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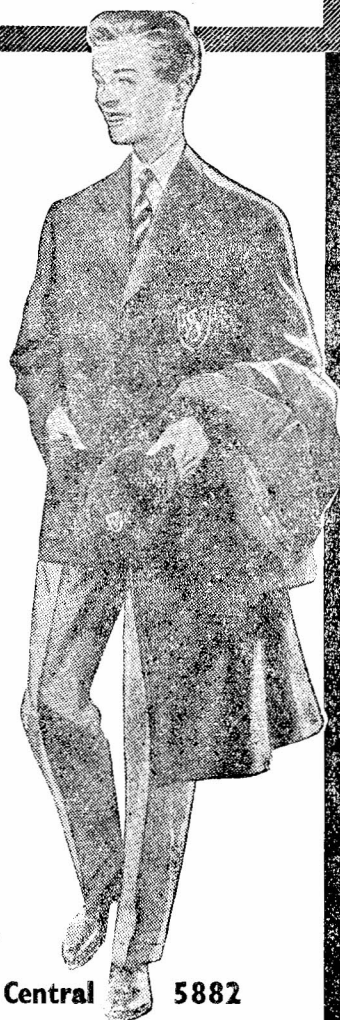
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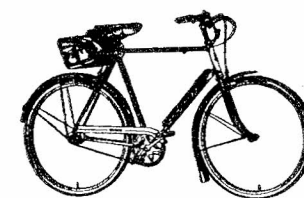
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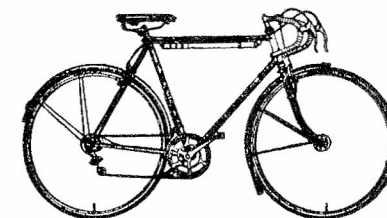
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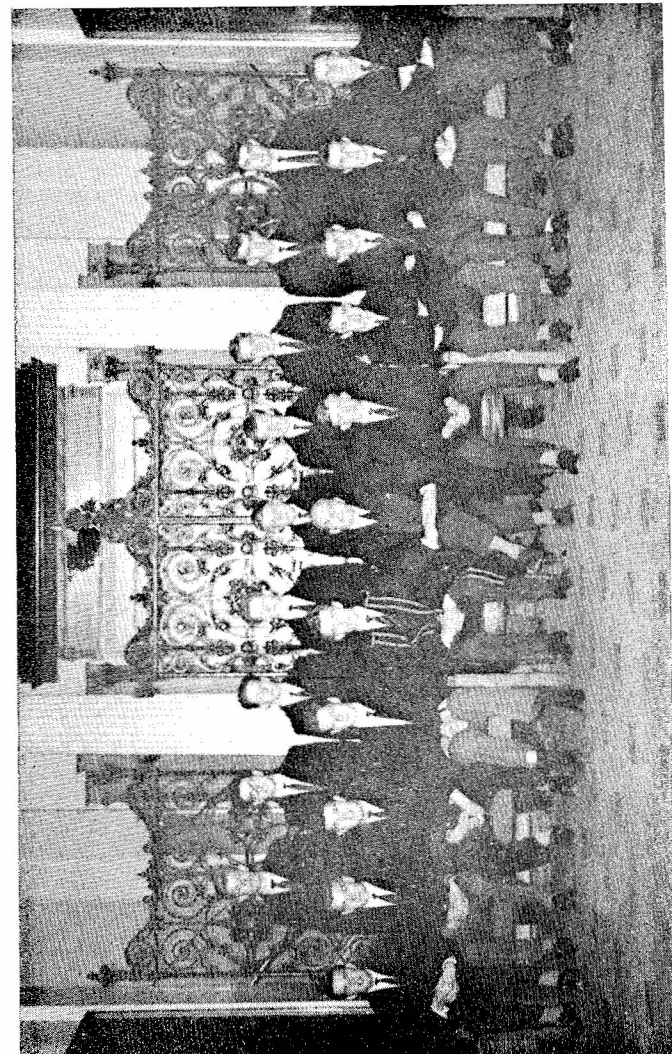
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SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1960-61

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

VOL. LXIX.

JULY, 1961.

No. 2.

THE HEADMASTER

Mr. J. R. Edwards retires at the end of this term after twenty-six years as Headmaster. The very length of his service and the important events of this period in our national and our educational life make this quarter-century unique. He inherited in the Institute a School of established academic tradition, well-known and held in high esteem. Within four years the outbreak of war in 1939 threatened our very existence. Evacuation to Bangor and the closing of the Mount Street premises was an unprecedented upheaval; yet, within eighteen months the School flourished again in two parts, the major one here, the smaller in Bangor, with the Headmaster dividing his time between them. By 1945 the School had grown to 850, despite the fact that the Education Act had taken away our Prep. School and that there were no longer any fee-payers. Since then the School has expanded to some 1,040, largely because more boys have stayed on in the Sixth Form. That the consequent extension of courses and complications of organisation have developed smoothly and naturally is the result of the Headmaster's foresight and wise policies.

In the scholastic profession there is no yard-stick to measure success. Awards at Oxford and Cambridge or the number of passes in the General Certificate examinations only give part of the picture. The desire of nearly one half of the boys who take the O-level examinations to proceed to the Sixth Form and the ready absorption of the others into the life of our city is surely a tribute to this School and to the inspiration of its Headmaster.

Mr. Edwards has always insisted on a high standard of approach in work and in other activities. He has himself set the example by devotion to the School and to education in wider fields. In his own work only excellence satisfied him, the second-rate was never good enough. That he has communicated the same urgency to others, both Staff and boys, has been perhaps his outstanding contribution to this School.

We wish Mr. and Mrs. Edwards many years of happy retirement.

D. BOOTH.

Mr. J. R. Edwards has been Headmaster of the Liverpool Institute for twenty-six eventful years. In 1939, some four years after his arrival, the second Great War broke out and he was at once faced with new and difficult problems. This is not the place to recount how well Mr. Edwards and his colleagues coped with the changing situation; it is perhaps enough to say that in no respect were they found wanting. From 1945 onwards the School buildings, fortunately spared from major damage by enemy action, were more and more heavily used both during the day and evening.

Under the leadership of Mr. Edwards the School maintained and strengthened its position as a leading Grammar School in a big city. The range of studies was wide and the boys came from many parts of Liverpool.

The Institute had a very good share of unusually able scholars. In due course these bright eleven-year-olds progressed from form to form, and after doing credit to the Staff went on to business appointments or to Universities.

At the same time the School had its traditional quota of competent, hard-working but less brilliant boys, as well as some slower people. Mr.



Mr. J. R. EDWARDS, M.A.

Edwards kept a watchful eye on the three groups and from time to time he was minatory or encouraging as seemed appropriate!

When the Head came to the Institute he knew that he was taking charge of a School with a long and splendid record. He so identified himself with the School, that no Old Boy could have more affection for it or more pride in it than has Mr. Edwards. He leaves his School a happy community in which a great many persons are doing a fine job. The Governors wish Mr. Edwards well in his retirement and are deeply grateful to him for all he has done for more than a quarter of a century to maintain and enhance the fame of the Liverpool Institute.

R. A. MORTON.

As Director of Education for Liverpool, and as Clerk to the Governors of the Liverpool Institute High School, I have had the pleasure of working with the Headmaster for the last fifteen years—and it has been a delight. It is, therefore, with feelings of regret that I write about his retirement, after more than twenty-six years' contribution to the School. His has been a major contribution, not only in length of time, but also in high quality and the School and the City have good reason to be grateful to Mr. Edwards for what he has done.

It is true to say that the School has never been in better health and its standards of scholarship, not only at University level, have never been higher. The success of the School is ultimately measured in the way of life and careers of the 'old boys' of the School, and here Mr. Edwards has good reason to be proud. The quality of the School depends on many factors, but most of all on the contribution of the Headmaster, and here again, Mr. Edwards can look back with proud satisfaction over the last quarter-of-a-century.

May I join with his many well-wishers in the hope that he and Mrs. Edwards will have many years of happiness before them.

H. S. MAGNAY.

MR. LAWRENCE HOLT

We deeply regret to report the death of Mr. Lawrence Durning Holt. He was appointed to the Governing body of the School in 1913, became its Chairman in 1936, and continued, even enhanced, his family tradition of service to the Institute until his retirement in 1953 upon leaving Liverpool for Hereford.

Few schools have had a greater friend and benefactor: his gifts to the Institute were legion; he gave it its gymnasium, the organ in the Hall, the Library and Prefects' Room; he founded the Travelling Fund which has enabled boys and masters to have financial aid for foreign travel, and endowed several scholarships to the Universities. In a word, he loved this School, and there are many men and many boys throughout the 40 years of his association with it who will always remember him with gratitude and affection.

MR. C. H. MOORE

Mr. C. H. Moore joined the Modern Language Staff of the Liverpool Institute in 1935, after teaching for fifteen years at Wrexham County School. He is a teacher of distinction, combining scholarship with personality, wit and understanding, continually striving not only to impart a sound knowledge of his subject, but also to help his pupils to sense the wider implications of their work. Outside the classroom, too, he has done much to help maintain the high tradition of this School and to inspire in boys a true sense of values. This has been very evident in his work with the Literary and Debating Society. As Chairman, he has taken his position seriously, upholding the dignity and authority of his office, believing whole-heartedly in the educative value of

learning to speak in public. By his patience and sympathy he has helped many a nervous beginner, and delighted the members with his ready gift of punning repartee—a gift known to both masters and boys.

In addition, he has given a tremendous amount of time and thought during the last eleven years to the administration and conduct of the G.C.E. examinations in this School, a most arduous and responsible task which demands painstaking care and attention to detail. In the Masters' Common Room he has endeared himself to his colleagues by his sense of fun, his good companionship and his sound judgment in matters of public interest.

Now the time has come when he must give up the work which he has done so well and which he has so enjoyed doing. The School will miss him very much, but we all, Masters and boys alike, wish him and Mrs. Moore, many happy years of retirement.

MR. A. HOSKER

Mr. Hosker, who was appointed to the Mathematical Department of the School, in May 1942, retires at the end of term. His kindly and friendly attitude to others will be greatly missed. He will be remembered for his conscientious devotion to his work, his meticulous accountancy of the School Fund and his willingness to serve the School in any capacity. A musician of distinction and a specialist in the works of Gilbert and Sullivan, he was always ready to give generously of his talents in School musical and dramatic activities. We wish him many happy years of retirement.

EDITORIAL

What is the perfect editorial? What form would the editorial of the leading newspaper of the Republic have assumed? What is the editorial to end all editorials? With regard to the last question, this particular editorial may certainly have the effect of imposing a ban on future editorials. The Editors this year are of the opinion that an editorial should bite and seethe, should invite, even extract comment and opinion from its readers, like the eagles who ripped out Prometheus' entrails. Indeed, selected written opinions might be published in the next edition of the Magazine, selected according to literary merit, of course, and not according to the views they contain—we are not a second *Tass*. In this way the Editors hope to arouse their readers from the torpidity they have exhibited in the past over the contribution of original articles. In particular, we should like to remind our readers of the last clause in our "constitution," as laid down in the Green Book, which states: "Correspondence on matters of general interest will also be published."

What of the talking point we promised? Up till now we have been speaking of literary work and standards. What is the standard of literature today compared with that of a hundred years ago? Are there any works written in the past few years which will stand the test of time and become 'classics' in their own right, to be revered by future generations? Let us now briefly examine the nature of present-day literature and suggest reasons for its being so constituted. This is an age which esteems education highly; consequently there are many writers today, writing about divers topics and even more people, who cannot themselves write, talking, for better or for worse, about the many contemporary writers and also the writers of the past. The number of writers, however, is balanced by the comparatively meagre output of individual ones. Some have only produced one magnum opus. This is probably because this is also an age of distractions, that is, there are numerous ways today, besides reading, of becoming Bacon's proverbial "full man," of leading a life at blood-pressure level. The tempo of existence often reveals itself in a negligence of expression at times bordering on

clumsiness, "a flux of words to the pen," as 'Q' put it, as opposed to the laboured, intensely logical constructions of the Victorians. Curiously combined with this is often an intellectual snobbery with which education inevitably impregnates writers.

Equality of opportunity nowadays enables people, disgusted that, in the past, comparatively few have farmed the material profits of society, to fulfil their desire to "get rich quick." Unfortunately, all too many writers succumb to this temptation and their work suffers as a result. Besides, all too often good writers are spoiled by success, which today is no mean millstone around the neck. Their work declines; they become the Figurehead, the Personality and gradually, again owing to the importance ascribed to education, an incompetent aristocracy of merit is built up in the literary field. In short, we must not let our intelligence and material pleasures kill our ability to write.

We have almost been ensnared into converting the Editorial into our private stamping ground and serving up concentrated opinions in little pots, with labels like "pocket philosophy no. 832." But allow us one last word: whereas our national newspapers and periodicals cater for an extensive readership and therefore a low common denominator of intelligence, our Magazine is read by a select few, a few of a reasonably high intelligence quotient. Let us all then, supply it, not only with the standard, but also the amount of literature it deserves.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

Two masters are leaving at the end of term to take up new appointments. They are Mr. J. D. Wray, an Old Boy of the School, to whom we are grateful for the keen interest he has taken in School Games, the C.C.F. and various societies, and Mr. P. F. Ashworth, whose keen enthusiasm resulted in the formation of the Sea Scouts. We wish them success and happiness in the future.

Señor Cadenas, also, will be leaving this summer. We wish him well.

On 14th March, a party of Sixth Formers attended a performance of "Amphitryon 38," by Jean Giradoux, at Liverpool University.

On 16th March, a group of boys from the Sixth Form attended a performance of *El sí de las niñas*, by L. F. Moratín, given by the Spanish Department of Liverpool University.

The School has been the recipient of a further generous gift from Mr. H. R. Stone. He has already given us the Plevin-Grieve Cup for gymnastics and the H. J. Tiffen Cup for the Hobby Show. Now he has given us another prize, and the Headmaster has decided that it shall be known as the H. R. Stone Prize for Public Speaking.

We are happy to announce that the first winner of this competition is G. R. Mordaunt, M6A2, Scholar-elect of Oriel College, Oxford.

We congratulate the following boys on their successes in the National Prize Competition organised by the Hispanic Council: J. Wainwright was awarded 1st Prize in the Intermediate Section, P. Cartmel was awarded 3rd Prize in the Junior Section, and I. G. Caulfield won 3rd Prize in the Latin-America Section. D. C. Miller was highly commended.

We also congratulate P. H. Kay on passing the entrance examination to Welbeck College.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Noel Evans on the birth of a daughter.

The School Sports were held on Saturday, 27th May, at Mersey Road.

The Swimming Sports will take place on Monday, 17th July, at Queens Drive Baths.

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

I. S. Miller, an Open Scholarship in Mathematics at Christ Church, Oxford.

P. L. Rimmer, an Open Scholarship in Mathematics at Keble College, Oxford.

K. Corkish, an Open Scholarship in Mathematics at Hertford College, Oxford.

P. D. Mannheim, an Open Exhibition in Mathematics at New College, Oxford.

R. P. Martineau, an Abbott Scholarship in Mathematics, at Wadham College, Oxford.

W. A. A. Thom, an Open Scholarship in History at Exeter College, Oxford.

L. F. MacRae, a Commonership in English at Downing College, Cambridge.

D. M. Harris, a Commonership in Modern Languages at Lincoln College, Oxford.

P. G. Sissons, a Commonership in Classics at University College, Oxford.

These successes bring the number of Scholarships and Exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge this year to eleven, an achievement which is a record for the School.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

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

The Harp, The Holt School Magazine, Wallaseyan, Cestria, Esme-duna, St. Francis Xavier's College Magazine, The Squirrel, The Alsopcan, Queen Mary High School Magazine, Aigburth Vale High School Magazine.

THE HOBBY SHOW

Our two yearly 'Exhibition of Work and Hobbies' was held on Friday and Saturday, the 17th and 18th March of this year, and it was gratifying to see large numbers of visitors on each night. The following article gives a description of the exhibits, demonstrations and displays that were seen; an account of the plays can be found elsewhere in the Magazine.

The biologists always found their laboratory well filled; on entering I was confronted with a display of small bottles, which exhibited the many chemicals that could be obtained from plants. On another table there was an impressive display of photographs of insects, bones and cross-sections of animal tissues. Along the sides of the laboratory, exhibitors showed us their pets, which included mice, and a colourful display of tropical fish gaily swimming about, oblivious to the activity going on around them.

The centre of the laboratory was adorned with the skeletons of a prehistoric animal, a bird, and a man, all of which I understand (and hope) are models. For those of us who could not stomach the skeletons, there was little relief when we looked over our shoulders and saw spasmodic twitches coming from what we were assured to be dead frogs, and all we could do was rush out and find sanctuary with the cases of dead insects displayed next door.

Nearby, in the gymnasium, excellent displays of basketball, gymnastics and trampolining were held at regular intervals on each night, while upstairs the R.A.F. section of the combined cadet force had taken charge. In the centre of their room a rubber dinghy was displayed, and around the sides were models and photographs of R.A.F. aircraft. From one corner I could hear weird sounds screeching from a wireless receiver, but despite all the efforts of the operators, they did not contact outer space.

Above the screeching of the wireless, singing could be heard from the music room, as the re-formed Madrigal Group gave an entertaining programme of Elizabethan songs in an informal atmosphere.

A big attraction of the show was in the Physics Laboratory. As I entered, I was confronted with demonstrations of polarised light, but my attention was quickly drawn to the life-size model of a girl. However, my luck was out. She screamed as soon as I approached her, attracting the attention of everyone around. Running away, I was counted on a cyclometer as I passed through a beam of light. I then came to an electrostatic generator, continually banging as sparks passed across two spherical conductors at a high voltage. The words 'male' and 'female' together with other dubious comments could be heard above the generator as visitors were informed to which species they belonged on the sex-determiner.

Next door, an interesting display and demonstration of the formation of colour and the deceptiveness of the eye was given. In front of large audiences, with many ladies amongst them, proof was given that 'Brand X' was as white and bright as any other soap powder.

After an arduous climb up seemingly endless flights of stairs, I found myself in the chemical garden. Beautifully coloured stones, apparently serving no useful purpose, adorned an aquarium, while in the background explosions could be heard as a flame travelled along a glass tube. The high standard of scientific achievement attained by students in the School was shown in one corner of the garden, where a column of heavy water was seen to flow continuously from a tap. Research is being carried on by our students to assess its value as a fuel for American space rockets.

Peeping through the window into the neighbouring room, my interest was caught by a demonstration of liquid oxygen, showing its powers of freezing.

On the first floor were the exhibitions of various School societies. Coming down from the Chemistry Laboratory, the first exhibition to be seen was that of geographical and historical maps which, from what can be remembered of the last Hobby Show, were of a higher standard. Usually, the only pleasure received from looking at maps is found in the technical skill of the cartographer, but this year the maps were informative above the average as well as being technically sound. To the observing eye, the excellence of clarity and colour was easily noticeable, and it was perhaps the brightness of the room as a whole that left a lasting impression of cheerfulness.

Passing through the door between the exhibition of maps and the models exhibition, I entered a room whose display turned out to be rather disappointing. The models were few and consisted, apart from a few ships, of aeroplanes. The arrangers of this particular exhibition had made an attempt at originality, for there was one industrious designer engaged in constructing another model aeroplane for the already replete squadron. He did not attract so much attention as the model-railway, which never fails to allure the male guests, the females being enticed by the tinkling of a musical box.

Next door to this was the Photographic Society's exhibition. Animals river craft and buildings were the main features, and these had been photographed with a considerable degree of skill but with a lesser degree of ingenuity. We who are not permitted to know the esoteric methods of photo-

graphy are not concerned with the divers contrivances used to take a photograph, but with the finished product. The examples here provided excellent examples of meritorious industry.

In the Art Room, there was demonstrated the technical completeness of the School's art students in what I would call painted drawings rather than paintings. Attempts had been made at naturalness, but most of the drawings appeared artificial. I was pleased to see a few paintings in the more modern manner, but unfortunately they were tucked away in one corner.

The various stamp collections on show were of a high degree of excellence, but it would seem that not many visitors had a taste for stamps because those few who were examining them were not doing so with anything but a cursory glance before passing into the neighbouring room where the Scout Troop had put on their best exhibition for some time. What first attracted the eye was the tent pitched in the centre of the floor, followed in attraction by the posters on the walls in support of safety on the roads. The scouts were doing their good deed for the day in driving home the need for care and attention on the highway.

In the exhibition produced by those members of the School who specialise in the saw and chisel art, I saw some good examples of craftsmanship, though one exhibit on which I put my weight, against all warning notices advising me not to touch, seemed to be rather unsteady as if one leg were slightly shorter than the others. Of particular interest was a trolley, which pointed to the fact that the creations in this room could all be used in the home.

Passing from here to the display of handwriting room, where the handwriting had a penchant towards the affected with contrived flourishes, I again observed the voluntary contributions were few, and the compulsory examples from the Third Formers were numerous. The language competition was causing a few headaches, and I remember thinking that some people might have come on Friday night, taken careful note of the questions, and returned on Saturday with the answers.

When I entered the Archaeological exhibition, I was somewhat surprised, as I thought the room was empty. But no! A missile of medium size flew from one side of the room to the other, and I saw with amusement a vicious looking small boy operating a catapult (or is it ballista?) with considerable skill acquired with much practice.

The general impression received from the exhibitions was that of apathy in support of a number of the societies. The standard of entries was generally high, but if the Hobby Show has a secondary intention in encouraging boys to express themselves in concrete manifestations of the creative instinct, then it appears that too many boys have no wish to express themselves.

K.B., K.D.

HOUSE PLAYS

IN THE ZONE.

by Eugene O'Neill.

Cochran House.

A play portraying strong emotions and requiring a constantly sustained tension in the atmosphere. These were reasonably well given by the cast, but, with one or two exceptions, the earthiness and maturity of the characters were rather outside the scope of the youthful actors. This was the only play at which the complaint of inaudibility at times could be levelled. I suspect this was due in part to the adoption of accents. The strongest performances were Davies (D. W. T. Hughes) and Driscoll (J. M. Jackson). The lighting was rather too pleasant for a ship's foc's'le, and even with the limited resources available, I think some effort could have been made to provide a somewhat more dingy lighting. Nevertheless, some trouble had been taken with the set, and it was effective.

HALL OF HEALING.

by Sean O'Casey.

Tate House.

The style in which to present this play is not easy to determine. The author calls it a "Sincierious Farce," but I think his intentions were probably to accent the "sincierious" rather than the farce, and that the social comment is more important to him than the comedy. This presentation tended to stress the comedy at the expense of the social comment, and even of the tragedy at the end. This effect was enhanced by the too-bright lighting, which, together with the light curtains, made the setting much too pleasant. These complaints were, however, very much diminished by the standard of acting. Aloysius (L. F. MacRae), the pivot of the play, was very competently portrayed, although I would have liked him to have been more grotesque in his movements. The Doctor (D. A. Clegg) achieved a convincing maturity, but was not as coarse as the author wrote him. A good standard of characterisation and accent was achieved by Red Muffler (S. C. Healey), Old Woman (R. Y. Sharp), Green Muffler (J. H. Gaugroger) and Mr. Jentree (B. P. Wilson).

x = 0

by John Drinkwater.

Danson House.

I think credit should be given for the choice of this play, which is an appropriate one for a grammar school. The presentation was quite effective, and, of all the plays, showed most imagination in the use of lighting (the effect several times brought to mind a Wedgwood classical vase). A good voice was used well by Pronax (W. Kenwright), and convincing performances were also given by Salvius (J. P. Cuthell), Ilus (A. R. Breeze) and Capys (D. R. Slater). The main criticism was some unnecessary movement while delivering the longer speeches.

THE VALIANT.

by H. Hall and R. Middlemass.

Hughes House

Again a play calling for the portrayal of difficult human emotions. This was a fairly competent production, but the essential foreboding atmosphere of an impending execution was not really achieved. However, a very competent performance was given by the Warden (S. J. Norris) with a consistent accent. The Prisoner (N. A. Archer) made a brave attempt at the most difficult character in the play, but could not reach the subtler emotions involved. There was too much movement without good reason, and particularly at front stage.

COUNT ALBANY.

by Donald Carswell.

Lawrence Holt House.

This is a rather cynical version of an important episode in the life of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The main difficulty in presentation is to maintain interest in spite of the wordiness of the play. Unfortunately this defeated the players. An almost complete absence of movement accentuated the wordiness. The bad position of the Prince's chair for his main speeches produced a very monotonous situation, which was only varied by the necessity for several prompts. The long speeches of the Prince (C. D. Miller), admittedly make the sustaining of characterisation a problem, but some movement to break up the speeches would have helped; nor was the gradual intoxication adequately shown. The Cardinal (I. J. Ferguson) had a convincing presence in his quieter moments, but upstaged himself in his main dramatic outburst. An assured portrayal was given of Father Mackintosh (G. K. Duckett).

THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS.

by N. McKinnell.

Philip Holt House.

This was a most competent performance, both in production and characterisation. The set was convincing, the stage well used and the characters well played. The Bishop (S. L. Slater) conveyed authentically the unshakeable Christian charity of the man, and his Sister (G. Bain), with her more practical outlook, but with an underlying sympathy, was well portrayed. The Convict (A. R. Frood) has some difficult moments of characterisation, but they were carried well.

RETURN JOURNEY.

by Dylan Thomas.

Alfred Holt House.

This illustrated narrative was well done, considering the limitations of staging. It is very much a *tour de force* for the Narrator (J. R. Morgan) who gave a most assured performance, but a suspicion of a Welsh accent would probably have been appropriate. Good support was given by the rest of the cast, in particular by the Barmaid (P. R. Winckles) and the Girl (I. A. Thomas). Although a somewhat courageous choice, the standard of performance did not overcome the lack of real dramatic content.

OUT OF THE FLYING PAN.

by D. Campton.

Owen House.

This is quite an original way of conveying an old message—the futility of war and the expediency of politicians. Extremely competent and assured performances were given by the two characters (P. G. Sissons and P. A. Radcliffe), but it was hardly satisfying as a play, and is more in the form of a sketch from a more-serious-than-normal revue. Although I may be thought by some to be exceeding my terms of reference, I would like to say that I think the choice of a play with only two characters, however good, can hardly be representative of the talent of a whole House.

My placing of the first three plays is as follows:—

1. THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS.

Philip Holt House.

Although the choice of play did not show much originality, the overall competence of staging and characterisation made it, in my opinion, the most satisfying production.

2. HALL OF HEALING.

Tate House.

The standard of production could have been higher, but the standard of characterisation in a large cast reflected great credit.

3. x = 0

Danson House.

The standard of production and characterisation, although not of the first rank in either case, combined to give a competent and satisfying production.

I would like to make some general comments on matters common to all the plays. Although the stage facilities are very restricted, much can be done with the limited lighting available. And in regard to movement: the temptation to move for no good reason should be resisted, but conversely producers should always bear in mind, particularly in a static situation with long individual speeches, the insertion of purposeful movement to avoid the risk of monotony. Generally speaking, the front of the stage is not the best place for movement; in one or two cases important speeches were delivered walking backwards and forwards along the footlights. Diagonal movement towards the back of the stage is much more effective.

Finally I would like to thank the School for two most enjoyable evenings watching the plays. The general standard reflected great credit on all eight houses.

K. H. LAWRENCE (1929-34)

AN ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY GOES TO SPAIN

Journeys abroad were always exciting for Peter Francis, because he was very fond of them, but that he was undertaking at present had surpassed all his hopes. His heart was overjoyed at the thought he would be in Spain soon, and that he would spend three months at the house of his pen friend, César Campos. After five years learning Spanish at school he was going to put it into practice.

His first contact with Spanish-speaking people took place in the customs. Peter, who was wondering whether he could understand the Spaniards at first or not, was filled with joy and pride on realising he could understand and be understood by everybody. A few minutes later he was sitting in an express on his way to Madrid. The people in the compartment, all Spaniards, were very kind to him, but, as is usual with this people, and especially women, they had a lot of questions to ask. He had to talk about England, his parents, his school, his friends in Madrid and a thousand more things. On the other hand he received much valuable information about Spain and, besides, his five years of learning Spanish were beginning to bear fruit.

After looking at the landscape he did not find much difference from France.

"It's because we are now in the north of the country," said a salesman sitting in front of him, "when we reach the plateau you'll notice the difference." And two hours later he did. The train had crossed the last mountains and an endless plateau—la Meseta Central, he remembered, opened out before him. There were neither trees, grass nor shade in it. He only saw a naked land, infinitely uniform, infinitely plain in which the sun was the only master and all else had retired before its merciless rays. Only when the train reached a river valley, could he see water, verdure and trees. That was the Spain he had read about.

In the late afternoon, after crossing more mountains, they arrived in Madrid. César, his father and his sister Pili were waiting for him.

"Welcome to Spain, land of sun, wine and beautiful women," shouted César as soon as he saw Peter.

"Cómo estás?" answered the English boy a little embarrassed by this enthusiastic reception. After being introduced to Don Carlos and Pili they walked out of the station and hired a taxi.

His first contact with Madrid made a great impression on him. They had just left the 'Estación del Norte' when the car went into a big square, the 'Plaza de España,' in which he saw two enormous buildings rising in front of the taxi.

"They are the highest in Spain, and probably in Europe," said don Carlos.

"This one is 'La Torre de Madrid' and has 37 floors," added Pili. "That one has only 32, but there is a swimming pool at the top."

The car was now crossing the city and Peter realised that the streets were crowded with people.

"They are just taking their evening stroll. You know, we Spanish people like it as much as you English like staying at home watching TV" said César's father.

When the car reached the house, Peter noticed that it was quite different to his. It was a huge building of seven floors with four different houses in every one. There was no garden at the front nor at the rear, but it had a big yard in the middle. The house was also different to his. He noticed that there were no carpets, nor hearth and that the walls were not covered with wallpaper. He also noticed that, though don Carlos had no car, there were two maid-servants in the house, and they were Spaniards, not French or German as in England.

The table was ready for the 'merienda,' similar to English tea, but without tea. Spanish people, he was told, prefer coffee, black or white, or milk. He had fruit, biscuits, coffee and a piece of frozen tart.

As he was tired after the journey, when he went to bed he fell rapidly asleep without having time to compare Spanish and English bedrooms.

The following morning he was awake at eight, but nobody knocked on the door until nine o'clock. It was Sunday, and on this day the Campos

family, invariably, felt a little lazy, and enjoyed the feeling of not having to hurry as they usually had to on a week-day. They had the 'desayuno' at ten o'clock. Peter, who expected a meal like English breakfast, was a little disappointed and rather hungry on having only a cup of chocolate with something called 'churros,' really tasty, but insufficient for his English material hunger. César's mother noticed it and ordered some sandwiches for him. The boy felt that he liked her more than anybody else in the family.

It is a secular custom in Spain that the family go together to mass, and after, for a long walk. On this day the walk was exceptionally long to show Peter several of the most famous places in the city. Such places as the 'Retiro,' the 'Puerta del Sol,' the 'Cibeles,' and the 'Palacio Real.' Afterwards they had an 'aperitivo' sitting on a terrace and the English boy was once more astonished when don Carlos asked him whether he preferred vermouth or sherry. He was only sixteen! His amazement was even greater on seeing Pili, aged fourteen, drinking a 'caña' of foaming beer.

Back at home, about half past two, they had the 'comida,' which is the biggest meal of the day in Spain. It normally consists of two main courses, desert, and coffee. First they had 'paella,' after roast-beef and finally bananas and grapes. But Peter could only eat the first course and a banana.

"What is wrong, Peter?" asked César. "You were as hungry as a lion in the morning and now, after a two-hours walk you only eat one plate of 'paella.' You English people have strange customs, haven't you?"

"Don't you care about what César says, Peter," said don Carlos, "he is always teasing everybody. You boys finish your coffee and after that we shall go to bed."

To bed, now? Peter could hardly believe his ears. Going to bed in the afternoon! Perhaps another joke he thought. But it was not; everybody left the table and started to walk towards their bedrooms.

"Good night," said Peter shyly.

"Oh, Peter! Don't say good night for the 'siesta,' we only say that at night," César said. Peter heaved a sigh of relief. It was only the 'siesta.' Nevertheless, he couldn't sleep at all. César, however, was sleeping like a log in his bed.

"We have a special surprise for you," said don Carlos after the 'cena,' but he did not explain what sort of a surprise it would be. A few minutes later they went out to the 'Metro' (Underground) station where they jumped into the first train which arrived. After travelling for twenty minutes like tinned sardines, they rose to the surface to find themselves in the middle of a human river that spoke animatedly and walked in the same direction. The boy wondered what would be their destination, and only when he saw the walls of a big stadium did he realise that they were going to see a football match.

"Here is your surprise," said don Carlos, "you are going to see the best football team in the world—Real Madrid."

"Thank you, César," answered Peter, "thank you so much, because, you know, I love football." And they entered the stadium.

On returning home and lying in bed with open eyes fixed on the ceiling, he remembered one by one all the moments of the match. Since the very moment in which the players ran onto the pitch to play the most wonderful game he had ever seen until the referee blew the final whistle.

"It's marvellous to live in Spain, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

"Wait till tomorrow," answered César, "we must go to school."

In Spain there are two different kinds of Grammar School. The 'colegios' which are private and the students must pay a fee to attend, and the 'institutos'

that are paid for by the Ministry of Education. César went to a 'colegio' because it was situated very near to his house. Classes begin at nine o'clock in the morning, break is at eleven and just at one they are interrupted for two hours and everybody goes home to have lunch. The afternoon work goes from three to six p.m. with another break at five.

After being introduced to the 'Director' (Headmaster) and the 'Sub-director' (Vice-Principal), Peter went into César's form. The boys looking at him as if he were a rare bird made him feel nervous and uneasy. When they went for break, he was surrounded by a curious crowd who had thousands of questions to ask.

"Is it true that you can't see your shoes in the fog?"

"In your country the cars run on the left side of the road, don't they?"

"Are the English girls as pretty as the Spanish?"

"How many cups of tea do you drink every day?" And so on . . .

After this first contact with the Spanish boys he discovered that they were similar to the English in several respects though their games and way of life were different. He also discovered that they preferred football to bull-fighting and (how ignorant they were!) nobody knew of the existence of a game named cricket. When he explained in a few words what the game was, and spoke of a ball hit by a bat everyone said: "Ah, here you know, we call it baseball."

Later on, when they were on their way home, Peter wanted to buy some postcards to send to England and he had his first trouble with Spanish money. César took the opportunity to make one of his jokes and asked him:

"Tienes una perra gorda?" (literally, "Have you a fat dog?").

"A fat dog? Why? I don't like dogs," answered the boy. "And why do you speak about dogs when we are going to buy postcards? What do you mean?"

"Oh, Peter, I'm sorry. It was another of my jokes. We call 'perra gorda' the coin of ten cents, like you call bob the shilling or quid the pound. Are you angry with me?"

"Never mind, but don't forget, you are coming to England with me in three months time." César realised that it would be better not to tease any more the English boy and promised himself to behave.

When they arrived home, Peter wrote on the back of the first postcard:
Dear Mum and Dad,

After spending two days in Spain I can tell you this is wonderful. The Campos family is very nice and Madrid is very interesting. If I succeed in accustoming myself to the Spanish meals I'll be quite happy.

Love,

Peter,

G. C. CADENAS,

Spanish Assistant.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Five meetings were held last term. All of them proved to be very interesting, but, for a variety of reasons, they were not well attended. The attendance figure rarely rose far above twenty, but the standard of oratory was high, and it was especially gratifying to see so many young members coming to the fore. These promising recruits, and the few seasoned stal-

warts of the "Old Brigade" who are remaining at School will form a nucleus of good debaters for the 1961-1962 Session.

The first four meetings were debates. January 24th, "That youth must have its fling."

Pro.: S. J. Norris and P. D. Mannheim. Con.: G. R. Mordaunt and R. E. Potter. For 16, Against 5, Abstentions 0.

February 7th, "That the British Way of Life is worth fighting for."

Pro.: W. A. A. Thom and N. Rimmer.

Con.: R. J. Baxter and A. J. Cowan. For 18, Against 5, Abstentions

1.

February 21st, "That this House wishes Television had never been invented." Pro.: K. McKelvie and M. A. Hill. Con.: G. R. Mordaunt and M. Hadfield. For 6, Against 16, Abstentions 2.

March 7th, "That in the Opinion of this House, Professionalism in Sport means bad Sportsmanship." Pro.: F. D. Whaley and R. E. Potter. Con.: S. J. Norris and J. G. Smith. For 5, Against 16, Abstentions 2.

The last meeting took place on March 27th when eleven members of the Society delivered prepared speeches on a variety of subjects, ranging from "Science Fiction" to "Cruel Sports." This meeting, the last at which Mr. C. H. Moore was to officiate as chairman, attracted a larger attendance, and proved to be both edifying and entertaining. At the close of the meeting the Secretaries (L. F. MacRae and C. D. Miller) acting on behalf of the members, made a presentation to the Chairman and thanked him for his services over the years, and wished him happiness in his retirement.

C. D. Miller, S. J. Norris.

At 4-15 p.m. on Monday, 27th March, the last meeting of the Literary and Debating Society was held in the Board Room. This was not only the last meeting in the School year but also the last meeting over which Mr. C. H. Moore was to preside as chairman. Mr. C. H. Moore, who is retiring this summer, joined the society in 1935 and was appointed chairman in 1936. During the war years he kept the Society together at Bangor, and brought it safely back to Liverpool in July, 1944. Mr. C. H. Moore has served the society faithfully for 25 years, and has given much pleasure to masters and boys with his unlimited source of humour and wit.

This last meeting consisted of a number of prepared speeches and, after the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and signed audible sanction was granted to six distinguished Old Boys. The meeting then began with N. A. Archer who spoke about "Prefectorial duties." Ten other interesting and witty speeches were to follow. These speeches consisted of such diverse subjects as "Learner Drivers" by P. D. Mannheim, "The One That Got Away" by F. D. Whaley, "British Railways" by C. D. Miller, "Scottish Hypocrisy" by L. F. MacRae, "Cruel Sports" by A. W. B. Davies, "Criticism of the Tory Government" by S. J. Norris, "Science Fiction" by A. J. Cowan, "Our Two Party Systems" by R. J. Baxter, "The Next Three Years" by R. S. Pybus (an Old Boy of the School) and "Random Thoughts" by P. G. Sissons.

The eleven speeches concluded, Mr. C. H. Moore gave his summing-up speech, which was followed by a vote of thanks addressed to the chairman by the vice-President, Mr. D. G. Bentliff. Then, as a token of their appreciation, the society presented Mr. C. H. Moore with a pair of travelling slippers and a tobacco pouch. After a speech expressing his gratitude to the society for their gifts, Mr. C. H. Moore brought this memorable meeting to a close.

F.D.W.

MACALISTER SOCIETY

In a society of this type, whose aim is the promotion of intelligent interest in subjects of cultural significance, there lies the danger of the speaker either embarking upon a long dissertation on some specialised topic, and thereby failing to communicate with all but few of the Society, or alternatively, reacting to the stimulus of a recently digested book and thus armed with but a superficial knowledge of his subject, finding himself unqualified to deal with any questions put to him by the Society. Fortunately none of the speakers this year succumbed fully to these pitfalls, although on several occasions these dangers were significantly underlined.

In all, the Society met on nine occasions this year when members listened to papers on diverse subjects given by Old Boys, Masters and Senior members of the Society.

A. J. Burgess read a paper on "Life in Ancient Egypt" in which the succession of the pharaohs, taxes, heredity, religion, the pyramids, and mummification were carefully expounded.

"The Highland Clearances" was the title of L. F. MacRae's paper, which was impregnated with personal observations, and constituted a bitter indictment against what the speaker termed "a legal outrage." The speaker gave an extremely interesting account of the series of evictions enforced by money-minded landlords who found the establishing of deer forests and sheep farms more lucratively rewarding than collecting the dues of the impoverished crofting communities.

J. G. Smith in a talk entitled "Radiation" adeptly avoided a surfeit of facts and figures and technical jargon, and the session was brought to an end with G. R. Mordaunt's paper on "Shackleton," in which the speaker discussed the many facets of Shackleton's character and gave a detailed account of his last expedition to the Antarctic, stressing the hazards of this venture and the magnitude of Shackleton's achievement.

The Society once again owes its sincere thanks to Mr. D. G. Bentliff and Mr. R. T. Jones for giving up so much of their time to the Society.

A. J. BURGESS and F. G. DAVIDSON.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

This has been an average season for all the school teams. Everyone began in a promising manner but there was very little success in the new year. The main reason for the deterioration was a spell of bad weather which began in early December and caused almost all the matches for the next two months to be cancelled.

The 1st XI played some first-class football early in the season and finished the Autumn term with an unbeaten run of ten matches. This run was brought to an end with the first match of 1961 when S.F.X. won 1-0 at their ground. Quarry Bank followed this with a 4-0 win at Mather Avenue. After this match several changes were made in the team to play Hillfoot in the first round of the Senior Shield. In the previous match Hillfoot had lost 7-1 but in the Shield game they were found to be much more formidable opposition, necessitating a good recovery by the School, to win 4-3 after being 3-1 down. These goals were scored by Wilcock, Chambers, Jones and McKeown. The School fielded the usual XI against the Ramblers who were defeated 2-0 after an excellent match. However, in the second round of the Shield, we were soundly beaten by Prescott, who eventually won the trophy. In this game we did not find the rhythm of the previous week and although we were rather unfortunate to be losing 1-0 at half-time, we never

looked like winning and Newton's goal in the closing stages of the game only served to make the score look more respectable.

The remaining games of the season were used to blood some of the younger players for 1st XI football next season. It was not surprising, therefore, that there were no more victories, but the team performed creditably and left the impression that it may easily be a side to be reckoned with in coming years.

The 2nd XI did not come up to expectations but they played throughout with great enthusiasm and spirit.

The U.15 XI were as unpredictable as the 1st XI but still managed to reach the semi-final of the Junior Shield. This team had several good players who should be challenging for 1st XI places next year.

The 3rd XI, U.14, U.13 and U.12's, as usual, also played with great endeavour and good sportsmanship.

Our thanks are due, once again, to Messrs. Morgan, Jackson, Nelson, Lloyd, Goodall, Goodfellow, Juxon and Edge, for devoting so much of their spare time to the amelioration of Institute soccer. Our gratitude is extended also to J. F. Griffiths and P. A. Radcliffe for their valuable services as secretaries. The results were as follows:—

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1st XI	24	10	4	10	53	52
2nd XI	20	7	3	10	67	55
3rd XI	8	2	1	5	27	33
U.15	19	9	2	8	46	31
U.14	12	1	2	9	23	65
U.13	18	10	2	6	64	33
U.12	14	5	3	6	38	42

The usual 1st XI consisted of:—Pearson, R. E. Tysoe, N. A. Archer, P. A. Radcliffe, J. K. Chambers, Philipson, Wilcock, Lewis, Jones, McKeown, G. O. Newton, D. J.

J. K. CHAMBERS.

Apart from thanking J. K. Chambers for a good year as football captain, mention should be made of the work done by J. F. Griffiths in the last three years as secretary. During each season there are 150 games to be arranged and often 7 in one day. We have had the further complications of two grounds and the advent of new grammar schools to the district. Griffiths has organised all the fixtures. He has also looked after the U.12 team and even acted as chauffeur to the 1st XI for evening fixtures. His work is to be continued by P. A. Radcliffe with two assistants. L.M.

PARIS, 1961

Paris in the Spring—and what an enchanting city we found it! Thirty-seven Institute boys, with Mr. and Mrs. Edge and "the poor man's Mr. Rogers" arrived at a typical French hotel on the evening of Thursday, April 6th, after a long coach journey which had begun at Exchange Station the previous night.

There had been a brief halt on the M1, glimpses of a silent London after midnight, breakfast at Dover, and a calm Channel crossing. Our first impressions of France were of long poplar-lined roads, of villages and towns still almost mediaeval in atmosphere and appearance, and of the first meal in a typical French 'auberge,' appropriately named 'Le Petit Caporal.'

And then Paris! At first a quiet evening, followed by a hectic morning of sight-seeing. The Sacre-Coeur, high above the city, Montmartre, the

Concorde, the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, the Eiffel Tower, and, finally another superb view from the top of the Arc de Triomphe—well worth the climb of 204 steps! Only quick glimpses, but enough for the most staid members of the party to catch the 'atmosphere' of this 'fabulous' city. Even the street names brought the history books to life—Faubourg St. Antoine, Boulevard Henri IV, Rue Robespierre and L'Avenue de la Grande-Armée.

Then in almost bewildering succession, in the days that followed, visits to the Louvre, the Impressionist Gallery, and the Opera; Versailles, with its endless panorama of lakes and gardens, and a picnic in the Forest of Rambouillet nearby; across the plain to Chartres with the twin spires of its remarkable cathedral drawing nearer and nearer, and then the magnificent blue of the rose windows and the unique lace of the lace-sellers' hats.

There were other days at Hautvillers, the traditional birthplace of Champagne, with the incredibly cold fifteen miles of cellars at Epernay; at Fontainebleau, with its reputedly 300 year-old carp in the lake; and, in contrast the most modern airport in Europe at Orly.

It went all too quickly, but even the return journey had its compensations—Chantilly, Amiens, and finally Wimereux, a pleasant little sea-side resort in the Pas de Calais, where we spent our last night on French soil.

We arrived in Liverpool at 8-0 a.m. on the morning of Saturday, April 15th, tired but by no means exhausted, after a holiday which, in the words of one of the party, was the most 'memorable' in all his seventeen years' experience. It was the perfect holiday and our thanks are due to Mr. Edge for his excellent organisation beforehand—without that (and the weather!) no trip could have been so successful.

REISE NACH DIE SCHWEIZ

On Tuesday, April 4th, at 2-0 p.m., 32 excited boys and two masters began a journey to Switzerland. The journey was carried out in several stages, from Liverpool to London by train, and from London to Dover, where the party boarded the night-train ferry to Dunkirk, arriving in the early hours of Wednesday morning. From Dunkirk the journey was by train through Flanders, Champagne and Alsace, to Basle. At Basle we boarded a train for Brunnen, where we arrived at 8-0 p.m. on Wednesday evening.

Brunnen is a delightfully situated town on the shores of Lake Lucerne and is surrounded by snow-capped mountains. During the evenings boys entertained themselves and drank Apfelsaft or just walked round the town. On the first day, the party visited Telskapelle, a chapel dedicated to William Tell. We then set out along the Axenstrasse to Flüellen; from here the more energetic walked to Altdorf.

The second day was spent in Lucerne itself, where we admired the wonderful shops and the scenic beauty of Mount Pilatus. On the Saturday we went up by funicular to the summit of the Rigi, where most of the party bombarded each other with snowballs. At the end of the downward journey some of us went to a natural history park, while others watched part of a football match. Next day, in the afternoon, we climbed another mountain, this time by the steepest funicular in Europe.

On Monday we went up the Urmiberg Rigi by cable car, and on the day after, the party boarded a lake steamer to Treib from where we went to Seelisberg by funicular and walked down wooded paths to Rütli, the birthplace of the Swiss Confederation.

The last day was spent in packing and buying souvenirs. Some walked to Gersau, while others rowed on the lake. Seven o'clock, the time of our departure, came too soon. Before very long we were asleep or waiting for the

train to leave Basle station. The homeward journey passed very quickly and in what seemed a short while we were back in Liverpool thoroughly tired but very happy.

It had been an extremely interesting and enjoyable holiday, a memorable experience, and even though many things had been seen and done, many things had been missed, and everyone hoped they would soon revisit Switzerland.

In conclusion we thank Mr. Bowen and Mr. Scaife for organising the holiday so efficiently and for accompanying us. J. H. FAGAN (LVB)

RUGBY FOOTBALL

This year, for the first time, an unofficial School U.16 Rugby Fifteen has functioned, and despite bad weather and many cancelled fixtures, has met with reasonable success. Although the team lost the first of its three matches against Hillfoot Hey G. S., a general keenness to improve was rewarded by a well-deserved victory at the expense of our previous conquerors. This greatly increased the team's enthusiasm, and a badly depleted fifteen held a strong Hillfoot side to an exciting draw.

The season has not passed without some potentially good Rugby footballers emerging, and J. D. Chambers and J. E. Magraw were invited to attend trials at Liverpool R.U.F.C. Magraw is to be congratulated on being chosen to represent Liverpool against Waterloo.

Although the team has been an U.16 team, and, as a result, has been confined mainly to members of the Upper Fifth, Remove and Lower Sixth forms, we would like to stress that, next year, all members of the School are invited to play, as it is intended to run both a Senior and an U.15 fifteen. We look forward to seeing a large number of younger boys taking up this exciting game.

Although our success has been due greatly to the enthusiasm of the boys, we would like to express our gratitude to Messrs. Baines and Davies for their unselfish help and support, which has been largely responsible for making the season such an enjoyable one.

I. J. FERGUSON. R. J. TEMPLE.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

In the House Championships, Hughes House won the Under 16 and Under 14 Races and were also first on aggregate. Owen won the Senior Race. Individual winners were N. R. K. Quinn, R. R. Lyon and J. D. Wilson. The Junior Form Race was not so well supported this year, 11 of a possible 17 forms entering teams. 4D won the team contest, and A. E. Forrest (3D), making good use of his handicap, was individual winner.

In numerous fixtures against other schools, the teams lost about as many races as they won. This was even true of the Under 16 team, which was to astound us twice by running superlatively well. This team, however, was seldom able to run at full strength in its ordinary fixtures.

Its first great success came when it won the Sandfield Park Road Relay against 14 other teams. Calday Grange finished 2nd, 150 yard behind, and St. Edwards were 4th. The time of our slowest runner was only 50 seconds more than that of our fastest.

On the 18th March at Lyme Park, Disley, the same team ran brilliantly to win the Northern Schools Championship, beating 96 other teams drawn from every important Grammar School in the Midlands and the North. Of

the 4 'counters,' J. H. Gaukroger was 8th, R. R. Lyon 21st, L. E. Edwards (Under 15) 37th, and J. R. Hughes 123rd.

The Senior team was 16th out of 88 in this race, and the Under 14 team 53rd out of 99. Finally in the Senior Road Relay, which we stage, St. Edwards were 1st, Wallasey Grammar School 2nd, and the Liverpool Institute 3rd. Eight teams ran. D.W.R.

HOCKEY

The 1st XI improved greatly in the second half of the season, although it still suffers from inexperience.

The first match of the Spring term was played against old rivals, Calday Grange. In a closely fought game we were unlucky to lose by 4 goals to 2.

Then followed an unexpected, but nevertheless well deserved victory against Northern H. C. The score was 3 goals to 2.

The return game with Calday resulted in a convincing win for them, 4 goals to nil.

In the two ensuing games, with Liverpool Collegiate and Arnold School, Blackpool, the team was at the top of its form. The result of both these games was a draw, 3 goals all.

The next game, against Flint Hockey Club, was the high spot of the season. The School beat the home team by 7 goals to 3.

The end of the season showed a definite decrease in form, and this resulted in a succession of four defeats.

The season, as a whole, was not as successful as previous years, but it is hoped, as the 1st XI will be virtually unchanged next year, that better results will be achieved.

The 2nd XI was ably captained by R. O. Hynes throughout the season, and, although it was a comparatively weak side, it was always enthusiastic.

A Junior XI was formed just before Christmas. The team attained quite a high standard of junior hockey. This promises well for the future.

Thanks are once again due to Messrs. Wray, Hollis and Gavin for their help and umpiring, also to Mr. Wass for preparing the pitch.

The 1st XI was: L. H. Moore, D. W. T. Hughes, R. J. Savin, D. M. Cattrall, J. E. Magraw, P. Worthington, R. Latham, J. Park, P. B. Marks, D. W. Jones, A. J. Cowan.

The results of the three teams are as follows:—

	P	W	L	D	F—A
1st XI	12	2	8	2	21—47
2nd XI	16	5	11	0	27—58
Colts XI	3	1	2	0	2—7

D. W. T. HUGHES.

BASKETBALL

As far as the standard of Basketball is concerned, this year has proved itself as one of the best, with many points coming from a very able attack. The mainstay of the attack was supplied by J. Park, J. Maclean and P. Duncan, ably supported by P. Marks and G. Jones. D. A. Hall and J. Magraw provided a well proved defence, and the whole team was well supported by P. A. Radcliffe and P. C. Tharme.

We won our first four matches comfortably but met our first defeat at the hands of Quarry Bank, when their more successful tactics in the latter stages of the game carried the day (40-35).

Against the Police Cadets, we met a much bigger side which proved the better of the two, and they were able to draw slowly ahead, during a very hard game, to win by 58 points to 42.

The smoothness of the team was upset by the failure to arrange two fixtures successfully, and I am glad to say that the errors did not lie with us.

After Christmas, with the captain temporarily disabled, and with little chance to practise because of examinations in the Gymnasium, the team, captained by J. Park, continued to play well. They beat West Derby, 30-14, De La Salle, 40-23, but met their match again against the Police Cadets who were able to despatch us with a victory of 50 points to 26.

Undaunted we avenged the previous term's defeat by Quarry Bank, and were able to win by 40 points to 18. C. F. Mott Training College proved a tougher nut to crack, and after a close game, two quick baskets in the closing minutes enabled us to win by 35 points to 31.

A team of Old Boys was invited to play in the Hobby Show on the Saturday night, when they played their own brand of Basketball, peculiar to the Old Boys. I am glad to say, however, the School fought fire with fire to win by seven points.

The best match of the season was the last, when we played Liverpool University. Even though we lost (66-61) the standard of Basketball would have done credit to many teams and as the score shows it was a very fast, close game with plenty of accurate shooting and subtle passing.

Before half-term, an Inter-House Basketball Competition was held. For the most part, the standard was reasonably high and Danson and Owen met in the final, which was played on the first night of the Hobby Show.

The teams were well matched for the first half, but the more powerful Owen side pulled away to win by 41-21, and thus managed to avenge their defeat of the previous year.

Once more the team offers its thanks to Mr. Goodall for the invaluable time and labour he has spent in coaching us and refereeing our matches.

D. A. Hall and J. Park were re-awarded full colours, and J. Maclean was awarded full colours for the first time. P. Duncan, J. Magraw and P. Marks were awarded half-colours. The above all represented Liverpool in the first of the National Schools Basketball Association, against Middlesex.

D. A. HALL.

SWIMMING

The School has had only four matches so far this year, apart from a Junior fixture against Manchester Grammar School. Since this was the first time in the water this year for many of them, the Junior team could hardly have been expected to put up more than a conscientious opposition, from which they managed to salvage a respectable defeat (47-38).

The first match of this term was against Wallasey, when the final result was decided by the superiority of their Intermediate team. The day of our fixture with Bolton School was a replica of the previous damp, dismal days upon which we had made the journey. Fortunately, most of the team arrived without being lost on the way and we were able to enjoy an amicable match. Bolton only had a narrow seven point lead after the individual events but four closely contested team events in one of which the Seniors dead-headed, gave them a decisive win.

At Picton Road we swam against four other Liverpool Grammar Schools, Alsop High School, Bluecoat School, Hillfoot High School and Quarry Bank. The Intermediate team showed their great strength by obtaining a twenty-eight point lead in their events, which together with able support from the Senior team, enabled the School to come first on aggregate.

Merchant Taylors' School provided a strong opposition, but our all-round strength in the squadron and medley events enabled us to win by a clear margin (49-60).

I am glad to say that the attendances at the swimming team practices have improved of late and, though I realise the training facilities are far from adequate, I believe that a meeting of the whole team leads to greater confidence among the team members.

My appeal in the last edition for more support from the third and fourth form ranks has had some measure of success, though I hope they will try even harder to remedy the present weaknesses of their team, for future years.

J. Hess and L. H. Moore are to be congratulated on obtaining the Award of Merit for Life Saving and the former has also been awarded an Instructor's Certificate.

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 teams and supervising the training on Wednesdays and Fridays at Cornwallis Street Baths.

This year, the School Swimming Sports will be held at Queen's Drive Baths, on Monday, 17th July, and the heats on the 11th and 12th July.

D. A. HALL.

GYMNASTIC CLUB

There has been a change in the club's meeting time. It is now on Mondays at 4-0 p.m. It is also hoped to re-form the Junior Gymnastic Club later this term.

Excellent displays were given by the club on both nights of the Hobby Show, and, as is now usual, a display took place on Sports Day.

At present there are four members with half-colours. They are: A. Henwood, D. W. Walton, L. H. Moore and P. S. Roberts. I would like to thank Mr. Goodall, on behalf of all the club's members, for his untiring efforts during the year to keep up the high standard, and to produce these excellent displays.

A. HENWOOD.

C.C.F. ARMY AND BASIC SECTIONS

This year has been an eventful one for the Corps. Training in the Adventure Training Platoon has been intensive. There have been a number of privately organised excursions to Helsby and the standard of rock-climbing has become good in almost every case. At half-term 2nd Lt. Davies led a party of six cadets to North Wales. The Snowdon Horseshoe was climbed on a day of really remarkable weather conditions. A clear sky and gale-force winds made the walking of Crib Goch an unforgettable experience. On top of Snowdon, the section watched fascinated as a meteorological front washed the slopes below, while the sky above remained clear blue. Valuable experience was gained in mountain craft, including some hard climbing on Tryfan and the Glyders. An exciting night exercise was carried out.

The annual camp was held at Altcar, and was attended by sixty-five cadets. A very full programme of training, including digging, was successfully

accomplished. The cadets of 'B' Company obviously gained much from their first camp and their fieldcraft, during exercises, reached a high standard. The assault course was popular with all cadets. The cadets were complimented on the high standard of their training and turnout by a visiting Lt.-Colonel and by the Camp Commandant.

The main event of the year was the annual inspection of the contingent by Brigadier C. C. M. Mann, D.S.O., Commander, 125th Infantry Brigade, T.A. The contingent was drawn up in the Lower Yard. After inspecting the contingent and its training, the Brigadier spoke to the cadets in the School Hall, and the contingent was complimented on its smartness and steadiness on parade. The Brigadier asked the Headmaster if the cadets could be rewarded by the granting of a half-holiday, and the Headmaster generously agreed. Both the Headmaster and the Brigadier were loudly cheered.

The contingent offers its congratulations to Sergeant Kay on passing the entrance examination to Welbeck College.

This year especially, we have been indebted to the hard work and time given to the Corps by its officers and we offer our sincere thanks to them.

R.S.M. OTHEN; C.S.M. TAYLOR.

C.C.F., R.A.F. SECTION

Since Christmas there has been considerable activity in this Section. In March, the Section made its usual contribution to the Hobby Show of subjects pertaining to aircraft. Before Easter, four N.C.O.'s, and six cadets sat their Proficiency Examinations, in which two distinctions, one pass with credit, one pass at the Advanced level, and one pass at the Ordinary level, were obtained.

Corporal Baker has been awarded a Flying Scholarship, and Cpl.'s Walton and Lawson, together with three cadets, have been selected to attend a week's gliding course at R.A.F., Burtonwood. Cpl. Southern has been selected for a Star Camp this Summer at R.A.F. Valley, in Anglesey.

A very successful camp was held at R.A.F. Henlow, near Bedford this Easter, together with the members of the R.A.F. Section of the Prince Henry's School C.C.F. from Evesham in Worcestershire. While at camp, groups of cadets visited R.A.E., Bedford and looked over the World War I aircraft owned by the Old Warden Trust at Biggleswade, near Bedford.

It is hoped that those cadets in the Basic Section who are looking for excitement and adventure will consider the advantages of this Section. Cadets can fly, glide, fly overseas, and be selected to spend a number of weeks in the Commonwealth or the U.S.A., or attend the G.B.A.C. Show at Farnborough. Cadets can also join the Adventure Training Platoon, and operate the radio and signals equipment owned by the Section.

We regret that P. O. Wray is leaving this Summer, after devoting much time to the Section; we hope that he will be happy in his new post. Flight-Sergeant Harlow left at Whit; his leadership of the Section is much appreciated.

I would like to thank Flt./Lt. Watson and P. O. Wray for their efforts on behalf of the Section.

D. C. CLARKSON (Sgt).

C.C.F., R.A.F. SECTION CAMP

Camp this year was at R.A.F. Henlow, near Bedford, where all the technical officers in the R.A.F. are trained. Because the station was so large and important, the training programme arranged for us was by far the most interesting that I have experienced. We were billeted in surprisingly com-

fortable huts together with the members of the Prince Henry's School C.C.F. from Evesham.

We arrived on the evening of Wednesday, 5th of April, after an uneventful train journey from Liverpool by way of London. Thursday began at 7-0 a.m., and at 8-0 a.m., after a good breakfast, we were introduced to the training programme by the liaison officer. We then visited the Electronics Wing after being conducted around the Airframes Maintenance Unit. After dinner we split up into two groups; some flew in Chipmunks, while others operated a primary glider. In the evening, one group operated the glider and the other played football. On the following days we visited the Radio Engineering Unit, where all the major overhauls of radio equipment in the R.A.F. are carried out, and the 25 yard shooting range, where six cadets obtained the R.A.F. Marksman badges. On Tuesday morning we visited the Airframes and Armaments Museums. In the Airframes Museum we were shown German guided and unguided missiles of the last War, as well as a Focke-Wolf 190 and a Japanese Mitsubishi light-bomber, and British aircraft, including a Bristol Type-173 twin-engined helicopter. The Armaments Museum contained many rifles, pistols, light and heavy machine-guns dating from 1820 to the last War and coming from countries as far apart as Russia and America, and from countries that no longer exist as such, Austro-Hungary and Serbia.

On Sunday afternoon, after attending Church Parade in the morning all but a few of us took part in a map-reading exercise which was organised as a competition between four teams. The Institute teams came second and third. Instead of taking part in the exercise, a few cadets, together with two officers, visited the Royal Aeronautical Establishment at Bedford, where they spent a very interesting afternoon looking at some of the experimental equipment and aircraft kept there.

With sadness we packed our bags and turned our backs on Henlow on the morning of Wednesday, 12th of April, after spending an extremely interesting week, which every cadet enjoyed to the full. D. C. CLARKSON (Sgt.)

19th CITY SCOUT TROOP

Since the last issue of the Magazine, several important events have taken place, the most important being the Hobby Show in March. As usual the Scout Room was filled with a wide variety of original exhibits, ranging from a tower constructed from tent-poles, supposedly demonstrating the correct uses of the square and diagonal lashings, to a camp kitchen in which nails were more in evidence than sisal. As usual several members of the Troop successfully organised a cloakroom.

During Hobby Show week-end, two teams from the Troop were wandering about (which does not mean they were lost!) on the Yorkshire Moors in an attempt to re-gain the University Shield. Our teams were placed third and fourth out of eleven teams—quite a reasonable performance. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves, although two of our Scouts fell into an icy cold stream at 1-30 on the Sunday morning!

Not nearly as strenuous was the Tilney Colours competition, in which the Troop was placed second out of thirteen teams, only one point behind the winners. A little more preparation and we might have won the competition.

During the Easter holidays, a party of Scouts under the leadership of the G.S.M. enjoyed a Youth Hostelling trip in the Lake District. Also during the Easter holidays, four of our Seniors had the doubtful distinction of "conquering" Helvellyn under the leadership of one of our worthy officers.

Late last year this same officer arranged a night-hike for Seniors across the Welsh Moors from Wrexham to Llangollen. The only worth-while discovery made during the "expedition" was that the doorway of a butcher's shop is not large enough to accommodate three senior scouts on a very rainy Sunday night in New Brighton. (*A word of explanation: New Brighton is a small village about four miles west of Wrexham!*).

Last January, several seniors attended a mountaineering course in Snowdonia arranged by the University Rover Crew. They came to grips with the practical aspects of rock-climbing, ridge-walking, snow-climbing, and so on. The weather was definitely not very fine but, nevertheless, all who went asserted that they would attend again if another course were arranged.

Meanwhile, during term, weekly meetings have continued to be held, and attendances have been good, thanks mainly to the efforts of Messrs. Evans and Jack, not forgetting the officers, of course. K.A.P.

EASTER CAMP

During the Easter holidays, three fellow scouts and I enjoyed a three-day camp at Llangollen.

On the second day, we met a party of Scouts from Luton, part of a newly formed troop, with their Skipper. They were seeking a suitable camp site to which to return for their first Summer Camp later in the year.

We quickly made friends, and returned with them to their camp, which was a mile away from the lovely spot where we had set up our tents. They were planning to have a midnight hike up Castell Dinas Bran, and invited us to join them. We made plans to meet them the following evening.

Unfortunately, it was a pitch black night, and we were pretty tired after a long day. I must admit I thought longingly of my warm sleeping bag, but we set out cheerfully enough with their skipper leading the way like the Pied Piper, on his harmonica.

When we were at the top there was nothing much to see and we were probably crazy to have gone, but we were enjoying the walk and company. We slipped and slid our way down again back to our camp, where we quickly revived our fire and had a hot drink and biscuits.

Our new-found friends still had another mile to walk back 'home,' but we were soon in our sleeping bags and fast asleep. We had to return home the following morning, and we only saw the Luton scouts once more just to say "cheerio." It had been a real wet-weather camp but a good one.

N. I. BAINBRIDGE.

JUNIOR EASTER HIKE

As is customary at Easter, a party of Junior Scouts, fourteen in all, assembled at Exchange Station for one of those "enjoyable" hikes which our leader organises with such ingenuity each year. The party safely reached Windermere, whence it walked to Ambleside, where we were to spend two nights in a converted hotel, which now makes a very comfortable Youth Hostel. On the third day of this mammoth expedition, we made our way into Wordsworth's country proper, around Grasmere. Unfortunately, the day was marred by bad weather, and morale was only kept high among our younger brethren by the thought that they were not the worst off, as the sight of our bedraggled leader seemed to prove. Esthwaite Water was our final resting place, before the return home via Windermere, Lancaster Station Refreshment Room and Exchange; grimy, slightly footsore, but extremely grateful to Mr. Evans for having once again organised such an excellent holiday. S. J. NORRIS.

SEA SCOUTS

The Sea Scouts have now become an established group. At the beginning of the term, three Saturday afternoons were spent learning elementary navigation at Salthouse Dock. Trips have been made to H.M.S. Forth, Urchin and Gambia. Meetings for practical boat work are being held on Tuesday evenings.

The Scouts wish to thank Mr. Ashworth for his interest and support and the A.S.M's. for helping to organise the Whitsun camp. M.H.H.

SIXTH FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Easter term provided a full programme, members of the Society continuing to give their support to the activities.

On 24th January, Dr. W. H. Wilson, an eminent chemist from I.C.I. delivered a lecture entitled "The Taming of an Element," in which he illustrated most vividly the preparation and properties of fluorine.

Mr. Pierce, from Dunlop Rubber Co., gave the next lecture to the Society and indicated "The More Unusual Uses of Rubber."

After half term, Dr. Hobday, a medical officer from the Port Health Authority, addressed the Society. An expert on smallpox, Dr. Hobday gave a full account of the nature, control and the possibilities of eliminating this disease. A lengthy discussion ensued, Dr. Hobday providing the answers to all our enquiries.

The last lecture of the year was given by Mr. Holness, from Manchester College of Technology. He talked on the subject of "Semi-micro Analysis" to a rather small, but fascinated audience.

The Society will end its activities with a visit to John Summers' Steel-works, on 12th July. This should provide an enjoyable day for those able to take part.

Our thanks are due to our Chairman, Mr. W. H. Jones, for the interest and co-operation he has shown throughout the year. K. CORKISH.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

For our Annual Excursion on 14th July, we journey from Birkenhead, via Bala and Dolgelley to Towyn; thence on the Talylyn railway to Abergynolwyn, to continue on foot to Tallylyn Lake. Our return is via Trawsfynydd, Capel Celyn and over the Arenigs. It is hoped that the approach of Summer and the Society's excursion will encourage members to produce more prints, and, if they are of sufficient quality, to display them to the School.

The result of the competition for photographs taken on last year's excursion was announced early in the Spring Term. The prizes in the Advanced Section were won by R. M. P. Quilliam, J. A. Clark and I. Coulthard, and those in the Beginners' Section by B. E. Lunt and P. K. Cripps. G. R. Mordaunt and R. D. Harrison won the prizes in the Section for colour slides.

Regular meetings were held during the Spring Term, and these were fairly well attended. The most important meeting of the term was a very interesting lecture on composition, given by Mr. S. Reed.

Our thanks are again due to Mr. D. S. Moran, A.R.P.S., of Ilford Ltd., who judged the prints and slides for the Hobby Show Competition. Both

Advanced and Beginners' Sections were well supported, and the prints submitted were of a high standard, the prizes being awarded to R. A. Butterfield (Advanced Section) and R. B. Beswick (Beginners' Section). Increasing interest in colour photography was illustrated in the section for colour slides, for which over 200 slides were submitted. The 1st Prize was awarded to R. A. Butterfield and the 2nd Prize to R. D. Harrison.

Full use is being made of the Society's well stocked library, and if any members have suggestions for additions to it, they are asked to give them, in writing, to the Secretary or to Mr. W. H. Jones, to whom the Society owes many thanks for his unceasing help and co-operation. R. A. BUTTERFIELD.

MODELS SOCIETY

At the end of the Autumn term, a Plastic Kit Competition was held, and there were many excellent models for Mr. Wray to judge. First prize was awarded to K. Dickens (3B) and the second and third to G. N. Baker (RB).

During the Spring Term, a lecture was given by P. Bridson on Scale Racing Cars. He explained in great detail the working of the cars, and gave instructions on how to construct a track for them.

Our big occasion was the Hobby Show, many hours of work being put into making a new layout and scenery for the railway and car tracks. The results were very pleasing and on the two open evenings the railway worked successfully. A demonstration of model aircraft construction was also given.

At the end of the Spring Term, a meeting was devoted to a Shunting Competition. This proved a great success, and a further competition of this type is to be organised.

The library has now grown in size, and members are now able to borrow a book on almost any modelling subject; our stock of magazines has also increased.

We should like to thank Mr. Wray for the help and interest he has shown in the Society during his connections with it, and we wish him all success for the future. A. J. WALLARD.

ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY

The condition and punctuality of railway trains, the inadequacy of the present road system, the Government's subsidy for the Cunard liner to replace the Queen Mary—these subjects provide points for discussion on frequent occasions. Although every member of the population is affected by most of these topics, it is surprising that little interest is shown in schemes for co-ordination between authorities in the planning of transport facilities. To answer some members' criticisms and questions about railway policy, a representative of British Railways came to the School last term.

A visit was made during the Easter holidays to the Mersey Tunnel ventilation shaft and control-room at the Pier Head, and members saw some of the precautions taken to ensure the safety of motorists in the Tunnel. This term a party visited the Vulcan Foundry at Newton-le-Willows. In addition to these visits, small parties have been walking in Lancashire, Derbyshire, and North Wales.

We are indebted to Mr. Hosker for the service he has rendered the Society since it was founded, and to Mr. Goodfellow who has always been willing to attend the Society's excursions. K. MCKELVIE.

BEHIND THE SCENES

One of the most interesting days of my Easter holiday was when I visited the Mersey Tunnel Ventilating Shaft with the Engineering and Transport Society. We met outside the building, and when all the members of the party, and our leader had arrived, the guide took us inside and up in the lift to the control room on the fifth floor.

This became very interesting, as we were shown the controls of the whole Tunnel. There were six sections of the Tunnel altogether—three on each side of the river. There were many complicated dials registering such things as the amount of carbon monoxide in the air, and how much air was being blown in and out of the Tunnel by the huge fans.

Next we descended an infinite number of steps to the second floor, or rather level with it, where we saw the intake fans. We went down some more steps to ground level, where we saw some other gadgets in a large, dimly-lit ghostly chamber.

Again more steps, I should think more than infinity, to the air-vent, along the air vent, with its sixty miles per hour gale constantly blowing to the apparently uncharted and mystic portals of the underneath of the roadway a hundred feet below ground level. We were then half-blown back along the air vent, then through some passages to the pavement at the side of the Tunnel's roadway.

Zoo-oom! Up in the lift. Zoo-oom! Up in another, more modern lift, to ground level, and so ended this enjoyable morning. S. C. GRAY (L5A).

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

The Society has had fewer meetings between January and April than during the Autumn term. Unfortunately the film projector was out of order until recently, and our series of films had to be postponed.

I am glad, however, to report that the Society is much more active this term. At the moment our series of weekly film shows is well under way. Almost all the films have been in both sound and colour, including ones on France, Belgium, Kent, the Isle of Man and Southport. We are now engaged in planning an interesting Summer excursion. Our library is well stocked with Ordnance Survey maps of all the popular tourist areas. These include the complete new series of 3D coloured contour maps of the Peak District, Lake District, North Yorkshire Moors and Ben Nevis districts.

A complete list of maps in stock is usually displayed upon the society notice-board, together with details of all our other activities. We again wish to thank Mr. J. Edwards and all others connected with the Society for their continued participation in our affairs. D. L. FELLOWS, I. J. TAYLOR.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Last term the Society was fortunate enough to hold two quite outstanding meetings. First, our outgoing secretary, V. B. Needham, produced something of a *tour de force* on the Russian Revolution, allowing an impressive command of facts to carry him on for over an hour. The second occasion was yet another visit from the Preston Record Office, whose fascinating repertoire this time yielded documents of the Civil War in Lancashire. It is hard to conceive of a better way of coming face to face with the subject than this, even if the gas-tap environment of the Physics Lab, perhaps leaves too much to the imagination. The enthusiasm and acute questioning of Messrs. Edge and Rogers, continues to make successful meetings like these possible. B. P. HOOLEY.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Once again the anglers of the Society predominate. Owing to the poor weather, no excursions have taken place of late. This will be rectified in the very near future, and the anglers will have every opportunity for showing their skill. The most recent excursion was last term, when a party of boys, accompanied by Mr. Walker, visited Oakmere, near Delamere.

A lamentably small number of new members joined the Society this year, and it is hoped to recruit some newcomers to the School next term.

The monthly periodicals purchased by the Society have provided interesting reading, and will continue to be at the members' disposal.

Finally, our thanks are due to Mr. Walker for his continued support and advice in the Society's activities. J. W. WALLINGTON.

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club has made outstanding progress during the term, and the results achieved by its members in matches and tournaments are very gratifying, particularly in view of the young age of many of the players.

The School team won the Wright Challenge Shield jointly with Calday Grange County Grammar School. This was a magnificent performance by the team, which included only two members of the Sixth-form. Regular members of the team were: E. F. Woodcock, P. Cartmel, P. E. Alper, P. D. Mannheim, R. D. Harrison, R. J. Butcher, A. R. Prince and F. D. Hughes.

The School Under 15 team retained the championship of the Liverpool Schools Chess League, which it won last year. Regular members were: C. N. Prince, D. J. Jarman, K. W. Morris, B. Dayawala, R. A. Humphreys, R. J. Revell and A. J. Barnett.

High results were achieved by our players in the knock-out competitions held during the season. In the U-13 section of the Liverpool Schools Knock-out Competition, R. K. Vernon was runner-up to the champion, and R. J. Revell reached the last eight. In the Lancashire Chess Championship, C. F. Woodcock defeated R. J. Butcher to win the U-15 section.

The School was well-represented in the Merseyside Junior Chess Congress, and the results obtained by our players were very gratifying. In the U-13 group R. K. Vernon was runner up to the champion, and R. A. Humphreys won section six. In the U-15 group, P. Cartmel was runner-up to the champion, and A. R. Prince and C. F. Woodcock were joint third. D. J. Jarman won section six and A. R. Prince received a prize for the best game in the group.

We offer our thanks to Mr. P. F. Ashworth and to P. C. Alper for their help and guidance throughout the season, and to Mr. J. M. Jackson for taking the team to an important match. P. CARTMEL, C. F. WOODCOCK.

MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club continues to provide weekly programmes of live recitals alternating with music on records, yet, despite the variety of material offered there has been an appreciable decrease in audience numbers. Occasionally, excellent soloists have demonstrated their skills to disconcertingly small audiences. Although there has been a fair measure of support from the Junior boys, sixth-form attendance has dwindled deplorably.

In past months recitalists have been R. J. Temple (violin), who was accompanied on the piano by R. Bingham, and Miss Geraldine Fitzsimons, whose viola recital contained music by Bach, which was so much enjoyed by the audience that, on the request of the Chairman, the performance was repeated. The Club has been privileged to hear two ex-Secretaries give excellent piano recitals; Mr. J. R. Parry gave a programme ranging from an early Beethoven bagatelle to the Prokofiev *Sonata in A minor* and *Prelude Chorale and Fugue* by César Franck; Mr. J. McCabe performed some Impromptus of his own composition, the 32 *Variations in C minor* by Beethoven and two rarely heard works by Liszt, the *Etude Harmonies du Soir* and *Valse Impromptu* in A Flat major. In an organ recital given in Hall, D. E. Williams played two works by lesser composers, *Variations* by the Dutch Sweelinck, and *Toccata for the Flutes* by John Stanley, and concluded with a powerful performance of the *Prelude and Fugue in B minor* by Bach. Earlier in the term, Mr. Rowell organised and presented a concert of vocal music by Handel and Vivaldi.

In addition to these live concerts, much music has been heard on gramophone records, including Mozart's *Symphony No. 41 in C Major*, the Mendelssohn *Violin Concerto in E Minor* and the *Nutcracker Suite* by Tchaikovsky. Mr. R. N. Evans played records of the Overture to *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg* and the *Siegfried Idyll* by Wagner; in lighter vein, Mr. A. Evans treated us to a record of an analysis by Miss Anna Russel, of the *Ring of the Niebelungs*. In the last meeting of the Spring term were heard the part songs of Delius for unaccompanied voices, a *Flute Sonata* by Bach and the Rossini overture *William Tell*. In the monthly meetings of the Jazz Section of the Music Club records of representative modern jazz have been played.

Again thanks go to our Chairman, Mr. L. A. Naylor, for his continued interest and enthusiasm in the activities of the Club. R. BINGHAM.

THE ORCHESTRA

In the past, the Spring term has always been a busy one for the orchestra, and this year was no exception. During the early part of the term, all the rehearsals were spent in practising the orchestral parts for *Israel in Egypt*. Unfortunately, this work requires an orchestra of greater size and technical ability than the School orchestra; as a result of this, a number of musicians from outside School were called in to make up the numbers. On this occasion the orchestra was very capably led by Mr. D'Arcy Ferrand, who teaches the violin in School.

Immediately after the Oratorio, work began for the Hobby Show, in which the orchestra, conducted by Mr. R. N. Evans and led by R. J. Temple, provided some of the interval music. In spite of the fact that the constitution of the orchestra was a little unbalanced, the quality of the music was, by all reports, comparable with that of latter years. R. J. TEMPLE.

CHORAL SOCIETY

The recently formed Choral Society made a successful début with two performances of Handel's Oratorio *Israel in Egypt*. A great deal of hard work and time was expended in the preparation of this oratorio. The first performance was given in the School Hall on February 11th (see criticism), and it was decided that a second performance should be given on May 6th

in All Hallows' Church, Allerton, an organ accompaniment being substituted for the orchestra, which was used in the first performance. The proceeds, which amounted to £17 were sent to the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief.

In the future, the Society hopes to give performances of the Christmas music from the *Messiah*, and Vivaldi's *Gloria*. Continued application and support on the part of everyone in the Society will find ample reward in the satisfaction which a good performance affords both choir and audience. Our thanks are due to Mr. R. N. Evans, the staff and boys of the choir, and to D. H. Mawdsley and his assistants for their help on the administrative side of the Society.

D. E. WILLIAMS.

We must again record our thanks to D. E. Williams for his patience during rehearsals, and for his excellent organ accompaniment, which won admiration from all quarters, on May 6th, at All Hallows' Church.

"ISRAEL IN EGYPT"

On February 11th, the Choral Society presented Handel's oratorio *Israel in Egypt*, a work which has not been performed on Merseyside for some ten years.

This oratorio, written in 1738, enjoyed little success at the time, as the public took exception to the lack of arias and the opportunity which these offer for solo display. Although Tovey finds this work "improvisatorial" and refers to its "patchwork construction," nevertheless the impression created is that of a musical *tour de force* in which the dynamics of choral singing are exploited with great genius.

Handel took his texts for *Israel in Egypt* directly from the Book of Exodus and the Psalms. The first part of the oratorio (*Exodus*) is narrative and relates the story of the plagues of Egypt, and of the consequent exodus of the Israelites. The second part (Moses Song) is a psalm of praise to God for His delivery of the Israelites.

The Choral Society's performance was well received by the local press. The choir of 90 voices coped successfully with the intricacies of the eight-part writing, effecting a good contrast with the four-part choruses. A particularly striking contrast in mood was wrought between the malicious exultation in retribution expressed in "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," and the tranquil joy at salvation in "But as for His people." The Choral renderings were consistently well integrated, bringing the right degree of "panache" to the double chorus "I will sing unto the Lord," and an impressive attack to "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord?"

Although it would be invidious to cavil, one detected occasional weaknesses in articulation, as in "He gave them hailstones for rain" where final consonants were not in evidence. Again, the forceful climax of "And believed the Lord and His servant Moses" was not fully realised.

All the soloists acquitted themselves with honour. Mr. John Stone's excellent articulation and sensitive delivery realised the intention of Handel's recitatives—to give the words point and meaning by the natural rise and fall of the voice, unhampered by irrelevant ornamentation. He was joined by Mr. Dennis Rowell in a well-balanced rendering of the duet "Thou in Thy Mercy." Mr. Derek McCulloch's alto solos were exquisitely delivered and his singing of "Thou shalt bring them in" was poignant and memorable. The pleasing treble voices of Michael Drew and John Bratherton were heard to good effect.

A small orchestra, led by Mr. D'Arcy Ferrand, supported the singing with considerable skill. Their playing of the Funeral March from "Saul" as a prelude to the oratorio, set the right mood for the opening recitative and chorus. The hopping orchestral accompaniment to "The land brought forth frogs," and the rushing demi-semiquavers characterising the plagues of flies and locusts were played with precision, clarity and verve. D. E. Williams was the able and self-effacing organist whose discreet playing in "I will sing unto the Lord" was noteworthy.

No assessment of this performance of "Israel in Egypt" would be complete without mention of the conductor and choir-master, Mr. Noel Evans. The months of unflagging patience and unremitting effort which Mr. Evans devoted to the preparation of this performance might not be apparent to the casual onlooker, but a work of this magnitude could not have been successfully realised had it not been for the dedication and deep musical understanding of the conductor. A.E.

CHRISTIAN UNION

There have been many interesting meetings of the Society so far this year, and since Christmas we have had several visiting speakers, including the Rev. A. B. Martin, the travelling secretary of the Inter-Schools Christian Fellowship, the Rev. G. McKibbin, the curate of St. John's, Knotty Ash, the Reverend P. Ruffle, vicar of St. Annes, Aigburth, who spoke about the meaning of Easter, Mr. Kelly, also from St. John's, Knotty Ash, and we have had another talk by Mr. Clarkson from the University.

The first meeting of the New Year was held on January 18th, when a Fact and Faith film "The Mystery of the Three Clocks," was shown. Later in the term a film was shown about the Christian Summer Camps for boys, which are held in the Lake District. Two tape recordings, accompanied by colour-slides, have also been played, one before Easter and one after; they were about Bible translation and Missionary work among the Indians of Mexico. The pictures were beautiful, and the talks most interesting. Another meeting consisted of an amusing and unusual Bible quiz conducted by O. A. Allen, who has also been running the library, which now contains many books and magazines of a Christian nature.

By now people seem to be using this library (open on Fridays at lunch-hour in room 14) and the Wednesday meetings have been quite well supported especially when there has been a film.

J. R. Morgan has been acting as a sort of 'Publicity Agent' before some important meetings.

The Senior Christian Union, meetings of which are held jointly with Blackburne House School, is well attended by members of both schools. However, examinations this year have meant that only three meetings could be held. We were very fortunate in having Dr. Steele, a missionary from America, as our speaker one evening, and, on another occasion, Mr. Kenneth Kitchen, a lecturer at Liverpool University, gave an interesting talk about the archaeological background to the Bible, after which there was a discussion.

The School branch of the Scripture Union has a considerable membership, and this method of Bible reading is strongly recommended to all boys.

Mr. A. C. Goodfellow and Mr. D. J. Jack have helped admirably to organise meetings, and have suggested many speakers, so we thank them sincerely. Our thanks go also to Mr. J. E. Watson, our Chairman, and to Mr. R. K. Davies, for their valuable assistance and interest in the Society.

R. T. NELSON, J. F. WILLIAMS.

SCHOOL SPORTS

The School Sports were held on Saturday, 27th May, at Mersey Road. The number of spectators who braved the cold wind to watch the events was very gratifying.

When rain threatened, in mid-afternoon, the tea tent, staffed by Messrs. Durband, Evans and Smith, Miss Jones and her helpers, proved very popular. Not so the ice cream and lemonade stall, presided over by Mr. Nelson with Mawdsley and Townsend; they drastically reduced their prices in an attempt to encourage sales!

After a short shower of rain, the spectators watched the Gymnastic Display given by boys of the School, under the supervision of Mr. Goodall. They started with vaulting and agility on the mat. An excellent display of trampolining was then given, with a commentary by Mr. Goodall. Since last year their standard has greatly improved with constant practice, and due credit must go to Mr. Goodall for his training.

The second part of the programme continued as before, but with Messrs. Rogers and Lloyd retired to the cricket scorers' box to protect their microphone and results sheets from the rain.

The poor conditions did not encourage good times but there were many close finishes in the races which provided excitement. The Photographic Society held its usual display of camera equipment under the pretence of recording on film these highlights of the afternoon.

Two records were broken and a third equalled during the afternoon, and both cricket ball records were broken during the events held previously. The U.13 Cricket Ball record was beaten by over 55 ft. in an amazing throw of 230 ft. 6 in.

Lawrence Holt House once again won the overall House Championship—this time by an even bigger margin than before:—40 more than Owen House, which came second.

We should like to express our thanks to G. R. Mordaunt of M6A2 for compiling this article and the results, also to K. McKelvie of M6A2, his assistant.

The complete results were as follows:—

100 YARDS—

Open—P. S. Jones, 1; D. Macaulay, 2; J. Griffiths, 3. 10.1 secs.
 U 16—L. J. Hampson, 1; R. D. Lowey, 2; P. G. Cail, 3. 10.6 secs. (rec.)
 U 15—B. R. Latham, 1; F. W. Grove, 2; S. Jacks, 3.
 U 14—K. Pine, 1; D. Hughes, 2; P. W. Rees, 3. 11.8 secs.
 U 13—D. R. Potter, 1; L. E. Kay, 2; G. R. Steel, 3. 12.1 secs.
 U 12—P. Richardson, 1; G. Bethel, 2; J. P. Brown, 3. 13.0 secs.

220 YARDS—

Open—N. R. K. Quinn, 1; D. Macaulay, 2; J. F. Griffiths, 3. 24.0 secs.
 U 16—L. J. Hampson, 1; A. J. Wallard, 2; A. V. Fell, 3. 25.0 secs.
 U 15—B. R. Latham, 1; D. P. Rowlands, 2; J. D. Wilson, 3. 26.5 secs.
 U 14—K. Pine, 1; S. R. Ashcroft, 2; D. Hughes, 3. 28.4 secs.
 U 13—D. R. Potter, 1; L. E. Kay, 2; R. McCarthy, 3. 30.5 secs.
 U 12—P. Richardson, 1; G. Bethell, 2; R. Chesworth, 3. 31.9 secs.

440 YARDS—

Open—N. R. K. Quinn, 1; D. G. Evans, 2; P. R. Phillipson, 3. 54.2 secs. (equals record).
 U 15—J. D. Wilson, 1; D. W. Rushton, 2; B. R. Latham, 3.
 U 14—K. Pine, 1; S. R. Ashcroft, 2; E. Stopforth, 3. 66.1 secs.
 U 13—A. E. Forrest, 1; D. R. Potter, 2; J. K. Thomas, 3. 69.6 secs.

880 YARDS—

Open—S. C. Healey, 1; J. H. Gaukroger, 2; N. R. K. Quinn, 3.
2 m. 7.4 secs.

U 15—S. T. Sille, 1; D. W. Rushton, 2; J. D. Wilson, 3.

MILE—

Open—S. C. Healey, 1; J. R. Owen, 2; R. R. Lyon, 3. 4 m. 52.8 secs.

U 16—J. H. Gaukroger, 1; L. E. Edwards, 2; A. J. Wallard, 3.
4 m. 57.4 secs.

3 MILE—

Open—R. R. Lyon, 1; S. C. Healey, 2; J. R. Owen, 3. 16 m. 58 secs.
(record).

U 16—J. H. Gaukroger, 1; L. E. Edwards, 2; J. F. Haylett, 3.

LONG JUMP—

Open—P. S. Jones, 1; I. J. Ferguson, 2; R. A. Carroll, 3. 20-ft. 8-in.
(record).

U 15—F. W. Grove, 1; J. D. Wilson, 2; A. D. Line, 3. 16-ft. 2-in.

U 14—W. Reade, 1; O. Hughes, 2; P. W. Rees, 3. 15-ft 8-ins.

U 13—R. McCarthy, 1; L. E. Kay, 2; A. C. Plackett, 3. 13-ft 7-in.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP—

Open—P. S. Jones, 1; L. J. Hampson, 2; I. J. Ferguson, 3. 40-ft. 0-in.

U 15—F. W. Grove, 1; J. D. Wilson, 2. 30-ft. 9-in.

HIGH JUMP—

Open—J. E. Magraw, 1; J. W. Wilson, 2; D. A. G. Gray, 3. 5-ft. 2-in.

U 15—J. Herd, 1; F. W. Grove and S. Jacks, 2. 4-ft. 5-in.

U 14—K. Pine, 1; P. W. Rees, 2; R. A. Rotherham, 3. 4-ft. 6-in.

U 13—R. Sugden, 1; D. R. Potter, 2; D. K. Bryan, 3. 4-ft. 0-in.

DISCUS—

Open—D. W. T. Hughes, 1; J. Sale, 2; J. E. Magraw, 3. 110-ft 2½-in.

U 15—S. T. Sille, 1; J. Herd, 2; A. Martinez, 3. 79-ft. 9-in.

JAVELIN—

Open—P. Worthington, 1; D. Macaulay, 2; D. W. T. Hughes, 3.
124-ft. 2-in.

U 15—J. Herd, 1; A. R. Martinez, 2; M. Ryan, 3. 113-ft. 9-in.

SHOT—

Open—D. W. T. Hughes, 1; D. Macaulay, 2; J. Sale, 3. 40-ft. 6-in.

U 15—G. K. Duckett, 1; W. F. Roby, 2. 32-ft. 0-in.

CRICKET BALL—

U 14—J. R. Shell, 1; J. R. Devine, 2; J. R. Oldfield, 3. 176-ft. 7-in.
(record).

U 13—M. I. Parker, 1; M. T. Tickle, 2; R. McCarthy, 3. 230-ft 6-in.
(record).

HOUSE RELAYS (4 x 110 YARDS)—

Open—Lawrence, 1; Cochran, 2; Danson, 3.

U 15—Hughes, 1; Cochran, 2; Lawrence, 3.

U 13—Owen, 1; Lawrence, 2; Philip, 3.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS—

Senior—P. S. Jones.

Intermediate—F. W. Grove.

Junior—D. R. Potter.

Field—D. W. T. Hughes.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS—

Senior—Owen.

Intermediate—Hughes.

Junior—Lawrence.

Aggregate—Lawrence.

OLD BOYS' SECTION

There have been four Old Boys' Dinners so far this year: at Oxford, Cambridge, London and Liverpool. The Headmaster has been present at all of them, enabling Liobians of all ages to pay personal tributes to him for his long and distinguished service to the School and to the Association. Here is the London Secretary's account of the dinner at the National Liberal Club.

OLD BOYS' LONDON DINNER, 1961

Once again, the National Liberal Club in Whitehall Place became an annexe of the School, when Mr. J. R. Edwards, Mr. D. Booth and Mr. A. Durband with 36 London Old Boys assembled on 24th February for the annual London Dinner. This time, however, a rather sad note was present in the thought that this was probably the last occasion on which Mr. Edwards would respond to the toast to the School (ably proposed by Dr. D. W. MacDowall). Tribute to his zealous and successful 26 years as Headmaster was paid by Mr. D. Booth, who responded to the toast to the Old Boys' Association which was proposed by Mr. A. J. M. Craig. The Chairman, Dr. J. A. Scott, presented Mr. Edwards with a wallet as a token of esteem from the London Old Boys.

In proposing the toast to Absent Friends, the Rev. Ralph H. Turner referred to the loss incurred by the recent deaths of Mr. Lawrence Holt (former Chairman of the School Governors) and Mr. James McKie, who was Vice-President of Brasenose College, Oxford, both keen supporters of London dinners. Mr. Turner pointed out that his father, grandfather and brothers had all attended the Liverpool Institute, and his mother and sisters Blackburne House. A telegram of greetings and good wishes was received from Brigadier T. Robbins who is at present in Spain.

The "newer" Old Boys were represented by Messrs. A. Gallie and R. S. Pybus. Surely they are not the only Liobians of the 1950 to 1960 decade who live in the South of England? Harry Miller (183, St. Paul's Wood Hill, Orpington, Kent), will be pleased to hear from (or of) any others.

CAMBRIDGE DINNER

The Cambridge Dinner was held at St. Catharine's College, in the gallery of the hall. D. Thomas of Queens' proposed the toast, and B. Worthington presented the Headmaster with two books on behalf of the Cambridge contingent.

LIVERPOOL DINNER

In Liverpool, the Annual Dinner attracted the largest attendance the present Secretary can remember. The speakers were Mr. J. Edward Jones, Mr. J. R. Biglands, Mr. A. Cohen and the Headmaster.

PRESENTATION DINNER

A special Presentation Dinner has been arranged at the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool, on Thursday, 12th October, 1961, and members will soon be receiving a circular with full details. As this will be the last formal occasion on which the Association can entertain the Headmaster and express publicly its gratitude for his devoted efforts, we are hoping for a very large attendance.

LADIES' NIGHT, 1961

Ladies' Night will be held as usual at Mecca, Sefton House on Saturday, 11th November. Details will be sent in due course.

Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, of Rudyard Cottage, Burwash, Sussex, asks whether any scholars who were his contemporaries at the School some

seventy or eighty years ago are still alive and able to remember him. Mr. Brooking, now over 90, has sailed around the world under sail; his present ambition is to become a centenarian.

Dr. Stanley Gardner, who was a Head Boy during the School's evacuation to Bangor, North Wales, has recently been appointed Headmaster of a large Comprehensive School in London.

Burnett Bolloten, who left School in the 1920's, has recently published "The Grand Camouflage" both in Britain and Australia. It deals with the Spanish Civil War, which Mr. Bolloten knew at first hand as a B.U.P. correspondent. His brother Michael frequently broadcasts on Australian Radio.

We congratulate Mr. J. Polak on his recent victory at the municipal polls. He will now have the distinction of being our youngest Old Boy on the council.

The machine has ousted the skill of almost all craftsmen in industry today. But there are still one or two exceptions. For instance, no machine has yet been invented to match the skill of the man who makes gold-leaf.

Mr. E. N. Clay, an Old Boy of the School, can claim to be one of England's last half-dozen gold beaters, and the only one in Liverpool. The elegant new sign outside the School, with its Roman lettering bright with the thin but precious metal, prompted us to learn more about Mr. Clay's ancient and fascinating craft.

THE ART OF GOLD BEATING

The gold is received in a pure state: that is "Fine" or twenty-four carat (Sovereigns are 22 carat). Fine gold *can* be beaten but is very soft and difficult to work so is therefore rarely beaten fine. Sufficient fine silver and copper (only 20 grains to 1 oz. fine gold) are melted in a crucible together with fine gold to toughen it. The gold, now reduced in quality to 23 carat, is poured when molten into an ingot mould out of which it emerges in small bars $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ins. long, $1\frac{1}{4}$ -ins. wide, and $\frac{3}{16}$ -in. in thickness. It is then passed through steel rollers and at the end of some fifteen minutes it is a ribbon about seven yards long, anything from one eight-hundredth to one thousandth of an inch thick—or should we say thin?—but its width of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -ins. unchanged.

It is now cut into 190 squares and each is placed between $3\frac{1}{4}$ -in. square sheets of tough vegetable paper called "cutch paper." Till about 50 years ago, vellum had to be used for this purpose and many a "missal" written and painted by long-dead monks, was purchased then for a few shillings, and cut up; they would be worth perhaps even hundreds of pounds today.

Then this package, "the cutch," is wrapped in parchment and taken to a solid block of marble where it is hammered heavily. Great skill is required for this and all subsequent beating operations; wrist work which demands years of practice is the secret. Incidentally, some of the parchment which is used to wrap round the package is three centuries old.

After being beaten to the size of the cutch the 190 leaves are quartered, ten at a time, and each quarter placed between 760 sheets of $4\frac{1}{4}$ -in square Gold-beaters' skin called the "shoder."

The shoder is then beaten in the same manner. The resulting shoder gold is again quartered singly, making some 3,000 quarters; this time, however the 3,000 are beaten in three separate lots of 1,000 each between 1,000 $5\frac{1}{4}$ -in. square sheets of Gold-beaters' skin called the "mould." A mould containing 1,000 leaves of gold is not an inch in thickness!

When beaten up to size of mould, which takes four to five hours, the leaf is then cut singly by means of sharpened malacca canes fixed in an

adjustable frame called a "wagon," upon a calf-skin cushion. The gold leaf may therefore be cut to any desired size ($3\frac{1}{4}$ -in. is usual size) and 25 leaves placed in books of tissue paper rouged to prevent the leaf sticking. It is now ready for sale, or if required for outside work is further fastened by Clay's improved original process upon transfer papers. The gold, after rolling, is not touched by hand but with boxwood pincers 11-ins. long, the leaf being blown flat upon the cushion with the mouth.

The gold-beaters' skin is made of the caecum intestine of an ox, more commonly known as "bung skin." It takes 700 oxen to make a "mould" of 1,000 $5\frac{1}{4}$ -in. square skins. Each skin is double and the mould, as previously mentioned, is less than an inch in thickness. A mould can be used only about eighteen months, after which it may be purchased, if in good condition, by continental beaters who produce a lower grade leaf. Each gold beater requires two moulds at least with which to work. After each lot of leaf has been beaten in a mould the skins must be "brimed," i.e., rubbed over with "brime" or burned and powdered talc, a white powder similar to magnesia. This cleans the skins and prevents the gold from sticking to them; it is dusted on with a hare's foot, which is much better for the job than any hand-made article.

The hammers, cast iron in three sizes, weigh 7, 13 and 20 lbs. respectively. A gold-beater considers himself unlucky if he hits his finger with the middle size hammer, or for that matter with either of the others!

Machinery cannot be used because the skin, which is the only substance tough enough for the work, is affected by damp weather, which has the effect of causing the gold to stick; thus, a man may leave his work on Saturday with a certain amount of hammering to do and if it should rain he will find that when he returns on Monday everything has been put back and that what would have been ten minutes' work may take an hour. A machine would need a tremendous amount of watching—so much watching, indeed, that it simply is not worth while.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

The Editor, the Liverpool Institute Magazine

Cambridge.

Dear Sir,

Your magazine is blessed with an editor of very great persuasive powers—however else would he have cajoled a Cambridge letter out of us in Tripos Term, when an undergraduate's miseries darken in proportion as the sunlit days brighten? Nevertheless, this term's looming crucible must show its effect somehow, and chiefly in the brevity of what I have to say.

Dr. Waddington is probably the least troubled of all, for it is his pupils who must take the exams and not himself. Similarly Dave Thomas (late Queen's, at present at Clare, in future lecturing at London School of Economics) has passed the cares of his LL.B. and can enjoy married life untrammelled.

But there are still many "oldsters" only just on the last lap (if not the last intellectual gasp) who will soon leave to face the big wide world, where an awful retribution may be exacted. Pete Smith is forsaking Caius for Rhodesia and John Taylor is to try lecturing in India as a change from being lectured at in Trinity. I can give no sure information about Pete Johnson's future (because he has none himself) except to say that next year he will be married, and in some part of South America.

The wander-lust is catching, but it hits people with varying intensity. For example, Brian Worthington is content to move down the Bletchley line

to Oxford and cling to an academic life for one more year; the claustrophobic havens of sanity in that industrial city will, however, be a huge change from Downing's grassy expanse.

Those St. Catharine's triplets will soon be no more—to their college's infinite loss. Neil Ryder and Ralph Whiting seem not to know where they are going, but must be content to go; but Eric Bramhall, having been rejected by a Dean, is to re-apply via a Bishop for his holy orders. The orders which have always interested Colin Malam were generally batting ones, from which he hopes to profit and become a sporting columnist. Of Brian Stark no one knows anything: I can only conclude that he will continue to paint Chinese characters for many more years, though probably not at Selwyn.

The remaining souls will be here next year, to lament the fact that their numbers must be halved. Arnold Cummins, of Sidney, must be regarded as senior, in social experience if not academic learning at present—and the less said the better! Two Johns—Conder and Rowlands—seem to follow their studies as efficiently as most others at Caius and St. Cat's.; and Tony Zalin has become that most interesting and portentous phenomenon, a scientist who has realised the inadequacy of his subject other than as a utilitarian means to greater material comfort. His fellow Freshman, Bob Clapham, feels the same, and I am glad to say he has recovered from his depression of last term, and moved to the opposite extreme of light-headedness. Russell Cannon remains dour, Scots, mathematical, and at Trinity; and with that the list is complete.

Those who are going down for the last time must inevitably feel great sadness at the realisation of how quickly these three years have slipped away. And this year our sense of regret is still greater at the knowledge that the man who was Headmaster to us all is to go as well; for Old Boys the School can never hold the same memories again.

I am glad to be able to sign myself,

CAMBRIDGE OLD BOY.

OXFORD LETTER

The Editor, the Liverpool Institute Magazine

Oxford.

Sir,

To give an account of my associates in Oxford is difficult. Their modesty defies investigation, and the variety of their pursuits would bewilder the most determined sociologist. But it is not the fear of misleading your readers which makes me hesitate, for I know that it is my duty to entertain them, and not to provide material for future biographers. I fear that having lost the power to look at Oxford life with the eyes of a newcomer, I may bore your readers with esoteric references, or waste words on gentlemen whom few can recall. If I err in these respects, I beg your readers to give this letter the indulgence allowed by custom to legend and fairy story, whose characters and situations do not presume to claim existence outside the pages of fiction.

The second week of the Trinity term saw the Society's annual dinner, regrettably the last at which Mr. Edwards will be present as Headmaster, but an enjoyable occasion none-the-less. Our other guest was Dr. J. A. Scott, Medical Officer of Health for the London County Council. His School life overlapped with that of our senior member, Professor Kneale, and their exchange of reminiscences revealed that the careers of at least two Institute masters bridged the gap between their time at School and that of Mr. Ron Oxburgh, who proposed the toast of the guests. No doubt this

fact has no significance for your readers, and perhaps none for you, Sir, but Mr. Oxburgh was among the high and mighty of the prefectorial body when most of us here were in the Lower Sixth form or below. After a Ph.D. at Princeton he is back in Oxford demonstrating—that, I believe, is the correct term—at the Department of Geology.

Two of Mr. Oxburgh's contemporaries were also at the dinner, Mr. Colin Harrison and Mr. Glyn Roberts. Mr. Harrison will be ordained at Trinity to serve as curate in the parish of St. Chad with Christ Church, Everton, while Mr. Roberts, a dim figure from the remote past, emerged from the wilds of Harwell with a youthful appearance which quite belied our expectations. From Harwell, too, came Mr. Edmund Wilson, whose love for University College, its atmosphere, its beer, and its credit, has caused him to take up residence again in Oxford. Another man who does not seem to be able to tear himself away from this fair city is Mr. Bill Ferdinand, who is reading for a D.Phil. and promises to be here for yet another year. He may be seen on the river during Eights and Torpids giving pompous advice to his successors who now man the Jesus boat. Mr. Geoff Bull has come from Birmingham to Trinity to read for a D.Phil., a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, perhaps, though Mr. Bull spends more time at the Biochemistry Department than at Trinity, and so may be forgiven.

The brothers Blond were unable to dine with us, for their artistic talents were required to put the finishing touches to their father's latest enterprise, Hope Hall, before its opening. Mr. David Blond's contribution to culture has become legendary, since all successive correspondents have known of him is that he paints and hopes to pursue an academic career in chemistry. No doubt the epithets which have been regularly applied to him will now be transferred to his equally scientific and artistic brother, Mr. John Blond, who reads Philosophy, Psychology and Physiology.

That other gentleman from Brasenose, Mr. Arthur Smith, still swims, plays darts, and reads Mathematics. His fellow mathematician at Wadham, Mr. Ronald Ledgard, modestly states that he might be back next year, if he does well enough in Schools. If he is seriously in doubt on this point, he is probably a minority of one. Mr. Phil Armstrong's connections with Wadham are now remote, but he is still living somewhere in the neighbourhood of Oxford. Mr. Barry Jacobs has become forgetful of late and has the mournful air of a lawyer with Schools in the offing. Mr. Peter Jones coxes Wadham first boat, rows in the fourth, and is reputed to have proved that size is no indication of capacity. One Liobian from Wadham remains unmentioned, Mr. Iwan Williams, whose claim to be the idlest man in Oxford is certainly untrue. He is fully occupied with music, and was Musical Director for the E.T.C. Eights Week Review.

At a party in Balliol at which Mr. Williams was playing the piano, Mr. David Altshul was run to earth. He is President of the Oxford University Critical Society (whose terms of reference are ill-defined), but in case this should give the impression that he is a man-about-town, it must be added that on his own admission he never goes further than half a mile from Worcester for fear he may become too tired to make the return journey. Mr. Clive Horsford at St. John's, seems also to have become a stay-at-home now that Schools are approaching, while scarcely anything has been seen of Mr. Eric Matthews of St. John's or Mr. John Baker of Exeter. They have not entirely tired of Greats, for both intend to return next year to read for B.Phil.

Mr. Sydney Norris of University College is in his third year of Greats, and so might be expected to have time on his hands. Nevertheless he was, as you, Sir, are aware, most inefficient as our secretary. He has been succeeded by Mr. Morcam Lunt, a Mathematician from Corpus, who takes photographs for the undergraduate newspaper "Cherwell" and consequently has been under pressure from Mr. Norris to give free publicity to the Univ

Commem. Also at Univ is Mr. Derek Burnham, a man of many parts, at present engaged in a feud with Mr. Norris, whose left wing leanings offend his taste. Both deny that they are in reality the best of friends.

Our retiring president, Mr. Rodney Walker of Pembroke, intends ultimately to practice at the bar, but hopes to spend two years in the Antarctic gaining experience beforehand. At present he is rowing religiously for Pembroke first boat. Of Mr. Austin Hughes nothing is known, though Mr. Douglas Whittaker across the road at Christ Church insists that he is still at Pembroke. Mr. Whittaker plays bridge for the College, but he is not obsessed by the game, and his Mathematics is unlikely to suffer as a result. Since Keble, law and rowing seem so often to go together, it is a relief to find that our man from Keble, Mr. Ian Murdoch, is another mathematician and a member of the University cycling team. At Jesus there is yet another sporting mathematician, Mr. Bill Rigby, but he probably spends less energy on his running, successful though he is, than on his work as a representative of the Oxford Inter-College Christian Union. Mr. John Jackson, a Greatsman at Jesus, grows taller as his intellectual stature increases. One cannot explain this by the subject he reads, however appropriate its name, since Mr. Robert Crofts, Treasurer of the Friends' Society, who reads Greats at New College, shows no such increase in height. Of the extravagant claims of Greats, here is one that can be discounted.

Mr. Oxburgh is not the only man who can expect to be called a demonstrator. With other more famous photographers Mr. David Rowan of St. Catherine's has been taking part in Civil Disobedience demonstrations. Mr. Russel Williams of Lincoln is also a socialist and unilateralist, as well as having an interest in sociology, but so far has not expressed his views in the extreme manner of Mr. Rowan. Perhaps he is more demonstrative in his activities at St. Anne's. Their political opinions are shared by Mr. Gordon Craigen of Magdalen. There can seldom have been a man less worried by Schools than Mr. Craigen, who next year, degree acquired, intends to teach in France.

But I fear, Sir, that this letter has become something of a catalogue, no more entertaining, and certainly less informative, than an out-of-date telephone directory. I shall therefore conclude with a word about the most secretive man in our midst, Mr. David Lawrence of Oriel. His habit of arranging tutorials at the most unusual times makes him difficult to contact, but he is clearly working for Schools. As Schools approach, the weather becomes almost Mediterranean, and freshmen, Prelim's behind them, spend the afternoon on the river: men in their final year are a persistent reminder of the brevity of our time at Oxford. With this in mind, you will forgive me if I take leave of your readers, to enjoy the last sunny hour of an Oxford afternoon, signing myself with the customary anonymity.

PARUM OTIOSUS.

THE PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, the Liverpool Institute Magazine

Sir,

A reputable Sunday newspaper stated recently that approximately 80% of the world's scientists, who have ever existed, are in fact living today. Whether this is purely wanton and extravagant reportage or whether it serves as yet further proof of a violent swing towards science at the expense of a more general culture, thereby engendering a dangerous ignorance of our own English literary heritage, I leave you, dear ink-besplattered, scruffy little reader to determine yourself, but humbly submit to you my periodic report on the élite of the School, those begowned demi-gods of the upper regions of the world, those "infinite riches in a little room."

The leader of this lively band is Mr. Sissons, the celebrated demagogue, affectionately known to his friends as Pontifical Pete. Proud of his pedigree, Mr. Sissons aspires to television fame, considering this the only medium capable of doing justice to his multifarious, but singularly latent talents. It is not for me to comment, for only those few privileged beings who have accepted Mr. Sissons's cordial invitation to appear "Face to Face" with him, are qualified to endorse or refute such claims. Like the Bard of Avon, Mr. Sissons, so rumour will have it, knows "small Latin and less Greek," but this has in no way retarded his academic progress, for he has long since learned how to conceal these imperfections by beautifully illegible writing. There is little that escapes the eagle eye of Mr. Sissons, except, perhaps, the occasional cricket ball.

His 'sidekick,' the enigmatic and unpredictable Mr. Harlow is the owner of the most wonderful pair of tapered feet in the School. Mr. Harlow, it is true, has his critics, but unperturbed by these he sits musing, purposefully scratching himself at periodic intervals to alleviate the monotony. At the time of writing he is busily engaged in writing an ultra-modern play—"One of those abstract things" as Mr. Swain observed—entitled "The Snake and the Ladder" in which Mr. Hall is to star in one of the title roles.

Little more is seen of Mr. Hall these days than the seven league boots in which he wades through the lower yard like a bellicose Gulliver in the land of Lilliput. His pretensions to higher society are accentuated by his habit of looking down on all and sundry, although at the same time there seems to be something magnificently philanthropic in his despatching of innumerable picture postcards—the picture invariably comprising Neptune with trident—to all his distant friends at the expense of the Liverpool Education Committee. That he succeeds in subduing the lower yard is mainly due to the belief, which still exists therein, that he is a totem pole from which thunders forth from time to time the mighty voice of some hidden deity.

Alas! Gone are Mr. Davidson's Maverick days. Gone too has the chink of money and the noise of the roulette wheel; Mr. Davidson has been declared insolvent. Caviare has given place to School cabbage, and only the occasional sherbert dab brightens his lugubrious existence.

The geographically-minded Mr. Caulfield dreams, between mouthfuls of his glucose sandwiches, of the day when he is proclaimed Mr. Universe. Meanwhile, in anticipation of such fair times, Mr. Caulfield is in strict training, frolicking over cupboards and climbing up and down Mr. Hall, kicking Mr. Tysoe for touch, and jumping the many obstacles to be found in the P.R. with more confidence and poise than ever.

The occasional snuffle, whimper, sob, or prolonged wail proceeding from behind a huge tome entitled Grimm's Fairy Tales" reveals the presence of Mr. Swain—a sensitive soul is "Norm." For Mr. Swain this School year has brought a chain of unmitigated misfortunes, culminating last December, misery of miseries, in the discovery that he was the little boy whom Santa forgot. Yet time's healing balm has triumphed and once again Mr. Swain's happy little chuckle reverberates round the School.

There is a certain sensual poetry in Mr. Winchester's deportment, which is in itself something aesthetically satisfying, and has been cultivated by Mr. Winchester as an art, recalling at once the somnolent mood of "The Lotus Eaters," or perhaps the following lines of Dryden:

*"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought."*

Mr. Winchester, so he claims, is a gentleman, and as such plays tennis with a grace which eludes precise definition, although someone recently suggested "The Dying Swan."

Mr. Mordaunt is a mathematician whose preoccupation is with figures, although, alas, one certain figure seems to be causing him no end of vexation and embarrassment. Let it not be thought for one moment, however, that Mr. Mordaunt has no poetry in his soul or that his life is devoid of culture for, behold, he is at present engaged in a new production of "Romeo and Juliet." His virtuoso interpretation of such memorable lines as

"O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified"

and

"For you and I are past our dancing days"

reveals a sensitive dramatic appreciation and a remarkable capacity for self-identification with his part, truly the hallmark of a genius.

If it is true, as some recently quipped, that we see more and more of Mr. Mordaunt these days, it is equally true that we see less and less of Mr. Rimmer. Mr. Rimmer, yet another mathematician, immortalised in the words of Samuel Butler—

"For he, by geometric scale

Could take the size of pots of ale"

—is certainly the most conscientious of slackers. It is usually in company with Mr. Rimmer that Mr. Corkish, another "enfant terrible," spends most of his not inconsiderate leisure hours bird-watching.

The melancholy Mr. McKelvie meanders his way through the trying vicissitudes of life, living for the day when mankind will finally understand him. Meanwhile conjecture is rife, for his singularly lunar features, and his strange disinclination to make intelligible conversation suggest that perhaps space has already been conquered.

This year, Mr. Chambers assures us, has been, academically speaking, one of his most successful, for he has discovered the word "amelioration," which he now utilises as a secret weapon, given the slightest provocation. Although he can recall the days when all nice Institute boys, and Mr. Chambers himself, wore School caps, he remains young at heart. We must conclude that "panting Time toiled after him in vain."

Mr. Cowan, a twentieth century naiad, is usually to be found in the stream of things, preaching, in his more serious moods, the delights of vivisection. His friend, Comrade Catrall, is also something of a philosopher who is to be seen gazing with large sorrowful eyes at the youthful folly that persists around him. Although not garrulous by nature, he seasons his sparse comment with barbed malice, thus giving birth to the belief that he is the tool of some higher power—"As ever in my great task-master's eye."

Mr. Tysoe, something of a stunt man, has been called "The Wild Bull of the Pampas." This, however, is a trifle unfair to the little man, for he is in fact learning to dance the fandango. After his unsuccessful attempts to establish football as a culture, Mr. Tysoe devotes most of his time to collecting material for a French prose, which is to be published shortly. About his many nefarious extra-mural activities we must remain silent, and hope that,

"Friend Ralph, thou hast

Outrun the constable at last."

It is Mr. Griffiths whom Mr. Tysoe invariably chooses as his partner. The reason for this lies in the deep respect the latter has shown for Mr. Griffiths, following his recent solo exhibition, which we have since reason to suspect, was precipitated by his becoming impaled on one of Mr. Sissons's hairpins, which he so carelessly leaves strewn around the P.R.

Although he vehemently denies rustic lineage, the mere mention of Coronation Street gives Mr. Archer convulsions. The dangers of his

versatility were recently underlined by his arrival at Mersey Road clad in a football shirt, tennis shorts, and cricket boots—to play fives!

After his Easter sojourn in Paris, Mr. Radcliffe has become peculiarly frenchified. Throughout the morning he is to be found sipping his "café au lait" and munching his "pain grillé," and the more observant have also remarked that he now signs himself "de Radcliffe." It gives us great pleasure to report that Mr. Radcliffe has continued to work very conscientiously as P.R. newscaster and commentator to the Library.

"Beauregard" Martineau, a man of fixed habits, has of late come to be regarded as something of a "dude": his gaily striped socks speak for themselves—and how! In August Mr. Martineau sails for California. There he hopes to sample the succulent delights of his favourite fruit, which, he complains, he has so far only been able to obtain in bottled form. His real talents are decidedly musical, and he has been a real asset to the School Choral Society, for his long, carefully pointed and manicured fingernails enable him to flick over the pages of his libretto with lightning rapidity.

Thus, Sir, I conclude my dossier, hoping that you will accept these disclosures as true, for, in truth, they are.

Yours solitarily,

B.O.

FORTY YEARS ON

The orange sun beat down mercilessly through the grey, shimmering haze hanging over the sluggish river; it appeared to have given up completely any ideas of rolling along it might have possessed in its youth. A multitude of wailing sea-birds wheeled incessantly over the green waters, occasionally settling on the parts of rusting, rotting ships which still protruded through tangled wreckage and driftage, above water-level.

The man appeared as a ragged, shabby blot upon that scene of peace serene, his makeshift raft tearing a jagged black gash in the face of the motionless sometime river. His clothes in tatters, his face sickly beneath blisters and sunburn, his hair and beard long and unkempt, he, like his conveyance, was a wreck. Paddling mechanically, and methodically chewing at a piece of slightly greenish meat, he eventually reached a point at which there had once stood a wooden landing stage serving the huge city.

Leaving his vessel, the man half-climbed, half-crawled his way through lush wild fungi, onto the decaying wood of the stage, thick with revolting slime, and pitted with holes of divers shapes and sizes, through which welled up the green, frothing river ooze. Where he stood was below the actual city sea-front, the two levels being joined by several semi-cylindrical concrete floored single spans, leaping across a gulf of enclosed, reeking water. He dragged slowly up one of these, through the slime, which changed about half-way to thick, grey, muffling dust. Emerged from the tunnel of gloom and must into the hazy heat and light, the first thing to attract the attention of his fuddled brain was the green statue of some peculiar bird, smashed and twisted, fallen from somewhere and lying some twenty or thirty yards ahead of him. Immediately behind this was a huge, gaunt, block building with two towers, whose tops were shattered and broken off short. Other buildings lingered about the verge of his consciousness; they too were desolate, deserted or debris. Since his last encounter with humans, this was the third big place he had been in, in the last two he had found nothing but the dogs, wild and running in packs. Somewhere a bird shrieked, giving vent to the man's emotions without his having to cry out himself.

He trudged stupidly onward, his mind sluggish, like the river, confused with haze and memories. Everywhere was still and the buildings' scars were partly hidden by a bandage of dust which lay several inches thick on the

roads. Although the main bombs had been to the south and further inland, the radiation had spread until even in the land's furthestmost parts, the dust had gradually settled in streets left bare by the dwindled population.

At first people had gone underground, living in cellars, shelters and sewers, but by now nowhere was safe, everyone was 'hot,' every living thing carried the 'sickness.' Recently the groups of wandering humans had become fewer, just as the packs of wild dogs were now far between and small.

He came to the junction of four or five main roads; absently he stared at the large square building, crumbling at the corners and cornices like a hunk of yellowing cheese, which confronted him. On his right was another whitish, tall building, on the corner of which was a statue, "Youth leaping forward to the future" he thought slowly; then, as he wished to leap backward to the past, he began to laugh . . . hysterically.

D. R. WADE (R.A.)

ABSTRACT

Little abstract patterns on the wall,
Fat and short, and long, and thin and tall.
Jazzy little cubes of pure delight,
Red and blue, and green, and black and white.

Long. Small.
Some fall
From me
In glee.

Some are enclosed, encumbered, in large ungainly place,
Squares and cubes, and quadrilaterals, all four of face,
Placed neatly on the wall like some unknown four-cornered things
Which only the illusion of an over-taxed brain brings.

They appear to move
Closer to, and farther from each other.
One blinks,
And the cube that was there is replaced by another.

One's head reels
To look at them too much.
They possess more power,
As such,
Than atomic force and physical things combined
. they affect the mind!

A. W. TAYLOR (L5A)

INSOMNIA

A jet-black wind sifts crystal raindrops 'gainst the pane
And hydrophobic gutt'ring chokes,
Night-stifled air throbs son'rously
And with staccato madness soaks
The atmosphere.
On the sills the tintinnabulum of rain.
The leaf-robbed fingers of an overhanging oak
Claw nervously the leaded glass
Inebriated by their load
Of droplets dripping to the grass
Distractedly.
Down the walls the pensive trick'ling starts to soak.

J. R. MORGAN (6B Sc.)

FOUNDATIONS

"Pull down the School," some enthusiasts cry,
"And build us a place by the shore!"
"Sacrilege! Sacrilege!" others will sigh,
As ravens who croak "Nevermore!"
Disputes grow heated, and tempers will fly,
As arguments flow from the pen,
But the main point of all, foremost and high,
Has been missed by these dogmatic men.

Our School is an *Institute*, built in the heart
Of each boy who was here in the past.
Its foundations are still being laid, as part
Of each boy who will go forth at last
To prove his worth to the World and his Race,
As did others, who proved to us, then,
That school is not bricks, and stone, and a place,
But a School is its boys, and its men.

R. THOMPSON (4B)

A SOLILOQUY ON REMOVAL

To move, or not to move: that is the question:
Whether 'tis better to remain and suffer
The draughts and chills of antiquated heating,
Or take up our desks and move
To a new and nobler building beside the river.
There to study, or sleep: perchance to dream
Of visions of a grand imposing view:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time
Born by our ancient, grimy edifice,
With sight of chimneys, roofs, and a cathedral grand
When he could gaze from windows and see ships
Taking his thoughts with them to foreign lands.
Thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.
Perhaps 'tis better to bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
The thought of such upheaval
Doth make cowards of us all.

T. HETHERINGTON (L5A)

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

He sat there, in that wooden chair,
For half an hour or more;
His furrowed brow was ghostly white;
His eyes were tired and sore.
His gaze lay on a square of wood;
His hands upon a table.
At length he jerked up his frail frame
As far as he was able;
He feebly raised his trembling hand;
In agony he sighed;
Making a picce of wood to move,
He gasped "Checkmate," and died.
Know you what cause made him resigned
To sacrifice his flesh and mind?
Perhaps you guess—a game of chess!

P. CARTMEL (U5A)

MURDER!

I sat in my chair frozen with horror as he advanced towards me. I knew that this time he did not mean to miss. We had been adversaries for so long that at last I meant to finish things, one way or another.

He rubbed his hands together; I could see the gleam in his eyes. Which way should I turn? If I jumped one way would he follow me, for I knew that he was much faster than I was. At last he made up his mind. He leapt forward and flew at me. He hesitated when he saw what was in my hand, which had been hidden behind me, and which to his surprise was holding a fly swatter. With one mighty swipe I decapitated the wasp, and at last settled down to my disturbed sleep.

A. HENSON (4 Sc.)

THE EXECUTION

The clock in the prison hall was striking seven. The occupant of the condemned cell awoke to face his last hour alive. He rose slowly to see the two prison officers, who had been almost his constant companions for the past few weeks, sitting at the small table in the centre of the room. Seeing that the prisoner was awake, one of the officers rose and left the room, returning several minutes later with the prisoner's last meal.

The door opened and the prison chaplain entered to comfort the prisoner. The chaplain stayed with the man until five minutes to eight. At that time the two prison officers prepared to lead the prisoner to meet his fate. At two minutes to eight the three men left the cell and the prisoner began to walk towards his date with Destiny.

The hangman placed the rope around the man's neck, and as the clock began striking eight, the prisoner dropped to Eternity.

D. J. GRIFFITHS (L5A)

CRICKET IN THE RAIN

I've practised hard the way I ought,
And played the ball the way I'm taught:
For the cricket season's here again,
I hope it won't be spoiled by rain.

My shirt is bright, my boots are clean,
The pitch looks fresh and verdant green.
The sun is bright, the sky is clear,
I hope a rain cloud won't appear.

I take my guard, my hopes are high,
Is that a rain cloud in the sky?
The ball comes hurtling and then goes past
And with it all my hopes are dashed.

Yes!—stumps are drawn, the rain comes down,
My boots so white look rather brown.
The cricket season's here again,
And only farmers want the rain.

D. CLARK (L5F)

A POEM?

I've sat down with pen and ink,
Though what to put I just can't think.
"Write a poem," the master said,
But not a line comes to my head.
Shall I write about a dream,
Or should it be some other theme?
If only I could make a start
I'm sure that is the hardest part.
No words will come to put on paper,
It really is an awkward caper;
For bright ideas I'm at a loss
I hope the teacher won't be cross.
So to bed my task undone,
My brain's misfired and time has won.

D. R. MEYER (4Sc.)

THE VAMPIRE BAT

One very dark and windy night
A vampire bat took to its flight,
It soared across the moonlit sky
Beware! for someone was bound to die.

It silently dropped beside a house;
It made no sound, for it moved like a mouse,
And it crept towards the rotting door
For it needed blood, more and more.

The bat entered a huge, dull room:
The owner would soon come to his doom,
The vampire's nails dug into his head
And in a few seconds the man was dead.

D. L. LITTLER (3B)

FLOWERS

Down in the warm, sweet earth we sow
A tiny seed, from which will grow
A plant of beauty, shape and size,
Its stem reaches upwards to the skies.

And when the sun, so warm and bright,
Doth gently send its heat and light,
The bud will open to reveal
The beauty that it did conceal.

The flower so gay, so elegant
Brings home to me just what it meant,
With the glory of God being all around
In the sun, the moon, and on the ground.

Upon this earth there is no man
Who could conceive of such a plan,
To give from a seed, so very small,
A thing of beauty enjoyed by all.

L. MOON (4E)

THE SPACE ROCKET

There it stands so slim and sleek,
There it is, the heavens to seek,
Slowly but surely it draws away,
Into the sky of the shortening day.

Faster and faster it disappears from sight,
Into the dark and gloomy night,
Now to the dials to keep it in track,
"Head on for Venus, keep throttle back!"

The T.V. screens show just a 'dash,'
Which could portray a sudden crash,
A piece of rock, a meteorite,
The eye can't see them during night.

P. S. BRERETON (4E)

MY LITTLE TELEVISION

I have a television set that's right inside my head,
It switches on all by itself when I get into bed.
It shows some lovely pictures that only I can see—
My little television show is only meant for me.

Its pictures are not just grey like my father's grown-up set,
They come in every colour you possibly could get.
Each little picture in my head is always crystal clear.
The spoken words are always plain—just what I want to hear,

I find my television set is very cheap to run,
It doesn't need a licence—and of course that's half the fun,
In fact, it costs me nothing, and there's not a wire in sight,
It never has a breakdown and the programme's always right.

J. R. NAYLOR (L5F)

ALTONA

Jean-Paul Sartre's latest play, 'Les Séquestrés d'Altona,' has been described as 'an act of judgement on the twentieth century.' It deals with, or rather, treats of a great German shipbuilding family, the von Gerlachs, who have prospered equally under the Kaiser, Hitler, the Allied Occupation and Adenauer. The father, an implacable but devious autocrat, is dying of throat cancer: his elder son, Frantz, has locked himself in his room and has been seen in the past thirteen years only by his sister, Leni. The younger son, Werner, is being pressed into the family business against the wishes of Johanna, his wife, who wants him to cut loose and resume his law practice in Hamburg.

I saw the play in an English version a few weeks before it opened in London and it was not very impressive, no doubt because the Royal Court's hidden microphones ensure that whatever happens at the front of the stage is deafening, and whatever at the back, inaudible. However, I read 'Altona' through later, and it became apparent that the play had not been well-served by the production. Sartre's stage directions stress that the great house at Altona is to be full of heavy, ugly Victorian furniture to emphasise one of the play's main themes. Sartre is at pains to explain that such humanity as the von Gerlachs appear to possess is a habit-formed shell, inside which there is complete human nullity. 'Les principes s'en vont: les habitudes restent,' and 'cette famille a perdu ses raisons de vivre, mais elle a gardé ses bonnes habitudes.' To echo this mental and social bric-à-brac, belonging to a defunct civilisation, Sean Kenny provided a dim, tatty and elaborate set that looked as if it had been knocked together from sail-cloth and tin-tacks.

The set should have helped the audience to grasp this theme, for it is related to Sartre's preoccupation with individual reactions to a civilisation that has retained its forms while decaying at the centre. Sartre indicates that two positions can be assumed, neither of which approaches satisfaction. Werner values and maintains the remnants of his own humanity. He is 'decent' and therefore ineffectual when dealing with a father willing to presume of filial love. The father and Leni, on the other hand, protest against their inner nothingness by rejecting what little remains of their own humanity, yet in spite of their intrigues and lack of scruples, they are ineffectual in their efforts to gain Frantz's love: they, too, are victims of the common situation. The breakdown in civilisation has been responsible for producing impaired human beings, whose selfishness and lack of sympathy has led to the estrangement of the von Gerlach family. They are the 'séquestrés' of the title, the 'people who live in separate cells.' Frantz's physical imprisonment sums up the family's mental condition.

The two possible personal reactions are paralleled by two attitudes towards life. Von Gerlach and Leni subscribe to the law of the jungle: 'Les faibles servent les forts: c'est la loi.' Werner's reaction to this 'law' is of a piece with his reaction to Leni's remarks about love. Then he had said, 'Ecoutez cette aveugle qui parle des couleurs;' now he says 'Je suis un Homme comme les autres. Ni fort, ni faible... Je tâche de vivre.' This is the 'decent view' and it leads on to what is, I think, Sartre's main preoccupation—the relationship between power and responsibility.

In the family council called to install Werner at the head of the ship-yards, Werner claims he is inadequate and unworthy. 'Quand je regarde un homme dans les yeux, je deviens incapable de lui donner des ordres... je sens qu'il me vaut.' (Typically, von Gerlach brushes this aside: 'regarde au-dessus des yeux,' he replies.) Werner feels unworthy because of the great responsibility he would have to assume. 'Décider, décider. Prendre tout sur soi. Seul. Au nom de cent mille hommes.' Sartre suggests that this is important because to be responsible for something implies judging between alternatives, and judging implies reference to fixed standards of value.

Von Gerlach's reply is simple: he has no responsibility, he says. 'Il y a beau temps que je ne décide plus rien.' And this is so because, with the break-down of civilisation, there are no standard values, therefore no possibility of judgement and therefore no responsibility. 'Obéir et commander: dans les deux cas, tu transmets les ordres que tu as reçus.'

But although responsibility has disappeared, power remains and Sartre suggests that we are depraved because it is exercised without responsibility: such exercise is the root-cause of the twentieth century 'Horreur de vivre.' As Kenneth Tynan says, Sartre is passing judgement not only on the Nazis

and French Algerian Policy, but on the whole of humanity. Yet I think his intention deserves a slightly different emphasis because of the methods he employs. He tries to resolve his basic preoccupations (which I have just set out) through Frantz and Johanna, and the failure of these agents to resolve anything satisfactorily is then given universal significance. The introduction of the human into an otherwise intellectual structure prompts a criticism that grows more insistent as the thin line of action threads through flashbacks, analyses, monologues, dialogues, trialogues and family councils to a final solution.

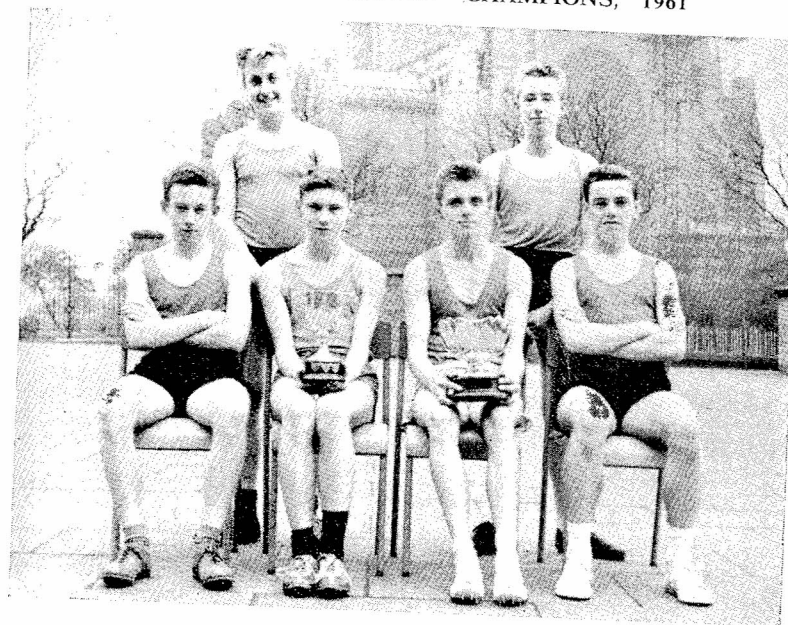
Frantz's reaction to 'l'horreur de vivre' is all that could be expected of a figure who is both a person and a symbol. 'C'est le cauchemar de tout le monde,' say his father: 'je suis l'homme, Johanna,' he says, when she gains access to his room, 'je suis tout homme et tout l'Homme: je suis le siècle.' In his thirteen years solitude, he has been up to all the usual antics of stage madmen: according to Kenneth Tynan, his behaviour suggests 'a bad case of catatonic schizophrenia, complicated by delirium tremens,' which is to say he drinks champagne, eats chocolate medals, pelts Hitler's portrait with oyster-shells and grovels on the floor: he is obviously, if not profoundly, mad. He shut himself up, according to his own account, because he could not bear to witness the allies' despoilation of Germany, which, of course, never took place. Leni has not told him of the economic miracle, and he still believes Germany is a smouldering wreck. 'Les villes rasées, les machines brisées, l'industrie saccagée . . . rien ne m'échappe.' Fairly obviously, he is consoling himself with this picture: the only way he can stave off the truth about Germany's bestial actions is to imagine her punishment by people who are themselves no better. 'Les lâches à mes yeux sont ceux qui peuvent le supporter. Il fallait la gagner, cette guerre. Par tous les moyens . . . je dis bien tous . . . ou disparaître.'

As a result, he maintains an absolutely intransigent attitude towards judgment. 'Puisque le peuple allemand accepte l'abjecte agonie qu'on lui impose, j'ai décidé de garder une bouche pour crier non.' Sartre suggests that his refusal to recognise judgment makes his efforts to assume responsibility useless. (Frantz has made hundreds of tape-recordings to justify mankind's actions in the twentieth century before a tribunal of crabs who live in the ceiling.) It is certainly at variance with his record, for in a flashback, Frantz is shown trying to become responsible for something. He helps a Jewish rabbi to escape but is caught and his hopes of punishment are frustrated by the intervention of his father. 'Ne crains rien: j'arrangerai cela'—a phrase which recurs throughout the play. Frantz's madness, his flight from truth and reality are a reaction to his condition. 'Je ne choisis jamais . . . Je suis choisi. Neuf mois avant ma naissance, on a fait choix de mon nom, de mon office, de mon caractère et de mon destin. Je vous dis qu'on me l'impose, ce régime cellulaire.'

An attachment grows up between Frantz and Johanna, who comes to realise, like Leni, that Frantz can become a responsible person only if he can say 'je fais ce que je veux, je vaud ce que je fais.' As she says to von Gerlach, 'Il cherche à se fuir et nous l'avons aidé par nos mensonges.' At the same time, she realises that destroying Frantz's defences against the world would probably lead to his death.

In Act IV, Johanna disregards this risk and tries to force a resolution. She has given Frantz a watch, and the re-introduction of the concept of time, coupled with her refusal to join him in his physical or mental jail, makes a breach in his elaborate insulation against reality. 'Je fanfaronne pour me défendre,' he admits, and ignoring his all-too-true statement 'La guerre m'a cassé, Madame,' Johanna forces him to admit 'S'il y a des orphelins à Düsseldorf, je parie qu'ils sont gras comme des caillies.' He adds, 'Quand je vous regarde, je connais que le vérité existe . . . déjà, ma folie se délabre.' He implores Johanna to judge him and in a series of flashbacks reveals that he

THE UNDER 16 CROSS COUNTRY TEAM,
NORTHERN SCHOOLS' CHAMPIONS, 1961



N. F. Garland, M. J. Cunningham,
L. E. Edwards, R. R. Lyon (Capt.), J. H. Gaukroger, J. R. Hughes
Cups:
Northern Schools' Cup; Edwardian Trophy

spared Russian partisans, thus endangering his own men. Johanna acquits him and dismisses his accusation 'J'ai tué l'Allemagne par sensiblerie.'

At this point, Leni bursts into the room (in its later stages the play's line of action becomes hideously contorted in order to provide the necessary confrontations and combinations) and reveals that so far from being innocent, Frantz had actually and willingly participated in Nazi atrocities. Frantz's maimed, impaired humanity has prevented him from admitting everything and thus from attaining the most satisfactory resolution of the problems that wrack him; on the other hand, Johanna has deranged the delicate balance of his inaction and Frantz, at the end of Act IV leaves his room to meet his father.

In the interview, Frantz can bring himself to admit 'J'ai souhaité la mort de mon pays et je me séquestrais pour n'être pas témoin de sa résurrection.' Judgement, he still rejects. 'Deux criminels; l'un condamne l'autre au nom des principes qu'ils ont tous deux violés.' Yet, von Gerlach by recognising this as justice, is able to accept responsibility: 'Dis à ton tribunal de crânes que je suis seul coupable—et de tout.' He has destined his son 'à l'impuissance' and 'ton tourment a fini par te pousser au crime.' Von Gerlach's acceptance of judgement and responsibility enables his son to accept judgment and having achieved an uneasy peace, they drive off to commit suicide. Kenneth Tynan comments 'the stage, as so often in M. Sartre's hands, becomes a place of moral inquisition.'

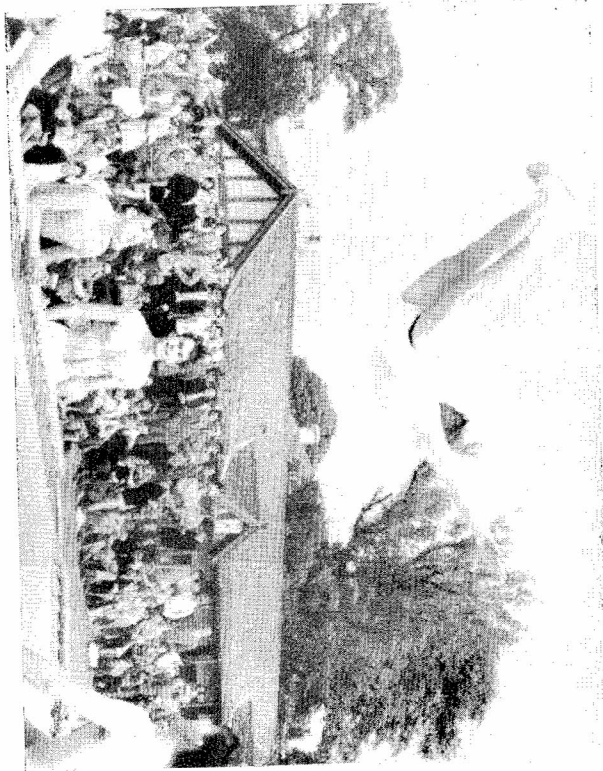
The audience is presumably to understand by the failure of Frantz and Johanna that no permanent relationship can precede—and by the two suicides that all that can be hoped for is submission to judgment and acceptance of responsibility. Their personal consideration is, in the last scene, blown up to a universal significance. The curtain falls on a tape-recording by Frantz, 'le siècle eût été bon si l'homme n'eût été guetté par son ennemi cruel, immémorial, par l'espèce carnassière qui avait juré sa perte, par la bête sans poil et maligne, par l'homme.' This is Sartre's judgement on twentieth century and apart from any doubts about its particular and unique relevance to this century, I for one, object to having sat through three hours of niggling analysis, of elaborate, torturous and pretentious statement to arrive at something so very simple. Furthermore, as this play examines rather than develops the problems with which it is concerned, it is of value only if no holes can be picked in its intellectual structure, and there is—at least to me—no immediate and self-evident link-up between the decay of Western Civilisation, the estrangement of individuals and the exercise of power without responsibility and Sartre's handling of them does not convince me of their cause and effect relationship.

This, however, is personal, and there is a far more fundamental criticism to be made. Sartre is not content to examine the human condition: he tries to examine it in human terms, to make Frantz the symbol more immediate and real by making him human. This, at least, is the only explanation I can suggest for Frantz's grovelling, his tedious recriminations and his veering moods. In a really great author's work, there is a sense of what it is like, of how it feels to be a human being at a certain moment: there is nothing like this in 'Altona.' The play's preoccupations, though stated interminably in 'human terms,' are never actually and concretely realised: there is no suggestion of hundreds of tiny, individual stitches making up a whole tapestry. Instead, there is growing frustration at the opportunities for development ignored, the scenes not realized, the human beings used like counters.

It would be impossible to object to all this if Sartre had not deprived his preoccupations of their abstraction by presenting them in human terms to give relevance and immediacy to his morality-play. As it is, 'Altona' is well worth seeing—as a case, if not as a play.

L. F. MACRAE

Interlude in the School Sports



VISIT TO THE LONDON PLANETARIUM

On visiting London almost a year ago, a friend and I went to the London Planetarium. This round, domed building is in Marylebone Road next to Madame Tassauds.

When we went in, we found a large foyer; this is circular and has a large pillar in the centre. When the time came for the next performance, we went up a flight of stairs to the hall, which is dome-shaped, and sat down where we liked. We found it best at the back for we had to look up all the time.

There is a silhouette of London all the way round, lit by an orange light. In the centre is the projector, this incredible piece of equipment is dum-bell shaped and has about 50 lenses. Slowly the lights dimmed and the stars began to appear and after a minute or two all the stars were out, the person who gave the commentary pointing out all the main planets and star clusters like the Plough, Great Bear and Mars. The film showed the sky at night as it would be in five years' time. The commentary was vivid giving all sorts of interesting information on the stars, planets and distances from the Earth and Sun. After three-quarters of an hour the film ended.

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