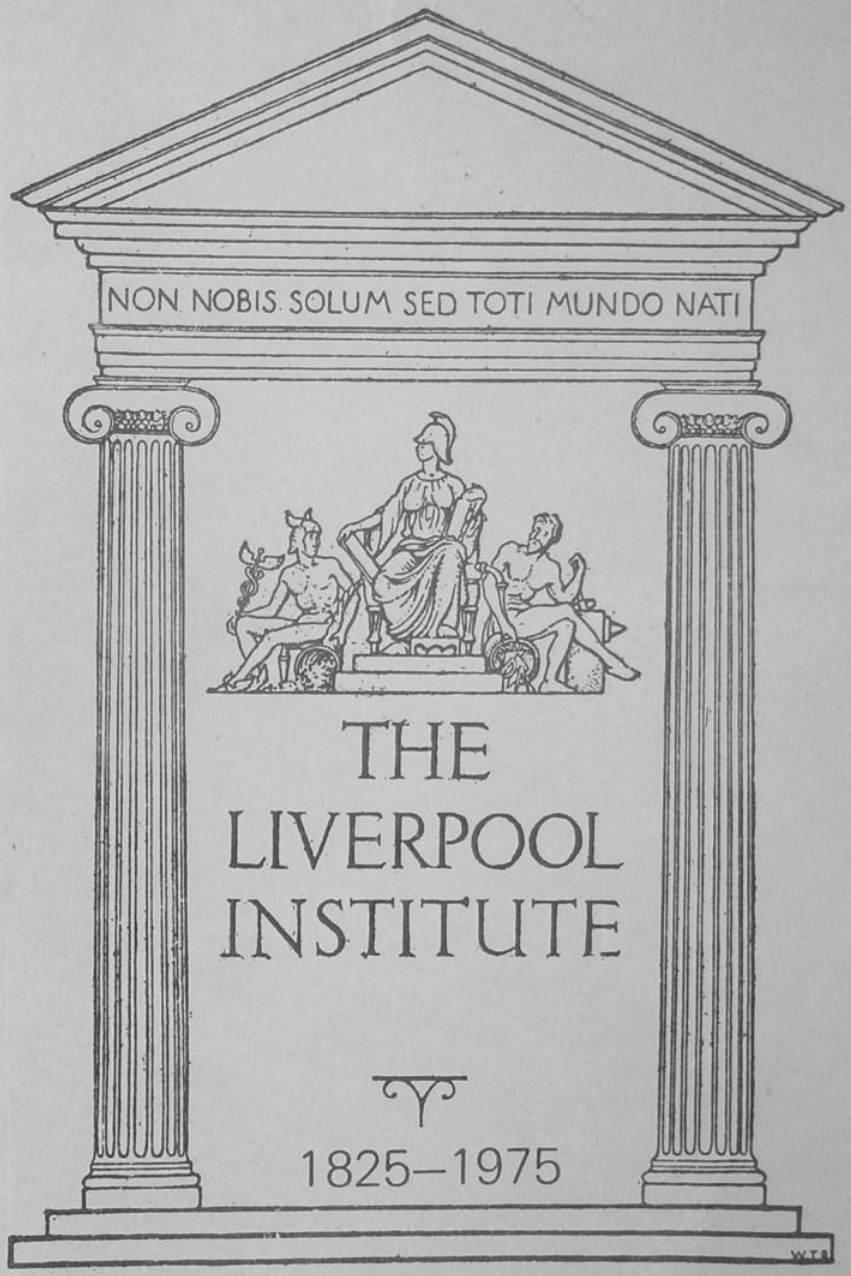
NON NOBIS SOLUM SED TOTI MUNDO NATI
THE
LIVERPOOL
INSTITUTE
1825–1975

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1825 - 1975

Non nobis solum sed toti mundo nati

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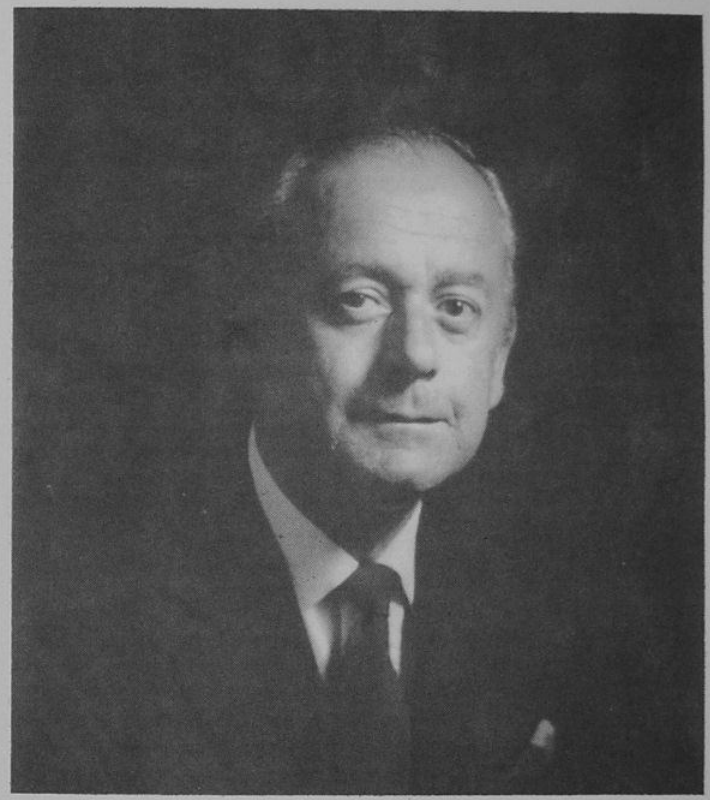

THE HEADMASTER

Mr J.G. ROGERS, M.A., B.Litt.

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THE HEADMASTER

Little did I think, when I joined the Staff of the Institute in January 1950, that twenty-six years later I should, as Headmaster, be writing these lines for the Anniversary Magazine. A colleague assured me during those first days, "This place will grow on you". It did. "J'y suis, j'y reste!" - an appropriate quotation because we have, for years now, been through a bloodless Verdun - a battle of attrition. The memories of the past twenty-six years come flooding back. Hilarious, but, of course, educational Easter expeditions to the continent with Walter Edge and hand-picked sixth-formers, School plays from "Henry V" to "She Stoops to Conquer", Staff matches in fair weather and foul, the Bach B. Minor Mass, and "Yeomen of the Guard", from which my lungs and limbs have never fully recovered.

During the past year we have had the pleasure of meeting hundreds of former pupils, so many of whom I had the honour and excitement to teach, at the Cathedral Service in September, at the Dinner in December, and at the School Play in February. All were happy and impressive occasions, illustrative of the fund of good will that exists for this School.

For those who called in to see us, little, it seems, has changed. The Iron Gates, The Honours Boards, the Hall, the Organ, the Library, the pre-Pasteur Chemistry Lab. - all still exist and give a comforting feeling of continuity. Our numbers may have fallen, the policemen may look younger, but as the Head Boy indicates in his contribution, the inimitable, [I almost wrote "indescribable"], "élan vital" of the Institute still survives.

In spite of our reduced numbers we sent twenty-six boys to universities last year, four of them to Cambridge, and although we mourn the loss of the great eccentrics, we have a Staff who, as J.R.E. once said to me, "want to do something big for the School." I should like to thank Mr A.V. Preece, the Vice-Principal, Mr J.E. Watson, the Deputy Vice-Principal, and indeed all members of Staff for their loyal support.

During this past year we were particularly saddened by the news of the death of D.G. Bentliff, of A. Thorpe, and of Miss Inkley whom many will remember with respect and affection.

Now, sadly, we face a new crisis in our history. The Institute has survived many transmogrifications and, we hope, will be able to survive yet more. Let us pray that those in whose hands our destiny lies will remember the contribution this School has made to the life of this City, this Country - indeed to the whole world.

"Non nobis solum sed toti mundo nati". That is our motto - and we have lived up to it.

Those who have contributed to this Magazine are members of a lifelong brotherhood. They have been absorbed into the wider world and acquired new loyalties and affiliations - but they are still Liobians. Whatever slings and arrows are hurled against us, we exist in history, and history is "a mere rattling of dead mens' bones unless we breathe into the past the life of our personal sympathies and judgements". This is what we have all tried to do in this Anniversary issue of the School Magazine. My warmest greetings to you all.

MR J.R. EDWARDS, M.A., – HEADMASTER 1935-1961

After 15 years of retirement it is not easy to decide which of my memories of the Institute is more worthy of record than another. Perhaps my most difficult time was in 1939 on the outbreak of war. The School was evacuated to Bangor, and the problems of finding homes for the boys and accommodation for teachers were great, but in the course of a few weeks we all settled down satisfactorily. When, however, there was no sign of bombing in Liverpool, many boys returned home and then there were two schools to look after - one in Bangor and one in Mount Street. The division of the Staff between the two was a complicated business.

When peace came and we were all re-united in Liverpool, Kenneth Boswell, my Head Boy, died in the summer of 1946 as the result of an accident whilst playing cricket at Mersey Road. He had already won his Scholarship to Oxford and shown himself in every way a young man of charm and ability. His name survives in the Kenneth Boswell Prize for Public Service.

I remember vividly May 21st, 1951 when the ceremony of the dedication of the War Memorial Tablets took place. There were 77 Old Boys who gave their lives - 47 being members of the School in my time. The Chairman of the Governors, Lawrence Holt, after speaking the words of the Epitaph and the Bidding, unveiled the Memorial, the Dean of Liverpool, F.W. Dwelly, offered the prayers and gave the Address, and I read the Lesson from the Apocrypha - a marvellous passage from II Esdras ii, v.v. 42-48.

On the 7th November 1952 "Johnny" Owen a former Vice-Principal, who will be remembered by only the oldest of Old Boys came back to School in celebration of his 100th birthday. I have a photograph of him on the platform in Hall with Lawrence Holt, another Governor Brian Heathcote, the Head Boy Ronald Oxburgh, and myself.

I could go on and on, but I must stop. Yet I cannot end without saying that throughout my 26 years as Headmaster I had the most efficient, loyal, and co-operative Staff any man could wish for. Whatever success the Institute may have had, whether academic or athletic or in the wider sphere of training for good citizenship, it must be credited to my colleagues, and among my colleagues I count George and Edwin Wass, Rathjen the school porter, and all those who satisfied us with good things in the Dining Room!

MALCOLM P. SMITH Headmaster 1961-65

As a newcomer to Liverpool, I was already aware of the prestige of the Institute. From the moment of my arrival the School made a very definite impact on me - with its sense of assurance and self-confidence, and a justifiable pride in its past record. Its national academic record was evident to all. I had, too, the feeling that this School was accustomed to do things with a certain style and panache - whether it was cricket matches at Mersey Road, Speech Day in the "Phil", meetings of the Governors - and of the MacAlister Society - in the imposing Board Room, the performance of major choral works and plays in the Hall that Dickens had known. The morale of the Staff, which included a notable element of Old Boys, was very high, and I quickly found myself forming a strong attachment to these splendid professionals, who were also most friendly and amusing colleagues. Many of them provided a long link with the past: Mr Hart, I recall, served the whole of his professional career at the School. The Liobians too, in Liverpool and London, as in Oxford and Cambridge, exhibited a strong devotion to the old School.

The "social mix" of the School was remarkable. Not playing second fiddle to any independent or direct grant school, the Institute offered its superb advantages both to the sons of Liverpool's 'top' people as well as to working class boys.

The school buildings were a comic mixture of imposing features and grimmer purlieus. During my four short years we were much pre-occupied with problems of their maintenance. The Vice-Principal achieved prodigies of organization to permit these while the School was in session: large-scale redecoration, complete re-wiring, the provision of smoke-stop doors, and complicated measures to fortify

dubious timbers, so that the Chemistry lab. would not crash down into the Hall below.

The "troubles' and traumas associated with Reorganisation hit the School hard. Considering its immense contribution to the City, it deserved a better fate at the hands of the City Fathers than it got. A very great school indeed. It was a great privilege to be entrusted with its leadership, even for a few years.

MR D. BOOTH, B.A., – HEADMASTER 1965-1972

Looking back over almost fifty years connection with the School, so many thoughts and so many memories pass through one's mind. One remembers so many individuals and so many incidents that it would be impossible to mention more than a few. One remembers most clearly of all those occasions and those periods when something outstanding, lasting or of real worth was achieved. Most of these memories are not connected with academic life or with academic achievement, though there were many rare personalities in this field, both boys and masters. Perhaps one dare mention the eleven scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge in 1960, nine of them in Mathematics.

Old Boys of my day still talk of the School camps at Seatoller and Troutal, inspired by the then Headmaster, Rev. H.H. Symonds, whose love of the Lake District and whose encouragement to young people to go and enjoy the countryside are still gratefully remembered. Did you know that many of the committee meetings concerned with the founding of the Youth Hostels Association on Merseyside were held in the Headmaster's study, leading to the opening of the first Youth Hostels at Easter 1931 in North Wales?

Then there were the harvest camps during the war: at Littlethorpe, when we sawed trees into pit-props; at Llanfairyngornwy, when Waterston, the School chef, cooked for three weeks for fifty on a trench-fire; at Prees, where the School football team played blood matches against local village teams.

The early fifties stand out for the many first-class football teams - one year seven members played in the Lancashire Grammar Schools team; and for the School plays which revealed so many talented and versatile actors.

Alas space does not permit me more. But my abiding memories are of the spirit of excellence, of comradeship and of service, which those who passed through the School regard as a unique educational experience. Long may it so continue!

Dr C. McGIBBON, M.D., – CHAIRMAN OF GOVERNORS

A School is composed of the Headmaster and his Staff. The buildings are but the rallying point. The Centenary Headmaster, the Rev. H.H. Symonds was fifty years ahead of his time. One of his first major moves was to open a School Camp at Seatoller. A city boy, whose feet were cognisant only of hard pavements, can never forget the first touch of springy turf, the mellifluent becks or the fearful rocks fit for a Mountain King.

In similar vein, Symonds took a leading part in the creation of the Merseyside Youth Hostels Association, later to become a national body. Every boy raised money by selling stamps. It was a useful lesson in voluntary work as well as encouraging the natural gait. The former stimulates character and the latter is more conducive to good health than any physic.

Nor was the mind to be neglected. A weekly session was spent in the Winter Term listening to the Head discussing the great paintings of the world, assisted by his lantern slides. The following winter it would be Greek or Roman Architecture. Little did the local boy realise what the future held for him, but he has looked back on Symonds with awe after wandering round the Baths of Caracalla or viewing a Botticelli in the painter's own city. Newspapers and periodicals were arranged on the Board Room table for lunch hour reading for the Sixth, whilst some had music in the Hall. Famous men came to talk, Tubby Clayton of Toc H the most outstanding.

One book was compulsory reading - The Clash of Colour. Symonds foresaw the present troubles between race and race. Forewarned, your Liobian has taken pleasure in sharing his professional knowledge with people of every clime, in full friendship and to their mutual advantage. Indeed he owes a great debt to the School which turned his dreams into reality. In like manner, he has faith that his dreams for the School will also come true. Plus change. The greater the change, the greater the Institute is likely to be.

ALEC TUNNINGTON, O.B.E., J.P.,

CHAIRMAN OF GOVERNORS 1966-1969

The main influence in the lives of most young people are their home and their school and I was fortunate in both.

The handing over of the Institute to the City in 1905 and the coming of a new headmaster brought many changes and much good. By the years of the First World War the Commercial School had gone and the High School had grown to over 800 from 180 in 1905, with a high standard of teaching. The Greenbank playing field with a rifle range and the new gymnasium had come, as had the new organ in the School Hall, and Burton Eills gifts to the modernised dining rooms had made the lunch break a happy occasion.

This was the setting when I went to the School in 1919 for a recall following an examination for a free place, and a timid youngster came face to face with H.V. Whitehouse. His love of music, his lectures on construction stresses and magic came later, as did the effect of his leadership on the excellent staff he controlled. One is very tempted here to commence a long series of reminiscences on the great characters who helped to mould our future, but space is limited and each of us took away our own reactions to be brought into perspective as a more mature mind later developed. Suffice to say we were fortunate young people and the system of six Houses which had come a few years earlier did much to make boys realise they were members of a larger society and that they owed duties accordingly.

Football, cricket and athletics were of a high standard, and endeavouring for inclusion in inter-school activities was a great incentive. The O.T.C. was very active and the annual camps at Mytchett, Strensal and Tidworth were enjoyable. Recalling this activity in the 1920's the great pleasure of seeing W.J. Hart at the recent celebration dinner and looking so well must be recorded.

A long association with the Old Boys Association and the Governing body has not altered my sense of gratitude.

STEPHEN MOORE – THE HEAD BOY

One hundred and fifty years have seen great changes in teaching methods and discipline at our School, and I am pleased to say that the atmosphere today is now more relaxed and the teacher-pupil relationship completely different. In this more informal atmosphere school teams and societies have flourished, and the adage "Work hard, play hard", has never been used so often as in the last few years at the Institute.

Institute football teams have had mixed results over the past year, but everybody in the School, staff and boys alike, were very pleased with the success of the under-twelve team, managed by Mr Williams and Mr Robinson, in their cup run which led to them winning the trophy. Great initiative was shown by Mr Cooke, who manages the under-thirteen team, in founding the "Football News", and this now covers all the junior Football teams. Thanks must be extended by all the footballing fraternity to all masters involved in organising and refereeing matches.

After a lapse of several years, rugby is now re-asserting its former position, with the establishment of teams in the lower forms. This augurs well for the future.

Now that the cricket season is with us, I am sure the Institute will continue the successes which it has enjoyed during past seasons. Several boys were invited last year to trials by Lancashire County Cricket Club, and I am confident this year will bring further honours. Warmest thanks must be extended to Mr Lea for his help.

At present there is also great interest in swimming since the University made their pool available to the School. A large number of boys were successful in gaining the Bronze Survival Award and many are now training for their Silver Survival Award. Again, the staff must be thanked for their help.

The original Mountaineering Club was formed in 1961 and in 1962 there was an expedition to Norway. The club was revived in 1971 and, since then, trips to Wales, Scotland, the Lake District and Iceland have been embarked upon. The Iceland Expedition was a great success, attracting attention from the "Young Explorers Trust" This year Mr Boyle is taking a group to the Dolomites in Italy, and this promises to be as enjoyable as previous trips.

The latest school club is the Golfing Society, run by Mr Robinson and Mr Newall. This society is still in its embryonic stage but meetings have taken place at Allerton Golf Course.

The Literary and Debating Society is, and always has been, one of the most popular societies in the School. Debates are held regularly with Blackburne House and Belvidere School. Topics such as "Women's Lib", and "Devolution" have been debated with great ardour.

As part of the anniversary celebrations, Liverpool Institute and Blackburne House Drama Societies presented Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer". This production was a great success and on the final evening the performance was attended by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, a reception being held afterwards. Warmest thanks and congratulations must be extended to all the cast and especially to Mr Kenny and Mrs Bates as producers, and to Mr Boyle and Mr Mills as business managers. From this brief outline it is clear that the School is at present as full of ideas, enterprise and enthusiasm as ever it was in the past. It is our sincere wish that our splendid traditions may be allowed to flourish in the future.

LORD MORRIS OF BORTH-Y-GEST, C.H., P.C., C.B.E., M.C., LL.D., LORD OF APPEAL

I went to the School in the year 1904. My father and several of my uncles had been at the School. As a boy my father's home had been in Wales: his father knew that the standing of the School was high and that good influences prevailed. I remained at the School until 1914.

Both the year 1904 and also the year 1914 were years which in a sense were landmarks for the School. The former year brought great benefit. That was for the reason that it marked the start of the work of a great Headmaster - Mr Henry Victor Whitehouse. But if the year 1904 brought the great gain of Mr Whitehouse's stewardship, the year 1914, on the other hand, brought loss and sorrow. At the end of July 1914 many of us from the School Officers Training Corps were at the Public Schools O.T.C. Camp on Salisbury Plain. The events of August 1914 came as a shattering blow. In the years that followed so very many splendid, buoyant and ardent young souls cheerfully and resolutely took up their country's cause. So many paid the supreme sacrifice. The School and theCity suffered grievous loss. I think now of so many of my friends and contemporaries to whom was denied the chance of showing that they could serve this country in times of peace as faithfully as they had done in times of war. Over the span of years with pride and respect I remember Paul O. Limrick, Ronald B. Wilson, Stanley T. Jones, to name but a few of a gallant company to be kept in remembrance.

I have no doubt that Mr Whitehouse should be remembered as having been a great Headmaster. He set high standards to be followed. He taught that there are some codes of conduct to which there should be inflexible adherence. But beyond all this he showed that the horizons of interest for any boy could be and should be wide. Every sensible activity had its value and also its fun. Life could be full. So it was. Morning prayers in Hall, morning assembly, good music, the school choir, notable concerts, the House system [which Mr Whitehouse introduced], all forms of sport, the school sports, the hobby show, scientific demonstrations and lectures, some opportunities for travel, the School Play. In so many ways Mr Whitehouse gave a lead and gave his enthusiasm.

But his inspiration would not have sufficed had the School not been served by such talented and dedicated teachers as Mr J.A. Owen, Mr Groom, Mr Eves, Mr Tiffen, Mr Hall, Mr Cox-head, Mr Hickinbotham, Mr Elliott, Mr Broome, Mr Ryan, Mr Wheeler, Mr Rice, Mr Ellis and others.

Let us now praise famous men,
Men of little showing,
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Greater than their knowing.

ARTHUR ASKEY

Arthur Askey [1911-1916] needs no introduction.

First of all, I would like to deny the rumour that I was the first pupil to be enrolled at the "Inny". I first mounted the steps in Mount Street in 1911 - with a certain amount of trepidation. [Note how the "mounts" are mounting up!]. I used to mount my bicycle in Aigburth Road - cycle up Belvedere Road and Admiral Street [I always went the "pretty way"] - past the foundations of the Cathedral, and so to the bike shed where I let down my tyres if I was late. ["Sorry, sir - I had a puncture"].

What happy days they were. I started in Form 2b [or not 2b - that is the question] and just about scrambled out of it by the time I left in 1916. All the old masters are dead by

now [perhaps I helped!] but they were all lovely fellows. Henry Victor Weisse was the Head - he later became Mr Whitehouse on account of his German origin - this was during the 1914 war, remember. He only walloped me once [I still have the scars which prevents me from appearing in the present-day nude shows!] and that was for copying Struan Simpson's homework on the morning train from St. Michaels. It was Algebra and the fool made his "a's" look like "d's" and Mr "Weary" Willis, the maths master, spotted what had happened.

Mr Owen was the Vice-Head - then there was "Bicky" [Mr Bickerstaff], "Rusty" Smith [a mad Irishman and History teacher], Dan Eaves, Pat Rice, "Magister Tiffen", "Biddy" Brierley [art - who looked on me as hopeless] - oh! and Miss Baker and Miss Williamson with whom I fell madly in love. To quote Maurice Chevalier, "I remember them well - and with great affection. Oh! - I forget "Taffy" Ellis who persuaded me to join the O.T.C. then wished he hadn't.

I pumped the organ, won the singing prize at the Hobby Show ["Shakespeare's Works" and "Tom Brown's School-days] - carved my initials A.A. on my desk at which Paul McCartney tells me he sat in later years - and courted a girl from Blackburne House. Spent all my weekly allowance [6d] in the Tuck Shop with Mrs Bill - her chester cakes were marvellous. When I was given 7d to have lunch at school, I spent 2d on a Chester cake and a bottle of "Full Swing" ginger beer, and pocketed the rest.

Instead of "paying attention", I used to stare out of the window at the building of the Cathedral. I sang the solo there at the Consecration of the Lady Chapel in 1911 - my first Command Performance. When I left in 1916 [I can still see the happy smiles on the faces of the masters] I tried to get into shipping, cotton [the slave trade had just about finished!], banks and insurance, but eventually finished up in the Education Offices - in the Tonsils and Adenoids Dept., In other words, I used to write certificates saying "If you will present your daughter Bridget at the Stanhope Street Clinic on Wednesday at 11 o'clock, her tonsils will be removed". And as everybody in Liverpool in those days suffered from Tonsils and Adenoids, I was kept very busy.

I occasionally see Edward Halliday, the artist - Maxwell Fry, the architect - and miss meeting the late James Laver. When we get together, we always talk of those happy days at the Inny.

May it flourish for another 150 years in spite of the present day Parliament!

BRIGADIER ROBBINS

Tom Robbins [1906-1908] had a distinguished career in both World Wars. He was awarded high military decorations by France, Belgium, the United States, and is a Freeman of the City of London.

Seventy years on! Memory focusses on Henry Victor Weisse and all he inspired at a time of great change, the two schools - Commercial and High - merging into one. Appointed to mastermind the transition that bearded man, with crippled left hand and a German name mispronounced by many, brought new visions, a rich new life to the old Institute.

Unforgettable events transformed for me our dingy assembly hall into a palace of rare delight. Rehearsals and performances of the small choir and the School's Choir under his baton, singing Acis and Galatea superbly. Sir Charles Santley, an Old Boy, singing Handelian arias to us on his seventieth birthday, receiving our gift from the hands of our blushing Head-boy, Freddy Roberts. Fanny Davis, quondam pupil of Schumann's widow - Clara - rehearsing the piano concerto before her Philharmonic Hall performance. Sir Donald Tovey, a foremost musical analyst of his time, revealing to us the nature and structure of a symphony. The School Plays; particularly one performance of Twelfth Night.

Again I recall that assembly hall one Empire Day, listening to our Headmaster's address. His text was, 'whose service is perfect freedom'. No jingoist or chauvinist he! Worthy of his Godfather - Victor Hugo - after whom he was named, Weisse rejected all political and clerical cant, making us aware we were citizens of no mean city with a liberal outlook upon the whole world. We could serve and yet be free.

Memories of participating in extra-mural activities abound. Swimming Galas, Form football and School Cricket matches, School Sports Days, all in their seasons. Route marches with

the School Cadet Corps to and from Chester Barracks and the sorely blistered feet! In Liverpool's Great Civic Pageant of 1907, we trudged round the arena, twenty-five of us, led by Mr Tiffen, all clad in the garb of Elizabethan grammar school boys and their dominie. Our costumes must have been authentic, they had such an ancient air.

On the cricket field one sunny afternoon in my final term, Freddy Roberts, our Captain, mumbling his congratulations as he placed the much prized Cap on my pate. Those are among my memories of the L.I.H.S. seventy years ago.

P.S. In 1925, I found Henry Victor [now] Whitehouse a saddened man. Unsympathetic authority denied his request to be allowed to postpone his retirement until after the Centenary Celebrations. The 'Flowers of His Forest' had been swept away by the War 1914-1918. Freddy Roberts - Classical scholar, Captain of Cricket and Head-boy - with all too many of our contemporaries amongst them.

MR A. COHEN

Albert Cohen [1918-1929] is a solicitor and a former President of the Liverpool Law Society.

Whom do I address when I talk about the Institute of the 20's.

Not my contemporaries, many of them having died. Not to todays school boys, to whom 10 years ago, let alone 50, is another age. Perhaps the staff have the clearer sense of continuity, as they see boys come and go, all different, all the same.

And the subject?

Not inanimate things: Greenbank Park, with its first class cricket square; the Gymnasium domain of Mr Stell, Olympic Gymnast of 1902; the hall and its organ on which Mr Baxter and Dr. Wallace performed while my eyes slowly closed; the covered yard and the Tuck Shop; no romance in these for today's boy.

I am left with the masters and mistresses of 50 years ago.

Records show that I joined the School in January 1918 at the age of 7 in the kindergarten, and left in 1929. At 3 guineas a term my education cost just over £100, and each of my four brothers cost the same. My parents paid for all our text books, and we rewarded them by concentrating on playing cricket and football.

If I had to describe the staff in one word, it would be "Eccentric". To a school boy every master is a bundle of foibles, normal only to an Old Boy.

And so I will write about the staff 1918 to 1929 as they flicker in my memory.

Mr Whitehouse the Headmaster, whose black beard terrified my mother on the only occasion in the 11 years that she enquired about my progress.

Mr Groome his Vice-Principal, well dressed; he could have been a gentleman farmer.

Mrs Kidwell, mistress of 1B, who did her basic training at Dotheboys Hall, and used to rap my knuckles with a heavy ruler for singing out of tune. Nowadays she would have a Writ slapped on her..

Miss Illingworth who married Bronco Hart, and who died a few years ago. We liked her. We also liked Lucy Williamson and her shapely legs, and Miss Wilson. Both these latter are still alive, and replied to my recent letters to them.

Memory begins to people those old classrooms. Biddy Brierley, a fine artist - did he really make us buy his paints at an enormous profit. Was Paul Duffy really a snuff addict? What was so funny about Weary Willis on a bicycle? Was Tich Ryan really 6' 7"? And there was Bill Bailey the Woodwork King, with his 18th century beard.

H.J. Tiffin who wrote a history of the school; all facts and figures, and not a single anecdote to bring a character to life.

Taffy Ellis the Headmaster's arranger of thrashings - a tyrant, yet my memory is one of affection.

Dan Eaves of the copperplate handwriting, Bogeye, G.L. Brown, a fine footballer and cricketer, despite his one eye. H.M. Brown and Ernie Hicks, both lovers of cricket, literature and supporters of the debating society; Slimy Reece, sportsman and O.T.C. enthusiast, and that most lovable of men - Sammy [Beaky] Brown, who held the fort at Mount Street in 1939 onwards

when the school was evacuated to Bangor. He created the great cricket tradition of the 20's. I recently spent a couple of hours with his widow, reminiscing.

And others float into view; Banty Bain and Piggy Elliott, who used to urge us to "Follow me down the Rhine", and who used to bowl under-hand in staff matches; and Doughty, remote, hence no nick-name, now over ninety and still vigorous.

Strange terms of affection, Banty, Beaky, Slimy, Weary and Piggy.

We remember their eccentricities; we allowed them no life, no being outside the school; they existed only for us. But they live as long as any Old Boy lives to remember them.

PROFESSOR E.W. HAWKINS

Eric Hawkins [1922-1933] was formerly Headmaster of Calday Grange Grammar School and is now Professor at the Language Teaching Centre of York University.

To a little boy of seven in 1922 the Institute amphitheatre, then less dingy than it became later, was an awe-inspiring place in which to assemble for the beginning of morning school. I have many memories of events in the Hall. In my first year Dr. Whitehouse was Head; a terrifying bearded figure gripping the bible on the lectern with the great claw of thumb and middle finger [the rest of the hand had been blown off, legend said, in a chemistry explosion when he was Dr. Weisse] ; or playing the organ, his claw covering two octaves, we told each other. After Groome's interregnum the great H.H. Symonds came in 1924. He would deliver a weekly short homily on behaviour, warning us he was going to start by a quick characteristic inspection of his fingers held stiffly at arms length.

I remember the Hall with pleasure for the weekly mass singing when the whole school gathered to learn the splendid songs from the National Song Book [we all had to buy our own copy - names on page 13 or report to 'Taffy' Ellis] while Dr. Wallace displayed his pyrotechnical facility as accompanist. Still later, there were the Monday afternoons when the whole 6th Form enjoyed Symonds' lantern-slide lectures on the history of architecture [from the pyramids to Liverpool Cathedral in three terms] with the history of painting next year and sculpture after that for those lucky enough to have a third year - [Symonds took a whole train load of us to see the great Burlington House exhibition of Italian Renaissance paintings] .

In the Hall, too, we had School and House plays [and once an entertainment by the staff, notably Doughty and Hicks, the Hobbies Show and Music Festivals [struggling with a Beethoven Sonata with the maths master and lovely pianist Baxter, silent, shy, fair, as judge] . There too, we rehearsed 'Merrie England' to celebrate the centenary [1925] in the old Philharmonic, since burnt down. We also rehearsed with less joy the Latin song [O Sodales Institutum] composed by Wallace, words by Symonds for the occasion. One event in the Hall I remember well was a rehearsal taken by the prefects on the morning of a 'shield' final at Goodison or Anfield, when the demigods [Tunnington was it, or Albert Cohen?] drilled us mere supporters in shouting the chant [there was a very effective line: "Ooh! Aah! There you are!" which sounded explosive shouted by 600 voices -or so memory says] .

The ladies in the prep school were devoted and kindly without ebbing soft, especially 'Ma' Kidwell, Miss Hudson, Miss Illingworth and Miss Makins. [Miss Makins taught us French for a year using only a phonetic script - as Henry Sweet and the great reformers had advocated in the pioneering era of the 1890's. Language reform was still alive in the Institute in the 20's. We may yet return to Miss Makins' sensible use of phonetics! Latin too, when we got to 3x, was taught by Groome by the direct method: "Salvete pueri: Quis vult scribere in tabula nigra hodie?" "Ego voleo magister", and when the bell rang "Abite a laeva" "Vale o magister etc.".

At the gateway to the upper school we had 'Jimmy Ledger' - a born form-master who made going to school each day something to look forward to. Later I came to realise how privileged my generation was to have H.H. Symonds as our Head - a truly great man whom Liverpool and the nation underestimated. The Youth Hostel movement and the Friends of the Lake District are his monuments, but he taught us much else. A schoolmaster with ideas before his time and a strength, courage and vision that I remember as providing a star to steer by. He made being in the 6th Form in his time a priceless education for those with eyes and ears.

In the 6th also I owed a great debt to my form master, Arthur Killingley, not simply for bringing French and Spanish to life but for taking me to Spain, in 1930 [the school help with travel was munificent] , for his many kindnesses and for his example as a fine man of integrity and dignity, combined

with a natural love of a joke, and modesty. His lessons, like those of "Prolly' Peters, a genuine historian, meant everything to a very puzzled 6th Former. It was a struggle for my father and mother to send by brothers and me to the Institute in the early 20's. I shall never cease to be grateful for the challenging standards the School set us and for the opportunities it offered not least for its generous 6th Form and University endowments and that fine library under H.M. Brown, which opened many doors that in the 30's were closed without the School's help.

S.R. BARTER, M.B.E., M.A., LL.B.

Roy Barter a former pupil [1938-1945] and now a Governor of the School, read Law at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and is now Her Majesty's Coroner for Liverpool.

It was a coincidence that the Headmaster's letter asking for some memories of my time at the School arrived as I was clearing out the old family home, because at the back of a drawer I came across the "Green Book" for 1938, the year I entered the School in Form 2B.

I suppose we tend to look back on the events of forty years ago through a haze of nostalgia. The memory filters out the boring and the monotonous and leaves us with the dreamy days of high summer. Reading the "Green Book" again helped to get things in perspective.

In 1938 the School had 724 boys in 32 Forms, with 39 members of staff. The Captain of the School [not, be it noted, the Head Boy] was J.W. Saunders, a member of the Classical Sixth. In that last year of peace, few would have guessed that in the next few years many of the boys, whose names are listed, would be dead.

It is difficult after all these years to be sure that some fondly remembered incident really happened. It may be a complete figment of my imagination, but I still have a mental picture of hundreds of boys standing silently in the lower yard and watching a German airship slowly flying down the line of docks, while we wondered if even then some spy was not carefully photographing the layout of the Port.

Form 2B lived in Room 26, under the kindly and gentle supervision of Miss Wilson. Although the four classes of the Junior School were the responsibility of Mistresses, we had to speak to them as though they were men. Was this some weird manifestation of 'uni-sex' some forty years before its time?

In the corner of Room 26 was a cupboard which was always kept carefully locked. No-one knew what was inside it. Some said a spiral staircase led down into the basement where Rathjen, the School Porter, had his lair; others that it led to a maze of secret passages along which the Headmaster would silently flit, pausing to look through hidden watch holes at the unsuspecting boys. One dinner hour another boy and I actually found the cupboard door ajar and decided to investigate. We found that the cupboard gave access to the organ pipes over the school platform. Mr Baxter was playing the organ quietly far below. Suddenly, the gentle flow of a Bach prelude was interrupted by a series of ear-splitting whines and screeches in the organ pipes. Bewildered and irritated, he went to investigate but by the the two small boys responsible were far away.

I can also vividly remember the day the School was evacuated to Bangor. I can still see the groups of silent boys standing on the station platform, each with an identity label tied around a jacket button. Most boys spent the first winter of the War in Bangor, but by Easter the drift back to Liverpool had begun and I think most boys had returned by the time the terrible air-raids of 1941 began. Fire-watching was a useful way of earning pocket-money.

Sometimes we slept in bunk beds in the old washroom in the basement, but occasionally we would sleep on the long leather sofas in the Masters' common room. This must have been quite late in the War because I can never remember hearing the air-raid siren, which I suppose is why we used to pass the time killing cockroaches in the school kitchen with the aid of gas jets.

My feelings for the Masters who taught me are predominantly affectionate, but I can never understand how some of them acquired their nicknames. 'Taffy' Ellis was simple enough to explain, because he was very much a Welshman and most boys were caned by him at some time or another in their school lives. Discipline was strict and if a 3rd former accumulated more than the six permitted Order Marks, nothing could save him from the silent queue outside Room 8 after prayers on Monday morning. But how did 'Bronco' and 'Slimey' 'Nicky' and 'Bumph' acquire their names? I do not know, but I am sure they were given in affection.

Throughout my years at the School, the building of the great Cathedral continued, and I can remember sitting curled up in one of the library windows wondering how long it would be before the half-built tower would reach completion.

If a man can look back on his school days with affection and goodwill, then the school cannot have been a bad one, For us it was the finest school, not only in the city, but for miles around. Boys from every background went there, whether from a comfortable professional home or a poor terraced house hit by the Depression. All that mattered was that a boy showed promise. If he did, he would be accepted and he would get as fine an education as at any school in the country. It was this attitude which inspired the Liverpool families who were the School's generous benefactors in the early years. The first 150 years of the School's life have left their mark on a great city. I only hope the School is allowed to play a similar part in the years to come. FLOREAT!

J.H. EEDLE, M.A., M.Phil., Ph.D., M.A.C.E.

James Eedle [1938-1947] won an Open Exhibition in Modern Languages at Downing College, Cambridge. After a career in the Colonial Service he joined the Commonwealth Secretariat. He is at present Director of Education, Northern Territory, Australia.

It's a sobering thought that I am now ten years older than the intimidating John Robert Edwards M.A. was when I joined the School in 1938. I feel that I shall never now mature to the combination of presence and power, or S.V. Brown's complementing blend of urbanity and wit. O tempora, o mores.

My grandmother, brother and a variety of cousins having been at the Institute and Blackburne House, I was encouraged to follow. My father's ambition was that I should not have to leave school at 14 and follow him into a factory, but he could not have afforded the £9 a term fees had I failed the scholarship. For nine years, apart from a few months evacuation with the school to Bangor on the outbreak of war, I trailed into Mount Street on the Norris Green tram, one of the minority of pupils from the north end of the city.

On my first day, in Room 43 under the eye of Bronco Hart - ["he's got a plate on his head covering a war wound!"] - I shared a desk with a plump lad Alan Durband, later to win fame as the organiser of a pupil insurance scheme which paid out benefits to any subscribing members punished by the masters. For 38 years now my life has been punctuated by Durb telling me I'm wrong: a genuine friendship.

There were so many good teachers. The Sixth Form seems in retrospect to be where life really began, under the wise encouragement of Arthur Killingley ["the Chief of the Maquis"], Mary Inkley, Tudor Jones, Dicky Moore, Bill Cretuey and Lester Dawson. In the final analysis, what I carry with me is less a memory of the buildings or even my fellow pupils, but the staff - idiosyncratic, individual and dedicated: S.V.B. at the Lit. and Deb., H.M. Brown and G.D. Roberts, Taffy Ellis, Jimmy Ledger, Piggy Elliott, Pop Doughty, ["he taught Arthur Askey"], Bertie Stell, Bum Folland, Biff Bowen, Archie Thorpe, Ken May, Fiery Frearson, Prolly Peters, Fruity Bartlett, Isobel Harkness, and, for a brief year, the auburn haze of Mary Morris... We called the women, "Sir", too, I recall..... how absurd in her case.....

PROFESSOR J.P. BARBER

After graduating from Pembroke College, Cambridge, Jim Barber [1943-1950] joined the Colonial Service. He is now Professor in the Faculty of Social Services at the Open University.

My first and last days at the Institute are linked together by memories of one man - Mr Doughty. I was late on my first day in 1943. I cannot remember why, but I do remember Mr Doughty treated me with the tolerance and good humour he always showed. He later succeeded S.V. Brown as Vice Master, and his retirement in 1950 coincided with my last day when I presented him with a bookcase on behalf of the School.

Recounting these incidents shows what a large part the Staff play in my memories. Of course there are other memories; memories of place - the long dark corridors, the friendly playing fields at Greenbank and the bleak ones at Mersey Road, the horseshoe shaped hall, the odd way in which the front entrance never did seem to belong to the rest of the school, and the Board Room where we had the Literary and Debating Society under the eagle eye of Charlie Moore. The 'Lit and Deb' on those dark winter evenings was the centre of our intellectual and oratorical life. I well remember the excitement and tension before and during the debates, and the joy which secretaries like Geoff Gallimore and Barry Lello took in poking fun at us all through their minutes. I also remember being delighted at becoming 'Lord High Poker in Chief'. Who could want a grander title or a more comfortable office?

There are also endless memories of my contemporaries - Bernie Benson Harry Magnay, Peter Smith, Neil Wilkie, Alan Williams and so on. The danger of naming a few is, of course, that the rest may be offended, but of my sporting contempories, I best remember Bert Childs, who could do everything with such ease, Dave McKay, who did everything with such furious energy, and Roy Dailey, who in the end ran just too fast for me. I spent a great deal of my school life playing games with such people. One year we managed to win the football Shield at Goodison Park. Our Opponents, SFX, were a much better side, but when they had exhausted themselves hitting our posts, the crossbar and Geoff Cooper our goalkeeper, we broke away. Frank Harvey centred hopefully from somewhere out on the right, but he either miscued it or the wind caught the ball, for it drifted into the top corner of the net. We'd won! Perhaps it was at that moment that Frank decided that God had been on his side from the beginning or that the age of miracles had returned, for he is now a senior churchman. For this I must, as must many generations of boys, thank George and Edwin Wass, both great gentlemen and great coaches. They have left me with an abiding passion for the game.

To bring all these memories together I come back to the Staff. The dominant, brooding figure in my time was 'the Beak' - 'Jack' Edwards. We all have memories of him. I still dream about him occasionally. My first personal meeting was again in my first term when I was sent with a message by 'Bronco' Hart, my form master. I decided to face up to this task like a man and so knocked boldly and loudly - too boldly and loudly as it turned out. The door shot open to reveal the fearsome figure of an irate headmaster. 'Who knocked on my door like that?' In mumbling an explanation I put my foot in it further. 'You've split an infinitive, boy!'. I had no idea what he was talking about. What was this new sin that had entered my life? Crushed, I hurried away but since then split infinitives have always jarred on me. It was one way to quickly learn.

In case I leave an impression that all my memories were of the first few weeks, I should explain that the longer I stayed the more I enjoyed school. I came, for instance, to appreciate Mr Edwards' contribution to its development. As for form masters, I was fortunate enough after leaving 'Bronco' Hart to pass through the hands of such lively and distinctive characters as Sammy Wormold, who stood unsuccessfully for one of the University seats in Parliament during my year in his form, Algy Young and Nicky Naylor [whose dry humour lives on, I was delighted to discover at the Liobian dinner].

I especially enjoyed the intellectual challenge of the sixth form. As well as the 'Lit and Deb' there was the stimulus of being taught English by Godfrey Cretnay [?] and John Webster, and the dedication of Nobby Nolan in teaching History. Mr Nolan left in my last year, to die tragically shortly afterwards. He was replaced by a kindly, tolerant young Welshman with a good sense of humour. The new man was called Rogers. Ah, but that's the story of another generation.

S.G. NORRIS

Sydney Norris [1948-1956] won a scholarship in Classics at University College, Oxford. After a distinguished career there he spent a year at the Cambridge Institute of Criminology. He is now in the Home Office.

Entering the Liverpool Institute one acquired a past. It was evident in the name, the date of foundation, the honours boards, the hall where Dickens had lectured, the houses bearing the names of famous Liverpool men and benefactors. Not much, perhaps, compared with what many a public school could boast, but impressive enough for those whose sense of personal connection with the past was very limited. Besides, the apartheid of the English school system meant that our horizons of comparison did not extend beyond the other Liverpool grammar schools. Resting on our antiquity, we were confident of superiority of the Institute's academic standards and achievements, drawing some support from statistics of Oxford and Cambridge awards and university entrance.

I fear that the emphasis on sixth form and university may have produced a sense of rejection in some who did not expect to stay beyond fifteen or sixteen, and so may have led to under-achievement. For many, however, the general atmosphere and quality of teaching encouraged the pursuit of excellence and raised the level of achievement to which they dared to aspire. A parent who can say this of his local secondary school has much to be thankful for.

The character of a school has much to do with the personality, commitment and competence of the Headmaster. It takes a majestic and dominant presence to enforce a sense of order and overt respect for authority in a school of a thousand boys, unaided by any realistic sanction of exclusion, and knowing that punishments are more effective, the less often they are used. What lessons one could learn from observing the Jack. Even this epithet betokened awe, less a nickname than the title of an office whose holder is seldom mentioned by name. His expression was one of incipient disapproval, sharpening to a thunderous scowl when the occasion demanded. He had a fine sense of timing, appearing disconcertingly when least expected and least welcome, approaching as if preoccupied with other

matters, at a pace which enabled news of his proximity to run ahead, spreading dread and discipline. Occasionally, through the mask, the humour and humanity and detachment of the actor behind it.

I hope it will not displease him that among his many qualities we attach importance to his ability to maintain the orderly structure in which others could do their work well. The Liverpool Institute was fortunate to find such a man, with such dedication and commitment that he chose to make the School's life and success the measure of his own.

JOHN McCABE

John McCabe [1950-1957] is a concert pianist and composer of international renown.

During my years at the Institute, I was lucky enough to live opposite the School - though my luck encouraged me to be very late getting up in the mornings. Indeed, at one stage I used to arise when I heard the school bell go, and so rapid was my progress from sleep to school that on one occasion I arrived at the Institute still wearing my slippers. Personally, I thought this an excellent addition to school uniform, but the authorities thought otherwise. To this day, I have difficulty waking in the mornings, and I attribute this entirely to this early training [with, of course, no blame attached to any innate laziness I may have].

I am always surprised when people say they hated their schooldays. Naturally there were times when I disliked school [usually when I was caught out in some misdemeanour], but in general I thoroughly enjoyed myself. There was a very happy social atmosphere in the Institute and a multitude of activities to take part in. I had great ambitions on the cricket field, though I never rose higher than batting last for my form 2nd XI, but I did have one moment of glory when our other remaining batsman and I held off the opposing bowlers for 15 minutes and drew the match, scoring three runs in that time. My one run [the only one I ever scored in form cricket] came off a dropped catch at square leg. But I never really had much chance, as I was very tiny, was always given a bat that came up to my shoulders, and always seemed to come in to bat at the bottom of a steep hill with a fast bowler tearing downhill to let fly at me.

I also took part to a small extent in amateur dramatics [my shouts of "The will! The will! We will see the will!" as 4th Crowd in "Julius Caesar" deserved, I felt, greater recognition], and on one occasion combined this hitherto little-known aspect of my public career with my musical concerns, for during the Hobbies Show, one year, I played the piano music in an interval, dressed as a vicar, proceeding then on to the stage to take this role in my house play. It was unfortunate that I was wearing a pair of squeaky shoes for the play, since whenever I took a step in any direction this drowned the dialogue.

However, it was in music [which was in any case always destined to be my profession] that I took the most persistent part in school life. Much in the Institute's musical history is due to the encouragement during that decade of Mr L.A. Naylor, the chemistry master, who inveigled both pupils and staff to take part in our biennial concerts [which always had interesting programmes and attracted large and gratifyingly enthusiastic audiences], and ran the flourishing Music Club as well as a chamber ensemble which met frequently at his home. Indeed, the Institute during my years contained a remarkably large number of students who have since gone on to become successful classical musicians. Thanks to Mr Naylor's encouragement [perhaps coercion would be a better word], I became for a time the Principal [and only] Cello in the school orchestra and the chamber ensemble, and towards the end of my years in the School I wrote some compositions for the concerts as well as the incidental music for the production of the "The Rivals" that took place in 1958, the year after I left.

There are many funny incidents to look back on with affection, and a remarkable and rewarding variety of school activities. One's regret at some friendships that have not lasted through the years is tempered by those which have continued from these early days. For giving me what in retrospect seems to have been a long and varied holiday, interspersed with bouts of work, I shall always be grateful to the Institute.

Mr P. SISSONS M.A.

Peter Sissons [1953-1961] read Politics, Philosophy and Economics at University College, Oxford. In 1964 he joined Independent Television News where he is now Industrial Editor.

I have the fondest and most vivid memories of my eight years at the Liverpool Institute. [Do people still do four years in the sixth form reading classics?].

I remember well the day I sat the eleven-plus in 1953, with an extremely kind man called Frank Boote invigilating, and putting my tender nerves at rest. I stretched his kindness a bit when he was my form master in 4A, and learned to fear his deadly aim with the board-

duster.

It was a natural progression when I went to the Institute from Dovedale Road School. Both my elder brothers, Clifford and John, had been at the Institute before me - and both had studied Latin, Greek and Ancient History.

I suppose I owe most to the Staff at the Institute, who were always such enormous characters, and saw the development of a boy's character as being just as important as his academic potential. Looking back at my successive form masters I can see just how fortunate I was. Mr Moy, Mr Boote, Mr A.J. Smith, Mr Tudor Jones, Mr Bentliff, Mr Rowell. And form masters apart, the other members of the staff whom I learned to rely on - Mr Durband, Mr Bill Jones, Mr Nelson, Mr Schofield, Mr Preece, Mr Dewhurst, to name just a few.

And then there was that formidable headmaster, Mr J.R. Edwards, whose leaving of the Institute co-incided with my own. When he went it undoubtedly was an end of an era, and I was fortunate enough to be his Head Boy in his last year.

Jack Edwards was a headmaster whose distinctive tread in the corridor could instil fear into a wrongdoer. He set enormously high standards for staff and boys alike, and I was mortified when he once wrote on my report: "This is the worst report in the classical sixth."

It took me days to pluck up the courage to show it to my mother. But deep down he had a softer side. When he left, the prefects presented him with a silver cigarette box inscribed: "With respect and affection." I think that just about got it right.

He also had a favourite saying, which he generally applied to Greek translation, but which I've found to be invaluable as a journalist: Never give up what you **do** know for what you don't know. I commend it to future generations, whatever their ambitions.

I could go on for ages, about the whole Beatle bit, and how, when I was a prefect, I used to bash George Harrison over the head with a rolled up newspaper. The singing at Speech Day, the famous Hobby Shows, the School Plays, the Lit. and Deb., the multitude of other Societies, the organ playing of gifted staff and pupils.

To a great heritage, and a great school - Liverpool Institute, I salute you and wish you well.

Mr J.E. WAINWRIGHT, M.A., B.Litt.

John Wainwright [1955-1962] read Modern Languages at Exeter College, Oxford, where he was awarded an Exhibition. He is now Librarian at the Taylorian Institution, Oxford.

I consider it my singular good fortune to have attended the Institute during the period of perhaps the greatest scholarly achievement, when each succeeding year seemed to set a new record for university places and Oxbridge awards gained by the School. There was about the place an atmosphere of purposefulness and exhilaration, fostered by a most filicitous team of masters. Stimulating teachers like Messrs. Rogers, Sweeney, Brierley, Durband, and Bentliff were able to use their outstanding academic and pedagogic abilities to infuse their pupils with their own love of their subjects, as well as to pass examinations.

The work-rate demanded was high and the standards exacting, but the classroom was rarely a tedious place, enlivened as it was by the intellect, humour and eccentricities of masters and pupils alike. One remembers with affection 'Biff' Bowen's apocryphal anecdotes, Charlie Moore's gloriously excruciating puns, Arthur Evans' subtle irony, Jack Sweeney's far-fetched analogies and extravagant hyperbole, and Les Morgan's casual references to his footballing contacts in high places.

Certain images remain imprinted on the memory: Headmaster Edwards' stately entrance into morning assembly, followed by an imperious doffing of mortarboard as he announced the hymn number, a moment of high dignity with which to start the day; the ceremony of Speech Nights at the Philharmonic Hall.

Lunch-times are associated in the memory with fives and 'Percy' Rowell whose matches were punctuated by his inimitably sibilant "Shot!" while another post-prandial pursuit was clandestine shoveha'penny, highly organised in elaborate leagues; indeed, aficionados still remember the 1960 "World Cup". A few cognoscents would slip out to the Cavern Club to return enthusing over the avant-garde pop music being produced there by groups like the Beatles, the Pacemakers and the Remo Four, of which past and present pupils of the School were prominent members, providing further evidence of the vitality and diversity of talents characterising the School at that time, and earning it respect in spheres far removed from the groves of Academic.

At a time when the grammar schools are under heavy siege, it is rewarding to be able to reminisce on how many of their best features are embodied in the Institute. I shall always be grateful for the

academic opportunities it offered and for the store of happy memories which my seven years there have left me. The School has all my good wishes for its future.

W. KENWRIGHT

We are grateful to the Liverpool Daily Post for permission to publish this interview which Bill Kenwright [1957-1964] gave to one of their reporters.

Bill Kenwright, Liverpool Institute boy, actor who has spanned stages from Royal Shakespeare Company to Gordon Clegg in Coronation Street, impresario who has made, lost and remade fortunes with stage shows around the world, sits grinning in his office high above London's Strand. Did he remember his old school? "Yes". Did he like it? "Yes". Did it model him for his future career? "Not really". Was it some great academic launching pad? "Not for me".

What was it? "You either wanted to be an Institute boy, or you wanted to go to Quarry Bank. I always wanted it to be the Institute. It had an aura about it.

Bill, now 30, was an Institute boy for seven years from 1957.

Looking back, he says he can recall almost every day. For a start he was terrified of the headmaster.

"He was an imposing figure. In a way he was good. If you've got a thousand kids it could turn into a blackboard jungle. For about a year there were really heavy gang fights in the playground, so it needed a rock there.

The standard of teaching was fantastic, especially in the sixth form The teachers broke down the barrier and would sit on the desks and talk to you man to man. We'd get time off to study. And the marvellous thing about it was all the societies—dramatic society, debating society, everything you wanted was there.

"In my first six months I was terrified. I wanted to leave. It was a big black doomy building, and I trembled when I walked in. It wasn't well maintained and some of the desks were like out of Dickens.

"I can remember sneaking in in the morning and there was this woman in the kitchens and she'd scream out: "You're late again love" and I'd hide".

"Paul McCartney lived up the road from us and we used to go in on the bus together. Now when we meet we always chat about school. We loved it. To the boys who were there-even the ones who didn't do well-the Institute has this incredible family feel about it.

"At the time I was there, Peter Sissons, of News at Ten was there, the McCartney's were there, Harrison was there. I think it was the School that started the beat boom in Liverpool. It's a part of Liverpool's history. "The Institute seemed to build a type of person-perhaps not brilliant, but important. They gave you freedom. They didn't knuckle you under. They encouraged you to think and branch out a bit."

"It wasn't a posh school like Quarry Bank. We came from all over the city. We had toughies, yobs, the clever ones. I think it was this mix that mattered. And there was a great loyalty to the school."

Would he send anyone else there? Kenwright bursts out laughing. "I'd go back myself. I'd really take advantage of it all, I'd love to see it again. Go up and see where I carved my initials next to McCartney and Arthur Askey. It must have been love in that school. Great Memories."

R.P. MARTINEAU, M.A.

Patrick Martineau [1958-1961], Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, is now a Fellow of that College and a University Lecturer in Mathematics. His contribution takes the form of a letter addressed to the Headmaster.

When your letter arrived yesterday asking whether I would write something in connection with the Institute's 150th anniversary, I felt immediately that some enormous mistake had been made. 150 years? - the whole thing, I thought, was just not possible. I can remember my first day at the school as if it were yesterday - well, almost. Those iron bars, the stern faces, that flaking paint and the accumulated smell of carrots and stringy beef which somehow embedded itself into the very fabric of the building can never be forgotten. One hundred and fifty years, my eye: the place was five hundred years old when I first got there!

My suspicion when I read that you would like a few words on impressions and reminiscences of the sentence I served [seven years, allowing for remission for good behaviour], was that you wanted stories of the diving bell in the lower yard during 'hobbies week', or the full inside story of what happneed when Bill Jones dropped the liquid oxygen, or even perhaps a learned treatise on how to put the

stage together. You won't get these. I retain few memories of the School, and few mementoes. Those I keep are, I freely admit, of narrow interest, and centre around the then Headmaster [who left at the same time as me], and my contemporaries and mathematics teachers from the sixth form. At that time it was not frowned upon to take an interest in an academic subject and my most vivid memory of the Institute is of the immense note of pride in Mr Edwards' voice when announcing university entrants, and in particular scholarships at Oxford.

Of course, feeding a further stage of education is not the prime job of a school, and I suppose being a mathematics Don at Oxford makes my vision that much more narrow. I have of course my happy memories in the wider sphere - like a visit to the dentist after which all that remains is the image of a receptionist who could make the centre pages of Playboy, with the drilling forgotten. Memories of dodging that other Mr Edwards' accurately flung chalk in Geography lessons, of covering up for Paul McCartney during his visits to Hamburg, of persuading Old Boy Arthur Askey to write a piece for the Magazine [delightfully headed 'No. 10 Downing Street - side entrance']. Memories, too, of the kindness and tact of many masters - of the Headmaster joining in the laughter of us students of O-level Greek [are there any now?] at the translation of some poetry - Agamemnon returning home after a sea-battle, his ship full of gaping chinks. Of you, sir, when a humble [?] history teacher, playing pontoon with us on the train back from a school party trip to Strasbourg, for those featherweight aluminium French francs, and of a myriad other things.

But most of all, I think, the best memories are of an atmosphere. An atmosphere which gave all of us, whatever our predilections, a sense of purpose. A desire to go on to achieve something, - for myself a career in academic mathematics, for others, other goals. This above all is what one should remember of the best earlier times, and I am proud and happy to say that that is what I shall most treasure from my time at the Institute.

S. PIMENTIL

Stephen Pimentil [1964-1971] is at present reading Law at Christ's College, Cambridge.

It was the physical size of the building and of its inhabitants which first impressed me when I reached the Institute. It was massive, black and old. Its people were long trousers and black blazers. Some of them were as big as men and sported strange cloaks or gowns. Its teachers were more familiar. I had seen teachers before, even if they were called masters in this new establishment, just as classes were transmuted into forms. But homework was a new experience, and not one enjoyed.

So I became part of the Institute even as it became part of me. By the time I reached the second form I could not imagine myself elsewhere. The second year was a vast improvement on the first because we were no longer at the bottom of the pile. As the year above had bullied us, even so did we maltreat the year below. Some customs never change.

As the years passed I grew taller, while each year's new intake tended increasingly to resemble a gang of dwarfs. At the end of five years I crossed the bar into the sixth-form. Here the atmosphere was more rarefied. Of the one hundred and fifty who had begun their career at the Institute with me only fifty survived. Many familiar faces went out of my life, although my closest friends remained. The lower sixth was a good year - no external examinations to worry about, no responsibilities, and plenty of free time.

In the upper sixth we had arrived at the top of the pyramid. I became Head Boy. I was no longer growing taller but was aging fast. With 'A' levels over I felt ready to leave.

What are my feelings about the School now? Sentimental, I suppose. Seven years generate many happy memories. Will I ever forget, for instance, the occasion when, exasperated by a restive schoolboy audience, the master uttered those timeless words, "Every time I open my mouth some fool speaks!"? Surely not. Schoolboy memories will never fail to endure and to delight throughout one's subsequent career.