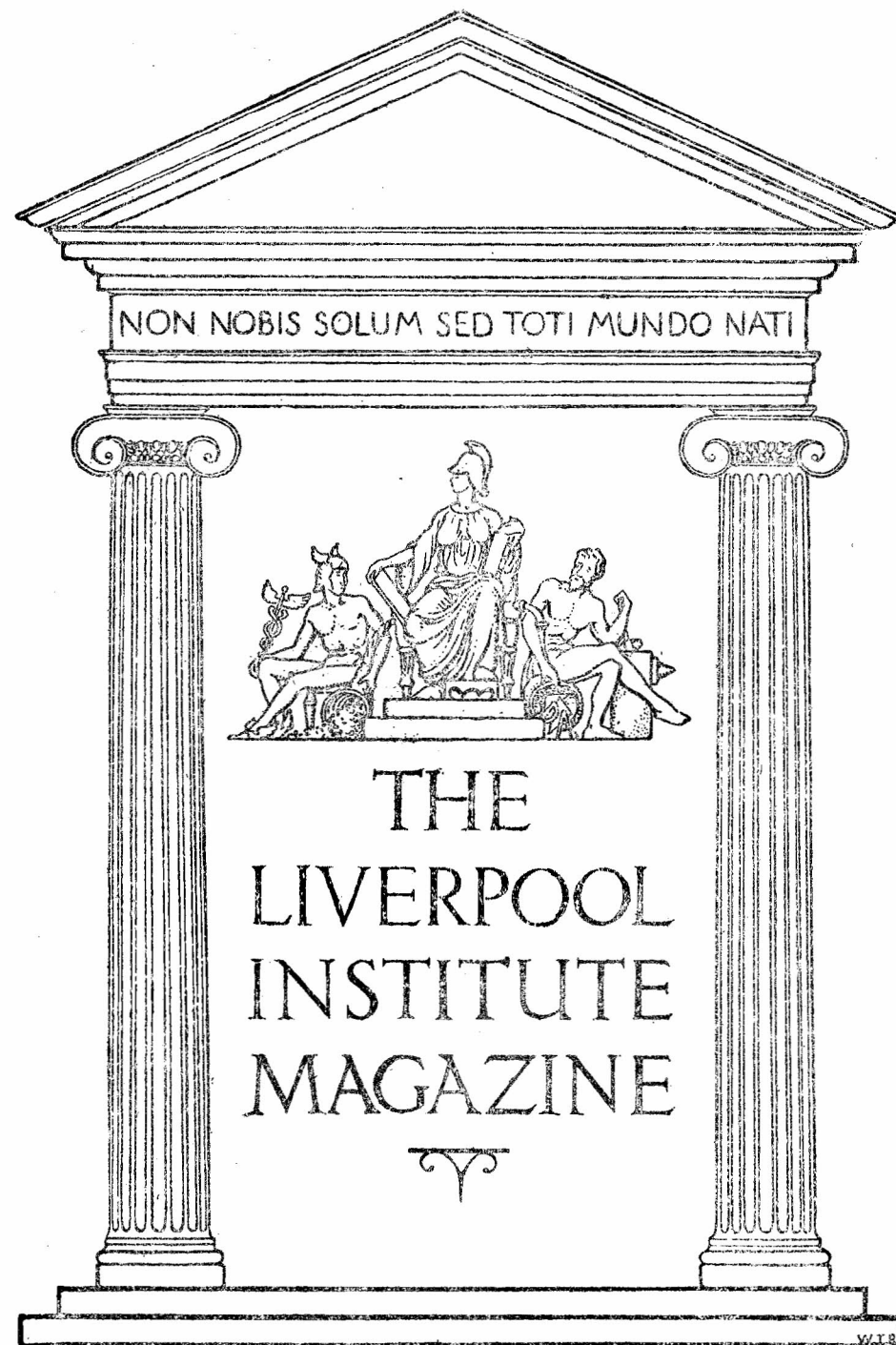


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Printers,
16, New Brown Street,
Manchester 4



JULY

1957

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXV

Number 2

JULY, 1957

Editors	-	-	-	{	J. E. SHARP
				{	R. J. WALKER
Sub-Editors	-	-	-	{	P. W. JOHNSON
				{	R. WILLIAMS

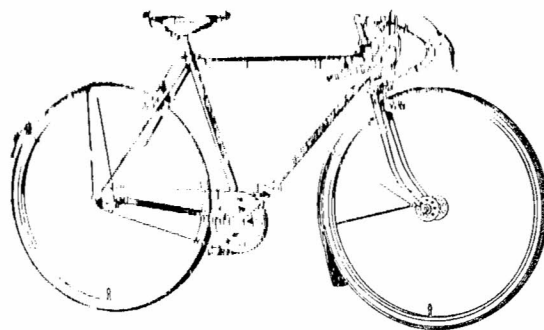
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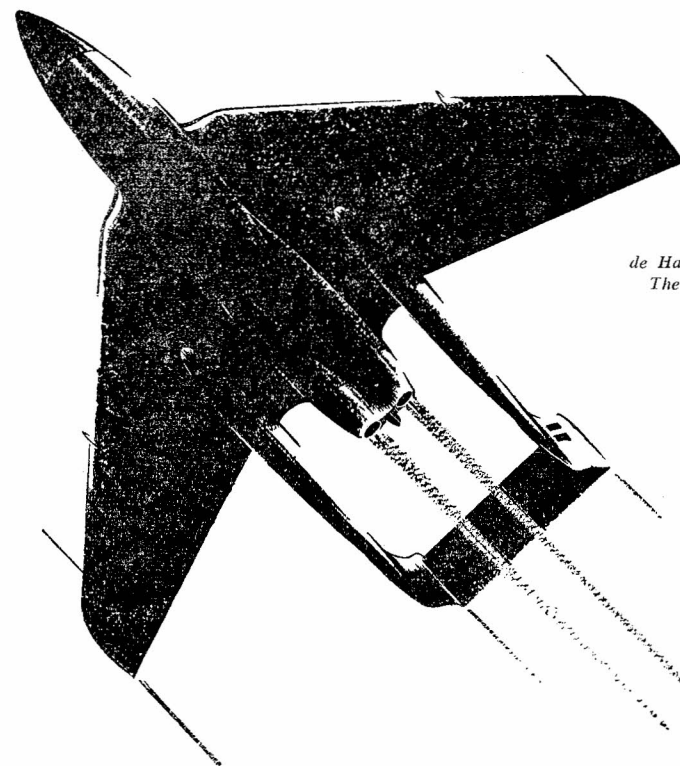
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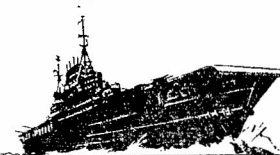
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VOL. LXV

JULY, 1957

No. 2

EDITORIAL

A school magazine is probably never appreciated at once. It improves with age; and those who do not consider it worth their attention while they are still at school, in years to come will value it as a living relic of a dead past. The Editor's duty, therefore, is to ensure that the Magazine amply reflects school life. One day, an ancient Liobian, with an old man's yearning for the days of his youth, may turn to the 1957 Magazine, and in it recapture a little of that which he has lost. This argument, however, must not inculcate complacency. It must not relapse into mere sales-talk by an Editor, conscious of the inferiority of his own goods. It is much better that he should offer something for the present as well as the future. We hope that we have provided articles that are not simply records of fact, but have a more substantial interest.

Perhaps the most important event since our last issue, so far as we are concerned, has been the Hobby Show. We have felt justified, therefore, in presenting a fairly lengthy article: not only a record of what went on, but also the judges' report on the House Plays. There are items on and by Old Boys. There are extensive reports on sporting activities. We are glad to have a contribution by Herr Wöck, showing some of the everyday differences between the life of a German and an English schoolboy. There are the usual Society and House notes, Letters, and original articles. We hope that nothing has been entirely neglected. We hope, moreover, that the vitality, which we feel is the backbone of school life, is shown in the pages of this Magazine.

MR. F. W. REECE

Mr. Reece retires at the end of term after over 38 years' service to the School and it is hard to visualise the place without him. As a Mathematician and teacher of Mathematics he is in the first rank. For him Mathematics is not just one of several subjects taught in a school, it is the one that gives shape and meaning to them all, providing both a discipline and a philosophy. Few boys who have been in his forms can have failed to be inspired by the way in which he has led them, through Mathematics, to wider knowledge and deeper understanding.

In 1950 he was appointed Vice-Principal, and, invaluable as had been his previous service to the school, these last seven years have set the seal of distinction on the man. Methodical, accurate, efficient: that is what any Vice-Principal must be, but Mr. Reece has proved himself also a fine administrator and a wise and courageous leader of men and boys, always patient and tolerant, always ready to listen and, having listened, to encourage, or it may be, to dissuade. More than most men's, his judgment is sound and his opinion worth having. With it all he has a kindliness and courtesy that is all too rare these days, and many a newcomer to the staff can speak in the warmest terms of the friendly welcome he has received at his hands. Space will not permit of any account of his work as chief House Master, Treasurer of the Sports and Arts Club, Chairman of the Old Boys' Football Club, and many other activities, but the pattern is the same throughout—complete mastery of the job.

No man will be more missed, but we cannot begrudge him his retirement, so well has he earned it. All we can do is to thank him, and to wish him and Mrs. Reece many years of happiness.

J. R. E.



MR. F. W. REECE
Vice-Principal: 1950-1957

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

The Editors welcome this opportunity of associating themselves with the tribute paid to our Vice-Principal, Mr. F. W. Reece, M.Sc., who is leaving us at the end of term. On behalf of the whole School, we wish him health and happiness in his retirement.

We congratulate the following on their academic achievements:

C. G. E. Berry, Exhibition in Modern Languages at the Queen's College, Oxford.

N. W. Ryans, Exhibition in Classics at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

On Friday, 1st February, the Removes and some Upper Fifth Forms attended a concert at the Philharmonic Hall. The programme included music by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Arnold Bax and Chabrier.

On the evening of 5th March a party of boys and Staff enjoyed an Industrial Concert at the Philharmonic Hall. The programme consisted of Overture *Leonora, No. 3*, by Beethoven; *Piano Concerto in A Minor*, by Schumann; *Symphony No. 5 in B flat*, by Schubert, and *La Boutique Fantastique*, by Rossini-Respighi.

On the following day it was the turn of the Sixth Forms to visit the Philharmonic Hall. This programme included works by Berlioz, Delius, Brahms, Mozart and Stravinsky.

During the Summer Term parties of boys and Staff attended three Promenade Concerts given by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra: a Beethoven Programme, on Tuesday, June 18th; a concert, on Saturday, June 22nd, which included an Overture by Edwin Roxburgh, an ex-Cathedral chorister, who gave an oboe recital to the School Music Club last year; and on Saturday, June 29th, when the programme included the Haydn *Toy Symphony*, which was of particular interest to members of the School Orchestra.

In the Annual Competitions of the *Foyer Français de Liverpool*, the School achieved a double success; C. G. E. Berry won the Oral Competition in November, and D. G. McCulloch the Verse-Speaking Competition in February.

In the Annual Hispanic Council Prize Examinations, which are held throughout the country, P. W. Johnson won Second Prize in the Intermediate Section, and T. I. Williams a Second Prize in the Junior Section. T. I. Williams is to be congratulated also on receiving high commendation for his essay, in Class C (Under 14) of the British Empire Competition.

Because the School Ground, at Mersey Road, is temporarily out of commission, the Sports Festival, on June 1st, was held on the L.B.A. Ground, in Greenhill Road.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac, on their marriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Brierley on the birth of a son.

At the end of term Herr Wölek will be leaving us to return to Kiel. We have been pleased to have him with us, and wish him every success in the future.

As we go to press, we hear that Messrs. Day, Forbes and Warwick are leaving us to take up new appointments. We wish them all success and happiness.

HOUSE NOTES

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS

		Winners	Runners-up
Football:	Senior	Alfred	Tate
	Middle	Cochran	Lawrence
	Junior	Owen	Hughes
Basketball:	Senior	Philip	Hughes
	Junior	Hughes	Owen
Hockey:	Senior	Hughes	Lawrence
	Junior	Owen	Danson
Cross-Country:	Senior	Lawrence	Cochran
	Middle	Lawrence	Hughes
	Junior	Owen	Hughes
Hobby Show:	Aggregate	Hughes	Owen
		Lawrence	Alfred

ALFRED HOLT

During last term the House improved markedly and was to the fore in many of the House competitions. T. Roberts (L5F), must be congratulated on his individual victory in the Under 14 Cross-Country, and the House wishes to thank all those boys who submitted entries in the Hobby Show, so elevating the House to second position in a competition based on school work. A large amount of time was spent by the cast of four and the producer in presenting the House play. Their efforts were justly rewarded when *The Bespoke Overcoat* was placed first in the House play competition—an outstanding feat. Another praiseworthy victory was achieved by the Senior Football team, who scored a decisive victory over Tate House to win the Horsfall Cup, while the Senior Hockey team were unluckily defeated in the semi-final of the Boswell Cup by the eventual winners. The House can look forward to the Summer Term with confidence and should perform creditably in both the School Sports and the cricket competition. J. H. B. GRACE.

COCHRAN

During the past two terms the House has had varying fortunes. We have been unfortunate to lose D. M. Blond, one of our vice-captains, and we wish him every success at Oxford. In the Cross-Country Championships, despite brilliant personal runs by E. J. Brabbins and P. A. Dunn, our only team success was a second in the Senior race. The Football competition has given us our only victory to date: the Intermediate team, ably led by G. C. Wilmslow, won its competition. It should be noted, however, that we were the only House that had all three teams through the first round.

The House was fourth in the Hobby Show, our best achievement being the House Play, *Nicodemus*, in which B. Worthington proved himself to be a producer-actor of some distinction. Our thanks are also due to G. L. Craig for his work behind stage and in the Models Section. R. D. TOWNSEND.

DANSON

The poor support given by most members of the House must be blamed for our lack of success so far this year. The usual handful of Seniors has attempted to gain distinction for the House, but to no avail, while the Intermediate House has suffered a similar lack of vitality.

One can feel a certain amount of pride however in the Junior House, who have often made up in enthusiasm what they may sometimes have lacked in skill. The Junior Hockey team, captained by R. O. Hynes (3A) were narrowly beaten (1—2) in the Final of their competition. The Junior Football team, led by R. G. Lewis (4A), were also unfortunate to go down by a similar score in the semi-final of their event. The eagerness displayed by many members of the Junior House augurs well for the future, and it is sincerely hoped that this enthusiasm will spread to other sections of the House. D. R. MAUDSLEY.

HUGHES

The House began the year excellently by winning the Cross-Country Championship with a fine combined effort. Before the Hobby Show took place, it was evident that a similar effort would be needed. A mass attack was therefore made on the Music section, where both Junior and Senior choirs were placed first, and this, combined with the efforts of a number of brave soloists, ensured us such a lead that our eventual position was quite respectable. It is a pity that the *esprit de corps* of our Juniors is not mirrored throughout the House. They won the Fives competition against heavy odds, mainly due to the play of C. H. Hannah (4E), the Junior Fives champion, and their Basketball Final. A single corner lost them the Football Final.

The Senior Hockey team again won the Boswell Cup, this time without conceding a goal. Despite a ten-point lead in the Basketball Final, we were beaten by superior defensive play. We can confidently look forward to a further Junior victory in the Cricket competition, but until more than four seniors take an interest in House affairs, we cannot expect too much from their section.

N. W. FYANS.

LAWRENCE HOLT

In the Cross-Country Championships our individual winners, F. G. Bull and W. J. Rigby, were well supported, and the Senior and Middle trophies went to Lawrence; unfortunately the Juniors let us down and the championship was lost. The Senior Hockey team lost a hard-fought final against Hughes House, while in the Soccer competition we had varying fortunes. The Senior XI, composed of one footballer and ten others, caused the greatest surprise of the competition by taking a three-goal lead against the mighty Tate side, but even the brilliance of R. D. Lang, our goalkeeper, could not prevent Tate House from scoring seven in the second half. The Middle team lost in their final against Cochran House, while the Juniors were knocked out in the first round. The Junior Fives team also lost a closely contested final.

Our one convincing triumph was in the Hobby Show, where the Tiffin Cup was won for the second time in succession, despite the failure of the play to gain a place; but we can claim to have constructed the most impressive set—a magnificent four-poster bed designed and built by F. D. Welton and his assistants. That we won the cup, despite the position of the play, only proves that most House competitions can be won by the House with the most enthusiasm.

D. A. THOMAS.

OWEN

The House this year has shown two characteristic features: the general enthusiasm of its Junior members and the widespread lack of response among the Seniors. The ability of the Juniors has been demonstrated by their many sporting achievements, while the Seniors and Intermediates have gained little success in this field. There was some consolation in the fact that our goal against Alfred Senior Football team was the only one to be scored against the ultimate winners. Even for the Seniors this need not be an altogether fruitless year, if our strong Senior teams in the Cricket and Fives competition meet with the success they hope for, and so atone for our temporary lapse in the Hobby Show.

D. G. MCCULLOCH.

PHILIP HOLT

In the recent Hobby Show, the House was well represented in most fields, and attained particular distinction in the standard of its play and the victory of its Senior Basketball team. All people sharing in these successes deserve our congratulation.

Our general academic standard has been consistent, and R. D. Parsons attained distinction by winning an Open Exhibition in December last. It was also pleasing to note the generally creditable effort of the House in the Hockey, Football and Cross-Country competitions. If such support is given

in the forthcoming Athletic, Cricket and Swimming contests, the members of Philip Holt House may well see a successful close to this school year.

R. J. WALKER.

TATE

May I first acknowledge the work of those members of the House who helped me with the House Play. All the cast deserve special commendation, not only for their actual performances, but also for the many hours given up after school, for rehearsal and learning lines. I should like to thank, too, J. C. Hannah, J. D. Lunt and P. L. Thompson, who helped on the production side. In the Cross-Country competition there was a fairly consistent effort, although the only individual performance worth mentioning was that of M. Sant, who was placed second in the Senior race. The results of the Sports will appear elsewhere in the Magazine. I hope that our performance will be creditable. Despite a 'star-studded' side, led by N. M. Birch, the Football team was beaten in the Final. Perhaps we can make up for this by winning the Cricket, as we did last year.

J. E. SHARP.

THE HOBBY SHOW, 1957

Preparations for this year's Hobby Show began, as usual, some eight or ten weeks before the event itself, and were revealed by the tirades on House Notice Boards, the rotas for play rehearsals (thwarted by the decorating of the Hall) and the impossibility of using the Music Room without booking three weeks in advance. The approach of the Show itself was marked by increased activity outside the Woodwork Room, where skilled and unskilled hands tackled together the constructional problems of a prisoner's dock, a Devil's bridge, a window frame, and one collapsible two-posted four poster bed.

One week previous to this feverish effort had been held the preliminary musical auditions. Although the instrumentalists were well represented, the vocal competitions, and especially the Senior section met with poor response. Only one House Choir out of sixteen presented itself for audition. This may be partially, but not entirely, attributed to the Examinations at Oxford, which were held in the same week. This lack of response did not, however, result in any lack of musical items during the Hobby Show. P. A. Kennerley re-assembled the Junior members of his Carol Choir, and they sang for us *Phil the Fluter's Ball*, and two lullabies: *Walt's Cradle Song* and *Pretty Tiny Babe*, a Greek traditional carol, with words subtly secularised for the occasion. Although singing with their usual technical accuracy, the choir was at times rather lifeless, especially in the gay *Phil the Fluter's Ball*. This defect, the choir demonstrated a few days later to the Music Club was caused, not by nerves, but by the muffling effects of heavy curtains, and a crowded hall. Less disturbed by these set-backs was B. West, the winner of the Junior vocal competition, with his pleasing performance of *Art Thou Troubled* by Handel.

One of the most pleasant surprises of the Hobby Show was the marked improvement of the Orchestra. No longer a fill-in between the plays, the Orchestra vied with them for the high-spot of the evening. From the varied selection of works played, the *Toy Symphony* by Haydn was the one which made the deepest impression. There can surely have been no-one, however unmusical, who was not amused and entertained by that piece, if not by its artistic qualities, at least by the solemnity of those who played the toy instruments. Oboist A. J. Cummins emphasised his versatility by following a brilliant performance on the triangle in this work, with a most precise execution of an Oboe Concerto by Corelli. No report of the musical activities would be complete without mentioning J. McCabe, who accompanied the singing, played in the Orchestra and in a trio with Cummins (oboe) and J. E. Roberts (violin). In addition he performed solos on each night, although his acting obligations on the first made it necessary for him to play the piano in his best clerical grey, just ten minutes before he was due to perform the marriage service on Nicodemus.

Outside the Hall, too, there were many attractions. The gymnasts and basket-ball players earned much admiration, as did the many other exhibitions. In the display of Arts and Crafts were articles, ranging from a descant recorder to a full sized rowing boat; while a certain coffee table aroused Father's admiration, and Mother's envy. A similar high standard was attained by the photographers (though few could tell why one photograph was better than another) and by the geographers and historians, monopolised apparently by the Kennerley-Davies partnership. The only section whose standard was appreciably lower than in previous years was the Models Section. With the model aircraft, especially, some form of selection prior to the Exhibition might have been advisable. The Scouts had their usual mystifying and much advertised exhibition, and the C.C.F., undaunted by Her Majesty's Minister of Defence, had much of interest to show. There were the literary, geographical, philatelic and aircraft recognition competitions; conferences on each question seemed to be permitted! The scientists, too, determined not to be out-done, gave their customary display of experiments with light and liquid oxygen, and their biological exhibition and quiz. Not a repeat of previous years, however, was their latest invention, the Sex-Determinator. Many people, despite its 99% results, and the persuasiveness of its demonstrators, still believed that somehow, this machine was not genuine!

Of the plays themselves there is little to be said, since the opinions of the adjudicators appear after this article. Although eight plays would appear to be a strain on the acting talents of the School, the capabilities of several relatively inexperienced actors were most surprising. The dress rehearsals proved no guide to the ultimate success of a play, for many over-confident 'critics' placed the winning play eighth, following its dress rehearsal! Such was the general level of the plays that the earlier pessimism of prospective play producers, concerning the advisability of staging eight plays with the available talent, proved to be ill-founded. It was also refreshing to note that only one play had been previously performed within living memory of the boys in the School.

D. G. McCULLOCH.

THE PLAYS

I should like to say at the outset that the general standard of proficiency attained in the eight plays produced for the 1957 Hobby Show was appreciably higher than in any previous series of plays of this kind submitted during my own experience. This remark applies not only to the acting, which was conspicuously successful, but also to the choice of plays, their settings, costumes and lighting, and to the technical points of production. Well arranged grouping, clear diction, careful phrasing and timing gave evidence of thorough rehearsing and artistic direction; and special mention must be made of the individual performances of J. E. Sharp, R. T. Crofts, B. Worthington, M. Colvin (perhaps the best of the female impersonators), D. G. Lawrence, D. G. McCulloch, C. G. E. Berry (a beautifully spoken player), M. D. Ross, G. Hale and E. Bramhall.

But just as one swallow does not make a summer, so one outstanding portrayal does not, as a rule, make a wholly satisfactory production. Indeed it often serves to draw attention to the shortcomings of other members of the cast, or to unevenness of direction.

In any case, of the actors I have singled out, the palm must surely go to M. D. Ross for his admirable study of the tailor, Morry, in *The Bespoke Overcoat*. It will also, I think, be conceded that Ross received excellent support from his three fellow-actors G. Hale, M. E. Plunkett and J. C. Price. The play was by no means an easy one to produce; but its difficulties were courageously surmounted, its episodes were subtly presented and discreetly lighted, and the acting of the entire cast was sincere, uninhibited, but controlled. In short, my colleague, Mr. Smith, and myself had no hesitation in awarding pride of place to this compelling and polished production.

Closely upon its heels, in our opinion, followed *The Road of Poplars*. Here again the tense atmosphere was well sustained by an intelligent group of players of whom J. E. Sharp and R. T. Crofts were the principal exponents. These two played with a verve and an emotional intensity that

captured the interest of the audience throughout the piece; and they were adequately supported by P. J. Roberts, R. Roberts, T. I. Williams and D. C. Kibbler in the minor rôles, though the 'Marianne' was a thought lacking in Gallic fire and femininity.

A. H.

Lawrence Holt House presented *The Purple Bedroom* by Eden Phillpotts. A handsome four-poster bed dominated the scene; the secret panel was deftly manipulated. Alfred Bassett, the imperturbable valet (G. I. Davies), packed off his master (R. Williams) to another bedroom while he remained to listen to and sympathise with the Spectres (I. A. Edwards, D. D. Wright, D. A. Thomas). The centuries-old drama was re-enacted; the secrets were revealed; the ghosts at last were free to depart from the haunted room. The players, both Mortals and Spectres, brought out the grotesquerie and whimsical humour of this spooky comedy.

J. Corrie's *Nicodemus*, a pleasant bucolic comedy with an excellent curtain, was the choice of Cochran House. B. Worthington as Jonathan was first-rate; he diverted us as the excited father dressing for his son's wedding and won our sympathy as the parent horrified and distracted when Nicodemus refused to go on with the marriage. It is a pity that Nicodemus himself (D. W. L. Burnham) was placed so high up the stage, for not all the audience could see his sullen expression as he sat obdurate in his chair. Matilda (D. W. T. Hughes) evidently played a modest rôle in this household. D. S. Rudnick was a young but persuasive Grandfather, J. McCabe a shocked but conscientious Vicar and T. P. E. Nener a garrulous and scandalised Neighbour.

At the last Hobby Show Philip Holt House gave us a performance of *Birds of a Feather* by J. O. Francis; this time they presented *The Poacher* by the same author. Dicky Bach Dwl appears in both pieces. In this production he was played by R. J. S. Bulmer with restraint and with the pathos that is inherent in the character. D. N. Baty (Thomas Shôn) and P. W. Johnson (Dafydd Hughes) contributed studies of the reformed poacher and the hypocritical deacon, both of whom wish to capture Old Soldier, the rabbit which has eluded them for so long. M. Colvin was Marged Shôn and presented the best study of a woman to be found in all the plays. She was a methodical housewife, experienced in clearing away, washing-up and darning socks. This piece was well produced and the team-work of the players must be commended. The atmosphere of the country cottage was admirably suggested and the actors had mastered the Welsh dialect of this delightful comedy.

A satire, *The Man Who Thought For Himself*, by Neil Grant, was chosen by Owen House. The simple set used was most effective. D. G. Lawrence as the Judge presided over this travesty of a court of justice; in his study of the character, sycophancy and cynicism were well blended. The Reporter (P. M. Rylance) took down the proceedings. Guarded by the Police Officer (J. J. Gurney), the Prisoner (A. Quayle) entered and caused a sensation by confessing that he had thought for himself. The vivacious Imp, played by A. N. Whyte, caused consternation by his interruptions and provocative asides. P. G. Sissons suggested erudition and obsequiousness as the Prosecutor, and as the Medical Witness D. G. McCulloch contributed a closely observed character study in senility. All these actors are to be complimented on their success in presenting with conviction a difficult play, a satire sufficiently topical to be appreciated by all the audience.

Chosen by Danson House was *The Man Who Lost a Day*, by Dan Sutherland. In a cabin on a liner this strange little drama was enacted. C. G. E. Berry as Frank Thomas had an exacting part and gave an extremely fine performance. Voice control and facial expression were noteworthy. His wife was played by A. R. Grogan, the Steward by A. Hodge; as Tom and Lily, P. A. Brandt and C. B. Smith gave adequate support. Stylishly dressed for their more important parts, D. Altshul and D. R. Maudsley were Dr. Goodman and Captain Howard. They tried to reason with Thomas about his strange obsession and were prepared to use force on him. Fortunately the lost day solved the problem. Thanks to Berry's excellent lead the actors enabled us to overlook the improbabilities of the piece and to enjoy the tension of this 'midnight' drama.

The Farce of Devil's Bridge, translated from the French of Henri Ghéon, was presented by Hughes House. The Property Master (K. Lang) was the narrator and told us how the Hermit (E. Bramhall) had attempted to build his bridge from island to mainland but had always been thwarted by the Devil. A compromise is made: the bridge may be completed at the price of a soul—that of the first person to cross the bridge. The Hermit in anguish watches the Fisherman (E. J. Wilson) and his Daughter (G. M. Gordon) about to test the structure, when the Cat saves the situation. He crosses first and the Devil, disguised as the False Pedlar (J. Williams), refuses to take the cat for fear he should become the laughing-stock of hell. This was a most unusual and original play, and there is much to be said for such a simple presentation. Bramhall had given thought to his study of the priest and Jackson's Cat deserves a special word of praise.

A. J. S.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

The Editors wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines, with apologies for any omissions:—

The Crosbeian, Essemmay, The Holt School Magazine, Kingswood School Magazine, The Quarry, St. Francis Xavier's College Magazine, The Squirrel, The Wallaseyan.

SCHOOL SPORTS

This was indeed a glorious First of June—a complete vindication of the prophecy made in the Magazine last year:—

"The prospects for good conditions in 1957 are extremely promising."

Thus we were more than compensated for our being unable to hold the festival at Mersey Road, now under the shadow of mountainous mole-hills, which resemble, in miniature, those pictures of Central American volcanoes, so beloved of philatelists.

Through the courtesy of the Liverpool Boys' Association, we had the use of their spacious ground, in Greenhill Road, with its impressive cinder track set in one corner of broad acres. Away to the right could be seen the tower of Mossley Hill church, and to the left diminutive, ant-like creatures playing cricket. In the centre of the arena sat Mr. Lloyd, the official recorder, operating the totalisator of events, with Messrs. Rogers and Hart at the microphone. The wag, leaning arms akimbo on the white railing that ran along one side of the enclosure, might be forgiven for reminding us of Epsom, Ascot and dark horses!

The sun shone brightly throughout, and the dresses of the lady visitors, rivalled only by the magnificent track-suits of certain competitors—blue, green, maroon, pale and hectic red—provided a colourful spectacle. And, talking of spectacles, some members of the Staff, 'larger than human' on this great occasion, had thoughtfully taken precautions against possible atomic flashes; if, on the other hand, they wished to remain anonymous, their hopes were unrealised. One tall man, wearing dark-tinted glasses, smoked a long cigarette (probably Turkish) which was attached to a long cigarette holder, and he assisted another bespectacled figure to judge the high jump with mathematical exactitude. Another, no doubt, was contemplating surreptitiously a geographical survey of plateau, grassland and soil erosion; rumour has it too that our Vice-Principal was similarly disguised.

The catering once more was in the capable hands of Mr. Durband and Mr. C. H. Moore, and thanks are due to all those who provided refreshment for us on this very warm day.

A pleasing innovation this year was the presentation of the trophies by the Headmaster at the end of the meeting; our last and fitting memory of the occasion is that of the triumphant cameraman taking his photograph of the Senior Champion and a gleaming silver Cup. Once again the co-operation of competitors, officials and visitors helped to make the Sports Festival of 1957 a memorable one. Our thanks are due in particular to Mr. Lloyd, C. Horsford and R. J. Patterson (both of M6a), whose efforts have made possible the detailed list of results which follows:

RESULTS

It was a day of records; J. W. Wilson won the High Jump (Under 13) with a jump of 4ft. 8in., and R. J. Walker, the High Jump (Open) with 5ft. 5in., beating the record set up by W. A. King, in 1922.

P. S. Jones ran the 220 yds. (Under 14) in the time of 27 secs.; G. I. Davies, the 220 yds. (Open) in the time of 23.7 secs., while the time of J. M. Radcliffe, in the 100 yds. (Open) equalled that of 10.4 secs., set up by W. H. Pitts, in 1899. D. W. T. Hughes set up a record for the 100 yds. (Under 13) with a time of 12.4 secs., and P. S. Jones ran the 100 yds. (Under 14) in the record time of 11.6 secs. R. J. Bulmer established a record for the Javelin, with a throw of 124ft. 4in.

Creditable distances for the Shot and Discus (Under 15), which are new events, were achieved by D. L. Brown (34ft. 10in. and 94ft. 10in., respectively).

100 YARDS—U.12, 1st D. W. Jones, 2nd F. Phillips, 3rd D. S. Ramsdale. U.13, 1st D. W. T. Hughes, 2nd J. M. Gratton, 3rd G. M. Day. U.14, 1st P. S. Jones, 2nd D. A. Macaulay, 3rd R. J. Savin. U.15, 1st C. J. Byrne, 2nd P. L. Bracey, 3rd W. D. Jones. U.16, 1st S. G. Hill, 2nd G. J. Rowlands and J. S. Winstanley. Open, 1st J. M. Radcliffe, 2nd G. I. Davies, 3rd D. G. Langton.

220 YARDS—U.12, 1st R. D. Haddleton, 2nd D. W. Jones, 3rd M. Greenwood. U.13, 1st J. R. Davies, 2nd B. R. Chesters, 3rd G. M. Day. U.14, 1st P. S. Jones, 2nd D. A. Macauley, 3rd D. N. A. Gornall. U.15, 1st P. L. Bracey, 2nd W. J. Stinson, 3rd C. J. Byrne. U.16, 1st G. J. Rowlands, 2nd S. G. Hill, 3rd J. S. Winstanley. Open, 1st G. I. Davies, 2nd J. M. Radcliffe, 3rd D. G. Langton.

440 YARDS—U.13, 1st J. R. Davies, 2nd I. J. Ferguson and J. W. Wilson. U.15, 1st W. J. Stinson, 2nd G. R. Getty, 3rd J. Sale. Open, 1st W. F. Morton, 2nd G. I. Davies, 3rd J. M. Radcliffe.

880 YARDS—U.15, 1st G. R. Getty, 2nd R. Wilson, 3rd T. Roberts. Open, 1st W. F. Morton, 2nd R. N. Ryder, 3rd W. J. Rigby.

ONE MILE—U.16, 1st E. J. Brabbins, 2nd W. Batterton, 3rd P. S. Roberts. Open, 1st W. J. Rigby, 2nd R. D. Townsend, 3rd A. F. Boote.

CRICKET BALL—U.13, 1st D. W. T. Hughes, 2nd B. McWilliam, 3rd J. M. Gratton. U.15, 1st V. A. Keeling, 2nd M. Swindlehurst, 3rd D. L. Brown.

LONG JUMP—U.13, 1st R. G. Lewis, 2nd R. A. Burt, 3rd J. S. Rutherford. U.15, 1st D. L. Brown, 2nd C. J. Byrne, 3rd P. S. Jones. Open, 1st G. I. Davies, 2nd I. M. Cass, 3rd R. J. Walker.

HIGH JUMP—U.13, 1st J. W. Wilson, 2nd D. Carney, 3rd R. S. Baldwin. U.15, 1st C. J. Byrne, 2nd A. G. Gilbert, 3rd R. J. Arnold. Open, 1st R. J. Walker, 2nd R. D. Townsend, 3rd I. M. Cass.

DISCUS—Open, 1st R. J. Walker, 2nd F. D. Welton, 3rd J. S. Winstanley.

JAVELIN—Open, 1st R. J. S. Bulmer, 2nd J. M. Norris, 3rd F. D. Welton.

PUTTING THE SHOT—Open, 1st J. M. Radcliffe, 2nd R. W. Gibson, 3rd R. J. Walker.

OBSTACLE—U.13, 1st H. S. G. Duffy, 2nd J. S. Rutherford. U.15, 1st A. Barnes, 2nd A. R. Breeze. Open, 1st B. W. Halliday, 2nd D. Aspinall.

RELAY RACE—U.13, 1st Cochran, 2nd Danson, 3rd Owen. U.15, 1st Alfred, 2nd Tate, 3rd Danson. Open, 1st Lawrence, 2nd Alfred, 3rd Danson.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

SENIOR: G. I. Davies. INTERMEDIATE: G. J. Byrne. JUNIOR: J. R. Davies and D. W. T. Hughes.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS

SENIOR: Lawrence. INTERMEDIATE: Owen. JUNIOR: Cochran. AGGREGATE: Lawrence.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The season 1956-57 has been a very successful one, and few games have been cancelled because of the weather. The 1st XI were beaten 1-0 by the Alsop in the semi-final of the Senior Shield, having already won two excellent games in the previous rounds against the SFX and Quarry Bank.

Some of the best games the 1st XI played away from home were won in most convincing fashion, such as those against the Collegiate, Manchester Grammar School and the Liverpool Ramblers. Against Bolton School, this year played at Bolton, the team lost 4—2. At this time the absence of Birch for three months meant re-organisation in the 1st XI and consequently also in the 2nd XI, but the team soon overcame this difficulty and produced some splendid football. We congratulate Birch on being invited to Cambridge. Both he and Todd got their county badges and Gurney, Quayle and Burnham also played for the Liverpool Grammar Schools XI. The matches lost during the season were mostly the result of over-elaboration and individualism, which so often broke down.

The 2nd and 3rd XIs suffered from the usual calls from the first team, but they have been quite successful and there is great promise for next year.

The Junior Shield had a remarkable first-half season, but rather fell away after being beaten by Prescott in the shield competition.

As usual the younger teams produced good results, good football and unlimited enthusiasm, and our thanks are due to all those masters who give so much time to make this possible. The same masters had to face the results of their handiwork in the annual Staff v. School match, played at Derryhouse Lane. They were beaten 5—2, after holding their own for the first part of the game. Mr. Dewhurst, who captained the side, vacated his usual position of centre-half and played centre-forward, and as the masters' team was not complete, Berry and Fyans, who have done fine work as captains of the 2nd and 3rd XIs, were asked to play. The masters' defence was good but towards the end of the game the usual difference between the stamina of the teams became obvious.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	Goals
1st XI	26	17	6	3	106	43
2nd XI	25	10	10	5	82	78
3rd XI	10	5	5	0	36	38
U.15 XI	22	15	4	3	106	54
U.14 XI	20	9	6	5	76	48
U.13 XI	19	11	5	3	73	41
U.12 XI	13	5	6	2	34	44
					L. M.	

HOCKEY

The 1st XI began the term well by defeating Calday Grange on their own ground by four goals to two. Victories followed steadily before a hint of staleness crept into the side, with the result that defeats were sustained at the hands of Dunlop Hockey Club and in the return game with Calday Grange, both by the odd goal in three.

A new fixture played this year was against the Liobians, who have joined West Derby Hockey Club. After an extremely well contested game, four goals were shared. Perhaps the bloodiest battle of the year was against a Staff XI at Mersey Road. Within ten minutes Messrs. Goodall and Wray were off the field, the former not returning. By half-time, the Staff XI were reduced to eight fit men and Mr. Wray, returning to the field after a nose injury. Added to this disadvantage, they suffered the indignity of a three goal deficit. Injuries continued; Bramhall left the field with an ankle injury, while Mr. Booth was temporarily off the field of battle. Hockey was thought of occasionally and the School XI ran out eventual winners by six goals to one.

The 2nd XI showed a definite improvement on last year's performances, although they lost form in the second term, apart from a notable away victory against Castner Kellner. Team spirit was never lacking under the enthusiastic captaincy of J. E. Sharp.

This year has been memorable for the reinstatement of a Junior XI. A team of third and fourth formers, under the supervision of Senior boys, played games against Calday Grange.

Thanks are offered to Messrs. Rogers, Wray, Parker and Ramsden for their umpiring and to B. B. Kendall for his general efficiency as Secretary.

The 1st XI has usually been: R. J. Walker; J. D. Parkinson; B. B. Kendall; E. Bramhall; F. D. Welton; I. M. Cass; G. I. Davies; J. H. B. Grace; W. F. Morton; J. F. A. Bridson; and D. A. Thomas.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	Goals
1st XI	21	15	2	4	73	26
2nd XI	13	7	2	4	23	25

J. H. B. GRACE.

SWIMMING

For a number of years it has been believed that an octopus has lurked in the green depths of Calday Grange open-air swimming pool. The fixture this year was held early in May, and the team arrived at Calday Grange on a cold and sunless Saturday morning with more than the usual amount of trepidation. On inspecting the bath, it was discovered that the bottom was clearly visible. It was immediately concluded that the water was too cold, even for the octopus! It was, however, at the suggestion of the Calday Grange team that the match was curtailed owing to the frigidity of the water. As all the Institute team's training takes place in indoor baths, the team is to be congratulated on the fact that it was victorious.

The summer term being a short one, the programme of swimming fixtures opened before Easter with a match against Waterloo Grammar School. Two matches have already been decided this term. The first was against Calday Grange, and the other against Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby. The School team won all three matches.

At the beginning of March a weekly training session was inaugurated. The object of this session is to endeavour to improve the style and the speed of swimmers who do not attend outside swimming clubs. The meetings held before Easter were well attended, especially by junior boys. It is hoped to re-start these meetings this term.

On Thursdays at 4-15 p.m., Mr. Rowell has conducted a diving class, and Messrs. Forbes and Tait are conducting life-saving classes. We should like to extend our thanks to these masters, especially to Mr. Forbes, for their support and assistance throughout the year.

M. COLVIN.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

The best races of the season did not come until the end of the Spring term, when in six weeks the teams had five races, all of considerable importance.

On February 16th, there was the St. Edward's Road Relay, in which many of the best Under 16 teams in the district competed. Our team raced well and came third. A fortnight later, in an ordinary race against St. Edward's College, the Seniors and Under 16s had convincing victories, while the Under 14 team was beaten—by a margin of 37 points! The next race was against Liverpool University, who had strengthened their side considerably in order to avenge their defeat the previous term. However, they were again beaten, this time by only two points.

The Northern Schools Championships followed, and here our Under 16 team raced well to finish 12th out of 71 schools. W. J. Rigby and E. R. Brabbins excelled themselves in coming 15th and 32nd respectively. The Seniors ran below expected form, but finished 35th.

The Liverpool Institute Senior Road Relay was held on March 23rd. The usual high wind was blowing down the promenade. The effects of this were felt, apparently, only by the School team, who finished fifth out of the 12 schools.

This year the House Championships were very well supported, and competition was keen in all races. It was satisfying to see that the School runners, for the most part, dominated the field. Individual winners were:—Senior—F. G. Bull. Under 16—W. J. Rigby. Under 14—L. Roberts.

The following awards were made: Full Colours re-awarded to D. G. McCulloch, A. F. Boote, R. D. Townsend, and awarded for the first time to E. L. Brabbins, K. B. Johnson, W. J. Rigby, and Half-Colours awarded to M. Sant.

W. J. RIGBY, D. G. MCCULLOCH.

EX LIBRIS

As term goes by, the new books entering the Library are keenly watched and many volumes are greeted with resentful mutterings by those readers whose wishes have not, on that occasion, been satisfied. The title of one such book: *Culture and Anarchy*, may seem to them at the time a fitting comment on the method of selection. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*, however, and by the end of the year, all departments will have profited by the 'largesse' of a benign Education Authority.

This may not be immediately apparent to puzzled historians faced with *The Third Dimension in Chemistry*, or to mathematicians confronted with Gomme's *Historical Commentary on Thucydides*. Naught for your Comfort seems a more appropriate selection in these circumstances. Yet the musicians whose emotions are not stirred by *Circuit Training* or *On Climbing*, may welcome *Method in Orchestration* or Ernest Newman's *From the World of Music*. The French Stage in the Seventeenth Century is balanced by *The Dramatic Festivals of Athens*. Students of English and foreign literature have been offered books on German Romantic Literature, Modern France, Heine, Lorca and Racine, the works of Keats, Dr. Johnson, D. H. Lawrence, Dylan Thomas, besides much literary criticism. Geographers have received regional, political and commercial studies, while historians, who found no interest in *Plants and Animals of the Sea Shore*, will be happier with *The First Four Georges*, Walpole, Louis XV and, if not priggish, with Churchill's latest history.

So a just balance is maintained and the muses dwell together in harmony, the latter sometimes supplied by occupants of a neighbouring room! That reminds me of two more recent additions: *God Protect Me from my Friends* and *Black Gown and Redskins* (this last also recalling recent talks to the Geographical Society).

Keeping abreast of current events is difficult, but we have a book on *Calder Hall*. Ferdinand de Lesseps and Israel and her Neighbours arrived on the eve of the Suez crisis. To celebrate this notable year in Scouting, we bought a facsimile copy of B-P's *Scouting for Boys* and the new Batsford *Liverpool* came in good time for the Charter celebrations. Bryant's *The Turn of the Tide* gives us the latest revelations about the last war but *Seal Morning* and *The Long Walk* may, it appears, have been products of excessive imagination. We were on safer ground with Andrade's *Approach to Physics* and the Standard French Dictionary.

Each reader should have found some among the 200 books added to the Library last year to arouse his interest and the Librarian's fondest wish has been well expressed by Belloc:

"When I am dead, I hope it will be said:
His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."

J. G. R.

C.C.F. (ARMY AND BASIC SECTIONS)

One sunny Saturday morning in March, Major McDonald, a W.O., and four senior N.C.O.s. took a leisurely turn about the sand dunes bordering the North West corner of Altcar rifle range. Their mission was to formulate plans for a large-scale offensive to take place in the area a few days later. The result of this pleasant outing was that on Thursday, 28th March, the

area was turned into a battlefield. A platoon of cadets under the command of R.Q.M.S. Colvin took up a position defending a line of sand dunes. The attacking Company, commanded by R.S.M. Berry, with C.S.M. Owen as second in command, advanced across the ground to the front of the dunes. A very instructive exercise ensued, during which the defenders retreated several times and were eventually surrounded. The success of the offensive was, however, a matter for conjecture, for there is always a doubt when blank ammunition is used. The success of the attack was somewhat hampered by Staff Sergeant Bridson's unfortunate encounter with the butt of a rifle. The remainder of the field day was spent practising more leisurely manoeuvres, as a large amount of energy had been expended during the previous exercise.

A short but very successful camp at Altcar was held during the Easter holidays. For many cadets this was their first experience of a cadet camp. They learnt many things, not the least of these being that it is inadvisable to remain in bed after reveille. Fine weather enabled the cadets to take full advantage of the surroundings and to prepare for the examinations for Certificate 'A', Parts One and Two, which were held at the end of the camp. The percentage of cadets who passed their Part One at this examination was very high. These results reflect the enthusiasm of the younger cadets, who are to be congratulated for their work throughout the year.

In the School Magazine, dated April, 1926, the following passage appeared: "The Tuesday parades have this term been more successful than last, and have been marred only by the fact that more than half of the members refuse to wear their uniform." A solution has at last been found to this problem. A new rule was introduced last term. Cadets who do not wear their uniforms on parade days may not attend the parade. Failure to attend parades regularly is punishable by dismissal from the corps. This has not resulted in a reduction in the size of the corps, as might have been expected, but has led to an improvement in the appearance of the cadets on parade.

This year's Annual Inspection will be conducted by Colonel Agar, on June 4th, when an innovation will be a Ceremonial Parade and March Past.

The annual camp is to be held at Stobbs Camp, near Hawick, Roxburgh, from the 25th to the 30th of July. As these camps usually entail strenuous exercise, and as the accommodation is limited, smaller cadets will not be allowed to attend.

With the object of starting a signals section in the Army section, Major McDonald and Captain Boote are to attend a signals course during the summer holidays. This will add variety to the training available to cadets, and should prove a success.

We are very grateful for the beneficial advice and assistance afforded to the Corps by the University of Liverpool O.T.C. M. COLVIN, R.Q.M.S.

A VISIT TO EATON HALL

The appearance of Eaton Hall belies its present status. Once the seat of the Dukes of Westminster, this fine example of 19th century gothic architecture is set in one of the most picturesque parklands in Britain, confronted by the intricate 17th century ironwork of the celebrated Golden Gates, to which lead four avenues, one as straight and as long as any at Versailles.

Yet it is to Eaton Hall that the majority of the army's National Service Commissioned Officers go to carry out their preliminary training. The Officer Cadet School is divided into two companies, each of which is further partitioned into two sections, one senior—comprising those who have completed half of their sixteen weeks' training—the other junior, made up of the new intake.

The course is intensive and chiefly practical: the usual subjects—tactics, weapon-training, drill, signalling, etc.—are dealt with, and great stress is placed on leadership training and the importance of teamwork—valuable factors in the heat of battle. During the course, a three-day exercise is carried out at Bickerton Hill and, towards the end of their training, the Officer Cadets spend a fortnight in the hills of Merionethshire. Then, with the use

of live ammunition, much of the theory which they have assimilated can be put into practice, although adequate precautions must be taken to ensure that their efficiency is not too fully demonstrated!

The culmination of their training is, of course, the Passing-out Parade, to which parents and friends of the Cadets are invited. At midnight after the parade, the cadets become Second-Lieutenants, ready to join their units and take over command of a platoon, much the better men for having attended the Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School.

C. G. E. BERRY, R.S.M.

C.C.F. (R.A.F. SECTION)

The Easter Term has been one of great activity for the R.A.F. Section. Since Christmas, the preparations for Field Day, the Hobby Show and for the Easter Camp have occupied most of the time available.

Field Day was held at one of the factories of A. V. Roe and Company in Manchester. Here the cadets saw the impressive array of machines used to manufacture the components for the Shackleton and Vulcan aircraft. The factory prefabricates the aircraft for assembly at Woodford aerodrome, across Manchester, and the large easily-recognised fuselages and centre-sections of the aircraft were of particular interest.

The Hobby Show gave the Section the chance to exhibit a cross-section of its activities to the visitors. The main attractions were the magnificent models of the latest R.A.F. aircraft and the demonstration of two-way radio carried out by the Radio-section. This demonstration, under the guidance of Corporals Watson and Brooksbank, was a great success despite interference caused by the electrical equipment in the Physics Laboratory. The Aerodynamics lecture by Cadets Whittaker and Hall also gained interested audiences and the Aircraft Recognition Quiz attracted a large number of competitors.

W. F. MORTON, Flt. Sgt.

R.A.F. SECTION EASTER CAMP

As this year's camp was held at R.A.F. Edzell near Aberdeen, it involved a very enjoyable journey through some of our island's most beautiful countryside. For some boys it meant their first glimpse of Edinburgh's 'Golden Mile', and the magnificent Forth Bridge. R.A.F. Edzell itself was a first-class station; the billets were in a most attractive setting, and the interiors were well up to the usual high standard. We also reaped the benefit of the recent improvements in the quality and quantity of meals. Indeed, from all points of view, this was the best camp we have yet had.

The main feature of the training was the large amount of excellent flying that was arranged specially for us. The aircraft used were Chipmunk two-seater trainers, and it was the first time that most cadets had been on such intimate terms with machines of this type. The pilots treated us to aerobatics, and some cadets were given the opportunity to take over for a short time; it was surprising that the Chipmunks continued to land in the conventional manner!

On the same day the striking features of a Hawker Hunter appeared over the airfield in a display of high-speed flying for our benefit. A Shackleton aircraft also landed and we were allowed to look over its main features and question its crew.

Everybody was at some time or other able to fire the rifle and Bren on the 303 range. It was our first encounter with the Bren and we were amazed at the ease of operation.

Training continued busily along these lines, not forgetting the discovery in one cadet's bed, of a large frog, complete with feeding instructions.

On the final afternoon a map-reading exercise was arranged, in which we were driven about ten miles along the Esk valley, and had to find our way back to a given point. The quickest way entailed a trek over the intervening mountains, and it proved to be one of the high spots of the camp. From the peaks, we had magnificent views of the snow-capped mountains to

the north, and on the slopes white hares, grouse, and new-born lambs abounded.

The splendid way in which activities were organised, and the smooth, enjoyable journey were due in no small measure to the work of F/L Watson and F/O Preece.

N. V. BOYACK, Sgt.

SCOUT NOTES

In inter-troop competitions this winter we have not enjoyed the high number of successes of last year; too often ours has been the frustrating position of close runners-up, and this can only be attributed to lack of preparation, as there is certainly no lack of talent. This was indeed confirmed by our fourth successive victory in the Tilney Colours.

Elsewhere the troop continues to flourish. Over Christmas the traditional visit to Woolton Remand Home took place, where an evening's 'camp-fire' entertainment was provided and enjoyed by all. During the Spring Term it was the Hobby Show which occupied most of our time, and in addition to the Scout Room, a few troop members successfully organised a cloakroom.

Out-of-door activities have been as varied as ever: late last year two of the officers made off to the Cairngorms on a mountain-camping expedition, while during term-time a night hike was arranged for seniors by the Troop Leader, following a route across the Welsh mountains from Ruabon to Wrexham. In the Easter holidays, a party of juniors enjoyed a Youth Hostelling trip in the Lake District, under the leadership of the S.M., and in North Wales the troop Q.M. spent a lonely night's vigil on Snowdon summit, without a tent, as part of a self-inflicted endurance test. Patrol camps have also been held in the Weaver Valley area by the Snipes and Woodpeckers.

A troop semaphore team was once again present at the Merseyside Grammar Schools' Road Relay race, signalling runners' positions from the course to the take-over point with exemplary efficiency.

As this year is the centenary of the birth of Baden-Powell, a great jamboree is being held at Sutton Coldfield, at which the School troop is to be represented by three of our first-class scouts: these celebrations by the movement as a whole coincide in Liverpool with the County's fiftieth year of scouting. To mark this, a Jubilee Pageant was held at Anfield football ground, where the troop was singled out to provide light relief, with an item entitled 'Camping as it should not be done'. This was thoroughly enjoyed by all, not least the performers, and earned special praise from Ralph Reader, the producer of the Gang Show.

Troop activities are now centred on Childwall woods, and, as usual in the Summer months, the programme is based on preparations for Summer Camp, which this year will be held in Derbyshire. Let us make this camp a fitting climax to a memorable centenary year.

N. W. FYANS.

JUNIOR HIKE

A maimed foot, a rucksack cast into the depths of a gushing beck and a Gargantuan consumption of aerated waters constituted the main features of our Easter peregrination through Lakeland. Hostels at Ambleside, Elterwater and Troutbeck suffered in turn the incursus of our party. A jetty, unsuited, alas, to navigational purposes, was constructed at Tarn Hows, the *corvée* of construction being alleviated at times by aquatic mishaps. By some *tour de force*, six Scouts went and six returned. The sun shone.

A. E.

JOHN IN NEUSTADT

The train was running through the green countryside of Northern Germany. It could only be a matter of a few minutes before John would see his friend Hans, who would be there to meet him at Neustadt main station.

John and Hans had been corresponding for almost two years. Now Hans' parents, Herr and Frau Müller, had suggested that John should spend

part of his summer holidays with them in their flat in Neustadt. The year after Hans would go over to England and stay with John's parents at their house outside Mirzytown.

John had never been to 'Europe', as they commonly call the Continent in England. During the greater part of the journey John could still speak his own language, since two service men from his home town, who had been transferred to Germany, were travelling the same way. He had a try in German, though, when they crossed the border into Germany. The German customs officers knew a little English, but they could not understand the somewhat unusual Mirzytown accent of John's fellow passengers. So he stepped in and explained in his best sixth-form German what the soldiers had to declare. He was really surprised that it went so well. He had always deeply admired anyone who could really speak what he thought was the language with the most awkward grammar in the world. That little incident had done his self-confidence a lot of good.

Now the train was running into Neustadt station. A feeling of great excitement, but at the same time a certain uneasiness, took hold of John when the train stopped. There were only a few people on the platform; Hans was already coming towards John, who was too busy with his cases.

"Hello!"—"Guten Tag!" they greeted each other. But it was John who had said, "Guten Tag!" and Hans who had greeted him with the cheerful English, "Hello!" This was really typical of so many occasions later on, when John was trying desperately hard to practise his German and was baffled by the polite persistence of the Germans to honour him by conversing with him in English.

When they left the station, it had begun to drizzle. John was well and truly disappointed to meet so soon that one feature of England he had been looking forward to leaving behind. He soon found out that the picture post-cards showing the sunny beaches of some North German seaside resorts gave as true an impression of the normal weather there as the posters on English railway stations, showing sun-tanned holiday-makers on the beach at Bournemouth.

Because of the weather, there were many people waiting at the tram stop. When the tram arrived, everyone made a dash for it. The fastest and most inconsiderate got on, some hanging outside like grapes, the majority left behind, and some, after the pressure had been relaxed, looking rather ruffled. John had never been exceptionally fond of the English habit of forming a queue, whenever more than two people were waiting for the same thing, but this solution of the problem was certainly not preferable.

When they reached the flat of Hans' parents, Frau Müller was just getting ready to serve the *Abendbrot*. John had expected a hot dinner and was a trifle disappointed. He remembered then that the Germans usually take their hot meal, which compares with the English dinner, at noon. For their *Abendbrot* they had open sandwiches with a great variety of delicious savouries. They drank tea with it. John noticed that the tea was weaker than English tea. To make up for it, the Müllers did not dilute their tea with milk; they put a slice of lemon into each cup. Herr Müller, to mark the occasion, even took a drop of rum in his tea.

That night, Hans and John went to bed early, to give John sufficient time to recover from his journey and to become fit for the next day. He wanted to join Hans at school. Hans had already gone back to school a few days before John arrived. Their summer holiday lasted from the first week in July until the second week in August, about five weeks altogether, and did not, as in John's English grammar school, mark the end of the school year. In German schools it ends at Easter. Hans, as a matter of fact, did not even get a report, or *Zeugnis*, before they broke up. In the Northern German grammar schools the pupils receive three *Zeugnisse* per year; the first in autumn, the second at Christmas, and the third and most important one at the end of the school year, at Easter. This is the most significant one, because on it depends whether the candidate is allowed to move on to the next form or not. Unsatisfactory work in two subjects out of a total of about fourteen is a good guarantee for a second year in the same form. This sounds a little worse than it really is; with an average intelligence, safeguarded by an

entrance examination comparable to the eleven-plus exam, one could easily move up to the top form (*Oberprima*) in the ninth year without unnecessary repetitions. Hans had been lucky so far. This was his sixth year at the *Oberschule*, one of the two types of German grammar schools, the other being the *Gymnasium*. The *Oberschule* puts the main stress on the sciences and modern languages; the latter emphasizes the classical subjects.

At seven o'clock the next morning, when Frau Müller gave a loud knock at the boys' bedroom door, it was particularly John who did not feel at all like getting up. He was not in the habit of rising so early, anyway, and, to make matters worse, it was Saturday. While rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, John wondered whether the fact of having no afternoon school was really enough compensation for the inconvenience of getting up at seven, or even earlier, and having school on Saturday, when hardly anybody was working in his own country.

After their breakfast—a few buttered rolls, a boiled egg and a cup of coffee—no bacon and eggs—they left for school. Although John was the sensation of the day in Hans' form, he was not completely dazzled by his sudden fame, but managed to keep his eyes open.

It was most unusual for John to see all the German schoolboys dressed any way they liked. It was all right with most of them, who were wearing ordinary, reasonable clothes. But when he saw some dressed in jeans, others wearing fancy shirts with flamboyant check patterns, and hardly anyone wearing a tie, he began to wonder whether the masters of his own school, in their insisting on the boys wearing school uniforms, ties and caps, were really too fussy.

When at half-past twelve forty minutes earlier than usual, because it was Saturday—the weekend started at last for the German schoolboys, too, John had already learnt a great deal about Hans' school. About half-an-hour later, when John was having his *Mittagessen*—his dinner—with the Müllers, and was summing up all his new experiences, he had to admit on second thoughts that, behind the foreign appearance, life was really very much the same as in England; much more indeed, than he had ever expected.

Herr WOLCK.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The first written record of the L.I.L.D.S. (The Liverpool Institute Literary and Debating Society) is the 1893-4 minute book, which is preserved for all to see, with twenty-five other volumes, in the Library. The Society was founded earlier still, although it is hard to find the exact date. The official History of the School puts it at 1885, while one minute book contains the words—"the Society, from its birth in 1886." The 1893-4 book claims to contain the records of the Ninth Session of the Society. Assuming that there was one session each year (as there is now) this would suggest that the Society was founded in 1884. Perhaps some Very Old Boy can supply for us details of the earliest years of the Society, for which there is no written record.

Some societies, in the course of their history, develop from small ambitions, and expand. The reverse seems to have been true of the *Lit. and Deb.*, which has refined and narrowed its interests. Originally, as well as being a Debating Society, it covered the functions of the present Sir Donald Macalister: holding papers on general subjects. It sponsored, produced, and controlled the School Magazine, raised funds by diverse 'entertainments', promoted 'socials', and organised the Hobby Show. The Editor of the Magazine, together with a Treasurer and a Secretary, was elected annually by the Society, as well as the Chairman and Vice-Chairman, who were not always masters. It is of some interest that one of the Vice-Presidents for the 1893-4 session was the late Mr. Johnny Owen.

Needless to say the subjects and arguments of those early debates seem more amusing to us than they did to our ancestors. One speaker denounced theatre-going, today a harmless and usually respectable pursuit. Not only were actors and actresses in his opinion, of low character, but theatre-goers as a class, were also persons of little moral worth. There were frequent debates on the emancipation of women, and the highly topical subject of

woman suffrage. In 1907 the question *Are electric trams superior to those drawn by horses?* was discussed. There was not however, the Victorian complacency and self-satisfaction that one might expect. In 1908 a vigorous argument was held over the debate *Is the British race degenerating?*

In many respects the Society has changed little: its spirit of eccentric humour has remained much the same. Violent scenes occurred during the debate *Is rugby football a better game than lacrosse?* in which a very unoffending member was forcibly ejected by members of the 'football' party. In 1915 the motion *That prefects have the right of setting the masters' impositions* was unaccountably carried by 19 votes to 1. On January 31st, 1911, an interesting series of papers was read on famous villains. These included Macbeth, Benvenuto Cellini, Autolycus, and a rather mysterious figure, A. N. Other. It is not difficult to build up a fairly complete picture from these entries. On October 11th, 1894, an interruption occurred owing to the attempts of certain persons to regain a football, which had been thrown into the room during the reading of the minutes. Despite the annoyance caused by the knocking, and battering on the door of the aforesaid persons, the Speaker proceeded unperturbed.

Apparently the Society suffered a lapse, after its first burst of activity, in 1899, for in a 1900 Magazine we read of an unsuccessful attempt to revive it. In December 1903, it was proposed, not for the first time in the history of the Institute, to inaugurate a Debating Society. During May 1904, however, we read that the Debating Society has been definitely formed, and in the following editions of the Magazine there are reports of debates. By 1913, despite occasional set-backs, the Society is firmly fixed in School life. It has remained so fixed ever since.

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From the point of view of numbers alone, this has been a successful year for us. There has been an average attendance of 37: the lowest being 29, the highest 51. This is even more pleasing when it is observed that among these are many promising speakers in the Upper Fifties. The last debate of the Christmas Term, held on the 18th of December, was a *Balloon Debate*, in which R. J. Walker as Helen of Troy won by a short head from B. B. Kendall (The Wooden Horse). There were also appearances by Miss Goldie-Locks, Father Christmas, St. George, Davy Crockett, and Gilbert and Sullivan (both embodied in the person of M. Colvin). The debates held this term have been as follows:—

January 22nd: *That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good.* Pro: D. A. Thomas and D. G. Lawrence. Con: R. Rochester and D. M. Stephenson. Motion Carried: For 17; Against 3; Abstentions 9.

January 29th: *That we are all envious of the Public Schoolboy.* Pro: C. A. Malam and R. Rochester. Con: R. J. Walker and M. Colvin. Motion defeated: For 7; Against 18; Abstentions 5.

February 12th: *That Poetry is a dead loss.* Pro: D. G. McCulloch and Mr. D. G. Bentliff. Con: Mr. R. T. Jones and P. A. Kennerley. Motion defeated: For 5; Against 29; Abstentions 8.

March 5th: *That this House sees in the U.S.S.R. the greatest threat to civilisation.* Pro: D. R. Maudsley and S. C. E. Richardson. Con: E. Bramhall and D. G. Lawrence. Motion defeated: For 12; Against 14; Abstentions 5.

March 26th: *That Queen Victoria was a good thing.* Pro: B. Worthington and J. McCabe. Con: B. B. Kendall and E. Bramhall. Motion Carried: For 14; Against 13; Abstentions 9.

April 9th: *Lord, what fools these mortals be!* Pro: J. E. Sharp and D. M. Blond. Con: P. A. Kennerley and D. G. Lawrence. Motion defeated: For 12; Against 16; Abstentions 5.

J. E. SHARP, P. A. KENNERLEY.

THE MACALISTER SOCIETY

This term has been one of contrasts. We have argued the possibility of invasion from outer space: we have striven to understand the intricacies of modern philosophers. The state of Contemporary Art in Germany and an outline of the course of antique furniture design in Britain have been unfolded to us. A paper on Dylan Thomas was followed by one on Dr. Johnson.

The series began with Herr Wölek's account of *The Arts in Post-war Germany*. He showed how, despite the calamities of war and sectorisation, the artists and thinkers of Western Germany had managed to pick up the threads which seemed to promise so much before the Nazi regime. He left with us a thought that should be the cause of no little shame to us. Germany has steadily built up a total of sixty active opera companies since the war. How many have we?

The next paper, on *Dylan Thomas*, delivered by J. E. Sharp, strikingly illustrated the value of generous quotation from the works of the subject. To compare Sharp's reading with that of Thomas himself would indeed be lavish praise. But those of us who had heard Thomas reciting the same poems could not fail to recall them at such inspired prompting.

D. A. Thomas followed with an account of *The Life and Work of Dr. Johnson*. It is true to say that while nearly everybody has heard of Johnson, few people have ever read his work. He dabbled with most aspects of literature, but his fame now rests on Boswell's biography. Although he may no longer be a great author, it can not be denied that he was a great man.

The subject changed from literature, when F. D. Welton introduced us to the delights of *English Antique Furniture*. We learnt how that simple contrivance, the seat, evolved into the delicate creations of the 18th century craftsmen: how the native tradition successfully absorbed many foreign influences, until a decline set in in the mid-nineteenth century.

D. G. Lawrence provided what must be one of the most erudite papers delivered for many years. In choosing *Modern Philosophy* as his subject, he performed the double feat of first managing to understand the tenets of many modern philosophers, and then conveying his knowledge to the Society. It would be presumptuous and futile to attempt any analysis of his paper. One can only say that members left the Board-room on March 12th, not sadder, but certainly wiser men.

Unidentified Flying Objects was the title of the last talk, offered by C. G. E. Berry. He suggested many possible sources of the confusion which confronts pterocyclogists, and those present, aroused by the thought of annihilation at the hands of Russians, Martians and mystic earth spacemen, thousands of years old, explored each channel fully before retiring.

R. N. RYDER, B. B. KENDALL.

LIوبيANS

VOLCANIC INTERLUDE

It is not everybody's idea of a holiday to spend several days on a volcano, and yet that is what I found myself doing last summer. While studying and travelling in Italy, I met two students, one a Dutchman, the other a Pole, and we found that each one of us had the same ambition—to visit a real, live volcano. So it was that we left behind the art treasures and great cities of Italy and set out for a little island off the north coast of Sicily, the volcano of Stromboli.

We had heard strange and fascinating tales about it, and it certainly lived up to our expectations. As we approached by ship, there it stood, a great smoking slagheap, rising out of what Homer would have described as 'a wine-dark sea'. It was an amazing place. The beach, the sand and the rocks were all jet black. The line of surf and the cubist houses beyond were a dazzling white. Out of the rich volcanic soil grew trees bearing figs, lemons and apricots. The slopes above the beach were scattered with bright, flowering bushes bearing brilliant blooms, red, orange, purple. Everywhere the hedges of prickly pears formed a grotesque outline against the deep blue sky. It was all new, exciting, fascinating.

But this was only one corner of the island; the rest was bare and uninhabited. One side was covered with lava incrustations. There had once been a village there, but the volcano had destroyed it. Another side of the island was a smooth broad sweep of volcanic ash, a scree half a mile long, stretching down from the crater, until it gave off clouds of steam as it reached

the sea. It was indeed a barren, forbidding island, except on the one corner where we had landed. There alone was there life—a few shops, two churches, a ramshackle Youth hostel, and the hut of the *Club Alpino Italiano*. Apart from this, the village was only a cluster of houses, most of them deserted and in ruins, with a few fishermen, a few farmers, and a few old folk. Although at times sombre and lonely, it was nevertheless a most interesting place.

The highlight of our stay there was the ascent of the volcano itself. Its smoking cone was an unavoidable challenge. And so, as the enervating heat of the afternoon began to abate, we set off up the mountain-side. From time to time we paused to look back; the village was getting smaller and smaller. We looked out towards the sun as it sank slowly, revealing a *mer d'images* floating above the purple sea, which shone like beaten steel. We pressed on upwards, clambering over cinders and sulphurous ash, until we reached the summit of the crater rim, just as the sun was disappearing, strangely distorted, beneath the dark sweep of the horizon.

We sat down and gazed into the crater below. It was cold and eerie sitting in the darkness, with acrid smoke swirling around, billowing up out of the depths and enveloping us, masking the dull red glow below us. Then suddenly, with a deafening roar, the volcano blasted a column of red-hot rocks many hundreds of feet into the black night. My mind flashed back to the fireworks on the Mersey, but this was infinitely more impressive! Again, from the livid cauldron below, a great fan of moulten boulders soared into the air with a rumble, hissing downwards and thudding on the sides of the crater, glowing brightly, and then less brightly, and finally disappearing in the pall of smoke.

For several hours we sat there fascinated. We just sat and watched, shivering but entranced. Eventually, however, it was time to go. Flickering in the darkness on the way down we saw the lights of a party of Frenchmen who had made the ascent too. Judging by the comments that floated up to us on the night air, they were not appreciating the descent down a great scree of ash. We caught them up and they turned out to be members of an underwater fishing club. They were not finding volcano climbing exactly a congenial *métier*. We overtook them, but as we passed their guide, he, thinking we were part of his group, shouted for us to wait. When his French brought no response, he tried out a bit of bad German on us. Our replies in a mixture of French, English, Dutch, Polish and Italian caused him no little bewilderment!

We continued on our way down the steep scree and along a narrow path that snaked through immensely tall reeds and grass, down the slopes and back once more to civilisation. The village was still and quiet. It was about three o'clock in the morning. Above us in the darkness Stromboli still smoked and rumbled. It had been an unforgettable adventure.

P. L. TAYLOR (1947-1955).

LIوبيANS A.F.C.

It is unfortunate that Mersey Road is not at present available to us, but despite this difficulty, the Football Club is still a very active section of the Old Boys' Association. We have about seventy members.

Four league teams are run and we are still most anxious to obtain the services of all school footballers when they leave school, in order to ensure that the Liobian teams remain a strong force in the future.

You will be pleased to know that one of our members, A. R. Childs, was in the successful Bishop Auckland team which won the amateur cup this year.

R. J. BROOKS (*Hon. Secretary*).

CRICKET CLUB

Boys leaving school this year who would like to join the Club should contact T. W. Slade, Esq., 20 Horringford Road, Liverpool 17.

The Annual Dinner was again held at the School, on Saturday, March 2nd, 1957. The guest speakers were the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Alderman

John Sheehan; the Mayor of Crosby, Councillor Frederic Hill (an Old Boy of the School); W. E. Tyson, Esq. (also an Old Boy); the Headmaster, and the Vice-Principal. The President, Sir Frank Baddeley, K.C.B., C.M.G., was in the Chair. One hundred members were present.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Sir Frank, who resigned his office recently, for the loyal way in which he has served the Association over the past 22 years. In spite of the difficulties of travel, he has presided regularly at our Annual Dinners, and we are grateful to him for all that he has done to further the good name of the School and of the Old Boys' Association.

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Alderman H. Bedlington (1906-11) has been nominated as Mayor of Wallasey for the coming year. Alderman Bedlington is Sales Director for the North of England of Holbrook's Ltd., the sauce firm.

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We congratulate H. G. McDavid (19—1915), Chairman and Managing Director of the Glen Line, on receiving a Knighthood.

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D. W. MacDowall (1940-47) has been appointed Assistant Keeper in the Department of Coins and Medals at the British Museum.

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E. R. Oxburgh (1946-53) has been appointed to a Fellowship in Geology at Princeton University.

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An Old Boy of the School, Sir Arthur Whittaker, has succeeded the late H. J. E. Gourlay, also an Old Boy, as the President of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

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We announce with regret the deaths of the following Old Boys: J. W. Maguire (1878-1885); W. H. Whittington (1902-1906); D. A. Hutchison (1917-21).

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Ladies' Night is to be held this year on Saturday, November 30th, at Mecca Sefton House. Further details will be circulated later.

CHESS CLUB

Both sections of the Chess Club continued to meet regularly last term, the high membership being maintained.

A class tournament for third-formers was won by D. R. Pickthall, the runner-up being R. D. Harrison.

In the Sixth Liverpool Junior Chess Congress three members of the School won prizes: R. C. Ledgard and J. R. Conder in the open age group, and R. D. Harrison in the under-thirteen group.

The School team won five of its last six matches this season, and so finished second in the Wright Challenge Shield competition. The team was: R. C. Ledgard, M. G. Sholl, A. Smith, H. Harris, J. R. Conder, G. J. Rowlands, J. M. Norris.

R. C. LEDGARD.

MUSIC CLUB

The Spring Term has been a most successful one. Our average attendance was over fifty, and we had no fewer than eight 'live' recitals. We were privileged to receive several visitors from outside school. Mr. Ronald Newton paid us a return visit, and played piano music by Bach, Mozart and Bartók; Mr. Charles Quirk gave a piano recital of works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Debussy; and Miss Clare Smith, of the Festival Ballet Orchestra,

returned to us to play violin music by Beethoven and Bartók. Mr. Marcus Benbow, of St. Margaret's, Anfield, gave an organ recital. Several members of the School have also performed, including the Music Club Librarian, M. E. Plunkett (organ), A. R. Bingham (piano), and R. S. Pybus (piano), and there was a mixed recital given by members of the Middle School. Gramophone recitals have been held, and we have heard music by Liszt, Beethoven, Schubert and Monteverdi.

During the Summer Term there will be fewer meetings because of the examinations, but we have already had a very successful recital by members of 3B, and it is hoped that we will have several other important items, in addition to recitals of gramophone records.

Support for the Music Library has increased greatly since the last issue of the *L. I. Magazine*, and it is gratifying to see full use being made of this well-stocked section of the Club. W. L. Adlington, an old boy of the School, has made a gift of some piano music to the Club, of which he was once a very keen member.

May the Club have in the future many such active and successful terms!

J. MCCABE.

THE ORCHESTRA

After much hard work, particularly by Mr. R. N. Evans, the School Orchestra was very successful in providing the concerted instrumental music for the Hobby Show. The Orchestra's playing of works by Haydn, Gillier, Corelli, and Gustav Holst was praised highly by many people; particularly notable were the performances of Corelli's Oboe Concerto, with A. J. Cummins as soloist, and Haydn's *Toy Symphony*.

This term, the Orchestra hopes to study three large-scale works, although examinations will of necessity curtail activities. The three works are two concertos and a symphony: Haydn's *Trumpet Concerto*, Schubert's *8th Symphony*, known as the 'Unfinished' because it has only two movements instead of the usual four, and a *Piano Concerto*, arranged by Constant Lambert from various pieces of music by Handel.

J. MCCABE.

CHRISTIAN UNION

Our membership now includes boys from all parts of the School and meetings have been held regularly. Speakers during the Easter Term included the Rev. B. P. K. Watts, the vicar of St. Anne's Church, Mr. P. E. Crighton, a Liobian, and the Rev. R. G. Hunter, from St. Matthew's Church, Bootle. Mr. Gyll spoke to us about *The United Society for Christian Literature*, and Mr. Stewart showed a colour film about *Missionary Work in Northern Nigeria*; this was our best attended meeting. We were glad to have two meetings conducted by our own members; one on *Power*, and another on the *Amazon Basin*. We are glad to report that a large number of boys have now joined the Scripture Union, and we should like to commend the habit of daily Bible Reading.

D. G. MCCULLOCH, P. A. KENNERLEY, H. J. DAVIES.

A SCHOOL PARTY IN FRANCE

Blois is a small French town, situated on the middle Loire, at the centre of the *château* country of France. The region has two dominant features: one agricultural and one historical. The combination of the two—a thriving wine industry, and a rich residue of ancient monuments—makes it an attraction to tourists. During the holiday recently spent there by a School party, both these aspects of the region's life were explored.

There is no exact English equivalent to a *château*. It appears to be a cross between a fortress and a mansion. Originally the *châteaux* were built

as places of defence, but developed into places of residence. Those of the Loire Valley, particularly, show this transition. We visited three: those of Chenonceaux, Amboise and, of course, Blois. At both Chenonceaux and Amboise we were shown round by guides, who, with suitable interpretation, explained to us something of the history and architecture of the *château*. The former is built by and over the River Cher. The bridge, which crosses the river, had a gallery built over it by Catherine de Medicis, for the purpose of holding parties and banquets. This unusual feature is perhaps the most notable part of the *château*, although great interest was also shown in the chapel, where the 17th century Scottish soldier had left his mark—carved on the wall! The *château* at Amboise is built on a hill, and commands a fine view of the surrounding countryside. It boasts a number of rich tapestries, and delicate Gothic stone-work, especially in the St. Hubert Chapel. At Blois many of the party witnessed a performance of the *Spectacle of Light and Sound*. Such spectacles take place in the evening at most *châteaux*, and are well worth seeing. The audience stand in the main courtyard, while around them the history of the *château* is enacted. Voices, heard from different parts of the building tell the story to the accompaniment of music, and breath-taking light changes.

A visit was made to a champagne factory, where the wine was stored in dank underground tunnels, meandering for seven miles under the mountainside. The bottles were kept in racks that could be tilted daily, so that in a certain time they would completely revolve, and the sediment settle on the bottom. In actual fact, we were informed, the product was not a genuine champagne, which must come from the Champagne district of France, but was, however, a similar sparkling white wine. The opening chambers of the factory were devoted to labelling, packing, and selling. Having discovered how it was made, many people were tempted to buy a bottle of the wine (offered at a remarkably reasonable price), to bring home. Another visit was made to a small vineyard near Vouvray. This attractive *domaine*, set in unspoilt countryside, was an interesting example of the small time operator, who could, nevertheless, boast his own local brand of wine. The proprietor, if a little overawed by so large a party, concealed his bewilderment under the customary, hearty French hospitality and the welcome offerings presented to the leaders of the party.

Before visiting Blois, we spent two days in Paris, where all the famous sights were visited, including an expedition to the Louvre, where a carefully prepared plot to bring back the *Mona Lisa* as a souvenir was thwarted! At both hotels we were admirably looked after, with the managers' (if not the patrons') fortunate indulgence for youth. There was certainly never a dull moment during this holiday: but, despite the hazards of the Paris *Metro* and traffic, limited French vocabularies, and the rather surprising experience of finding a Frenchman, upside-down on the stairs, outside one's bedroom door, there were no disasters. One evening was spent at a French fair, whose dodgems showed far greater versatility than their English equivalents: another afternoon at a football match, where the introduction of local war-cries tended to distract the attention of the rest of the spectators from the game. (*Les Anglais, ils ne sont pas humaines!*) The party did not lack entertainers. From coach and hotel, the French were regaled with items, ranging from *On Ilkley Moor baht aht* to the very latest rock 'n roll tunes. One person in particular provided us with a performance that was slightly novel, and extremely exhausting.

There can only be praise for this sort of holiday, which enables thirty boys, each year, to have an enjoyable relaxation from studies, as well as the highly-educational experience of travelling abroad.

J. E. SHARP.

SIXTH FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY

In the Spring Term this year the Society has been very active and the meetings have again been well attended.

The lectures during the Christmas Term were concluded with a talk by Mr. E. R. Adlard, B.Sc., an Old Boy of the School, who spoke on *Vapour*

Chromatography. Mr. Adlard first gave a brief account of the more familiar *Liquid Chromatography*, before explaining the title of his talk.

At the first meeting of the Spring Term, Mr. N. H. Brooksbank, M.R.C.V.S., B.Sc., talked to the Society on *Radioactive Fall-out in Agriculture*. By means of a film the speaker very effectively illustrated the potency and devastating effects of the hydrogen bomb.

The Public Analyst and his Work was the title of a talk given by Mr. G. H. Turner, B.Sc., from the City Analyst's Department. Mr. Turner's talk included an amusing historical account of some of the illegal practices which were common a few hundred years ago.

A film loaned by Dunlop's was shown at the next meeting. This showed the preparation of rubber from latex, the rigorous testing of the rubber in development and production-line stages, and many of the uses of the finished product in its various forms. A few days after seeing this film, a party of members spent an afternoon visiting the Dunlop factory at Speke. In the limited time available, they saw the complete manufacture of tyres suitable for vehicles, ranging from bicycles to large army conveyances.

Dr. A. Heron, of the Medical Research Council, was the speaker at the next meeting and gave a lecture on *Psychology—Science and Profession*. During his talk Dr. Heron corrected many of the popular misconceptions associated with the word 'Psychology', and emphasised the necessity of professional etiquette during the course of experiments.

Dr. Robinson, from Liverpool University, lectured on *Vaccination against Poliomyelitis*. After describing the nature and effects of the disease, the speaker explained the production and action of the vaccines and the serious problems which have to be overcome to produce a vaccine which is both safe and effective.

One evening was devoted to the showing of three films produced by the 'Shell Film Unit'. The first film called *Search for Oil* showed the hazards, problems and discomforts of searching for oil in different parts of the world. This was followed by *Birth of an Oilfield*, and the treatment of the crude oil obtained thereby was dealt with in the last film, called *Distillation*.

The final lecture of the term, *The Science of Metals*, given by Dr. S. J. Kennett, of Liverpool University, dealt comprehensively with the development of metallurgy from its origin to its present importance in industry.

R. W. VOSE.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

At this year's Hobby Show, the entries in the Advanced Section of the Photographic Competition were generally of a high standard. In the Beginners' Section, however, there were few prints of good quality, though R. A. Butterfield is to be congratulated for his photograph, which won him first prize. It is interesting to note that two of the three prize-winning photographs in the Advanced Section were taken on the Society's annual excursion. The Advanced Section prize-winners were R. J. Patterson, J. K. Gibson, and R. C. Cregeen.

Although the library has books and periodicals, which can help the more advanced members, as well as the beginners, it is not being used to full advantage by most members. It would appear that many of the members, new this season, quickly lost interest, as the attendance at the Tutorial classes has steadily decreased and the entries in the Beginners' Section in the Hobby Show were very few in number.

This year the Annual Summer Excursion takes place on 19th July, when the Society is visiting Hawkshead and Coniston, in the Lake District. If the weather is as good as it has been for our previous excursions, there should be no lack of opportunities for the taking of photographs of pictorial merit.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Harry Jones of Port Sunlight who kindly judged the prints for the Hobby Show Competition.

M. LUNT.

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

Earlier in the year the Society enjoyed a very varied, but interesting programme, with meetings taking place practically every Wednesday during the lunch hour. As is usual during the Summer Term, the Philatelic Society has ceased to hold its main meeting on Wednesdays, although the Friday meetings have continued to function.

The stamp exhibition at the Hobby Show was a great success, the two senior prizes being won by L. Bivon (AM2) and A. M. Zalin (U5Sc), while V. B. Needham (L5B) was successful in winning the Philatelic Competition.

It is hoped that those members of the School who have attended the Society's meetings during the past year will renew their support, when the Society resumes its regular meetings.

L. BIVON.

MODELS SOCIETY

The Society has flourished during the last term and now has over 100 members. Mr. L. Nelson is our new Treasurer and Mr. A. Durband our Chairman. Mr. J. D. Wray continues to look after the Model Aircraft Section, and with the help of Mr. J. S. Iant, the general activities of the Society.

During this term we visited the Meccano Factory, at Biln's Road, for an informative tour of the Works, and in return Mr. L. C. Norman 'Tommy Dodd' of the Meccano Magazine visited us and gave an informative lecture and demonstration on the Hornby Dublo Layout.

The Model Racing Track, as many members will have seen, was exhibited at the Hobby Show, and had only one track working, but we were unable to finish the other, in spite of the efforts of a hard-working team of masters and boys, led by Mr. Wray. Now that the track is working, it is hoped that more members will be inspired to construct model cars.

The Library, which is open on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1-10 p.m., is expanding rapidly. We now have over 500 magazines and books, and seven well-known periodicals are taken monthly.

The Annual Excursion this year is on Friday, 19th July, to Towyn, Merionethshire, where it is proposed to travel on the Tal-y-Llyn Railway and visit the engine sheds.

The Society awarded a special prize at the Hobby Show to the member of the 'Models Society' who made the most ingenious and well-made model; this prize was won by D. J. Morgan (4e), with a model Galleon.

MODEL RAILWAY SECTION. This section of the Society has been affiliated to the Hornby Railway Company and is Branch No. 563. Any boy who is interested in Hornby Dublo and who wishes to support the Branch should attend meetings on Mondays and Fridays at 4-10 p.m. in the Biology Laboratory.

G. L. CRAIG.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Activities during the early part of last term were directed towards the preparation of exhibits for the Hobby Show, many different branches of Natural History being represented. Although the number of entries was not very high, the standard obtained gained many points for the different Houses.

Towards the end of last term a most interesting visit was paid to a modern arable farm, near Ainsdale. A tour was made of part of the farm and we were shown round an extensive grain drier. Later we were all given an opportunity to try our hand at planting potatoes. A further visit to this farm has been arranged for this term.

R. COPLEY, G. M. GORDON.

ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY

The Society has been active during the last two terms. In November a rail and bus excursion was taken to Runcorn and Acton Bridge; in February members visited Preston and Blackpool; in March a trip to Llangollen was arranged, and the Spring term closed with a full-day excursion to Sheffield. Works visits have included those to Liverpool Corporation Passenger Transport, to The Mersey Tunnel Ventilation Shaft, at Georges Dock Gates, to Ribble Motor Services, at Preston, and, on May 25th, to the works of Crosville Motor Services, at Chester, a trip which included a journey on the Chester-Whitchurch branch-line, soon to be closed. A day excursion to Leeds is envisaged for the Summer term.

Meetings have been held regularly on Mondays and the Library, now in Room 32, continues to thrive. A competition was arranged at Christmas, and another in connection with the Hobby Show, towards which the Society contributed an exhibition, in Room 26. R. J. PATTERSON, A. R. PHILLIPS.

OXFORD LETTER

Oxford.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Dear Sir,

Once more it is my dubious pleasure to submit to you some of the facts and fancies which prevail amongst the forgotten men of the School, who have now taken their place in a new academic hierarchy. Sheltering under the wings of those ministering angels, Messrs. McKie and Kneale, they are often conscious of the ethereal nature of life in this 'haven of lost causes'.

However, all is not quite as illusory as one might think on this account, and with Eights Week upon us, there is ample proof of the very real part played by some of our fraternity on the Oxford scene, when we think of our exalted oarsmen. Mr. Magnay rows in a Schools VIII, which should derive added dignity from his cultured participation. He is now training for the Colonial Service, and they say that he is contemplating a journey up the Orinoco by canoe! Mr. Glover, Captain of Boats at Oriel and a Greats man, is dividing his loyalties as one inspired. Let us hope that his trip to the Schools affords as much exultation as his rowing achievements.

In University College, the home of so many of our old associates, Mr. Oxburgh presides over his family with great benignity, though his influence is felt more by his elusiveness than by an imposing personality, and is bolstered by the odd discus, which soars venomously from his mighty arm. Mr. Page, a former editorial accomplice of Mr. Oxburgh, and yet another rowing man, favours his crew with the vast experience he holds down as ex-Captain of Boats. Otherwise, apart from beating his drums and blowing his trumpet, he leads a very quiet life. Such tranquillity is not the way of Mr. Richards, who runs the gamut of the Oxford social round and thrives thereon. He evidently has an ardent desire to spread his Epicurean faith, for he occurs in college, coffee-bar and even Union cellars, beseeching support for his College Summer Ball.

Mr. Dumbill, of the caustic comment and we've-been-here-before-type smile, can be relied on to be unpredictable. His peripatetic progress through the University created another sensation last term, when, having learned all there is to know about The Classics, he decided to try his hand at The Law. This may well have stemmed from the arrival, this year, of Mr. Michaelson, now free from National Service obligation. Since committing himself to this new life, the latter has pledged his allegiance to the legal profession with great gusto, attending law moots at every opportunity, and throwing an occasional constitutional party, to keep in touch with current affairs. His constant companion, when he does venture out of court, is Mr. Wilson, who has earned for himself a 'seldom seen' tag. This can no doubt be explained by the pressure of his newly-inflicted Liobian secretarial duties, and by the acquisition of an enormous pipe, against which he seems at the moment to be fighting a losing battle.

Scouring the neighbourhood across the High, we may find Mr. Cook of Queen's who wears extensive red sweaters and attends Jazz Clubs, as though he had done so all his life. This may well be true, for no one knows what he is reading, and he keeps it a remarkable secret. There is no secret about Mr. Silverman's subject, for rumour has it that he is being charged ground rent for the time spent in the Taylorian Temple of Modern Linguists. His conversation is astonishingly fluent and frighteningly varied, as he quotes Heine, Verlaine and Mr. Ben Gurion with equal facility.

Mr. Leech was appalled by the opinion so widely held—that the conventional college wear is track suit and plimsolls. His rebellious spirit came to his aid, however, and he maintains his Saville Row façade with grace and possibly an ulterior motive . . .

From his H.Q., in New College, Mr. Case burns many a measure of midnight oil on projects which must conclude with carnage and destruction in the Dyson Perrin Organic Chemistry Laboratory. He is ever eager to divulge his plans to the curious, but no one ever is. Wadham's Mr. Armstrong is quite indifferent to the reputation of Mr. Case, and still has sufficient faith in the future of Oxford to apply his mathematical prowess to the problem of establishing a Casino.

Neighbouring B.N.C. offers no such problems. Mr. Jones, who is soon to be thrust into the turmoil of Schools, is quite happy about the idea. His mellow smile and calm, if well-protected exterior, affords much comfort to Mr. Evans, whose tour of the Levant convinced him that no one could be happy out of sight of the Snowdonia Range. Mr. Jones's contentment evidently springs from a cosmopolitan attitude to life, with which he has re-vitalised his fellow countryman, though on March 1st, Mr. Evans, leek in hand, lingered nostalgically about the exultant halls of Jesus College.

Messrs. Jeffrey and Ferdinand are unmoved by such tender feeling, and do not hesitate to express distaste for their barbarous fellow collegians. It is conceivable that this is the reason for Mr. Jeffrey's living out of college. He stoutly contends that he needs to be near the Chemistry Labs., but Mr. Ferdinand, who works therein, knows better, but is discreetly silent. Another of his secrets concerns the washboard which he affixed to the side of the Jesus boat, for he is a keen skittle fan. One wonders, therefore, whether he is anxious to keep the crew afloat, or their morale high.

Moving on up the Turl, to Lincoln, we might meet Mr. G. B. Morris, the venerable, whose beret and trench coat have become so much a part of the local scene. Mr. Barnes of *The House*, enjoys a very smooth and unruffled existence. Encountered over a late night cup of coffee, or a late morning breakfast at the Town and Gown, he regards Schools philosophically—*Que sera, sera*, he avers, and he is probably right.

Mr. Kenworthy's attitude to Schools is a little more reactive; he has given up Chess Strategy in favour of examination technique. This momentous sacrifice only affords him time off to cheer his Corpus colleague, Mr. Jack, whose coxing of their first VIII, provides interesting examples of water mechanics. Mr. Dodd, one of his neighbours at Merton, as usual appears silent and unmoved by all that happens about him. He cannot be called Stoic however, for an enigmatic smile sometimes steals across his countenance. His fellow Mertonian, is Mr. Mitchell, far from inactive, and revoltingly fit. There seem to be no bounds to the sporting pursuits which fall into his range, and were it not for his mighty stature, we should be wondering if he ever found time to eat and sleep.

Whether this activity is approved by Mr. Shaw, we cannot tell, but he is now a prominent figure in the medical world, and sets a fine example as President of the Medical Society by his athletic performances, which maintain a healthy standard.

Last, but far from least of this multifarious array is Mr. Bilson, who arrived from Cambridge to Keble, in the quest of a Dip. Ed. Indeed, all Oxford has many a flutter when this genial giant leaps out of bed in the morning and performs his slimming exercises. "Got to keep fit for the teaching profession, you know!" is his cheery contention.

And with this solemn thought.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant. ALI KEFAG.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

Cambridge.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Dear Sir,

The days grow longer, and so, I fear, does the face of many an Old Boy at this seat of learning. I allude, Sir, to the imminence of the Tripos Examination.

Of those who are happily exempt from examinations, the senior representative is Professor Evans, of Pembroke, who is but little seen these days; but then somebody has to prepare the tortures we are about to suffer. Mr. Waddington, of Caius, is, we hear, torn between the desire to show his friends his ultra-modernistic rooms, while practising his recently acquired Canadian accent, and the desire to protect a rather expensive stock of cigars that he keeps there. Of Mr. Morris, of Clare, it has been well said that he does not meet you; he bumps into you. He must surely be the originator of the phrase: 'can't stop just now,' for Mr. Morris never stops; he reduces speed. When on his bicycle he does so with a well-placed pair of heels. How he slows his car, nobody has dared to enquire, not even Mr. Smith, of Queens' who, as a fellow motorist, might understand. As a theologian, he drives a black car; as an architect as well, with an eye to the modern taste, he makes it a sports car. Mr. King, of Caius, assures us that his last play had a long run. We do not consider four hours long, but then we were not among the audience, which decided that the punishment should most definitely suit the crime. During his absence from the Cambridge stage, Mr. King has so practised the significant pause and the heaven-wards glance that even Mr. Kirby can no longer recognise him. It is almost true to say that no one can recognise this worthy gentleman either, for he conducts his activities beyond an all-concealing cloak. Mr. Mackinnon, of Corpus, is a graduate cyclist, whose vigorous pedalling methods and control of two brains have commended him to an adoptive university, where control of only one is the aim. But great is the disappointment of those who thought that in the close proximity of Newmarket and an electronic brain lay a world of opportunity.

A fellow mathematician, Mr. Cross of Queens', has recently forsaken the sliding rule for the sliding note, which he uses rather indiscriminately and with singular lack of control. To this gentleman chords now mean chords in A-flat, for we know that Mr. Cross is more at home with the flat keys. Though sometimes seen clutching two scores, it is not likely that he is singing a duet; for one of them will turn out to be the latest football score. Mr. Cross has at last achieved his goal—a post on our sporting termly, *Light Blue*.

Mr. Thomson, of Jesus, is a man of ties, and not only of bow-ties. He is expected to be plotting in Liverpool again in the summer, but now only in a geographical capacity. The Swedes, so pleased with his activities last summer, have asked him to return and chop down a few more thousand trees. In preparation for the hard work the summer promises, he has adopted the sedentary life, and we now no longer hear the clatter of his clogs. Mr. Quayle, of Christ's, will, we hope, soon use his undoubted engineering knowledge to a better purpose than the stoking of hired locomotives. It is rumoured that he hopes to supplement his meagre grant by working his passage home to the metropolis. Luckily, he has not heard of Diesel trains, or he might feel apprehensive about his future.

At Pembroke, Mr. Howlett is looking for a good home for a Corgi, which has been a mixed blessing to him for the past three years, but a god-send to writers of these letters. He is now a gentleman of leisure, for with every post come reproduction fees from a series of photographs of Liverpool that he took many years ago. A man who cannot make such good use of his pastimes is Mr. Bird, of Trinity, though it is believed that this gentleman also confidently expects to receive large sums of money by post very soon. He is at present engaged in investigations concerning the application of modern engineering methods to the advancement of the boat, of which he is the captain.

But one Trinity man, over whom his whip will have no control is Mr. Taylor, whose rooms are reached through great courts, small courts, and

smaller courts. Mr. Taylor has connections with Oxford; we know, because we have met them. When not amassing a first-rate library, with the unknowing assistance of his friends, this gentleman specialises in a second-rate game on the greensward.

Mr. Rylance, of St. Catharine's, was last seen poling his bicycle down King's Parade, with the aid of a hockey stick. This gentleman's speciality is a wardrobe of many colours, but either he is colour-blind or we are. Though he changes apparel with baffling alacrity, it would seem that this is less the desire for change, than the desire to overcome the disadvantages resulting from a combination of no back mudguard and rainy weather.

With the close of the football season, Mr. Hallam, of Trinity Hall, can allow his hair to grow in that excruciatingly sharp, vertical style that is entirely his own—for who else would have it? As a mathematician, he has the habit of taking things to infinity.

Mr. Parry, of Pembroke, believed that it was cheaper to light his room with candles standing in empty wine bottles, but this belief was recently shattered by the size of his College wine bill. His insistence on high-teas is matched only by the persistence of Mr. Barbour, of King's, in refusing to hold them. Unfortunately for him, his game is four-handed bridge, which he plays in such a way as to have it supposed that there are now two Bridges of Sighs in this town. Mr. Barbour inevitably wears sun glasses, a precaution of little use against the Cambridge weather, but one to be recommended when Mr. Rosenhead, of John's, is around, for the latter runs an outstanding line in navy-blue shirts and contrasting cravats. This mathematician has applied his maths, to a delicate manipulation of Union voting-cards, and his undoubted charms to the problem of finding a suitable partner for his College May Ball.

Examinations draw nigh, and I fear that I must tie my punt to the nearest tree, and turn my attention to more serious pursuits.

Yours, etc.

CANTABRIENSIS.

PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,—“Inquisitorial and tyrannical duncery”—I have no idea what Milton was describing when he wrote those words, but I often feel that they might be applied to the unrelenting demands of a certain Ed*†† for information concerning the lives and habits of the Prefects. Despite reassurances that nothing could be more innocent, nothing more devoid of scandal than the life that is led in that room next to the library, where studies are pursued in an academic silence, broken only by visits from masters, whose library periods are being disturbed by the sound of heavy breathing or the occasional rustle as a page is turned, he would be satisfied with nothing but the truth. ‘Mercy and truth are met together’ says the Psalmist—what a useful book is the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*—but not I fear in this epistle.

Without further preamble I will proceed to Mr. Berry. Our Head Boy has many achievements on which he prides himself; not the least of these are his four initials. His scholastic crown seemed to have slipped slightly for some weeks after December, but it has now been polished, readjusted, and put on exhibition. He spends the short remainder of his school career in a variety of studies, including the habits of wild animals and the nature of flying saucers—although he will not admit an aspiration to write for a children's paper—and in trying to convince his colleagues that National Service is good for one anyway.

Making positively his last and final appearance in these columns, there is no possibility of his being retained for a further stupendous week—is Mr. Thomas. He, too, has reached that timeless level of existence where he finds opportunity to read, appropriately enough, gnomic poetry. Near the end of his long sojourn in the P.R., he takes his bow . . . oh! I beg your pardon Mr. Thomas, I didn't realise that you were standing up.

Alas! Mr. Kennerley cannot share their peace of mind, for he is tormented day and night by fiends and goblins sometimes in the shape of

plain circles they come, sometimes disguised as congruent triangles; often he has heard them whisper their leader's name—'Pythagoras' this archghoul is called, and with his dreaded Extension, he troubles Mr. Kennerley's thoughts and haunts his dreams. But how has our vice-headboy brought upon himself the wrath of that mighty giant, Geometry? This he refuses to tell, but he hopes to exorcise these sprites in a rigorous trial by ordeal in June.

Mr. Fyans is troubled by no such disturbing ghosties, but it is not improbable that his thoughts are visited occasionally by a more pleasing apparition. He has suddenly acquired the habit of conjugating Latin verbs in an absent-minded, dreamy manner; *malo, mavis, mavult* . . . he will chant softly, savouring the words, and then lapse into an ecstasy. For such daydreams Mr. Grace has no time whatsoever; his often-stated opinion that reveries and cricket do not mix is being increasingly confirmed by the presence this term of a third rival for his time and attention; although this latest contestant, G.C.E. Advanced, will probably come a poor third, it has made some inroads on his leisure hours, and there are those who claim to have seen quotations from *King Lear* in faint pencil on the back of his bat . . .

Such matters as these do not trouble Mr. Kendall, who is blessed with a high sense of irresponsibility and a healthy dislike for all sorts of furniture. He is perhaps the most friendly of the prefects, and often expresses his affection to his comrades by giving them a gentle pat on the head . . . with a chair. This may be responsible for the current shortage of chairs and prefects. Mr. Norris has a similar dislike for motor vehicles—indeed he even went so far as to attack one in a manner considered by many to be not in keeping with the dignity of a prefect of the School. He has not been seen since.

Messrs. Colvin and Sharp have recently returned from a short trip to Paris. Mr. Colvin's new tendency to sing *le roc et le petit pain* is attributed to his recently acquired fondness for the red, the white and the blue—not the tricolour, of course, but Burgundy, Bordeaux and plain methys—while it would not be fair to pass judgment on Mr. Sharp, as he has yet to readjust himself.

Mr. Lawrence has no time for such frivolities; his only vice is his unwillingness to forgive the barber. He has the disturbing habits of reading when everyone else wants to talk, and of eating onion sandwiches, particularly to the annoyance of Mr. McCulloch, who is on a diet of chocolate, cream-cake, and scones. This restriction has not upset Mr. McCulloch's dramatic ambitions, for, encouraged by his recent successes, he is attempting to capture a large part in a forthcoming production of one of Frank Richards' 'Greyfriars' serials. If he fails to do so, it will not be the fault of his powers of elocution—nor of his figure.

Mr. Walker has his head in the clouds, for he hopes soon to become one of the dreaming spires of Oxford; we were going to say the same about Mr. Ryder, but he is bound for Cambridge. Meanwhile Mr. Walker combines his study of classical literature with that of classical athletics. Mr. Ryder would be noted for his distinctive hair styles, if these could be seen more often; at present he is cultivating a horizontal 'crew cut' to fit himself for employment as a chimney sweep's brush. He was disappointed when he was not picked for the School athletics team for the pole vault—as a pole, of course, and not as a vaulter—but this does not deter him from driving his motor car with zeal, if not with accuracy.

There remain for our consideration only that inscrutable trio Mr. Vose, Mr. Maudsley and Mr. Townsend. Mr. Townsend comes from a family of policemen, and there are rumours that he carries a truncheon beneath his gown—or is it merely a milk-bottle? There were attempts to turn Detention into a magistrates' court and to construct a cell in the P.R., but unfortunately these came to nought; but no one has yet been able to convince Mr. Maudsley that Prefects do *not* need helmets. His neighbour, Mr. Townsend, has been one of his most rigorous opponents in this matter for he is at heart an anarchist. Not so Mr. Vose, himself a law-abiding motor-cyclist; he believes in the strict discipline of the masses, and is one of those few prefects who

appear on duty. In his leisure hours he is the strong, silent man of the P.R., stirring himself only to get Mr. Sharp from his favourite arm chair.

There, Mr. Editor, are the simple characters of those who live their simple lives in the room next to the library scarcely offending anyone. For them the brief interlude of their schooldays is soon to close, until the end of term they seek only peace, quiet, and a little money. May their wishes be granted, particularly the third.

Yours from the fiery furnace,

ABRIDGEO.

THURSTASTON

(Survey carried out by members of the
Geographical Society in the Upper Sixth)

Thurstaston is a village of Norse origin in the Wirral hundred. Its name is probably derived from 'Thorstein's tun' (i.e. farmstead) and not 'Thor's Stone taun,' as was once imagined. The so-called Thor's Stone stands prominently on the north side of Thurstaston Common, but its history is a fiction of Sir James Picton's imagination. He saw it as a sacrificial altar to the god Thor, but scientists have explained the phenomenon geologically. The Common marks the position of an outcrop of Bunter Sandstone—the red rock so common on Merseyside. Thor's Stone is an isolated block of the sandstone, probably shaped both by wind erosion and quarrying.

Following the Norman Conquest, Thurstaston Hall was a country residence of Hugh Lupus, a nephew of the Conqueror. The word with which 'Lupus' (so named by the Welsh bands he drove into the mountains) was instated to the Palatinate Earldom, is still to be seen in the British Museum. He lived a corrupt life and in an attempt at self-atonement gave much money to the Church towards the end of his life. It was from such money that St. Bartholemew, Thurstaston Parish Church, was built.

Thurstaston Hall and its residents, the Whitmores and Cleggs, dominated the life of a village for many centuries. There are many architectural peculiarities in the Hall, which reflect the passing of dynasties (e.g. a Tudor gun-room, Laudian bannisters, and a wing of the Hall, built of very large bricks to avoid the 'Brick Tax' on the number of stones which compose a house).

For many years, Chester and Parkgate were the ports for the traffic with Ireland; with the Industrial Revolution, English trade increased and the prospects of Deeside appeared bright. Many commercialists moved to Thurstaston and plans were made to build a port there. These people bought much land from the owners of Thurstaston Hall and thus the village passed from medievalism to modern activity. Many buildings were constructed, and nothing reflects the change so much as the demolition of the original church, and its replacement by a plain stone church (1820) and then by the present edifice (dedicated by his daughters to Joseph Egan, Esq., of the shipping industry).

There have been slight fluctuations, but the present population figure for Thurstaston (151) has changed little since 1801, while West Kirby and Heswall have increased very considerably. If the proposed port at Thurstaston had flourished, the present situation might be different. But this was not to be; there had been rivalry between Mersey and Dee for centuries, and the Mersey finally captured the trade. During the Middle Ages, the Mersey had been regarded as a 'creek' of the Dee, but in the fifteenth century the sand banks shifted, and partially blocked the Dee. The Liverpool shipowners could more easily handle the Irish textile trade, and the gradual decline of the Dee and the growth of the Mersey began. None of the small Dee ports was to become a second Liverpool.

The reasons why Thurstaston has not expanded may be summarised in few words: agriculture, and 'green belt'. For the most part, the parish consists of farm land and National Trust properties, principally the Common, which is to be preserved in its natural state. This will prevent further residential development in the parish. Agricultural activity in Thurstaston consists mainly in the cultivation of livestock food stuffs. This tendency is

reflected in the large number of fields used for hay production and for direct grazing by cattle. Cereal crops, such as oats, winter and spring wheat, are grown in some of the larger fields, but the total land under cereals is relatively small. There are few cattle for slaughter, and the emphasis is upon dairy farming for milk production. This is because of the proximity of large towns with heavy populations, which also accounts for the area's egg production. The two large farms, Dawpool Farm and Hall Farm lie between the Common and the shore. Here the land consists of a cover of good loamy soils developed on Boulder Clay. This clay, laid down by an ice sheet long ago, can be seen clearly in the cliffs overlooking the shore, where also are many boulders, once part of the clay.

The parish of Thurstaston is part of the marginal area surrounding the Merseyside conurbation, and its importance lies in the fact that it provides food and open spaces for the urban population. It still retains its rural quietness; and long may it remain so.

A CRICKET PRELUDE

Over the fresh-mown grass—a peaceful green—
A-shimmering in the noonday heat and still;
Only a hovering skylark's joyful trill
Falls on this loveliest summer scene.

Suddenly the pavilion's bell is pealed;
Out march the umpires with stately stride,
Then flows a waterfall in white—the fielding side—
A-swirling down the steps and to the field.

S. ABRAHAMS (4B).

COWBOYS

Is there anything a cowboy cannot do?
Perhaps, like me, you've wondered too,
As on the trail or in the bar
They show how versatile they are.

I've watched them in a thousand scenes
Upon a thousand different screens;
I've seen them rob the U.S. mail,
Escape, perhaps, from county jail.

I've seen them twirl above their head
A rope, and shoot red Indians dead,
Or plug a 'heart' in playing cards,
And hole a hat at fifty yards.

I've seen them dance, I've seen them pet,
I've seen them drink, play cards, and yet,
One thing I've never seen them do
Is looking after cows—Have you?

I. G. CAULFIELD (L5A).

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GREEKS

Go into any library and examine the historical section, and you will find dozens of books with titles like *The Glory that was Greece*, *The Greek Genius*, *The Greek Achievement*, *The Triumph of the Greeks*—all of them written by eminent scholars and suggesting that the Greeks were a race of saintly geniuses living a life of complete spirituality. Thus for years the classical scholars have been taking in 'the general reader' with their show of erudition and superior knowledge.

For, while it is true that the Greeks had certain qualities in their favour, they are quite eclipsed by their less creditable idiosyncrasies, which are carefully concealed by the experts. I have therefore attempted to enumerate

some of the characteristic Greek vices, which must be taken into consideration if one is properly to assess their more publicised virtues. What follows is a tentative summary of these vices.

The major vice of the Greeks was their utter laziness. We are all aware of the fact that the Greeks were the most highly cultured people ever, and it is well-known that culture is a product of leisure. Any excuse was good enough for the Greeks, if it meant the avoidance of work. Under the pretence of dramatic festivals, Olympic games, religious observances, or philological discussions, the Greeks managed to avoid all the normal responsibilities of life. Whole days were spent watching tragedies or debating the good life in the market-place (where it was usual to loiter for hours on end). Unlike more civilised peoples, such as ourselves, they regarded leisure as the normal state of life, and work as an irritating, though mercifully infrequent, interruption.

The main vice arising from their idleness was their talkativeness, or rather their garrulity. The Greeks never tired of talking, as can be seen from a cursory glance at Plato's writings. The worst offender in this respect was Socrates, who spent his entire lifetime talking in the market-place. Whenever he succeeded in gaining the upper-hand in a conversation (which was frequently), the result was catastrophic. For hours and hours he would go on with his recondite chatter, using all the techniques of verbal jugglery to mystify and overwhelm his simple-minded audience, and refusing to be interrupted, except for a brief and awed murmur of assent. In fact, his influence finally became so pernicious that he had to be liquidated. But the habit continued among the Greeks.

Another of their failings was their snobbishness. The Greeks despised the idea of equality and would be indignant if classed with the slaves who worked for them. Moreover, it was not considered impolite even to taunt one's neighbour on his humble birth, or foreign origin. Thus they even ridiculed Euripides, because his mother was a greengrocer. As for foreigners, they were either stupid or suspect. They were all casually dismissed as 'barbarian', which literally means 'Un-Greek'. This reveals what an inflated sense of self-importance they possessed—to be rivalled only by that of a certain modern nation.

I could go on in this manner, listing many more Greek vices—their crooked politics, for example, or their addiction to sport—but unfortunately space does not permit. I hope I have roused the complacently Hellenistic out of their slumbers and fortified the over-credulous against the empty rhetoric of the classical scholars.

D. G. LAWRENCE.

UNDER GAS

"You'll be all right, Peter; just take it easy." The anaesthetist clamped his hand to my mouth and pressed me into the dentist's chair, as he slowly brought the tube to my nostrils, releasing an occasional hiss of gas; a sickly odour, like the smell of coffee after an unpleasant night on the Channel, floated round my nose. My arc of vision gradually shrank, until I could only see the swaying, mocking branches of the trees outside. The mouth of the snake-like tube was ruthlessly pushed home. My eyes blurred; then everything blacked out.

My head was being forced back, driven down, sinking, drowning. Chest heaved, throat constricted, sledgehammers thudded into my skull. Then came that unearthly howling of jet engines, air raid sirens, pulsating to the rhythm of a spinning brain.

Now the cranium dilates, spreads downwards; the body dissolves, lost in the chamber of the mind. The diabolic orchestra's tune changes: four-four time—kloink, smack, ping! kloink, smack, ping! Numberless concentric rings of rippling light flow in to the central focus, the white hot nucleus; at every fourth beat a glowing atom streaks outwards top left. Kloink, smack, ping and shoot! kloink, smack, ping and shoot!

Fainter, fainter now, it fades and merges into a harsh humming firmament, a burnished coppery sky. The merciless sun seems to have

destroyed, annihilated everything but the burning, barren expanse of sand, an eye-searing acrid waste—but the camera is still moving, the dust is swirling, now clearing. The lens focuses on a ruined war-blasted heap of rubble. Figures emerge, a line of bronzed sweating soldiers making for one of the few remaining buildings. Behind, out in the desert, another man stumbles after them, calling, calling with my voice. He is waving his arms, shouting: "No! no! not there!" Frantically he staggers towards them; they keep on moving inexorably, heedlessly. "You musn't!" he yells; they still approach the building. He is screaming now: "No! don't go in there! don't go in there!" Someone notices; they turn in the doorway. "The sign! look at the sign!" he screeches, tottering, on the point of collapse. The Sign?—DENTIST.

"That's a good lad, it's all over now; here, swill your mouth out with this." The nurse handed me a glass of water. The branches outside the window smiled and nodded wisely as the sunshine danced on their leaves.

P. W. JOHNSON.

A WINTER SLEEPER

One day in January we decided to go on a dormouse hunt, not because we expected to find a mouse, but in the first place it provided us with an object for the afternoon, and secondly, it would take us through some beautiful woods.

As this was the season when dormice hibernate, we did not hope to see one on the move, so we began to search for their nests. These look like balls of coarse, long grass, which is known as tussock-grass. After patiently searching for a long time, we were at last rewarded by finding a sodden ball lying under a laurel bush. Another second and we were on our knees gently opening the wet grass, in the heart of which lay a large, handsome dormouse fast asleep. It was a young one and we were delighted to think that, if we could keep it alive, we would be able to see it develop through the various stages of its growth.

I carefully placed it in my pocket and we took it home at full speed. On arriving, we placed our friend on a shelf under a glass cage tilted slightly to let in the air, until we could procure a cage.

In about half-an-hour, the soft round ball of fur began to uncurl. The delicate round ears gently came forward and then stood erect and the nose appeared from behind the shelter of the long, slender tail. Then the eyes partially opened, disclosing a pair of slits; the long, black whiskers moved next. The tiny, pink hands opened and closed like those of a baby, and soon the sleepy creature made its way along the shelf. W. J. STINSON (L5A).

GOLDFISH

Goldfish dart mid rocks and reeds;
I'm very sure they have no needs;
All they do is feed on weeds,
Silently.

They dart and twist in search for food
Amid the rocks and pebbles strewed,
Then lie quite still and seem to brood
Silently.

And fronded weeds wave to and fro,
With ne'er a thought of friend or foe;
Between them fishes come and go
Silently.

Dogs and children round the brink,
Shout and play and stoop to drink;
But fishes swim and glide and sink,
Silently.

R. P. MARTINEAU (L5A).

A SEAMEN'S WELFARE SERVICE

During the Summer term, a small group of prefects was invited to visit the Gordon Smith Institute for Seamen; we were shown around the extensive premises, which include sleeping and living accommodation for over a hundred and fifty people, as well as writing and recreation rooms, and even a barber's saloon. During the visit, our guide gave us an outline of the history and functions of the organisation.

It was inaugurated in 1820, under the name of the Liverpool Seamen's Friendly Society. A notice in a current city newspaper defined its object as 'the promotion of religion and morality amongst seamen and those connected with shipping.' One of the oldest movements of its kind in the world, it has continued to fulfil this aim from its foundation. Ever since the days of sail, Society members have visited the crews of ships anchored in the Sloyne and joined them in religious observance. An extract from the Agent's log for 1899 reads as follows:

"On board the R a, found the men scraping the masts and doing everyday duties on the Lord's Day. On enquiring of the reason, they told us they had been to sea ten days past their time, and had lost count of the days. They expressed their sorrow at working on the Sabbath, and stopped immediately. We had a very good service. From cases such as this, we see the value of visiting these vessels."

In co-operation with the British Sailors' Society, an ocean library service is maintained, which ensures the circulation of over 175,000 books on ships throughout the world. On shore accommodation and social activity is provided for crews of ships visiting Liverpool, while a general welfare service is maintained for the benefit of needy or disabled seamen.

On 26th November, 1900, the President, Samuel Smith, Esq., formally opened the present building, which he had erected for the Society in memory of his only son, whose name consequently became attached to the organisation. He had always been deeply interested in nautical affairs, and it was through his munificence that the Society reached its present degree of efficiency and service in marine welfare.

R. J. WALKER.

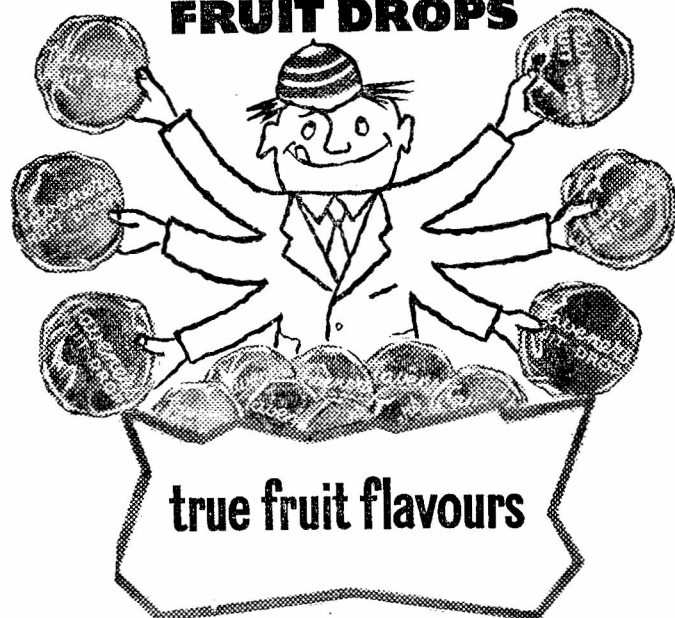
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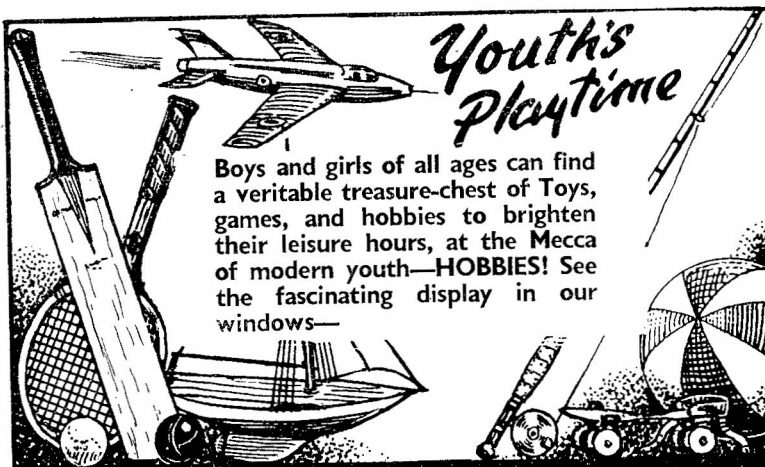
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