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LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXVII

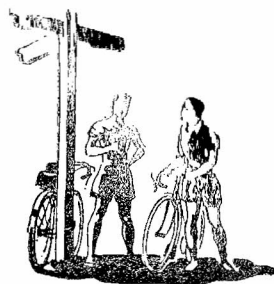
Number 2

JULY, 1959

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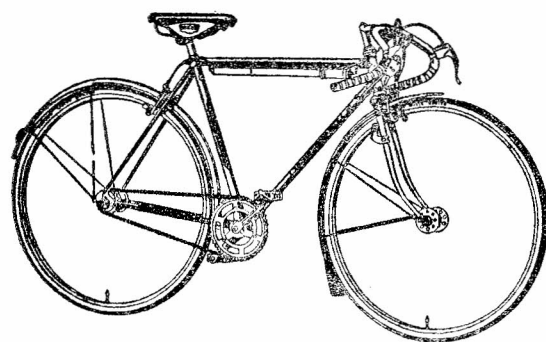
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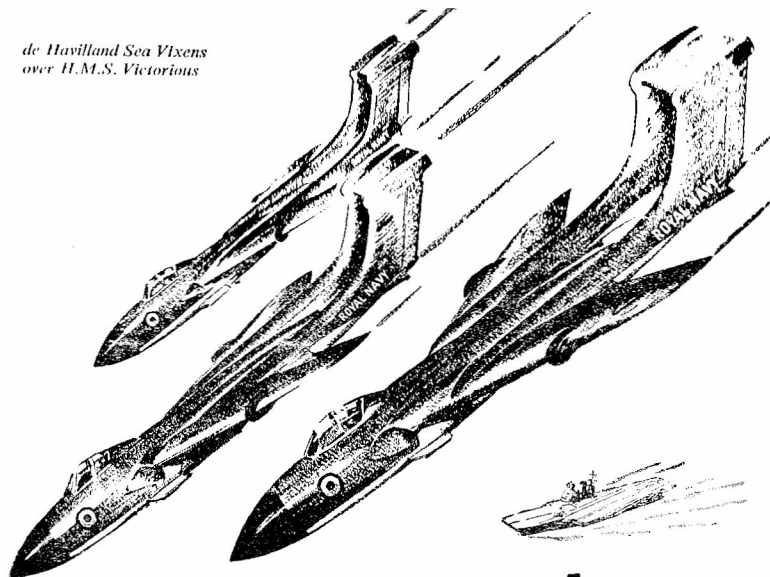


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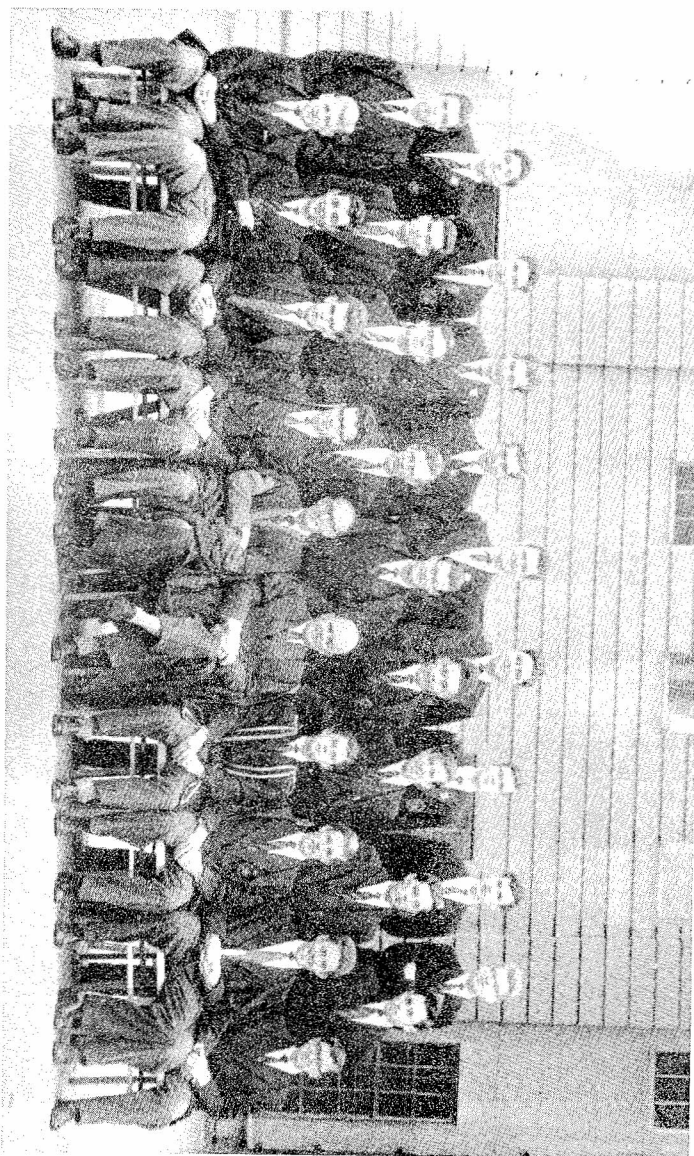
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LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

VOL. LXVII

JULY, 1959

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EDITORIAL

The Machine Age, the Age of Standardisation, the Age of Anxiety and the H-bomb—these are but a few of the well-worn epithets of the world we live in. Fashions for these titles quickly change as we approach nearer to the nightmare of Brave New World, but there is one aspect of life today which continues to have a particular bearing on our education in school as well as universal implications in the world outside—Specialisation.

A root-cause of the present-day crisis is a failure to understand. On every side there are economists, businessmen and industrialists, artists, scientists and technologists, sociologists, each of whom is fully convinced of the prior necessity of his own cause: in their midst, or rather engulfed beneath them, is the politician, facing the difficult task of trying to apply the specialised advice given him by these experts, so as to form an opinion that will make allowances for all their differences. This kind of situation can be observed in microcosm in the teaching of a school, where attempts to give the proverbial 'liberal' education generally meet with the same success as does the politician.

Last month, the School entered its first candidates for Russian in the G.C.E. A hopeful sign that our educational horizons are being broadened, that it has been recognised that there are other languages and cultures besides those of Europe. But however progressive we may be, that does not mean that the old should be discarded to make way for the new: Latin's fall from power a few weeks earlier was nothing but a surrender to the demands of Science. The dangers of over-specialisation, however, are by no means to be found solely in the scientists' camp, though the importunate cry for more technologists must needs be more noticeable. The days of Philosopher-kings in ivory towers are past: the specialist of today is far more practical, helping his country travel along the inevitable road to progress. The individual's concern is the mere question of where that road may lead us.

Mr. W. PETERS

Mr. Peters retires at the end of the term, after 36 years service to the School. Apart from his work in the History department, many Old Boys will remember his keen and active interest in the School Lake District Camps of the 1930's and the consistent success of the School Football XI during the years he was in charge. We wish him many years of happy retirement.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

As we go to press, we learn that four members of the Staff are leaving us to take up new appointments. They are Mr. H. G. B. Watson, to whom we are grateful for the interest he has shown in School Games and Athletics; Mr. H. R. Dodd, an Old Boy of the School, whose scholarship, versatility and geniality will be greatly missed by many; Mr. P. Rice and Mr. P. J. Isaac. We wish them all success and happiness in the future.

At the end of term, too, M. Brochier will be leaving us to return to Marseilles. We have been glad to have him with us and wish him well.

At Christmas, a representative of the Christian Union attended a meeting, in Staffordshire, of the Inter-Schools' Christian Fellowship.

On 12th February, boys from the Middle School attended a concert in the Philharmonic Hall, given by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. The programme was: Overture, *Carneval* (Dvorak); *German Dances* (Mozart); First Movement of *Symphony No. 3* (Brahms); *The Little Train of the Brazilian Countryman* (Villa-Lobos); and *Lullaby and Katschei's Dance*, from *The Firebird* (Stravinsky).

On 28th February, a number of boys attended a Sixth-Formers' Spanish Day, held at Holly Lodge High School.

On 12th March, members of the Upper School attended a concert in the Philharmonic Hall. The programme consisted of: *Johannesburg Festival Overture* (Walton); *Pavane for a Dead Infanta* (Ravel); *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* (Richard Strauss); songs and arias sung by a guest artist; and *El Puerto and Triana*, from *Iberia* (Albeniz-Arbo).

On 16th March, boys from the Lower Sixth enjoyed a recital of French folk songs given by Jan Rosol, at the Liverpool Collegiate School.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards on the birth of a son.

During March, a party of Sixth Formers attended a performance of *En la Ardiente Oscuridad*, by Antonio Buero Vallejo, at Liverpool University. A number of boys also attended performances of *Les Justes*, by A. Camus, presented by the University Department of French, and of Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, presented by the German Department.

The Hobby Show was held on the evenings of 13th and 14th March, when there was a record attendance.

We congratulate J. M. Radcliffe, who was selected to run the 100 yards for the Lancashire A.A.A. team, in the Inter-Counties championships, at the White City, London, on 16th May, 1959.

On 23rd May, the School Sports were held for the first time in three years on our own playing field, at Mersey Road.

In addition to the four open awards listed in the last issue, we are pleased to congratulate the following on their academic achievements:—

D. J. Whittaker, an Open Scholarship in Mathematics at Christ Church, Oxford.

J. R. Conder, a Pensionership at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

D. W. L. Burnham, a Commonership at University College, Oxford.

G. J. Rowlands, a Commonership at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

J. R. P. McKenzie, the Charles Robinson Scholarship in Modern Languages at Manchester.

HOUSE COMPETITIONS

	Winners:	Runners-up:
FOOTBALLSenior	Cochran	Owen
Middle	Owen	Cochran
Junior	Alfred	Tate
BASKETBALLSenior	Cochran	Hughes
HOCKEYSenior	Hughes	Cochran

CROSS-COUNTRY ...Senior	Lawrence	Cochran
Middle	Owen	Hughes
Junior	Lawrence	Alfred
Aggregate	Lawrence	Hughes
CHESS	Alfred	Tate
GYMNASTICS	Alfred	Danson
FIVESSenior	Lawrence	Hughes
Junior	Hughes	Owen
HOBBY SHOW	Hughes	Alfred

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

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

The Quarry, *The Wallaseyan*, *Holt School Magazine*, *Blue Coat School Magazine*, *The Inkwell*, *The Crosbeian*, *The Warrior*, *Los Angeles* (3 editions), *Blackburne House Magazine*.

THE HOBBY SHOW

It is estimated that, on the two nights on which it was held, well over two thousand people visited the Hobby Show—a record of which the School may justly be proud. A full account and analysis of the House Plays appears elsewhere; this article will deal with the exhibitions put on by various societies and departments of the School.

One of the first ports of call for many visitors was the room occupied by the R.A.F. Section of the Combined Cadet Force, where, when not being blinded by a barrage of signal lamps with which sundry small (and not so small) boys were delightedly turning everything in sight red and green, they could examine some of the equipment in the possession of the section, including a large rubber dingy, a radio receiver from which there poured forth a cosmopolitan assortment of music and atmospheric, and some of the equipment used in computing flight courses. There was also a competition in which entrants were invited to identify aircraft and ships from pictures pinned at intervals around the room.

Further down the corridor, queer things were afoot in the Physics Laboratory, where senior science students with demoniac glints in their eyes presided over their own particular twentieth century versions of witches' cauldrons. A piece of wire snaked back and forth over glass, apparently of its own volition. An arrangement of wire and batteries caused flat star-shaped pieces of tin to revolve unexpectedly, while a ghoulish creature leered out of an eerie, green-lit cave, whining menacingly at anyone who dared approach, to the accompaniment of a carillon from tubular bells played by no human hand. The hardy souls who endured thus far had sparks drawn off them, their sex determined, and their hair literally raised, whence they staggered forth into a world of comparative sanity.

The Scouts' exhibition was somewhat less alarming but still as interesting. In the centre of the room, a tent had been pitched and equipped with everything necessary for camping under canvas. To contrast theory with practice, an actual camp was illustrated by means of a relief model. The art of woodcraft, so useful on such occasions, was shown by charts and exhibits and another quiz tested visitors' knowledge of Scouting matters.

The exhibition also bore witness to the Scouts' interest in Road Safety,

for there were on display two ingenious devices, one for testing one's knowledge of traffic signs, and the other for measuring the speed of the reflexes.

The room next door contained silent proof that at least one grammar school is capable of an extremely high standard of workmanship in the field of handicraft, in the design, construction and finishing of the articles. It is perhaps worthy of mention that most of the articles were made for use as well as ornament, a particularly noteworthy example being a wooden-frame canoe.

A new feature of this year's Hobby Show was a film depicting the exploits of the cross-country teams in the Sefton Memorial Trophy race, the Cumella Cup, and the Sandfield Park road relay, two of which events were resounding successes for the Junior team. Cups and medals won by the teams were on show, as were photographs of the runners. The whole was enlivened by a—dare we say—running commentary from Mr. Rowell.

A hushed atmosphere prevailed in the room devoted to the Literary and Handwriting Competition, as visitors pondered such weighty questions as the identity of the bully in "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and other fine points of literary learning. In the handwriting section, a high standard of calligraphy was displayed, which one can only hope is maintained in the entrant's school exercise books.

To attract exhibits for their room, the secretaries of the Engineering and Transport Society had instituted a competition for which five prizes were awarded. The entries consisted mainly of illustrations of railway topics by means of photographs and tickets. Meanwhile, on the other side of the building, there was being shown a colour film, taken by Mr. E. R. Jones, with commentary by D. Reed, of the various trips the Society has recently made. This attracted considerably large audiences for its many showings.

The exhibits in the models section displayed a high degree of craftsmanship but, with one or two notable exceptions, little originality, as a large percentage of the models were made from commercial kits. Perhaps some of the competitors will go on to the more advanced stage of making models from the raw materials. This was done far more in the Model Railways room where, besides the model railway and racing track, some quite remarkable models were to be seen, made out of such things as old pieces of tin. These also showed great attention to detail, being in many cases scale models.

The geographical and historical maps combined neatness and care with originality. Mere slavish imitation of a map in a book was discouraged, and boys who had worked out the information to put on their maps themselves were given due credit. The Photographic Section had this year a large number of entries in the form of colour transparencies, mostly of a scenic variety. In the monochrome field, buildings were featured in many of the shots, the Cathedral being a particular favourite. Several entrants had endeavoured to take the subject from unusual angles and thus enliven the picture. The standard generally was high, the judges not being moved by some persons' attempts to win by the quantity of their entry.

The Archaeological Society, most junior of all the School societies, contributed a small section and one in which originality of idea was not altogether matched by the standard of execution. The field was confined to Greek, Roman and Egyptian, the exhibits mainly taking the form of maps and charts. The Philatelic Section demonstrated that there is much more to a stamp than merely postage. Presentation counted more than anything, and here again the standard was high; the stamps were attractively arranged and informatively annotated.

At various points around the School could be seen posters for the Hobby Show as part of the Art Competition, and there were more in the Art Room, as well as other pictures. The entries were done in black and white, the traditional painting method, and a peculiar "splattered" style much beloved

of the poster artists. The subjects varied, but there was no attempt at the more modernistic styles of art.

Down in the Biology Laboratory, examples of the smaller fauna were on display neatly mounted, as were examples of the art of dissection. One interesting exhibit was of a geological nature, examples of stone-types being related to a map. At the top end of the school, in the Chemistry Laboratory, the scientists were again having a field day. A chemical garden waved tender silicate growths, while in the background could be heard the minor explosions as a flame was made to pass along a glass tube. There were, besides, multi-coloured Bunsen burners and a device which appeared to be distilling treacle, but was not.

In Room 39, two of the more extrovert of the Science Sixth proceeded to ring the changes on a series of explosions and thus alarm and amaze their audience by turns, while, in the Chemistry Lecture Room, the subject of the demonstration was Liquid Oxygen, with particular emphasis on its freezing powers. Some demonstrations with colour also took place in the Physics Laboratory.

The more athletic side was not overlooked, for the Gymnasium was being used, either for demonstrations by the Gym. Club, senior and junior sections, or for Basketball games by Senior and Staff teams.

This, then, was the 1959 Hobby Show, which brought in the record attendance. The thanks of the School are due to everyone who had a hand in its efficient organisation. T.I.W.

THE PLAYS

To be perfectly candid, I thought the general standard of the plays submitted at the Hobby Show this year was just a little below what we have come to expect in recent years. There was more than a hint here and there of under-rehearsal and unpreparedness, while artistic verisimilitude was occasionally strained by some rather obvious miscasting.

Nevertheless, there were several performances of quite outstanding merit, among which must be mentioned those of D. S. Norris (William Smithson in "The Old Bull"), L. F. Macrae (Mrs. Vane in "Five at 'The George'"), D. W. L. Burnham (Lomov in "The Proposal"), J. R. Morgan (the gunsmith in "The Avenger") and B. L. Costigan (Pierre in "Underground").

Inaudibility was the besetting sin of several players, some of whom did not take sufficient pains to articulate clearly, while others destroyed the clarity of their diction by raucous shouting and by over-indulgence in strange dialects. Excessive and pointless movements, fidgety stances, untidy groupings and lack of variety of pitch, phrasing and tempo were among the blemishes that marred otherwise good productions; and there were some unfortunate memory lapses—made embarrassingly obvious by uncadence on the part of prompters. Incidentally, it should always be borne in mind, when selecting and casting a play, that an easy piece well done will always earn more marks than a more difficult one done indifferently.

It was because the Owen House production of Fritz Karinthy's "Re-fund" contained the fewest errors of the type just referred to, and because the entire cast worked with commendable zest and team-spirit, that Mr. Smith and myself had no hesitation in awarding the first prize to the company of players consisting of P. G. Sissons, P. A. Radcliffe, C. W. Manley, J. A. Butlin, R. J. Savin, J. B. M. Tucker and A. R. Breeze.

As runners-up, we finally voted for the Alfred House cast of C. J. Byrne, J. R. Power and J. R. Morgan for their felicitous presentation of Chekhov's "The Avenger," though not without some considerable difficulty

in separating that performance from the scarcely less creditable production of the other Chekhov piece, "The Proposal," by the Cochran House team of R. F. Hubbard, A. O. Chatterley and D. W. L. Burnham. A.H.

* * *

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

The misfortune which affected all House activities last term was the brief time in which to prepare; naturally this applies more particularly to the plays themselves, yet to make an excuse out of this is unreasonable, when one considers—to take isolated examples—that periods of rehearsal stretched from a few months to a few weeks! Furthermore, time of rehearsal is not the only factor necessary for success; the approach to the play, audibility, choice of play, and, most important, the acting itself, are all essential. The winner possessed all these qualities, except the choice of play, for which it more than compensated by its strength of acting; whereas the best play, potentially, produced many disappointments.

The most mystifying aspect of these plays, to the casual observer, is the clandestine nature of their entire production, and despite exhaustive precautions to see they remained so, it is surprising how many boys were confident as to the final result well in advance of the first performance; how wrong they all were! A sight that struck one with great amusement was that of boys scurrying in and out of the auditorium and lodging themselves in convenient niches like ants who have lost their nest. Besides the dress rehearsals, one could not help but discern rather obvious clues throughout the building: the zealous activity around the hitherto elusive school tape-recorder; the littering of the covered yard with scenery, which by now has played many parts; and the arbitrary 'requisitioning' of rooms 'off the beaten track.'

When the performances eventually floated to the surface, it was quite evident that one at least was still firmly entangled in the reeds, while another had been submerged so long that its overall appearance was a little tarnished. Others had concentrated far too much on complicated stage-effects, varying from a bomb that was not, hidden voices which were hidden at the wrong time, and an unseen mule which reared its ugly head after only two bars of a Grieg *Lyricstücke*. One play produced more surprises than a box of fireworks, and its curtain came down to a chorus of laughter to prove that even thrillers have their funny side.

No fewer than three plays had an all-male cast. The risks of female impersonation are well known, yet it is fair to say that the standard of acting in this department was appreciably higher than in previous years. There were varied characterisations: from a self-confident woman of the world to a very overpowering *femme fatale*, though the House she represented is now famous for its 'representations' in this art.

Finally, a word should be said in honour of the orchestra. Its scope and ability is vastly improving, and its function of relief or respite was needed, this year, perhaps, more than ever.

"PEDAL PUSHER."

* * *

Philip Holt House presented a favourite play, *The Old Bull*, by Bernard Gilbert. The curtain went up to reveal a carefully planned set, the Elmitts' kitchen. James, the younger son, was played by J. Smythe; his elder brother, Charles, was played by D. N. Baty, who, helped by previous acting experience, gave us a good study of this grasping, ungrateful character. When their uncle, William Smithson, arrives at the farmhouse with their father's will, he takes control. D. S. Norris in this part well asserted himself and to our pleasure informed Charles that not everything was his. Tom Bones (J. E. Roberts) is the faithful retainer who looks after and is indeed obsessed

by the old bull. He pleads with James to keep him at all costs. D. H. Mawdsley made a youthful but efficient housekeeper of Sarah Tinsley. The old bull dies, Charles Elmitt has overreached himself, James is rewarded; and the curtain descends on this pleasant bucolic comedy.

* * *

Five at 'The George', a thriller by Stuart Ready, was the choice of Tate House. Captain Standish (R. T. Crofts), Mr. Merridew (A. Stringfellow), Mrs. Vane (L. F. MacRae), Gilbert Weir (B. P. Wilson) and Elsie Weir (I. Taylor) assemble at the George Hotel; all have been summoned there by mysterious communications. They are served drinks by the all-knowing Landlord (M. F. McNaughton). When the Police Inspector (P. W. Adair) enters and interrogates "the trespassers" (as he deems them) the dénouement quickly follows. The mysterious landlord has disappeared; Captain Standish reveals himself as the murderer. The strained atmosphere of mystery and intrigue was well suggested, and a special word of praise must be given to L. F. MacRae. He brought elegance and poise to his interpretation of Mrs. Vane, marred only by difficulty with the important phrase "half-past nine." This was probably the best study of a woman in all the plays.

* * *

Chekhov is not a usual choice for schoolboys, yet at this year's Hobby Show two plays by the great Russian playwright were presented. Cochran House gave us *The Proposal*, a farce for three characters. Lomov (D. W. L. Burnham) comes to the landowner Choobukov (R. F. Hubbard) to ask for the hand of his daughter, Natalya (A. O. Chatterley). However, instead of proposing, Lomov quarrels with Natalya over the Oxen Meadows and the virtues of their dogs. Altercations and recriminations, tantrums and hysterics, quickly follow. There was good team-work and yet each member of the trio gave a convincing spirited performance. The characters were dressed and made up for their period, and Chatterley made an attractive Natalya Stepanovna. Perhaps it was not necessary for the players to pace about quite so much, but the climax with Lomov swooning, Natalya bemoaning the loss of her lover and Choobukov imploring them to leave him in peace, made an excellent curtain.

* * *

The Ghost of Jerry Bundler by W. W. Jacobs and C. Rock was presented by Danson House. The curtain went up on "the Commercial Room in an old-fashioned hotel." The setting, grouping and lighting were excellent, and A. M. Zalin as Penfold immediately held our attention and aroused our curiosity when he told us the story of the highwayman, Jerry Bundler. Zalin's study of the elderly man was admirably conceived and worked out in careful detail. Somers (M. G. Conroy), Malcolm (J. F. Walker), Hirst (A. R. Grogan), Beldon (B. R. West) and Dr. Leek (T. I. Williams) are others who find themselves at the inn. R. A. Gibson was the waiter who is so shocked when he thinks he has seen the ghost. West's voice was a shade too light to compete with the deeper voices of the other characters; Williams made a commanding figure of the doctor, but his pistol would have given him little protection against either "ghosts" or the "rough lot round here." This play based on the practical joke that had unforeseen consequences was well-rehearsed and sustained our interest.

* * *

Underground, a grim study by L. du Garde Peach of life in Occupied France, was the play selected by Hughes House. Pierre and Jeanne are on the stage for much of the time; B. L. Costigan played the part of the Frenchman with assurance and authority, C. E. Hannah made a convincing and efficient girl helper. Adequately played by M. N. Brown, the spy Gaston

was left to his fate in the cellar, along with the German police agent, Heide (D. A. Jackson). François never appears on the stage, but his voice was heard clearly and audibly. The setting was realistic and the printing machine well fulfilled its purpose. Care and thought had obviously been given to this production: above all, the players succeeded in suggesting the necessary atmosphere of urgency and retribution.

* * *

Hewers of Coal by Joe Corrie can never be an easy play to produce. The action takes place underground and we witness the tragedy which at any time may overtake the miners. G. I. Davies played the main part, that of Dick, a miner. It was unfortunate that he was not always audible and that the prompter was so much in evidence. R. J. Phillips gave a promising performance as the boy who has to pass through such a terrible ordeal. Peter, the handyman, was I. L. Robertson; Bob, a gaffer, D. G. P. Johnston; Joe, a miner, D. D. Wright. The imminent rescue of the entombed men was moving and well-staged. Lawrence Holt House had evidently put considerable thought into the production of this difficult one-act drama.

FOOTBALL

This season the lack of a practice field was a serious handicap. It meant that the only occasions when members of School teams played together was in actual matches. Another disadvantage was that only three of the players had any previous 1st team experience. However, the team was able to enjoy training sessions every Wednesday evening in the gymnasium.

Individual members of the side were excellent players, yet the team lacked cohesion in the majority of the games. At the beginning of the season the defence was extremely sound, compensating for the weak forward line. Unfortunately, towards the end, although the forwards were scoring freely, the defence was often unsound.

Outstanding among many enjoyable matches were a well contested draw (2-2) with Manchester Grammar School, our game with Liverpool Ramblers F.C., always a very pleasant social occasion, and our victory over a touring public school eleven, Aldenham (3-1). We are indebted to Liverpool Ramblers for their generosity in lending their ground and changing facilities.

The Senior Shield game versus Liverpool Collegiate School produced one of the most exciting and keenly contested matches of the year. Although losing 4-1 at half time, the team fought back to 4-3. Only a bad defensive lapse enabled Collegiate to score the vital goal.

The season's leading goal scorer was J. M. Radcliffe, with 20 goals. His speed and determination were a constant worry to all opposing defences. In the trials for the Merseyside Grammar Schools F.A. the School was represented by four senior players: D. W. L. Burnham, J. M. Radcliffe, P. Bevan and J. D. Lunt. Burnham gained his place in the Grammar Schools side for the third successive year, and earned the distinction of representing the Lancashire and Cheshire Grammar Schools eleven versus Durham, at Darlington.

The most successful School side was the Colts eleven, whose clever and confident football earned them many good victories. Unfortunately, illness and injuries caused them to be defeated, 5-2, in their Shield game against Prescott G.S.

Promise is shown by many players in the School teams, and it is hoped that the coming season will again see practices on our own field, so that keenness and skill may be encouraged.

We offer our thanks to all the masters who devote so much time and energy to make School football possible.

D. W. L. BURNHAM, J. M. RADCLIFFE.

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against
1st	24	8	14	2	56	68
2nd	21	9	11	1	70	74
3rd	9	2	7	0	14	43
U.15	20	16	3	1	89	45
U.14	12	5	7	0	38	47
U.13	20	9	7	4	61	43
U.12	14	7	5	2	52	29

HOCKEY

The second half of the past season was somewhat more successful than the first, but the standard of hockey was in general far below that of our immediate predecessors.

The great weakness in the 1st XI was the defence: on one occasion the forwards showed their strength by scoring eight goals, but the defence showed all the weaknesses and conceded six goals. In several games, but for the often brilliant goal-keeping of R. F. Hubbard, the scores against the team would have been far greater.

The forward line has at times combined well together, but the inside forwards have tended to wander a little too much. The main goal scorer was D. L. Brown, who scored forty-two goals, over half the XI's total.

The XI as a whole has been unsettled, frequent changes being made in attempts to obtain an efficient team. The great majority of this year's XI are staying on next year, and, with practice, a successful season might well result.

The 2nd XI have suffered from the 1st XI periodically poaching players, and as a result have not been able to field their strongest team. When they did, however, they gave a very good account of themselves, and in the team are one or two promising young players.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Rogers, Wray, Parker and Dodd for their assistance.

The full 1st XI is:—

R. F. Hubbard, D. W. T. Hughes, E. J. Butler, M. Lunt, B. L. Costigan, R. J. Savin, G. I. Davies, D. C. Barron, D. L. Brown, P. B. Marks, G. J. Rowlands.

The full season's results are:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XI	22	7	2	13	64	77
2nd XI	21	7	2	12	50	77

G. I. DAVIES.

BASKETBALL

This season has been one of rather mixed fortunes for the team. After an inauspicious beginning, with only two victories, it was obvious some serious practice was needed. A heavy defeat at the hands of the University emphasised this point, and after the Christmas Holidays an attempt was made to rectify the poor play of the previous term.

Almost immediately the standard of play improved. In the first match of the Spring Term, Quarry Bank, who had beaten the School quite easily the previous term, were held to a draw. Playing Calday and Collegiate, the School won, against poor opposition, by even greater margins than in the earlier matches against these schools. But it was not until the School visited Alsop that it was possible to make a further assessment of the strength of the team. The match at Alsop resulted in a convincing win for the School, a win that indicated clearly the improvement in School play, as they had defeated us in our gym in the Autumn Term.

The last matches in the year were against Santa Maria, who narrowly defeated us, and against the Police Cadets. The matches against the latter gave both teams a home win, the matches being very close, scores of 39-36 and 30-21 speaking for themselves.

This term, practices have already started in preparation for next year's games, as it is hoped by so doing to avoid a poor start to the season. The prospects for next year's team appear good, as members of the squad attending the Monday practices show every sign of becoming good basketball players.

Once more the team offers its sincere thanks to Mr. Goodall for giving up so much of his spare time to referee our matches and coach us in our practices.

Colours this year were re-awarded to R. D. Lang and awarded for the first time to N. B. Jones and M. Lunt. J. Park received half-colours. Those previously mentioned, with the addition of D. W. L. Burnham, D. Hall, J. M. Radcliffe, W. J. Rigby and F. Burfitt, constituted this year's team.

N. B. Jones and R. D. Lang have represented the City and were members of the team which played in the final of the English Schools' Basketball Championship.

R. D. LANG.

REISE NACH BERLIN

It was not quite a week after the end of the Spring Term that I left on a journey right into the heart of Europe, to a city which, in its divided state, symbolises the division of a whole continent.

After an enjoyable week in the Netherlands, I made my way over to Hamburg. Steady rain and a cold Rundfahrt along the Elbe left me somewhat desirous of indoor, rather than outdoor amusement, which was to be found in abundance, especially in the suburb of St. Pauli, the cradle of night-life in Hamburg. But I found the night-spots somewhat cheap and bourgeois in character; the Teutonic approach to this subtle art was typically heavy-handed, so that instead of an atmosphere of artistic spontaneity, the reek of cheap beer and tobacco reminded one of a fairground rather than a night-club.

From the "free Hansa town of Hamburg," I went over Lüneburg Heath to Hanover, a pleasant town busily preparing itself for the Trade Fair. An interesting morning was spent looking around the museum of the royal house of Hanover at Harenhausen. Unfortunately, the Schloss had been destroyed by war bombing (American bombs, so the guide tactfully told me), but the museum was still intact. As Hanover is situated almost on the Autobahn leading from Berlin to West Germany, and as rail fares are slightly extortionate, I decided to hitch-hike through the Iron Curtain. We were through the Western control post in two minutes; but at the Russian check point I was interrogated for five long minutes by a slick, polite but firm official, who insisted that before travelling through the Deutsche Demokratische Republik to the Western Sector of Berlin, I must procure a visa—which took a good half-hour to effect.

Once in the former German capital, I was struck, as most Western visitors, by the immense difference between East and West. It is not only that the shops in the West are glossier, the people better dressed, the standard of living higher, the streets cleaner and better kept, or the public transport more frequent and reliable. Indeed, the material superiority of West over East Berlin is nothing new; like London, the West end of Berlin was always more fashionable, more opulent. What is immediately apparent is that the personal freedom so much taken for granted in the Western world ceases at the Brandenburg Gate. Whereas in West Berlin a foreigner, carrying no form of identity on his person, such as a passport, but seen reading a copy of the East German paper, *Neues Deutschland*, would be generally ignored, the same man in the Eastern Sector, reading a Western paper, would be immediately accosted by any number of security police, and, if he were lucky, bundled on to the next Unterbahn train to the Western sector. Without his *Ausweis*, the East Berliner is in an impossible position; without it he cannot buy any food, use public transport, or stay at a hotel or boarding-house.

Walking down the Avenue of the 17th June, in the West, so named in commemoration of the insurrection of that date in 1953, one is reminded to some extent of the Spartan character of ancient Rome. At one end is the Siegesäule, or Victory Column, erected at the victorious close of the Franco-Prussian war, and at the other, the characteristically Prussian Brandenburg Gate, while between them is the impressive Russian war memorial, closely guarded, as in the Russian Embassy on the other side of the Brandenburg Gate. One morning I had a chat with two of these guards, who had never met an Englishman, nor smoked our cigarettes. A German friend of mine acted as interpreter, and from him I learnt that they came from different parts of the Ukraine, and had both been in Berlin for almost two and a half-years; national service for the Russian lasts normally for five years, of which no more than a few weeks are granted for leave. The vast majority of the troops, and all security police officials were, however, East Germans. Among the population in the East there generally exists a smouldering hatred (particularly of the Stalinallee, an example of Russian tyranny in terms of architecture), subdued on account of the dangerous situation, and a hopeless feeling of the futility of revolt. The young, taught by Communist teachers, are brought up on Communist ideology with their *Wurst* and *Sauerkraut*, but a steadying influence is doubtless brought about by the difference in home environment. At any rate, as under the dictatorship of the Third Reich, membership of the party is virtually compulsory, in that it is a practical impossibility to remain aloof. The only difference between Nazi and Communist tyranny seems to be that of ideology; all the trademarks of enforced dictatorship are visible today; the crowds of armed police and troops encountered everywhere, and the children, of whom almost all are seen wearing a conspicuous blue scarf, the badge of the party-sponsored "Freie Deutsche Jugend," or "Free German Youth" movement. The equivalent of our street advertisement is the eternal propaganda slogan. In letters several feet high, the peace-loving, proud and hopeful citizens of East Berlin, the capital of the only true German state, are continually exhorted to ignore and beware the temptations of the degenerate, materialist capitalist world, temptations such as better housing, better living conditions, jazz music, West German Sunday papers and infinitely greater personal freedom. (The thousands of refugees, however, who flock every week from East to West, do not resist the temptations.) All these, the "Parteibonzen," who inhabit comfortable and spacious dwellings in the suburb of Pankow, dismiss as no more than the baits used by the evil men of the West, to entice innocent citizens away from their glorious Stalinallee . . . and vast bombed spaces. The approach seemed to me too blatant for words; such things as "Up With the Coming (Russo-East German) Peace Treaty" and "Down With the American Imperialists, British Colonialists, French Fascists,

and (West) German Militarists" dominate the life of the East Berliner, as advertisements for soap powder and detergents do that of his British counterpart.

Back in the Western sector, I found the attitude of the students in the Free University one of implacable, Dulles-like hatred of anything connected with Russian influence; once West Berlin falls into the Russian mesh, the Federal Republic would not last twelve months, was their attitude to the question of inflexibility. My stay in Berlin coincided with Mr. Macmillan's visit to Moscow, and on more than one occasion I found myself 'on the mat,' explaining, as best I could to these earnest gentlemen, the difference in outlook between the Englishman and the German to such things as Western security. I also had to account for what they called an anti-German press, and the alleged weakness of our foreign policy towards Russia. In all, my day at the University was a fairly grilling one! Yet the atmosphere in the West, in spite of the higher standard of living, is deficient in many ways. The true spirit of Berlin walks not in the Kurfürstendamm, with its glittering lights and glossy, neo-American style cinemas and fashionable shops, night-clubs and bars. Nor, for that matter, could I take gladly to the brand-new American style flats and hotels that rear up at odd intervals and in all shapes and angles. Far more than these architectural gimmicks and monstrosities, I was impressed by the steady reconstruction of the burnt-out Reichstag, to me a symbol of the democracy and liberalism in Germany that perished with them by fire in 1933. It was on the long, straight stretch of the Unter den Linden, in the midst of the ghosts of Germany's lurid past, a past from which she seems to have turned away, that I discovered the Berlin of popular imagination. Lined by embassies, museums, and an imposing ruin that was once the Opera House, the Unter den Linden, majestic yet in ruins, is still for me the first street in Berlin, and therefore in Germany. When that enigmatic, schizophrenic nation is finally reunified, if she ever is, and Western democracy once again lights up this corner of Europe, dark for over a quarter of a century, visionaries among the Berliners look forward to a grand liberation of East Berlin, when in answer to their plea, the Brandenburg Gate will be flung open, and liberators and liberated will meet on the Unter den Linden.

D. S. RUDNICK.

RUGBY FIVES

At the beginning of the School year, fluorescent lighting was installed in the covered court and has proved to be almost as good as daylight. We no longer dread the approach of winter darkness, which used to prevent play in the evenings and often spoil it during the dinner hour.

A match was played against the Staff in December. The School team won 6-1, though it contained only one survivor from last year's four.

Twelve pairs entered for the Handicap Doubles Tournament. James and Ritson won the final of this event by a single point in a thrilling game against Mr. Rowell and B. Connor (the Captain) who conceded a handicap of 10 points out of 40.

Recently the Senior and Junior House Championships have been held, Lawrence House winning the one and Hughes House the other.

The standard of play remains high, as is proved by encounters with Old Boys, of whom E. Bramhall and D. J. McCulloch have made known our proficiency at this game by their prowess at Cambridge and Durham.

D.W.R.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

Smog and influenza did their best to delay the resumption of activities at the beginning of the Spring Term. We tried training in smog, but found that this alone of weather conditions impairs rather than promotes fitness; indeed, the first time a fixture had to be cancelled because of the weather.

The influenza epidemic struck a severe blow but never caused a whole team to take to its bed simultaneously. Individual victims ought to be commended for loyalty, turning up for races, even though they were not in the pink of condition.

Another of the vicissitudes encountered early in the year was ice. The fixture against St. Edward's College was held on the School field itself, the ice and snow on our usual course making the going too hazardous.

The weather was fine in time for the House Championships and the winners were as follows:

Senior: W. J. Rigby. *Under 16:* W. J. Stinson. *Under 14:* I. J. Ferguson. *House Competition:* Lawrence Holt.

On the next day, in a fixture at De La Salle, R. R. Lyon, an Under 14, who had been second in the House Championship, won his race and equalled the existing record for the course. Clearly the House race had provided him with his first training of the season.

Only seven schools could send teams to the Merseyside Grammar Schools' Senior Road Relay, held at Mersey Road on 7th February, because flu caused several to withdraw at the last moment. The teams kept close together and the result was not a foregone conclusion early in the race, as is often the case in relay racing. The winners were St. Mary's College, and the Institute was placed third, although four of the six members of the team were Juniors.

On 10th February, we were privileged to have Mr. T. J. O'Mahoney come and speak to us. He was himself an international cross-country runner and in his capacity as Honorary Secretary of Liverpool Harriers, he is always closely in touch with many athletes and their training. In his talk he concentrated on "distance" running and relay racing. The techniques he discussed have proved to be of real value to many individuals since, and we thank him very much for giving us the opportunity of sorting out training problems and race tactics.

The hints given by Mr. O'Mahoney bore immediate fruit when, on 21st February, the Under 16 team won the Sandfield Park Road Relay, beating sixteen other teams. Here the depth of talent in this team was shown to the full. The difference in time between the fastest and slowest of our six runners was twenty-seven seconds. This means that, in an ordinary race over the one and a half miles of the relay course, all the team would have finished with less than one hundred and fifty yards between the first and the last.

It was shown a fortnight later that keenness for the sport is not confined to one team. All the Third, Fourth, and Lower Fifth forms entered teams for a Handicap Race, held after School on 4th March. This is the second year that the race has been organised, and the enthusiastic response from the eighteen forms has ensured it a place as an annual event in future.

This year, for the first time, the cross-country teams had something to contribute to the Hobby Show. Mr. Bradley had filmed the Cumella and Memorial Cup races as well as the Sandfield Park Road Relay, and he kindly lent the films to us. They were shown at regular intervals on both nights, Mr. Rowell giving a commentary. On the second night, twelve showings were given to packed houses. While the film was being rewound, visitors

could see photographs of the teams arranged over the walls, and also the Booth Cup and the Memorial and Edwardian Trophies which the Under 16's had already won.

The next Saturday, the day after term ended, proved to be the crowning glory of a year of unprecedented success for the Under 16 team. Ninety-two schools entered teams for the Northern Schools' Cross-Country Championships held on the stiffest of hilly courses at Disley, Cheshire. The Liverpool Institute won the Junior race with the counters placed as follows:

14, W. J. Stinson; 25, N. R. K. Quinn; 39, E. R. Burfitt; 50, S. C. Healey. If any one of these four had not finished, the team would still have been placed third, because J. R. Owens was close behind in 72nd position. This example of fine team running will prove to be an inspiration for many boys in the future.

The Under 16 team has completely overshadowed the efforts of the others which would have deserved mention in a more "normal" year. The Seniors were keen but their lack of success was due to insufficient support. The Under 14 team showed more promise towards the end of the season but the improvement was more in spirit than in performance.

It is not often that one can look ahead with confidence, but it is tempting to predict that next year's teams will not need the reflected glory of this year to bring them success, unless, of course, our leading runners leave.

Mr. Rowell has again earned the gratitude of the teams. His first-class organisation and attention to detail have freed the runners from trivial distractions and his enthusiasm for the sport is shown by the fact that he was placed third in the Senior House Championship.

At the close of the season the following awards were made:

Full colours re-awarded to W. J. Rigby. Full colours awarded to F. Burfitt, N. R. K. Quinn, W. J. Stinson. Half colours awarded to E. R. Burfitt, A. Jones. W. J. RIGBY.

ATHLETICS

Interest in Athletics has reached the highest peak for some years. Both the Senior and Junior teams have some very promising athletes. Two members of the Junior team, L. Hampson and D. W. T. Hughes, deserve recognition. The former is rapidly breaking existing School records in a most convincing way, while Hughes, excelling in field events, has already broken the Senior Shot record. Progress such as this promises well for the future.

More fixtures have been arranged than in previous years and should provide some very exciting competitions. So far this term, two matches have taken place, against Wirral G.S. and Alsop H.S.; both were won with comparative ease. The Inter-Grammar School Sports in June offers a challenge to the team to show its real worth.

The rise in popularity is undoubtedly due to the untiring efforts of Mr. H. G. B. Watson, Mr. Rowell and Mr. Middleton. Their valuable time and experience have helped many members of the team to improve their performances. On behalf of the team, I should like to thank these masters for their efforts and wish them to know that they are appreciated by everyone concerned. J. M. RADCLIFFE.

SCHOOL SPORTS

The School Sports were held on Saturday, 23rd May. The welcome return to Mersey Road, after three years absence, was accompanied by perfect weather.

Recent work on the field has certainly made an improvement to the running track, as was shown by several competitors, whose performances were better than ever before.

The many spectators who arrived obviously enjoyed themselves. This enjoyment was undoubtedly aided by the many amenities provided for them. The 'broadcasting' system, competently run by Mr. Hart and Mr. Rogers; the results classified by Mr. Lloyd; together with the many chairs provided by Liverpool Education Committee, all helped to make Sports Day the occasion it should be.

An opportunity of taking tea in the marquee was readily taken by many of the visitors. Mr. Durband, Mr. Moore and McKenzie, Reed, Crofts and Whittaker spent as much energy as the athletes ensuring that their guests were comfortable, while J. D. Lunt spent a very profitable afternoon of the mineral stall.

The Gymnastic display provided by the Gymnastic Club was well up to the high standard which we expect from them. We understand that Mr. Goodall and the boys had spent a great deal of time preparing for this very agreeable spectacle.

* * *

An unprecedented number of new records was set up and the individual record breakers deserve mention:

C. J. Byrne: Open Hop, Step and Jump.
L. J. Hampson: Under 15 220 yards and Hop, Step and Jump.
D. W. T. Hughes: Under 15 Discus, Javelin and Shot.
P. S. Jones: Open Long Jump.
W. J. Rigby: Open 880 yards and Mile.

The complete results were as follows:

100 YARDS.

Open: J. M. Radcliffe, 1; P. L. Bracey, 2; G. I. Davies, 3. 10.2 sec.
U.16.: P. S. Jones, 1; D. Macauley, 2; R. T. Green, 3. 11.0 sec. (equals rec.)
U.15: L. J. Hampson, 1; P. H. Kay, 2; D. W. T. Hughes, 3. 11.5 sec.
U.14: D. S. Ramsdale, 1; M. Greenwood, 2; A. J. Wallard, 3. 13.0 sec.
U.13: F. W. Grove, 1; J. D. Wilson, 2; G. Williams, 3. 13.3 sec.
U.12: J. C. Townend, 1; S. Jacks, 2; W. Reade, 3. 13.4 sec.,

220 YARDS.

Open: J. M. Radcliffe, 1; G. I. Davies, 2; N. R. K. Quinn, 3. 23.4 sec.
U.16: R. T. Green, 1; D. Macauley, 2; J. Tucker, 3. 25.5 sec.
U.15: L. J. Hampson, 1; P. H. Kay, 2; J. R. Davies, 3. 26.2 sec. (rec.)
U.14: N. Greenwood, 1; A. J. Wallard, 2; D. S. Ramsdale, 3. 30.2 sec.
U.13: F. W. Grove, 1; G. Williams, 2; N. W. Adelsberg, 3. 30.8 sec.
U.12: J. C. Townend, 1; S. Jacks, 2; D. J. Kirkham, 3. 32.1 sec.

440 YARDS.

Open: W. J. Rigby, 1; N. R. K. Quinn, 2; W. J. Stinson, 3. 55.7 sec.
U.15: L. J. Hampson, 1; I. J. Ferguson, 2; J. R. Davies, 3. 59.8 sec.
U.13: R. I. Bethel, 1; D. W. Rushton, 2; S. V. Smith, 3. 70.1 sec.

880 YARDS.

Open: W. J. Rigby, 1; W. J. Stinson, 2; N. R. K. Quinn, 3.
2 m. 1.6 sec. (rec.)
U.15: P. A. Radcliffe, 1; I. J. Ferguson, 2; J. R. Owens, 3. 2 m. 21.1 sec.

MILE.

Open: W. J. Rigby, 1; W. J. Stinson, 2; A. Jones, 3. 4 m. 38.2 sec. (rec.)
 U.16: S. C. Healey, 1; P. A. Radcliffe, 2; J. R. Owens, 3. 5 m. 5.9 sec.

HURDLES.

Open: G. J. Rowlands, 1; P. L. Bracey, 2; C. J. Byrne, 3. 17.6 sec.
 U.15: M. G. Crichton, 1; N. F. Garland, 2; R. D. Hynes, 3. 16.7 sec.
 U.13: C. Stinson, 1; J. S. Kewley, 2; G. K. Duckett, 3. 17.9 sec.

LONG JUMP.

Open: P. S. Jones, 1; J. M. Radcliffe, 2; G. I. Davies, 3. 20 ft. 6 in. (rec.)
 U.15: R. G. Lewis, 1; I. J. Ferguson, 2; M. J. Connor, 3. 16 ft. 7½ in.
 U.13: A. D. Line, 1; L. J. Gillam, 2; M. Ryan, 3. 13 ft. 3½ in.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

Open: C. J. Byrne, 1; P. S. Jones, 2; D. L. Brown, 3. 38 ft. 3 in. (rec.)
 U.15: L. J. Hampson, 1; D. G. Rock, 2; F. W. Grove, 3. 30 ft. (rec.)

HIGH JUMP.

Open: C. J. Byrne, 1; E. J. Butler, 2; A. Houghton, 3. 4 ft. 10 in.
 U.15: D. A. G. Grey, 1; D. Carney, 2; I. I. Marriott, 3. 4 ft. 7 in.
 U.13: B. Morris, 1; D. A. Clark, 2; F. W. Grove, 3. 4 ft.

DISCUS.

Open: D. L. Brown, 1; K. D. Ritson, 2; P. B. Marks, 3. 109 ft. 5½ in.
 U.15: D. W. T. Hughes, 1; D. I. C. Hemes, 2; G. N. Baker, 3.
 105 ft. 4½ in. (rec.)

JAVELIN.

Open: K. D. Ritson, 1; D. L. Brown, 2; A. C. Gallie, 3. 128 ft.
 U.15: D. W. T. Hughes, 1; P. Worthington, 2; D. I. C. Hemes, 3.
 119 ft. 6 in. (rec.)

SHOT.

Open: K. D. Ritson, 1; A. C. Gallie, 2; J. M. Radcliffe, 3. 35 ft. 10 in.
 U.15: D. W. T. Hughes, 1; J. G. Milbourn, 2; P. H. Kay, 3.
 43 ft. 10 in. (rec.)

OBSTACLE RACE.

U.13: G. J. Spain, 1; P. J. Smee, 2; T. Maunder, 3.

CRICKET BALL.

U.13: G. Williams, 1; J. R. Oldfield, 2; P. C. Wilkinson, 3. 47 yards.

HOUSE RELAYS (6 × 110 yards).

Open: Philip, 1; Lawrence, 2; Alfred, 3. 1 m. 14.8 sec.
 U.15: Owen, 1; Lawrence, 2; Hughes, 3. 1 m. 28.7 sec.
 U.13: Alfred, 1; Hughes, 2; Owen, 3. 1 m. 35.8 sec.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

SENIOR: J. M. Radcliffe and W. J. Rigby. INTERMEDIATE: L. J. Hampson.
 JUNIOR: F. W. Grove.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

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

VERMEER COUNTRY

The water between the island of Marken and the coast of North Holland is often a very rough and dangerous area, although quite shallow. This day, however, the small but sturdy pleasure boat, which runs a service between the two, found little difficulty as it plied its way over the waters towards the long, low, spire-crowned island from Monnikendam, that quaint, old-world village on the mainland.

In the harbour, the clatter of the hammers against the weathered hulls of the blackened fishing boats beached, their prows peeping cautiously over the rippling water, as the Monnikendam fishers made their repairs, resounded ominously, and gave the setting an atmosphere of solitude and clarity, audible even when the village had diminished to an untidy cluster of multi-coloured boxes straggling along the horizon.

The engine sputtered, coughed, and finally wheezed to a stop, the boat crunched against the dimpled wall of the landing stage, the wavelets lapped patiently beneath; and Marken had been reached. Marken was an island of heads; plait-laden and lace-capped they protruded from every window in every water-front cottage; clad with tall black conical head-dress, they peered from doorways and around corners. As the women and men waited, in full Marken apparel, the gilded stream of sight-seers swept over the boat's side in a tidal wave of cameras, wallets, purses, and brochures, the well-known symptoms of souvenir hunting, money-spending tourism, for the Marken people live on the tourist trade.

Their houses are of wood, small, solid, squat cubes, yellow, pink, white, blue and red, lined neatly and perfectly along the inner sea wall, looking out, each with its two square, lace-webbed windows, over the rush-fringed dyke and the restless waters of the IJssel Lake to the level coastline of the mainland, for so long foreign terrain to the islanders. Thus it was that the people of Marken grew into a race apart, intermarried and became a united community, strict and faithful in their Christian religion, as they remain today, with their peculiar costumes, houses, and manners, which attract thousands of visitors every year from all over the world.

The Marken home has one room, approached by a narrow passage, decorated in antique "Delft Blue" ware in the upper half, and family heir-looms suspended precariously in the lower, which make entry a difficult and care-demanding manipulation; safely inside, one finds the room to be equally heavily festooned, and the bright and contemporary colours of the painted walls, only barely visible, admittedly, behind flat plates of blue and white, and fine but cumbersome furniture, black with age, give the dwelling an appearance of an over-decorated coffee bar. The rear wall, perhaps more sparingly adorned, houses the quaint "cupboard beds" of the islanders. The bed lies in a hollow in the wall and is divided from the living room by a wooden door, flush with the interior wall. Each "cupboard" contains a double bed, and often in a house there is one for the bride, a traditional supplement to the tiny abode, but used only once. The wedding costumes and their carnival and everyday counterparts are stored in painted boxes of every shape and size, and piled tidily on a table against the wall, awaiting exhibition.

But the sea called once more, and soon the pleasure boat, bereft of the Monnikendam accordionist, who had serenaded under the canvas awning on the first cruise, in his baggy, black dress and huge buttons, was chugging over the water from Marken towards another tourist centre, the coastal village of Volendam.

If Marken had been a village of heads and harlequin houses, then surely Volendam was one of canals and carved clogs, for the latter were on view outside every shop in every street and by every canal, exquisitely carved in traditional patterns, a pair displayed for every occasion. The back streets

were mostly canals, and the gardens sloped down to them, the bridges climbed over them, and some houses even stood in them, so crowded and untidy was the town-planning in this old-fashioned fishing village. The harbour was a forest of ships' masts sprouting from an undulating plateau of creaking, moored boats.

Out to the east lay Marken, to the south huddled Monnikendam, and to the north and west, the flat, low, peaceful Dutch countryside rolled on towards the North Sea.

J. R. MORGAN (L5Sc.)

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

It seemed that Fate was determined to wreck completely this year's session of the Literary and Debating Society. Not content with removing one of the Secretaries to hospital at a crucial stage in the Autumn Term, she proceeded to contrive further mischief. Thus it was that, one evening in January, a thick blanket of fog descended over Liverpool just as our members were preparing for the evening's debate. As a result one debate was postponed, and another had to be cancelled outright—probably the first time in the Society's history that weather has caused a meeting to be cancelled. Then, in March, came the news that the Board Room would not be available for our final meeting. It was eventually held in the Prefects' Room on a rearranged date, and as a result there was a considerable drop in the attendance.

But the Society held firm in the face of adversity. Some of its debates reached a gratifyingly high standard, and one hopes that the younger members who have come to the fore recently will continue to improve. One of the disappointments was the attendances: after a good beginning, they fell off considerably during the second half of the session. But there were many valid reasons for this, and no doubt support will be as strong as ever next year.

Since the last issue of the magazine, seven debates have been held:

On 2nd December the motion for debate was "That this House deplores the present-day trend in art." It was proposed by G. J. Rowlands, who pointed out the difficulty in understanding art in general, and the impossibility of understanding modern art in particular. The opposer, T. I. Williams, argued that art was always changing and that modern art really did have a meaning. The seconder to the proposition, J. W. Shaw, declared that modern art was only fit for places like Birkenhead, while his opposition counterpart, R. D. Cannon, retorted that it symbolised the artist's independence. The motion was defeated: For 7; Against 23; Abstentions 18.

The Christmas Debate, held on 17th December, took the form of a Balloon Debate. M. Brochier and his seconder, J. R. A. Power, had little difficulty in winning the only parachute for Miss Brigitte Bardot, who received 22 votes. Lonnie Donegan (D. M. Andrew and C. Manley) tied for second place with Dracula (L. F. MacRae and J. W. Shaw), each receiving 11 votes. Adam (M. F. McNaughton and R. S. Pybus) received 9 votes, while Mat Dillon (T. I. Williams and R. W. Davies) could muster only three.

On 20th January came the most amusing debate of the session: "That this House prefers kippers to caviare." Proposer D. Altshul and his seconder, J. R. P. McKenzie, went to astonishingly great lengths to prove the virtue of kippers. They produced some genuine caviare and forced their rivals to "eat their words," and even resorted to using "commercial" in an attempt to catch votes. The opposition speakers, S. C. E. Richardson and O. A. Allen, did their very best in the face of such a fierce onslaught, but their labours went unrewarded. The motion was carried: For 16; Against 3; Abstentions 9.

The motion debated on 3rd February was "That we like Ike." A. I. Cummins, proposing the motion, insisted that the Americans were intelligent, likeable people, to whom Britain owed a great deal, while his seconder, J. W. Martin, extolled the virtues of President Eisenhower. Opposer R. T. Crofts expressed his distrust of politicians—particularly President Eisenhower—and of America. His seconder, J. D. Lunt, asserted that the President's whole career had been a failure. The motion was defeated: For 8; Against 15; Abstentions 6.

The meeting of 24th February was particularly successful, in spite of the fact that a quorum was barely obtained. R. S. Pybus, proposing the motion "That a divided Germany is a better Germany," expressed the fear that the resurgence of a united Germany might lead to further cruelty and misery. His seconder, J. R. P. McKenzie, went further, and declared that the German race had always shown a marked propensity for war. Opposer R. Williams accused the West of being responsible for Germany's present unenviable position, while his seconder, D. Altshul, condemned the Soviet Union's enslavement of East Germany. The motion was defeated: For 3; Against 10; Abstentions 3.

On 3rd March the motion "That we should take no thought for the morrow" was proposed by two maiden speakers, D. J. Whittaker and M. Lunt. Both came to the conclusion that thought for the morrow could bring nothing but worry and despair. For the opposition, M. F. McNaughton maintained that only by taking thought for the morrow could the world's major problems be solved, while his seconder, G. J. Rowlands, urged everyone to obey the Boy Scouts' motto and "Be Prepared." The motion was defeated: For 5; Against 15; Abstentions 4.

The final meeting of the session was held on 18th March, when the motion before the House was, "That the time has come to blow our own trumpet." Proposer A. J. Cummins, making his final appearance, reminisced, and praised both the School and the Literary and Debating Society. His seconder, J. D. Lunt, urged the British nation as a whole to admit their many virtues. R. S. Pybus opposed the motion, and warned the House that pride always came before a fall. His seconder, L. F. MacRae, argued that actions would always carry more weight than mere verbal boasting. Flattery won the day, and the motion was carried. Voting was: For 17; Against 4; Abstentions 3.

In conclusion, the Secretaries wish to express their gratitude to the Society's Chairman, Mr. C. H. Moore, and its Vice-President, Mr. D. G. Bentliff, both of whom have given so much to the Society; and also to Mr. G. F. Bilson, whose continued support has been an inspiration to our members.

A. J. CUMMINS, R. S. PYBUS.

SIR DONALD MACALISTER SOCIETY

The first paper was given by Mr. G. F. Bilson, on "Integration in Little Rock, Arkansas." This was a paper of topical interest and the speaker gave a dramatic hour-by-hour account.

"Linear B" was the subject chosen by R. T. Crofts. He traced the development of the Minoan civilisation in Crete and showed the modern methods employed in the decipherment of this ancient script.

D. Altshul spoke to the Society on "Witchcraft and Witch-hunting." Not only did he present evidence of witchcraft and allied devilry in the world, more particularly England and Europe, but he offered some interesting theories on the psychology of men and their need for scapegoats.

The last meeting was addressed by A. J. Cummins on "The Origins of Greek Drama," in which he showed that the drama had originated in early Bacchanalian festive rites and had been subsequently modified by later writers.

A disappointing feature of the meetings this year has been the low attendances at some of the later meetings. It is hoped that next year members elected to this, the Senior Sixth Form Society, will respond to the invitation which they should consider an honour.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. R. T. Jones and D. G. Bentliff for their patience and co-operation at all times.

D. W. L. BURNHAM, J. M. BLOND.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Unfortunately, the Scholarship commitments of both secretaries has curtailed the scope and number of Society activities, but the meetings that have been held have been stimulating and topical. The International Geophysical Year and recent expeditions have focussed much public interest upon Antarctica, and at one of our meetings a New Zealand geographer recounted his personal experiences in Grahamland. Mr. Stewart's lecture was more valuable than the mere reading, since he kindly submitted himself to interrogation by the Society members. His various duties included meteorology, geology and care of the dog teams, but the most memorable feature of the talk was the photographs. Antarctica is certainly one of the most beautiful, if awesome, continents and this paradox was amply illustrated by colour slides.

J. Chinna Durai gave a most interesting talk upon the status of India and her relationships with the modern world. He gave a brief resumé of the history, political evolution and economic development of this increasingly important sub-continent. Mr. Durai established himself as an informed man of uncommon versatility: his talents at his profession in Law were equalled by his sporting abilities, as a former Wimbledon tennis champion will ruefully acknowledge!

The films kindly lent by the Canadian Trade Commissioner maintained the same high standards. "The Physical Regions of Canada" was a basic and general introduction to the geography of Canada. Its succeeding film, "High Tide in Newfoundland," described most fully one particular and most interesting of these divisions. This film showed in colour the many industries and occupations of the inhabitants and suggested the distinct characteristics of the descendants of the early colonists.

This term there will be, as usual, the opportunity for the Society to test its geographical knowledge "in the field." The annual excursion will be held on 17th July, when the Chairman will lead a party to an area of scenic interest. Although meetings have been few, the Senior members have been able to attend the lectures of the Geographical Association.

B. L. COSTIGAN, D. W. L. BURNHAM.

OLD BOYS' SECTION

Since the publication of the last magazine, the Association has held two dinners and established a new outlet for sporting activity, the Tennis Club.

The first dinner of the year was at the National Liberal Club in London. Mr. Harry Miller, the London Organiser, has sent us the following report:

"On the night of 20th February, London's imposing National Liberal Club became, for the second time, a lively part of the Liverpool Institute.

Despite many last-minute cancellations due to "flu" (including Mr. Arthur Askey), the Headmaster and about fifty Old Boys gathered there to dine and to reminisce.

What a distinguished assembly it was! Among those present who attended last year's London Dinner were: Sir Frank Baddeley, K.B.E., C.M.G., Sir Herbert McDavid, C.B.E., Mr. S. Sydney Silverman, B.A., LL.B., M.P., Mr. James Laver, C.B.E., Hon. R.E., F.R.S.A., F.R.S.L., and the Secretary of the Old Boys' Association, Mr. A. Durband, M.A.

Among those attending for the first time were: Professor G. Macdonald, C.M.G., M.D., Ch.B., F.R.C.P., D.P.H., D.T.M., of London School of Tropical Medicine, Professor A. D. Baxter, M.Eng., M.I.Mech.E., F.R.Ae.S., F.Inst.Pet., Head of the Department of Aircraft Propulsion at the College of Aeronautics, Professor T. M. Knox, LL.D., Principal of St. Andrew's University, Mr. A. C. Baxter, of the United Africa Company, Mr. F. M. Redington, President of the Institute of Actuaries, Mr. James McCloy, a B.B.C. Television Producer, Mr. James McKie, Vice-Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, Dr. H. J. Stern, B.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.R.I., F.R.I.C., an industrial chemist, and Mr. H. Hutchinson, of London Transport Executive. By a stroke of good fortune, Mr. C. J. Stopford, who lives in New York, happened to be on a short visit to London at the time, and was able to attend. Former members of the School Staff were represented by Mr. Cyril Broom, M.A., F.R.S.A., and Mr. L. Young, M.A.

The speakers were: Mr. R. E. Williams, M.A., M.Sc., Mr. J. R. Edwards, M.A., Mr. Lindley Fraser, O.B.E., M.A., Ph.D., Mr. H. Justin Evans, M.B.E., M.A., and Dr. Norman Booth, B.Sc., Ph.D. The Chairman was Mr. Harry Miller, organiser of the London Dinners.

Two telegrams were received. One was from Brigadier T. Robbins, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., in the Bahamas, and one from the President of the Old Boys' Association, Mr. J. D. Crichton, who was prevented by illness from attending. Others who sent messages of good wishes were: Mr. Lawrence Holt, J.P., of the Board of School Governors, Mr. F. C. Francis, Director of the British Museum, Sir William Morris, Lord Justice of Appeal, Mr. Maxwell Fry, the Architect (at present in West Africa), Dr. A. J. Maddocks, Industrial Chemist, and Mr. Dennis Vance, Television Producer (in the United States), Mr. W. Langley (in Durban), Mr. Eric Barker, of the Imperial Tobacco Company (on his way home after 30 years in India), Mr. T. H. Ellis (in Italy), Mr. A. Milton and Mr. J. Swale (both in Madeira), Mr. A. J. Bebbington (in Pakistan), Dr. J. A. Scott, Medical Officer of Health to the London County Council, Mr. A. Eustace, Mr. G. Gilberry, Mr. M. P. Preston, Mr. H. K. Burns, and Mr. F. H. Bowman.

The success of the evening can be assessed by the fact that nearly all of those present expressed a wish that the dinner should continue to be held annually."

The Liverpool Dinner took place at the School on Saturday, 7th March. Over eighty members heard speeches from Mr. Roger Brearley, F.R.C.S., Mr. Alan Parker, M.A., Councillor Joseph Norton LL.M., and the Headmaster.

The purchase of the Melbreck Road Tennis Courts was completed early in the year and work began on the site almost at once. Both courts have been renovated, a new pavilion has been erected, the gardens have been laid out, and the boundary fences have been renewed where necessary. The Club was officially opened by the Headmaster at a sherry party on 1st June, when well-wishers and prospective members gathered at the ground to inspect the amenities. Membership of the Club is open to all Old Boys and their ladies, as well as to present members of the School. The subscription is £2 2s. 0d. per annum for Senior members, £1 1s. 0d. per annum

for juniors. The Secretary is Mr. D. A. Bulmer, 568, Allerton Road, Liverpool, 18, and he would be glad to answer any enquiries.

NEWS IN BRIEF:

The 1959 Ladies' Night is to be held at Mecca, Sefton House, on Saturday, 7th November, 1959. Further details will be announced later.

B. Jacobs has been awarded a half-blue for representing Oxford against Cambridge at Table Tennis.

G. F. Bilson (1945-53) has been adopted as prospective Liberal Candidate for Birkenhead.

R. N. Ryder is Secretary of the Cambridge University Basketball Club and has played regularly for its first team. N. W. Fyans has also played occasionally and he is the Inter-College League Secretary. Four out of five of the St Catharine's College Basketball team are Liobians!

Dr. N. L. Corkhill, Health Adviser, Aden Protectorate, was appointed a C.M.G. in this year's Honours List. He left the School in 1914.

R. O. Williams (left 1913) was recently elected President of the Lancashire County Lawn Tennis Association. He is the second Old Boy to hold this office. R. H. Gardner was President in 1951.

D. W. MacDowall (1937-1947) was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Oxford during the Hilary Term. The subject of his research was the coinage of the Emperor Nero.

We are grateful to Dr. E. A. Nieman (left 1944) who is Medical Registrar at the Royal Southern Hospital, Liverpool, for news of the following Old Boys: G. Levy (1941) is practising medicine in Israel; S. Lipton (1940) is a Consultant Anaesthetist in Liverpool; C. Pink (1941) is a Veterinary Surgeon in Israel; H. Shector (1945) is a Pathologist in the U.S.A.; I. Berman (1946) is Psychiatric Registrar, at the Children's Hospital, Liverpool; R. A. Longmire (1942) has now left the Moscow Legation Staff and is working for the Treasury in London; Mr. H. M. Hayward (1943) is a lecturer in Russian at Oxford; T. D. Williams (1945) is Lecturer in Physiology at Bristol University; R. C. Nairn (1937) is Lecturer in Pathology at Aberdeen University; D. J. Adams (1943) is Surgical Registrar at the Royal Infirmary; W.M. Todd (1944) is now a Curate at a Church in West Derby; P. C. Eagle (1941) is in the Liverpool Pilot Service; J. Heron (1940) is a Radio Engineer in Australia; L. D. Hulme (1941) is a Customs Officer; B. Anfield (1940) is Sub-Editor on the staff of the *Daily Mirror*, London.

The following Old Boys have recently published books:

H. R. Dodd (1937-42) is the co-author of 1,000 *Redensarten-Englisch* (Langenscheidt).

R. F. Christian (1936-42) is the co-author of *Russian Syntax* (O.U.P.).

A. Durband (1938-46) has written a three-book course, entitled *English Workshop* (Hutchinson).

H. M. Hayward (1937-42) is the co-translator of *Dr. Zhivago* (Collins and Harvill).

We have heard with regret of the deaths of two distinguished Old Boys: Professor John May, M.D., F.R.C.P., who died on 21st April, aged 85, and Mr. E. J. Phillips, of the *Manchester Guardian*, who was 89.

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

The outstanding event in our calendar was the recent Annual Inspection, which took place on Tuesday, 12th May. As in previous years, the elements were again kind; indeed they were extremely generous, as Brigadier Richardson, D.S.O., O.B.E., the Provost Marshal of the War Office, made his inspection.

The training all went as planned, and the N.C.O.s worked very hard to use the limited training facilities available to their full advantage. Viewed in retrospect, this Inspection was as much a success as it ever has been.

A new experiment was tried at Easter by restricting the camp at Altcar to 'B' Company only. This was the first time 'A' Company have not attended a camp; but they will have preference for the places at summer camp.

The summer camp this year will be held at Pirbright, in Surrey, and although the vacancies for our contingent are limited to thirty, we must consider ourselves privileged, as some units will be having no summer camp at all.

This year sees the introduction of a new training syllabus, with an additional Part III course, much influenced by the Duke of Edinburgh's award. Cadets are now able to participate in life-saving, first aid, and other specialised training, which, it is hoped, will add more variety to C.C.F. life.

D. M. ANDREW (C.S.M.).

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

The proficiency examinations were held last December and one cadet gained a pass in the ordinary examination. The new syllabus is now in force, and, apart from certain compulsory subjects, cadets are given a choice of voluntary subjects for study. A lecture programme has been arranged to cover the whole syllabus. Annual camp was held in the Easter holidays at R.A.F. St. Mawgan, near Newquay, and the long journey proved well worth while. The Inspection was held on Tuesday the 5th of May. After the formal parade, all the R.A.F. Section cadets went into the upper yard for a navigation exercise organised by Plt./Off. Wray. The object of the exercise was for the "fighters," directed by Sgt. Jones to intercept the "bombers," controlled by Cpl. Whittaker. The Inspecting Officers were most impressed by the ingenuity and enterprise of the exercise.

Field Day is to be held this term at R.A.F., Woodvale, where cadets will fly in Chipmunks, and several cadets are hoping to go on initiative courses during the summer holidays.

The N.C.O.s and cadets would like to thank Flt./Lt. Watson and Plt./Off. Wray for their attention to the administration of the Section.

R. F. HUBBARD (W.O.).

C.C.F.—R.A.F. SECTION EASTER CAMP

This year the camp was at R.A.F. Station St. Mawgan, near Newquay, Cornwall. The journey there and back, although long, was smooth and uneventful. The first day, being Sunday, was free and most of the cadets spent the afternoon in Newquay, or in one of the numerous small bays nearby. On the Monday began the excellent training programme, for which the school party combined with cadets from High Wycombe to form four flights. The programme included visits to the Control Tower and the

Ground Control; to the Rifle Range, the Weapons Section and the Passive Defence Section; and to the Technical Wings, the Fire Department and the Parachute and Dinghy Section. The cadets were given flying instruction in the 'Link' Trainers and were allowed to inspect the two types of aircraft kept on the station, Shackletons and 'Whirlwind' Helicopters.

The purposes of the station, it was explained, were primarily for Helicopter Rescue and its use as a Master Diversion Airfield; that is, in the case of any emergency or bad weather, any aircraft can be diverted to R.A.F. St. Mawgan at any time and find the necessary services available.

Twice, training was conducted outside the camp. The first occasion was a visit to the Marine Craft Section at Falmouth, where the cadets had a most enjoyable trip in one of the R.A.F. launches. The second was a map-reading exercise in which the cadets were transported away from the camp and in groups of three were to return at exactly 1600 hours. The last group to return was at the Guard Room by 1640 hours. It included the Sergeant and Flight Sergeant.

Unfortunately, Helicopter and Chipmunk flying was affected by the high winds but the party had several hours' air experience in Shackletons, or Chipmunks.

On the last day, each cadet was given a picture of the contingent posed in front of a Shackleton Mk. III. This will serve to remind him of a most interesting and well organised camp.

SCOUT NOTES

A retrospective view of last term's activities shows few spectacular events far removed from the Spring routine. A Senior Hike over Easter was initiated with few volunteers and ended with even fewer. The enterprise of tackling the Mourne mountains and rugged Antrim coasts of Northern Ireland deserved more enthusiastic support by the Seniors than it received. The Juniors hiked less ambitiously, but more numerously, in North Wales over the same period. The Emergencies Competition Trophy, won yet again, seems to be the Troop's permanent possession. The future holds more exciting prospects now that we have shifted to the diminishing fastnesses of Childwall Woods. In these surroundings there is opportunity for a fuller range of Scouting, while some of the Officers have more time than hitherto for leadership. The packing of twenty-three brawny Scouts upon one minute tree is an index of how our achievements are mounting. . . .

There is great demand today for qualities not gained from book-learning but characteristics of "leadership." For such a training, industry sends its younger employees to the hills on "Outward Bound Courses," while the Cadet Corps have recently started "Adventure Training." The Scouts provide a flying start to such activities without great expense and the training is more continuous and comprehensive. This is not intended as a recruiting pamphlet, although we would welcome new members, but rather to remind the Scouts of their good fortune, the privilege of being in this movement.

B. L. COSTIGAN (A.S.M.).

* * *

Three scouts left for Northern Ireland looking for adventure. One, poor soul, whose name shall remain anonymous and forgotten, who never returned, was content to visit relatives and eat cold potato pasties. For R.

M. Moy and myself, however, the charm of the countryside will not be forgotten for a long time.

The Mountains of Mourne possessed an intriguing splendour and beauty, which they temporarily lost when we took a short cut in the wrong direction. The Youth Hostel at Whitepark Bay was delightfully situated on the cliffs above the most beautiful bay in Northern Ireland. The Giant's Causeway was a disappointment. Nor was the hike without its trials and amusements. We were attacked by rats, which we fortunately never saw. The weather, however, was our greatest enemy, since it needed all our courage to battle against the howling wind, rain and hailstones up the North Antrim Coast Road.

G. J. ROWLANDS.

JUNIOR JAUNT

To expound in these pages the virtues of the Y.H.A. would be to preach to the converted. As an adjunct to Scouting, it affords, in earlier and cooler months of the year, the pleasures of *al fresco* exercise without the discomforts of living under canvas, and at once confers and encourages greater mobility. Mountain mist is preferable at most seasons to city smog; at Eastertide, the Psalmist's example of turning for release and inspiration to the hills is compelling.

And so it came about that, at the start of the last week of the holidays, ten of us embussed for North Wales, looking forward to the now traditional Junior Hike. This year we based ourselves on Hostels near Colwyn Bay, Llanllechid and Llanrws.

Snowdon, the Glyders, and the Carneddws, veiled as they were in cloud and capped with snow, made an imposing background to our journeyings, but the weather we encountered was such that to have ventured beyond their lower slopes would have been unrewardingly strenuous, not to say hazardous.

Still, there was plenty to see and do, both on the coast and inland. The interior of the column erected in 1816 at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwl—Llantysiliogogoch to glorify the Peninsular exploits of the Marquess of Anglesey, with its 115 draughty, spiralling steps, is very reminiscent of the stair-tower attached to the House of Shaws, yet on an afternoon of bright, if intermittent, sunshine, it offers a panorama that makes the ascent worthwhile, even for the aged! The Ogwen, Llugwy and Conway Valleys abound with familiar but lovely sights which uplift the hearts of rain-drenched wanderers, and which it would be futile for any but artists in words or paint to attempt to describe. The tramp up through Tal-y-Cafn, Bodnant, Erw-goch and Bryn-y-maen lacked the scenic exhilaration of the mountains, but wove a spell of quiet little vernal sounds and fragrances that will long vibrate in the memory.

Equally memorable, though less easily communicable, are the sounds and scents of the Hostels at which we stayed, the varied personalities of Wardens and fellow-hostellers—the scurry for a good place in the queue for second helpings, the hush that descended on dormitories after lights-out, the wild mountain ponies, the mad dog of Llanfairfechan, or that remarkable witch with a blunderbuss for a broomstick and foxes for familiars.

When the time came to return home, it didn't seem to matter greatly that the sun had been so fickle and the rain so damp. There was much to be thankful for.

H.R.D.

CHRISTIAN UNION

The period since the last magazine report has seen two developments of great importance; the opening of the Library, and the increase in popularity and value of the after-school senior meetings. The library is now open at Friday lunch-time under the care of R. S. Pybus, and contains a good supply of books and magazines of a religious nature which has been greatly increased by several very kind gifts for which we express our thanks. The senior meetings are now being run in conjunction with Blackburne House, and meetings sponsored by them have included visits by Roman Catholic and Baptist ministers speaking on their particular branches of the Christian faith, a Bible study, a talk by a missionary, and other similarly interesting meetings. Among speakers we have invited have been Mr. Martineaux on the application of the principles of thought relevant to astronomy to religion, Mr. Trevor Baxter, of the Liverpool Playhouse Company, on the connection between the theatre and the Church, and the question of morality in plays, Mr. Kitchen of Liverpool University on Archaeology and the Bible, and Mr. Emerson on his missionary experiences in the Arctic.

The Wednesday lunch hour junior meetings have also continued to be well supported. Week by week a programme of talks, films and Bible studies has been presented which has included two Fact and Faith films and another entitled "We Too Receive," the dramatic story of the rescue of a crashed airman during the last war by the Christian natives of New Guinea. Senior members of the Christian Union are now taking a bigger part in the presentation of talks and Bible studies; those to have done so are D. N. Baty, J. Butlin, R. S. Pybus, S. C. E. Richardson, T. I. Williams and J. Walker. Topics covered have ranged from John Mark to the Christian attitude to Sunday activities, from Jesus' arguments with the Pharisees to the Ascension. Outside speakers have included Rev. James Waters from Macon, Georgia, U.S.A., who gave a brief evangelistic address and then answered questions on the differences in church life in Britain and America; Rev. K. Thorton, who spoke on the Ascension, and Rev. C. F. Dunsby.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Watson and Mr. Rice for their assistance and encouragement at all times.

T. I. WILLIAMS, S. C. E. RICHARDSON.

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club has now grown to such a size that it was decided, at the beginning of the Spring Term, to use two rooms for the daily meetings. This expansion of the Club's activities is due largely to the great enthusiasm for chess among the boys in the Lower School and is to be encouraged.

In the Wright Challenge Shield Competition, the School team has maintained its position by coming fourth. Although the team will be losing four of its members this summer, talent should not be lacking next year.

On 26th February, six players from the School were invited to play for a Liverpool Schools' Chess Team against Liverpool Chess Club. The latter won by a very narrow margin.

Last term, players from the School made up a large proportion of the entrants for a Knockout Competition, organised by the Liverpool Schools' Chess League. The results showed that the number of prizewinners is apparently proportional to the number of entries, for P. L. Bracey, C. J. Byrne, M. F. McNaughton, G. J. Rowlands, R. D. Harrison, P. R. Baddams, P. Cartmel, P. K. Cripps and T. D. Hughes all won prizes. In particular, C. J. Byrne won the open section, and P. Cartmel was a semi-finalist in the under thirteen section.

Similar success was achieved in the Liverpool Chess Congress, where C. F. Woodcock won the Merseyside Under Thirteen Championship, and C. J. Byrne was third in the Open Merseyside Championship. Full results are below.

A number of junior matches have been played and a small chess library formed.

We offer our sincere thanks to Mr. Rice for his kind help and encouragement at team matches, and to Mr. H. G. B. Watson who took the Junior team to two of its games.

LIVERPOOL CHESS CONGRESS—RESULTS

Open Merseyside Championship: 3rd, C. J. Byrne. U.15 Section 2: 2nd, R. D. Harrison. U.15 Section 3: 2nd N. Spencer and R. J. Phillips. U.13 Merseyside Championship: 1st, C. F. Woodcock. U.13 Section 4: 1st J. V. Royce; 2nd, R. J. Butcher. U.13 Section 8: 1st T. D. Hughes. U.13 Section 12: 2nd, B. Dayawala. U.13 Section 13: 2nd, R. J. Brown. U.13 Section 15: 1st, A. P. Prince.

SIXTH FORMS SCIENCE SOCIETY

At the end of the Autumn Term the Society was privileged to hear a lecture given by Professor B. G. Maegraith, of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. His lecture was illustrated by a colour film taken on a visit to China. The Professor then discussed Tropical Medicine and its influence on Social and Economic problems in the Far East.

Mr. J. K. Page, of the Department of Architecture of Liverpool University, gave a talk, accompanied by slides, about the influence of Science on Architecture. He gave us an insight into the unusual aspects of modern building techniques.

Imperial Chemical Industries provided three films on the combating of disease. Unfortunately, the projector was not functioning correctly and the poor sound reproduction prevented our appreciating the films fully.

Mr. J. B. Gilmour, of Evans Medical Supplies Ltd., entitled his lecture, "Blood, its Structure and Disorders." Like all lectures on Medical topics the apparently narrow scope of the subject enclosed more than enough information than could adequately be discussed in a short address.

"Human Engineering" was a subject of which all members of the Society were unaware. Mr. D. Straker, from the Department of Psychology of Liverpool University, explained the reasons why his new study, which deals with the relations between man and the machines he operates, is quickly becoming an important branch of Industrial Psychology.

The last lecture of the year was given by Mr. N. J. Woolf, an astronomer at the University of Manchester. He talked on the subject of "Time", with special reference to the Theory of Relativity. The simple mathematical illustrations he gave could be followed by the weakest of mathematicians among us.

The Society will wind up its activities for this year with a visit to John Summers Ironworks at Shotton. This visit should provide an enjoyable day for those able to take part.

W. J. RIGBY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This year, on 17th July, the Annual Excursion is to Skipton and Malham in Yorkshire, via the Preston Motorway.

Regular meetings, attended mainly by a faithful few, were held during the Spring Term. Perhaps now that summer is here, the older members will produce some prints of sufficient quality to display in the show-case.

Our thanks are due to Mr. D. S. Moran, A.R.P.S., of Ilford Limited, for judging the prints for the Hobby Show Competition. The prize-winning prints were produced by R. A. Butterfield and K. Corkish (Advanced Section), and T. A. Roberts, A. J. Cowan and A. W. B. Davies (Beginners' Section). Prize winners in the Colour-slide Section were J. R. Conder and M. A. Yolland. The Beginners' Section was well supported. It is hoped that the new members do not lose interest in the Society, as apparently their predecessors have done.

K. McKELVIE.

MUSIC CLUB

The Spring Term saw an ideal mixture of live and recorded recitals. A young but regular performer, D. E. Williams, provided a programme of organ music; a former secretary of the Society, J. McCabe, gave a recital of piano music; Mr. L. Norris played music for 'cello by Brahms and D. Norris; the recorder group advanced from the dim past with a performance of Britten's *Alpine Suite*; earlier in the term, Mr. Barford, from the University, was the first visiting pianist of the year. These recitals were interspersed with programmes of gramophone records, improved by the renewal of the stylus on the pick-up.

The Summer Term, with its prospect of fine weather, brought to a halt the hitherto free flow of willing soloists. Up to half term, recorded music was the only available; subsequently, impending examinations turned the School's thoughts away from the less vital pastime, music. However, one unusual meeting took place, in which music, written or arranged by members of the School was played by the orchestra, the recorder group and three soloists. A number of other recitals were arranged from R. J. Temple (violin), D. Norris and A. J. Cummins (oboes) and others, with a two-piano recital by A. R. Bingham and R. S. Pybus to end the term. For the continuity of its programmes, the Society owes much to the unflinching ingenuity of the Chairman.

R. T. CROFTS.

THE ORCHESTRA

The Summer Term draws to a close, bringing with it the end of yet another School year. At this point one cannot but pause to reflect, recalling the Orchestra's past achievements and expressing hopes for the future.

This year, one fears, must mark the beginning of the end of an era: *tempus omnia vincit*, as Cicero so truthfully remarked. It is now some years since the Orchestra, faced with the sudden departure of all its experienced members, recruited a number of very young boys and began the slow process of rebuilding. Since then these members have gradually improved, and have fulfilled their promise; but they are no longer "very young," and most of them are reaching the end of their school careers. Some will be leaving this summer, some next. They will not easily be replaced.

But for the present, at least, all is well. As usual, the Orchestra performed at the Hobby Show, when three works were played: the *Toy Sym-*

phony by Romberg, Mozart's *Spring Rondo*, arranged by D. Norris, a member of the Orchestra, and part of Handel's *Water Music*. Once again a high standard of performance was achieved. At the time of writing, rehearsals are in progress for a concert to the School's Music Club. Mr. Naylor is happily back with us after illness, and this concert, one hopes, will prove a fitting climax to a successful and inspiring year.

What of the future? Some younger members have been recruited this year, and they show great keenness; but far more will be required if the Orchestra is to maintain its present strength. The present secretary, one of the departing members, would like to take this opportunity of wishing them the very best of fortune.

A. J. CUMMINS.

THE MERSEYSIDE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

17 teams competed in the Merseyside Grammar Schools Athletic Championships, held on 2nd and 4th June, at St. Edward's College Grounds.

In the Senior competition, J. M. Radcliffe equalled the record for the meeting in winning the 220 yards event and W. J. Stinson broke the School record in gaining second place in the 440 yards. W. J. Rigby easily won the mile.

In the Junior competition, D. W. T. Hughes won the Putting the Shot event and L. J. Hampson set up two new school records in gaining 4th place in both the 220 yards and 440 yards events.

RESULTS

SENIOR

100 yards, G. I. Davies reached the final; 220 yards, 1st J. M. Radcliffe (22.8 secs.); 440 yards, 2nd W. J. Stinson (51.3 secs.), 7th D. D. Wright; 880 yards, 6th W. J. Rigby; Mile, 1st W. J. Rigby (4 min. 30.5 secs.); Relay, 2nd Institute; Hop, Step and Jump 5th C. J. Byrne (40 ft. 5ins.).

FINAL POSITION: 4th.

JUNIOR

220 yards, 4th L. J. Hampson (25.8 secs.); 440 yards, 4th L. J. Hampson (57.3 secs.); Shot, 1st D. W. T. Hughes (41 ft. 11½ ins.) 6th J. G. Milbourn; Discus, 3rd D. W. T. Hughes (10 ft.)

FINAL POSITION: 8th.

SWIMMING

The School has had only four matches so far this year. The first, away, against Manchester Grammar School, took place in the Spring Term. The team was narrowly defeated in this match, the squadrons being the deciding factor. In this department however, the all-round strength of Manchester gained the points necessary to win.

We then had to wait until the Summer Term for the next match. This was against four other schools: Alsop, Bluecoat, Hillfoot Hey and Quarry Bank. In this match the Senior and Junior teams were placed first, and the Intermediate team second. On aggregate the School was first by a clear margin.

In the third match, against Wallasey, we were defeated again. It was a close result however, and the School was by no means disgraced.

Against Merchant Taylor's, the School, with a much weakened team, did very well to win by 67 points to 47. Notable absentees were Norris and Cowan, the latter's swimming being one of the outstanding features of this year's team. Undoubtedly he is one of the finest backstrokes the School has ever known.

The team has been practising regularly on Friday evenings, with promising results, the Juniors especially showing signs of becoming a strong force in Grammar School swimming.

In the Life-Saving section, F. Burfitt and L. C. Jones are to be congratulated, the former being awarded his Instructor's Certificate and the latter his Scholar Instructor's Certificate and an Award of Merit.

The whole team, both in Swimming and Life-Saving, join with me in thanking Mr. Spencer for the great interest he takes in us, both in organising our matches and supervising the training on Wednesdays and Fridays at Cornwallis Street Baths.

This year the School Gala will be held at Queen's Drive Baths on 20th July, and the heats on 15th July. R. D. LANG.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY

C. Earl ended the Autumn Term with a talk on the "Decipherment of Linear B." He briefly described the discoveries of Sir Arthur Evans at Crete, and then traced the stages by which the tablets found there were deciphered.

During the Spring Term, R. W. Davies read a paper on "Pompeii." After he had described the outstanding characteristics of the city, it was soon realised that in many respects Pompeii compares with some present day cities. The neighbouring cities of Herculaneum and Stabiae were also dealt with, both of which were also destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Attendance at these meetings has been somewhat disappointing and a talk to be given by T. I. Williams had to be cancelled because of lack of support. It is hoped that all members of the Sixth Form will take an active interest in the meetings to be held next session.

The contributions for the Hobby Show were quite pleasing, but more entries would have been welcome. Magazines entitled *Antiquity* may now be referred to in the School Library and we are pleased to announce that there is now a separate shelf for archaeological books. In order to create a wider outlook upon archaeology, a coach trip to an area of interest is being contemplated. C. I. VAUGHAN.

ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY

"Modernisation," "standardisation," "rationalisation"—these are the words that epitomise the modern transport scene. Uniformity is rearing its interest stifling head in the shape of characterless diesel trains, the same the country over, or monster-sized buses, running where once trams lurched and clanged. Even the crankiest of transport cranks, weeping over the closure of his beloved branch line, could hardly deny that the change is necessary and right, but he regrets it nevertheless.

With such a situation, we might expect the fortunes of a Transport Society to be in a state of crisis. In fact the reverse is true. A few years

ago, the Society had a handful of members, and a sparse programme of activities; this year an average of forty members has enjoyed activities which included a Hostel tour, twelve excursions and numerous meetings. Yet something has been lost; a Society, once intelligent and mature in its outlook, now seems to draw its chief patronage from third-form "loco. spotters." Not that we resent their interest—it may well lead to something more worthwhile. But a revival of attention from the Upper School would help us to restore the adult attitude towards transport, which used to be so typical of the Society.

Nevertheless, what we have lost in maturity we have gained in youthful vigour, as our Hobby Show Competition most conclusively proved. The response was excellent, with over thirty entries, and most of them proved to be original in conception and attractive in execution. Judging proved difficult, but prizes were eventually awarded to P. W. Rowlandson, D. H. Mawdsley, B. Jones and G. E. Earl, for their illustrated exhibits on the Tal-y-Llyn Railway, the modern motor-cycle, famous named trains, and the L.U.T. trolley bus system.

The Society also contributed to the Hobby Show by showing a sound, colour film of its excursions and Hostel tours. It was seen by a total audience of nearly seven hundred, and was praised by many as the most interesting feature of the Hobby Show; indeed, a few brave souls actually saw it through twice!

Recent excursions have included visits to Cammell Laird's, the Mersey Tunnel control rooms and ventilating shafts, the electronically controlled signal box at Lime Street Station, and Horwich Locomotive Works (followed by a walk over Rivington Pike). Two cycle rides have been arranged, and also two walks: one along the Trent and Mersey Canal, which follows the Euston-Carlisle main line, and the other to Moel Famau and the Clywdians, including a journey on the Chester-Denbigh branch line. A visit to the Rolls Royce and Locomotive Works at Crewe, and a second hostel tour (to the Isle of Man) are planned for the near future.

Meetings have included talks, films, and competitions. Guest speakers have given illustrated talks on aeroplane development, railway signalling, the history of the Crosville Company, and the recent changes in bus construction. The session's most original meeting took the form of a friendly battle of wits, when the Society challenged Mr. A. H. Williams, a Railway Traffic Manager, to answer its indignant criticisms of British Railways policy.

Finally, we should like to extend our thanks to Mr. Hosker for his continued co-operation, and, especially, to Mr. Dodd, who has always been willing to give up his time to attend the Society's excursions.

D. REED, C. EARL.

OXFORD LETTER

Oxford.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,

Let us sketch the scene before glancing at the *dramatis personæ*.

Summer in Oxford is a delightful academic vacation, without time or opportunity for the cares of the outside world. Any undergraduate who disagrees has Schools in June. There is an atmosphere of almost unreal vitality, conducive to any activity, even academic. This atmosphere breeds eccentricity of course, even to the extreme that the man who dresses, thinks and behaves normally may be considered affected for doing so. The Colleges themselves are a maze of historic masonry in varying stages of decay and

restoration, broken delightfully here and there by the flower beds and lawns of peaceful quadrangles. There is a social life of abnormal intensity for those rash enough to immerse themselves in it. Facilities ensure that efforts in the academic and athletic fields flourish at all levels. Sylvan beauty is surprisingly emphasised along the banks of Isis and Cherwell, by striking contrast with the surrounding bustle of a thriving city. Throughout this Utopia swarms the undergraduate population, of every shade of thought and background, of every degree of eminence and eccentricity.

Brasenose is the home of our Senior Member, Mr. McKie, who offers Old Boys the continuing benefits of his advice and humour; here also lives Mr. Blond, the sociable artist-scientist. He may often be seen offering his distinguished presence to Oxford society, and to the O.U. Art Club the benefit of other people's views. Recently, moreover, he achieved the status of a bi-linguist. Mr. Smith, his colleague, studies mathematics, swims and philosophises. He is no longer the haggard picture of frustration seen last term, since the Cowley baths have been re-opened. His philosophy is a novel acquisition, deriving from the necessity of inducing equanimity before the onset of Prelims. But this philosophy leaves little time for sums.

Our other Senior Member, Mr. Kneale, is a lecturer in Philosophy at Exeter; although he moves in the circles of the S.C.R., beyond the ken of undergraduates, he lends the Association dignity and distinction. Mr. Hesketh, also of Exeter, is said to be a linguist, and a light musician of some dispute.

Along the High, at University, the incautious visitor may disturb Mr. Wilson at his studies. Now rarely seen on the river, he is contemplating an excursus into the outside world, and spends much of his time cycling out to give interviews to prospective employers; the paper work involved in claims for travel expenses must be considerable. One wonders whether Mr. Dumbill will ever leave Oxford, though he is expected shortly to desert his legal tomes and take a stroll down the High towards the Eastgate—this time calling in, on the way, at the Examination Schools. He renounced the subject which Mr. Norris devours, not to say swallows, however, as he is the epitome of informal education, a veritable general paper. When not pronouncing judgment on the current problems of the world, he has been seen at Ifley, in authentic garb, running round in mysterious circles.

At Queen's we have Mr. Berry, politician, philosopher, and economist (according to the University Gazette), with experience in Modern Languages, and secretarial work. All these lights, however, he hides under a bushel, except when seeking vocational employment, and meanwhile seeks exercise and recreation on the Cherwell. Unfortunately, Mr. Leech, of St. Edmund Hall, has decided to leave Oxford until next year, when he should return to the football field and Final work. At Magdalen lives Mr. Craigen, or more exactly, in a lofty tenement on the High, whose view embraces the turmoil of pedestrians and traffic, and the architectural grandeur of the Schools opposite.

At Jesus are two post-graduates, Messrs. Ferdinand and Jeffrey. The former may be seen on river and towpath, wielding oar and megaphone alternately, while the latter, who possesses a distinguished second name that only he can pronounce, is studying for a doctorate in Philosophy. Merton tower is being restored, but Mr. Kenworthy keeps rolling along. A man who preaches what he practises with mathematical exactitude, he may be surely regarded as a Senior Member of our company. Next door, in Corpus, are two mathematicians of lesser years—Mr. Jack, the Boat Clubs' erstwhile cox, is steering his own private ship of state towards the troubled waters of the Final School, and is engrossed in that. Mr. Parsons, on the other hand, has less canalised ambitions. He applies his mathematical brain to the general problem of living up at Oxford and down in Liverpool at the same time, except during the vacation. So far, he seems to be doing tolerably well.

As if to deny any suggestion that he was the original Oriel Square, Mr. Lawrence has decided to extend the narrowness of his mind by deserting the Classics for P.E.P., although it is unfortunately possible that he may narrow the broadness of his mind by confining his attentions to politics.

Pembroke has connections both with Christ Church and Mr. Hayes. A footballer at heart, of course, he takes his summer recreational activity on the golf course very seriously, and the occasional cry of "Fore!" may even be heard to drift across the College croquet lawns and break the evening stillness. Such excesses would drive Mr. Walker to the solitude of the river with his Law books, which he is still reading. This gentleman bewails the sparsity of mountains in Oxford, and the meteoric brevity of his rowing career, which he describes under the rubric, "The Rise and Fall of the Fifth Eight."

At Wadham are three Liobians; Mr. Armstrong is conducting some sort of research, the object of which is not generally obvious, but he seems to be very contented. Mr. Ledgard plays mathematics, reads chess, and, rumour has it, listens to popular records for light entertainment. He has been seen going to lectures. Mr. Jacobs, on the other hand, seldom ventures out of the depths of his College Law Library and his newspaper, unless to buy or break another ping-pong ball.

Mr. Matthews, of St. John's, has excelled himself with a First Class in Moderations and deserves our congratulation. In face of such a fact, his Liberal, or political, persuasions seem excusable. Mr. Horsford has no such academic, or political propensities, and views the world with contented equanimity. This is probably just as well, since he has been seen recently cycling along the High in the evening peak-hour; but never since . . .

Such, then, are the School's extra-mural activities at the University. Discretion has discouraged too close an examination of these peoples' peculiarities, but we hope you will bear with us. Distance, perhaps, will lend a little enchantment to the view. Concluding this peripatetic through the Colleges, Sir, I continue on my way.

VIATOR.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

Trumpington Street,
Cambridge.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine

Dear Sir,

While the Classics continue a downward path in the University's Statutes, the Old Boys flourish—though disparately. The habits of those *in stat. pup.*, whom we meet a mere once *per annum*, are difficult to assess; and so we offer this considered conjecture.

Dr. Waddington is very senior, in fact his seniority is only rivalled by his sherry. When not carrying out his benign office as Tutor at Caius, he allows no small proportion of time to speculative observations on the divers activities of the adjacent Market Square.

Taylor Bros., Trinity: conjunction in division, now that Great Court and years separate them. The variety P.L. is after a Vice-Royalty in Her Majesty's Colonies; J.B. has compensated himself with a dramatic *chlamys*.

We are given to understand that Eric Richards has appeared in Cambridge—espoused!

Jonathan Rosenhead (without his Guildenstern) is among the first taking advantage of their third year to obtain a final *exeat*; to go to Yugoslavia in a hearse. Eventually the decaying Reg Parry will realise that his time is

also up at Pembroke. Liverpool Industry has displayed hitherto unsuspected daring in guaranteeing him employment (albeit in man-made fibres). Ken Barbour still plays cards—despite the consternation among Trinity porters; Peter Hallam took Trinity Hall to play football in Ireland, and St. Cath's will soon lose Tony Rylance who sleeps o' days.

The second year is a fruitful field: John Sharp's pile of rotting fruit in Old Court, Peterhouse, has lost him his one friend in the College—his room-mate. Neil Ryder's agitation for Basketball Blue status can be put down to his being Secretary of the University Basketball Club; he is an architect, too. Norman Fyans (also of St. Cath's) is a classicist, and sleeps o' nights as well as o' days. The governorship which Dave Thomas of Queens' seeks is of a penal kind, and involves the abandonment of Part II; English, Emma, the river, and Jim Watson are a long way out.

Fresher Peter Johnson keeps Pembroke rafters a-ringing with Liberal doctrine at illiberal volume. Brian Worthington of Downing (despite outward appearance) has the heart of a clown, and the soul of a Leavite, as the good Dr. should know. Cambridge bicycle-thuggery has overcome Brian Stark of Selwyn, for in such circumstances military strategy *per se* is of no avail. Colin Malam's administrative and sporting talents have conspired to give him an *ex officio* extra year within Sidney. Edgar Bramhall and Ralph Whiting make up the St. Cath's five, and must conclude our lay: the former plays every conceivable form of sport, as probably does the latter.

Brevity, we hope, warrants more than a *non placet*, and our examinations more than an *agrotat*—the two are probably as closely allied as are,

Your scriptores indigni,

CANTABRIENSES.

PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,

"Arma virumque cano . . ." An auspicious beginning! These are among the few—superfluous—words of Latin I can still remember. Yet I would not be without them, and I should like to add my voice to the present controversy regarding the value of Latin, by describing in some detail the character and actions of eighteen young gentlemen, all of whom have savoured and benefited from the manifold delights of ordinary, level Latin.

The foremost of these is Mr. Burnham. In March Mr. Burnham, having inherited Mr. Altshul's season ticket, made a Grand Tour of ALL the Oxford Colleges, and finally found one suitably expensive—University College, a social oasis in the cultural desert of Oxford. For there are many fascinating facets to Mr. Burnham's facile personality: he is the ubiquitous sportsman, the erudite conversationalist, the witty raconteur, the polished socialite, the elegant beau, the brilliant actor, and my friend. His recent life has been one long sustained quest for what he ecstatically terms "kicks." An enquiry about his present activities elicited the intriguing reply, "Well, like I blow horn, man!" The horn in question is invariably his own.

Mr. Crofts, a musician of another sort, blows a cool descant horn in the School recorder group. Indeed, we think that he is probably a re-incarnated Pan, for he possesses much of that sprite's endearing mischievousness—as a certain reverend gentleman recently had cause to remark: "He's a bit of a practical joker, is Young Crofts." Mr. Crofts has persevered with his Classical studies to scholarship level and beyond, with gratifying results: he can solve all the classical clues in the "Guardian" crossword in remarkably

quick time. Mr. Rigby, our only other Vice, has no time for such futile pursuits as crosswords. Why, he argues persuasively in his usual charming manner, his dulcet tones gently chiding his appreciative audience, why should one spend all afternoon doing a crossword, when it can be solved much more expediently by waiting for the next day's issue to appear? But Mr. Rigby is not seen so frequently in the P.R. nowadays: he prefers to spend his time in secret conclave with Mr. Rowell in the library, where the grave murmur of their deliberations tends to disturb the hard-working souls in the quiet sanctuary next door.

Fellow mathematician Mr. Hubbard is having a little difficulty in adding up his cricket scores, obstinately trying to prove to his sceptical colleagues that five noughts are fifty. Unfortunately, he flies into uncontrollable paroxysms of rage at the mere mention of certain common aquatic fauna. But, to be fair, Mr. Hubbard does walk back to the pavilion in a very stylish manner, and his presence certainly adds weight to the middle-of-the-order batting.

What can we say about Mr. Radcliffe that the *Liverpool Echo* has not said already? His connection with the Classics is but slight, yet—like Homer—he has an amazingly comprehensive store of colourful epithets. Unfortunately, he is—unlike Homer—not always so circumspect in his application of them. He has recently become interested in serious music, as witness his Tom Lehrer duets with Mr. Burnham. The pugnacious Mr. Radcliffe is most annoyed that we have made no mention of his athletic abilities for some considerable time. We therefore take delight in reporting that Mr. Radcliffe has not stopped running yet.

Mr. T. I. Williams is the owner of that Baby Face everyone is singing about. It was in a vain attempt to conceal this regrettable feature that he grew to his present outlandish height. He is trying to make himself a reputation as a wit, but his inspired crosstalk is so subtle that only he can appreciate its humour. Yet it must be admitted that his attempt at a "Feiffer" was surprisingly good. But then who could fail with Mr. Cummins for a subject?

Every community has its joker, but we have Mr. Cummins, the original hot gossip. With an innocent smile adorning his cherubic visage, he meanders cheerfully through the trying vicissitudes of school life, sustaining himself with regular visits to "South Pacific." He is learning to drive, and has not been too discouraged by his recent painful experience of being overtaken by a cart-horse. For Mr. Cummins' driving motto is "Audemus dum cavemus." This guiding principle, however, did not stop him demolishing the garden fence.

Mr. Altshul is another hopeful driver, but he has not hit anything interesting—yet. This gentleman's communications with his colleagues are somewhat impaired by his habit of arriving just when they are about to go home. This, he explains—unconvincingly—is because he patriotically sets his watch by local Israel time. However, he occasionally arrives in time to sunbathe on the window-sill and dream of his glorious future as a producer of esoteric plays for esoteric television sets. But then Mr. Altshul is a genuine V.I.P.—a Vaguely Intellectual Psycho-neurotic. Mr. Lang, in contrast, is a clean-cut, hearty lad with no complexes, whose favourite pastime is seeing whether he can finish his sandwich lunch before the end of Junior Prayers. Despite this gargantuan and highly successful effort, he still suffers occasional pangs of hunger: these coming at approximately eleven, twelve, one, and three o'clock every day. Mr. Lang obviously does not believe in pelicans.

Our former unknown celebrity, Mr. Reed, has been working hard on the promotion of his personality, to such good effect that he has moved up a stage and is now a celebrated nonentity. He has evolved a scheme for

supplementing his income by writing complaining letters for publication in women's magazines, and is making quite a name for himself as "Angry Young Housewife, Liverpool, 13." This scheme has commended itself to several of his impecunious associates. Mr. Reed, incidentally, enjoyed doing 'O Level' Latin so much that he is making a special effort to take it again this summer.

Literary dilettante, Mr. R. Williams, has given up hockey after several years—he has just discovered that he cannot play it. He has been incurring much wrath by demanding "original contributions" for the magazine far too early in the term. This ridiculous policy * * * *. Mr. Williams is in trouble with the authorities—he has apparently been falsifying quantities. Mr. Byrne, the great quasi-athlete, continues to make rapid improvements in his hopscotch: he can now jump further than he can throw the stone. He long ago proved himself to be the champion avoider of duties, and has been seen so infrequently this term that most people have forgotten what he looks like, as will be seen from the prefects' photograph.

Mr. Costigan emerges but rarely from the dense thicket of hair in which his retiring nature hides itself, though his muffled cry of "Who'll buy me a Thricer?" often penetrates to the outer world. This worthy man is now an assistant scoutmaster, but he recalls his earlier scouting days musically in his fine rendition of "I used to be a Peewit." His ruling passion is rock-climbing, and already Bidston Hill has been assailed and conquered. Mr. Costigan is, of course, immortalised in Shakespeare's famous greeting, "Good morrow to thee, Coz."

Old Age Pensioner, Mr. M. Lunt, still dodders amiably about the P.R. There was, presumably, a time when Mr. Lunt was not a member of the School, but no one can remember it. As a tribute to his venerable senility, Mr. Lunt has been appointed Photographer-in-Chief to the Prefectorial Body. How ill-considered was this step will be apparent to all readers. Mr. J. D. Lunt wears the same haircut as his namesake and calf shoes that look as if they have been scalped. There is an invention called cleaner, but Mr. Lunt has obviously never heard of it. His shoes have never been the same, of course, since he served lemonade at the Sports. But even that arduous task had its compensations: he made a big profit on the empties. Mr. McKenzie is following in Mr. J. D. Lunt's footsteps and, like Mr. Lunt, can neither dance nor play football. He rushes home at four o'clock to hide in the automatic *Echo* machine and push the papers through the slot. He has asked us to thank all his well-wishers in the lower yard lines who sang to him so volubly on the occasion of his birthday. They will no doubt be pleased to hear that he is to continue appearing in "Music for You"—or is it "Tonight"?

Cricket Secretary Mr. D. J. Whittaker, who carries a case bearing the initials M.M. (?), has just bought a Greek typewriter, and holds strong views about the value of the Classics. One wonders whether Greek mathematicians use English letters as symbols. Mr. Whittaker, bearing in mind the Oxford Maths course, is now saving up for an adding machine. That will make two of them. Mr. Rowlands has found a broken nose, which he now wears in place of his own. It fits quite well, and has proved of value in broadening his educational experience: he is now appearing with Professor Codman on St. George's Plateau every Saturday morning. Mr. Rowlands has been a Scout for a long time now, and has even begun to speak in morse code.

Here, then, we have the catalogue of the many vices and few virtues of our fellowship. But what of the future? One thing is certain: there is still hope: time may bring its healing balm; for—as Mr. Cummins has obviously heard me remark—"Tempus omnia vincit."

Yours platitudinously,

CICERO.

HOMEcoming

Almost a year ago, a crowd of enthusiasts cheered the arrival at Towyn (Merioneth) of a 93 year old saddletank railway locomotive. This engine carried a signboard, "Yr wfy yn mynd adref," (I am going home) and reached Towyn on a trailer after a seven and a half hour journey by road from the Midlands.

This venerable engine, the "Talyllyn," was the original locomotive which operated on the Talyllyn narrow-gauge railway, authorised by Parliament in 1865, and today, a world famous railway run by amateurs.

For 79 years the engine had given faithful service on the 7 mile track (2 ft. 3 ins. gauge) running from Towyn to the slate quarries at Abergynolwyn. During this period "Talyllyn" was kept in running order by a local worthy who dealt as competently with engine troubles as he did with chapel organs and cottage pianos. He has left detailed records of his work and was obviously both versatile and conscientious. After his death, "Talyllyn" suffered the attentions of self-taught and semi-skilled drivers and fitters, whose favourite tool was a hammer.

It is a tribute to the builders of the engine and to the good workmanship and quality of materials used, that the engine ran so long. In 1946, in appalling condition, the "Talyllyn" steamed on her last journey to rescue her sister engine "Dolgoch," who had become derailed. Thereafter, "Talyllyn" was a rusting scrap heap, used only as a henhouse.

Eleven years later the Talyllyn Railway Preservation Society decided to send "Talyllyn" to Dudley for major overhaul, indeed for rebuilding. When she arrived at the works, the smokebox fell out, she needed a new boiler, cab and superstructure. All the spare parts had to be individually made, as there was no standardisation in 1865. The cylinders had been patched with concrete! New steel ones were made. The Midland Engineers agreed that the man who last drove the "Talyllyn" must have been exceptionally brave.

At last she was transformed and despatched by road to Towyn, her home. The Earl of Northesk, the President of the Society, greeted her and said he hoped that any repairs needed in the next ninety years would not be due to his shortcomings on the footplate!

So the gleaming, reborn "Talyllyn" steamed proudly up the valley which had heard her shrill whistle nearly a century ago. Watching her was a small band of enthusiasts who have determined that the steam engine will not vanish from this corner of the world. D. H. MAWDSLEY (LSA).

DAWN

The first light appeared,
So pale and forlorn;
Far into the East,
Came the first rays of dawn.
An early lark sang
In the sweetest of tune,
As the fresh rays of light
Streaked across my dark room.
The earth seemed to waken,
As if from the dead,
The sharp light cast shadows,
As if made of lead.

This wonderful glory
Of day's happy birth
Is only the daybreak
'Twixt heaven and earth.

DAVID G. ROCK (4A).

MAN'S DESCENT

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree
Discussing such things, as we shall see.
Said one to the others, "Now listen you two,
I've heard certain rumours that cannot be true;
They say man descended from our noble race—
The very idea is an utter disgrace.

No monkey e'er tried to make me his slave,
Or keep me in bondage till I yearned for the grave.
No monkey e'er caused another one pain,
The very idea I treat with disdain.
Yet man in his 'glorious' civilized way
Fulfils all these evils day by day.

And here's another thing you wouldn't see—
An ape build a fence round a coconut tree,
And let the coconuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other monkeys to taste.
Why, if I built a fence round a coconut tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from me.

No monkey used gun, or club or knife
To take another monkey's life.
Yes, Man descended, that's obvious,
But brothers, he did not descend from us!"

A. J. CLEGG (L5Sc.).

THE EMPTY HOUSE

"So it still stands," I thought, as I saw its gray, tiled roof and its ungainly gable-ends towering above the tops of the unkempt hedges. I well remembered playing along this narrow lane, as a boy, on my way to, or from, the small village where so many of my boyhood friends had lived. I remembered even more clearly the beautiful wrought-iron gates, which bore the legend 'The Oaks' upon them, and the huge sand-stone columns in which the solid iron hinges were sunk, as if for eternity.

Expecting to find these gates in front of me as I turned a sharp bend, which had at first hidden the gates from me, imagine my astonishment when I found myself staring at a mouldering wooden gate, covered in creepers and sprouting brilliant orange fungi. I kicked the gate open with my foot; it crumbled pitifully, disclosing one of the sand-stone pillars, snapped in two by its fall, lying eroded and weathered, in the undergrowth which covered the path. I realised that the gates I had known had probably fallen victims to the scrap-iron drive of the last World War.

On walking up the once neat gravel drive, now an overgrown, twisting, slushy track, I saw that the old, spacious, once well-kept grounds were also covered with wild herbs and fungi, apart from the area, which grew in size day by day, where the new council houses were to be erected.

I noticed the chimney pot, now fallen from the roof and lying in the garden, sprouting weeds instead of smoke. Some feet away stood the dog kennel, its paint peeling and a large jagged hole through one side. How the kennel came to be there, I have no idea, for as far back as I can remember the kennel was always kept at the back of the house with its legs raised from the ground, in small squares of concrete—as my young brother once sarcastically put it, "To prevent it blowing away in the event of a storm, gale, or earth-quake!"

Approaching the step, which I remembered as being square, white, and solid, I saw a cracked, dirty and discoloured slab of stone in front of me, covered with broken milk bottles and splinters of glass from the porch-like canopy which stretched out from the top of the door, over the step, to shelter visitors from the rain. Some disused milk bottles still stood on the step, full of slimy, black water.

Instead of the majestic oak panelling I once knew, a jumble of splintered planks served as a front door; the heavy iron hinges lay, rotted and wrenched from their sockets by vandals, on the floor, leaving the doorstep behind, a strip of shredded, mangled wood.

Rats and mice scuttled away as I walked along the hall; outside the study door a dead cat was decomposing—a horrible sight. Inside the study I found the book shelves bare and riddled with worm holes; what books we had left behind us when we moved on had long since been eaten by mice or book-worm, or taken by the children who used the derelict old place as a playground. The ancient weapons which decorated the walls had also disappeared, probably sold, to a scrap-yard or a collector of ancient pieces, by some intelligent tramp who realised their value.

Returning to the hall, I tapped on the oak panelling with a stout stick I had acquired during my rambling, expecting the panels to crumble beneath my blow; but to my surprise they did not, holding together firmly, although the wood was rotten. I realised that this was due to the many coats of varnish I had so unwillingly applied as a youngster.

Entering other rooms on the ground floor, I found them bare and dirty, cob-webs around the windows, mouse holes in the skirting boards, the fire-places scratched and marked by children. Coming up the stairs, I found a short landing on the turn, rotted away, and so I could not mount to the bed-rooms. Looking through a small window by the stairs, I saw the plants in my mother's own small garden, either grown wildly to monstrous proportions, or shrivelled and choked by weeds.

Leaving the house, I walked carefully along the muddy path and paused at the gate, to look back at the old place with its black, broken windows with jagged pieces of glass in them, looking, in the dusk, like yawning mouths full of old, stumps of teeth; its creaking, swinging, dilapidated shutters; its gutters and drain-spouts hanging crazily away from the walls; its rafters and beams which stood out against the sky, where bombs, from misled aircraft during the war, had shattered the roof and fallen into the house, evidently without exploding, for the house still stood; its ivy clad walls, and its overgrown, tangled grounds—all these I took in at a glance as I paused at the gate to look back.—"So it still stands," I thought.

D. R. WADE (L5Sc.).

THE EXPLOSION OF THE SUN

The yellow speck grew brighter, bigger,
Till light lost meaning in a figure
That seared, shrivelled and shook the minds
Of simple human beings.

The shining star revolved; its light
Cast shadows black, and yet so bright
That eyes could not behold their splendour
Of glittering perplexity.

The white turned orange, green, then slowly
Back to yellow, meek and lowly,
So soothing to the human eye
That beheld once more the Sun.

J. G. MILBOURN (U5B).

A SUMMER WALK THROUGH AN ENGLISH LANE

No landscape can rival the beauty and versatility of a typical English lane. Around me were banks of flowers, blazing with colour and showering myriad odours upon me, as I passed. The trees and hedgerows, however, offered contrasting shades of dark green. The gentle breeze rippled through their lethargic branches. I had to look where I was walking, for the gnarled roots of the trees writhed and knotted themselves into the most grotesque contortions. On my right was the inevitable stream, hurrying along a course as changeable as that of the lane, through rushy tunnels, over sandy shallows and round earthy bends, bouncing wherever ridges of stone crossed its path.

Although I appreciated the beauty of the flowers and trees, they formed merely the scenic background of what I had really come to see. A country lane is the habitat of many diverse forms of animal-life. To the casual observer, the insect seems the most predominant. There is a humble-bee, blundering along the flower-clad banks, accompanied by its steady, continuous drone. Butterflies, like floating artists' palettes, were flinging themselves erratically, but gracefully, over the hedgerows. The hover-fly prefers to draw geometrical patterns above the flowers, while above me dashes the dragon-fly, the acknowledged tyrant of the air, after its insect prey.

A patch of sandy ground gave me the opportunity of seeing another insect, the tiger beetle, a voracious creature, but magnificent, for his abdomen was an emerald dappled with gold and rubies.

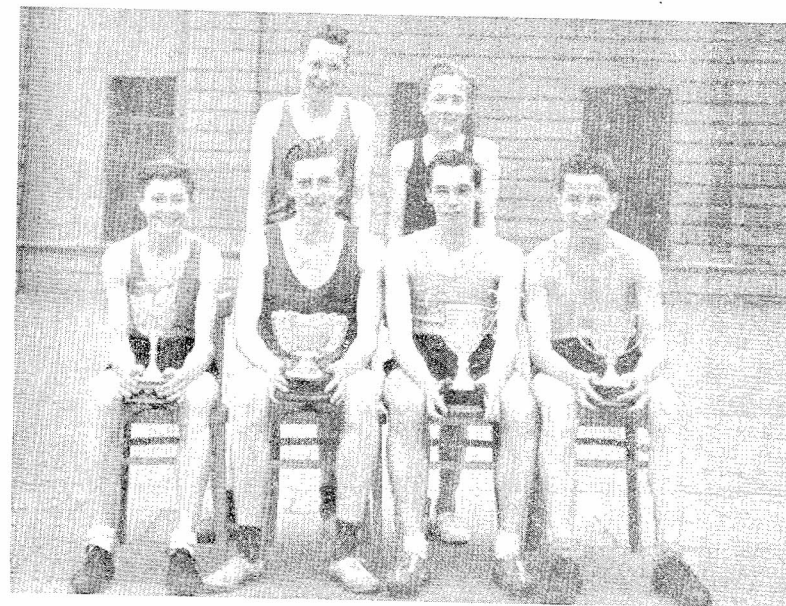
From here I made my way to the stream in the hope of seeing some of its fauna. I was rewarded with a performance of acrobatics by two water-boatman, and a whirligig beetle, two aptly-named insects, the former rowing along the surface jerkily, whilst the latter danced energetically upon it. As I walked along the bank, I found that it was extensively honeycombed, judging by the number of entrance and exit holes. I thought it must have been the work of water voles. A closer search revealed nothing, for the occupants, whatever they were, were either away hunting or had retreated to the innermost sanctum of their copious tunnellings on hearing my approach.

Returning to the lane, I found signs of approaching evening. Nature's couriers, the birds, were wheeling home overhead. Their nocturnal counterpart, the owl, was hallooing in the distance. The satanic bats, too, had come to establish their night rule and were skating in the salmon sky, rapaciously seeking the unfortunate insects, which were tempting night's snares and pitfalls. Next the night-flying moths were abroad. Particularly noticeable was the phantom swift which seemed to make the flowers and trees put on their ghostly night raiment. The miracle and mystery of night had descended once more.

D. H. SLATER (L5A).

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