



LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

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LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE

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LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

Vol. LXXI

JULY 1963

No. 2

EDITORIAL

"It is generally agreed that the British Press is inferior to none in the world," says a report of a Royal Commission (which followed the fate of many reports of Royal Commissions, of being much discussed but little acted upon). This statement may be true, but it depends for its truth on the standards of foreign Presses, many of which are either controlled by their Governments or else directly affiliated to them. Our Press, we are proud to claim, is "free." Admitting that it is a business as well as a service and must pay its way, is it not, however, reasonable to suggest that it often abuses its privilege of "power without responsibility, the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages," and is too free? Now the shield which the newspapers speedily and inevitably raise and retire behind in the face of such criticism and, indeed, impending libel actions, is the claim, "the public have a right to the news." (As Pascal says: "One never does wrong so gaily as when one is doing it for conscience's sake." But in this case the conscience has been manufactured by the dictates of revenue-raising and circulation-scrabbling). The public have a right to the news, yes, but not to detailed and sensational expositions of other people's private lives and affairs.

Particularly deplorable are the purchased exclusives where the newspaper making the highest bid obtains the whole story, usually a garish one, exclusively. Only that newspaper's readership gets the news, although the whole public, it is insisted, has a right to it. The validity of that news, however, is sometimes questionable. After the recent Hume murder trial, at which the accused was acquitted, the *Sunday Pictorial* bribed him to sell a blatantly concocted confession of guilt to the paper, which they printed as true, knowing full well that psychopaths—for such Hume was—relish this kind of publicity. The Americans' recent practice of making their cosmonauts' astronomical achievements public property, but allowing the newspapers to bid for the right of reporting their private lives, strikes the proper relationship between serious news and vile gossip.

"The public want the facts" is another of the newspapers' frequently bandied dicta. But, as some newspapers have opinions to sell and vendettas to pursue, the public do not want the propaganda these newspapers serve up to them under the guise of facts. Leave this to the party journals. The *Mirror* spitefully adopted as its motto, after losing the Liberace case: "If we think it, we print it." Newspapers rely for their persuasiveness and conviction on our extraordinary belief in the infallibility of the printed word, on constant repetition of simply-worded and dogmatic statements which inspire us with confidence, sweeping statements which dull our critical faculty, and make crude appeals to our emotions. The headline, "Actress kidnapped by students," might prejudice people against students as being completely irresponsible; they immediately forget the many instances where students have refrained from kidnapping actress for "Actress not kidnapped by students" is not news. And what it is often shocking to realise is that the journalists who produce the above are often no better informed on the topic in question,

no better educated generally, or possessed with greater intelligence than their average readers.

Where the newspapers can be said to be particularly successful in influencing people's judgment is in their publication of National Opinion Polls, which can only be truly national if the whole nation contributes—especially on political questions. The pollsters refuse to believe that their election polls have any bearing on the result since, they say, no one can bring proof, and since such accusations insult the intelligence of the British public. But the great British public do exercise intelligence, for these polls act as election rehearsals for them, and if they see a minor party has a chance they could vote for it, and so swell that party's vote considerably.

Actually, the free Press is not as free as it might be. Editors and editorial staffs have declined in importance, and their powers have been usurped by Press Emperors, who care little for their papers except for their success. Competition has meant the death of many of the smaller papers. What is more, organisations like the Newspaper Proprietors' Association and the Press Council are too weak to check this state of affairs.

Compared with recent inventions like Telstar, the Press, as a medium of communication, seems commonplace. The glamour has gone, and people see the Press for what it is. Cecil King's "There is nothing so low that the public will not accept if offered" no longer holds, and, in reality, the papers exercise little influence in people's thoughts, words, and actions, except possibly in moulding habits, standards, judgments, etc. The public quite often have the opportunity to show their disapproval, and retaliate through libel actions. Reflecting this feeling, the circulation of "quality" newspapers has risen considerably in recent years.

These, then, are some thoughts on the Popular Press, not presented, we hope, with the prejudices, exaggerations, and generalisations we have been discussing of that institution. We hope, also, that the Magazine cannot be charged with any of these accusations, although, of course, different conditions prevail.

Mr. CONWAY

Cyril Horton Conway, Mr. Conway, Conny, Cyril—by all four titles was he known, by the first only in official records; by the others to countless boys and colleagues, each according to his seniority, for more than thirty years. After working both in industrial and in university laboratories, Mr. Conway came to the Institute as laboratory assistant to Mr. S. V. Brown, the Senior Chemistry Master. He quickly showed his skill in setting up apparatus and in maintaining supplies of materials in a department whose effectiveness depends on experimental work. His high technical ability was matched by an equable temperament and an innate ability to get on well with the men and boys in daily contact with him. Throughout his service to the School he showed a deep interest in the boys who passed through the department, including those who received their training from him as junior laboratory technician.

Speaking personally, I say that constant helpfulness over the years suffused my association with him. It grieves me deeply that his life has ended before he could savour a well-earned retirement.

L.A.N.

Mr. R. N. EVANS

We congratulate Mr. Evans on his appointment as Lecturer at Kirkby Training College. During his years at the Institute he has worked unsparingly and successfully not only to strengthen the position of music in the curriculum, but also to make music a strong and vital force in the life of the School. The Play, the Hobby Show, the Music Club, the Orchestra, Speech Day have all been enriched by his talent, integrity, and enthusiasm, while the Choral Society has, under his baton, moved from strength to strength. "Israel in Egypt", Vivaldi's "Gloria", the "Messiah" were milestones on the road that led to the triumphant assault on the peaks of Bach's B Minor Mass this year, a fitting climax to Mr. Evans's career at the School. We wish him every success in the future.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

Several masters are leaving at the end of term. Mr. Baines has done excellent work in the organisation of the Library, but he will be mainly remembered for making Rugby an integral part of School games. His infectious enthusiasm and expert knowledge of the game enabled him to make an original contribution to the life of the School. Mr. Jackson will be missed for his stalwart support of the Choir, and for the way he has striven to improve our achievements in games in general, and Soccer in particular. We are grateful to Mr. Goodfellow for displaying a keen interest in many activities, including Soccer, the Engineering and Transport Society, and Christian Union. Señor Jauma and Herr Warkentin are also leaving, and we trust they have enjoyed their stay with us. To all these masters we extend our best wishes for success in their future careers.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. G. W. Brawn, B.A., who has come to join the Mathematics Department.

We are very pleased that Mr. A. J. Smith has made such a good recovery from his illness.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Jackson on the birth of a son, and also Mr. and Mrs. Paton on the birth of their son.

Sports Day was held on Saturday, 6th July.

The Swimming Sports are arranged for Tuesday, 16th July.

For a short period, the even tenor of our ways was disturbed by the presence of painters and electricians, but their fine achievements are now manifest in the spick and span appearance of the ground floor.

The masters have now abandoned their former accommodation, and now occupy a new Staff Room on the first floor.

Members of the Lower Modern Sixth have attended a recital of French songs, given at the Collegiate School by Jan Rosol.

On Thursday, 7th February, a film on Gymnastics was shown in the hall.

On Wednesday, 27th February, boys attended a concert in the Philharmonic Hall, when the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by John Pritchard, played works by Wagner, Bartok, Bruch and Rimsky-Korsakov.

On Monday, 11th March, a party of boys went to the Playhouse to see a performance of *Dr. Knock*, by Jules Romains.

On Thursday, 14th March, a group of boys went to the University to see a performance of Anouilh's *L'Invitation au Château*, acted in French by members of the French Department.

On Tuesday, 19th March, members of the Modern Sixth attended a performance of *Andorra*, by Max Frisch, presented by the German Department of Liverpool University.

On Thursday, 2nd May, a group of Spanish specialists from the Sixth Form attended a performance of *Diana está comunicando*, by Lopez Rubio, presented by the University Department of Spanish. Earlier in the term, a party of boys had seen a performance of Calderón's *La Vida es Sueño*, presented by the Manchester University Department of Spanish.

On Monday, 6th May, a number of boys went to the Playhouse, to see a performance of *King Lear*.

Old Boys are displaying versatility in the realm of music. John McCabe has won major distinctions for composition, and a group of his songs was sung this summer at a Philharmonic concert. G. Harrison and P. McCartney have achieved phenomenal success as members of the *Beatles*, and have secured and held first position in the Top Twenty with their two most recent records. C. W. Manley and D. M. Andrew, members of the *Remo Four* group, have achieved great popularity both in local engagements and also in television appearances.

We congratulate D. J. Murray for winning a prize of two guineas in a literary competition organised by the *Daily Mail*.

We are pleased to announce successes in the National Competition organised by the Hispanic Council: in the Intermediate Section, P. Cartmel won First Prize of three guineas, and R. E. Hands was highly commended; in the Latin America Section, A. J. Anderson was also highly commended.

We are also pleased to announce the following academic successes:—

D. H. Slater, an Open Exhibition in Classics, at Exeter College, Oxford.

S. J. Norris, an Open Exhibition in Social Studies, at Worcester College, Oxford.

R. J. Baxter, a Styring Exhibition in History, at Queen's College, Oxford.

J. D. Chambers, a Commonership, at St. Catherine's College, Oxford.

J. A. Clark, a Pensionership, at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

I. J. Ferguson, a Commonership, at Balliol College, Oxford.

R. O. Hynes, a Commonership, at Trinity College, Cambridge.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

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

Ruym; Esmeduna; The Holt School Magazine; The Caldeian; The Wallaseyan; The Liverpool Institute Models' Society Magazine; The Salfordian; The Gaytonian; The Alsopian; St. Francis Xavier's College Magazine; Crux; The Harp.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE CHARITY FUND

The weekly average of £6 10s. has been well maintained and this should bump in an extra £50 a year. The amounts which are given to different charities have been under review, with the following results.

The Fund Committee has decided to reduce the amount given to the Florence Institute from £150 to £125 this year, £100 in 1963/64, and after that to one third of the income each term (about £80). The Fund was originally set up to help the "Florence" and so the committee feel that we should continue to make this prominent amongst our donations.

In addition to a donation of £25, during the Summer term a special collection was made towards the Liverpool "Freedom from Hunger" Campaign and this totalled £228 18s. 6d.

The following sums have been donated since the last issue of the Magazine:

December 1962: Domestic Mission, Toxteth, £1; Florence Institute £65; Lady Hoare's Appeal (Thalidomide Children) £20; Children's Hospital £15.

April 1963: Florence Institute £60; Save the Children Fund (part of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign) £25; Gordon Smith Institute £5.

D.T.J.

MASS IN B MINOR

Of all the works of music, a certain few are recognised generally as being of a stature which places them apart from other masterpieces. Such a work is Bach's B Minor Mass, compared by musicologists with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Mozart's Don Giovanni. Not that the comparison can be taken far, for these others are works of violent emotion and flowing melody, far removed from the liturgy of the Mass and the technicalities of Bach, the supreme musician's musician. Little wonder, then, that the critic's headline in the *Daily Post* referred to the performance of this work by the School Choral Society, on 21st March, 1963, as "incredible." That the School should attempt the performance of such music might seem incredible; however, it was not this—rather it was the magnificent quality of the result which the headline was describing.

The first section of this great Mass appeared in 1733, presented by Johann Sebastian Bach, at the Dresden Court of the Elector of Saxony, who had recently become King of Poland. At the same time, Bach applied for the title of Court Conductor. It is this which explains why the essentially Lutheran Bach wrote the music for the Roman Catholic service of the Mass, for the acquisition of the Polish crown had caused the Court of Dresden to become Catholic. The two-part Mass which Bach presented was, in fact, a Lutheran *Missa Brevis*, but in the closing years of his life, probably in 1747 and 1748, he transformed this into the complete Mass in B Minor. In the music Bach made many references back to earlier compositions. So this may be seen as a final masterpiece, embracing much of the greatness of his life's work. It is, of course, a Mass: music to accompany and express prayer, confession, and praise. It is, also, in the simplest sense, a great work of music, for in composing a Mass Bach was following the pattern set by other composers, and considered from the days of Palestrina to be the most ambitious form of composition.

When the performance began in the School Hall, one wondered whether the great efforts, and the musicianship of Mr. Noel Evans, and the many months of arduous rehearsals by his choir, could produce a performance

worthy of such great music. The query was not immediately answered, for the opening Kyrie and the Christe were somewhat hesitant. Worries were set on one side, however, by the second Kyrie, introduced by strong singing from the basses, continuing with fine soaring passages from the trebles, and concluding with a firm ending from the tenors.

So the performance moved on to the second section, the Gloria, with its jubilant opening. Of course, there were weaknesses in various parts of the Gloria, with occasional ragged singing or lack of feeling, but these weaknesses were so few as to be insignificant when set beside all the triumphs. The three guest soloists—John Cain (alto), John Stone (tenor), and Terry Rogan (bass)—all sang with beauty and with feeling, while the duet, *Dominie Deus*, came near to perfection. John Stone matched his voice to the lovely treble of Stuart Tuck, and the two were delightfully accompanied by the flute solo of John Murphy. The Gloria, and so the first half of the Mass, ended with a triumphant performance of the brilliant and rhythmic *Cum sancto spiritu*.

The Credo, which followed, maintained the same high standard. Again, the treble sang most effectively in a duet, this time with the alto. Again the choruses contained beautiful tone from altos and trebles, power and authority from the basses, and strength and reverence from the tenors. The *Crucifixus* was particularly moving, in spite of some ragged consonants.

The musical climax of the work came with the next section, the Sanctus, which opened brilliantly with the six-part chorus, perhaps the most memorable part of the whole evening. The performance combined dignity and movement. In the music itself, the censors could be seen swinging before the altar. The assertion of Holiness came from the basses, and the flow of movement from the trebles and altos.

So on to the concluding *Agnus Dei*, with the serenity of the alto solo, followed by the *Dona nobis pacem*—a great choral ending.

A great work had been performed with great success. The attention of the audience made this very clear. Mr. Evans had trained his choir remarkably, and they had responded finely to his conducting. All the time they had been accompanied most beautifully by an orchestra of considerable distinction, led by Tom Rowlette, the deputy leader of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Mr. Rowlette's presence in the School, teaching the violin to boys at lunch-time, must be appreciated by many. His work for this performance was remarkable. He assembled an orchestra of Philharmonic members and Old Boys of the School, and their playing was most beautiful. So great a choral work required the accompaniment of an orchestra of such distinction, just as it required the fine performance of the solo singers. Mr. Rowlette himself played his solo violin passages with supreme beauty of tone, while other lovely solos were produced by the oboes. Ian Cockburn's double bass gave splendid depth to the orchestra, while fine continuo playing came from John McCabe on the harpsichord. The lack of brass was regrettable but unavoidable, and was well replaced by the most accomplished organ playing of Brian Runnett.

The various performers, choir, orchestra, organist, and soloists, had combined under Mr. Evans's direction to give a fine and worthy rendering of Bach's great masterpiece.

W. F. EDGE.

THAT WAS THE MAGAZINE THAT WAS

As this is intended to be in the nature of an open letter to the Editor, in sincere appreciation of the excellence of this year's January issue of the School Magazine, any resemblance it might be thought to bear to a certain B.B.C. Television satirical feature just begins and ends with the title.

Nothing could be further from my thoughts than satire in discussing the merits of that particular publication, which, I consider, reached an extraordinarily high level of journalistic achievement, and reflected great credit on editors and contributors alike. A few words of thanks from a more than satisfied reader may, perhaps, serve to encourage all concerned to persevere in maintaining this remarkably high standard of presentation of school literature. All too often is a school magazine skimmed through, thrown aside, and forgotten.

On the opening pages a group of holiday photographs, depicting happy scholars in various attitudes of relaxed abandonment, were followed by a portrait of Mr. Brierley—the latter prompting me to wonder how the Mathematics Department can now hope to survive without Mr. B. at the top and myself at the bottom! No doubt my old mathematical colleagues have already proved these fears to be quite groundless.

The high tone of the Magazine, as a whole, was foreshadowed by a stimulating Editorial on space problems and a comprehensive review of Speech Day. I was, in fact, present at Speech Day myself, and was greatly impressed by the Head Master's report and by Mr. Evans's choir's singing. Did you know, Mr. Editor, that the well-known *Gendarme's Duet*, very capably sung by the School, is an excerpt from Offenbach's comic opera, *La Belle Hélène*? I didn't until recently, when I had the pleasure of playing the elderly King Menelaus of Sparta in a local production of this highly-amusing and entirely improbable account of the love life of Helen of Troy.

Following on what might be termed the sporting section—ten pages devoted to the School's prowess at athletic activities of all kinds, from Badminton and Gymnastics—there came a veritable cornucopia of literary comestibles calculated, surely, to suit the appetites of readers of all tastes. One must have had a jaded palate indeed not to be tempted by some of these dishes. The very titles had an alluring flavour. "Arabs, Camels, and Cats", "Europäischer Schultag", "Picaresque Odyssey", "Larry's Harry, or the Play's The Thing"—who thought up these delectably spicy cake-coverings?

Travelogues, as usual, were a strong feature. Countries, including Israel, Italy, Austria, Greece, Germany, Switzerland, and Sweden had been visited by various groups, whose journeys and adventures were all described in engaging and unpretentious styles by returning happy wanderers. I have always had a pronounced liking for travellers' tales, being something of a globe-trotter myself. You may possibly remember, Mr. Editor, that I celebrated my retirement from teaching at the Institute by flying round the world in a Boeing 707 jet air-liner. (On second thoughts, perhaps, "globe-trotting" is not an entirely accurate description of locomotion at a speed of five hundred and fifty miles an hour!)

Some of the visitors to Italy had evidently witnessed an open-air performance of Verdi's *Aida* in the Caracalla Baths in Rome. How I envied them! I just missed seeing a similar performance myself while on holiday in Rome a few years ago, though I must say I was amply compensated on that occasion by a superb production of the same composer's *Otello* in the same unique setting. As I also threw a few spare lire into the Trevi Fountain in the approved style, with the avowed objective of returning one day to Rome, it is possible that I may yet have the pleasure of seeing this al fresco performance of *Aida*—complete with elephants and camels.

With Milan, Naples, Capri, Florence, and Venice included in the Italian itinerary, it is obvious that Mr. Bentliff had organised a really grand tour, and N. A. Archer's account of it, together with similar contributions by J. Capek, S. J. Norris, A. W. McGeorge, E. N. Roberts, D. K. Cotton, and J. Hall, made absorbing reading. Incidentally, one cannot but marvel at the travel opportunities open nowadays to the schoolboy holidaymaker—

provided, of course, his parents can afford to foot the bill. In my own schooldays the most thrilling excursion I can remember was a wagonette trip to Eastham Woods!

The work, talks, and outings of the School Societies were all very clearly recorded, and I was specially interested in the activities of those particular societies in which I used to have a personal preoccupation while at the Institute—notably the Music Club, the Choral Society, and the Engineering and Transport Society. The Letters from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and from the Prefects' Room, were well up to their usual standard of wit and erudition; and some excellent items of general interest, together with no less than ten highly-individual poetic verses, brought an outstanding Institute Magazine to a close.

Quite seriously (as Mr. David Frost would say, regarding the T.V. camera with an eye in keeping with his frigid patronymic), you are all doing a splendid job.

Keep it up!

AUSTIN HOSKER.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

As a result of the prolonged cold spell, most of the School teams have only played about half-a-dozen matches since the last report. The 1st eleven's first game after the winter was the first round of the Shield match against the Liverpool Collegiate School. This was one of the toughest matches of the season, and the School won by 4 goals to 2. The second round, against the De la Salle Grammar School, was played on the following Saturday. In the first half the defence played exceptionally well, and the School team led by one goal to nil at half-time. De la Salle equalised early in the second half, and then immediately gained a 2-1 lead after a mistake by our defence. The 1st eleven proceeded to concentrate on attack, but without success, and the final score was 5-1. The De la Salle team went on to beat Prescott Grammar School in the final.

At the end of the season some of the 1st eleven went to a six-a-side competition organised by Stand Grammar School; they were unfortunate to be knocked out by a corner after levelling the score on goals after the interval. In the second Staff match, the masters played good football, which earned them a 2-1 lead at half-time. The 1st eleven then settled down and finished victors by 4 goals to 2.

In their first round of the Shield match, the U15 team, which had promised to be one of the best in recent years, was beaten by 4 goals to 3; the winning goal for the De la Salle Grammar School was scored in the last few minutes of extra time. The Holt High School were the winners of this trophy.

The 2nd and 3rd elevens continued to play their enjoyable brand of football with both teams gaining more success towards the end of the season. The other three junior teams remained the most successful of the School teams—especially the U12 eleven, which only lost two matches.

We express our thanks to the Masters, who sacrificed much of their spare time for the training of the teams and the refereeing of the matches.

J. S. BRADBROOK.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

After the last issue of the Magazine only three games remained to be played before Christmas.

The first fixture was played away at Rock Ferry H.S., where the Senior XV, after holding out for the first quarter of the game, let their opponents through twice. To this the School was unable to reply until the second half when a well-earned try was converted. Then it was Rock Ferry's turn again to press hard and a tiring XV managed to hold out for the rest of the game.

At Mersey Road, with only a short time to go, there seemed every likelihood of victory against Gateacre Comprehensive School. But such hopes were crushed by the two drop goals which ensured the draw.

Victory came at last, at Wellington School, where the team played well despite the driving rain and the strong wind.

The "big freeze" put paid to many fixtures and the first game of the Spring term was not played until March 9th, when the Senior XV met Quarry Bank with every chance of success. Lack of a final attacking thrust condemned the School to a draw.

The Senior XV suffered its heaviest defeat of the season against Hillfoot Hey when its inside centre was injured and left the pitch after only a few minutes' play. Hillfoot exploited the situation well and forced the School into bad packing and tackling.

In the match with the Collegiate, another injury during the game called for re-organisation and in the interval before the team gained its second wind Collegiate scored twice. To this the School replied with a try but was out of the game when Collegiate scored again.

Injuries made it a weak team that faced Cardinal Allen, and defeat was inevitable in a game in which there was too much kicking.

The School was able to field a strong side against Hillfoot Hey for the last game of the year, and avenged its previous defeat. After the game the team sped downward to the "Pacific" where it enjoyed lunch and its last meeting together as a whole team.

The Junior XV improved as Christmas drew near, but, because of the bad weather, all their fixtures were cancelled, and with them the chance to prove themselves. Their attendance at practices was good but still there was a tendency for neck-tackling, and to forget that only a low, hard tackle is effective.

Confidence in victory after gaining three or five points often led to disaster, and had the team been fitter several points might have been saved. The only way even to hope to gain success is to practise and train—and for such effort to pay off it is necessary that all should practise and train together. To reach such a state boys must be prepared to sacrifice other engagements, or, at least, to avoid infringing more than they can on the times they ought to be playing Rugby.

Practices will be held at Mersey Road, towards the end of the Summer Holidays, for all boys likely to be chosen to represent either the Junior or Senior XV, and all boys who have not played before are sincerely invited to come along.

The following constitute the Senior XV: McNaughton, Worthington, Elsworth, Ferguson (capt.), Hand, Morton, Martinez, Chambers (vice-capt.), Wilkinson, Hunt, Murray, Shaw, Mason, Nicholson, McGeorge.

Full colours were awarded to Ferguson and Martinez; half-colours were re-awarded to Elsworth, Morton and Chambers; and new awards of half-colours were made to McNaughton, Murray, Mason and McGeorge.

I am sure that everyone who played Rugby this year would like to take this opportunity to thank Messrs. Baines and Davies for all the time they have sacrificed, not, we hope, without some enjoyment.

A. W. McGEORGE

HOCKEY

The few matches which the Winter weather permitted saw a much less successful 1st XI than the one before Christmas. All five of the matches played were lost. The change in performance can be attributed partly to the fact that the left half, R. O. Hynes, was away on a visit to America, and that our captain, D. W. T. Hughes, was unable to play in three of the matches as he was playing for Lancashire's Colts. These two factors left a considerably weaker defence which accounts for the high scores of the opposing sides. The forward-line remained much the same both in players and standard. In the absence of D. W. T. Hughes the team was captained by our vice-captain, D. W. Jones.

The first game after Christmas was played in early March, away against Flint Hockey Club. This team had played two matches prior to this, and defeated us 5-2. The next two matches were against Hightown H.C., at home, and Pilkington's H.C., away. We lost both. The following week, the team was defeated, 5-1, at home by the Collegiate, whom we had defeated the previous term. The match was even until just after half-time, when they scored a run of goals. In the final match of the season, a mixture of the 1st and 2nd XIs were soundly beaten at home in the return match against Flint H.C.

The 2nd XI, captained by R. B. Woodward, had a successful spell just before Christmas and, though they were unable to beat the Collegiate in two matches with them, maintained their high standard by performing the impossible and beating Calday Grange 2-1. Again, because of the weather, the Colts XI only played one game last term, which they lost to Calday Grange.

Once again our thanks go to Messrs. Hollis, Gavin, Treeby and Rogers for organising the sport and umpiring matches.

M. HADFIELD

The above-mentioned masters would like to express their appreciation of the work done for School Hockey by D. W. T. Hughes. Six years as a member of the 1st XI—the last three as captain, a regular member of Lancashire Colts and the Lancashire Schoolboys XI for three years—this is a record which speaks for itself. His play was a constant delight to the observer and a great source of inspiration to the younger members of the side. He has worked unselfishly at the difficult task of building up a Colts XI, and one hopes that all those players who have been coached by him or who have played with him will be the better for it. We can only thank him for his great contribution and wish him all the best in the game in the future.

B.W.H.

SWIMMING

Since the Christmas vacation, the School teams have competed in three fixtures. The season's opening match, against Hillfoot Hey at a neutral venue, brought to light the dormant potential of several of the teams' members. Fortunately the opposition was suffering from a more prolonged aftermath from the Christmas festivities than ourselves, and so all teams managed to claim victories by slim margins.

The commencement of the Summer term brought once again the annual fixture against Wallasey Grammar School. Despite fervent training by the majority of the team, the School suffered a severe defeat at the hands of a much improved Wallasey side.

Still smarting from our annihilation at Guinea Gap, the School competed in the Hexagonal Match at Queen's Drive Baths. Opponents on this occasion were the Bluecoat, Liverpool Collegiate, Hillfoot Hey, Quarry Bank

and Alsop High School. The team's strong points again proved to be the squadron and medley races, the seniors gaining first and second places respectively. The final placing of the three teams proved quite promising, while, on aggregate, the School as a whole finished second.

At the time of going to press, we are looking forward to the fixture against the Liverpool College at the College on the 27th May, and the School Swimming Sports at Picton Road Baths. Regarding the School Sports, it is hoped that many more boys and parents will patronise this essential event in the School's extra-curricular activities.

S. ELSWORTHY

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

Severe weather produced interesting conditions for several weeks after Christmas. Before each race it was necessary to inspect the course to discover which parts were suitable for running and which for skating or ski-ing. However, there were few accidents, and none fatal. Deep snow made the House Race hard work, even though Alpine conditions precluded climbing the hill. Philip House was the overall winner. B. Jones won the Senior Race, N. J. Bainbridge the Under 16, and J. K. Thomas the Under 14. It is surprising that so few players of other games seized the opportunity to train with us during their long spell of enforced inactivity.

All the School teams won the majority of their fixtures. Of special merit were two Under 12 victories against St. Edward's. In an Under 12 Road Relay, the School team was 19th out of 44 teams. On the 2nd March, J. K. Thomas at last won a clear-cut victory over C. Howlett of St. Edward's—an omen of things to come.

Earlier, Thomas (Under 14) had produced the best time by far for the Under 16 team in the Sandfield Park Road Relay. The team was 6th out of 12 in this race. The Seniors continued to win every fixture with ease. On March 1st, on the tough and complicated Calday course, B. Jones won his first victory against Tone, the St. Edward's captain.

On February 23rd, the School provided three of the six members of the Liverpool City team which won the Senior Lancashire Championship. B. Jones was third in this race.

The Northern School Championships were held at Lyme Park on March 16th. The Under 14 team excelled itself; it was placed ninth out of 97 teams. D. D. Smith (still under 13) was 54th, A. E. Forrest 8th and J. K. Thomas 1st. This was a splendid performance by these three boys. Thomas won by 60 yards and ran himself into a state of complete exhaustion. He is the first individual winner that the School has had. His achievement was a result of hard training, intelligent tactics and courage.

The Under 16 team ran well and was 37th out of 106 teams. The Seniors achieved a points total that would normally have won them the Championship. However, they met two teams even better than themselves—Cotton College and Manchester Grammar School. B. Jones (4th), L. E. Edwards (21st), J. R. Owens (25th), J. C. Cooper (44th) and J. R. Hughes (82nd) are to be congratulated on a fine performance. Eighty-two teams ran in this race.

Just how good the Seniors were was proved in the Merseyside Schools Road Relay held a week later. The Headmaster had very kindly provided a magnificent Cup for this race, and we were very pleased that he was there to watch them win the race in a record time of 63 minutes 5 seconds (an improvement of 34 seconds), and to present the Cup to them. The School 'B' team was 7th, beating the three other 'B' teams competing and one 'A' team.

The last important race was the Form Race. This was won by 2SC. Second was 1B and third 2B. J. I. Neill was the individual winner in a record time for an Under 12 of 10 minutes 34 seconds. J. K. Thomas broke the Under 14 record with a time of 9 minutes 52 seconds.

Now for a reminder. As you read this article, you should already have started to train for next season if you are a regular runner, and if you intend to begin your cross-country career next term, please begin gentle track training now.

D.W.R.

GYMNASTIC CLUB

The enthusiasm shown by new members of the Club at the beginning of the year has been maintained, and this, together with Mr. Goodall's untiring tuition, has been rewarded by a great improvement in the standard of intermediate gymnastics. In April, the Club was represented by four members in the first Area Trampoline Championship to be held in Liverpool. In addition, three members of the Junior Gym Club attended. Here the standard was extremely high, representatives from all over the country taking part. Yet, although we did not carry off the laurels, the experience proved extremely valuable.

L. H. MOORE

HURLEY

During the Easter holidays, Mr. Richardson and Herr Warkentin took a party of boys on a canoeing trip to County Cork, Eire.

On the Saturday, the organisers told us that there was to be a hurley match in the nearby town of Kanturk. As we knew nothing about the game, a dozen or so of us decided to go along.

When we arrived at the gate, we paid our entrance fee and went in. After crossing half a dozen quagmires, we came to a larger one about the size of a hockey pitch and surrounded by barbed wire. Inside this was what looked like a set of rugby posts with nets on the lower halves. So much for the pitch.

A game of hurley is an experience not to be missed. The game itself is a cross between hockey, rugby, soccer, tennis and handball. It is played by two teams of fifteen men, each equipped with something rather like a hockey stick, but with both sides flat and the curved end rather shorter and fatter. The ball is like a cricket ball, but a little lighter, and covered with soft leather which is drawn out into seams about an eighth of an inch high and in the pattern of a tennis ball. The effect of this is seen when a player is hit in the face by it, as it leaves a charming imprint on his skin.

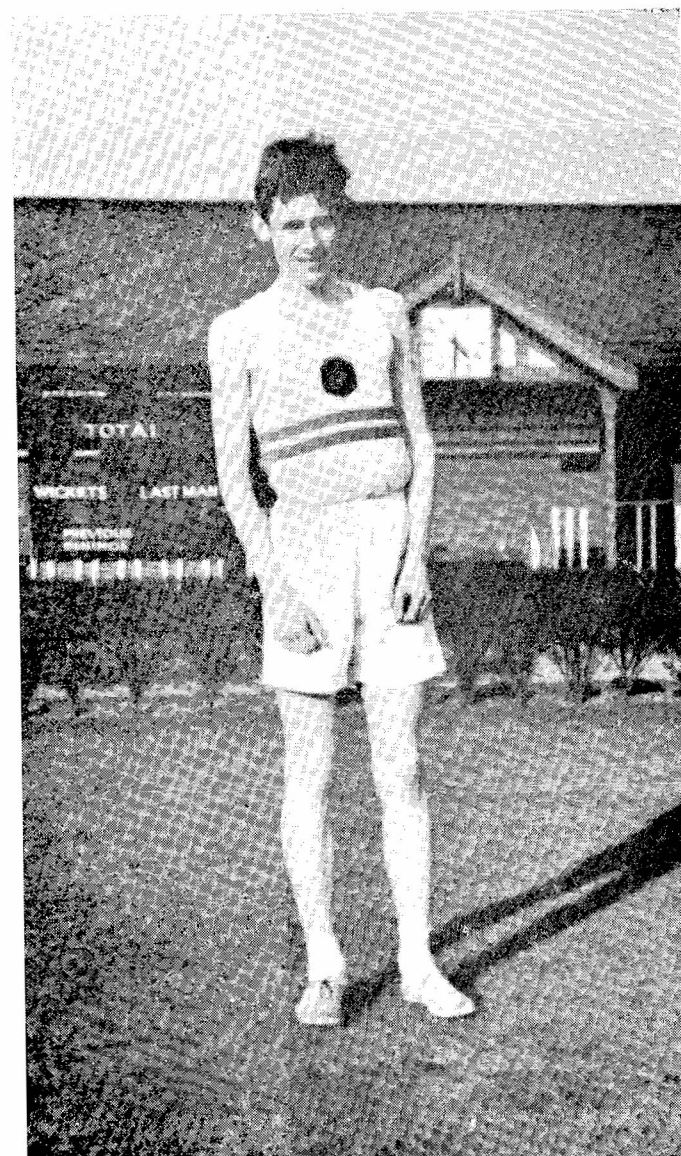
The object of the game is to score points. One point is scored if the ball goes over the bar, and a ball in the lower half scores three.

The method employed in obtaining and keeping possession of the ball does not really seem to matter. One can hit the ball with the stick, kick it, or pick it up and throw it. One is also allowed to push an opponent, trip him up, or even hit him over the head with the stick. One important and highly necessary feature of the game is that substitutes for injured players are allowed at any time after the body of the victim has been removed from the pitch.

The only rule that any of us could find was that a player was not allowed to run holding the ball for more than a certain number of paces, but it has not been fully decided amongst ourselves whether this number is three or six.

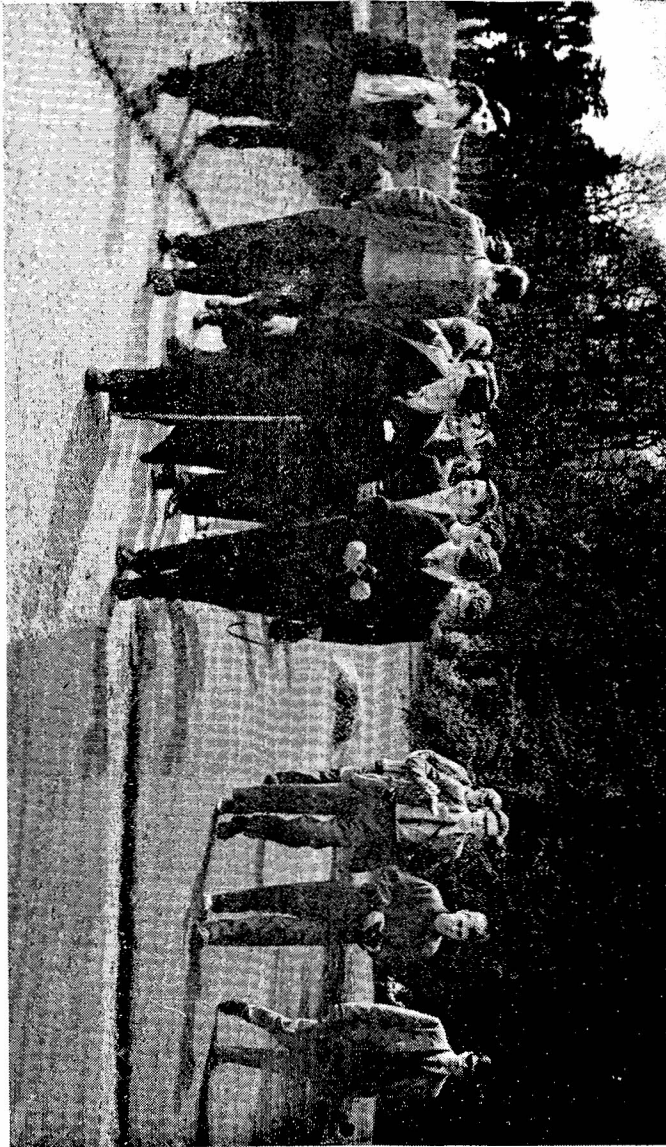
Once the game had started, we found it so difficult to keep the score, or even, for that matter, to ascertain which side was winning, that we concentrated on the more colourful aspects of the game, the chief colour being red!

The first incident came when one player, having collided with an opponent's stick in his efforts to get at the ball, came running off the pitch with blood pouring from his presumably broken nose.



J. K. THOMAS

Northern Schools Under 14 Cross-country Champion 1963



The highlight of the game, however, came halfway through the second half, when for no obvious reason whatsoever, while the ball was at the other end of the pitch, a member of the visiting team raised his stick and took a forceful and successful swing at his opponent.

It was here that we realised the need for the barbed wire, as a hundred angry Irishmen clambered over it and engulfed the offender in a turbulent sea of flaying fists. The next time we caught sight of him he was nothing but a mess of blood and bruises, although I doubt that his unfortunate victim was wide enough awake to appreciate the fact.

Some ten minutes after play had been resumed, the final whistle blew, and we all trudged off and piled into the minibus that was to take us back to the camp.

We never did find out the final score.

R. P. NORRIS (USB)

SO BUNT IST EUROPA

Mr. Edge's itinerary for 1963 was well chosen in the opinion of all who visited France, Luxembourg, Germany, Holland and Belgium with him. There was a continuous change, not only in the scenery, but local colour and charm as well. The words "local colour" are rather difficult to define, but for me they express the idea of all that is peculiar to one place and its inhabitants. This applied to all the places that we visited.

The charms of Rheims lie in its Gothic Cathedral and in its proximity to the vineyards, where the grapes for the famous sparkling wine of Champagne are gathered. Rheims Cathedral was designed in 1211 by Villard de Honne-court and is particularly noteworthy for its West Front, towers and apsidal radiating east chapels. From Rheims the party drove to Epernay, centre of France's Champagne industry. The reason for this visit was a conducted tour round the cellars of Moët et Chandon, by a very capable guide. Every member of the party seemed greatly impressed by the size and appearance of the dank, subterranean cellars, with their galleries and walls blanketed with a variety of penicillin mould. The processes in the manufacture of Champagne were carefully expounded, and after each member of the party had enjoyed a glass of this famous wine, an appetizing French meal was waiting—with Champagne of course. All this rich fare was the result of Secretary General M. René Sabbe's generosity.

Luxembourg is a country with many pleasant characteristics; pleasant climate, interesting people and beautiful scenery. That part of the Grand Duchy known as "La Petite Suisse" is really worthy of the cliché, "A land of scenic grandeur", which appears in all too many travel brochures and is usually an exaggeration. Although our hotel was in Echternach on the border with Germany, we made several excursions to places of general interest, such as Vianden, Beaufort and Trier. At Beaufort there is a fine mediaeval château with an eighteenth century addition built adjacent to the ruins of the older building. A unique liqueur is made here from blackcurrants, and several of our older fellow-travellers sampled it. Trier, in West Germany, boasts a fine Romanesque Cathedral with an apsidal West Front, and a Roman Triumphal Gate named the Porta Nigra. At Vianden, in Luxembourg, several of the more intrepid amongst us ascended a mountain by chair-lift. One of the annual Catholic ceremonies was taking place all over Luxembourg on that day, and the few people who managed to rise early saw the procession of children going to their First Communion, in appearance not unlike little ecclesiastics in their long, white habits. One of the happy memories which we took back with us to England was one of excellent food. On our last night in Luxembourg several of us were fortunate enough to try some "escargots". I can recommend them without any qualms.

In Holland we were met with a contrast between the modern Holland of great engineering achievements such as the draining of the polders, or the Euromast at Rotterdam, a great concrete pillar which stood over 350 feet high, with a revolving restaurant at the top, and the traditional Holland, with its windmills and quaint architecture. Rotterdam has been completely rebuilt after the devastation of the last war. One of the party described it as "a proud town". This is a simple epitome, but it describes Rotterdam so well that it would be pointless to say more about the place. Our route to The Hague took us through Brussels, where we visited the famous Mannéquin Pis, and the Atomium, a part of the Brussels World Fair of 1958. The main attraction in The Hague was for me the Mauritshuis Art Gallery, where all the other paintings seemed overshadowed by Jan Vermeer's magnificent "View of Delft". Having seen this picture, the logical thing to do was to visit Delft itself, with its Nieuwe Kerke (New Church), crowned by a very tall bell-tower containing twenty-seven bells, a delight to any campanologist. The factories where the Royal Delft Blue Pottery is made were also visited.

During our stay in The Hague, some members of the party split up into groups and spent two hours or so at Madurodam, a model city which is situated a few miles outside The Hague. The miniature buildings are modelled on various notable architectural features of Holland, such as the Town Hall of Hilversum, the Euromast, and the Peace Palace in The Hague. It was very amusing to see the photographers of the party prostrate themselves on the ground, in an attempt to take realistic shots, presumably with the intention of fooling friends and relatives back home. Madurodam was in fact sufficiently realistic for this to be done with ease.

A visit to Holland would be incomplete without a visit to the bulb fields at Haarlem, and so our next excursion took us to Amsterdam via Haarlem, Leyden and the bulb fields. Unfortunately, not many of the flowers were in bloom when we arrived, but the scene was nevertheless very picturesque.

In Holland the local colour was particularly evident, with windmills of various shapes and sizes scattered over the flat landscape, and girls in traditional costume selling tulips by the road-side. "Amsterdam is called the Venice of the North by visitors to the city, but we who live here like to call Venice the Amsterdam of the South." This is what we were told by our guide who was showing us the old city from a motor-launch which took us along the famous canals. The launch glided past the house where Rembrandt once lived and one was reminded of the romantic Holland, of Flemish gables and old masters. The canal opened out into the River Amstel, and the banks drifted further apart until the port of Amsterdam and the North Sea Canal appeared with all its shipping and bustle.

On our last day in Holland we visited the Gevangenpoort, State Prison of The Hague from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century. The guide was a curious Dutchman, who spoke in a mixture of Dutch, German and English. He demonstrated each instrument of torture with ostentatious relish, breaking the bones of an imaginary victim on the rack with an iron crow-bar and finishing him off with one fatal blow to the heart with an iron hammer.

Our last port of call was Ostend, in Belgium, and, since this was our last night on the Continent, everyone enjoyed himself in his own way. The following morning we drove to Calais, and it was not long before we were strolling around Dover, either looking at the Norman castle or the town in general. Our lucifugous driver, Sydney, was meanwhile fast asleep in the coach, preparing for his midnight ordeal, the drive back to Liverpool. The party arrived at Liverpool early on a Saturday morning, and was greeted by a fine drizzle. This coach-trip was one of the most successful excursions that Mr. Edge has planned, all owing to his careful organisation, Mr. Rogers' brilliant book-keeping and finally to Mrs. Edge's gentle feminine influence, all of which were greatly appreciated.

P. F. AINSWORTH (6BMI)

HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND

On the morning of Wednesday, April 10th, a party of forty boys, under the leadership of Mr. Bowen and Mr. Parker, assembled at Lime Street Station, at the beginning of a ten-day holiday in Switzerland. For most of the boys it was their first holiday abroad, and there was great excitement amongst the members of the party.

The first stage of the journey was to London, where we had lunch at Victoria Station. From London we went on to Dover, where we arrived at 4.30 p.m., in time to board the boat to Ostend. From Ostend the journey was by train through Belgium, Luxembourg and Eastern France to Basle. After passing through customs, and after a short stop for breakfast, we boarded a train for Brunnen, where we arrived safely at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning.

Brunnen is a delightfully situated town on the eastern side of Lake Lucerne, surrounded on all sides by snow-capped Alpine peaks. The day on which we arrived was spent in Brunnen itself, as it rained heavily all day. On our first full day we went by steamer across the lake to Treib, the birth-place of the Swiss Confederation, ascended the funicular to Seelisberg, and from there walked to Beckenried, a distance of about nine miles. The return journey to Brunnen was by lake steamer.

On the following day, Saturday, we ascended the Rigi. This involved a journey by steamer to Vitznau and then by funicular to the summit. Several magnificent views were obtained from the funicular on the ascent, but sight-seeing on the summit was severely restricted because of low cloud and the depth of the snow, which lay several feet thick in places. We descended by funicular to Arth-Goldau, and from there caught a train back to Brunnen.

On Easter Sunday we visited Tellskapelle, a small chapel on the lake-side, dedicated to William Tell. We then walked along the Axenstrasse, a road running along the side of the lake, cut out of solid rock, to Flüelen, from where the more energetic members of the party walked on to Altdorf to see the famous statue of William Tell.

Monday proved to be a very eventful day. In the morning, eleven of us played football with the local side, Brunnen F.C., and despite the fact that Brunnen played in proper football kit, we still gave a good account of ourselves, and were defeated by a narrow margin. In the afternoon, we went by tram to Schwyz and on to Schlätli by bus. From there we ascended in the second steepest funicular in the world to Stoos, a popular ski-ing resort, where many members of the party had their first glimpse of skiers.

Tuesday saw us in Lucerne, one of the major cities of Switzerland. We went by lake steamer and spent five memorable hours there. A large number of boys visited the famous Transport Museum, reputed to be the largest in Europe, while others visited the Glacier gardens, or just wandered round the town sightseeing. This was the warmest day of the holiday and everyone was glad to get back to the hotel in the evening.

The last excursion of the holiday was to the Klewenalp. We went by lake steamer to Beckenried and from there ascended the Klewenalp by cable car. Each car held forty persons, a fact which surprised a lot of people. Again, as at Rigi, walking was restricted at the summit because of the snow, which rose to a great height above the well-trodden footpaths.

All too soon the last day arrived, a day for which no excursions had been arranged. Most of the day was spent in packing, and buying presents and souvenirs. Several boys walked up the wooded slopes of a mountain to Axen-

stein, a small village a thousand feet above Brunnen, from which there were magnificent views of the lake, and the mountains beyond. Others passed the time by playing cards, or just talking. After dinner we left Brunnen for the last time, on a train that took us right through to Calais. The Channel crossing from Calais to Folkestone passed smoothly, and we finally arrived back in Liverpool on Friday night, tired but glad to be home. It had been an extremely interesting and enjoyable holiday and a memorable experience.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Bowen for the wonderful way in which he organised the whole holiday, and to Mr. Parker for his continued support.

S. JACKS (U5Sc.)

LETTER FROM AMERICA

SIR.—You want to know about America. I wonder exactly what to tell you. Come to think of it, that's a very un-American opening: "Hi, guys!" might be better. Americans are very informal, you see. However, I am getting off the point. What point? I don't know: I haven't got one yet. America is kind of a big subject to write a letter about. One warning, before you start correcting mistakes in grammar and spelling: don't; they're not: this letter is written in American, which is much different than English.

This could be a good point to discuss right now: language. Americans labor under the happy misconception that they speak English: they even have a school subject called English. Don't believe it. I came here and spoke English at them and they didn't have an idea in hell (Americans also swear a lot) what I was talking about. You use a perfectly normal English word and either (pronounced "eether") it doesn't mean a goddamned thing or else it means something different than you thought. I can now make myself understood having studied the language for several months.

I suppose I could tell you about the life of the American student (pron. "student") since I know more of that than any other. The American student goes to school. Needless to say, a school is not necessarily a school; it can be a university. At school the student is taught by a professor. This being a democracy, all lecturers and teachers are professors. Each student has a schedule ("skedule") which determines how he should spend his time in school ("skool").

Again, since this is a democracy, almost anyone can go to university. The result is, unfortunately, that nearly everyone does. The effect of this is to destroy completely any resemblance the university might have to an institute of higher learning. Don't get me wrong; I like it here; in fact, I'm crazy about it.

This country has so much to offer. Pretty girls, drive-in movies, pretty girls and drive-in movies together, which is even better, freedom, etc., etc. I can't be bothered to list any more but, I can tell you, there are more. I just got distracted by my last-mentioned attraction.

One of the great things about America is the fact that one is more free to do as one wishes without censure. Like I said, Americans are informal and this shows in their attitude towards other people's actions.

Another notable thing about the States is the dominance of the automobile (car). Every family has one and many have two. This is necessary because everything is spread out. There are two reasons for this. The first is that there is room for the towns to spread and so they do. The second is that the Americans think they are going to be attacked. Some of you may agree with them, I don't. However, they spread the towns out so that not much will get hit. There is also a liberal sprinkling of fall-out shelters. I do not mean private ones: these are municipal. There are little yellow signs saying "Fall-out Shelter". You know the kind of this: ours say "Public Conveniences", which would probably work just as well in an emergency. Anyway, this is why the towns are spread out and why all Americans have cars. Most students are not allowed to have their cars on campus. (A campus is a large

area of mud containing the university buildings.) Consequently, they have to learn to walk. Otherwise, they might not.

Americans suffer from a disease well known to the British: sport-consciousness, and how! Every school has a team of cheerleaders. These are girls (elected, of course, since everyone is elected here. Voting is a national pastime.) who wear very short skirts and jump up and down on the sidelines encouraging their team during ball games. Everyone, or nearly everyone, in the school goes to these ball games. Maybe they go to see the cheerleaders, I don't know, but anyhow they are there and they yell, which is supposed to help their team win.

The members of the team are very big and very handsome. They have muscles in their arms, legs and chests; they also have muscles in their heads. To give them due credit they are probably stupid because they rarely go to classes. This is because they spend all their time practising. This applies even in high school. In college, which is another word for university, there is a rule which says that a student may not play unless his grades are of a certain standard. Grades are marks. This is easily solved. Ball-players' papers are marked on a different scale.

The result is that the standard of play is high. There are three main games. The first is football, which is, of course, not football at all. It is like rugby but more boring. The second is baseball which has certain affinities with cricket. These are that it is played in the summer and that it is very boring. The last game is basketball which is very good to play and to watch and by far the best of the three.

To leave the fields of education and sport, let us consider alcohol. This is an interesting subject as you, no doubt, agree. Although prohibition has gone, it has left its mark. Liquor is forbidden on campus. Consequently, everyone goes off campus and has to get back drunk. Around the edge of the campus are the fraternities. These are residential clubs for students. Their main attraction is that they have drinking parties and orgies nearly every week. Girls also like to drink: they have sororities. These are fraternities for girls; they also have drinking parties and orgies. Of course, everyone tries to go out with someone who is in a fraternity or sorority and membership is a social asset.

Well, there you have it, a brief survey of American campus life. I never did find a point but no matter. I hope I haven't given the impression that America is no good. In very many ways it is better than Britain, so don't get too complacent.

R. O. HYNES

19th CITY AND TOXTETH SCOUT GROUP

We are sorry to have lost the services of Mr. Jack, who resigned from the Troop at the beginning of the term. He made an invaluable contribution to the life and activities of the Troop.

Troop meetings were well attended throughout the winter. At these meetings was revealed a spirit of enthusiasm which must be fostered and encouraged. The District Commissioner (Dr. C. W. M. Wilson) attended one of our meetings, invested recruits and expressed his delight with efficiency and keenness of the Troop. He hopes that older members will accept the challenge of working for the prized badge of Queen's Scout.

Winter's hibernation will be made up for by the summer meetings which are normally held in Childwall Woods, giving opportunities for zealous practice in backwoods cooking, axemanship, tracking and other outdoor activities. Unfortunately, each year witnesses a further encroachment of suburbia into the woods. Our rapidly diminishing oasis in the concrete wilderness is treasured.

At half-term a group of Seniors undertook a night hike, and during the Easter holiday Mr. Evans took a party of Scouts on a hostelling tour in the Lake District. Both of these ventures are reported below.

Last term three Seniors took part in a day's course in the Wirral, which was arranged by the Rover Crew of Liverpool University as training and testing for one part of the Venturer Badge. More recently several journeys for the First and Second Class Badges have been undertaken with marked success.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Evans for all his efforts on our behalf.

G.C.

SENIOR NIGHT HIKE

Many may have climbed Moel Famau in summer, but not so many on a cold, moonless night in the worst winter since . . . None so foolish. Yet last February 18th, because it was there, four hardened seniors set off with spirits high, and insulation which the inventor of the vacuum flask would have envied, to do just that.

We met at 6.30 p.m. at the Pierhead and ferry and bus carried us to Mold. Owing to either incorrect time-tables, or our incorrect interpretation of them, there only remained a few buses to Loggerheads, so we decided to climb Moel Famau from Loggerheads and then follow the ridge northwards as far as possible. After refreshments in a cafe, where an attempt at the "penguin" proved unsuccessful, the last contact with heat was the short journey to Loggerheads. Gloves, hats and second scarves were donned, and then we stumbled off up the lane trying to accustom our eyes to the darkness, while the burdened sounds of the bus, in its efforts to turn round in the tiny car-park, fell away behind us.

The top, with its strong wind, was reached some time later (we should have brought a flag), where we rejoiced in the view of the quaint, white, in fact "window-tested", world below. The old tower hid us while Jack Frost counted a hundred, so that we could drink from our thermos flasks. We remember numb faces, losing a torch in a six-foot drift, climbing Moel Arthur on all fours, and meeting a sign in the middle of an apparently snowy nowhere saying, "Road unsuitable for motor vehicles". Chocolate-comforted, we conquered Renycloddian and fell down into Ddol with its b-bus for h-home.

Yet let me not discourage you, on the contrary, for these experiences are unrepeatable and valued highly by those with an appreciable collection, and after all what is summer but an interlude for making plans for the next one?

G.C.

SEA SCOUTS

Only one boatwork meeting was held at White Man's Dam last term as the lake was frozen for most of the winter. Meetings are now held on Friday evenings, when scouts make their way to the lake for 7 p.m. Two hours of pulling and sailing follow until about 9 p.m. The fibre-glass dinghies provide enjoyable sailing instruction, and talks to assist with this are held in the Physics Laboratory during Thursday dinner hours.

During the Winter term, the group visited the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Centaur when she was in Liverpool. On this occasion we were unable to visit the bridge or engine-room, but our interest was sustained by the flight-deck and hangar. We were taken from one to the other on the huge aircraft lift and this was quite an experience.

During the February half-term, a patrol hike was held in the Wirral, and at Easter a short camp was run in the Berwins.

Again the thanks of the patrol are due to Mr. Nicholson for his help and interest.

M. HADFIELD

C.C.F. ARMY AND BASIC SECTIONS

The first field day was held in November at 80 W.E.T.C., Altcar. During the morning, 'A' Company fired the Empire Test on ranges I and K, and 'B' Company practised fieldcraft. At lunch-time, the contingent was briefed for the afternoon exercise, a 'B' Company attack from the beach against 'A' Company, the objective being the Battery Cottage gun emplacements. Blank was not used in the exercise, and the lack of enemy fire and covering fire resulted in poor fieldcraft, cadets taking up exposed fire positions and showing their heads above skylines. Platoons on both sides lost contact and produced an unco-ordinated attack, and a ragged withdrawal.

Armoury Corporal Birch attended an ordinance course at Kinston during the Christmas holidays to study weapon and ammunition maintenance, and Cadet Bolton attended a similar course at Easter. At Marchington C.V.D., Corporal Savage and Cadets Lawton and Robertson reported for an M.T. course, on which they were instructed in vehicle servicing, and in driving bulldozers and mechanical grabs. Cadet Kay volunteered for a P.T. course at Oswestry, which included, besides P.T. and athletics, canoeing, assault courses, and a pentathlon on the last day.

The planned five-week expedition to Norway in summer has determined this year's training of the Adventure Training Platoon. The regular Monday gym training, and the lectures on first aid and mountaineering, were supplemented with practical mountaineering training carried out in Snowdonia in February and at Easter. During the February half-term holiday, the first of three groups made a base camp near Ogwen Cottage, and, in the three days of the weekend, developed snow climbing and ice axe technique on Y Garn Tryfan and Crib Coch. The second and third groups spent two days each in the same area at Easter. Despite heavy rain and strong winds, the parties climbed Tryfan and the Glyders on the first day, and the Snowdon Horse-shoe on the second.

Easter camp was held at 80 W.E.T.C., Altcar, two weeks before the Army Proficiency Examination, and the training programme was designed to include practice of as much as possible of the exam. syllabus. On the first afternoon, the N.C.O.'s. Cadre Squad gave a demonstration of patrolling to 'A' Company, who were then split into sections to make patrolling attacks on the Civil Defence Building. 'B' Company practised fieldcraft in the rough ground on the near side of the Alt. The following morning, 'A' Company were given lectures on planning and briefing, and followed this with rifle drill. Captain Nelson took some preliminary sequences for a recruiting film which showed 'B' Company drilling and, later, crossing the assault course. Both companies held exercises during the afternoon, 'A' Company making an advance from Larch Tree Ridge to the Tank Training Area, and 'B' Company attacking Battery Cottage.

General Lee visited the contingent on the third morning, and a contingent exercise was arranged for the Battery Cottage Area. 'A' Company and the Cadre advanced from the sea and made a left-flanking attack on the Battery emplacements. The companies were briefed thoroughly before the attack, and routes and timing of advances and re-organisations were planned in detail. As a result, the exercise was completely successful. Covering fire and section movements coincided precisely, and the 'B' Company reinforcements were brought into battle by jeep at the exact moment of an 'A' Company attack. The attack was successful and the emplacements were captured, and 'B' Company driven inland. The afternoon's training for 'B' Company was weapon training, and 'A' Company held an exercise in the Tank Training Area.

An all-day contingent exercise was held on Thursday, the fourth day. 'A' and 'B' Companies advanced on Altcar from Harrington, and their movements were observed by terrorist patrols of the N.C.O.'s. Cadre. One of the terrorist groups was captured in the morning advance, which was maintained until the company was on the Cabin Hill Road. There the advancing force

was halted for lunch, while the platoons regrouped and ammunition was distributed. The attack was launched on the terrorist headquarters, a camouflaged tent in the woods; and the terrorists made a swift, controlled, fighting retreat to Battery Cottage, where they made a last stand defending the range flag.

'A' Company and the N.C.O's. Cadre spent the last morning on the .303 ranges, when five of the N.C.O's. gained marksman awards; Captain Nelson took some more film sequences of the shooting. The filming continued in the afternoon when 'A' Company carried out an excellent platoon attack on Larch Tree Ridge, and ran to earth a terrorist who was duly dispatched by firing squad. 'B' Company were taken over the assault course in the morning, and spent the afternoon on the drill square carrying out drill movements of novel character and high quality.

The first War Office Inspection for four years was held on Friday 10th May and was led by Group Captain W. R. Williams, O.B.E., D.F.C. The contingent paraded in the Lower Yard of the School for a General Salute, which was followed by our inspection of the C.C.F. stores and equipment. Demonstrations of various aspects of the training were given by the C.C.F. platoons: the Adventure Training Platoon demonstrated surveying, 'A' Company, tactics and patrolling, 'B' Company, firing and drill, and the R.A.F. section, first aid and navigation.

The following day, 11th May, the Army Proficiency Certificate Examinations were held at the School. All cadets taking Part I were successful, and fourteen out of seventeen passed Part II.

In conclusion, I would like to thank the C.C.F. Officers and Mr. Buchanan, the storeman, for the hard work they put in to make the L.I.C.C.F. the efficient unit it is.

J. D. CHAMBERS (R.S.M.)

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

Since the last issue of the Magazine, ten cadets have passed the Proficiency examination and a further eleven have passed the Advanced examination in Meteorology, Navigation and Principles of Flight. The training syllabus has now been altered quite considerably, and, in future, cadets will be given instruction in First Aid, Civil Defence, Helicopter Theory, Aircraft ground handling and Rules of the Air, as well as the present subjects. This change will not only mean a more interesting and varied programme for the cadets, but also it will mean that the N.C.O's. and instructors will have to spend longer in the preparation of lectures.

Camp this year was held at R.A.F. Coningsby, in Lincolnshire, and the twenty cadets who attended the camp had an enjoyable time with plenty of flying. Sgt. Hignett and S/Cdt. Thomas have each been awarded a place on a Star Camp for a week in the summer holidays. At these camps cadets live in the Officers' Mess and enjoy many other privileges not granted at the annual camps.

The biennial inspection was held this year on May 10th, the inspecting officer being Group Captain Williams, D.F.C. The G/Capt. inspected the contingent in the lower yard and then watched the training in progress. The R.A.F. section had a First Aid exercise in the upper yard and a lecture on helicopter flight in room fourteen. The inspecting officer then distributed Proficiency certificates in hall and gave a short address in which he outlined the aims of the C.C.F. and congratulated the contingent on its work.

Those readers who remember G. N. Baker will be interested to know that he has now gained the rank of Pilot Officer and is undergoing navigational training. Another old boy, Flt/Lt. Bywater, who went to Cranwell after leaving school in 1955, is now a 'V' bomber captain.

The N.C.O's. would like to thank Flt/Lt. Watson and Plt/Off. Dobson for their continued help and encouragement.

G. I. LAWSON, Flt. Sgt.

C.C.F. R.A.F. CAMP

Camp this year was at R.A.F. Coningsby, some miles south of Lincoln. As the station is one where the Vulcan bombers operate, the training programme was highly interesting. We were billeted in a barrack block, with another contingent from Exeter.

We arrived at about 1900 hrs. on Wednesday 17th April, and after being issued with our bedding and given a hot meal in the Airmen's Mess, we were greeted by the camp adjutant and the Cadet Liaison Officer, who were to look after us during our stay.

After a hearty breakfast on Thursday morning, we went to the Wing Briefing Room at 0830 hrs. to sit in on the Vulcan crew briefing for that day. When the crews had left, the O.C. R.A.F. Coningsby, Group Captain Dodd, welcomed us to his station and informed us about the security regulations (no cameras). We then went to see the parachute section, where we were shown both brake and personal parachutes being packed.

After lunch we visited Woodhall Spa, a Bloodhound missile site, some four miles from Coningsby. As we were being shown the missiles on their pads, the officer told us to fire away any questions we liked, only to have them answered in the vaguest way imaginable, e.g.:

Q: How high can a Bloodhound go?

A: Very high.

Q: How fast can a ditto go?

A: Very fast, etc., etc.

In spite of this it was very interesting, as was the lecture given by the Station Medical Officer on High Altitude Flight, when we returned to Coningsby.

On Friday, cadets went around the electronics block and then around a Vulcan bomber. This proved very exciting, to see right inside the aircraft that carries Britain's primary defensive weapon. Throughout our stay cadets were withdrawn from the timetable in order to go flying, either in Chipmunk or Anson aircraft, or both, and most cadets had over an hour's flying each.

The Initiative Exercise—"East Kirkly Survey"—held on Saturday morning, proved very surprising, if not rather pointless. We were required to construct a plan of the airfield, showing runways, dispersals, taxiways, hangars, and measure the dimensions of these installations. East Kirkly was supposed to be an airfield recently captured by allied ground forces, and as they wished to operate from there, it was vital that information given by the survey team was accurate. No maps, compasses or protractors were to be used. One enthusiastic cadet, in order to estimate the length of the main runway, paced from end to end, a mere two thousand yards or so! We were divided into four groups, two from the Institute and two from Exeter, and naturally there was great competition. Everyone worked hard at the plans in their spare time in the evening, but when we handed them in, that was the last we saw or heard of them again, so it is a debatable point as to whether Flight Sergeant Lanson's or Sergeant Taylor's party won.

On the Sunday, Church Parade was held at Coningsby Parish Church, and a trip to Skegness was organised for the afternoon. .303 shooting, swimming at Cranwell baths, visits to the Engineering Support Squadrons, the Operations Block and A.T.C. completed the programme. It was a sad band of cadets who left on the Wednesday morning, even though Operation Fairway had been taking place, and Vulcans had been scrambled at three in the morning.

All the cadets thoroughly enjoyed the camp, and they had never seen and heard so much before that they could not tell anyone about because of the Official Secrets Act.

I. TAYLOR (Sgt.)

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The first meeting since we reported last was held on 29th November, when the motion before the House was: "That this House prefers *Twist to Lizst*". (Pro: I. D. McGowan, Sec: D. G. Maude; Con: J. R. Owens, Sec: F. W. Grove.) The motion was defeated by four votes to fifteen, with five abstentions, though some members felt relevance had been sacrificed for alliteration.

On January 22nd, the House debated "That Mr. Kennedy is more dangerous than Mr. Kruschew". (Pro: R. J. Baxter, Sec: J. P. Cuthell; Con: I. D. McGowan, Sec: S. J. Norris.) This motion was carried by eight votes to two, with an alarming eight abstentions. Obviously left-wing opinion has taken its toll in the Society.

On February 5th, the motion was: "That this House considers General De Gaulle a threat to the Western Alliance". (Pro: M. H. Hadfield, Sec: J. S. Bradbrook; Con: D. R. Wade, Sec: J. R. Owens.) the combination of speakers for the Opposition, combined with a deal of good sense, swayed the House against the Proposer, and voting was: For, six; Against, eleven, with four abstentions.

On 26th February, the main meeting of the term—a Masters' debate—was held and Messrs. H. G. B. Toobe and W. S. Paton kindly accepted our invitation to speak on the motion: "That this House is sick of Satire". (Pro: Mr. H. G. B. Toobe, Sec: Secretary T. Dawson; Con: Mr. W. S. Paton, Sec: Secretary S. J. Norris.) The resultant debate was of the expected high standard, and the motion was eventually defeated by six votes to nine, with four abstentions.

On 12th March, the less serious aspect of the Society's nature was revealed when the motion was: "That this House believes in Fairies". (Pro: P. R. Williams, Sec: T. Longworth; Con: J. R. Owens, Sec: S. J. Norris.) By a small margin the House re-established its touching faith in the "little people", and the motion was carried by seven votes to six, with three abstentions.

The '54 Society of Blackburne House invited the Society to participate, on March 14th, in a debate, the motion being: "That the Noble Savage is happier than Civilised Man". The motion was lost, but figures are, for various reasons (including the lethargy of the respective Secretaries), unobtainable.

The Society returned the compliment by inviting the '54 Society to the debate on March 26th, the motion being: "That Racial Discrimination should be deemed illegal". (Pro: I. D. McGowan, Sec: J. R. Owens; Con: S. J. Norris, Sec: B. House representative.) Several of our guests favoured us with their opinion as main speaker, and from the floor of the House, and the motion was eventually carried by ten votes to six, with five abstentions.

The last debate of the session was held on Tuesday 2nd April when the House concluded in lighter vein by debating the motion: "That Life is Fun". (Pro: P. G. Salmon, Sec: T. Dawson; Con: R. J. Baxter, Sec: J. R. Owens.) After much soliloquy and leave-taking by both sides, the motion was drawn, at six votes each, with five abstentions; the Chairman, Mr. D. G. Bentliff, cast his deciding votes for the Proposition.

The Annual General Business Meeting is held after the Public Examinations when appointments for the 1963-64 session are made. The Secretaries of the Society offer their sincere thanks to the Chairman, Mr. D. G. Bentliff, to the Vice-President, Mr. R. H. Gavin, to the visiting speakers from the Staff and from outside, and to all regular attenders at meetings.

S. J. NORRIS

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Society has entertained two lecturers since the last edition of the School Magazine was issued. Mr. K. F. Curwen, of the Owen Owen Photographic Department, gave a most polished lecture on "The Fun of Table-top

Photography". It was of special interest to the members, who had the added pleasure of seeing examples of Mr. Curwen's work and the apparatus used to produce it. Our second lecturer, Mr. D. S. Moran, A.R.P.S., of Ilford Limited, gave a very interesting lecture in which his complete mastery of photographic technique was amply demonstrated.

Several slide and tape lectures have also been presented, and some members attended a Kodak lecture in the Bluecoat Chambers, given by Mr. Alfred Gregory, entitled "Himalayan Adventure". Mr. W. H. Jones continued his series of tutorials after the Christmas holidays, and has had a good attendance from the new members. However, very few members have made use of the facilities offered by the Society and the Thursday meetings have again been poorly attended. This is very disappointing. The showcase, also, has not been kept full of members' work, and the number of entries for our competition bears little relationship to the number of members in the Society. As a result of this apparent lack of interest in the activities of the Society, it is likely that in future only active members will be invited to go on the annual excursion.

The Society's competitions this year have been judged by Mr. Ronald French of Studio Midi, and the best entries were entered in an inter-school competition between ourselves and King Edward VII Grammar School, St. Annes-on-Sea, which we won.

This year's excursion is fixed for Friday 12th July when we shall visit the castles of Conway and Beaumaris. Brief stops will be made at Bangor and at Menai Bridge in order to obtain, in the evening sun, photographs of the famous Telford Bridge. If weather conditions are favourable, the return journey will be via the Nant Ffrancon Pass, Capel Curig and the Dee Valley.

At the end of the term I. Coulthard is leaving School, and we should like to thank him for his tireless efforts in providing an excellent series of lectures for this year and ensuring an even better programme for next year. He has been the Society's most active secretary and we wish him well in the future. Our great regret is that most members seem incapable of appreciating the excellent work he has done for them during the year, and so have failed to give him active support. Thanks go, also, to Mr. Jones and to Mr. Lloyd for their constant encouragement.

R. D. HARRISON

MUSIC CLUB

The first half of the Spring term, with the exception of a committee meeting and a Jazz Club meeting, was devoted to a series of gramophone recitals of chamber music. The works played were Mozart's "Clarinet Quintet", Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, and Dvorak's "Dumky" Trio.

After half-term, we were fortunate in having a recital of songs from "The Mikado", given by Mr. Austin Hosker, an ex-member of the Staff. This meeting proved to be very popular, and Mr. Hosker's artistry was admired by all present—especially when he sang a one-man duet.

The following week, A. J. Wallard began his talk on the new English version of Bizet's opera, "Carmen". The talk was concluded a fortnight later, and it is probably true to say that, as a result of this lecture, the B.B.C. had a larger audience when the production was given a repeat transmission, on television, shortly afterwards.

On March 19th, B. P. Wilson gave an illustrated talk on Benjamin Britten's Church music. It was gratifying to see such a large number of members present for a meeting which could never be expected to interest the School in general.

The last meeting of the term was another live recital, given this time by Miss Janet Hilton (clarinet) and Mr. Raymond Temple (violin). The accompanist was Miss Ann Oakley. After a rather adventurous first item—a duo for Clarinet and Violin by Hindemith—the programme settled down with music by Handel and Weber.

The first two meetings of the Summer term took the form of the B.B.C. programme "Desert Island Discs". Mr. W. F. Edge was the first "personality" to be "cast away" on the island, but shortly afterwards Mr. J. H. Sweeney joined him on a neighbouring reef. Both victims were excellent castaways and they presented their records with great humour, which pleased the large audiences.

It is hoped that the large numbers will continue to attend during the rest of the term. An organ recital, a voice and harp recital, and a meeting given by the Choral Society are planned for the term.

Our thanks are again due to Mr. L. A. Naylor, our Chairman, Mr. A. Evans, our Treasurer, and to all the other members of Staff who support us.

B. P. WILSON

JAZZ CLUB

The Jazz Club is flourishing, bigger audiences being attracted by the inclusion of more examples of classical jazz, L. Armstrong, Ferd Morton, et alia, in our programmes.

The highlight of the term, audience-reaction-wise, was a concert of live jazz music by the University Rhythm Club in the School Hall. Contrary to some official expectations, this programme was not followed by wholesale rioting, destruction and carnage, but by rapturous applause from a large audience. Inspired, if not by the music, then by the spirit of this reception, several sixth-form members are forming a small experimental unit and it is hoped to present a concert in the near future.

Thanks are once more extended to all those who have aided and abetted in the presentation and arrangement of Jazz Club programmes.

I. D. McGOWAN

THE ORCHESTRA

Again the Orchestra has been somewhat hampered by lack of support in the string section. Nevertheless, a number of varied works have been attempted, including a selection of Schubert waltzes, Mozart's "Ave Verum Corpus", and "March from Scipio" by Handel.

The summer term is inevitably a slack period for the Orchestra, since so many of its members are involved in G.C.E. examinations. However, this gives younger members the opportunity to "make themselves heard" and to gain the experience they will need in the future.

We must thank both Mr. Naylor, whose help to the string section, and, indeed, the whole Orchestra, has been invaluable, and, of course, Mr. Evans, who continues to help and encourage all concerned.

P. K. CRIPPS

CHORAL SOCIETY

The highlight of the Society's year was the performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. Despite the difficulty of the work, the Choir gave a successful performance. In the Liverpool Daily Post the following morning, the music critic, Mr. Neil Barkla, began: "For a school choir to tackle Bach's Mass in B Minor is either an act of sheer effrontery or supreme courage and faith. Liverpool Institute Choral Society's performance last night belonged to the latter category, and as I write this notice I am still a little incredulous as to whether it could possibly have been as good as it appeared." A full appreciation of the work by Mr. W. F. Edge appears elsewhere in the Magazine.

At the final Music Club meeting of this term, the Choral Society will perform extracts from Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation". Franz Joseph Haydn is probably best known for his "Emperor's Hymn", the favourite hymn tune "Austria". Born at Rohrau in 1732, he died at Vienna in 1809.

Much of his music is influenced by the merry tunes of the Croatian peasants who dwelt in his homeland. He was a choirboy at Vienna Cathedral, and later became musical director to the Hungarian family of Esterhazy. Known as "The Father of the Symphony", his finest compositions include the "Salomon Symphonies", composed and first performed in London. Haydn made a great impression in England, receiving an honorary Doctorate in Music at Oxford. It was late in life (1797-1798) that he wrote the oratorio "The Creation". Its naive charm reflects the simple religious devotion of the author.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. J. M. Jackson and Mr. W. S. Paton have both been successful in applying for membership of the Philharmonic Choir.

In conclusion, we must express our great debt to our tireless and enthusiastic conductor, Mr. R. N. Evans, whose zeal and determination made the performance of the Mass in B Minor the success it was. It is with regret that we learn of Mr. Evans' departure from the School this summer to take up a post at Kirkby Training College. We all extend to him our best wishes for his future success and happiness.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. D. B. Davies, Mr. D. W. Rowell and B. P. Wilson, our hard-working accompanists, who devoted so much of their leisure time. Our gratitude should also be expressed to our librarians and general factota, D. C. and J. C. Townend, and to all the other masters and boys in the Society.

D. H. MAWDSLEY

I would like to associate myself with the expression of gratitude to the members of our Society. Our thanks must also go to our secretary, D. H. Mawdsley, who is leaving us this term. I am sure that we would all agree that he has fulfilled his many duties with admirable enthusiasm.

R.N.E.

I TOOK MY HARP . . .

Insurance companies, helpful though they are, can also be confounded nuisances. Each time I have travelled with the National Youth Orchestra I have been plagued by "N.B's" which have said, "Harps must be carried in large wooden crates, otherwise the insurance company will not accept responsibility for any damage which may occur on trains, in vans, etc." Consequently, I was faced with the problem of transporting a harp, in a "large wooden crate", from my home to Lime Street Station. Taxis were too small and in any case, on a previous occasion, one taxi-driver had accused me of being in the "Candid Camera" team.

Eventually I found a very helpful person who would lend me a Land-rover to take the harp, and its "large wooden crate", to the station. When our destination was reached, pandemonium ensued. "What was in the case? Was it alive? Was it perishable?"—railway personnel can be unpleasantly officious!

Several other members of the Orchestra were travelling to Tunbridge Wells on the same train—so were, I am sure, half the population of Liverpool. Trying to put harps in "large wooden crates" in guardsvans while irate businessmen are rushing up and down the platform demanding extra coaches is not an easy task. However, when it was made clear that there was not a horse in the box, some people decided to travel in the guardsvan and keep the harp company.

At Euston there was a furniture van waiting to take some double-basses (also in wooden crates) and the harp to Charing Cross. As for the live passengers, they were put in the back of the van and in the back of the van we had to stay, being asphyxiated slowly with the exhaust fumes. Fortunately, the journey across London was not long, and we soon fell out at Charing Cross.

As we arrived at this station, all the porters left. Now it was our task to procure a porter's truck, load the instruments on it, and deposit them on the

platform for the Tunbridge Wells train.

Once we had settled in at Tunbridge Wells, everything seemed to be running smoothly, but then the accidents began to happen. One bright morning the other harpist had been playing for about twenty minutes when she suddenly found that one of her seven pedals was stuck fast. We tried everything but it was all to no avail—she remained jammed in C Flat. Fate, however, was kind and by 10 o'clock that night the harp had been repaired.

In comparison to this, the hot water tank's bursting seemed a daily occurrence. This was not repaired as quickly, and we were without hot water for three days.

Meanwhile, Sir Malcolm Sargent was living at least three lives. In the space of two days he had attended the Royal Choral Society's Social and Princess Alexandra's pre-Wedding Ball. He had also rehearsed and conducted the revival of Walton's opera "Troilus and Cressida" and spent seven hours with us. It was not surprising, therefore, that he had to be excused from the actual Wedding in Westminster Abbey.

The day after the Royal Wedding was the day of our concert in the Royal Festival Hall. This time we were unable to televise it, as had been done on previous occasions, because the Outside Broadcast cameras were still in the Abbey.

Because of the number of people in the Orchestra under sixteen, we have to rest during the afternoon, so that everyone is fresh for the performance in the evening. Consequently, at 3 p.m., it looked as though there had been a national disaster in the Festival Hall. The 150 members of the Orchestra were either lying in the auditorium or in the aisles, which, the programme told us, "must be kept free from all obstruction". All that was needed was the Queen Mother, who was to attend our concert, to be slouched over the edge of the Royal Box. A tiara rolling down the steps would have completed the picture.

By 8 o'clock, a transformation had taken place. The capacity audience had taken their seats and as Her Majesty entered the Royal Box the fanfare sounded—the concert had begun.

After the concert we were rushed along passages, down stairs, up stairs, and into the Main Foyer. Here we were presented to the Queen Mother, who told us how much she had enjoyed our performance. Her Majesty spoke to several members of the Orchestra, and the harpists were among the lucky ones.

Several other important people were then introduced to us, among them being Sir Basil Spence, Yehudi Menuhin, and Mr. Edward Heath. The latter, incidentally, is a very fine musician who, on one occasion, had won an Organ Scholarship to Oxford. He congratulated us on our performance and on the ovation we had received and concluded by wishing us well in our forthcoming European tour.

By the time the instruments had been packed and we had returned to Tunbridge Wells, it was well after 2 a.m. At 7 a.m. we were preparing to leave Tunbridge Wells for the last time. It is not surprising, therefore, that I remember little of my journey home. I vaguely remember spending the day in London and staggering off the train at Liverpool with my harp and its large wooden crate. I remember very clearly, however, the ticket I received from the Left Luggage Office—I had deposited, according to British Railways, one ice-cream cart!

B. P. WILSON (6BM2)

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

As the year draws to a close, we can look back on a successful, if not over-active, term. Interest in the Society from senior members of the School has been greatly stimulated by the revival of the annual excursion, whilst the establishment of a junior counterpart has absorbed the energies of youthful enthusiasm, and we must express our deep gratitude to Mr. Treeby for taking upon himself the vicissitude of controlling the turbulent temper of our junior members.

The activities of the past two terms have, unfortunately, been less than we might have wished, and the meetings few: but this was not for want of trying to improve the situation. Regrettably, bad fortune has combined with inconvenience and forced the cancellation of many meetings. Conflict with other societies and the indisposition of members of the university have thrown us back upon our own resources and, everything considered, we have not fared too badly.

The Spring term began with a film, "The Rivers of Time", provided by the Petroleum Films' Bureau, on the rise of the many Mesopotamian civilisations. Beginning in the days of the Sumerians, the film led on to the Babylonian and the Greek and Roman eras. Each absorbed the land into its own empire, and each vanished as its power crumbled. Then, after centuries of obscurity, came a new leader, the Prophet Mohamet. The film dealt with the astonishing scientific achievements of the Muslims, and told how Baghdad and Damascus became centres of the arts and sciences. It ended with a reminder of how far the influence of Arab civilisation spread—from France and Spain in the west to China in the east.

Continuing with the mediaeval theme, the second meeting of Spring provided a rare experience, when Mr. Edge explained, in a well illustrated talk, the mysteries of German history during the struggle between Pope and Emperor. Reviewing the partition treaties of Verdun and Mersen, the speaker presented a vivid description of the political state of Germany and Italy, and revealed to his enlightened audience the vital position held by the Bishops during the struggle for supremacy. Laying before us in admirable clarity the all too familiar pattern of wars over northern Italy, Mr. Edge displayed the basic ailments of German civilisation, which lay at the root of disunity, and which have since caused so much pain to both central and western Europe. Monks and peasants, priests and soldiers, bishops and counts; all were placed in their context; and the problems of church reform, heresy and general administration, of both Church and State, were discussed.

The final meeting of the Spring term took place under novel, though not extraordinary, circumstances, when on the invitation of the Film Society we united with them to present the great Russian epic film, "Alexander Nevsky". Despite many difficulties with the film, and the regrettable, though unavoidable, omission of the first reel, this meeting may certainly be chalked up as a resounding success, as an unprecedentedly large multitude assembled to view what was, with all its violence, gore and battles, or probably because of these, the best film ever to be shown in the School. Finishing, as the term started, and indeed continued, in the mediaeval vein, the Teutonic invasion of Russia, and its delivery by the great hero, Nevsky, were portrayed in all their might and force, and the wondrous views of mighty armies and of the great battle upon the ice provided a sight that was indeed awe-inspiring.

The Summer term, as is usual, saw no meetings as the call of the G.C.E. examinations drew away from us both the Vice-Presidents. The one event of this term, and the highlight of the Society's year, is, of course, the excursion, which has not, as yet, occurred. Although much time had been spent, and much energy expended, a suitable venue was finally discussed. Despite the glittering attraction of the Metropolis, a much favoured suggestion, London had to be discounted as few members considered their stamina sufficient to survive the fatigue of so arduous an expedition, and, overriding with many objections the claims of such inviting resorts as York, Chester, Norwich and Caernarvon, the Society in its wisdom has selected from the many possibilities Chatsworth House, the ancestral Derbyshire home of the Cavendish family. Nestling amid the rolling hills and scenic beauty of the southern Pennines, this indeed should prove a pleasant and highly interesting visit.

The Historical Association, providing many welcome facilities for members of the sixth forms, continues to be well supported by the School, as it well deserves. Providing speakers such as Mr. Christopher Hill, and topics such as "The Role of Women in Seventeenth Century England", the Association plays an invaluable part in the history education of all 'A'-level stu-

dents, and also has much to interest the scientific layman who has no professional interest in the subject.

The term is over, and the report completed. All that now remains is the pleasant task of offering the Society's Vice-Presidents, Mr. Edge and Mr. Rogers, our deepest thanks for their active support and assistance throughout the year, and for their interest in the Society's welfare. Thanks must go also to Mr. Treeby for his support and interest, and to him we would extend our best wishes for the success of the fledgeling "Junior Historical Society".

R. J. BAXTER

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Over the past year the Society has continued to prosper and has benefited greatly from two important changes. The first, by opening membership to the whole School, has increased the number of members, and admitted more youthful geographers, whose enthusiasm and interest has kept the Society's officers constantly alert and on their toes. The second change, complementary to the first, is the alteration of the meeting times from 4 p.m. to 1.20 p.m., a time more convenient not only for the juniors but also for the sixth-formers. This alteration has proved a mixed blessing, for whilst encouraging greater attendances, it has seriously hampered lectures, which could not, without difficulty, be reduced to thirty-minute talks.

Partly as a result of this time-change, there have been only two lectures since Spring—both by Mr. Boote. Taking advantage of his generous offer to give a talk on the Indians of the West Coast of British Columbia, the secretaries convinced him that to concentrate everything into a cramped thirty-minute lecture would not do justice to the subject, and so Mr. Boote kindly agreed to give two talks. The results were not only interesting but extremely profitable, and by going into their initiation ceremonies as well as the Indians' daily life the speaker provided a talk that was at all times entertaining, and at many amusing.

At the other meetings of the Spring term, films were shown, all provided by the Petroleum Films Bureau. The first, "African Awakening", showed the tremendous strides made by the many African states, not only in industry and agriculture, but also in education and health services. The new university colleges at Freetown and Accra were shown in detail, as were the many new hospitals springing up over the continent.

The second film of the Spring term increased our knowledge of Venezuela. "Venezuela Looks Ahead" was the film's title, and might well be a suggestion for the petroleum company which produced it, for it was grossly out-of-date. Nonetheless, old-fashioned as it was, the film did provide interesting views of Venezuela which have not changed, and had some historical value for showing views which had. The life of the Llano changes little, as does that of the Indian who inhabits the shanty towns around the bursting millionaire metropolis of Caracas. The striking clash between the poor, insanitary slums and the gleaming, towering office-blocks was startling indeed, and gave some intimation of the problems which Venezuela faces.

The final meeting of the Spring term, following the example set in the Autumn, took place during an afternoon, when two films were shown. Both about India; one showed the country's developing industry, the other her backward agriculture, and both brought home the complexity and strangeness of modern India.

The Summer term, interrupted as it was by the G.C.E. examinations, allowed time for only three meetings. The first two were film-shows. Kuwait, the subject of the first film, was shown as a developing Middle East oil sheikdom, enriched by the oil-company's profits and undergoing a period of strained relationship with its neighbour, Iraq. The second film showed the development of a small Tuscan farm. From the arrival of the agronomist to

the harvesting of the first scientifically produced crop, the relationship between science and tradition was traced in close and interesting detail.

The Society's final activity of the School year was the annual excursion. The Senior party went to the Langdale Valley in the Lake District, and the Juniors to Ingleton. It is felt that these two districts have more to offer for their respective parties than any other in both geography and scenery.

In conclusion, it is our great pleasure to express the Society's thanks to Mr. J. R. Edwards, our Chairman, and to Messrs. F. J. Boote, B. L. Parker and K. Poad, our Vice-Presidents, for their unfailing interest and support for the Society in all its activities over the past year.

R. J. BAXTER and D. W. T. HUGHES

MACALISTER SOCIETY

The past term, although displaying much activity, has been quieter than Autumn; the meetings, however, have been as interesting and as profitable as ever.

The term opened with a paper presented by Mr. A. Evans entitled "Brecht and the Epic Theatre". Although most members did not know what an "epic" theatre is, they were soon enlightened, and the speaker's close analysis of Brecht's plays—notably "The Caucasian Chalk Circle", "Mother Courage" and "The Life of Galileo" enabled the Society to enjoy a most interesting talk upon a subject hitherto unexplored. Great interest was aroused by the historical background to Brecht's work, and by his attitude towards society during the inter-war years.

Mr. R. H. Gavin presented a paper entitled "Wagner", which was intended not as an analytical musical discussion, but as an explanation of the speaker's keen interest in the composer. However, by liberally illustrating his talk with extracts from Wagner's many and various operas, Mr. Gavin succeeded not only in justifying his enthusiasm, but also provided the Society with a clear and keen understanding of Wagner's music, and won from all present a just admiration of a much neglected composer.

At the final meeting of the term, Mr. H. G. Toobe gave the Society the benefit of his knowledge and wit by presenting a paper entitled "Tragedy". Ranging over a host of playwrights and authors, from the most ancient of Greeks to the most modern of Americans, the speaker provided the Society with a comprehensive picture of one of literature's most moving aspects, and with many quotations, he gave a taste of the works of many authors, so encouraging members to explore for themselves the hitherto unknown (to most of the Society, that is) works of drama.

Finally, the Society's gratitude is to be expressed to Mr. R. T. Jones and to Mr. D. G. Bentliff for their encouraging help and support over the past year.

R. J. BAXTER and J. A. CLARK

CHRISTIAN UNION

During the Spring term, there has been an interesting programme of meetings, both at lunch-time on Wednesdays and at the senior meetings on Friday evenings.

At the first meeting of the term a Fact and Faith film entitled "Hidden Treasures" was shown. This was followed by a talk illustrated by slides given by Mr. Ray Castro concerning the work of the India Village Mission.

In February, an informative talk on the probation service was given by Mr. H. Brooks, the Chief Probation Officer.

In March, the Rev. Norman Meecham spoke on his work at "World Friendship House", and the Rev. R. Kayes gave a most helpful talk on "Our Christian Defence".

Mr. Goodfellow has also led several meetings during the term, the first about Scripture Union camps, and the second a Bible study. Members of the

Union have also conducted several meetings; J. R. Watson and W. Kenwright led Bible studies, and M. M. Edge gave a talk on "Passion Sunday, Palm Sunday and Easter".

This term's programme began with a lively discussion on world religions, followed by the visit of Mr. C. L. H'minga from Assam, who spoke on the subject, "India Today".

The senior meetings have also continued in conjunction with Blackburne House, and members of the Upper Fifth, Remove and Sixth are invited to attend future meetings.

The School branch of the Scripture Union is open to all, and this method of Bible reading is strongly recommended to every boy.

The library is open, in Room 14, each Friday during the lunch hour, and it is hoped that members will make use of the large range of literature which it contains.

A new venture was started early in the Summer term with the production of our own Society magazine, "Crux". This has proved very successful, and it is hoped that members will respond by producing contributions for future editions.

We are sorry to be losing Mr. Goodfellow, who has been of great assistance in the running of the Society, and we wish him every success in his new post in Ghana.

Finally we would like to thank our Chairman, Mr. Watson, and our Vice-Chairmen, Messrs. Jack, Goodfellow and Davies, for their valuable assistance and interest in the Society.

J. R. WATSON and G. I. LAWSON

CHESS CLUB

This year the Club has again been extremely successful in every branch of its activity. The first team won the Lancashire Zone of the National Schools' Chess Tournament, sponsored by the "Sunday Times", and then defeated a team from Allen Glen's Grammar School, Glasgow. At the time of going to press the School was playing Bemrose Grammar School, Derby, for a place in the semi-finals, which are to be played in London.

The first team also won the Wright Challenge Shield, which the School has now held for the past three years. The team gained convincing victories in all its seven games, competing against schools on and around Merseyside. Members of the team are: C. F. Woodcock, P. Cartmel, A. R. Prince, R. J. Butcher, T. D. Hughes, C. N. Prince and D. J. Jarman.

The first under 15 team was placed second in the Championship Section of the Liverpool Schools' Chess League, being beaten by the champions, the Liverpool Collegiate School. Members of the team include R. A. Humphreys, D. K. Bryan, R. J. Holland, C. E. Webb, R. J. Revell and D. N. Cope.

The second under 15 team won its section of the League, and gained third place in the play-off between the section winners. The following played regularly: L. Law, P. W. Blundell, J. S. Zalin, J. M. Aked, C. R. Eccles, C. J. Smith, S. C. Cripps and G. D. A. Seiflow.

The School achieved outstanding success in the L.S.C.L. individual championships. In the under 15 section, D. K. Bryan won the championship, and R. A. Humphreys and R. J. Revell reached the last eight. In the under 13 section, P. W. Blundell was runner-up to the champion, J. S. Zalin was a semi-finalist and G. D. A. Seiflow and D. N. Cope reached the last eight. The latter also reached the quarter-finals of the Lancashire under 15 Championship—a remarkable performance by a boy of only eleven, and this augurs well for the future.

In the Easter Congress, the School also obtained promising results. A. R. Prince won the Daily Post Cup for the most brilliant game played in the Congress. R. A. Humphreys, who is only thirteen, was placed joint third in the Merseyside under 15 Championship. In the under 14 age-group, D. K. Bryan and C. E. Webb were joint runners-up in section one, and in the

under 12 age-group, G. M. Hughes was runner-up also in section one. C. R. Eccles, R. J. Holland and L. Law were also successful against strong opposition.

Even in the Summer term, the Club is still active internally. Several boys are practising for the British Boys' Chess Championships, which are to be held this summer at Bath, and lectures are being delivered by first-team members, with the help of a demonstration board borrowed from the Liverpool Chess Club.

In conclusion, we extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Jack for the help and encouragement he has given in all the Club's activities.

P. CARTMEL and A. R. PRINCE

MODELS SOCIETY

Since the last report in this magazine, the first issue of our own magazine has been published. All copies were sold in the first week and its success, and impact on the School, can be measured by the proposed publication of magazines by at least two other School societies.

Membership of the Society remains steady at just under ninety, mostly consisting of First, Second and Lower Fifth formers. There has, however, been a noticeable increase in membership from the upper forms, where ardent support is to be found for all the Society's activities.

During the second half of the Autumn term we heard papers from two guests. Firstly, there was a return visit of the well-known railway photographer, Mr. C. Smith, who showed slides taken on outings to Grantham, Swindon, Scotland and at an exhibition in Manchester. Next was Mr. Seeckets from Liverpool Airport, who spoke on "Air Traffic Control". In what must have been one of the most successful of our lectures, he explained the complex control of a typical airport. Mr. Seeckets included a tape-recording of a talk-down of an aircraft made in the control tower at Speke.

The end-of-term excursion was made to Cammell Laird, where a comprehensive tour was made of the shipyard, including inspections of the various joinery and engineering shops, the prefabricating shed, a submarine and a tanker on the stocks.

During the Autumn term we also held another plastic-kit competition which was, as usual, excellently supported. An intricate marking scheme, devised by the Vice-President, was used, which made allowance for the competitor's age. Prizes were awarded to the following boys: 1) A. L. Jessop, 2) W. J. Hume, 3) J. M. Morris, 4) M. H. Yardley, 5) D. W. Srigley.

The Easter term began with a visit by Mr. N. Welfare, a British Railways' goods superintendent, who talked about the problems involved in running the goods service.

The eagerly-awaited lecture by Mr. M. Ricketts from Meccano Ltd. followed. For the purpose of this lecture, a demonstration board, together with several locomotives and a large selection of rolling stock, was lent to us by Meccano. Despite the efforts of members of the Physics department, this was in working order for the lecture, in which we saw most of the new Meccano models, and were shown the fundamentals of track-laying.

This lecture was followed by a dinner-time meeting, at which P. Crosby (1A) spoke to us about the Dutch model village of Madurodam. This lecture was illustrated by several colour slides. Continuing this series of lectures by members, C. R. Tigwell (U5Sc) spoke on railway-modelling. He demonstrated his method of track and rolling stock construction. It is hoped that more members will be encouraged by the success of these two lectures to speak to us about their interests in the field of modelling.

The railway track meeting continues to flourish. Work on the three-rail layout is eclipsed by the rapid advances made on our other two railways. The narrow-gauge section is engaged on a model of a station on the Festiniog line and the self-constructed track-work is already taking shape. A loco is also under construction. The two-rail layout is now in working order and

a start is soon to be made on the scenery work.

The library meetings continue to be well supported and the already large library, containing over a thousand books and magazines, has been augmented by donations to form a shipping section.

In conclusion, we again thank Mr. Wilson for his continued help and encouragement.

A. J. WALLARD

SIXTH FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY

The only lecture of the Spring term was given by a lecturer from Unilever Limited, who delivered a talk on "The Electron Microscope", which he then amplified by means of a short film.

During February, a party, lead by Mr. A. C. Scott, visited Bold Colliery, near St. Helens. Complete with lamps and safety helmets, members spent more than three hours underground, and were shown the various techniques of modern mining, including a modern cutting machine. After a welcome shower, the party was supplied with refreshments, but unfortunately there was no time for members' questions to be answered.

Two visits have been arranged for July. The first is to the Imperial Metal Industries in Birmingham. The visit will be based on a tour of the works in the morning and of the research department in the afternoon. The second is a full-day visit to the John Summers Steelworks at Shotton.

The Society would like to express its gratitude to our Chairman, Mr. W. H. Jones, for his untiring help and enthusiasm, and also to the masters who have supported the Society's activities.

D. MORTON

ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY

Although Society meetings suffered a slight set-back in attendance in the Spring term, meetings are now as well patronised as they were in the Autumn term. Large attendances at both evening and lunch-hour meetings have been most encouraging. The library, which is open in Room 8 from 1.20 on Tuesdays and Thursdays, is also well used.

The climax of the Society's year will be reached about the time of the publication of the Magazine, when on Wednesday 10th July a party of thirty-nine boys and two masters will visit the Locomotive Works and Sheds at Wolverhampton (Stafford Road) and Derby. It is also hoped to visit the tramway museum at Crich (Derbyshire), where the working exhibits include one of the "Green Goddesses" formerly operating in Liverpool.

Other excursions which have been arranged for this term include visits to the Cunard liner "Sylvania" and the Control Room and Ventilating Tower of the Mersey Tunnel.

Prior to the visit to the "Sylvania", a Cunard spokesman gave a lecture about the development of the Cunard Steamship Company. The most memorable meeting in School, however, was undoubtedly that in which British Railways' Public Relations Officer, Mr. Allen, addressed the Society soon after the publication of Dr. Beeching's report. Despite the many criticisms with which Mr. Allen was bombarded, we hope that he will return next year to address the Society.

At other meetings, films on various aspects of transport were shown. For these films we are indebted to the British Transport Commission.

During the winter months walks were arranged in North Wales, Delamere Forest and Derbyshire.

Finally, we must express our gratitude to Messrs. Goodfellow and Dobson for their continued support.

D. MAWDSLEY and D. C. TOWNEND

FILM SOCIETY

A society like the Film Society, which exists for the sole purpose of hiring films and showing them, has to pay its way; and at the start of the Spring term, it was yet undecided whether to ensure financial security by attracting mass audiences to films of more popular appeal, or to charge a high membership fee to a select number of sixth-formers for a virtually private showing of "art" films.

As a result of this uncertainty of policy, curiously contrasting films have been shown to fantastically fluctuating audiences. There were diminished attendances for both Hitchcock's "The Trouble with Harry", and for the brilliant "Zéro de Conduite", but the Society perhaps hit an all-time low when the well-publicised "Childhood of Maxim Gorki" was presented. In fact, all twenty of the crowd which packed the School hall that evening declared it one of the best films they had ever seen, except, that is, for the single spectator in the gallery who was forced to leave at half-time from sheer loneliness.

It soon became obvious that for the Society to continue its existence it must present a popular programme to a wider audience. Declaring our intention of throwing open our doors to the world in general, we planned to present a series of "shots"—including the "Lost World" (an early attempt at the monster movie), Chaplin's "Carmen", the Keystone Cops, and the futuristic "Metropolis". Alas!—"The best laid plans loose about the hoose!"—to quote Rothwell Bernstein, and the films actually featured were not those originally intended. The "Keystone Cops" were indisposed, having performed at Granada's Scene-at-6.30 studios on the previous evening; "Lost World" had been lost to the world somewhere between London and Liverpool, and a third film was judged unsuitable by a panel of duly elected representatives of the Society. Accordingly, a somewhat diminished bill was presented, the silent films being enhanced by a musical accompaniment of modern jazz—I. D. McGowan told us—and was popularly received.

Since the original aims of the Society were to present films of great merit, otherwise unseen by the cinema-going public, and to cultivate an interest in the cinema amongst members of the School, it was now suggested that a film be chosen which could satisfy the "intelligent minority", artistically, and would also have great appeal for the School as a whole. A financial agreement was reached with the Historical Society which necessitated the procuring of a film of historical value; thus, some three weeks after the abortive showing of the "Gorki" film, some two hundred and fifty boys assembled in the Hall to view Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky" in its entirety. Their being allowed the afternoon off School to see it, for the nominal charge of 6d. per person, perhaps in part explains the large attendance. But the film itself must take the credit for keeping most of so large an audience until a quarter past five on the evening of the Everton-Liverpool match. Unfortunately, the first reel of the film was virtually unusable, and only the famous battle scene was entirely seen. All entered into the spirit of what was to be that term's final meeting, however, small boys cheering loudly for the Russian hosts, while sixth-formers applauded the bebucketed heads of the Teutonic knights.

Later that evening, senior Society members attended a meeting of the Merseyside Film Society. It is expected that in future the Society will organise parties to attend worthwhile presentations at city cinemas—augmented by discussions and films in School.

Our thanks are due to R. J. Baxter and I. A. Clark—patron saints of ciné-projectors, and to Messrs. Gavin, Edwards, Rogers, Wilson, Nicholson and Sweeney for their patient support.

D. R. WADE

FILM AND MISE EN SCENE

One of the conflicts brought to the surface by the recent season of films presented by the Film Society was that between those who demand ideas—usually in the form of social comment—from the cinema, and those who value film as an entirely new means of expression in which meaning is conveyed in terms of visual imagery. Often this disagreement takes the form of opposing the commercial cinema to the so-called “art” cinema. The commercial grouping usually includes such directors as Hitchcock, Nicholas Ray and Robert Aldrich (in other words, films like *Psycho*, *55 Days at Peking*, and *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*), whereas the self-consciously ‘arty’ directors are Vittorio de Sica (*Bicycle Thieves*), Eisenstein (*Potemkin*), and Resnais (*Last Year at Marienbad*).

Those who want directly-formulated, semantic ideas from movies, and especially those who condemn the commercialists, are cutting themselves off from a great part of the cinema in order, it seems, to perpetuate the long-enduring, false and dangerous gap between art and experience. There are only two distinctions in film, good movies and bad movies, and no cross-cutting pigeon-holing can disguise the fact that a film like *Bicycle Thieves* is as inept in the handling of its material and theme as *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* is very competent and, at times, brilliant.

Film can only be evaluated on the visual material in its images, and not on the pious indignation which one is supposed to feel at the sight of handsome, unemployed workers degrading themselves to feed their families. The main reason why Alfred Hitchcock is a great director while many others are only competent is that he does not merely give “photographs of people talking”, but is able to shock and physically scare you by the power of his images.

It is into the realm of life which the film must develop, not retreat into the sterile world of abstract machinations which a lot of twentieth-century art (music for example) now inhabits—in Europe at least.

D. G. MAUDE (6BM2)

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Since the last issue of the Magazine, there have been three meetings dealing with subjects as diverse as English Castles and Roman law.

At the first, Mr. D. Evans, an old-boy, gave a lecture entitled “Roman Bath”. In this very informative talk the speaker showed how the baths were built and he traced the habitation of Bath from pre-Roman times. After showing some slides of the baths and of finds of other excavations in the vicinity, the speaker warned us not to take the waters.

The next speaker was Mr. J. L. Linden, another Old Boy, who set out the various sources of Roman law. Mr. Linden portrayed the development of Roman law from earliest times and attempted to show its relevance to the formation of our own legal system. Later in the summer term Mr. K. Poad gave a talk about “Digging up and Restoring Old Castles”, which was especially well received.

After the G.C.E. examinations Mr. L. Nelson, the Chairman, revealed in a talk the secrets of Mithraic Temples.

On July 19th, for the first time in the history of the Society, there was an excursion to Wroxeter where the remains of the Roman fort of Uriconium are to be found.

I. M. PARKINSON

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

During the term there have been a number of interesting talks by members of the Society on such topics as “Early Russian Postage Stamps” and “The British Post Office”. It was obvious that a great deal of work had been put into these talks and the speakers deserve a special vote of thanks.

The idea of starting our own magazine has been put forward and the matter is under discussion at present.

I would like to thank our treasurer, P. Pink, and librarians, M. E. L. Parker and E. D. Roberts, for the time they have given on the Society's behalf.

Once again we are indebted to Mr. J. H. Bowen for his active support and interest.

C. J. SAVAGE

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Last term the Society visited Ness Veterinary Field Station. Some features of this were the operating theatre, stages in the life of an egg, and animals that had been operated on.

An angling trip was arranged to ponds around Chester this term, but, unfortunately, conditions were not favourable.

More Society outings are being arranged for the near future, and the interest in the Biology Laboratory continues to grow. Listed among the attractions are mice, hamsters, newts, fish, etc.

We extend our grateful thanks to Mr. Wilson who has guided and advised us so much in the past.

THE RADIO SOCIETY

The first full term of the Radio Society's existence has been one of varied activity. On a number of occasions an amateur transmitting station has been in operation from the School during the dinner hour and contact has been made with several stations in and around Liverpool. Unfortunately, the high level of electrical interference in the Physics Laboratory makes the reception of more distant stations difficult.

These demonstrations of amateur radio “live” inspired several members to try to obtain their own transmitting licence and, as a result, on May 11th four candidates from the Institute sat the Radio Amateurs' Examination. Success in this examination is essential to anyone wishing to obtain a licence. The results are eagerly awaited!

The junior section of the Society has successfully completed the construction of a simple radio receiver. A discussion of the theoretical principles of this set accompanied the practical details of wiring together the various parts. Again, several members have been encouraged by the success of this receiver to attempt to build a similar one of their own.

A series of films is being provided by Mullard Ltd., and a wide range of topics, from transistors to radio-telescopes, will be covered.

The Society now subscribes to two technical journals—“Short Wave Magazine” and “Radio Constructor”. As a result, the library is now well stocked with magazines which members can borrow for their private reading.

Once again our thanks are due to Mr. Byrne for his encouragement and technical advice, and to Mr. Bradley for his help with clerical work.

P. K. CRIPPS

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The first debate last term was on the subject of the Common Market, and the Society decided, by eight votes to seven, to support Britain's entry.

Unemployment was the next subject, and, after a heated discussion, it was decided that the Government's policy was inadequate.

When the problems of segregation and apartheid were brought before the House, it was decided that no restrictions should be imposed on these.

Then the subject of the railways was raised and it was decided that the management was inadequate for modern times.

Ending the term, the Society decided that public schools should be abolished. The voting was eight to four.

The Society is indebted to Mr. Treeby, without whose co-operation the Society could not have flourished.

P. LOFTHOUSE

JUNIOR SCIENCE SOCIETY

Last term's activities consisted of fortnightly lectures given by three members of the staff.

The first, given by Mr. Wilson, was on insect collecting, and covered all aspects of the subject. He showed us a small portion of his collection of butterflies and moths, which included several rarities, and were certainly well worth seeing.

The next talk was given by Mr. Scott, who gave some information on "Home Chemistry", including details of various items of home-made apparatus.

Lastly, Mr. Nicholson gave a most interesting talk on electricity, showing its various ways of production and uses to which it may be put.

We are indebted to these three members of staff for giving us these interesting and instructive talks.

S. CRIPPS

JUNIOR ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Society has continued to flourish, although some lectures have been poorly attended of late.

The new term opened with an illustrated talk, given by P. Ainsworth, on Heraldry. This lecture was followed by two lectures given by P. Lofthouse on the aspects of Egyptian mythology and religion; the first was entitled "The Gods of Ancient Egypt", the second "Magic and Curses".

These lectures were followed by one given by Garland entitled "The Subject Itself", which, as its title suggests, dealt with archaeology as a whole.

The term's meetings were concluded by a lecture given by D. A. Gidlow on two topics: the Maya civilisation and the Inca language.

The Society wishes to thank Mr. Dobson for the keen interest he shows in the Society.

M. GARLAND

JUNIOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Society, formed in the Spring term, already has a membership of ninety boys, from the First, Second and Lower Fifth Forms. Meetings are held each Tuesday lunch-time in Room 11.

The activities of the Society include film shows and excursions. All members of the Society are engaged on projects which range from the history of firearms to the history of the Liverpool Institute.

There is a flourishing library of books lent by Mr. Treeby, which is under the supervision of P. A. C. Brown (L5Sc.). Recently a reconstruction of the Trial of Charles I was held, in which many members of the Society took part. Members of the Society may use Room 11 on a Friday evening for the purpose of working on the projects.

Finally, we should like to thank Mr. Treeby, the Chairman, for his work in organising the meetings.

D. CASEY

OLD BOYS' NOTES

The fifty-eighth Annual Dinner was held at Reece's Restaurant on 22nd March with our President, Mr. A. Tunnington, in the chair. Mr. Roger Brearley (1941) proposed the toast "The School", and in his reply the Headmaster assured those present that the character of the School will not be lost when the move to Aigburth eventually takes place. The Head Boy, S. J. Norris, displayed a talent for after-dinner speaking when he gave a brief account of the School's many activities, and left the assembly in no doubt that the School continues to flourish. Mr. W. A. Ankers (1934) rounded-off the evening with a most entertaining speech in proposing "Absent Friends".

Thirty-five members were present at the London dinner on 1st February when Sir Thomas Whittaker proposed the toast "The School", to which the Headmaster replied. Old Boys in the London area can learn of such events by contacting Mr. Harry Miller, 183 St. Paul's Wood Hill, Orpington, Kent.

The Universities have entertained two long-serving members of Staff as their guests at annual dinners: Mr. L. A. Naylor at Cambridge on March 1st and Mr. W. H. Jones at Oxford on May 24th.

Sir Frank Francis, Director of The British Museum, was honoured by the University of Liverpool at a congregation for the conferment of honorary degrees on May 4th. He received the degree of Doctor of Letters (honoris causa).

Mr. A. Tunnington, President of the Association, has held the office of President of the Rotary Club of Liverpool for the 1962-63.

On a less serious note, Mr. G. Harrison (1956) and Mr. P. McCartney (1956) have found success as members of "The Beatles" singing group and have had a number of television and local stage appearances. They recently made their second record to top the national Hit Parade.

The Old Boys' football teams had their league programmes curtailed by the hard winter. The Payne Trophy was competed for by four Old Boys' teams and two from School; the Old Boys' 3rd XI were the winners and the School 2nd XI distinguished themselves in finishing in third place. New playing members are always needed, and details may be obtained from Mr. N. Lloyd at School or the Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. B. Thomas, 41 Gwydir Street, Liverpool 8.

The cricket team started the season with a drawn game against the School 1st XI in which the scores were level. A full fixture list has been arranged and a successful season is anticipated. Old Boys interested in playing will be welcomed at net practice on Thursday evenings, 7 p.m., at Mersey Road.

We learned with regret of the death in March of Professor L. M. Fraser (1922), Director of German Broadcasting at the B.B.C.

Mr. A. Cross (1954) has joined the Staff to teach Mathematics, and has taken over the secretaryship of the Association.

The next social event will be a Ladies' Night at Reece's Restaurant on October 5th. It is hoped that this popular annual function will receive its usual support.

A. CROSS

PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

SIR,—I was at first unable to reconcile my journalistic licence to tell all with the undoubted right of public persons to their private lives, but it was intimated to me that it is usual (and certainly more lucrative) to leave no sordid stone unturned in this exposé of those fifteen beings who, from the eaves of the School, ever encroach upon those fifty score souls or more below. Then so be it! Your wish is my distinct pleasure, and I shall risk the wrath of the mighty for the pleasure of the wicked.

"First in beauty, first in might," to quote from Keats' immortal "Ode to a King", well describes Mr. Norris, who is still inspiring us with his leadership. Engaged at present upon the writing of his memoirs, he denies allegations that they are to be serialised, in a "with it" Sunday newspaper, under the title "Two vice heads worked for me!" The rest of his time (and our Steve continues to be a great believer in rest) he divides between concentrated study (sic) and managing a chain of bowling-alleys and coffee bars somewhere in the city. Having been passed-over by a certain young lady on the day preceding his driving test, Mr. Norris lost so much of his composure that he almost failed it—indeed, would have, had not the examiner turned out to be one of his "best mates".

Mr. Ferguson, who is not such an exhibitionist, stands upon Mr. Norris's right hand—no doubt explaining that gentleman's writing with his left. Dear old Jock takes instant "Umbrage" in much the same way that a certain nautical celebrity devours spinach—and with much the same results! We will, therefore, be nice to him. "No ball!" is Mr. Ferguson's catch-phrase, but as this was adopted while the football season was still with us, it is wondered what it is intended to signify. Here is a man dedicated to his life's twofold ambition: to depose Mr. Norris, to form a Franco-type rule in the school; and to take ten wickets in one innings against Blackburne House 1st XI.

The other vice-head-boy, Mr. Slater, is an entirely different kettle of fish, even regarding ambition, for he merely wishes to learn the Oxford Latin Dictionary by heart. He is one of the most capable of the prefects, so capable in fact that he can execute his duties while sitting in the P.R. consuming sandwiches and far-too-milky coffee. He eats there simply because all the proteins present in school meals would cause him to put on too much weight. His own explanation of his lithe figure? P.L.J. twice a day, total abstinence from Maltesers, and a grim resolve to play male lead in the "Invisible Man".

Descending to the realms of comparative mortality, we find Mr. Archer making this term, for the third or fourth time, a positively last appearance. Famed as he is for his financial flair, Mr. Archer may yet have caused some raised eyebrows when, at the end of last term, he stationed himself at the lower-yard door, with one arm in a sling, persuading little boys that he was the original one-armed bandit, and that they should invest all their spare threepenny bits in his top-pocket. The lucky winner of the jackpot remains unknown, but Mr. Archer, in an immaculate new jacket (tailored by that firm which advertises on T.V. as specialists in one-armed suitings) may be able to throw some light on the matter.

Mr. Clark has gone. What untold passions and high drama lurk beneath this seemingly innocent statement? Nothing but the realisation that by fair means or foul, someone, somewhere, has enticed Mr. Clark from the P.R. after a mammoth stay of approximately half a decade. It has been discovered since, incidentally, that under Mr. Clark's chair, a perfect example of 1959 sandwich has been growing, and has now sprouted an extensive root system.

Mr. Hand loves collecting things, money at least, and Freedom from Hunger Week gave him his field-dav! Posters appeared throughout the School, placards, charts and graphs, and the P.R. began to look like an ante-room at Fort Knox. There is, however, definitely no support for the rumour that the hunger to be relieved was Mr. Hand's own, though packets of his biscuits have been sampled by our furry friends who thrive on milk-bottle tops and half-eaten cake.

To escape the glare of publicity into which his comrade was thrown, Mr. Morton took up therapeutic height comparison—a pastime he still enjoys, whenever he can coax Mr. Hughes to lie on his side—and has at last translated from the Latin the motto of the Morton clan: "Quam longum, tam latum" ("It's as broad as it's long").

The coup d'état long promised us by Mr. Chambers is now also long overdue, but the maps and munitions lists which constantly surround himself and his aide, Mr. McGeorge, suggest that they are still up to something.

Sly smiles greet the suggestion that they are plotting the conversion of the P.R. into an R.S.G.—but an occasional quarrel does bring home the resemblance of the place to a fall-out (?) shelter.

We are happy to be able to report that "Whispering" Mr. McGeorge has made an amazing recovery from a popular attempt by members of the lower-fifths to fit him with the silencer from Mr. Bradbrook's motor-bike. The plastic surgery is almost undetectable!

Debonair Mr. Gray is a 1st XI cricketer and 2nd XI footballer, and yet seems to take less exercise than anyone else in the P.R. It is rumoured that his work is done for him by Mr. Morton, there being some obscure family connection. To complete his impression, Mr. Gray sings for the choir and plays shove-ha'penny for Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. Baxter, voted the Prefect most likely to secede, has been mistakenly called a cynic—it's just that he has no confidence in anything but himself. He has, however, read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" from cover to cover, and is claiming to be the only man ever to do so. Out of school he prematurely sports his Oxford tie, which presumably does things for his ego.

Like Mr. Clark, Mr. Hynes falls into that category reserved for absent friends, but we sincerely hope that as a result of his stay in the U.S. he does not wish to introduce into our typically British P.R. such far-fetched and daring innovations as soda-fountains or fan-heaters. If Mr. Hynes is any taller on his return, our door will have to be removed but at least he will be able to retrieve the table-tennis balls from the rafters.

If anyone has shoulders broad enough to bear the whips of scorn, it is Mr. Hughes, who is ever prepared to take the blows of misfortune squarely on one of his chins. Mr. Hughes is reputedly a pacifist and a believer in brotherly love—witness the cracked ribs resulting from the affectionate hugs with which he terminates tiffs in the P.R. This truly public service must surely compensate—he says—for his starting most of them in the first place.

Last, and dare I say least, come those prefectorial "whiz-kids", Mr. Bradbrook and Mr. Grove. The latter's practically prehensile proboscis is believed to have inspired H. G. Wells' "Shape of Things to Come"—while the former is famed for his commuting between home and school on what would seem to be a time-machine—at any rate it manages to arrive each morning distinctly behind time.

Sir, I feel purged, I and my companion investigator feel a great burden has been taken from our shoulders in that we no longer have to bear alone the full weight of these dreadful revelations. As my colleague remarked to me: "Enough of this mud-slinging", and we hope to remain

Yours,

DAVID and GOLIATH

OXFORD LETTER

Oxford

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

SIR,—It has been said (and I for one do not dispute the fact) that Oxford in May is one of the most beautiful places in England. As one drifts slowly along the Cherwell in a punt, one is encouraged to forget the academic purpose of Oxford and one's thoughts wander aimlessly to a multitude of things. It is sacrilegious to think of anything vaguely academic in such inspiring surroundings and yet your perennial missive awakes me from my slumbers and forces me to put pen to paper and deliver the report on the elder and supposedly wiser members of the Institute fraternity.

Trinity term can claim the unusual dual honour of being the most relaxing and yet most exhausting of the three terms, for while the number of leisurely pastimes increases beyond measure, the usual result is exhaustion from attempting to enjoy as many of them as possible in a single day. Two

members of the Liobian community with little time for relaxation are Mr. Lunt, of Corpus Christi, and Mr. Sissons of University, who have spent long hours arranging and preparing for the Oxford dinner. With men of this calibre on hand the Liobians in Oxford will go from strength to strength, and it is unnecessary to say that the dinner will be of the highest quality.

New College has never quite recovered from the philistine onslaught of Messrs. Mannheim, Quilliam and Lennard. Mr. Quilliam is in the throes of visiting every room in college to ensure allocation to him of a suitably sound-proof room for his activities next year. Mr. Lennard is also in the throes—of exactly what no one has been able to determine. Mr. Mannheim is attempting to become the smartest Liobian in Oxford but is losing to Mr. Miller, of Christ Church, by at least six inches of hair. The latter is suffering a great loss at present, the person with whom he shared his room having been passed on by those in Authority.

Mr. Hooley and Mr. Armstrong are the freshmen members of "The House", although each is unaware of the existence of the other. This is not the result of a personal feud but of a geographical accident which placed their room three quadrangles and one half of a mile apart. As Mr. Armstrong refuses to walk further than one quarter of a mile, and Mr. Hooley rarely leaves his room, they are precluded from meeting.

It is hard to walk around Oxford without meeting Mr. Smith, of Jesus, Mr. Smith, of Balliol, or an acquaintance of one or the other. As the redoubtable Smith twins always appear to be in a hurry, it is difficult to keep one static enough for recognition and there exists the frightening possibility that there are in fact three of them.

Mr. Davies, of Keble, might be technically a Liberal, but he is not liberal in his ways. He has cast himself in the role of the legendary impecunious student, which part he plays to perfection while waiting for someone to buy him a drink. In between drinks, he chain-smokes his way to the occasional lecture or tutorial. Mr. Davies's other vices are not known.

Mrs. Backadder is the landlady who runs Queen's College Annexe, where-in lives Mr. Maguire, and she probably has much cause to regret Mr. Maguire's presence. As a result of his geographical placement two miles from the centre of Oxford he is rarely seen, which is more frequently than Mr. Wainwright, of Exeter. The latter has become a living legend as a result of his non-appearance. Indeed, he is writing an anti-play featuring an anti-hero who makes anti-appearances based on his life story.

Some of Mr. Burgess's ex-grammar school friends were chastised recently (rather unfairly I might add) for daring to wear dinner jackets for their annual dinner. As a result, Mr. Burgess demonstrates his solidarity with his Corpus Christi colleagues by wearing a dinner jacket day and night.

It is sad to report that Mr. Sharp, of Wadham, has become corrupted by the ways of his friend Mr. Martineau. Gone are his thoughts of a rowing Blue; for, instead, he has taken up country dancing. In fact his love of the country has recently shown itself as an overwhelming interest. The Lake District appears to be a special favourite of his. We might warn him that it is academic suicide, you know. His mentor, Mr. Martineau, can lay claim to be the freshest of the freshmen, for his year in California has taught him many a thing.

Mr. Cowan resides in St. Edmund Hall, known affectionately by all and sundry as "Teddy Hall" or just "The Hall". He still engages in pursuits which involve remaining in contact with water for as little time as possible and in common with 300 more undergraduates at the Hall in pursuits which involve as little actual work as possible.

Last but not least of the Oxford Liobian catalogue we have Mr. Williams, of Jesus, who is at present attempting to create an endurance record of eight weeks' piano-playing without a break. We hesitate to point out the problem of food, knowing that all musicians are impractical by nature.

I must add that the list is not complete but space and time preclude any further discourse. I leave you as I started, drifting slowly down the river with my pen still in hand, contemplating now the approaching vista of Davies Delight.

Yours waterly,

I. M. SUNK

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

Cambridge

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

SIR,—The exacerbated tone of your last note was undeserved: Tripos is at hand, and on its results some of us are going to be selected for lives of ill-paid obscurity. However, I shall begin by chronicling three success stories. Our senior member, Dr. Waddington of Caius, is traditionally left alone, but we could, and if we would, say quite a lot. Sidney Norris at Trinity Hall fills his time with day-trips to prisons, tea-parties with psychopaths and so on, and looks quite well on it. And finally, John Conder, of Caius, who still leads a blameless life: as he presses his chaste couch at night, he dreams of the day's experiments.

Also at Caius are Tony Zalin and Bob Clapham, who organised this year's Old Boys' Dinner. It's always difficult to say something about them: I mean, perhaps they do lead separate lives, but your correspondent has only been involved with them as the stooge to their patter. Russell Cannon, at Trinity, is moving out of the music-hall Scotsman category and becoming a grimly Doric logician. "Sir," he said recently, "we are the modern Athens"—which is an insult to us all.

Selwyn's Phil Alper has married a forty-years-old Negress with three children and is living in a converted hen-run out at Madingley, so we don't see much of him. And Lachlan MacRae, at Downing, is practically blind, but too vain to wear glasses: "Why hasn't that man got any clothes on?" he asked, when he saw someone in a white mackintosh.

Colin Morgan, at Pembroke, loafs round, determined to be unimpressed by anything: and who knows what John Roberts of Caius does—he always looks like a stale lettuce, though.

This seems to be the lot then, but may I conclude by saying how disappointed we all are that Mr. S. J. Norris is not coming amongst us?

Yours faithfully,

PERTINAX SURLY

WHIMPER

The group on the mountain-side paused to look back down the bracken slopes, and across the green valleys which stretched far below. The sea was a shimmering sliver of silver, severing sky from shore, and the cities seemed great grey monsters, sprawled, sweltering in the heat of early afternoon. A man lit a cigarette; a girl was trying to tune the "top ten" on a "transistor"; somebody munched sandwiches and sipped luke-warm coffee from a vacuum flask; laughter floated up to them on the light breeze, from a party lower down the path. After a few minutes, they moved on—some score souls from several sections of the community, together by the coincidental desire to walk up the mountain—an old ex-soldier started to whistle "Colonel Bogey", joined shrilly by a couple of boys, despite looks of parental disapproval.

Down in the towns the warning had already been given. The shrieking sirens ceased, leaving, someplace, a shuddering silence in dusty, deserted streets; elsewhere pandemonium reigned: motorists, cars bumper to bumper, jammed the roads out of main cities and ports, leaving them to drunks and suicides and shelter-owners, who were astonished at the primitive violence of those strangers who selfishly sought safety. Thousands perished in the panic,

though police and Civil Defence did a wonderful job in the three minutes which remained—people were herded onto public transport, unable to use roads congested with traffic and pedestrians. Teachers continued teaching or lined-up perplexed pupils in the classrooms to wait for transport, or instructions, or something. Most people went through a pantomime of precautions—perhaps as a means of filling in time, without thinking, until . . .

The first explosions were taken for blasting at a nearby slate-quarry, and only when distant dark clouds began to sprout like foul growths from the face of the earth beneath did realisation come to the party back on the mountain. A sense of impotence and detachment overwhelmed them as the terrible eruptions increased in size and number. A young man nervously went on telling a joke, almost shouting in the hush that had fallen. Below, smoke rose from the infernos that had been civilisation and rolled towards them, blotting from view the pleasant land as flashes of light made the sky painful to see, and the ground began to quiver beneath their feet. People were praying, a girl sobbed hysterically. Hot ash was already dropping a glistening coating on shrubs and stones of the lower slopes—somewhere a bird stopped singing.

D. R. WADE (6AM2)

ABSTRACT ART

Abstract painting has presented more problems, for critics and laymen alike, than any previous development in art. Previously there had always been some resemblance to physical reality. It might have been tenuous (as in Cubism) or the meaning of the paintings may have been obscure (as in Expressionism or Surrealism), but all these styles were really still variations on the basic traditional theme. With abstract painting came a decisive break. It can be seen as the final plunge into nonsense and chaos already hinted at by Braque, Dali and Chagall, or it can be considered as a breakthrough, opening up new horizons and broadening the scope of art.

Since the Impressionists we can trace a line of development through Fauvism, Cubism, Expressionism and Surrealism leading further and further from strictly representational techniques towards paintings which lay more stress on the artist's own feelings and imagination. All these styles prepared the way for abstract painting by forcing the spectator gradually to change his way of looking at and judging each canvas. The emphasis was changed from physical accuracy and technical proficiency, first of all to the relationship of form and colour, as in Cézanne, and then later to the artist's personal consciousness and emotional involvement in the subject, as in Chagall, Kokoschka or Klee, resulting in pictures far more complex than previously, both in tone and in content. The abstract came as a logical, but very momentous, development from these styles; a development which has baffled many people. For abstract art demands a totally different and new response from the spectator. It is wrong to judge an abstractionist by the same standards as one uses for Renaissance painting. Unfortunately most people do try to judge all modern art from this standpoint, if not purely from a technical point of view; "look how real the eyes are". This fact accounts to some extent for the mistrust and positive hostility shown towards abstracts. People apply criteria which do not fit and are therefore completely baffled.

The problem is, if these criteria are outdated and misleading, how are we to judge the merit of an abstract? Technical skill seems to be non-existent, certainly the subtlety of tone, shade or outline found in Rembrandt, Vermeer or Cézanne; use of colour and form seems often to be deliberately and perversely unattractive and uninteresting. In addition there is none of the immediate emotional appeal of Van Gogh or Klee, or the intellectual appeal of the Cubists. Where then is the quality which makes this art? I have never yet seen all these criticisms fully answered; I doubt if they could be, but this does not mean that they are valid. The real essence of a work of art can never be explained. If it could, the artist need not have created it.

What can be done is to try to clear away the prejudices we all have, which make impossible a fair and honest attempt at evaluation of an abstract. If then we still see nothing to be commended in the style, we are entitled to the view. Otherwise we are not entitled to criticise anything.

The first and basic difficulty for me is the thought that "this is all a hoax"; that most, if not all, of the paintings fall into two categories: those intended to deceive critics and spectators, to hide the fact that the artist is incapable of producing anything understandably or recognisably skilful or significant; and those which are a result of self-deception by the artist himself. All but the greatest artists are enormously influenced by contemporary artists and trends. One is tempted to think that many young artists have been persuaded that there is meaning and emotion where there is only empty basic forms and unrelated colours. By supposedly reducing art to essentials they have destroyed it, and are relying on self-deception to supply what they have lost. Many of the comments of the artists themselves support this impression of deception. Inability to express himself in words is, of course, no proof of a painter's inability in his medium (indeed, Turner was almost illiterate), but is this gem self-deception or an attempt to fool us?

"A shape—a relationship—a body—oddness—shock—mood—cramped—isolated—acid—sweet—encroaching—pivoting—fading—bruised." Note the pathos of the ending.

There have been many examples of deliberate hoaxes winning praise from critics and this fact stresses the absence of effective standards by which these paintings can be judged. Those critics who approve a canvas and find it is a hoax must realise that if they are to continue applying the same criteria in assessing a canvas's value they must admit that any unintentional daub can result in something they are prepared to call art. This means that art can be accidental beauty, a fact which destroys all previous concepts, not just in visual arts, but in music and literature. Art has always been the province of a few gifted and creative people, and work of real significance has only been produced after years of training—not necessarily academic training, but the refinement of the sensibilities and discipline of technique which come from experience. Nowadays art is the province of all; indeed the very essence of "gestural" or "action" painting is its abandonment and spontaneity. If the critics do not accept art as accidental beauty (and most of them do not) then they must accept the fact that their way of judging a canvas is wrong. There has been a tacit admission of this in the gradual change in technique and phraseology. An abstract, the critics now tell us, is an event, a happening with its own independent reality; "a real object, something existing in its own right and not merely because it happened to represent some aspect of what could only be, by definition, reality". This sort of thing solves the critics' dilemma admirably, admitting that art can just "happen", but at the same time professing to justify it by the claim that this is a totally new concept. This and the earlier quotation illustrate muddled thinking, for instance, the pejorative associations of "because it happened to represent some aspect of . . . reality". This implies that all paintings before abstracts, from Giotto to Klee, have no independent reality or significance apart from the object they represent. In making exaggerated claims for their own work, modern artists and critics are forced to disparage all previous artists.

There is a broad distinction to be made in abstracts between geometrical or formal abstracts and "action" or "gestural" painting, but both can be considered as using a new conception of space and spatial relationships. One of the most important facts about abstract technique is the totally new approach to perspective. Whereas in a representational painting perspective had to be realistic, to give the impression of space going back into the canvas, the intention in most abstracts is to destroy perspective, at least in the form in which it has previously been known. This may sound very easy, but in fact it can become exceptionally intricate. For example, as soon as the artist paints two bands of contrasting colours across the canvas he has created perspective, as one colour will seem to be set back from the other. To com-

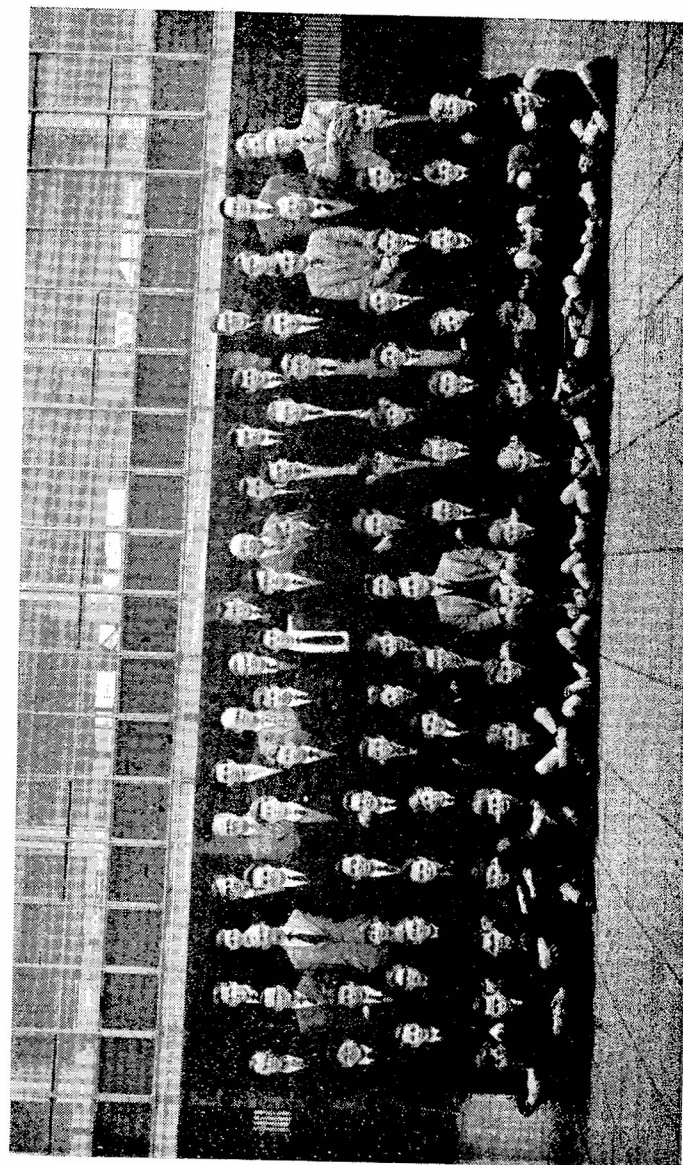
bat this he may have to add another form and/or colour which will in turn create another problem through its interaction with one of the other colours or forms. This obsession with perspective applies mainly, of course, to formal abstractionists, since "action" painters do not plan their paintings to such an extent. The advantage of a canvas without depth is mainly that the forms and colours are forced to go outward and upward for dynamic. Because of the problems of perspective raised by colours, paint is often used mainly as a dye, and the possibilities of tonal relationships are often ignored for concentration on spatial problems. In response to this necessity the big canvas has come into use much more. It may seem trite to say that a big canvas is better than a small one, but in view of the fact that the movement of the painting is not backwards, but upwards, downwards and to the sides, it is true. The spectator's relationship to the canvas is altered, he is contained and confined by it, and a big canvas often corresponds more with the idea of an event, an action, a reality of its own. Although action painters do not plan their canvases beforehand, it does not mean that they are entirely haphazard. Jackson Pollack, for instance, works on a huge canvas, splashing and daubing huge amounts of paint, but the final product shows very considerable and definite patterns and sequences of effects. This requires on his part a keen and perceptive awareness of what he is doing while splashing.

Of course most action painters do not exercise this control over their medium, or at least not so obviously, and since there is no apparent skill to notice or look for, one tends to look for something else; beauty, or philosophical or spiritual profundity. Beauty is a relative quality at the best of times, and it is impossible and wrong to try to alter someone's idea of what appeals to him. I personally find many abstracts aesthetically satisfying. Other people will think they are hideous. What I cannot understand, however, is the continued claim made by critics and artists that these paintings have ethical and spiritual commitment. One can find this in Rembrandt or Van Gogh, since it is expressed through their approach to life as seen through their technique and their aim in their paintings, but abstracts seem so totally alien to life that they can generate little or no sense of the artist's commitment to life.

Nevertheless the basic aim of the abstractionists, the wish to create something independent of physical reality is certainly not blameworthy. It had to be tried. The difficulty is that once the artist leaves the realm of actual life his imagination is rarely strong enough to create something which will carry with it the artist's own emotions and ideas. Each image he creates must be completely alien to his audience, since in this world of abstraction they have no common link with the artist. In the reproduction of any object the artist is making some sort of contact with the spectator, and the technique or the object itself will communicate an idea or emotion to him, but all too often abstracts fail to establish any contact between artist and spectator, they become for the artist merely the solving of a technical problem (as in geometrical abstracts) or the expression and working-out of some personal idea or emotion which is unintelligible to anyone else (as in "action" or "gestural" paintings).

Most abstracts, then, are totally obscure intellectually, non-communicative emotionally and very often aesthetically unsatisfying by any standards, and as such they can, of course, have no relevance to most people. Nevertheless in the past thirty or forty years, abstracts have been produced which, in my opinion, justify the break from representational paintings. Good abstracts demand more from the spectator than any other paintings, and in spite of the vast amount of inept and trivial work produced under the name, we must be careful, if art is to continue to develop, not to let the gulf between layman and artist become too wide. All art must have an audience. To please the audience it must have relevance to their lives, but without them there from the beginning the artist cannot hope to achieve contact, and may not even try.

D. J. MURRAY (6AM3)



THE SCHOOL CHOIR

THE ART OF PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER

Pieter Bruegel, or "Peasant" Bruegel as he was known, was an artist whose work remained unchanged by the social conventions of style of his period, the sixteenth century. Although he lived at the time of the Renaissance, he had no connection with it, since he ignored all the principles of the great Italian masters. His independent nature kept him apart from imitation.

His was a new message, and he possessed a great imagination with which he created a world of his own in Art. Thus is Bruegel isolated in his period. In spite of his peasant origin Bruegel acquired a very broad knowledge and culture.

Bruegel attempts to paint the grotesque and comic peasants contrasting with middle-class gentlemen, well-dressed and of good appearance. His intention is to caricature and contrast these two classes. Bruegel even persists in this technique in his religious works, as in his "Adoration of the Magi".

After 1560, Bruegel stops his artistic experiment and later paints his "Triumph of Death". It is his great contemporary, Hieronymous Bosch, who now influences him. The great imagination displayed in the painting belies a magnificent but terrifying vision.

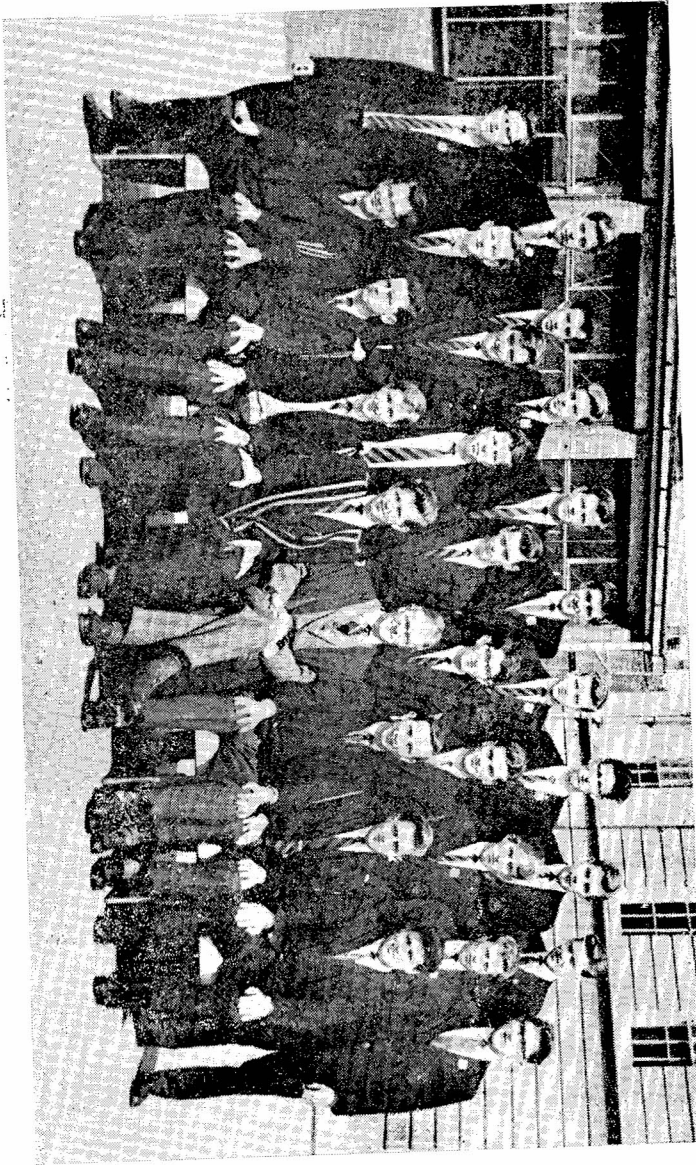
In Bruegel's last pictures his choice of subject is gay, more alive, more vivid. He paints peasant weddings, fêtes and dances and it is in these canvases that the true spirit and character of Bruegel reveals itself. This was his highest achievement, to paint the peasants, the country people whom he loved so much, with an intense affection for them and a great sensibility towards nature.

All through Bruegel's paintings his robust, beloved peasantry appears and this love for the country and its people is the key to Bruegel's magnificent art. This sensibility towards nature was one of the factors which made Bruegel great. In "The Corn Harvest", he shows the low, Flemish countryside with its gently rolling, wooded hills, its fields like carpets, covered with thick corn, the pile standing stiffly in the sultry atmosphere, and the peasants eating their humble lunches in the heat of the noonday sun. If one looks closely, one can trace Bruegel's satirical brush as it models the rough, knobby countenances of these hardened countrymen. Bruegel ruthlessly portrays every fold of sallow, wrinkled skin, each over-plump figure and each characteristic physical feature. He does not despise the peasant; he rather loves him. His portrayal shows amusement and affection for his boisterous friends.

Hendrik Averkamp's work was almost certainly influenced by Bruegel's appreciation of the Flemish winter landscape. His brushwork is not as delicate as Bruegel's, however, the general effect being more poignant. Bruegel's "Winter Landscape" shows the bleak aspect of winter in its sharp contrast between snow and blackened branches. The snow on the branches is painted freely, but with great care as regards tone. The birds perched in the trees are painted far more carefully of course, with sharply defined strokes which make them appear to stand out harshly against the cold background.

One main difference occurs between the contents of Bruegel's and Averkamp's work. This difference lies in the basic style, the former artist being of the Flemish School and the latter belonging to the Dutch School. Each artist has painted a "Winter Landscape" in which there are figures skating on the ice. In Averkamp's work, the skaters are well-dressed, prosperous-looking middle-class citizens, with tall hats, lace ruffs and baggy silk trousers. One family is driving across the ice on a sledge drawn by a white horse with black and white plumes in its mane. Bruegel's skaters are poorly-dressed peasants in sombre cloth caps. They are of an earlier period than Averkamp's subjects, but nevertheless there is much in common between the two types. They both play ice-hockey or skate, and even the architecture and landscape is similar. The rich family with the sledge in the Dutch painting is replaced with children playing ball in the Belgian painting. The contrast, therefore, is one of wealth with poverty. Averkamp's approach seems

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worldly compared with Bruegel's sympathetic but satirical style. Pieter Bruegel is a peasant, and his art is therefore Peasant Art.

P. F. AINSWORTH (6BM1)

ABSTRUSE ABSTRACTIONS FOR THE ABSTRACTED

If the veracity of the originality of this contribution is suspected, then an examination of its contents should suffice to persuade the peruser of the innocence of the author of all possible accusations; since by the time the peruser has reached this far in the narrative he has indubitably arrived at the incontrovertible conclusion that the originator of the said document, at the time of its compilation, was inebriated, if not completely drunk, or at least the peruser on scanning the sesquipedalian writing would be induced to suggest that a modicum of somnolence would most emphatically effect a comprehensive amelioration of the physical salubrity and intellectual faculties of its crazy creator. For a solution to this problem, of the highest metaphysical conception, apply to:

H. CASHDEN (6AC)

STRANGE CUSTOMS

In earlier times many strange customs were kept up on particular holidays. Some have been forgotten now, but many still survive. Here are a few of them: First-Footing. Once everyone believed that the first person to enter a house on New Year's Day brought good or bad luck, according to whether he was friend or foe. Such a visitor was called the "First Foot". The "First Foot" visits the houses as soon as midnight strikes on the thirty-first of December and presents the traditional gifts of coal, bread and a little money—gifts supposed to ensure that his friends would be warm, well fed and supplied with money all the year. For good luck the "First Foot" should be a dark man. Everyone waits eagerly for his arrival, and no one is admitted until he comes. Then his health and that of the family are drunk, and off he goes again to start the New Year in the same fashion in some other home. This custom still persists in Scotland and some parts of Northern England.

At one time village lads, at Christmas, used to act the "Mumming Play", a play which is hundreds of years old, and very amusing, and always included a fight in which one character, usually St. George, was killed and then brought to life again by the Doctor. The village lads went from house to house in strange disguises, sometimes with long streamers hiding their faces, and towering head-dresses that made them look very weird. This old play, which represents the growth of the corn in the ground, can still be seen in some villages today.

The first day of May was once a great occasion when everyone had a holiday and welcomed the returning summer. Young people fetched green branches with which to decorate their homes, boys greeted the sunrise with trumpets and horns, and girls carried beautiful flower-garlands round to every house. A King and Queen of May were crowned, and afterwards they went in procession round the parish. Morris dancers, dressed in white and with ribbons on their hats and bells on their legs that jingled as they danced, went with them. There was a man called Jack-in-the-Green, who was completely covered with green leaves, and a Hobby-horse, who pranced about the streets and played tricks on the bystanders. There was also a Fool, who wore queer clothes and who cleared the way by hitting people with a bladder, and sometimes there was a dancing bear. All these characters represented summer, and many of them can still be seen in some villages today.

A great event of May Day was the Maypole Dance. Long ago, a tree was used to dance around, but later a tall pole, which could be set up in any central place, was used. So now, when you see a maypole, you will notice that besides its long, coloured ribbons, which the dancers weave into patterns

as they go round, it usually has a bunch of greenery on top to remind us that it really should be a growing tree.

Years ago the Christmas holiday lasted for twelve days, and then, on the Monday after Twelfth Night, "Plough Monday", work began again. Before it started, however, the ploughs were decorated with flowers and ribbons and taken to the church, where the clergyman blessed them. When the ploughs had been blessed, the ploughmen dragged them all round the village, singing and dancing. Sometimes they acted an old play called the "Plough Monday Play" and danced the old "Sword Dance". Nowadays these plays and dances are not often performed, but in many districts ploughs are still taken to church so that the ploughing season may start with God's blessing.

D. SMITH (U5B)

JOHNSON, TIME AND SPACE

Johnson was brainy.

We all knew that Johnson was brainy because Johnson frequently told us that he was.

School-work and normal outdoor interests were not enough for Johnson. To these he gave second and third places. First place in his mind was always given to his own conception of what he considered to be an abstract theory, and this he always endeavoured to prove, until he tired of it and something else took his fancy. I remember one time when we were younger that he spent some weeks trying to prove to us that frogs and toads should really have wings; another occasion when he convinced himself (but not us) that since the core of the Earth was mainly molten iron, an aircraft flying over the Earth, carrying a large electric magnet, should be able to change the course of the Earth in its orbit, and so on, with one idea chasing another.

Some years later he read a little, and, I should imagine, misunderstood a lot, of a theory connected with time and space. This really set him going, and for months he tried to explain to us that there is no such thing as time; that it was an artifice contrived by man to regulate meal-times; that everything took place at the same time, only in different dimensions; that in any case time moved in a clockwise direction, in a great descending spiral, rather like a huge coil spring; and that if one could jump across in a slightly upward direction it would be to find oneself in a past era, and conversely a jump in a slightly downward direction would result in a landing in the future; and that there were invisible corridors of time and space all around us full of people from other ages all working happily away.

Johnson succeeded in boring us for so long on this subject that in desperation we suggested that he should either drop it or prove it. He vehemently replied that he would prove it, since it only required a jump from the right height at either midday or midnight to do so.

We did not see Johnson after that, since the following week he went with his family for a holiday in Cumberland. On their third day there he was seen, slightly before noon, standing on the top of St. Bee's Head, gazing out to sea. Since then nobody has seen him, and the search petered out after a couple of weeks.

We are back at school now, and Johnson is gradually being forgotten. But every once in a while what seems to be a heart-felt sigh and the hushed patter of feet will break the silence of the room. This draws a warning look from the form-master, who attributes it to restlessness among us. We who knew Johnson, however, sometimes wonder if he finally made it, and if these noises emanate from an eternally frustrated Johnson, dashing up and down his corridor in time, who finally proved something but cannot tell anyone about it.

R. A. P. THOMPSON (U5B)

GENESIS

At first He thought that He was dreaming, but then He realised that He was awake. Awake certainly, but was He fully alive? He seemed to be covered with a warm, damp darkness that appeared to absorb all His movements. As consciousness and realisation flooded His mind, He knew that the world outside was standing by and watching His blind groping. He could not see, but He could sense a world that was waiting for Him to throw off His blindness. He could not throw it off. Waves of darkness closed around Him as fast as He tried to throw their warm, dark folds away from Him. In desperation He kicked. He could sense the world watching. He kicked again. Now He knew that the world was not only watching, but was trying to help Him. He waited expectantly for the apocalyptic moment when He would be able to see again; and then He sensed someone bending over Him, trying to help. Suddenly, He realised that He was about to be born.

J. P. CUTHELL (6BM2)

THE DOCKYARD

The dockyard lay empty and silent. The huge cranes stood idle, outlined against the morning sky. Ships were anchored in the dock, members of their respective crews could be seen leaning against the deck-rails, looking out over the deserted dock, devoid of humanity save for themselves and the warehouse watchmen who could be seen in their offices along the dock-front.

The cargo crates lay in canvas-covered huddles outside the warehouses where they had first landed at the start of the strike two weeks before. The hastily tied canvas covers flapped wildly in the breeze. Crates of rotting fruit were visible, fruit that had been fresh when first unloaded. Warehouses stood padlocked and barred, the cargoes they should have been sheltering lay on the dock-side and in the holds of the anchored ships. The smell of the decayed fruit pervaded the dockyard and added to the aura of stagnation which was prevalent in the panorama of the dockyard.

How much longer would this go on? When would a return to work be decided upon? The only answer lay in time. But the deficit caused by this strike would never disappear. In the meantime the cranes acted as monuments to a glorious past which is irretrievably gone.

S. McKENZIE (RD)

A HOLIDAY IN KENT

During last summer holidays it was my good fortune to visit Kent, the Garden of England. This is one of the most picturesque counties in England.

Wherever one goes one sees large fields all in use for growing garden produce, mainly for a well-known canning firm in Maidstone, and orchards for the cultivation of apples and pears.

The cultivation of hops is extremely wide-spread and important for the upkeep of the Kentish farmers. Tens of oast-houses are seen dotted around, and in the close neighbourhood, fields of hops.

However, Kent is not only popular from the farming point of view. It is extremely popular with holiday-makers and tourists and is well patronised. The most popular resorts are Folkestone, with its fine cool water and pebble beach, picturesque gardens and lawns where one may lie down in the sun and listen to famous military bands playing on the Lea's Cliff; Dover, with its famous White Cliffs, its historical Castle and huge harbour and close link with France; Broadstairs, which is famous for its golden beach and almost Mediterranean summers; and Herne Bay, which is frequented by hundreds of Londoners as New Brighton and Rhyl are patronised by Merseysiders.

Kentish coastal towns indulge in fishing to a small degree. At Dover, fish such as whiting and other smallish fish are caught, whereas at Whitstable and Herne Bay shell-fish are caught.

Of course, no visit to Kent would be complete without a visit to Canterbury. This Cathedral city is an extremely fine one. Its Cathedral cannot be described justly by mere words. The Cathedral has to be seen to be appreciated as its elegant trimmings of gold, silver, tapestries and precious stones are really exquisite.

The city itself, without the Cathedral, is wonderful. There is a striking contrast between the ancient city walls and the modern shops. There is also a crystal clear waterway running through the heart of the city, in which small fish can be seen darting about in the shadows of the weeping willow trees which shed their branches into the water.

It came as no small disappointment to me when my visit to Kent came to an end, but there is always another time to visit the Garden of England.

R. G. GOODMAN (USB)

A VISIT TO MANCHESTER AIRPORT

During the Easter holidays we set off one morning for Manchester Airport. We arrived there soon after ten o'clock and we were astonished to find a large car-park, where previously there had only been fields. The huge terminal building and the ugly blue control tower were indeed a great improvement on the single-storey wooden huts that used to handle the passengers.

We went inside the terminal building and walked down the long rows of offices and desks belonging to various airlines. We then went up on the escalator at the far end of the booking hall into the lounge with the much-publicised chandeliers. Each pendant is an individual bulb but unfortunately several of the bulbs have burnt out and this rather mars the effect created by the chandeliers.

In the same lounge are telephone booths, practically circular in shape, made from perspex which look like something from a Dan Dare comic strip. At the end of the lounge, overlooking the apron, there is a snack-bar on one side and a restaurant on the other. Passengers travelling on domestic services pass through this snack-bar to gain access to the pier from which domestic flights depart.

We then came back down the escalator into the booking hall and went outside up onto the spectators' balcony. We had to put a shilling in a turnstile to get in and there was some delay as we had no shillings and there was no attendant to give us change. We climbed the futuristic staircase and were soon on the balcony from where we could see both the domestic pier on our left and the international pier on our right. We walked along the balcony towards the international pier and found that there was a restaurant and sweet shop up on the balcony itself.

It cost another shilling to go on either of the piers and as none of us again had a shilling we could not go, but it did not really matter as we could see everything from where we were.

Manchester Airport is not very busy except at the height of the holiday season, but Manchester Corporation is extending the runway to cope with 707s and DC-8s fully loaded for trans-Atlantic flights and so attract more airlines to the Airport.

We came back through Altrincham very surprised at the many changes that had taken place, most of which, we thought, were for the better.

S. PREECE (USB)

IN THE SNOW

A wretched sparrow lies
upon the ground:
it stares with marble eyes
—no sound is uttered
from this upturned form
which perished in the bitter storm.

No more will this poor creature feel
our earthly senses,
so unreal is suffering now,
his lot is cast,
his body frozen,
starched with death.

Many winters fled, and then
into that forest came a man,
a frozen figure, grim and grey
—a refuge fleeing from death's grasp,
a wandering outcast, who, at last,
lay down beside that sparrow bare,
the same inglorious fate to share.

No difference can there be perceived,
no shelter did these two enjoy,
and yet, though pity we now feel,
what help, what aid
did we employ?

Did you save Christ
when he knocked on your door?
Did you save those two outcasts
filmed with hoar?
For one small loaf they died,
for one small loaf
the western race will die
—will die a Judas' death.

Look East—
the hordes are swarming,
their stomachs rule their will,
their ravenous bodies fill
with black, sepulchral smoke
as slowly we all perish
in the snow,
as fate will have US go.

P. J. ROONEY (6AM1)

HOLIDAY FAIR

Can you see them standing there,
Eyes agleaming, stare and stare?
All the lights and all the noise,
Roll up! Roll up! girls and boys!

Mums and Dads stand, hearts aflutter;
Will they reach the sky or gutter?
As they watch their children go
Swinging to and swinging fro,
Up and down and round about,
Laughing, darting in and out?

Come on boys, it's time to go,
There's another day you know.
Can you guess where they can be,
All this fun and feeling free?
They're on holiday by the sea.

C. J. SMITH (2B)

SUPERMARKETS

Take your basket from the pile,
Look at the shelves and ponder awhile.
Inching slowly through the store,
Bemused, you gaze at goods galore.

Orderly ranks of peas and beans,
Different brands of margarines.
Cereals, cheeses on display,
Which soap powder is cheapest today?

Taking your place at the end of the queue,
Realisation comes to you.
You've overspent and overbought,
Super shopping! Ah, I've been caught.

J. McLARTY (2B)

THIS LIVERPOOL

This Royal port of mariners, this muddy estuary,
This maze of roads, this seat of crime,
This other London, smoggy and filthy,
This host of clerks, built by men themselves,
This death pit of cancer and alcoholism,
This crammed borough, fought over by politicians,
This Liverpool from which the slavers sailed
Now slaves itself away to dirty grime.

P. MILLICAN (L5A)

CATS

Have you ever thought of the sorts of cats
That there are in the streets of our town?
There are black ones, and white ones,
And dark ones, and light ones,
And tabbies, and some that are brown.

There are short ones, and long ones,
And weak ones, and strong ones,
And some that are worn out and old.
There are big ones, and small ones,
And short ones, and tall ones,
And shy ones, and some that are bold.

There are some that lie on cushions all day,
And sit there in comfort and state.
But for all of those cats,
And those on their mats,
I'd rather have my canine mate.

W. OWENS (L5A)

AN ALPINE IMAGE

Cold morning's misty hand slinks down
the mountain slopes,
and greets the sun with frigid charm,
its red-haired master bids a hasty leave,
and dewy flowers obey their lord's alarm.

A throaty chorus calls the newborn day,
and scented blossoms pave the alpine scene,
majestic greyness rules with whitetopped
power,
and overhangs its subjects' verdant dream.

The greenclad pastures roll from hill to
hill,
as if a mighty hand had laid them there,
as if the meadow flowers were sown
on to the fields with skilful care.

The cold, clear sharpness defined in every
flower
reflects its beauty in the gurgling stream
which echoes through the pine-filled
forest's midst,
and splashes on with greeneyed twinkling
gleam.

Ethereal magic wanders 'cross the blue
—enchancing wisps of whitehaired, woolly fleece,
lost angels doomed to wander, heeding time,
pure souls rebellious 'gainst their heavenly peace.

Down in the valley, mighty spruce firs bend,
as if an archer fired them from a bow,
as if a sinewed hand, invisible to man,
had shaken them and bade their leaves to go.

And twilight falls behind her pink array,
and stills the alpine noise by silent powers,
she calms the rushing brook and restless wood,
while overhead her roundfaced sister glowers.

P. J. ROONEY (6AM1)

ON RETURNING

The green valley below me,
The stream rushing through,
The blue sky above me,
The grass and the dew.

They make my mind go back
To the time when I once lived here,
To the time when I said, "Pack,
And go away from here."

So away I went, away from there,
Never to return again,
But here I am the very next year,
Back to start again.

M. PAPPAS (2D)

SOME HALLUCINATIONS

(with apologies to L. Carroll)

He thought he saw a bicycle
Riding on a man.
He looked again, and saw it was
A greasy frying-pan.
"I think I'm going mad," he said,
And off back home he ran.

He thought he saw his Auntie May
Knocking at the door.
He looked again, and saw that she
Was lying on the floor.
"If you come here again," he said,
"I'll go and fetch the law."

He thought he saw an aeroplane
Flying in the sky.
He looked again, and saw it was
A fast descending pie.
"And then, all of a sudden," he said,
"It landed in my eye!"

He thought he saw an Indian
Hiding by a tree.
He looked again, and saw it was
A busy bumble bee.
"This really is the end," he said,
And jumped into the sea.

L. BUTLER (2D)

INSPIRATION

Drifting in the void of human intellect
Are strains of thought unwilling to unite
In worthy effort to produce some work of
Worthless worth with useless use of paradox.

Ink-bespattered lyricist, attempting things
Unheard of yet in prose or rhyme in hybrid
Form of poet's prose, with all expression
Prompted by suppression of the basic rules of verse.

A plaintive cry from aspiring artist's mind,
 "O set me free from metre's adamant chains!"
 Rather use the run-on line as pretence
 For inadequacy to write good rhythmical
 Poetry--no, better far to use such banal rhyme.
 Allow the Muse to function not--
 Modern unconformed conformity demands,
 "Ingenuity lies in unorthodoxy of
 Alliteration, decoration, punctuation, hyperbole, synecdoche and simile.
 Attribute all your trivial nonsense
 To broadened use of poet's licence."

The last few lines of poor-translated prose,
 So change your tone, young man.
 Remove the guise of allegory,
 Reveal this as a parody on modern versification,
 And justify your lack of content, rhythm, form by youthful inspiration.

I. LEVERTON (6BM1)

ODE TO HORACE

Oh to see him hesitating in the boiling streets of Rome, those streets
 Which disturb his lonely mind, and a would-be poet tugging at his sleeves,
 Bursting in upon his lofty thoughts: not with harsh words but gentle tract
 And sympathy does he dismiss the petulant request which he receives.

Oh to see him sitting in the porch of Maecenas' Tiburtine villa
 A summer even, surrounded by enchanted friends draining goblets,
 With the mountains at his back, greater a thousand times in stature,
 Yet crumble they before his quiet face singing the country and its secrets.

Oh to see him climb by night into beloved Lydia's chamber,
 To cascade love's honey-dews into the flaming vortex that is woman.
 But what flesh is this he bludgeons into? What bitter gall? An old hag!
 Ah, frustration! Faithless Lydia's asleep with another man.

Oh to see him straying through the glossy glades and greens around his Sabine farm
 And suddenly be confronted by a wolf that at his frailty stares;
 O miraculous presence, O age-watching crossroads of Fate which make it
 Turn and slink away, O discerning wolf that incarnate genius spares!

Oh to hear his mem'ry-piercing poems, oft since brutally translated.
 What subtle simplicity, what mature restraint, what sound moral codes
 Are this "monument more durable than bronze". With me erect a shrine
 To the mental trinity of time, memory and Horace's Odes.

D. H. SLATER

THE FRONT LINE

Here shining bullets reign supreme,
 they tear all skin and flesh to shreds
 while in a nearby trench a body lies
 with fourteen reddened bullets
 plunged into its splattered form.

Fear and terror cringe in muddy trenches,
 clutching tightly to a smoking rifle
 fired in haste up in the sky
 where flares and rockets seem to search
 for peace.

How many prayers are muttered here?
 while scorching lead is echoed all around
 where tears and sweat are mingled,
 falling on the blood-stained ground
 of Normandy.

Now clamber out we must;
 forget your bullet wounds!
 and seize the barbed wire fences
 with bare hands
 to break the lines in front.

How good it feels to wield a gun
 and press the trigger
 till it empties all its strength
 into a groping, riddled chest
 which pours existence forth.

Just like a public death-bed bodies lie,
 half-bodies lie,
 and still you live
 (at least, exist)
 and dive into the nearest trench for blissful rest.

But liquidation lies await at every step,
 and should a gun come into view
 and pump hot, searing pain in you,
 then exit quickly,
 for here a soldier counts for nought.

Today the blood-red poppies bloom
 in Flanders' fields,
 but still they smell of death
 and grow on bodies,
 flourish in foul trenches.

And when the sun goes down,
 a cry of pain is heard
 which shakes the very earth;
 from a hand extends
 to crush those poppies, dripping blood.

P. J. ROONEY (6AM1)

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