

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

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FEBRUARY, 1961

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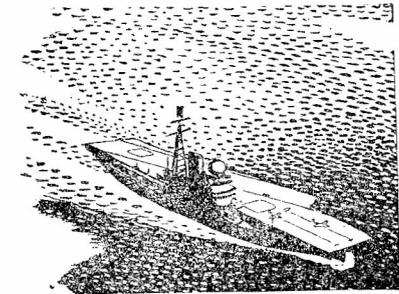
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VOL. LXIX.

FEBRUARY, 1961

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EDITORIAL

Critics of the School Magazine have complained to the Editors that our attempts to cover every aspect of the School activities are too exhaustive. What the public wants, they claim, is a reduction in the number of Society Notes and an increase in the amount of space given to articles of more general interest. Obviously, only a minority reads every Society Note, but when they are added to the large number who take an interest in two or three, it becomes apparent that a sizeable minority reads every specialised article, and, unlike the popular press, we can afford the luxury of catering for this sizeable minority, for this is a *School* magazine. In short, we do not agree that our proportions are disproportionate.

In seeking to present a realistic and balanced view of School life, we try to attain a compromise between boring details and vague generalisations—a task made more difficult by having to comply, not only with the interests of the present pupils, but also the demands of the Old Boys, whose keen interest in the School is always maintained. Unfortunately, no Old Boy can understand the allusions and personalities in general articles, such as *The Prefects' Letter*. Thus, trying to please two audiences with different interests, what can the Editors do but confine themselves to an unprejudiced and straightforward account of School life?

A more satisfactory account than a nicely judged mixture of fact and fancy could have been published, if out of a School roll of over one thousand, more than thirty-five boys had been willing to contribute. This term, however, a prize has been established to spur original contributors to greater efforts, and if this incentive works, it will be possible to produce a real School Magazine at last.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

It was with regret that, on returning to School in September, we heard of the illness of the Headmaster. We were delighted, however, to welcome him back later in the term, and we wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

In September we welcomed the following new members of the staff: Mr. R. K. Davies, B.Sc. (St. Andrews), Mr. B. H. Dobson, B.A. (Oxford), Mr. R. H. Gavin, B.A. (Bangor), Mr. D. T. Jack, B.A. (Oxford), Mr. J. M. Jackson, B.A. (Cambridge), Mr. B. Juxon, B.Sc. (Southampton), Mr. C. A. Scott, B.Sc. (Liverpool), and Sr. Cadenas (Madrid), who will be with us until July.

We were sorry to lose Mr. J. D. Long, at Christmas, but wish him every happiness and success in his new post.

On Wednesday, 28th September, members of the Fourths and Lower Fifths attended a concert given in the School Hall by a section of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Trevor Harvey. Members of Blackburne House and Grove Street Schools were also present. The programme included music by Rossini, Haydn, Bartok and Wolf Ferrari.

On Thursday, 14th July, a party of Sixth Formers attended an all-day conference entitled *France Today*, at the University.

Shortly before the end of the Summer Term, the Madrigal Group gave a recital to members of the School and special guests, in the School Hall.

D. Evans conducted the Group, which sang songs by Gibbons, Bennet, Morley and others. On 1st October, the Head Boy and five other prefects attended by special invitation, the Blackburne House Prize Giving. The Address was delivered by Professor W. D. Williams, M.A., D.Phil.

On Wednesday, 9th November, a party of Sixth Formers was given a valuable opportunity of seeing a performance by French actors, of Molière's *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, and Tristan Bernard's one act vaudeville, *L'Anglaise tel qu'on le parle*, given at the David Lewis Theatre by *La Troupe Française*. On the following evening a party from the Upper Sixth saw a production of Racine's *Britannicus*.

Speech Day was held on Wednesday, 14th December, in the Philharmonic Hall, when the prizes were distributed by Mr. James Laver, C.B.E.

N. W. McNaughton (LSB) has been awarded the Junior Prize for the best original work submitted to the Editors. The Senior Prize was given to R. Othen (6AM2).

J. S. Bradbrook (USSc) won a Crossword Prize in the Spanish school magazine *Hoy Dia*.

On 11th February, 1961, the Choral Society will present G. F. Handel's *Israel in Egypt*—a musical image depicting the trials and tribulations of the Israelites under the rule of the Egyptians.

The School Athletic Sports meeting will be held on Saturday, 27th May, at Mersey Road.

We congratulate the following on their academic achievements:—

- A. J. Burgess, an Open Scholarship in Mathematics at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
- G. R. Mordaunt, an Open Scholarship in Mathematics at Oriel College, Oxford.
- J. G. Smith, an Open Exhibition in Mathematics at Jesus College, Oxford.
- P. D. Smith, an Open Exhibition in Mathematics at Balliol College, Oxford.
- P. C. Alper, an Open Exhibition in Natural Sciences at Selwyn College, Cambridge.

SERVICE OF LESSONS AND CAROLS

On Thursday 22nd December, the last day of term, the following Service of Lessons and Carols was held in the School Hall:—

<i>Once in Royal David's City</i>	The School
First Lesson: Isaiah 9: 2, 6, 7.	<i>A Fourth Former</i> —J. G. Jones (4B)
<i>A Spotless Rose</i>	The Choir
Second Lesson: St. Luke 2: 1-7.	<i>A Fifth Former</i> —R. J. Kendall (USB)
<i>Hark the Herald Angels Sing</i>	The School
Third Lesson: St. Luke 2: 8-20.	<i>The Head Boy</i> —P. G. Sissons (6A)
<i>Three Kings from Persian Lands Afar</i>	The Choir
Fourth Lesson: St. Matthew 2: 1-15.	<i>A Master</i> —Mr. J. E. Watson
<i>Jesu, of a Maid Thou Would'st be Born</i>	The Choir
Fifth Lesson: St. John 1: 1-14.	<i>The Headmaster</i>
<i>Div'g Dong Merrily on High</i>	The Choir
<i>Adeste Fidelis</i>	The School

THE BENEDICTION

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held on Wednesday, 14th December, 1960, in the Philharmonic Hall, when the prizes were distributed by James Laver, Esq., C.B.E. After the Latin address of welcome delivered by P. G. Sissons, the Head Boy of the School, the Headmaster presented his report.

He began by welcoming Mr. Laver, and stressed his pride in having so distinguished an Old Boy as the chief speaker. The Headmaster continued by emphasising the fact that employers always look for quality in a prospective employee and that the School did all it could to promote, not only academic knowledge, but also integrity and a sense of purpose. A great deal however, depended on the boy himself; examinations themselves were a test of perseverance and dependability.

The Headmaster referred to the Report of H. M. Inspectors, which recorded that the boys had created a good impression by their intellectual capacity, their readiness to work hard and their pride in the reputation and tradition of the School. The Report went on to say that the members of the Staff approached their work conscientiously and with devotion.

The Choir now gave a delightful rendering of "Come Again," by John Dowling, and "Calm and Tranquil," by J. S. Bach.

Professor R. A. Morton, the Chairman of the Governors, then expressed his gratitude for the services of Mr. Lawrence Holt, a predecessor of his in the chair, whom he welcomed to the platform. In reference to the Headmaster's forthcoming retirement, he gave a brief account of the history of the School, linking it with the Headmaster's career. He observed that Mr. Edwards had been Headmaster for 25 years; that was, for a period longer than any other of his thirteen predecessors. After a sincere tribute to the Headmaster and his career, Professor Morton said that it was about time the Headmaster received a prize after having attended 25 Prize-givings, and that he wished to present him with a few books as a token of the Governors' appreciation and regard.

The Choir then sang "The Silver Swan," by Orlando Gibbons, and "Joshua Fought the Battle of Jericho," arranged by H. S. Robertson.

After presenting the prizes, Mr. Laver delivered his address. He began in humorous vein, reminiscing about his schooldays at the Institute and acknowledging his debt to the School. More seriously, however, he confessed that he was not happy with the state of the world today: the mental climate had changed and encouraged an attitude which he termed the "Alibi Disease." This was in effect a cult of excuses, a philosophy, the main principle of which might be expressed: If the world itself is absurd, why should I try to behave, be decent, or rational? He objected in particular, to Beatniks because they made no worthwhile contribution to society. Willingness and a fighting attitude were absolutely necessary for living a useful life.

Mr. Laver said he was delighted to hear that so many parents thought it important to make sacrifices in order to keep their sons at School in the Sixth Form. He recognised parenthood as a wonderful experience, for in children God had given us another chance; in them lay the hope of the world.

The Vote of Thanks was proposed by Mr. A. Tunnington, one of the governors and an Old Boy of the School, and was seconded by Mr. H. S. Magnay, M.A., the Director of Education for Liverpool. The whole school then sang "The Toreador's Song" from Bizet's *Carmen* and another remarkable Speech Day ended with the School Hymn, "Lo! the Sound of Youthful Voices." K.D. and P.D.M.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

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

The Alsopian, Blackburne House Magazine, The Caldeian, Calder High School Magazine, Cestria, The Childwall Valley High School Magazine, The Crosbeian, Esmeduna, Essemay, The Hillfoot, The Holt School Magazine, Pincerna, Queen Mary High School Magazine, Ruym, The University High School Magazine (Los Angeles), The Wallaseyan.

EXHIBITION OF WORK AND HOBBIES

We are hoping to hold yet another Hobby Show on Friday and Saturday, March 17th and 18th, 1961, but we shall need a great deal of help from a very large number of boys if it is to be a success. To the Thirds and Fourths it will be something new to see their older counterparts in new roles—as actors, scientific demonstrators, musicians, and even backstage lighting engineers—while from the Juniors themselves we expect exhibits and assistance in every field. There are models to be made, maps to be drawn, photographs to be taken, and stamps to be arranged—and a very high standard is required! Others may prefer to demonstrate their skill in the gymnasium, in handicrafts and art, or even in running a model railway, but there is ample opportunity for everyone to show his ability or skill in one way or another. Every boy should be able to do something to assist his House, and it cannot be too strongly emphasised that success can only be achieved by the co-operation and combined effort of every member of each House.

A.V.P.

CRICKET 1st IX—1960.

The weather was very kind this year and there were few delays or cancellations. Only three matches were lost in a good season which opened well, when Chambers (54) and Donaldson (61) hit an unbroken 120 for the first wicket against a Wallasey total of 120, but the extra run was not made and a draw resulted.

The next three matches with Sefton, Liverpool, and Liobians, were drawn. There were hopes of beating Merchant Taylors', but these were quickly dispelled, when they scored 197-2 in two hours. The School could only reply with 117 all out, including an unbeaten 65 by Chambers.

Liverpool won their second game by three runs in an exciting match in which Ferguson took 7 wickets for 24 runs, and Oldershaw forced a draw after the School had scored 160-3, Barron scoring 80.

The remaining games were won, except the one against Manchester, who were 35-4 at one stage. An easy win looked possible but they rallied and finished with 148 all out. The School's prospects looked bright at 85-2, but the middle batting, which all too often collapsed during the season, did so again, and the School were all out for 124.

Cowley were defeated by four wickets, Newton taking 9 for 16. Holt and St. Mary's were easily defeated and King's School, Chester lost by 29 runs after a fine innings of 61 in 34 minutes, by Donaldson. Birkenhead, De La Salle, Liobians and Calday were also defeated. In the final game against Collegiate, the School were 45 for 5 and disaster loomed. Then Radcliffe and Archer came together, and the score was 94 when the next wicket fell. The tail was quite successful, as it had been several times before, and the season ended on a triumphant note.

The success of the team was due mainly to the batting of Barron, Chambers, and Donaldson, and to the bowling of Ferguson and Newton. There was an all round improvement in the standard of fielding, and this was another reason for the success. Only two regular players, Byrne and Barron, are leaving and all augurs well for next season.

The captain, Chambers, was an encouragement to the whole side with his batting and slow bowling. Gentlemanly conduct prevailed at all times, and this, together with the season's good results, are the reasons for the satisfaction expressed by Messrs. Brierley and Wass.

AVERAGES

Batting—

	Inns.	Not out	Runs	H/Score	Avg
D. C. BARRON	16	2	414	80	29.57
J. K. CHAMBERS	17	5	326	65*	27.16
R. A. DONALDSON	16	3	276	61*	21.23
P. G. SISSONS	13	4	134	50	14.88
D. J. NEWTON	6	2	59	29*	14.75
D. W. T. HUGHES	6	3	44	18*	14.66
P. A. RADCLIFFE	14	3	128	36	11.63

* Signifies not out.

Bowling—

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Avg
I. J. FERGUSON	172.4	53	374	44	8.50
D. J. NEWTON	171.4	56	445	52	8.55
C. J. BYRNE	70	20	214	16	13.37
J. K. CHAMBERS	78	25	223	16	13.93

Results—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Abandoned
1st XI	17	9	3	5	0
2nd XI	12	2	7	2	1
Colts XI	12	4	5	3	0
U-14 XI)	9	5	4	0	0
U-13 XI)					

G. R. MORDAUNT.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The School football season has had a very promising start, with all teams producing good results.

The 1st XI, in particular, have done very well, having attained several good victories, notably a 2—1 win over Bolton at their ground. This was the first time for five years that the School 1st XI have had the better of this encounter. Another result of interest was the 9—1 lesson we gave to the Staff, who fielded twelve men, composed of nine in white shirts, two in black, and one in green. It must be said on their behalf, however, that one of the men in black was rumoured to be the referee.

The 1st XI's good record is even more notable since eight of the expected full-strength side have been injured at some stage of the season. In fact, we were unable to field a full-strength team until the last Saturday, when we drew 2—2 with Manchester. One consolation from this is that we now have several 2nd XI players with the necessary experience to give a good account of themselves in the 1st XI, should there be a need for more reserves.

The 2nd XI's results have suffered from the 1st XI's need for replacements, but despite this, creditable results have been produced.

The U-15 XI began remarkably well, but have fallen away in recent weeks. It is hoped that they will return to their earlier form in time for the shield games.

Our thanks are due, once again, to the masters who spend so much of their time in efforts to improve the standard of football in the School.

Results (against other schools) up to and including November 12th:

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1st XI ...	12	7	3	2	36	24
2nd XI ...	10	3	2	5	31	28
3rd XI ...	3	1	0	2	14	10
U.15 XI ...	9	3	1	5	16	18
U.14 XI ...	7	1	1	5	14	40
U.13 XI ...	8	5	1	2	36	12
U.12 XI ...	5	4	0	1	23	15

J. K. CHAMBERS.

HOCKEY

The 1st XI has been considerably weakened by the loss of six of last season's players, although what is lacking in skill is greatly compensated by enthusiasm and team spirit. The 2nd XI is also well below its normal strength, but it is improving with experience.

The opening match of the season was played against the Pygmies H.C., which consists mainly of Old Boys. The School played well, and were the first to score, but the Pygmies proved to be too strong, and were the ultimate winners by the odd goal in five.

In the following game a weak Sefton side was trounced, seven goals to nil. This victory seemed to give the team false confidence, with the result that, in the return game, the Pygmies defeated us by five goals to two.

The team then suffered two decisive defeats at the hands of Wallasey H. C. and Flint H. C. six goals to nil and six goals to three, respectively. Flint always seem to bring out the best in us, and this year was no exception. The School played its best game by far this season, and were unlucky to lose.

In the last match before half-term, the team drew with Bolton School one goal all.

The members of both elevens would like to express their sincere thanks to Messrs. Rogers, Wray, Hollis and Gavin, to whom we extend a hearty welcome to Institute Hockey, also to Mr. Wass for preparing the pitch.

The 1st XI has usually been: Moore; D. W. T. Hughes; Savin; Magraw; Worthington; P. B. Marks; A. J. Cowan; J. Park; F. G. Davidson; Nathaen and Jones.

The results up and including 22nd October are as follows:—

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1st XI ...	6	1	1	4	15	21
2nd XI ...	4	2	0	2	16	12

D. W. T. HUGHES.

In addition to his splendid captaincy of the School team, D. W. T. Hughes was selected to play twice for Lancashire Colts.

P. B. MARKS.

COMMERCIAL CHRISTMAS

'Christmas is coming and the ad-man's getting fat'—, a 'funny' made on British Television recently by one of the never-ending stream of visiting 'world-famous' American comedians is a 'funny' well worth thinking about. As the G.P.O. busily recruit their seasonal 'specials,' as present-lists are busily compiled, abridged and ticked off, and as the festive decorations begin to appear all over the city, you and I are continually exposed to the barrage of 'Christmas Greetings.'

They assail the man-in-the-street from shop windows, gaudily painted, semi-luminous hoardings, posters on the sides of houses, and since the conversion of almost the entire population of the United Kingdom to the one-eyed God, even his home is not free from the influence of the chain-store owner or the advertising-manager of any firm prepared to pay for its forty-second 'greeting' on Commercial Television.

Before Christmas, no matter which way we turn, a director of a bank is wanting to sell us 'gift-cheques' while a brilliant, young, executive-type Father Christmas tries to convince us that on Christmas morning a 'Gillette' razor will enable us, too, to experience that "close, comfortable shave, only obtained by using soap, water and 'Gillette.'"

If we happen to switch on our set during one of the 'Advertising Magazines,' we see presents, up to the value of seventy or eighty pounds, changing hands between people who are merely acquaintances, some five or six weeks before Christmas itself is upon us.

Every 'carol' or 'pop-song' which can possibly be adapted to form a 'jingle' of seasonal goodwill—and also get the 'plug' line across, has been so adapted. Middle-aged, stout gentlemen, hitherto otherwise or un-employed, have been rapidly recruited to act as benevolent old gentlemen tasting port wine, benevolent old gentlemen smoking cigarettes, benevolent old gentlemen eating breakfast cereals, and as benevolent old gentlemen doing a thousand and one other things, the only stipulations being that the benevolent old gentlemen dress in white and red, sprout white beards, and 'get the plug-line over.'

The usual stream of 'presents' flood the larger stores, 'presents' unwanted, but for the fact that they are 'advertised on the telly,' 'as worn by Cheyenne Bodie,' or 'as given away on "Take Your Pick"'. Manufacturers, instead of allowing the public to choose a worthwhile gift, create a demand for ridiculous luxuries, and set about fulfilling that demand.

To the manufacturer, the ideal family is that which awakes on Christmas morn, the male-members to shave and have coffee in bed, with their wonderful 'Whizzo' electric razors, their 'Coffo' automatic alarm-clock-cum-coffee-maker, and on their new 'Dunlopillo' mattress respectively; while the female members purr and gloat over a new fur coat and laugh and grin over a washing machine with automatic spin-drier, dish-washer, and teeth-cleaner.

With all this 'friendly persuasion' no wonder so many families find themselves far behind with their hire-purchase commitments.

In fact it has been discovered that so commercialised is Christmas nowadays, that many printing firms, catering solely for the Christmas-card demand, have to employ a large, permanent staff. It is so commercialised that in an interview with a reporter from the B.B.C.'s excellent programme 'Tonight,' a 'man-in-the-street' was forced to admit that he did not understand exactly why we celebrate Christmas.

Perhaps it would be a good idea if the 'men at the top' were to stop exploiting religion and the public for their own ends, and remember that the true 'Christmas Spirit' is not 'Black & White,' best "Old Scotch," but kindness and generosity?

D. R. WADE. (RA).

EXPLORING GREECE

I hitch-hiked the whole way to Greece, starting out from Liverpool on a Tuesday afternoon, and reaching London the same night. From London I hitched to Folkestone and caught the boat to France, intending to go via Paris, Marseilles and across Northern Italy, into Yugoslavia. On finding difficulty hitch-hiking in France, however, I decided to go through Belgium and Germany. After quickly crossing Germany I entered Austria. It was difficult hitching here, but eventually I obtained a lift, which took me to within five miles of the Yugoslav border. Although, as I walked to the border, I began to wonder if I would be issued with a visa, they gave me one without any trouble at all.

I reached Belgrade very quickly, in spite of the very small volume of traffic in Yugoslavia at present, for an autobahn has been built from Zagreb to Belgrade. From Belgrade to Nis, the road is good, but from Nis to Skopje it is nerve-racking, as one is forced to go a steady 25 m.p.h. with the threat of broken axles always present. (The car I was in broke a main spring and had to limp all the way to Thessalonika, as Skopje did not have the necessary spare part). Yugoslavia is undergoing a very slow industrial revolution but many of the towns, such as Nis, are still very similar to the dry, dusty towns in the Southern States of America in the last century.

It had taken only eight days to reach Thessalonika, and calculating at the most ten days to get back, I now had seven weeks to spend in Greece itself. I did not stay long in Thessalonika but just visited a couple of the famous Byzantine Churches there. Then, passing down the coast and through the Vale of Tempe, I eventually arrived at Delphi. This was one of the more popular sights, yet, as throughout the rest of Greece, I did not find it was spoiled by tourists, nor can I imagine Delphi's natural peacefulness ever being spoiled. Its site is fantastic, with tall rugged mountains behind it and to the left and right, while a green olive grove stretches out before it down to the Corinthian Gulf.

From Delphi I went to Athens, where I stayed for 10 days, visiting Marathon and the tomb of the unknown warriors, and Sounion with its temple of Poseidon. The most striking thing I saw at Athens was the vast amount of gold jewellery, which Schliemann had excavated from Mycenae. This was excellently set out in the National Archeological Museum at Athens, together with a fair amount of pottery.

I next visited the Peloponnese, first going to Corinth and then Mycenae. If you have been to Greece you will know just how large are the Cyclopean stones used for the walls of Mycenae, and the Lion Gate is gigantic. I stayed at Mycenae for ten days, working with an English archeologist, Lord William Taylour, and the daughter of the late Professor Wace. My job was mainly sorting out the masses of pottery that had been excavated, and I have a small collection with me here in London (not whole pots but just painted and patterned sherds). During these ten days I visited Tiryns, Argos, Nauplia and Epidaurus.

The next day I started out at 9-0 p.m. and obtained a lift all the way to Sparta, arriving at 10-0 a.m. There was nothing much to see here, but Mistras, about five miles away, is a deserted Byzantine settlement on the site of a steep hillside, on the top of which is a fortress. Here, some very fine Byzantine frescoes can be found in a fair state of preservation.

Travelling back up the Eurotas valley I returned to Tripolis and then went west to Olympia—a site somewhat similar to Delphi, quiet and in rich surroundings, but less striking in its natural position. The museum here is excellent, containing some huge statues from the site, and the German archeologists who undertook the task of excavation here have done an immense service to the Greeks.

After returning to the Piraeus, the port of Athens, I set out by ship for Crete, where I stayed for five days. Among the sites I visited, Knossos and Phaistos were the two most impressive. The work of reconstructing the palace and frescoes here was undertaken by Sir Arthur Evans—and I do not think his half a million pounds was wasted. This was at Knossos, but Phaistos, which has not been reconstructed in any way, is a far nobler site overlooking a large wide plain stretching down to the Mediterranean.

From Crete I sailed back to Athens, wishing to go to Delos, but unable to do so directly from Crete because of the rather poor inter-island ferry service. So, missing out the other islands, I hitch-hiked north to Meteora. Here there are fantastic rock formations, thought to have been caused by the sea, which once filled Thessaly. These are huge pinnacles jutting out from the earth, crowned by Byzantine Churches built by monks who wished to cut themselves off completely from the outside world. Until recently, the churches were only accessible by climbing a rope ladder; now, however, causeways have been built and wooden bridges constructed to most of them.

Crossing from Igoumeritsa to Corfu, I spent the last four days of my stay in Greece thoroughly enjoying myself without visiting any sites. In this I was helped by the arrival of a British destroyer: a large number of the sailors coming from Liverpool, I quickly "got in with them," and we had a tremendous time. Then, briefly, I took the boat from Corfu to Brindisi, hitch-hiked up Italy, through Austria, Germany and Belgium to Ostend from where I took a boat to Dover and hitched back to Liverpool. All this in seven days.

I would like to mention a few things about the Greeks themselves. In most parts of Greece they are tremendously hospitable, which partly accounts for their being so quick to give lifts. They take life as it comes and most of them are not perturbed by their backwardness in industrial wealth. Yet those who are educated and feel their talent is wasted in Greece become frustrated, and many Greeks asked me, "What is the employment situation in England?" because they are thinking of coming here next year.

Lastly, the cost of my trip was £50 for the whole nine weeks and the only kit I took was a rucksack, filled, for the most part, by my sleeping bag; the rest was taken up by socks and a few personal belongings. There was certainly no need for a tent, as the weather was so marvellous—out of the nine weeks, I had three days rain.

I can now fully appreciate the tales of Herodotus, who must have seen and experienced far more than I did.

C. I. VAUGHAN.

LAWN TENNIS

This season, greater interest than ever before was focussed on the School lawn tennis team. Viewing the season as a whole, the team can be considered to have wielded the racket very adeptly, emerging from a heavier fixture list with commendable results.

Over-confidence more than any other factor, led to a disastrous start, the team losing its opening match (3-6) to a Liverpool College team, which was of no more than mediocre standard.

Hard practice, team changes, and a re-arrangement of the existing coup-les preceded the next game against Merchant Taylors'. The team responded in no uncertain manner and played tennis of an extremely high standard to beat a strong, experienced team (6-3). In the return fixture, however, the team suffered defeat (3-6) in a keenly contested game, the result of which hung in the balance, as in the earlier fixture, until the closing stages.

In the following matches, the team met with unqualified success. Severe defeats were mercilessly inflicted upon Quarry Bank (6-0), Saint Francis

Xavier's (5-0) and Hillfoot Hey (5-1). Weakened teams also won matches against Belvedere and Aigburth Vale. Unfortunately the eagerly awaited match against the Staff team, which promised to be the highlight of the season, had to be cancelled owing to the weather.

In A. M. Zalin, a junior Lancashire County player, the team had a captain whose consistent success engendered an enthusiasm which bore such handsome results.

It is hoped that an even fuller fixture list will be arranged for next season.

A. M. Zalin (captain), R. R. Clapham, F. G. Davidson, and D. Winchester were all ever-presents and formed the backbone of the team, the remaining places being usually filled by J. D. Lunt and M. R. Moss, although C. D. Miller also played.

Our thanks are due to Mr. W. F. Edge for his unfailing help and encouragement; we appreciate the time he has given up for the team.

F. G. DAVIDSON.

SWIMMING

The School Swimming Team have had a fairly successful year, in which they managed to win four out of the seven matches and gain first and second places in two Inter-School Galas. It is difficult to win away from home, not only because the bath is unfamiliar, but also because events can be arranged to the advantage of the home team. It is therefore all the more to our credit that we achieved these results.

Our first win was a victory over four other Grammar Schools, at Picton Road Baths last May, when our shortcomings in the individual events were more than balanced by our strength in the squadron events. We had a pedestrian win over Calday Grange at Picton Road Baths, our 'home' venue, but on the return at Calday Grange, the mythical octopus, said to reside in the depths of the bath, raised its ugly head and we had great difficulty in forcing a win, the result being in doubt until the final event.

At Wallasey, the superior training facilities and prowess of our opponents enabled them to win easily, though the team tried hard to balance the final result, which was 68 points to our 42 points. The bath at Bolton School is not the ideal size, but the School settled down so well that we only had to concede victory to Bolton by a margin of 4 points. A short game of water polo after the main events enabled us to seek our revenge by a victory of two goals to one against our hosts.

It was a hot June afternoon, the Friday of the Whit half-term, when we arrived at Port Sunlight baths to test our prowess against that of Wirral Grammar School. Certain members of the team suffered from the holiday spirit which showed itself as an inability to swim a straight course across the bath. This, fortunately, only added to an exciting finish and a victory for the School.

The Summer ogre, the Examinations for the General Certificate, was in power for the next five weeks, when we were reduced to one fixture against Calday Grange. Our last fixture before the end of the term was with Liverpool College, who were superior both as swimmers and in the quality of their blubber between the freezing water and their inner selves.

Our last trial this year was in the Merseyside Grammar Schools' Gala, when the team came second on aggregate to the Liverpool Collegiate out of thirteen other schools. The individual team placings were a third place for the Seniors, a first place for the Junior team, and a seventh place for the U-13 team.

We thus finished the season on a successful note, but none of them is no room for complacency and we will only be able to hold our own in the coming season by hard training and confidence among the team.

At the moment, the team is quite strong in most of its events, but there is great concern over the lack of new blood coming up from the third and fourth forms. I would use this opportunity, if I may, to appeal to these boys to keep trying and preparing for the School team, even though, at present, they may not be required, for their services will be indispensable.

A. J. Cowan, N. Garland and W. R. McConnell are to be congratulated in being selected to swim in the City team which won the Lancashire School Championships. A. J. Cowan was also selected to represent Lancashire against Cheshire, Westmorland and Cumberland.

Finally, I should like to thank R. D. Cannon, who gave valuable help in the School Swimming Sports, and also Mr. Spencer, for his support and assistance throughout the year.

D. A. HALL.

SWIMMING SPORTS

The School Swimming Sports were held on Monday, 18th July, at Queen's Drive baths, for the second year in succession, and I am glad to report further improvement on the good attendance of last year.

Even though the Senior events were not as well supported as they might have been, some very close and exciting races were swum, which resulted in new records being set up in two events by A. J. Cowan and W. R. McConnell. The junior events were well supported, and the members of the School team taking part in these events were able to demonstrate their all round swimming proficiency, which has stood the whole team in good stead throughout the year.

Though a greater number of third form competitors would have been desired for the U-13 events, the standard was a good deal better than the slow times suggest.

The final event saw ten weary competitors plunge into the bath, with an assortment of cloth caps to give a demonstration of how water polo should not be played. The experiment was tried on the strength of our success in the 'end of match' games against other schools. However, it was quite successful, the white caps conceding 3 goals to the dark caps 1, and it added a less serious note to a hard and excitingly contested evening.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the masters and all those whose duties are normally outside that of the Swimming Club for acting as judges and timekeepers, since without them, this School function would not be able to take place.

Details of record times are as follows:—

100 yards Backstroke, Senior: 67.8 secs., A. J. Cowan.
50 yards Butterfly, Senior: 36.7 secs., W. R. McConnell.

RESULTS

FREE STYLE

100 Yards Senior: 1st, A. J. Cowan (A), 2nd, W. R. McConnell (D), 3rd, D. A. Hall (D) (72.2 secs).
50 Yards Senior: 1st, J. Milbourn (C), 2nd, A. J. Cowan (A), 3rd, W. R. McConnell (D) (30.5 secs).
50 Yards Under 15: 1st, J. Hall (H), 2nd, S. Elsworth (A), 3rd, P. Morris (C) (29.8 secs).
25 Yards Under 13: 1st J. J. Donaldson (L), 2nd, W. Barron (A), 3rd, W. J. Smith (C) (15.1 secs).

BACK STROKE

100 Yards Senior: 1st, A. J. Cowan (A), 2nd, R. O. Hynes (D), 3rd, P. L. Rimmer (P) (67.8 secs).
 50 Yards Under 15: 1st, J. Hall (H), 2nd, S. Elsworthy (A), 3rd, P. Morris (C) (35.8 secs).
 25 Yards Under 13: 1st, J. J. Donaldson (L), 2nd, W. Barron (A), 3rd, K. Parslow (P) (20.1 secs).

BREAST STROKE

100 Yards Senior: 1st, J. R. Hughes (H), 2nd A. J. Cowan (A), 3rd N. G. Brooks (L) (84.4 secs).
 50 Yards Under 15: 1st K. Nicholson (C), 2nd S. Elsworthy (A), 3rd M. Cooper (H) (37.8 secs).
 25 Yards Under 13: 1st J. G. Jones (P), 2nd I. L. Burt (D) 3rd, B. T. Gorry (H) (22.6 secs).

BUTTERFLY

50 Yards Senior: 1st W. R. McConnell (D), 2nd N. F. Garland (O), 3rd A. J. Cowan (A) (36.7 secs).
 50 Yards Under 15: 1st J. Hall (H), 2nd S. Elsworthy (A), 3rd P. K. Cripps (A) (43.0 secs).
 25 Yards Under 13: 1st J. G. Jones (P), 2nd, J. J. Donaldson (L) 3rd, W. J. Smith (C) (21.7 secs).

UNDER WATER RACE

25 Yards Under 15: 1st K. Nicholson (C), 2nd J. Hall (H), 3rd W. Barron (A).

NEAT DIVE

Senior: 1st N. F. Garland (O), 2nd, P. L. Rimmer (P), 3rd, L. B. Gregory (L).
 Under 5: 1st, K. Robinson (D), 2nd, M. Cameron (H), 3rd M. Cooper (H).
 Under 13: 1st J. J. Donaldson (L), 2nd P. Burnell (O), 3rd, B. R. J. Ruscoe (O).

LONG PLUNGE

Senior: 1st P. L. Rimmer (P), 2nd, A. J. Cowan (A), 3rd J. R. Hughes (H) (44ft. 3ins.)
 Under 15: 1st, S. Elsworthy (A), 2nd, J. Hall (H), 3rd K. Nicholson (C) (43ft. 1in.)
 Under 13: 1st J. J. Donaldson (L), 2nd D. Huxley (L), 3rd K. Pine (C) (37ft. 8ins.)

CLOTHED RACE

50 Yards Open: 1st J. Hall (H), 2nd D. W. Walton (O), 3rd J. R. Hughes (H).
 25 Yards Under 13: 1st W. Barron (A), 2nd K. Parslow (P), 3rd A. J. Hynes (P).

SCULLING RACE

Open: 1st D. A. Hall (D), 2nd, J. Huxley (D), 3rd A. J. Cowan (A).

OBSTACLE RACE

Senior: 1st A. J. Cowan (A), 2nd R. O. Hynes (D), 3rd D. A. Hall (D).
 Under 15: 1st A. J. Anderson (O), 2nd S. Elsworthy (A), 3rd J. Hall (H).
 Under 13: 1st J. J. Donaldson (L), 2nd I. L. Burt (D), 3rd W. Barron (A).

JUNIOR MEDLEY: 1st Alfred Holt, 2nd Hughes, 3rd Cochran (67.9 secs).

JUNIOR SQUADRON: 1st Cochran, 2nd Alfred Holt, 3rd Hughes (63.9 secs).

SENIOR MEDLEY: 1st Danson, 2nd Owen, 3rd Cochran (61.8 secs).

SENIOR SQUADRON: 1st Danson, 2nd Owen, 3rd Lawrence Holt (58.7 secs).

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

SENIOR: A. J. Cowan (Alfred Holt).

UNDER 15: J. Hall (Hughes).

UNDER 13: J. J. Donaldson (Lawrence Holt).

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS

SENIOR: Danson.

UNDER 15: Alfred Holt.

UNDER 13: Lawrence Holt.

AGGREGATE: Lawrence Holt.

D. A. HALL.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

The Season began encouragingly with 34 runners taking part in a Handicap Race and 17 of them beating their previous best time over the Junior Course. In fixtures against Quarry Bank, Prenton, St. Mary's, Holt, De La Salle and the Collegiate, all our teams won, except that the Under 16 team was narrowly beaten by the Collegiate, and the Under 14 team lost heavily against St. Mary's. St. Edward's stopped this run of success by winning all three races against us on their course.

In the Cup Races that followed, our runners collected three sets of team medals and one individual medal. The Seniors were 2nd out of ten teams in the Sangster Cup Race and in the Cumella. The Juniors were second of twenty in the Memorial Race and fourth out of twenty-three in the Booth. In all these races St. Edwards beat us (and everyone else except Calday Grange in the Booth Race). However, we are at present second only to St. Edward's, in Liverpool and District, and with harder training the Under 16 team at least have the potential to beat them.

Two individuals must be mentioned. Philip Lydiate of the Collegiate beat the time for an Under 15 over our course by recording 11 minutes, 43 seconds for the 2½ miles, and Forrest of 3D has three times lowered the Under 12 record. It now stands at the astonishing time of 13 minutes, 38 seconds. We can only hope that Forrest will in the future re-capture the records taken from us by Lydiate, and lead a revival against St. Edwards.

To end on a note of success, on a day free of fixtures, a Cross-country XI beat a Hockey XI at football by 3 goals to 2.

D.W.R.

BASKETBALL

With the prospect of having almost the same team as last year, it was anticipated that our standard of play and our successes would increase beyond the excellent results achieved last year. However, this was not to be, for the stalwart of the defence suddenly left school and left a gap through which a cold, depressing wind appeared to blow.

This, fortunately, was remedied by the tapping of previously unknown sources of talent in the School and with a complete reshuffle in the team it has remained undefeated to date. Added to this fact is the unfamiliar circumstances in which they have had to play since all our matches so far have been away from our home gymnasium.

The first steps toward binding the players into one team were given an opportunity of showing their effect against West Derby Technical School, in similar throes of disorganisation as ourselves, whom we defeated 38-21, enabling us to learn many new ideas and to gain a confidence which has stood us in good stead.

In the minute confines of the Liverpool Collegiate Gymnasium we battled through a seemingly impenetrable mass of arms, legs and elbows, to win 49-

19. Our present highest score of the season was obtained against the Alsop High School, whom we defeated 57-23. The size of the gym was such that quick passing and good positioning were vital and the team rose to the occasion for a sound win.

On arrival at De La Salle Grammar School, we found that their previous standard had wilted somewhat by the loss of their two most outstanding players. Even so, we were hard put to win 45-18 though the score suggests a severe trouncing for our opponents.

I am glad to say that this success has had a very desirable effect on the team who have shown great enthusiasm in practice. Nevertheless, we must do even better, if we are to gain a one hundred per cent. record, and it is obvious that to do this the team must avail itself of every opportunity to gain practice in the basic requirements of the game.

The high standard of play has paid dividends by five members of the School team being selected to represent the city in the English Schools Basketball Competition. D. A. Hall and J. Park gained their second cap, together with J. Maclean, P. Marks and P. Duncan who gained their first.

Finally, our very sincere thanks to Mr. Goodall, who has devoted so much of his own time to referee our matches and coach us in our practices.

D. A. HALL.

RUGBY FIVES

Only one team visited our courts during the year 1959-60. This was the Birkenhead School team, which we beat by 12 games to nil. Against the Staff, the School team won by 4 games to 2. Owen House won the Senior Competition and Lawrence Holt the Junior.

Thirteen pairs entered for the Handicap Doubles, which was won by J. Park (captain) and R. A. Donaldson. In the individual championships J. Park was the winner of the Senior Cup and D. Dowling of the Junior.

The general standard of play remains high and the game is popular with all ages of boy and master. We wish, however, that outsiders would forbear from falling through the roof of the covered court, as this lets in the rain and prevents play on wet days.

D.W.R.

GYMNASTIC CLUB

This year, the Gymnastic Club has a new venue, on Tuesday evenings, at 4-0, for the senior members, and on Mondays, at 12-50, in the gymnasium, for members of both senior and junior sections and for any boys wishing to join. There are four members with half colours. These are: A. Henwood, D. W. Walton, L. H. Moore and P. S. Roberts.

We are able to enjoy advanced gymnastic work and are obtaining a high standard in trampolining. On behalf of the Club I should like to thank Mr. Goodall for giving up so much of his spare time to train members.

D. W. WALTON

CAREERS

Careers work in a school such as the Liverpool Institute is at once interesting, complex, and exacting. There are three essentials—one must identify oneself with the traditions of the School, acquire the confidence of parents and boys, and make all sorts of personal contacts in and around

the city itself. A great deal has to be known about the requirements of commerce, industry and the professions, and then a final choice of School subjects and to the General Certificate of Education.

The Institute is happily placed in that there now exists a very close contact between the Careers Master and a large number of prospective employers in the area. Most of these are in direct touch with the School and between April and June each year make known their requirements to us directly. Suitable boys who have already been interviewed individually, both by the Careers Master and the Youth Employment Officer, are then put in touch with them and provisional appointments are made, confirmation being dependent on G.C.E. results in August. Where the master knows both the boy and the particular firm in which there is a vacancy, results are often very successful.

There is, too, a comprehensive library of careers literature available to boys who are interested at almost any time. This not only provides information about a large variety of careers ranging from Auctioneering to Varnish Technology, but also helps boys to obtain a realistic insight into occupations of which, up to this time, they have been almost completely unaware.

The Youth Employment Officer also has a very close liaison with the School, and his help is invaluable in 'placing' boys who leave school with only one, two or three 'passes' at the Ordinary level of the General Certificate of Education, and boys who wish to take up what are, for us, 'unusual' occupations such as forestry or agriculture.

Finally, there are the 'Careers' notice-boards—one of which gives information of interest only to the Sixth Forms, and the other which is concerned only with the boys of School-leaving age. All careers notices are exhibited on one or the other of these, and further publicity is given to more important matters by means of announcements in Hall by the Headmaster.

A.V.P.

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

The year 1960 has been an eventful one for the School Corps. At the end of last term, Major McDonald retired from the Corps after many years of loyal service. We wish to thank him for the work and time which he has devoted to the Corps and to wish him well for the future.

Congratulations must be given to Captain Boote and Lt. Nelson on their promotions to Major and Captain respectively.

This year has seen excellent developments in the Corps in several ways. The influx of new recruits into 'B' Company is most encouraging as their keenness gratifies N.C.O.s and their drill and uniforms are comparatively smart for this stage of their Corps Career. A squad of 30 cadets entered 'A' Company at the beginning of term. Their ingenuity and efficiency was shown on Field Day, when they commanded sections very successfully against a squad of N.C.O.s.

'B' Company spent Field Lay learning basic fieldcraft, the day's training ending with an ambush on the members of the Adventure Training Section.

The Adventure Training Platoon, dreamed of by Officers and N.C.O.s for so many years, eventually took its rightful place in the Corps' establishment last September. Founded as an initiative training, camping and N.C.O.'s Cadre platoon, it consists of twelve cadets who are mainly not N.C.O.'s, but those who hold their Proficiency Certificate. Basic training is now almost completed and the members are getting ready to set forth to Wild Wales to prove themselves. We are exceedingly grateful for the help given by 2nd Lt. Davies to the squad.

19th CITY SCOUT TROOP

Camp last October was held at Altcar, 80 W.E.T.C., and was attended by a party of thirty-five cadets. Our new officer, 2nd. Lt. Davies, accompanied us, along with Major Boote and Captain Nelson; their keenness and humour will help the Corps to maintain its efficiency and reputation. Camp was held for only four days, but a great deal of training was put in during this period. Training began on Thursday afternoon in the form of an exercise in the Battery Cottage area and entailed assault from the sea, section leading, entrenching and camouflaging a defensive position.

It was on Friday that a rash member of the Medical Staff remarked to Major Boote that we had not had a chance to use the Medical Kit. Saturday brought forth compensation in the form of a badly cut hand, one sprained foot and a broken leg. We wish the cadet who broke his leg a speedy recovery and compliment him on his courage throughout his ordeal.

Undoubtedly one of the highlights of camp was the Night Exercise held on both sides of the River Alt. There were several underhand dealings on both sides and one of them was the wiring of the only possible crossing of the Alt. Fieldcraft and night movement were carefully observed until near the end of the exercise, when daring sallies by the foe to capture a certain General were repulsed by greater hordes of the undaunted security troops.

The decision was reached that the security forces had been unfair in placing the person of the General upon the roof of the Tennis Hut but, as they pointed out, a General is always quartered in a two-storey building!

With regard to the Adventure Training Platoon at Camp, training was arduous, if nothing else; only one member emerged without a wound from a seventeen foot building which was scaled. The climax of the camp was the attack on a prepared position in the Cabin Hill Area. The Adventure Training Squad had surrounded several carefully camouflaged dug-outs with wire mesh and barbed wire. They successfully repulsed a frontal attack but succumbed to a flanking movement.

The remaining event of this term was the visit of Brig. Mann, the Area Commander. He was impressed by the drill and smartness of the unit as a whole, and the visit was considered extremely successful.

It only remains for us to thank our officers and quarter-master for their services to us during the year so that the morale and efficiency of the Corps remains at such a high level.
R.M.S. OTHEN, C.S.M. TAYLOR.

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

This term, the strength of the section has been maintained by the entry of a number of cadets who passed Cert. A., Pt. 1, last term. Lectures have been held regularly at lunch-time and it must be emphasised that the Proficiency examinations can be passed only by regular attendance at these lectures.

During the Summer Holidays, Sgt. Clarkson was the section's representative at the Combined Cadet Force and Air Cadet Force Centenary Parade at Buckingham Palace before Her Majesty the Queen, and later attended a Star Camp at R.A.F. Ternhill.

Corporal Bates applied for a Royal Air Force Scholarship and received interviews at Henlow and Cranwell, and L/Cdt. Henwood applied for provisional acceptance at Cranwell.

Field Day has been held this term at R.A.F. Wood Vale and all cadets had the opportunity of gaining air experience in Chipmunk aircraft.

N.C.O.'s and cadets would like to thank Ft./Lt. Watson and P.O. Wray for the attention they have shown to the administration of the section.

S. J. HARLOW (Sgt.).

It was our misfortune to lose this year, Mr. Blondell, whose good enthusiasm and skill have been an asset to us, both at our weekly meetings and in camp. In his place, we welcome most warmly Mr. D. T. Jell, whose links with the Troop go back many years and whose extensive knowledge of Scouting has already borne fruit during his brief spell as Scout Master. As holder of the Wood Badge, he brings distinction to the Troop.

We welcome, too, Mr. P. F. Ashworth, who, with his persuasive charm, has created the nucleus of a Sea Scout Troop without in any way antagonising the main Troop. No mean feat!

Our Summer Camp was held at Hathersage, in Derbyshire, where neither the elements nor injury dismayed us. We achieved a state of peaceful co-existence with the equine inhabitants of the field and fetched, carried, chopped and cooked with great panache. "Inter-Alia", our hike to Castleton proved one point—that the guide at Peak Cavern has not revised his repartee in four years, since we were last there. One Patrol Leader incurred the wrath of the guide by anticipating the latter's witticism's. Fortunately the threatened chastisement did not come to pass!

Our numbers have increased considerably this year, with a group of promising recruits and the birth of the Sea Scout Section. Attendances at weekly meetings have been good.

Field-day was held this term in the Wirral. The woods at Burton proved an excellent hunting-ground both for Scouts and midges. Journeys have been undertaken by patrols and by individuals; several pairs of younger scouts went off at half-term on their second-class journey. One pair, alas, achieved the doubtful distinction of losing the map en route.

The Troop did very well in the City Swimming Gala to gain second place, and some of our Scouts represented City in the County Gala.

Plans are already under way for a hostelling tour of Lakeland at Easter. One might say that these plans are afoot!
A.E.

SEA SCOUTS

This new Troop works in conjunction with the established Scout Troop on Friday evenings and, in addition, has frequent meetings of its own during the lunch-hour. At week-ends, training in seamanship is carried out at Salt-house dock, with pulling, sailing and power-boats. On field-day the Sea Scouts were conducted on a thorough and instructive tour of the minesweeper H.M.S. Mersey.

The Sea Scouts wish to express their gratitude to Mr. Ashworth for his fine leadership and kind support.

M. HADFIELD, G. JONES.

PEEWIT PATROL HIKE

During the half-term holidays, the Peewit Patrol of the 19th City Scout Troop decided to spend one day in North Wales hiking around Mold.

We set off from Birkenhead and reached Mold at approximately 12-30 p.m. Setting off from Mold, we took a footpath through the suburbs and were soon in the country making for Pant-y-Mwyn. We reached there and took a rest.

From Pant-y-Mwyn we crossed a golf course and soon reached our objective, the Leet, which is a cliff path running from Carstile to Loggerheads. We had dinner on a cliff high above the River Alun.

After dinner we set off for Loggerheads and a round-about way back to Mold. About 6-0 o'clock, we found ourselves lost in a boggy field, but soon found the way to the road.

I reached home about twenty-to-nine, after a tiring and enjoyable day, even if the Peewit Patrol consisted of only two members.

D. J. G. HENSON.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Although attendances this year have not been particularly large, a high standard of debating has been maintained. Younger members are especially welcome because they have spoken their minds clearly and frankly, which is, after all, the aim of this long-established society.

The debates so far this term have been:—

4th October: "*That this House believes Britain should adopt a policy of Unilateral Nuclear Disarmament.*" Pro.: A. J. Cowan and W. A. A. Thom. Con.: C. D. Miller and A. W. B. Davies. Motion defeated. For: 8; Against: 16. Abstentions: 12.

18th October: "*That we've never had it so good—and that's bad.*" Pro.: L. F. MacRae and J. R. Morgan. Con.: P. G. Sissons and R. P. Martineau. Motion defeated. For: 10. Against: 13. Abstentions 8.

1st November: "*That this House would rather have brains than brawn.*" Pro.: K. McKelvie and S. J. Norris. Con.: F. D. Whaley and G. R. Mor-daunt. Motion carried. For: 13. Against: 6. Abstentions 5.

14th November: "*That Scientists will be the death of us.*" Pro.: L. F. MacRae and J. Armstrong. Con.: O. A. Allen and J. G. Smith. Motion defeated. For 10; Against 19; Abstentions 2.

Future debates of this society, which meets on alternate Tuesdays at 7-0 p.m. in the Board-room will appear on the Society notice-board, and constructive suggestions for future debates are always welcome.

Finally, thanks are due to the chairman, Mr. C. H. Moore, and to the Vice-President, Mr. D. G. Bentliff, for their valuable support and guidance.
C. D. MILLER, L. F. MACRAE.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

Though still a comparative newcomer, the society flourishes. The majority of last year's members still eligible to attend debates remain loyal and we expect greater attendances of fourth formers at our meetings now that we have taken to advertising our debates in their form-rooms.

These debates are held fortnightly, and topics have ranged from "*Guy Fawkes' Night*" to the old favourite "*That the U.S.A. is no true democracy,*" ingeniously opposed by one member on the grounds that if the U.S.A. is a republic and has a Republican party, it must be a democracy if it has a Democratic party. It is in the training of logic that the Junior Debating Society excels.

Our thanks go to all our speakers and committee members, with special thanks to T. Wild (L5B) for stepping into so many breaches so effectively. To our Chairman, Mr. Bilson, and to Mr. Scaife we express our thanks for the help they have given the society.

A. HETHERINGTON, D. R. MORRIS, P. CUCKSON.

SIR DONALD MACALISTER SOCIETY

In the first of the five meetings of the society last term, D. G. McCallloch spoke on "Germany Today," describing his impressions of modern Western German life, gained while he had been teaching in the country.

Mr. J. G. Rogers, in his paper "History Today," outlined the attitudes and activities of modern historians. He examined the more recently adopted methods of researchers, and the ways in which sciences such as psychology and sociology had helped to produce a better understanding of the past. Also considered were the attempts, by Arnold Toynbee and others, to find a pattern in historical events.

Mr. G. F. Bilson answered the title of his paper "How Do I know that I am Really Here?" by describing the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley. This argues that it cannot be held for certain that an object, which cannot be perceived by any of the five senses, exists, unless the existence of God is assumed. Not all of his audience agreed with this, and a lively discussion followed his talk.

"Intelligence" was the subject chosen by K. McKelvie, who surveyed the history of intelligence testing and the factors which determine a person's intelligence, namely the hereditary and environmental influences.

In the final meeting of the term, P. G. Sissons read a paper on "The Nō Theatre of Japan," this being a ritualistic art form dating from the Fourteenth century, whose nearest Western equivalents are the Mystery Plays of Mediaeval England.

Our thanks are due to Mr. R. T. Jones and Mr. D. G. Bentliff for their unflinching patience and co-operation.
A. J. BURGESS, F. G. DAVIDSON.

10, Downing Street,
(Side Entrance)
London.

Dear Master Editor,

I am very flattered to be asked to contribute to your School Magazine but when you ask for "witty comments," that is quite beyond my scope. With the education I received, my humour—well known to all Television and radio morons—is very flat-footed. If only I had gone to the Collegiate!

I do have one new joke, but I have a TV series coming up and this one joke has to last out the six programmes, so, with your large circulation, I don't want it spread about before I do it. The fore-going paragraph should convince you how ignorant I am—and even that is only a sentence.

I attended a Dinner earlier this year of Old Liobians in London. Honestly, I looked like a child among them all. I attribute this to pure living and a fish diet! All the same I was astounded to find what "brains" the old School had produced—some of them could make up their own permutations on the pools without the help of the Vernon V Plans. Anyway I was pleased to meet them all—hitherto when people have asked me what other "famous" people came from the Inny, I could only think of James Laver and a certain solicitor who was hanged for poisoning. This should also have been the fate of the cook in the School dining room, circa 1914.

I still have my trophies (I didn't keep my reports) from my happy days at the Inny. "The Works of William Shakespeare" and "Tom Brown's Schooldays," which I won for singing (laugh that off!) and a large bronze gong that I won at the School Sports inscribed "Arthur B. Askey—Form 5c, Danson House. First: Egg-gathering Race." I won this because I was nearer the ground than the other competitors and lifted the eggs up quicker.

My greetings to all your scruffy co-scholars and to all poor and distressed Liobians, wherever they may be.

Yours sincerely,

(signed) ARTHUR ASKEY.

OLD BOYS' SECTION

With 592 pages still to go, the Visitors' Book is far from full, but nevertheless the recent entries show that there is a steady stream of visitors to the School, ranging from Liobians who left the other year to those whose memories stretch beyond the turn of the century. Perhaps the most striking entries are those of Old Boys who now live abroad. B. Cook, for example, who joined the School in the 1890's, spent nearly 50 years in Western Australia, but could not resist a visit to the School when he was in Liverpool, last August. A month before, Alan Forster, who left in 1946, called in to see us during a vacation from Canada, where he now lives. A visitor from the depths of Wales, Mr. Dewi Prys-Thomas, was one of the two distinguished architects concerned with the design of the House of the Year, which aroused so much interest in the city.

LADIES' NIGHT, 1960

'A night that will surely go down in history.' Thus declared a battle-scarred campaigner as he limped from the floor, tie in hands, shoes in pocket, coatless, breathless, but charmingly bedecked in a chance partner's ear-rings and necklace.

Des Craven had done it again. Not only had he succeeded in turning the smartest set of Old Boys in Liverpool into a collection of bedraggled tramps, he had actually charmed the ladies into acting as clothes-pegs. No sooner had he sorted out the mess than paper hats came round to add to our indignities, and balloons descended amongst us to be scrambled for and detonated.

But there was a serious side to the evening. We all had our free raffle tickets to worry about and our parcels to unwrap. The generosity of the Old Boys apparently knows no bounds, the presents ranged from a hand-made wrought iron table—the gift of a member who had been given a welding plant for Christmas—to such practical tools as tin openers and whisky glasses. There was something for almost everybody, from the Liobian who had travelled specially from Carlisle, to the oldest Old Boy. Nothing went unrewarded but desert!

"How do they do it at the price?" we all wanted to know, as we loaded our cars with the loot.

1961 CALENDAR:

LONDON DINNER: 24th February.

LIVERPOOL DINNER: 11th March.

LADIES' NIGHT: 11th November.

E. Wilcox (left 1947) is now an accountant with Pfizer Ltd., R. V. Olsen (left 1941) is his senior.

H. H. Magnay (left 1950) visited the School during his leave from Government service in Tanganyika.

H. Justin Evans, M.B.E., was Secretary to the Wolfenden Committee on sport, 1960.

Mr. Alec Tunnington received the O.B.E. at an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.

We regret to announce the death of James Ivor McKie, Vice-Principal of Brasenose College since 1956. He went up to Oxford in 1919 and proved himself both as a scholar and a coxswain. After periods of study in Germany and Italy, he was appointed lecturer in Philosophy in Aberdeen University, proceeding to Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1928 to succeed his old tutor.

On his return from service in the 1939-45 war he became Senior Tutor, and in 1956, Vice-Principal.

We have also to record the death of Robert Nelson, a distinguished electrical engineer, at the age of 86. During his long career he was the first Electrical Inspector of Mines (1908) and a director of the Galloway Water Power Company.

SIXTH FORMS SCIENCE SOCIETY

Attendances at this year's lectures have been good, and it is encouraging to see many members of the non-science Sixths at the meetings.

The first speaker of the year was Mr. Roger Brearley, F.R.C.S., an Old Boy of the School, who gave a vividly illustrated lecture entitled "Scientific Surgery."

Dr. S. J. Kennett of Liverpool University in his lecture "Mechanical Properties of Metals" gave us some insight into the structure of metals.

Our first lecturer from industry, Mr. Scrivener, Chief Physicist of Chance Brothers, gave an interesting lecture on the "Production of Optical Glass." He brought many samples of glass to illustrate his talk.

After half term, Mr. McGahan, a structural engineer, gave a talk on "Timber—its use in Structural Engineering," about which few members had any previous knowledge.

At the time of writing, we are looking forward to hearing Mr. Naylor's lecture on "Explosives," and to a visit to British Enka Ltd., Aintree.

Meetings will be held fortnightly until Easter and an interesting and varied programme has already been arranged. It is hoped that members will continue to give their fullest support to our activities.

K. CORKISH.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Annual Excursion took place on 15th July, when a party of 39 travelled by coach to Yorkshire, visiting first Bolton Abbey and then Fountains Abbey. Much photography was done in the sunny weather, which was enjoyed by all. Despite the large number of photographs taken, there were surprisingly few entries in the competition which was held for photographs taken on this excursion. It is hoped there will be more interest shown in the further competitions which the Society intends to hold throughout the year.

A number of our senior members left in July, but this loss has been more than balanced by the large influx of new members.

The first two lectures of the season were provided by Kodak Ltd., and the second of these lectures, entitled *The Principles of Colour Photography* was of special interest since Kodak Ltd., supplied a pre-recorded tape commentary in addition to a colour filmstrip. These meetings were well supported, but even larger attendances are hoped for in the future, since the lecture programme for the year is very promising and we expect to have visits from outside lecturers. Attendance at the tutorial classes has been good and we are indebted to Mr. W. H. Jones, who has worked hard to make these meetings interesting and instructive.

The Committee has decided to bring up to date the *Photoguide* series in the Society's library and to purchase new dark-room and lighting equipment in the hope that interest in portraiture may be revived.

R. A. BUTTERFIELD.

MODELS SOCIETY

This term the Society has made a spirited comeback. There are now over forty enthusiastic members.

Early in the term a Recognition Quiz was held, and the winner, R. J. Hadfield (L5F) received a year's free membership of the Society.

At half term, thirty members and Mr. Wray visited the Binns Road factory of Messrs. Meccano Ltd. This was a most enjoyable and informative occasion.

A plastic kit competition is being organised and it is hoped that a lecture will soon be arranged.

The railway track has been re-laid, and the car track is being renovated so that members will be able to demonstrate their engines and cars in the near future.

We invite any interested person to come along and join us on Fridays, at 1-10 p.m. We should like to thank Mr. J. D. Wray for his valuable help and his continued interest in the Society.

A. J. WALLARD.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the time of writing the Society has already held three meetings, all of which have been supported remarkably well. On September 21st, Mr. G. F. Bilson delivered a talk on the Roman occupation of Britain, proving that the Romans left this country primarily because the taxes exacted were insufficient to support their army. The next meeting was held in conjunction with the Archeological Society, when two films entitled *Mediaeval Castles* and *Houses in History* were shown. On November 16th Mr. J. D. Wray delivered a lecture on the military aspects of the American Civil War, giving special attention to the famous battle of Gettysburg; the talk was illustrated with slides and maps.

The Society can look forward to regular fortnightly meetings, three of which are already arranged; the Preston Record Office is lending us a number of original documents concerning the Jacobite Rebellion; Mr. F. J. Boote will give a talk on Cromwell; and Mr. J. E. Sharp, Cambridge Scholar and Old Boy of the School, will talk about the Inquisition.

Thanks are due to B. P. Hooley for his work in collecting subscriptions, and to the ever-zealous Mr. Rogers and Mr. Edge.

W. A. A. THOM, V. B. NEEDHAM.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

This year the meetings of the Society have been more frequent and have covered a wide range of topics, from Canada to Central Africa. The Society has benefited from this trend and one hopes that it has instituted a little more vigour and character to the proceedings.

Our first lecturer was Mr. B. L. Costigan, whom many will remember as secretary of the Society two years ago. With the aid of a colour film he delivered a talk on the British Schools Lapland Expedition, of which he was fortunate enough to be a member. This expedition combined pleasure with work by accurately measuring a small area for the Swedish government. During the lecture he was able to use the new epidiascope in order to project some of his own photographs on to the screen. We hope to include this very useful instrument in some of our future meetings.

A. K. Unsworth, of the Upper Sixth, provided the material for the next talk, held early in October, about his 900 mile cycle tour of the Scottish Highlands. He provided a detailed account of his route and with the aid of over sixty colour slides showed how wild this part of Scotland really is and how hazardous are even the main roads.

Shortly after the publication of the Monkton Commission on Central Africa, we were fortunate enough to have an authority on the subject, Mr. D. W. Martin, a government official from the Federation. He outlined the problems, social and economic, which confront the Federation, and indicated the complex task which will face the British government at Lancaster House in December. We are grateful for this first-hand explanation of an important aspect of current affairs.

The term has seen two innovations; namely, the policy of providing a library of Ordnance Survey maps for use by members, and a new attractive notice-board. All meetings so far have been well attended, and on the whole it has been a very successful term for the Society.

All that remains is to thank the Chairman, Mr. Edwards, and all concerned for their continued interest in the Society.

D. L. FELLOWS, I. C. TAYLOR.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY

With the departure of several of our most valuable members to universities, the attendance at meetings has been rather disappointing this term.

The library has been steadily growing since the Society came into being two years ago, and it is hoped that more members will use it.

At the last Hobby Show, the Archæological Section was very well supported and entries of any description (maps, models, etc.) will be very welcome from boys in any form next month.

At the first meeting of the term, Mr. Bentliff and Mr. Dobson showed slides and photographs of their travels in Morea.

We are indebted to the Historical Society for allowing us to attend their films of Castles and the History of Houses.

Mr. Wray gave a lecture on Roman Artillery, illustrated with working models of ballistas and catapults.

Future talks will be given by Mr. McDonald, Mr. Bilson, Mr. Nelson, N. Rimmer of 6A and Old Boys, R. W. Davies, C. I. Vaughan and J. W. Martin.

D. EVANS.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The excursions during the summer term proved popular, despite the poor weather conditions. More such excursions are being planned for the anglers and ornithologists in the Society.

Owing to the clash of meetings during Thursday lunch hour, the Society now meets on Tuesdays.

All members of the School with an interest in natural history are invited to join, and so benefit from our library, films and excursions.

A Natural History periodical is available for all members.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Walker for his continued advice and assistance.

J. W. WALLINGTON.

ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY

During the past six months, the Society has pursued its varied activities with vigour. Various films on topics of transport interest have been shown at the meetings. Insight into the everyday working of the Corporation's Transport Department was provided by Mr. McMillan, the Deputy Traffic Superintendent, in October. He also outlined the difficulties experienced in running a public service as a commercial undertaking.

Further glimpses behind the scenes were obtained when, during half-term, the Society visited the works of Ribble Motor Services at Preston. On another occasion, a party was conducted round the workshops of Blackpool Corporation, the operators of the only tramway system remaining in this country. In addition, the more strenuous members have been walking in the Trough of Bowland area, in Delamere Forest, and in the little known part of Flintshire between Caergwle and Mold. In spite of the heat and the Secretary's unpunctuality on one occasion, and the rain and the mud on another, these walks still prove to be the most enjoyable of the Society's activities.

Once more, the Society has to thank Mr. Hosker for his constant interest and advice, and Mr. Goodfellow for his co-operation and patience shown on the excursions.

K. MCKELVIE.

CHESS CLUB

This year, the membership of the Chess Club is again over one hundred, the Club being the largest in the School. The Club is extremely active and great interest has been stimulated in the younger players.

The results of the matches played by the School teams indicate the high standard of play which the Club maintains. The first team won its matches against Merchant Taylors' and Maghull Grammar School; and, although losing to Wallasey Grammar School in this competition, beat them in the Sunday Times National Tournament. It is interesting to note that the team is the youngest on record, and in view of this the results are gratifying. The members of the First team have been: C. F. Woodcock, P. Cartmel, P. C. Alper, P. D. Mannheim, A. R. Prince, T. D. Hughes and R. J. Butcher.

The U-15 team, hoping to retain the championship which it won last season, has won its first match of the term. It is hoped that this team will consist mainly of our younger players in whom we detect a very high potential.

Earlier in the term, Mr. T. J. Beach, one of the best players in the country, kindly consented to play a simultaneous match against the School. He beat us 18-2, which was only to be expected. J. R. Scholes achieved a rather surprising but well-played win, and T. D. Hughes and P. Cartmel obtained draws.

We welcome Mr. P. F. Ashworth this year as master of the Club in place of Mr. B. H. Edwards. Also, we should like to thank Mr. A. C. Scott for helping us out of last-minute difficulties.

P. F. CARTMEL, C. F. WOODCOCK.

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

The meetings so far this term have not been particularly well attended, but it is hoped that more boys will join us in the future. There will be something to suit everybody, from the beginner to the specialist, and all boys who collect stamps are urged to join.

The Hobby Show next term has a class for philatelists, and towards the end of term a display of type of entry required will be given. All members are urged to enter; you may submit as many entries as you wish, but remember, quality rather than quantity is what is desired.

Philatelic magazines and catalogues may be borrowed from the Librarian at the "Exchange" meeting every Friday.

We are indebted to the Chairman and the Committee for their work on behalf of the Society, and express the hope that all members will do as much as they can to help make our meetings interesting and successful.

C. J. SAVAGE.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

The most recent developments of the Society—the Library and the Senior Meetings—are progressing very favourably. The Library, in the hands of O. A. Allen and J. R. Morgan, is well stocked with the latest Christian literature and periodicals.

The Senior meetings, in collaboration with Blackburne House, are now held every week. These meetings have proved most successful, and the attendances are very satisfactory. The speakers to date have been the Rev. L. D. T. Kelly, the Vicar of St. John's Church, Fairfield, who spoke on *The Challenge of the Second Advent*, Mr. W. Russell, who gave a thought-provoking address on *The Colour Problem in South Africa*, and the Rev. Norman Cleugh, the Vicar of St. Martin's Church, Kirkby, who gave a very interesting and entertaining talk on *The Sunday Question*.

The traditional Wednesday lunch-hour meetings continue to be well supported by boys of all ages. Our speakers this term have included S. J. Norris, who spoke about the reasons for the existence of the Christian Union, T. I. Williams, who was Secretary last year, and Mr. Cook, a Baptist missionary from the Congo.

We have also had a lecture, with colour slides, by a missionary from Morocco, a talk by Mr. Clarkson, from the University, and helpful and interesting Bible studies by Mr. A. G. Goodfellow and Mr. D. T. Jack. For the last meeting of the term, a Fact and Faith film, *The Quest*, will be shown.

The School branch of the Scripture Union continues to have a considerable membership, and we recommend this system of daily Bible reading to all boys.

Finally, our thanks go out to our Vice-Chairmen, Messrs. A. G. Goodfellow, D. T. Jack and R. K. Davies, and to our Chairman, Mr. J. E. Watson, for his continual help and interest in the Society.

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

MUSIC CLUB

A concert of Elizabethan Madrigals, which brought to an end the activities of the Society in the Summer term, must be regarded as one of the most successful "live" concerts given by the Music Club for some time. For the first meeting of this term the Society was fortunate enough to secure the services of Miss Mair Jones, harpist of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, whose lecture-recital included works by composers as diverse as Dussek and Hindermith. Miss Jones most engagingly answered questions from listeners who were interested in points of harp technique or intrigued by the mechanical aspect of the instrument. Another recital consisted of

lieder by Schubert and Schumann, sung by Mr. R. Wallis, a visitor to the School, with piano accompaniment by Mr. J. R. Parry who is to return later in the term to give a solo piano recital. A recording of *La Bohème* was so successfully presented by Mr. Edge that he was prevailed upon to extend the loan of his records for a second concert. Mozart has been plentifully represented on records by the horn concertos, the oboe quartet and an operatic overture.

The renascent jazz section of the Music Club meets once a month and attracts large audiences.

At the Annual General Business Meeting in September, J. K. Elliot accepted the position of Chairman, an office in which he continues to serve the Society with his indefatigable energy.

A. R. BINGHAM.

Mr. SYDNEY HARRISON

On 7th November, the Sixth Forms and members of the Upper School were privileged to attend an illustrated talk, given by Mr. Sydney Harrison, the well known sound and television broadcaster.

His talk, given in the School Hall, dealt with the various problems which pianists encounter, and was an account of his own musical career, from his childhood "concert pieces" to his present day success as a pianist. "Account," however, suggests formality, and Mr. Harrison's talk was far from formal. His illustrations at the piano were well varied, including Saint Saëns *Bourée for left hand alone*, Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's *Erl King*, the finale from Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, and *Roll out the Barrel*, as he heard it played in the army.

Mr. Harrison is indeed fortunate in being gifted with the power of holding an audience in rapt attention, but at no time did his interesting commentary, though wittily presented, disguise his skill and experience as a pianist, and both illustration and dialogue were well blended to produce an entertaining as well as informative hour.

D. E. WILLIAMS.

CHORAL SOCIETY

The choral items at the Music Club Concert last March proved so successful that it was decided to augment the existing choir, with the hope of giving a public performance of an oratorio or some other large scale work of this kind. As a matter of interest, the last occasion at which an oratorio was sung by members of the School was in 1939, when J. S. Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* was given two public performances.

The present choir consists of 40 trebles, 14 altos, 14 tenors and 20 basses, and a great deal of work has been put in at rehearsals by staff and boys alike.

The oratorio for performance on Saturday, 11th February is G. F. Handel's *Israel in Egypt*—a musical image depicting the trials and tribulations of the Israelites under the rule of the Egyptians. The work is in two parts, the first dealing with the plagues of Egypt and the crossing of the Red Sea. Its interest lies in the vivid descriptive music which Handel adopts for his texts, such as the jerky "hopping" figure in the accompaniment to the chorus depicting the plague of frogs.

The second half is on a longer scale than the first and the words and music firmly assert the Israelites' belief in the greatness of their God.

This particular work was chosen for its abundance of choruses, and therefore less use is made of soloists.

Although Mr. R. N. Evans has set the choir, orchestra and himself a difficult task, continued application by all concerned should ensure a good performance next February, and the evening should be completely successful if all the hard work is rewarded by full support from members of the School, parents and friends.

D. E. WILLIAMS.

Our thanks are due to D. E. Williams, who has coped very patiently with the accompaniment during rehearsals.

THE MADRIGAL GROUP

On Tuesday, 9th July, 1957, the lunch hour meeting of the Music Club was devoted to a concert of madrigals performed by a group led by Mr. E. R. Jones. A few days later, all the senior members of the group left School: later still, Mr. E. R. Jones took another post. The small store of madrigal parts lay neglected until Mr. D. W. Rowell thought to re-form the madrigal group from some of those who took part in the Music Club concert last Spring. By further purchases, he accumulated the necessary parts, and embarked on the preparation of an end-of-year concert. A mixture of musicianship, cajolery, and slave driving engendered success of the first magnitude. Such was the impact on a large Music Club audience (including members of Blackburne House Music Club), that a second hearing before an even larger audience was brought about.

The Music Club derives much of its life force from a blending of the talents of boys and staff, talents which, often unsuspected, remain latent until sparked into activity by the zeal of such a man as Mr. Rowell.

L.A.N.

THE ORCHESTRA

This term, the orchestra has gained a certain amount of new blood, but owing to the loss of five of its senior members, it has remained about the same size. In spite of new arrivals, there are still no oboe players or cellists, but it is hoped that the cello class which is in operation at the present time will produce at least one or two proficient musicians.

Although the average age of the orchestra is rather lower than it has been for several years, the standard of playing has not fallen appreciably, and several interesting works by Rauzzini and Arne are being practised. However, the principal work which is being attempted this term is the orchestral accompaniment to Handel's Oratorio *Israel in Egypt*, which will be performed at the Choral Society Concert in February. The many technical problems in this composition are a challenge to the orchestra and much rehearsal is needed before the concert.

A report on the activities of the orchestra would be incomplete without mention of Mr. R. N. Evans, who continues to give his support and unfailing guidance, for which we are all very grateful.

R. J. TEMPLE.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine

Sir,

Without wishing to sound ungracious, I must say that your half-yearly request for a 'Cambridge Letter' always gives rise to much brow-furrowing and nail biting in the conscientious correspondent. The eternal question raises itself: what exactly do you want? A brief, adjectival biography of every resident Liobian? Sorry; neither I nor any one else see more than two or three of them often enough to do that. A few arch and aphoristic phrases tagged on to a name once illustrious in the School's memory? Hardly; because what I said most probably wouldn't interest you, and what you wanted to know oughtn't to be said. Perhaps an undergraduate continuation of that subtle (sic) raillery characteristic of the Prefects' Letter? No; being catty would be too easy a way out. What then? Shall we settle for an Alistair Cooke type of chatty piece, one that fills up the odd page and mildly amuses the reader while not entirely wasting his time?

Very well. Imagine yourself walking down Trumpington Street any bright morning in Michaelmas Term; what strikes you most forcibly? Not the open Hobson's Conduit, into which you have just accidentally stepped; not the tangle of bicycles and gowns outside Pembroke porter's lodge, as the virtuous who have been attending lectures meet up with the wise, who wouldn't dream of such a thing; not even the sham gothic façade of the University Press, stoutly trying to look like a college chapel, but one that has unhappily mislaid its attendant college.

Not any of these, since for the present purpose something quite different pulls you up. You are now outside St. Cath's, so why not call on some of the Old Boys who live there? Neil Ryder is only just in residence since he seems to lack the funds to complete a course in architecture. There's Eric Bramhall, too, comfortably settled in a room three floors above the J.C.R.—"genuine 17th Century: but don't worry about that broken stair, quite safe really, usually no more than minor abrasions." He is a sportman, and doesn't mind such heights, as is Ralph Whiting, another third year man, who has exhausted all that was offered him by the Geography Faculty and now reads Law—something of a heresy in this most geographical of colleges. Before you leave, don't forget John Rowlands, even if his various athletic habits leave him time for little more than a polite wave across the court.

The next place of interest is that hideous Victorian tower which ruins the collective beauty of the Old Schools, the Senate House, and Great St. Mary's by squatting monstrously between them. Ah, if only the 19th Century had left Cambridge alone . . . but you must accept Caius as you find it, and in it another posse of ex-Institute members. John Conder is having a second year more leisurely than his first (which means that it's not very leisurely at all). A very surprising newcomer, Peter Smith, has already spent five years at Keele and an American University, and he is putting off the fateful day still longer by training here as an administrator of any colony we still possess. "What's that you say, Mr. Smith—this place isn't all that it's cracked up to be? Now look here, we all wholeheartedly approve of non-specialisation, foundation year courses and all the rest of it, but you don't come here from N. Staffs, and tell us what's wrong with our university!" Wisely you pass on to Tony Zalin and Charles Clapham, the first Freshmen you've met so far. These two scientists have sunk blissfully into the Cambridge scene; the one dreads any heavy rainfall because of his leaky roof and the resulting tidal wave that threatens to sweep him down five flights of stairs into St. Michael's Court; the other Liobian is busy observing the advantages of a public school education, as displayed in his Charterhouse room-mate, but so far results have been stoutly negative.

Mention of the public schools inevitably brings Trinity to mind. Trinity, in the anonymity of whose gentlemanly multitude two of our own kinfolk dwell. John Taylor continues with his Oriental languages and is rarely seen other than by methodists; and Freshman Russell Cannon dourly keeps to himself and his mathematics; best not to disturb him as you cut through to Sidney.

A visit there would be worthwhile, if only for the chance to meet the redoubtable Arnold J. Cummins. He is the man who gave that immense 21st party, and all his old friends knowingly kept away, while only complete innocents and some gate-crashers attended, though in huge numbers, which was much to the dismay of Arnold, and of the Proctors too. He, however, brought off a classical coup by politely showing Proctors and Bulldogs round a large hall full of some 100 well behaved people; meanwhile in an adjacent cubby-hole the remaining 400 riotous guests were packed like the proverbial sardines! Even his colleague, Colin Malam, could hardly match that, especially while he is trying to raise Sidney's 1st XI to the First Division—no mean feat, in view of the quality of Sidney's soccer.

Time is slipping by, and you must hurry down to Pembroke to see Pete Johnson and ask him why he hasn't become President of the Liberal Club, and why on earth he moved into a box-like bed sitter in Orchard Building instead of staying in that pleasant room overlooking the Dean's Garden. Enquire also after his friend, the mysterious Brian Stark, whose isolationist habits seem to reflect the physical isolation of his college, Selwyn, way across the river.

He'll know little of Dave Thomas, who delighted Queen's by taking a First in Law after one year, and who now makes a fortune as a supervisor. You may, however, hear something of Brian Worthington, who is moving back to the Regency vastness of Downing. His own autobiographical poem, *Summoned by Yells*, is to be an answer to Mr. Betjeman whom he loudly and justly disparages. The University Church of Gt. St. Mary's will soon be graced by a performance of "Cranmer of Canterbury," in which he plays the rather surprising part of a choric Skeleton, which is surely taking a stoic view of mankind to an extreme of disillusion.

No more, no more: this glimpse into the workings of our Alma Mater has exhausted us both. But we must hope it will not have disillusioned too many people—after all, Oxford's much worse, even if they do win the Boat Race in March; and besides, we don't need any pedestrian precincts, you know!

I conclude with the customary pseudonym, for which I am indebted to Mr. Wain, or is it Mr. Amis?

Anyway, Sir,

"I LIKE IT HERE."

OXFORD LETTER

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine

Dear Sir,

Clarorum virorum facta moresque in all their detail constitute, it seems, the perennial tribute which you, the most rapacious of literary Minotaurs, seek to extract from the Alma Mater. No Theseus has yet appeared to rise up against this tyranny and to remove this burden, more onerous than any

impending Schools, from the shoulders of gentlemen (allow us to call ourselves that; this is the only period of our lives when many of us will be able to lay claim to the title)—gentlemen, then, who are either too intent on their studies, too athletically energetic or too devoted to leisure to turn their hands to literary writing pursuits. They argue that, if they were famous, you would need no further information; if they are not famous, is it not better to leave them in their respectable obscurity? For *moras* they may have, but one is reluctant, on little more than a nodding acquaintance, to discover, compare and pass judgment of these; as for *facta*, what time can be found in eight weeks for deeds worthy of the name? Unhappily, Mr. McKie, one of our senior members who has for countless years opened the epistolary innings, died, after thirty-two years as a Fellow of Brasenose, just before the beginning of this term. He was the loyalest Old Boy of them all; an assiduous attender of Old Boys' functions in Oxford, he made himself known even to some of those members of the School, whose only connection with the University was one week's sojourn there in December, before passing on elsewhere. A compelling, controlling force will be found lacking in future.

It would be monotonous to recite the list of the School's representatives in Oxford and to try to satisfy the magazine reader's insatiable appetite for gossip with largely fictitious accounts of their several doings. Events of moment come slowly; the much-publicised and temporarily important incidents are soon forgotten. Two visits from royalty this term: the King and Queen of Nepal, and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with the laying and subsequent nocturnal unlaying of the foundation stone of the new college.

For the rest, in the "sweet hothouse world of bells and crumbling walls of golden brown" of that recent campanological epic, the phoenix, Oxford is still struggling to emerge in new finery from the ruins of its former self; but as one building shaves its bristling beard of rusty scaffolding, another grows it. The circular Sheldonian, in the Broad, is now clear; its inner wall held the building together, while the outer wall was refaced, then the outer held it together while the inner was renewed. Only its twelve crumbling, time-expired Caesars stand in a row outside, faceless and unrefaced.

This year has provided the exception which proves the rule that the Michaelmas term always enjoys fine weather; it is to be hoped that no doubter is stubborn enough to require further proof of the fact. Freshmen, waiting for a suitable day to admire the mellow beauty of their ancient surroundings, have had to hurry through the streets, "pale undergraduates in the rain," heads bowed, umbrella-veiled, clutching their gowns around them and reaching their lectures with a sigh of relief.

The rivers have risen above their banks, flooding the meadows through which they flow and driving the squirrels from their riverian haunts to seek a less secluded refuge in the trees of college gardens. These still see their constant stream of long-faced, admiring visitors who brave the elements in search of atmosphere and culture. Those of us for whom eight weeks' unbroken familiarity tends to breed contempt for the monuments of centuries of learning look out from our fire-side through windows dimmed with mud splashed up from the window boxes, shudder, turn back to the fire and toast another crumpet.

This, sir, is the privilege one attains as a result of seven or eight years' hard labour at school. After the exhaustion of this extended campaign, what can one be expected to do except to relax and potter round picking up firsts, seconds, or whatever comes one's way, like a retired veteran of the Roman army, pensioned off with a little plot of land to keep him from starvation?

Thus, we remain, sir, your constant, if recalcitrant, servants,

FUNDULUS EMERITUS.

THE PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute School Magazine

Sir,

It is once again my unpleasant task to lay bare the private lives of the only "top-people" who have never even heard of *The Times*. Not satisfied with Governmental reports and the Sunday newspapers, you demand that I give even more publicity to the infamous activities of those refugees from "Highway Patrol" who inhabit the upper reaches of the School. But you insist. And so, with the fervent hope that your lawyer is well versed in the laws of libel, I present my report.

After many unsuccessful attempts, the Sissons family has finally succeeded in gaining control of the School, and Mr. Sissons, or "King" Sissons, as he prefers to be called, is now busy securing a place in the hierarchy for the remainder of his family. During the summer he divides his not inconsiderable spare time between the cricket field, where the bruises on his back testify to his confidence in the face of fast bowling, and developing his already super-ego in those sylvan glades within reach of his now almost entirely rust bicycle. In winter he prefers indoor sports. His efforts to sell his second-in-command, Mr. Harlow, to the museum as living proof of the theory of evolution have met with overwhelming approval.

Mr. Harlow, blissfully unaware of these evil plans, has now given up his rôle of Liverpool's Beat Bacchus and is carefully preparing himself for a return to the land of the living. His interest in the Orient recently resulted in a prolonged stay in hospital, where he was removed, starving and unable to cry for help from behind an obscure volume on Chinese literature in the International Library, after spending several days there unnoticed and unable to uncross his legs. Undeterred by such minor set-backs, however, he has since entered an even more ambitious course of self-mutilation, involving the hazardous step of having his hair cut.

Ever since William McGonnagall delivered his destructive attack on the English language, the world has been waiting for a man powerful and ruthless enough to deliver the death blow—or so Mr. MacRae justifies his existence, as he lolls nonchalantly on the window ledge, fastidiously nibbling his succulent jelly and exercising his barbed and penetrating wit on those foolish enough to come within range. His spritely gait belies his consternation at finding himself the object of proposed legal action under the Obscene Publications Act.

Mr. Caulfield's immunity to this Scots venom is perhaps explained by the fact that he was Olympic chair-throwing champion, until he sacrificed his amateur status by accepting a bribe. During training he consumes vast quantities of a tinned meat he once saw advertised on television—by a large Irish wolf-hound.

Mr. Swain, everybody's friend, in his perpetual quest for the truth, recently conducted an innocent investigation with a lighted match of a newly-installed and most intriguing gas pipe, which he discovered under a seat in the P.R. The resultant explosion was the first, and almost the last, thing to greet Mr. Tysoe on his arrival in the P.R. In an attempt to placate him, Mr. Swain naively offered to partner him at Bridge, but his overtures were rudely rejected—probably because Mr. Tysoe has seen him play, and is in any case already engaged in brainwashing enough people to complete his first French prose. This teenage Machiavelli plans his revenge by hiring his persecutor to the Americans as a target for Polaris missiles.

Mr. Archer, another new arrival, is as yet unaware of the exact purpose of his gown and uses it as a whip, shoe-polisher and raincoat, as the occasion demands. His inability to write Greek prose is matched only by Mr. Sissons' and they are often seen weeping together.

Mr. Davidson's barber was recently reported to have gone bankrupt; but unrepentant, the former excuses himself on the grounds that his safety would be in danger, if those he has maimed and crippled on the hockey field were able to see him. The fear that Mr. Hall is poisoning the neat tea he carries in his hip flask has reduced him to such a state of nerves that he has been seen on his knees begging an old lady to escort him across Dale Street during the rush hour.

Mr. Hall received an invitation to play against the Harlem Globetrotters, on their recent tour, but decided to place himself on the open market and await an offer from the tallest bidder, realizing that, in any case, television will not do him true justice until the advent of colour television and the new high screen.

Now that Mr. Winchester has succeeded in overcoming all desire to eat his sandwiches, which he paternally regards as almost part of the family, he sits in ecstasy, oblivious to the circle of gaping mouths around him, and dreams of the day when he will have enough to paper the P.R. walls.

The chief obstacle to his plans is the rapacious Mr. Chambers, who, closely resembling a benign hedgehog, does not subscribe to such humanitarian ideas and intends to surround himself with as many as he can carry off and hibernate until the Spring, thus dispensing with the exorbitant bus fares necessitated by an unfortunate incident when his bicycle went berserk and launched a vicious attack on a concrete lamp standard.

Messrs. Corkish and Rimmer both claim to be mathematicians and spend most of their time together in a corner, trying to prove it. Mr. Corkish spends the rest of his time training his hamsters—at least he claims that is what they are—who has ever seen a hamster six feet tall?—to do his homework for him, while he aims his car with sufficient accuracy finally to get out of the garage. Mr. Rimmer, however, places no such trust in the invincibility of the internal combustion engine and intends, if the present weather persists, to be the first man to swim to School, provided that his water wings have not perished.

Another budding television star, Mr. Martineau, once actually succeeded in getting into the world of the small screen, but someone accidentally switched the current on and he now devotes himself to singing in the School Choir, in the hope that his talents will be discovered before his next birthday makes him too old for "All Your Own."

Still bearing the scars of his last fight with Terry Spinks, Mr. Griffiths has now found more profitable employment as Mr. Sissons' bodyguard during the day and his fire-guard at night. He has met with little opposition from other road-users since he hit on the idea of mounting a machine-gun on his luxury soap-box bought with the proceeds of his latest film—"The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond."

Mr. Mordaunt, one of nature's heavyweights, combines his activities as mathematician with his duties as scorer for the 1st Cricket XI and his *magnum opus* at the moment is the improvement of Mr. Chambers' batting average, a task which, he sadly admits, is, despite profuse promises of financial reward, far beyond even his prodigious capabilities. His daily campanological performance in the Upper Yard brings him standing ovations and the local fire-brigade—it is the fire-bell!

Mr. McKelvie is a fine example of that diabolical combination, a mathematician and a Scot, whose fiendish scheme for harnessing Mr. Cattrall to produce electricity failed, when the latter wore out the tread-wheel; another of his more advanced experiments consisted of water-proofing his gown with boot polish and standing on the roof to test it, where his shredded haggis sandwiches were regarded as something of a delicacy by the seagulls.

There, Sir, I must finish, my task is done. My boat is waiting and I must make good my escape before it is too late.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

160T ⊖ ††εΩ.

PROVENCE

Last summer I visited the area of France called Provence. This is a strange land full of contrasts; from the busy city of Marseilles to the barren lonely salt marshes of the Camargue, and from the wide golden beaches to the dry dusty countryside.

One day I visited the Camargue, an area of salt marshes surrounding the mouth of the Rhône. It is criss-crossed with streams and lakes on which great white flamingoes sail serenely in the bright sunlight. It is here also that bulls are reared for bullfighting, which takes place in some towns in this area.

On another day I visited the towns of Nîmes and Arles. These towns are full of Roman antiquities. They both possess Roman amphitheatres which are still used for bullfighting and various shows. Although they are very fine they still have an evil air about them and one may imagine the huge crowds yelling as men fought in mortal combat long ago.

This area must surely be one of the most interesting parts of Europe.

J. R. WATSON (6B.Sc.)

A SPANISH PASTIME

A visit to Spain is not complete without seeing a bullfight, and to see one you must first find the "Plaza de Toros." This is a circular arena with tiered seats, and between the ring and the seats is a protective passage-way. The seats are classified as "Sol o Sombra" (Sun or Shade), and normally it is more pleasant to sit in the shade. However, since the bullfight I saw was held in the evening, it was warmer to sit in the "Sol" seats, and in these cheaper seats there was more opportunity to savour the enthusiasm of the local people.

We had settled down and looked around for a while, when the time for the start of the fight arrived. Nothing happened. The easy-going Spaniards were content to laugh and chat for ten minutes, but then they showed their disapproval for the delay of their favourite sport by catcalls and the slow hand clap. Then the patron entered and the noise subsided. The three matadors, immaculately dressed, came and presented themselves before him, with a dignity matched by the music. They left, and the first bull entered, full of fury, charged around the ring, with the crowd cheering ironically. When it had quietened, about six bullfighters entered and goaded and tired it. During this session, one bullfighter was trapped against the wall and gored in the stomach. All the other bullfighters rushed to the bull to distract it while the wounded bullfighter was carried away.

Three blasts from the trumpets signalled the three banderilleros to prepare. Each of these banderilleros had a pair of banderillas—coloured barbed sticks—and each in turn attracted the bull's attention and moved nimbly aside just as it reached them, then they plunged three sticks into its back: the first blood was seen dripping down the bull's sides.

Three more blasts from the trumpets, and the matador entered majestic-ally while the crowd cheered wildly. As he began to goad the bull, a silence descended on the arena, which would be broken by a roar from the crowd when the bull had charged at the cloak in vain. The matador goaded the bull with more finesse than the bullfighters, and was much more daring. Once the bull was too quick for one of the matadors, and his mouth was cut by the bull's horn. When the matador thought he had tricked and tired the bull sufficiently, he inserted the sword (which has a cross piece near the bottom), and cut the bull's spinal cord. If he is successful the bull will sink to its knees, and then one of the bullfighters puts a dagger through its

brain. When possible, this coup de grâce is engineered to be in front of the patron's box. A troupe of gaily coloured men entered with a horse, and dragged it off with bells jingling. As the matador walked around the ring, the applauding crowd threw gifts to him, such as coins, cigarettes and flowers.

For one matador, the bull was very unco-operative and was more interested in breaking the fence around the ring than charging at the matador. Thus, as this had been a poor fight, the matador did not walk around the ring as the crowd were hissing and booing. I saw five bulls killed during the evening and, contrary to the belief of many, the emphasis is not on blood and cruelty, but on skill and daring.

There is quite a contrast between a provincial town bullfight, like the one I saw, and a large city bullfight, as in Barcelona. There are bullfighters who ride on horseback, jabbing the bull with long pikes; also there are banderilleros on horseback. In the large cities the pageantry is developed more, mainly for the benefit of the tourists. As the arena is so vast, unless one is fortunate to obtain a good seat, there is not the same thrill as when the fight is nearer in the smaller bullfights. If I go to Spain again, I would not hesitate to see another of these exciting spectacles.

J. S. BRADBROOK (U5Sc.)

CHANGE

Away from the busy streets floodlit in the night
 Into the quiet suburb where peace reigns supreme;
 Away from the bustling, busy city life,
 From neon lights like shining bars aglow,
 Forbidding towers clawing ever upward to the sky:
 And then we pass the invisible wall of the city,
 Which divides the two lives of the community.
 Now no great buildings line the way
 But tall trees majestic, rustling in the wind,
 Winking bedroom lights spread far into the distance;
 The uncanny silence is broken only by the wind,
 The glinting stars survey the scene from their black throne.

N. W. McNAUGHTON (L5B)

NIGHTFALL

The sun sinks slowly in the west;
 The autumn sky is ruby red.
 The birds are flying home to rest
 And parents send their sons to bed.

The night's dark shadow spreads o'er all:
 The silence covers sense with sleep.
 Then stars awake, and meteors fall,
 The night beasts from their burrows creep.

And then at last the Moon ascends
 Outlining hill and vale with light;
 And over all her spirit sends
 The strange tranquillity of night.

A. D. JACKSON (U5Sc.)

THE RIVER

Smoke; black and white ;
 Dull sunshine on the lazy river.
 A seagull flies low, his feathers grey with oil.
 Cranes groan at their burden.
 Clouds blot out the sun,
 Casting a dull shadow on the waves.
 A thin wreath of mist swirls low.
 The noise of heavy industry reaches the ear,
 The bird climbs, dips, glides and is lost to view
 No ships on the river, which seems content
 To be relieved of its charges.
 Fog!
 Curls down in tortuous twists,
 Blotting out view and filling lungs with choking breath.
 The harsh clang of a bell
 Sends out its mournful warning.
 Loneliness is deceptive,
 Solitude, non-existent.
 Voices and noises lost in the sea of blackness.
 No longer a lazy river,
 But treacherous and full of deceit,
 While the lonely bell tolls on,
 Breaking through the abyss of darkness.

R. OTHEN (6AM2)

ALL WORK—NO PLAY

When we are five, we go to school,
 Enjoy ourselves and act the fool.
 Five years later—What a fuss!
 We've heard about "eleven plus."

Once we're through, we think we're grand;
 We're members of a "famous band."
 Soon we learn life's not much fun;
 Our work has only just begun!

Spanish, Latin, French and Maths—
 We each must take our chosen paths.
 Some take Science; some the Arts;
 Whate'er it is—it breaks our hearts!

Four years on and Oh! dear me,
 We're swotting for the G.C.E!
 When we hear that we have passed,
 We think our schooling's done at last.

But these dreams they rudely shatter,
 We've no more time for idle chatter.
 We really must work night and day;
 We're cramming now for level "A."

A few more years, for our degree—
 You'll guess we're at the "Varsity."
 We're studying for that happy day
 When we can sign ourselves—"B.A."

R. N. PARSONS (L5A.)

THE EDINBURGH MILITARY TATTOO

We were sitting in a Princes Street restaurant, looking across at the sombre mass of Edinburgh Castle, then silhouetted against a stormy sky, when the rain started.

"Not much hope of seeing the Tattoo tonight," commented my father. The friendly Scottish waitress smiled and told him not to be so sure. "There's plenty o' time for the weather to clear," she said. Throughout our meal we kept glancing out of the window, and at last were able to breathe a sigh of relief as, after half an hour of continuous rain, small patches of blue began to appear in the evening sky.

We knew that parking space was difficult to get in the vicinity of the Tattoo Arena, but thought that the bad weather would make people go later. When we did finally reach the scene of the Tattoo, we soon realised our mistake. The only parking space we could find was at least 150 yards from the Castle Esplanade, where the Tattoo is staged. As we walked up the hill to the Castle, we were constantly accosted by programme sellers and the like, all determined to grow rich on the money of people like ourselves. As far as I could see, however, the only two of these who were really doing well were the ones hiring out cushions to make the wooden board seating more comfortable.

We were no sooner settled in our seats than the rain started again. Fortunately it was only a drizzle, and anyway, with so many of us huddled together, no one really got wet. Finally the Tattoo itself commenced. From start to finish it was by far superior to even the most lavish T.V. Show.

Its opening spectacle, which consisted of the massed bands of several Scottish Regiments, was followed by displays from some of Britain's Armed Forces and also from the Gurkhas and the Royal Greek Guard. There were also various historical interludes and, throughout it all, the floodlit Castle made a most fitting background to the scene. When, at last, the Grand Finale came, it brought with it the most moving scene of all. With the troops massed in the Arena, the "Sunset Call" was played, a piper high up on the battlements played the "Last Post" and, one by one, the lights of Edinburgh Castle were extinguished. This, surely, was a most fitting end to the dramatic spectacle that is the Edinburgh Military Tattoo.

D. R. MORRIS (L5A.)

THOSE COMMERCIALS

Why not use Gleam, Madam?
It washes much whiter.
Or why not smoke Guinness?
Your nose will be brighter.
Feed Rover on Persil;
See the change in his hue.
His eyes will be glazed
And his face will turn blue.
Try your husband on Pal;
It prolongs active life;
And the Kids will love Cobnut
Ready sliced—needs no knife.
Then try some roast Walls';
This method's quite new.
But don't overheat it
Whatever you do.
To end with, take Setlers
For express relief.
Indigestion, I'm sure, will
Cause no more grief.

A. HETHERINGTON (L5A)

EXIT

If there is a situation
That is fraught with complication
It is at the termination
Of a heated interview—

When you bang the door behind you,
Leaving in a huff, to find you've
Left your overcoat and hat
Behind you too!

J. D. KERRISH (U5D)

THE ACCIDENT

Night was approaching over the city. Along the narrow street the working-men were returning to the warmth and security of their homes. Amongst the rush, an old man shuffled along the pavement towards the kerb. He stepped into the road, ignoring his kerb drill, and then quickly retreated, muttering curses, as a stream of traffic roared quickly past the spot where he had been standing only a moment before. Again the man stepped forward.

A car turned into the street, travelling at a speed exceeding the limit. The driver was engaged in a race to beat the traffic lights, which stood at the opposite corner of the street, before they could deny his car right of way. In that uncertain light which lingers between day and night, most figures are scarcely able to be distinguished, and this driver was not concentrating on the traffic and pedestrians, but had centred his vision on the set of traffic lights. Another car quickly approached from the opposite direction. Both were travelling far too fast for the width of the road. The first driver was blinded by the glare of car headlights, and, caught unawares, swerved . . .

The old man shuffled into the road for the third time. For an instant he was illuminated by car-headlights, and he attempted to retreat but, in vain—a squeal of car brakes, and then he was lying motionless in the gutter.

As the ambulance disappeared with the body inside, a passer-by was heard to be saying, "No one was to blame. It was just an accident . . ."

I. LEVERTON (L5A)

CHRISTMAS EVE

Deep in the shadows of the lonely hills
The village rejoices, as the white snow spills
From the starlit sky, to the farmers' fields;
In the village the church bell peals.

All are joyful in that quiet place,
And happiness is upon everyone's face;
For 'tis Christmas Eve, the calendars remind;
Carols ring forth; the old year is left behind.

The dawn soon breaks, all is light;
The blue sky advances on the night;
The village wakens and children play
With the glorious tidings, 'It is Christmas Day.'

D. R. W. PIERCE (L5F)

A GLIDING EXPERIENCE

The order "all out" was relayed to the winch crew by a bat-man. Slowly the glider began to move, and then, as it accelerated, I felt myself being pulled backwards. Building and hangars flashed by as the aircraft became airborne.

Twenty, thirty, forty feet.

"Ease the stick back more." The altimeter needle bounded upwards. As we climbed higher, buildings and roads took on a miniature size below us.

After a shallow dive, the cable was released and we began to drift into a great clear expanse, as if cut off from mankind. The aircraft glided slowly down, until it was time for us to ease back on to terra firma, which was rushing up to meet us.

"The approach is too fast. Make a final check." Back went the stick and after a sickening bounce, we were back on the ground.

G. D. SOUTHERN (RB)

NOVEMBER FIFTH

Last night I had some fireworks,
They were a huge success,
They flashed about with bangs and jerks,
And left an awful mess.

At first the night was damp and dark,
With not a star in sight,
But suddenly there flashed a spark,
The heavens were alight.

Then out the children all did troop,
With bags of squibs and rockets,
My rocket went and looped the loop,
And a squib burnt a hole in my pocket.

P. A. G. BROWN (3C)

'S' SEASONS

Spring is here,
Crops begin growing.
Flowers appear,
As farmers start sowing.
The corn is alive,
To grow and thrive.

Summer is here,
The air is warm.
Blue skies appear,
From dusk to dawn,
The crops are ripe,
And cuckoos pipe.

K. H. CLANDON (4E)

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

At last the train begins to move
From out the dingy station;
The Duke of Gloucester is its name,
The pride of all the nation.

Gathering speed it sways along,
Passing hedges of prickly thorn,
Passing houses, passing ditches,
Passing fields of swaying corn.

The sea suddenly bursts into view,
Then someone shouts, "Look, there's the pier,"
Blackpool station then appears;
The train soon halts; at last we're here.

T. KING (3B).

DAFFODILS

Blowing in the gay March breeze
The daffodils I see;
By the river, by the trees,
Swaying there so gracefully.

As the sun breaks through the sky
And clouds, they float away;
They lift their golden heads up high
To greet another day.

Then, when the sun sets in the west,
The daffodils they bow their heads;
All things are now at rest,
Sleeping soundly in their beds.

P. J. WILLIAMS (LSA.)

AUTUMN

The sky is dark,
The trees are bare:
Like dark silhouettes
In the Autumn air.

The nights are long,
The winds blow chill;
The birds are soaring
Over the hill.

Summer has gone,
Winter draws near,
And Oh, how we long
For the leaves to appear.

N. J. BAINBRIDGE (LSF.)

THE DOG

The dog is a wonderful creature,
Always so faithful and true;
Just a whistle will bring him,
Safely back to you.

If you ever lose him,
Just you shout his name;
And from out of nowhere,
He'll appear again.

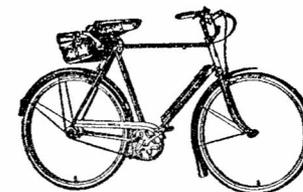
If someone throws a ball for him,
He will run after it so fast,
That you will hardly see him,
When he is going past.

He will sit for hours
Gnawing at a bone;
But if you take it from him,
He will let out a groan.

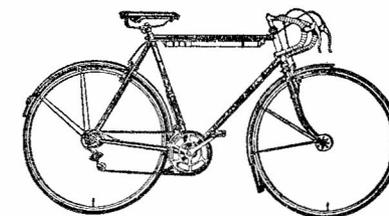
His little jobs are many,
One is to mind the house;
He does this most efficiently,
And you never hear him grouse.

A. NEWNES (L5F.)

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