form a tangent, Lord, to thee.

Since with ours God begins and ends our all
The further that we stray, the nearer get,
And since our earth is rounded like a ball
On sailing far enough we reach our set.

Remember this weak faith, and strengthened be,
The Lord of all has purpose still for thee.

P. Hall, (Lower 6th)

A CHRISTMAS TREE

The dominating guard towers above the tailors,
Clad in ultra-bright decorations it illuminates in the dark,
It resembles the guard below the cross, all those years ago,
So rigid in stance and majestic in appearance,
Soon it will be brought down,
But it will rise again,
And so did Christ.

G. Monney (1W).

QUESTIONS OF FATE

Should my mother have given birth,
To me upon this turmoiled earth,
Who will miss me when I'm gone?
Perhaps one person, if only one.
Hate is present each way I turn,
In Belfast exploding bombs do burn,
Where has it come from?
Where will it go?
Lord! If only one of us could know!
Can we see or know our future?
Can we learn to control our fate?
Can we learn?
At a later date?
How not to kill and not to hate?
Shall blood flow and kingdoms fall?
Shall run, devour and death claims us all?
Or shall we abstain from atomic wars?
And soldiers become just a salutary corps.

R. A. Landsborough (3S).

FIGHT AT THE SUNSET SALOON

He stood in the saloon drinkin' whisky,
Then a young cowpoke came in, young and frisky.
He looked at Jake said with a laugh,
"That feller looks as if he could do with a bath!"
The cowpoke ordered a drink,
And then the bartender began to sink
Behind the bar to avoid flying lead.
He didn't want a slug in his head.
The gamblers shuffled their cards with unease,
And tried to stop their trembling knees.
Then Jake said in a voice low and gruff,
"I don't want to get rough and get in a huff,
But if I do, you'll wish you had never been born.
I don't want to hurt a tender horn".
The cowpoke didn't know Jake was the best,
Best draw in the west.
In fact he took it as one big jest.
"Just step outside" said the cowpoke to Jake.
"Wait a minute" said Jake,
"Are you willing to stake,
That you might beat me in a fight?"
"What do you mean 'might'?"
Said he with a cry,
"I'll beat you or die!"
They stepped out into the glaring hot sun,
And people whispered the cowpoke's life was done.
The guns spat flame,
And spat again,
The cowpoke fell,
Jake gave a yell,
And went back to have another drink.

S. Bramley (1D).

A CEMETERY AT NIGHT

I climbed over the fence
and landed silently on the grass.
An owl hooted.
I looked around,
Black and white tombs
stared at me through the eyes of,
God and the devil.
They stared silently from every possible angle.
The grass around me was withered,
the trees had a mysterious look upon them.
I felt an intense fear growing inside me,
a fear to run and run till I could run no more,
My legs seemed stiff;
I was stuck to the withered grass,
stuck like a leech to a man.
I began to sweat,
Again I looked around,
yet there was nothing:
Nothing except tombs.

M. Georgiou (3A).

AN ODE TO WHAT YOU HOLD BEST IN LIFE

And coming in the guise of painful challenge see him clear,
And seeing turn away . . . for to look must mean such fear . . .
As only one who strides alone at night . . .
Can know.
Take then the bow of peace and send your flaming rod,
Into the bowels of torment. Fear but your God
And cry not, for shame of fright,
Will show.
Living life or loving. Striving to hold the mace of peace
The dark corridors of intrigue, justly police
And opening your soul
Tranquility abounds.
For to love must be the reward of rich at heart,
And to hate the remuneration of riches sought
Leap to peace. True goal
Love buys more than pounds.

S. J. Ladyman (U 6).

THE WORK SITE

The great black, orb of steel
Smashes its way through the condemned houses.
Like a child with building bricks throwing them aside.
Drills cutting up fallen walls
And the steady beat of sledgehammers breaking up floors.
The acrid smell of burning wood
As doors that have been slammed a million times are burnt.
Bulldozers ploughing up earth, rubbing out traces of civilization.
Some people stand and gather around
Some sad at the loss of their friendly old homes.
Others gloating like a tiger at the kill
Until the last house has fallen like the prey.
The hooters go, the men rush away
The site is soon silent, until tomorrow
When it all starts again.

S. Menio (3T)



Bidston Hill — M. Graham, 5B

THE ESSENCE

I watched it
As it moved along the bough
And down the twig.
It halted at the blackened end
And there on its peninsula bowing
To the biting wind it stayed
Itself.
The limpid Autumn light,
Facing through the distilled translucence. .
I could not touch it, nor hold it, nor stay it longer.
In a second it had slipped away and fallen
And was consumed in the crystal continent,
A drop in the ocean. P. Hall (Lower 6th).

JOKER

A man is a joker.
Shuffled in the pack . . .
Dealt to the world,
Uncovered before the players,
Held,
or discarded.
To turn up trumps
forgotten?
perhaps be dealt.
But what matters is
That he's played.
An ace is your future,
Destiny uncovered
Used wisely or wasted.
The crunch.
A king is the one
whose future lies before
Born on the prediction of chance . . .
The fall of an ace.
The Queen is your happiness
cherish her.
Love her before
She's snatched from your grip.
Remove, seek,
Search.
Destroy, discard . . .
The knave.
For all men are jokers.

S. J. Ladyman (U.6)

LONELINESS

All alone, All alone,
All I do is sit and moan,
Just the clock is all I hear,
Never have I known such fear.
The world is busy outside my door,
Trampling and walking all over my floor,
Not a pitter or a patter can be heard at my door.
Oh, I wish that I would die,
Sometimes I feel that I must cry,
How thoughtless people can be to see a lonely woman like me.
Just like a leaf I'll wither and die,
There's no one to care or weep when I die,
Because I am such a small fry.
The lights flicker and then go out,
Then all I do is sit and pray
That I may not see another day.

David Wood (1C).

DREAM - DAY

Dream over, dream begins:
Be-braced dockers laugh and spit;
Dogs unceremoniously cock their legs
On already-washed cars;
Schoolgirls, painted purple, stare apple-eyed
At schoolboys, burnt black with laughing,
Who stare back, thoughts not on apples.
And tuppenny sinners play marbles in the gutter.
The bus comes.

Fingers make windows in the early-morning
Of the bus-glass;
Drips reflect and refract, bending, distorting;
Houses bulge outwards; cars wave slowly by;
People twist and turn in early-morning mime.
A bell splits the morning.
Red klaxon screams through town centre:
Flicking past pedestrians, vaulting over minis,
Splitting through car-queues,
Leap-frogging vans and trucks,
Burrowing through buses,
Sweeping aside mere cyclists,
Humbling the easiest of easy-riders,
Leaping and landing, cat-like
With triple scarlet somersaults all the way!
School bell splits its own morning.

- (1) Catch a word.
- (2) Seize a number.
- (3) Paint the number **carefully**.
- (4) Keep it in your BEST BOOK.
- (5) Teach the word to dance on your hand.
- (6) Take the letters.
- (7) Fasten them together.
- (8) Hang them hook two-o-one in the cloakroom.
- (9) Cut the syllables up.
- (10) Blast them against a wall
When the bell shatters silence again.
Amen.

School slips slowly away;
Mind, free, runs riot on the bus:
Thoughts turn, cartwheeling down Park Road North;
Ideas build concrete towers throughout Cloughton Village;
Central Station becomes a massive sculpture;
The Gasworks slowly erupts,
Sending lava-cars up into the air
Which are melted down and sold as scrap
By the man — with the moustache — in the corner shop.
Home.

Switch on and magic lantern pictures
Flash across the screen.

Sport

Dogs and death

Blood, bear and belly-laugh

People, places, police, pans,

Canned coca-cola, crisps and crime

Sex, society and slightly salted slimming aids

Twist and turn within the set

While Ironside dances with D. La Rue;

Police spin round with pop groups;

Soldiers waltz with John and Yoko;
And Ena Sharples whirls and gyrates
In the arms of a certain Ke Kong.
And so the dance whirls on; dancers joined by musicians
Who begin to play, finally reaching a mighty crescendo . . .
... BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOOM.
Click!
Night falls
By courtesy of the British Broadcasting Corporation
And, dream over, dream begins . . .

J. Morris, 4A.

THE END MUST COME

Shielding my eyes from the bright sunlight, I looked up at the building, from my position in the yard. What had once been my school was now a decayed and rotted skeleton of a building. Finding an entrance, one which I am sure I used nearly ten years ago, I pushed open the door, peering into the gloom inside. It was dark, clammy, with a smell of damp, but the first thing I noticed was the silence, the almost eerie, terrifying silence.

I walked further down into what appeared to be a corridor, my eyes becoming more accustomed to the dark. From the entrance, where I came in, there should be a room just ahead, yes, the pottery room. "Yes, that's right". Well, it should have been here. Though I'm not surprised really.

It was a break-time when the 'quake' struck, the rooms would be locked, or at least most of them, and everybody should have been in trying to push his way out of the building, screaming, swearing, fighting joking, then the sound of thunder, the crack of lightning, and the ground opening, the building crumbling, everybody panicking to get free of this nightmare; teachers trying to get things into orderly control, but being either crushed or carried along in the mad bid for freedom. I remember trying to push my way out of the building, screaming, swearing, fighting my way out. My friends disappearing into the earth or being buried beneath tons of rubble.

It was so terrifying that even now I want to run from this nightmarish ruin, but, no; that happened years past, there's no need to run. Walking up a flight of stairs, or what was left of them, I looked about me, remembering how I had run up a similar flight of steps smashed a fire-escape window, had run down the iron ladders and saw that the school was on fire, more than likely from the burst boilers, and now the school had very nearly turned to rubble. Now the building is filled with cobwebs and everything crumbles at one's touch, disturbing countless thousands of insects which have made it their homes.

Walking down another passageway I notice most of the classrooms are still almost exactly as they were left, overturned desks, books littering the floor and faded writing on split black-boards.

Leaving the school, I sadly look back, wondering what the future holds for a building like this. My guess is that it won't last much longer, not with the destructive machines of man.

Stephen Carvell (3D).

ORIGINS OF THE GAME OF CRICKET

BY OUR CRICKETING CORRESPONDENT.

Every sixth former knows that M's — theory of the phallic origins of cricket was exploded by the late Dean of Woodchurch's magisterial work on the traditional behaviour-patterns of the English (*Monumenta Ritualet Anglicanum*). Owing to serious discrepancies in the work of both these learned gentlemen, such as M's constant reference to the Mallet suggesting that he is not entirely clear as to the difference between Cricket and Croquet, it would seem that the time was ripe for a revaluation of their works and a reconsideration of the origin of the ancient game.

Assuming that we reject M's authoritative yet unconvincing but by far the more interesting theory then we must turn to the reverend gentleman's expositions, whose belief that cricket was not a mythical ritual art at all but a mere game. We are of course, and rightly so in my opinion, suspicious of the excessively pedantic character of such foreign scholarship.

My conclusion is that cricket was a ritual part of a system of 'white' magic by which native-born Britons dispelled the sinister black magic of ill-wishing base-ball enthusiasts. Recent work on Stonehenge has shown M— to be basically correct as it is now plain that Stonehenge is a ritual cricket pitch.

It will be obvious to the most casual observer that Stonehenge consists of wickets arranged in a circle (or oval). Of course, modern wickets have three stumps to support the bails but this is easily explained as an innovation consequent upon the introduction of Christianity and the doctrine of the Trinity — thus cricket acquired its respectability and the support of the clergy. It may be objected that a modern wicket stands at the head of a rectilinear pitch of twenty-two yards length, whilst the Stonehenge wickets are arranged in a circle, but consider the interesting measurements of the stones: there are precisely twenty-two sets of wickets, each twenty-two yards apart — ; obviously the number twenty-two has mystic significance and is sometimes referred to as two little ducks in Britain's other national pastime. The so-called altar stone is now plainly recognisable for what it was, a stone crease and the mistletoe traditional associated with Stonehenge was, of course, prized for its small greenish-white symbolic balls. The knowledgeable amateur of Medieval antiquities will understand the significance of the change of colour with the introduction to this country of holly. Unfortunately, every trace of the original ritual enacted at Stonehenge is not lost although deposits of ashes are to be found at the base of the Blue-stone stumps and a fragmentary inscription MCC LXXI PRO XI suggests some connection with the primeval and today's game.

The continuous history of the cricket ritual from the time of Stonehenge onwards is fairly clear and of common knowledge. But earlier history of the game may not be, as many believe, confined to England, and there is some ground for supposing that it was originally a Welsh custom as it is now generally held that Stonehenge was floated to Salisbury Plain on rafts from South Wales, presumably Glamorgan. And certainly the first known recorded mention of an English Cricket Club was known to be made by Owen Bryn Meredith.

'They club together to foul our lovely land and language, look you!'

After this obscure era the history of cricket is too well known to require setting out here but as civilised human-beings we cannot afford to neglect the ritual myth of ritual myths without realising that the myth of Cricket is of the stuff of Civilization.

* A further belief of many historians that the origin of the term 'to bowl a maiden over' was also highly significant for the elucidation of the Stonehenge ritual in as much that it was an obvious reference to their fertility goddess, has since been disproved on the discovery of conclusive evidence that W. G. Grace was actually a lady in disguise.

A CROWDED BEACH

I stand at the top of the beach amid the high-tide line of driftwood, dead sea-weed, and oil-stained plastic bottles, searching hopelessly for a space in which to prostrate my sun-hungry body. Scarcely an inch of sand remains unoccupied by the other sun lovers who lie face downwards in the path of the blazing hot sun. Their bodies are covered with sun cream to prevent their skins being burnt. The music from the transistor radios bellow out into the Summer air.

There is no chance for me here, but if I make my way round that small headland to the next small Bay I may find an arrogant patch. I pick my way cautiously over my companions, past brightly coloured deck chairs and showy but tawdry canvas wind-breaks which can serve no possible purpose on a day like this when the sea lies glittering, and even at the water's edge. Even the ripples lack the energy to lift and break. I arrived at the Bay and achieve a space where I can lay down and stretch my body on the green coloured towel.

To my right less than a yard away, a fattish-like middle aged woman lies, covering my view of the headland. She sleeps face downwards, one cheek pressed into the sand. My view towards the mountains of Wales is restricted by a pair of pale hairy legs which disappear suddenly into rolled-up grey trousers. The big toes on his white feet rub together violently as if to reassure himself that all ten toes are present and correct.

Lying on the beach I open my eyes, to see, to my amazement, a pattern of sea-gulls flying around above me. As I close my eyes once more and try to get to sleep, I am suddenly awakened by shrieks of laughter. A dog appears around my corner of the Cove. As the dog runs across the beach, two children appear round the corner chasing the dog. They are puffing and panting and laughing. I can't seem to get away from the noise!

At long last I try to get to sleep. I lie with my eyes closed and wonder at the way in which one can grow accustomed to noise. The sound of transistors seems to have died away, I can no longer hear the fat lady snoring or the children laughing. I'm all alone on the beach.

I open my eyes and I am really alone on the beach. Everyone else was aware of the approaching tide. I am stranded on the small patch of beach, what is left of it, and I am all alone. Alone and forgotten!

M. G. Royden (5B).

'THE NEVER ENDING SAGA OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GOD II'

When I was an ectoplasmic illusion, I started my brilliant career by infusing into an alienated body, disfiguring its deoxygenated molecular structure by disguising myself as an alaphitic homolog in an aerobicic conglomeration of glutonic molecules.

From this point however, I decided to change my surface area and due to a severe attack of neurotic thrombosis coupled with epileptic spasms with complications, my re-generative powers were increasing and I therefore decided to change my image. I decided to overthrow GOD. However Big Daddy, J.C.? & Spooky ganged up together to throw themselves at my superbly masculine physique and pit their wits against my superior intellect. With the help of my G.C.E. grade 6 and inane verbal innuendoes I reached my objective. To the tune of 'GOD II is ACE' played by 'TEN YEARS HEREAFTER', I crushed the goodness out of their brains, grey matter spread round my feet, as if someone had just removed their bicycle clips. Blood was splattered over my favourite duds, but my trusty bottle of SNIBBO forever at my side, I arose the victor, shining over my defeated foe who lay prostrate at my feet. The putrid stench however, being too intolerable for my delicate constitution and my being afearcd of disrupting my hyaloid nasal organs, I fled the scene of my glorious victory and returned to my golden palace to enjoy a well-earned banquet.

Well-nourished, I took my place as ruler over all the universe and infinite regions. To rid my domain of all objectionable creatures, I joined up with SUPERMAN, SPIDERMAN, CAPTAIN AMERICA, BATMAN, MR. SPOCK, EINSTEIN & FELIX THE CAT and taking the rank of Star Fleet Commander, we toured each planet in my suped-up Star Ship. When bored I could amuse myself by ordering a special display of mass hari kiri performed by my eager-to-please slugs (humans). If they incurred my

displeasure I would keep them alive (hell is much better). Having delighted in mass executions and enforced suicides, it was decreed that nobody could increase their surface area without my permission; anyone disobeying this was to be fed to my pet killer bogrots, who sucked the goodness out of them. BRAINS, alias DESPERATE DAN, contacted me at my summer residence (the White House) and the information he relayed to me was beyond my wildest dreams; DAN had discovered a way to discomknockerate the two remaining rebels who seemed to have found a way to evade my hyperphysical powers.

So in all my resplendent glory I departed for the planet on which my final battle was to take place. I still could not fathom out how these two feeble minded hydrocephalico ICONACLASM PRACTICING infelicitous creatures could have found a way to escape my power. After two long minutes, I REACHED MY OBJECTIVE. Suddenly, without warning, a darkness surrounded me, even with my super GOD sense I could not see an end to it; unseen hands grasped my throat, long boney tendrils entwined my limbs, my ear drums shook as a piercing scream rent the air about me as if some 80 million slugs were burning all around me. I began hallucinating, ginormous pits of rotten flesh seemed to open up before me, nothing could remove the vile sense of nausea which I felt at that moment. The sweat poured off me in torrents, I collided with a dark sticky mass, it was a decaying body swinging from a mound of rotting skulls, nothing in all my realm could be so vile, so horrifying, except - - - - -

DON'T FORGET TO READ THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE IN
THE NEVER ENDING SAGA OF GOD II.

EPISODE TWO OF THE NEVER ENDING SAGA OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GOD II

Last time we left GOD II in dire straits, YES, as you must have guessed, GOD II WAS ON THE PLANET OF SLUG. It was here that his henchmen had laid to rest all the slugs that had been put so horribly to death. Now we rejoice GOD II.

I was in sore trouble, I had to summon up all my power to obtain my release from the terrible clutches of the two ghastly homicidal maniacs. A queer feeling spread through my hypogastium, a dizziness crept over me, then, looming up in front of me, like a slimy toad, only larger and much more horrific. I was not to be fooled so easily, I still retained some of my former composure, I knew this to be an optical illusion. Screaming out that GOD II was not to be tricked so easily I raced towards what I believed to be the centre of things, I felt my strength returning to my super body, still not believing that these two sons of cockroaches had managed to weaken me even for that short period. The driving force seemed to have died down for the time being, I scanned the landscape for something to destroy, I was in that sort of mood. To satisfy my appetite for blood and destruction I picked on a small creature that was sliding along past a rock. So, aiming my destructive powers on the distasteful object, I first of all crushed its little tail to pulp, then, working my way slowly towards the final blow, I carefully made sure that I speezed the goodness out of its head. Whilst I had been indulging in my little bit of fun, I had been surrounded by creatures I had never seen before; ghastly mutations, gigantic boil-ridden things, alien beings from a dying planet, slimy monsters with huge eyes; dripping with gore, their mouths opened before me, row upon row of teeth, ready to gnash my bones to pulp. Old mother luck was with me! doing my famous imitation of a terrified mole with the help of my C.S.E. Biology Grade 6) frantic, with fear at my superb utterance, the beasts fled, never to return. Tired with these silly pranks I decided to finish the two rebels off. Storming up to their feeble hide-out I decided to have it out with the two freaks. One flash of my terrible glare and the two 'men' CRUMPLED INTO senseless heaps of quivering jelly. Now to find the little box of tricks

COMPOSED (believe it or not) BY

D. H. GRIFFITHS (L6).

THE GHOST HOTEL

I had decided to take a holiday at a fairly old hotel. I set off on a dull drisly morning.

At eight o'clock that evening, I came to a big sign which said, "Hotel, one mile". Eventually I reached the hotel.

That night strange happenings occurred. I was about to encounter a dangerous adventure.

I got into bed and dozed off into a very light sleep. Later on, about twelve o'clock, someone knocked at my door. Raising myself I opened it, and a white-faced butler fell in, with a winged dagger between his shoulder blades. Running back to the window, I saw a white figure running across the grass. Picking up the poker, I threw it, hitting the white object. It fell on the ground, then suddenly it vanished.

That's why I always go caravanning!

A. Russell (IW).

A WARNING

There *was* a knock. Not the knock of the strong and confident nor the troubled nor the cold. More the knock of the timid creature who doesn't quite know what to ask for when he gets an answer. I waited — I wanted him to knock again — so I didn't even look away from the fire-place.

A long plume of yellow flame hissed from the black coal, glowing red with an appearance not so much of heat or incandescence, more the torturous agony of a prolonged pain. The chill shivered up my spine, tingling the nerves of my anatomy and stimulating the imagination — or was it the conscience?

That flame caught the imagination in such a way as to prevent concentration on anything but the mirages it created. Reality momentarily disintegrated in a flash of yellow heat, I entered a limbo of my own . . . and those who pursued.

The hounds howled, white lather foaming from the sides of their evil countenances. The smell of blood clinging to their nostrils stimulating a lust peculiar to a carnivorous animal so steeply bred into the traditions of the wolf.

Then, silence. A pant, a twig cracked, a thud of a large object flung awkwardly to earth and he was running. How he ran. Hair flew in the wind, glinting in the full moon-light, he ran. Ran for all his life.

A hedge rose up before him and just as quickly disappeared behind. A cave opened up in his path and he scrambled to its entrance as though it were home. A lantern hung on a wall and snatching it took only long enough for a normal man to draw breath.

Again he ran, deeper, deeper, blank darkness yawned before, eating them, but still he ran. Those long fingernails biting into his flesh, black fur soaked by the sweat of supreme fatigue, and then . . . light, open air, a heath land on the opposite valley floor. A river swished before him as he ran, the burning lantern falling from his grip and a trail of flame seemed to sweep behind him.

He slowed as the hounds gained distance and as he fell, I laughed, laughed into those blue eyes, I laughed as the flames of heath devoured and merged with the coal and again I was before my fireplace.

The knock was repeated and I rose to answer the door. Seeing before me a blue-eyed man . . . selling *electric* central heating.

S. J. Ladyman (U.6).

TIME

Most of us realise how precious time is, and how easily it is wasted. Few, however, can have been more disturbed by both these truths than Jack Pimblet. Here was a man who treasured time and respected it. Jack lived his life out like a soldier on a precision operation with very little at stake on every second.

It occurred to Jack one day that if he were to complete every operation of his carefully mapped day just a fraction sooner, then he would have saved time. If he could save it, then he could build up a stock of it. He'd use sand, like an egg timer. He could break open an egg timer and find how much sand made a minute. Why, if he saved a minute a day for a month he would have almost half an hour at the end. He could save two minutes a day, or three or even more. He would keep it locked away in the cupboard under the stairs.

Let's be honest about it. Jack Pimblet was no youngster. He was an old man, not really, but old enough, and furthermore he lived alone. It would not be hard to find your way into his house when he was out and help the Gas Board by emptying a meter. If you knew he never arrived home before five o'clock, and you were short of money and were young and agile like the Brown Twins, then things might look hopeful.

The weeks had passed and now Jack was able to save a comfortable five minutes each day. So it was that Jack arrived home five minutes early, removed his coat — five minutes early and put on his slippers — five minutes early. But what was that noise in the kitchen. He rushed into the kitchen and for one precious second three amazed faces regarded one another. Before Jack had collected himself the two intruders had left through the window and all Pimblet could do was shout through the improvised exit.

Jack Pimblet was thinking by now. Why had they been in his house? He had no money. Suddenly Jack knew why, they wanted his Time. The cupboard confirmed his suspicion. The door was smashed and the sack was opened. A knock came at the door. Jack did not hear it at first, he was not fully himself yet. The dull thuds sounded again. He went to the door and opened it. A policeman stood there.

Mrs. Harrison next door had heard the noise. She had knocked on the door herself but had gained no answer. She had gone for the policeman herself.

"Ahe you all right sir?" asked the voice.

"Er . . . Yes officer."

"Have you a minute to spare then, sir?"

'A minute', so they knew, as well. They were all after his Time. He slammed the door and hurried to the cupboard. The sand was quite heavy with the damp, he would have to drag the sack to the door. He walked down the few steps from his back door and leaned back to grasp the sack. As he leaned forward again the sack caught on a small nail on the door stop. The first Jack knew of it was the sack losing weight as he made for the shed.

The policeman accompanied the old man, crying and gibbering, to the station. Jack Pimblet has a lot of time on his hands now. The nurses are very kind and allow him to have some sand each day. He's really quite happy.

P. Hall (L.6).

SPACEMEN LIVE FOREVER

That's what they all used to say to me. 'Spacemen Live Forever'. I used to think it was a joke. It was a joke until it happened. Then I changed my opinion. Let me explain!

Scientific technology had advanced so far that Earth was discovering new planets far away in new and different galaxies. I joined the Space

group to carry people from Earth to 'Stellar', a planet 150 light years away. Thanks to science my body was adjusted until I could not age. It was such a long journey that I needed company so two astronauts guided the ship through space.

Each spaceship has room for two hundred inhabitants suspended in ice to prevent ageing. It was my turn to inspect each form in the ice. I looked for my fellow astronaut. He wasn't around. I called to him through my radio. No answer. I called again. Still no answer. I put the spaceship on automatic control and went to look for him. I found him. Almost dead! His life functions permanently impaired. That was when it wasn't a joke anymore. Still, I was taught never to show any emotions and so unceremoniously I dumped him out of the spacecraft. What should I do now? I walked past the inanimate figures in ice. De-frost one of these? No, I can't. It's against space laws. But what else can I do? I decided to wake one of them and hope it was for the best.

The casket containing one of the bodies was brought forward and placed on a steel couch. The figure was then strapped down and I placed all sorts of wires, clips and contraptions on it. I turned the electric current on and the humming noise of electricity being generated was heard throughout the room. A few tense moments passed as the ice melted and then the figure started moving. I could see it was a man and while I was still looking, he suddenly sat up, alert to everything that was going on. I told him to take it easy, everything was alright.

Inside the spaceship weeks passed while outside years passed. We had become great friends and I had forgotten all about my previous companion. I had to teach him the basic essentials of running the spacecraft and manning the computer and although it took me a long time he was a willing learner and soon was adept at dealing with any problems on board. It became obvious though that he was growing old. His body had not been adjusted like mine. He was mortal and I was immortal. I would never grow old.

He would die soon. He was getting an old man. How long would it be before he died? He would die before we got to 'Stellar'. That I knew. Something had to be done.

Weeks passed very quickly in the spaceship and outside years passed. He aged quickly and soon he was an old man, with white hair, hobbling, and a creased and wrinkled face. A few weeks later he died. I was alone again. Should I awaken another inhabitant, against space laws? Those damned space laws and those people who made them! They never think of something happening to a spaceman because they live forever! They never think! They just make rules and laws, and more rules and more laws and so it carries on. I decided, for some unknown reason, to obey those very same laws I had only moments before cursed and criticised.

The only thing I had to do now was never to be lonely. The following days were spent in resetting the computer so I could talk to it. So many switches, so many dials, more switches, more dials, more switches. The task was endless. I worked for two days on the computer and finally my new companion was ready.

My new companion kept me company for the last twelve weeks. Through those last twelve weeks it had taught me mostly scientific data since it couldn't tell me what type of day it was or if it was nice weather for this time of year!

I safely got to 'Stellar'. I was court martialled and found guilty of breaking space laws. They gave me the maximum penalty. To be shot into space and left to die. That's why I'm telling this story. But I don't care, I'm immortal. "Spacemen live forever". But it's no joke anymore.

N. Tregoning (4A).

THINGS THAT GO "PLOP" IN THE NIGHT

He just made it; another minute and the shop would have been closed. The small items of food purchased, the rapid breathless exchange of words, and he was once again standing in the dark, misty street.

It was difficult to see more than a few feet in any direction, it would have been bad enough in any case, but the light that there was, was provided by a flickering, spluttering gaslamp: no electricity yet in that part of the town. The all-surrounding fog pressed in ever more closely. Pulling the red and blue scarf still more tightly, he plunged into the mist.

Home was an age and a million miles away it seemed; an oasis in the gloomy, dreary desert. But it was not the cold or the fog which disturbed his mind. Lurid headlines were now rushing in, one leaping over the other. "Second body found!" "Murderer claims second victim!" "Strangler strikes!" — not much comfort there, especially when you're fifteen and the murders had taken place not a mile or so away. "Still, it never happens to us!"

Perfect silence, then "PLOP!" — not loud but almost enough to stop a heart. Too frightened to turn, not knowing where to run, he quickened his terrified step. But the thing would not leave him alone; two further slight dropping sounds forced their attention on him. Panic!! Footballs! home! the 'telly! all the comforting re-assuring things come to his mind and then fled, learning only the picture of himself; lying strangled, in the lonely, cold gutter.

Not daring to turn, he continued his tortured way; the sounds in irregular pursuit "Plop!" what was it? Would he ever reach home? "Plop", "Plop!"

Home at last, frantic fumbling for the key, the slamming of the door behind him; now he could relax! His heart beat slowed, his pulse began to return to normal. He wiped his brow, leaned against the wall. Then the awful truth dawned.

Half the sliced loaf, which had been wedged so firmly underneath his left arm, was missing!

Anon.

THE TRIAL

It was the year 2000, the Trial was about to commence and billions of people watched as Jay Palmer, the newly appointed President of Earth approached the witness box.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

Jay looked around him and then said, "I do".

There was a moment of silence, then:

"Jay Palmer, are you the President of Earth?" echoed the metallic voice of the prosecuting computer.

"Yes, I am", beads of sweat were already running down his broad forehead.

"And are you the elected representative of the human race at this trial?" asked the prosecutor.

"Yes, I am", replied Jay.

"How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?" asked the prosecutor as he moved towards the witness box.

Jay turned to the master-computer, which was both judge and jury for the trial, as though he was looking for some sort of encouragement, but all he got was a stern warning.

"The accused must answer the questions. What is the plea of the human race to the charge of polluting Earth?"

"Not guilty", Jay replied.

"Very well, prosecutor you may begin", droned the master computer.

The prosecutor was silent for a moment as it selected the necessary information from its memory banks and then began. "Tell me, Mr.

President, is it true that during the 19th Century, Europe was covered with industrial towns which pumped millions of tons of waste into the atmosphere and rivers?"

Jay had been prepared for this, "Yes, it is true, but I am not saying that Man knew he was polluting his environment. Furthermore this pollution was on a very small scale and there was no danger of wide spread pollution".

The prosecutor seemed satisfied with Jay's answer. "Very well, let us move into the 20th century to 1914 and the First World War. 'The War to end War'. During the four years of hostilities Europe became a blood bath. Trenches on the Western Front stretched for hundreds of miles and parts of France, Belgium and Russia were transformed into a sea of mud, not to mention the millions who died needlessly".

Despite the fact he was taken by surprise, Jay soon had his defence ready. "Firstly you could hardly call war 'pollution' and it did have some good effects. It enabled Europe to get rid of the grotesque factories you mentioned and build a new society in which men could live in peace".

"Peace! within 25 years Europe was again at war, but this time man had another toy, the atom bomb. A bomb which could and did cause wide-spread destruction and left the surrounding terrain as a radio-active waste land. Would you not agree that this was pollution?"

Jay was silent, he had no answer. The prosecutor had won this round, but he would win the next.

The silence was shattered by the master-computer, "The court is adjourned till 10 a.m. tomorrow.

The court dispersed.

It was 10 a.m. and the court-room was bursting at its seams with reporters and television camera teams.

The master computer re-opened the trial. "Silence, silence in the court. Prosecutor, you may begin".

"Thank you, master-computer. Mr. Palmer, I would now like to advance to the 1960's and 70's, a time when pollution reached an all-time high. Oil from ships polluted the seas and exhaust fumes the atmosphere".

"Would you like to say anything Mr. Palmer?" interrupted the master-computer.

"Yes, thank you master-computer, Prosecutor, it is true pollution increased in the 60's and 70's but it was also at this time that men realized to what extent they were polluting the Earth and did something about it. There was the introduction of new clean fuels and legislation to make to make pollution a criminal offence punishable by imprisonment. In general Man started to clean up the world".

"True, but pollution did not reach a climax until 1983 and the Troden disaster where the largest nuclear reactor in the world exploded, completely covering Australia in a radio-active dust cloud which resulted in the total loss of life on the Australian Continent. It is now 1997 and we are only just beginning to re-settle there".

This was what Jay had hoped for. He took a deep breath and began.

"What you said is perfectly true, but you have overlooked one small detail which puts an entirely different light on the subject. The reactor did not explode due to human error, but because of the controlling computer which failed to switch off the reactor when it reached the critical level".

There was a buzz of excitement in the court room as reporters called their newspapers on the video-screens. Jay couldn't help feeling somewhat proud of himself.

"Silence, silence in the court!" exclaimed the master-computer. "Have you anymore questions prosecutor?"

"No, master-computer".

"Then the witness may stand down. The court is adjourned until 5 p.m."

Once again the court dispersed.

It was 5 p.m. and the court was waiting for the decision of the master-computer. Jay stood in the witness box at the back of the court-room the reporters and camera-teams stood packed like sardines eagerly waiting for the verdict; guilty or not guilty.

The master-computer began its summing up. "I have considered the evidence very thoroughly and have decided that the human race is, 'Not guilty'".

There was a cheer from the reporters in the court.

"Silence!" said the master-computer. "However, my decision is not final and if the need ever arises the human race may be put on trial for the same charge. Court dismissed!"

Jay stood down from the witness-box and left the court surrounded by reporters. He had won.

Steven Hall (4S).

THE ENGLISHMAN'S IDEA OF A FRENCH MAN

The Englishman's idea of a Frenchman is of a person who speaks with a peculiar accent, waves his arms about, all over the place, eats disgusting things like frogs' legs and snails, drinks a lot of wine accompanied by stinking "Camenbert" cheese, hasn't got the slightest idea about how to make a "nice cup of tea", and worst of all, who dares to speak of the "laws" of cricket, and can't tell a cricket bat from a baseball bat!!

I must admit that I am guilty of none of those crimes! But . . . if by any chance someone should have doubts about it, I beg him to be lenient, and merciful to a poor foreigner or "frog", considering that he had the misfortune of being born in such a rowdy, uncivilized and strange country. So un-British in many ways!

Vive la République! vive la France! (And don't believe I am one of those fierce nationalists!!)

M. Javion.

PIKE FISHING

Pike to me are the hardest fish to catch, they are the "demons of the waters". If you are really keen to catch Pike you need a fairly large rod of either cane or fibre glass. The line must have a strong breaking strain and if desired a steel trace at the hook. For bait you can use almost anything as long as it is large (e.g.) bread, cheese, sausage, meat and many others. Pike like big baits, but it is not so easy to catch them. A multi-hook rig? Well, this is a steel line with about five hooks. On some of these hooks there are treble hooks.

If you catch a Pike take care of its extra sharp teeth, they're enough to cut your finger badly.

So good luck PIKERS!

R. Shaw (IC).

CAMPANOLOGY (Church-bell ringing)

This practise dates back many centuries. The bells have not always been the same as they are today and likewise the way in which they are rung has changed. A few centuries ago the only known way of ringing the bells was with a rope attached to a free-swinging hammer, (or clapper), hanging down from the inside as in a ship's bell. The bells of the middle-ages were often crude and out of tune because it was quite usual for the village blacksmith to cast the bells himself in a hollow cut with a spade in a field.

Today however the chances are that a new bell would have been cast in one of the only two surviving bell-foundries in the country. Now there are hundreds of rings of bells all over the world.

The Wirral alone has sixteen rings of four bells or more. The heaviest and highest ring of bells in the world is the ring of thirteen at Liverpool Cathedral; the biggest one there weighing over four tons, is also the largest swinging bell in the world. The tunes which we sometimes hear

ringing from the towers have complicated names, e.g., Double Norwich Court Bob Major, Killamarsh Treble Bob Minor, Cambridge Surprise Royal and Hawkhurst Triples.

In Moscow, the capital of Russia, the largest bell in the world is situated. It is called the King Bell and weighs about two hundred tons. It was cast in 1735 but shortly after its completion a piece was broken off during a fire.

Another famous bell is Big Ben. Shortly after its hanging, it was cracked as a result of being struck by a hammer which was too heavy. It was recast but a few years later, it cracked again. This time it was not cracked too badly so it was left and the crack remains to be seen to this day.

Bells like many other musical instruments originated in Asia, this has been proved as a few years ago archaeologists found a richly ornamented Assyrian bronze bell.

In ancient Greece, the ringing of bells announced that freshly caught fish had arrived at the market. In Rome, bells called the faithful to worship in the temples. In times of war, bells rang to warn that enemies were approaching the city gates. Bell ringing also accompanied the funeral services of the emperors.

Bells have always been closely associated with religious services, and on Christmas cards, or such like, churches are always pictured with large or small towers alongside them.

D. J. Horrocks (3 Stitt).

THE TILT OF THE WIRRAL PENINSULA

For centuries before the coming of the modern and sophisticated equipment, man has not really known of, and I doubt cared about, shifts which take place in the Earth under his feet. Such shifts as these are called Glaciers. Although glaciers form the main bulk of movement in the ground, it does take other forms. One such example is the movement of the Wirral Peninsula. One of the main causes of this movement lies with the sea (the Irish Sea). Another chief cause is owing to there being so much land mass in Britain, that the edge or rim of Britain is "pushed" down. This movement comes with every tide. This is because 75% of the blame of the tilt lies with the sea. This is because the profound weight of the Irish Sea causes the land underneath it to tilt downwards and thus the Wirral Peninsula tilts down with it. To gain further knowledge of the subject, I wrote to Bidston Observatory. Here is an extract from the letter I received:

"In order to appreciate the magnitudes of these effects you may wish to note that the total amplitude of tilt in the period of half a lunar day is approximately 70 milliseconds of arc. This comprised of 7 milliseconds caused by the body tide, 16 milliseconds caused by the attraction of the tidal waters and 60 milliseconds caused by coastal loading. The component parts do not add up apparently to give the total effect because there are timing differences so that the component parts are sometimes in opposition to each other".

James N. Dixon (3S).

U. N. U. S.

(United Nations Universal Surveyors)

The UNUS drifted in the oblivion of space aimlessly wandering.

"A planet, 257, uncharted!" a chilled voice explained.

"Censor's operative 257," an abrupt voice stated.

"257, shall we orbit?" a harsh voice enquired.

"No, check for fields of cosmic turbulence," I spoke confidently.

"Eros, try and get a fix on our position, use the computer."

"257, censors show an unknown field..." he was broken off abruptly in his statement. A violent shock shook the UNUS.

"Check the throw, Eros, operate stabilizers!", my voice bellowed through the control room.

"257, the field has pulled us towards the planet," Eros burred out.
"Our power has been cut, emergency power is on. We are helpless, 257!" shakily Alpha 1 spoke.

"257, a landing beam has been sent out to us, shall we lock on?" inquisitively Alpha 2 asked.

"Yes! lock on," I stepped out of my chair and over to the computer.
"Anything on our fix Eros?"

"No 257. We are in an unexplored universe," Eros said quietly.

"Sound landing quarters, Alpha 1," I thought for a while, "Switch to auto-lock, put the video scanners on."

"257, landing phases have been operated and we are on auto-landing lock," Alpha 1 replied.

Five years in space, travelling from universe to universe, then a storm. Here we are the UNUS and the Unanauts.

"257, 257!" Alpha 2 shook me.

"Yes, Alpha 2?" I said wearily.

"Ten seconds to landing," Alpha said.

"Landing stations," I pondered, in thought. "Activate landing locks Alpha 1."

"Locks on, one second to lock," a shock shook the UNUS.

"Put the P.E.B. down!" Our pride, the Planetary Explorer Bug. The only one made in the universe of Delta I, which contained Earth. "Activate the PEB, five mile radius programme, Alpha I."

"Everything is done. Force field is on now." Alpha I relaxed and sank into his chair.

"We wait now, but keep the censors alert," I was interested in this planet and I was greatly relieved at the landing proceeding smoothly and nothing exceptional had happened yet!

I was reading a book, the "Universal Poem Book", One poem struck me well, and in particular one line, "Man is in the womb of space", but now we have been born and like a baby we crawl about and do not fully understanding meanings. Just then the PEB returned and I sat in my study and locked the PEB's computer link onto my own. I then put my ear-phones on.

For what I could remember afterwards I fell into a deep sleep, then a voice came over the earphones.

"I am Adam, last descendent of Earthras, the twin to your Earth. Our planet was like yours, only where you are at now, we were a thousand years ago. We let our planet flourish," in my mind I saw scenes of a glorious earth floating through space, "but then a disaster befell us. We had done away with our weapons. One day our beams showed an invasion fleet of Trians, a race of pure destructive beings. They put a heavy radiation belt upon us. What weapons we had were useless against a radiation 'fall out' as you call it."

Images of abhorrence, wanton destruction, then a scene of horror which made me feel revulsion, to see people dying, but why did this happen? I asked myself.

"We could not stop this dying, as we had long forgotten about illness, our computers had all this knowledge rubbed off their tapes, only the old tapes had these and I found them but I was too late even though I made a compound which forms an antidote to radiation, so I leave these tapes as I have long awaited your arrival, now I shall send you back into the universe from which I brought you. So collect these tapes, for now I shall die as I have wished to do for a century, as you know it."

"You have one year to warn your race and universe and I give you, you, you," the voice resounded in my head, "the tapes of life, life..." It faded quietly into my mind and then I fell into an oblivious sleep.

"257, 257, you alerted me," Alpha 1 stood quietly.

"I did, oh yes, see that the tapes on the PEB are put in the computer tape store." I said this, without my brain even relaying this message to me before saying it.

"Yes 257, what course shall we take now?" Alpha 1 seemed impatient.

"We shall leave this planet, prepare for take-off. Auto pilot course 13S, 29E!" Again words were put into my mouth. I felt helpless unable to stop this happening to me. Still I heard that voice. It haunted my mind, being as deep rooted in my brain as a tree in the earth.

I returned to my chair in the control room. I reached out for my headphones, my hand quivered, for the first time in all my career as a unanaut, I quivered.

"Wanton, switch off auto-lock beam to this planet. Prepare to orbit. Phase 1 power." I felt like my old self, calm and collected.

"257! Power is gone! Phaser banks are burnt. They are beyond repair, 257!" Alpha 2's voice stuttered as he said these words.

What could be done now? We too might die on this planet. Then that voice came back to me, "Take our ship, the 'Argo'. It is ready at sector 3. In a shed to the right of your ship, it is of nearly the same make as yours, but to us it was useless, as we abandoned space travel, so we could not escape from this planet." The voice faded as before, slowly into the distance.

I told my men to go to this place and take all provisions, equipment.

Within two days all was done. The craft was saucer-shaped, like UNUS's new practice model back on earth. The crew took a day to fully understand the ship's capabilities. So we were now ready to leave.

"257, computers have been set and re-programmed. 257, how did you observe this craft, when you had never left this ship, and know about tapes being on the PEB?" Alpha 1 seemed disturbed by my actions and was extremely confused by my knowledge of the existence of a space craft which I had never seen.

"The PEB's computer revealed it to me, so I remembered this and, by chance, it came in useful," I was saying this to assure Alpha 1.

"257, phasers are operative. Lasers have been installed, and our old craft will self-destruct within a quarter of an hour," Eros sat in his chair slowly getting used to the series of dials, knobs, switches before him.

The ship was relatively the same, equipment more modified and more advanced than in our universe.

"Close landing hatches! Remove landing clamps! Fire all thrusters! Lock off landing beam! Orbit 3. Phase 1. Break orbit within five seconds! Switch to auto pilot, programme one!" I reeled off these instructions like a robot. Since this procedure was nothing new to me.

"257, shall we use phase eight?" just as Alpha 1 asked this, a warning came and before we could find out, we were flung into a cosmic storm. This struck me to be identical to the one we first hit. Soon it passed. Only the hum of the craft's phasers could be heard. Nobody spoke.

Just then Eros said, "257, we are in section 938, we are near our own universe," the joy seemed to echo in the control room and through people's minds.

I had the tapes, the tapes of our life in the future and of a disaster which would save all beings. So we were at last on our way to our universe!

My companions Eros, Alpha 1 and 2, carrying something more precious than rubies or diamonds: the tapes of life.

"257, we have contact with Earth," excitedly Alpha 2 spoke.

We relayed messages to assure all was well and the change of space craft.

As I sat peacefully everybody in the control room seemed to hear a voice saying, "You carry the burden of life for beings. I have borne this burden and you shall. But beware!"

We all stared at each other. As if bewildered by the voice and unable to make sense of it. I kept quiet and sat in my chair.



1st YEAR SOCCER XI - WINNERS OF BIRKENHEAD SECONDARY SCHOOLS
FIRST YEARS' KNOCK-OUT COMPETITION

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

CHESS

Since September the Chess enthusiasts have gathered most lunch times in the Junior Library or Room 7 to lock in intellectual combat. Mates are checked, bishops are unfrocked and kings are castled; all in the nicest possible way, of course! Certain of the casualties of the conflict are, from time to time left to their fate (pieces on the floor) after the combatants have departed for afternoon registration.

Nor has the struggle been confined to the 'friendly' mid-day sessions. At Christmas, inter-house competitions were held for Seniors and Juniors, Davies House and Westminster triumphing, respectively. In the Individual Championships, the victors were J. Hughes 5(D), S. Jones 3D and last, who would say least? J. Bigelow IT, these were, of course, in descending order; the Senior, Intermediate and Junior Champions.

These internal events were not, however, the limits of our horizons. Two matches were played against other schools, the first against PENSBY SECONDARY, and the second, ST. ANSELM'S COLLEGE. Although we did not win on either occasion, we fought the good fight to the end, happily not a bitter end.

'En passant', it should be noted that twenty-two boys entered the Liverpool Junior Chess Congress held in Paddington Comprehensive, at Easter, and of these several won prizes in their sections. Incidentally, the total number of entrants from all over Merseyside was well in excess of a thousand.

To conclude, one might only say that while the school standard of play might not be in the 'grand master class', it can never be accused of being 'stale', mate!

M.M.

MATHEMATICS CLUBS

During the course of this school year, two Mathematics Clubs have been formed. One Club has been formed for the First Year boys and the other Club for the Second Year boys.

The First Year Club has been investigating envelopes or the formation of curves by drawing straight lines. The initial work was prepared on paper and then models in two and three dimensions were constructed. Some unusual and interesting curves were obtained; of circles and asteroids in two dimensions and variable hyperboloids in three dimensions.

The Second Year Club has been making models of the regular solids. These models were initially made from plain cardboard by drawing the nets of the solids. Many boys soon built successfully the five solids and then proceeded to build the truncated types which were constructed from iridescent cardboard.

Both Clubs have held regular weekly meetings. It is hoped that a Senior Club will be formed next September.

D.M.

THE 2ND YEAR MATHEMATICS CLUB

At the Maths Club we construct cardboard models of all shapes and sizes. Irridescent cardboard, glue and other equipment is provided. At first we make simple models but then we make more complicated ones like truncated Icosahedra and Stellated Dodecahedra.

We meet at Physics 2 every Monday at 4 p.m., and some Thursdays. The Club has been going for 4 months and we would like more boys to come.

P. R. Hulmston, 2C.

MUSIC CLUB

The function of the "Music Club", which meets every day during the lunch-break and after school, is to provide an interest in the elements of musical composition. Pupils work their way through a graded system of theoretical examinations organised by Trinity College of Music, London. (Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the College was a pioneer in devising the system of Local Centre Examinations in Music and Speech, which, today, extends to over 1,000 local and School centres).

During May of this year, boys were presented for 'paperwork' examinations ranging from Grades I to IV.

Club membership is not restricted to those who play an instrument, although the playing of one is extremely useful when it comes to relate theory to practical music-making.

Last term, a guitar ensemble was formed and specialist coaching is given on Wednesdays, after School, by Mrs. Denerley.

L.S.

CAREERS

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

With jobs becoming increasingly scarce on Merseyside, every lad in this school should be thinking very seriously indeed about (1) what career or job appeals to him and (2) how he intends to get that job.

This is where the Careers Library has an important role to play. We have a huge quantity of books and pamphlets on almost every trade and profession in Britain and we welcome customers. The Careers Library is open every evening (except Tuesday) until 5-30 p.m., and it is also open at lunch-time for the purpose of returning books only.

This year, groups of Fourth Year boys have been on careers visits to various local factories and Apprentice Training Centres, as well as to the Police Station, the Fire Station, R.A.F. Valley (N. Wales), and two large garages. Our hosts have been delighted with the behaviour of our lads. We have also had several visiting speakers.

Everything possible is being done to assist boys to find out about different careers and then to choose the right one. Lads can help themselves, of course, by remembering that hard work, good behaviour and politeness are essential for success in life today.

‘D. OF E.’

During the Winter months a group of Third and Fourth Year boys have been working hard on the Bronze Stage of the ‘Duke of Edinburgh’s Award Scheme’. This entailed attending the Y.M.C.A. on Monday evenings to take part in the various activities. Every boy has now passed the First Aid Course conducted by the British Red Cross Society which was the Bronze Stage Community Service.

The next event, due to take place at Whit, is the Expedition which consists of a 15 mile walk and an over-night camp. All the boys have taken part in a practice expedition and have been out during the Winter on three occasions practising map reading and compass work.

The final stage is the ‘Physical Activity’ and most of the boys have chosen to do Athletics. Training will be in the school grounds during the Summer Term.

A new group will begin work for the Bronze Award next September, while the present group will pass on to the Silver Award. Boys interested are asked to contact Mr. Peers or Mr. Davies early in the Autumn Term.

A.J.P.

OLD INSTONIANS R.U.F.C.

At the start of the season we took up residence in our palatial new pavilion which was officially opened by the Mayor of Birkenhead on 30th September. We are now the proud possessors of probably the best facilities both playing and social of any Old Boys’ Club in the country. During the Summer we plan to landscape the area around the pavilion so that the total project will be complete when the motorway contractors move out and our new 1st XV pitch becomes available in September.

Playing wise, we had a very good start to the season, largely due to the excellent training organised by Geof Brown and our coach Jim Crowe. However, in the dark days of Winter when many people’s enthusiasm for training had disappeared the 1st XV went through a bad patch; but with the advent of Spring and the firmer grounds our results improved again. All the Junior sides fared well with the victories and “points for” columns very much in ascendancy over those of defeats and “points against”. The outstanding success story of the season was without any doubt that of the newly formed Colts XV. Playing on Sunday afternoons they produced a brand of exciting open rugby which brought much pleasure to themselves and their many supporters. They suffered only one defeat in 15 a-side and were very unlucky not to reach the Finals of the Merseyside Colts 7’s. Many of the present School Team played for the Colts and as the age limit is under 19 on the 1st September we will again be looking to the School for players next season when quite a number of Old Boys will be ineligible. This is an excellent way for boys at school to be introduced into the club and we hope to see many players coming forward next season. We will also be very pleased to welcome school leavers as players or non-players.

Please send names and addresses to the undersigned at: 70 Allans Meadow, Neston, or to the Club Captain, Len Lindop, 1 Mount Grove, Birkenhead.

Training begins on 1st June and will be held every Tuesday and Thursday throughout the Summer.

A. K. Jones, Hon. Sec.



SOCCER_FIRST XI 1970-71

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Now that the season is over, one can say, in reflection, that all five teams took up their several challenges with much enthusiasm and varying degrees of skill. It is, however, pleasant to be able to record that no one team need feel outshone by the brilliance of the others. Each in its own group played competent football.

FIRST XI.

The team played eleven games, and of these, won 5 and drew 4. Considerable difficulty was encountered in finding fixtures, as several schools do not acknowledge the existence of the round ball.

Standards of play were erratic: against Bromborough Secondary, (away), co-ordination and attacking football (with apologies to L . . . y), were much in evidence. Relentless pressure when in possession, matched by close defence when not, were the order of the day until the final whistle. From this glorious encounter, the school emerged triumphantly, winning by 5 goals to one. On the reverse side of the coin, however, the team's morale and determination crumbled before the onslaught of WOODCHURCH SECONDARY, (at home), when the outcome was 3-1 in favour of the visitors.

Congratulations are in order for A. BAINBRIDGE, 5R, (Capt.); R. HARRISON, 5R; and R. McKIE, 5T; — all of whom were awarded School Colours.

4th YEAR XI.

Nine games were played, and of these the School team won 6 and drew 2.

The outstanding match of the season was the quarter-final of the Knock-out Competition against Prenton Secondary which the School won 5-0. The highlight came when Glover (centre-forward), received a long ball from Currie at the half-way line, saw an opening and scored. Unfortunately in the semi-final, the School went down 3-2 before the determined play of Corpus Christi.

M. CURRIE, C. GLOVER, M. JACKSON, I. BECKETT, V. DUGGAN played regularly throughout the season for the Birkenhead Schoolboys' XI.

3rd YEAR XI.

The 'Third Years' did quite well this season, winning 6, and drawing 3 of their eleven games.

In the first round of the Knock-out Competition, against PRENTON SECONDARY, the result was a draw 1-1. In the replay, the School won 2-0. Despite this early success, the semi-final proved an insurmountable hurdle and the team were beaten, after a hard struggle, by Corpus Christi, 5-2.

Two boys, G. KNIGHT, 3C; and J. McKIE, 3T, regularly represented the Town as members of the Birkenhead Schoolboys' (3rd Years) XI.

2nd YEAR XI.

The season was a good one for the 'Second Years', winning 8 of their 11 games.

One disappointment was, however, when the team lost 3-2 to Corpus Christi in the first round of the Second Years' K. O. Competition.

Among those who enjoyed a successful season were, SKILLEN (Centre Forward), who emerged as top scorer with 20 goals; NUGENT (left-half) who confidently and reasonably quietly led the team to a series of wins; and G. RICHARDS (inside-right) who, in the home game against St. HUGH'S received a throw-in from NUGENT, beat three defenders, and scored with a long shot from beyond the penalty area.



RUGBY FIRST XV. 1970-71

1st YEAR XI.

After an uncertain start to the season, the team settled down to play confident football.

Eleven games were played, 8 were won and 1 drawn. The climax came, however, when the team defeated WOODCHURCH SECONDARY 3-0 in the FINAL of the 'First Years' K.O. Competition at Borough Road.

The School dominated the game almost from the beginning, and did not let up the pressure until the final whistle. It was a proud Captain, A. McKIE IT, who received the Trophy on behalf of his team.

Well done, First Years!

SENIOR RUGBY

Despite an unwillingness on the part of certain Seniors to represent their School, the 1970-71 season was not without its rewarding features.

The 1st XV had a tremendous start chalking up six wins and a draw in their first seven matches. During this time they played splendidly to defeat Wirral, staging a fine second half recovery to win 19 pts to 10 pts. Injuries began to plague the team at that stage and they never managed to recapture their earlier rhythm and cohesion. They finished the season with nine wins, eight losses and two draws.

In the final game of the season, traditionally against an Old Boys' side, the team, though very much outweighed, put up a courageous fight. Only in the later stages did they allow their opponents to reach 20 pts., which against the boys' 6 pts. indicated an easier win than was the case.

Congratulations are extended to McDonnell, an old 'Colour', and Jones, Hodgkinson, Lawrence, Fisher and Davies, L.G., who were awarded their Colours in the current season. The last named, still in the Vth Form, played courageously and intelligently throughout and well deserved this honour, not usually given to boys in their first season with the 1st XV.

Representative honours were gained by Hodgkinson, who, after playing consistently well in all the trials, was selected to tour the North of England with the Cheshire U. 19 group at Easter, 1971. During this successful tour he played in two games and was awarded his County Cap.

The 2nd XV had an undistinguished season. Many of its Saturday fixtures were cancelled because of the impossibility of raising a full side. Unfortunately this robbed a nucleus of stalwarts both of an opportunity to play and of the match practice necessary to gain a 1st XV place. Arch, a hard-working Captain on and off the field, did a splendid job in a difficult situation and he received good support from Parke, Russell, Heyworth, Cross, Nugent and Bradley. Though they fail to record a victory all season the team did not lose heart and after suffering a very heavy defeat against Park High early in the season, they lost very narrowly in the return game, in the process leading for most of the game and giving the Park team the fright of their lives.

The "Under 15" team also had a dismal season as far as results were concerned. This did not so much indicate a lack of spirit or skill as an inability to match their opponents' physique. This resulted not only in the loss of a number of matches by a narrow margin but also in a growing number of injuries which left the team without 'key' players in the concluding games of the season.

G. Taylor captained the side energetically, leading by example and doing the work of two. Aspinall, the hooker, also had a good season, and, though handicapped by the lightness of the pack, he always gained a good share of possession.

For next season prospects look promising, for with several of the present Lower VI already with a season of 1st XV rugby behind them and the return of Vth Formers like Davies and Parke, who have also played in the team, also likely, there is a strong nucleus around which to build a useful side.

THE BANTAMS (Rugby)

This season has been a successful one, with the team winning eighteen of their twenty two games.

The success can be attributed to the individual players working together as a team under the Captaincy of Parke, who led the team by example, as any good Captain does.

It is difficult to single out individuals, but mention must be made of McKie, whose intelligent use of the ball created numerous chances, and Sisk, whose tireless determination was equally productive.

All in all an excellent season which holds great promise for the future!

G.W.

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