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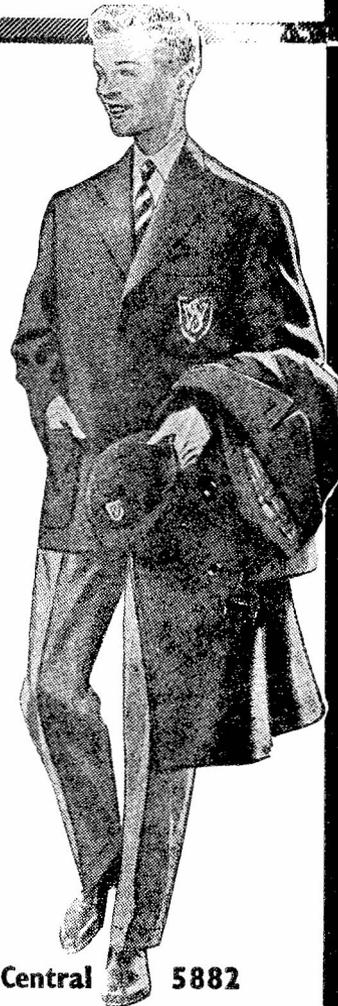
Number 1

JANUARY, 1963

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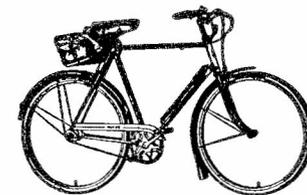
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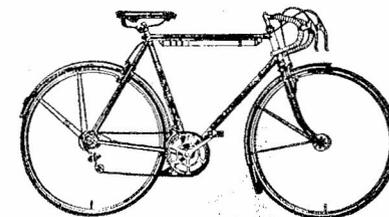
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WASDALE, 1962

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

VOL. LXXI.

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Mr. F. BRIERLEY

EDITORIAL

Space problems! In the higher circles of our democracy the numerous space problems are discussed, rediscussed, then stored away in a spacious portfolio for some convenient time. Later, a resurgence of public opinion for solutions to these problems prompts the country's politicians to formulate specious solutions for these complex space questions.

It may be argued that space is a ridiculous matter to debate, for space is nothing and nothing is impossible to discuss in a sane fashion; thus space is impossible to discuss. Yet everything is space, so everything is nothing. Is it subsequently correct to conclude that it is impossible to discuss everything, that is, nothing is possible to be discussed? In conclusion, it is assumed from the last premise that space can be discussed. Abandoning this preamble, however, and allowing one to criticise it as one wishes, what can be said?

The space problems are varied in the extreme. One of Mr. Marples' chief headaches (for which strong coffee is no cure) is Britain's parking problems. Much has already been written on the subject and the criticisms of the policies and actions are best left to editorials of other publications than this. The housing problem is largely due to the lack of space in the vicinity of the employment areas, and until skyscraper blocks of flats are erected in profusion, the situation is unlikely to be relieved. Early this winter a White Paper was published advocating more space for white collar workers — forty square feet per person. There also is a great lack of space for playing fields and this situation concerns schools. Many schools have a desperate need of space for expansion — the Liverpool Institute is perhaps the most obvious on Merseyside. Yet with all this space lacking on the earth, there is an extreme excess outside. The Americans and Russians are attempting to conquer and thereby utilise this space; surely Britain must not be left behind to suffer from a spaceless phobia? This simply shows that, although space is nothing, yet space counts for everything.

In the Editorial sphere we too have our space problems. It may not be realised by our patrons that during the last five years the volume of the Magazine has increased from some thirty pages per edition to fifty-five in last July's edition. This has been due in part to the result of the subtle intimations presented to readers by the Editors, which have finally brought a heart-warming response by the contributors, in that a far greater number of articles of a suitably high standard have been submitted. It is satisfying to note that, although in the past the Sixth-Form interest has been of small consequence, in the past few years they have regained their fervour and have even provided the editors with the distasteful task of having to defer entering some of the articles because of lack of space. An even more pleasing aspect has been the ever-increasing number of society notices. This shows that the majority of the members of the School are becoming more conscious of the cultural side of their education and are devoting time and energy to their hobbies and interests. The senior members of the School have not been striving on alone in this sphere with their recently inaugurated "Radio Society" and "Film Society" but they have been emulated by the junior boys, who have, in the past two years, founded the "Junior Debating Society," the "Junior Archaeological Society" and the "Junior Science Society."

This enriching of school activities reflects the expanding nature of the School, but it must be acknowledged that it would not be possible without the assistance and advice of the many masters who relinquish their own time to guide the members of the sports teams and societies. This assistance we tend to take for granted, but the present robust health of these activities is surely due to their careful management over the years.

Mr. F. BRIERLEY

We congratulate Mr. F. Brierley on his appointment as Head Master of the Holt High School. He leaves us at the end of this term after twelve years as Head of the Mathematics Department. Those who have passed through the Sixth Form Mathematics sets would be the first to testify to the inspiration of Mr. Brierley's teaching and organisation. It is significant that thirty-two boys have won open awards at Oxford and Cambridge in this period, apart from the many who have gone to provincial Universities and into good positions in industry.

Mr. Brierley has given unsparingly of his time and energy to many activities of our School life. In particular he has looked after the Cricket First XI, where his experience and enthusiasm for the game have built a fine tradition of good play and good sportsmanship.

We wish Mr. Brierley every success in his new appointment.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

At the beginning of last term the School was shocked to hear of Mr. Reed's serious illness. We are happy to record that he has made very good progress and we hope he will soon be completely recovered.

Mr. B. Juxon left at the end of last term to take up a senior appointment at another grammar school. We wish to thank him for the keen interest he has displayed in the life of the School, and he has our best wishes for success and happiness in his future work.

We are pleased to welcome the following new members of staff:— Mr. D. B. Davies, B.A. (Bristol); Mr. R. S. Hunt, B.A. (Liverpool); Mr. K. Poad, B.A. (Durham); Mr. M. G. B. Toobe, B.A. (London), and Mr. L. N. Treeby, B.A. (Oxon.).

We also extend a welcome to our two assistants, Señor J. M. Jauma (Barcelona) and Herr J. Warkentin (Munich).

On 1st October, boys from the Sixth-Form went to a performance of Shakespeare's 'Troilus and Cressida' at the Royal Court Theatre.

On 17th October, a group of boys went to an exhibition of French books, prints and periodicals, opened at the International Library by the Cultural Attaché of the French Embassy.

On 31st October, John McCabe, an Old Boy of the School, gave a piano recital in Hall before an audience of the Upper-Fifth and Sixth-Form.

On 1st November, members of the Upper-Fifth and Remove went to the Gaumont cinema to see the film "Henry V."

On 6th November, a party of boys from the Sixth-Form attended a performance of Racine's "Andromaque," given by the Troupe Française, at the Royal Court Theatre.

On 15th November, boys from the Lower Modern Sixth went to the Everyman Cinema to see the film of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," performed by the Comédie Française.

We are happy to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Baines, and Mr. and Mrs. Scott, on their recent marriage.

The senior cross-country team has had a very successful season. They won both the Cumella and Sangster Cups in competitions which included some fifteen teams. They also came first in the Waterloo Road Race, in which about thirty teams were competing.

During last year's cricket season, N. A. Archer broke the School aggregate run record by scoring 662 runs for the 1st XI.

We have recently heard that Mr. D. W. L. Burnham, a former Head Boy of the School and undergraduate at Oxford, has received his blue for football by playing in the annual Varsity Match.

Last term, boys from the Science Sixth attended a series of lectures given by a number of distinguished professors at the Royal Institution.

Last July, the senior chess team, captained by C. F. Woodcock, went to London to compete in the finals of the Sunday Times National Schools Chess Competition. Here they were successful, and won the trophy, and so far, in this year's competition, the team has succeeded in defending its title.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

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

The Crosbeian, The Alsopian, The Harp, Queen Mary High School Magazine, Essemmay, Childwall Valley High School Magazine, Calder High School Magazine, Wirral Grammar School Magazine, Aigburth Vale High School Magazine, Esmeduna, Woking County Grammar School Magazine, Hillfoot Hey High School Magazine, The Elizabethan, The Wallaseyan, The Squirrel.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE CHARITY FUND

The raising of the subscription to 2d. per boy each week has led to an increase of about 50% in the total sum collected. The average weekly amount is now £6/10/-. Because of this welcome addition, we are hopeful that we shall, in the future, be able to give a more substantial donation to any cause we support. The boys on the Fund Committee are: The Head Boy, N. J. Bainbridge, T. R. A. King.

The following sums have been sent since the last issue of the magazine:

JULY, 1962—	
Cancer Research	£30
Mentally Handicapped Children	£30
Save the Children Fund	£20
War on Want (additional donation)	£10
R.N. Institute for Blind	£10
SEPTEMBER, 1962—	
Oxfam (for Persian disaster)	£50

D.T.J.

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held on Monday, 11th December, 1962, in the Philharmonic Hall, when the prizes were distributed by Dr. David Thomson, Esq., M.A., Ph.D., Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and an eminent historian.

After the singing of the National Anthem, the Head Boy of the School, S. J. Norris, delivered the address of welcome, which was again in English.

The Headmaster, Mr. M. P. Smith, then presented his annual report. Having welcomed Dr. Thomson and the other distinguished guests, he mentioned the recent changes in the School staff, paying special tribute to Mr. W. J. Hart, who retired last July after 40 years' devoted service to the School. The Mathematics department had felt the full impact of these changes; Mr. Juxon, and its distinguished Head, Mr. Brierley, were to leave at Christmas, Mr. Brierley to take up the Headship of the Holt High School. During the 12 years that Mr. Brierley had been teaching at the Institute, his pupils had met with remarkable academic success; he had also rendered invaluable services in a wide range of School activities. The School also deeply regretted the loss of Mr. A. Durband, who was Head of the English department. Mr. Smith then welcomed the new masters and praised the loyalty and devotion of all the staff.

He next referred to the School's academic achievements in the past year, the number of Scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge again reaching double figures. Unfortunately, the results of the G.C.E. examinations, while being adequate, were not remarkable. He mentioned the new scheme for university entrance and stressed how increasingly fierce the competition was for places. Also, a good Ordinary-Level G.C.E. result was essential owing to the acute unemployment situation.

The Headmaster was pleased to announce the achievements of several School teams and societies, and also of individual members of the School. The great variety of activities was a healthy sign of the life and vitality of the School. He expressed his fervent wish, however, that there should be more general support for these activities, each boy participating in at least one of them.

He concluded with a reference to the broadened scope of the School Charity Fund and to the need for each boy to have a sense of obligation to the less fortunate.

The School Choir then sang "The Shepherd's Farewell," by Berlioz, and "The Huntsmen's Chorus," by Weber.

The Chairman, Professor R. A. Morton, began his address with references to the Headmaster's report, and added his own tribute to Mr. Hart, whom he compared with Wordsworth's happy warrior. He congratulated Mr. Brierley on his appointment and formally welcomed Dr. Thomson. The rapid growth of science, he thought, was complicating modern history to such an extent that collaboration between historians and scientists would soon be essential. In conclusion, he emphasized the importance of science in the world today and mentioned the efforts being made to revise the teaching of the subject, expressing the need, however, for a general education — which, he felt, the Grammar Schools were providing.

The Choir then gave sprightly renderings of "Rolling Down to Rio," by Edward German, and the traditional song "Widdecombe Fair."

After he had distributed the prizes Dr. Thomson delivered his address.

He impressed upon us the need to look to the future rather than the past and also the importance of adapting ourselves to the alterations in our environment. In the future the changes were likely to be just as rapid and universal as those which had taken place in the past 15 years. The period in which we were living, he continued, was probably the most momentous in the history of mankind, and we therefore bore greater responsibilities. To meet these we had to mature and mobilise all our intelligence and intellect; Science and Mathematics should have a prominent place in our School curriculum, but the Humanities were not to be considered less important, for it was essential that one should have a broad, liberal education.

He was disturbed by the many trivialities which pervaded our modern society, but stated that we could remove them by promoting and fostering a correct system of values — through a humane, liberal education. The parents' part in this was not to be neglected, for they could do much by force of example. The Sixth Forms had been so successful in their aim of giving the required education that a growing number of boys wished to enter them. This was admirable, especially as there was now a greater incentive to leave School, but it did entail less individual attention.

He urged that members of the Sixth Forms who intended to enter a university should give more detailed thought to the question of what subjects they were to study there. Further, for some, the university might not be the best route to higher education — Colleges of Technology or Teachers Training Colleges often being more suitable. The idea that schools and universities were like factories, processing people, was quite erroneous, he said, for students were individuals, each having his own soul, and not materials to be moulded into end-products.

Finally, he congratulated the prize-winners and praised all the other boys, who, he was sure, must benefit greatly from being in such a school.

A vote of thanks was proposed by the Dean of Liverpool, and seconded by D. H. Slater, the Vice-Captain of the School.

The School then sang "The Gendarmes' Duet," by Offenbach, and the proceedings concluded with the singing of the School Hymn, "Lo! the Sound of Youthful Voices." A.R.P. D.J.J.

SERVICE OF LESSONS AND CAROLS

During the afternoon of 21st December, the last day of term, the following Service of Lessons and Carols was held in the School Hall:—

Hark the herald angels sing The School.
 A virgin most pure The Choir.
 First Lesson: Isaiah 9: 2, 6, 7 A First Former, A. S. Browne.
 Wassail Song The Choir.
 As with gladness men of old The School.
 Second Lesson: St. Luke 2: 1-7 A Lower Fifth Former, M. Garland.
 The Truth from above The Choir.
 Angels from the Realms of Glory The School.
 Third Lesson: St. Luke 2: 8-20 The Head Boy, S. J. Norris.
 In Dulci Jubilo The Choir
 Fourth Lesson: St. Matthew 2: 1-15 A Master, Mr. F. Brierley
 Once in Royal David's city The School.
 Tyrley, Tyrlow The Choir.
 Fifth Lesson: St. John 1: 1-14 The Headmaster.
 O come, all ye faithful The School.

THE BENEDICTION

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The prospects of success for the 1st XI did not seem favourable at the beginning of the season, since only one member of the team had a full year's experience and three others any experience at all. In these circumstances, the Staff XI were hopeful for their first victory against the School XI in a number of years. However, although the Staff were but a few goals in arrears at half-time, towards the end of the game the School began to over-run the tiring Staff team and finished victors by seven goals to one.

Against Waterloo Grammar School the 1st XI gave a creditable display and were unfortunate to lose 3—2 after leading 2—0 at half-time. In the second game, a weak Hillfoot side were convincingly beaten, 5—1. The following week resulted in a surprise win over a strong Holt side. In this match the return of N. A. Archer, with his great experience of 1st eleven football, was very welcome.

After this successful start to the season, the team suffered a poor run, in which they were soundly beaten by tough Bolton and Prescott sides and the superior finishing of an ordinary Chester side provided the 1st eleven's third successive defeat.

During this time, however, the side was becoming more settled, and while retaining the same side for two consecutive weeks, Salford were beaten 6—2 and a strong Quarry Bank team beaten, 1—0, with the aid of some excellent goalkeeping by J. Capek. This same team was then beaten by Manchester, 7—1. This was largely due to the superior shooting of the Manchester forwards and also in part to the fact that our goalkeeper had to retire early in the second half; yet the constructive play of the two teams was of the same standard.

The 2nd Eleven has had an indifferent season so far, having recorded only two victories. Nevertheless, both the 2nd and 3rd Elevens have played with much enthusiasm and the latter team is enjoying a more successful season than is usual.

The U. 15 team, which has proved itself to be a strong team in the past years, began well but then were defeated four times in succession. They have improved recently by winning their last three games.

The junior teams have played their usual enjoyable brand of football with the U. 13 and U. 12 teams producing excellent results.

It is to be acknowledged that the teams' successes are in great part due to the unflinching support of the masters in charge. This season we welcome two new masters in this capacity, Mr. D. B. Davies and Mr. Hunt, who supervise the U. 13 and U. 12 team respectively.

J. S. BRADBROOK.

CRICKET 1st XI — 1962

Unfortunately this season, rain interfered with many matches, and definite results could not be obtained. This was one of the reasons why the team was not so successful this season as last.

In the first match, against Liverpool Cricket Club, the School was set 190 to win, and with the possibility of scoring them looking poor, rain brought the match to an early close. Rain also prevented the start of the return match.

Against Manchester, we saw the first of the numerous opening stands between Archer (54) and Radcliffe (32) who took the total to 65 without loss. However, the School slumped from 109 for 5 to 115 all out. Rain once more robbed the School of a result, the match being abandoned, with Manchester at 41 for 1.

The School gained its first victory of the season against a weakened Sefton team, winning by 6 wickets. For the return match, Sefton fielded a much stronger team, and a draw was a fitting result to an entertaining match. Duncan took 6 wickets for 48, and Spedding managed the unusual feat of taking 4 catches in one match.

Next followed matches against Merchant Taylors' and Cowley. Merchant Taylors' won a close match by 3 wickets, and even with 134 from Archer, which was the highest score ever recorded for the 1st XI, the School could only draw with Cowley owing to dour batting by the opposition.

The Liobians fielded strong teams this year, denying the School victory in the first match after an opening stand of 134 between Archer (66) and Radcliffe (76), and beating the School in the second match.

Good bowling by Duncan (7 for 27) enabled the School to beat St. Mary's by 4 runs after being dismissed for 88. However, without Archer and Radcliffe in the next match, the School were well beaten by Cakday, recording their lowest total of the season.

A draw against Liverpool University and two good wins over the Holt and Quarry Bank followed, Ferguson taking 5 for 22 in a low scoring game against the Holt, and Archer (79 not out) and Radcliffe (52) in an opening stand of 129, made it possible to beat Quarry Bank by 8 wickets with 135 for 2.

After a closely-drawn game against Oldershaw, in which Spedding made a good 37, Archer achieved his second century of the season, against King's School, Chester, scoring 113 in 102 minutes, and with Armstrong contributing 38, the School was able to declare at 183 for 3. Once more rain made a result impossible, with King's at 32 for 2.

So to the last game of the season against the Collegiate, in which Archer created a new record of 662 runs scored in one season. The game, however, was a dull draw.

Two extra matches were played this season against the Staff and the Liverpool University Staff. The Staff match provided its usual enjoyable feast of runs: Archer made 60 and Gray a round 54. As the match against the University Staff was played during the G.C.E. examinations, the School fielded a young team and gave an encouraging performance passing the Staff's total of 148 with 7 wickets down.

Although the season was not a successful one for the team, for N. A. Archer, the captain, it was indeed outstanding. As well as making 2 new batting records, he took 6 wickets for 48 runs which, although he bowled few overs, was very economical. It will be a long time before the School sees a batsman who hits the ball as hard and consistently as Archer did this season.

Several other players also deserve mention: Radcliffe for his excellent wicket-keeping as well as opening the batting with Archer, Duncan for his fine seam bowling and Ferguson who supported him admirably.

Cricket is a team game and the experience gained by the younger members of the team will stand them in good stead for next season. The fielding of the team has gradually improved which augurs well for next season.

Once again Messrs. Brierley and Ware must be thanked for the advice and coaching which they gave, and it is a pity that the season could not have been more successful as it is Mr. Brierley's last season with the 1st before he leaves, but at all times he has set a fine example of conduct to the team on the field. His departure will be a sad loss to cricket in the School.

J. ARMSTRONG.

Batting :

	Inns.	Not Out	Runs	H/Score	Avg.
N. A. Archer	15	1	662	134	47.29
P. A. Radcliffe	16	0	361	76	22.57
D. W. T. Hughes	10	2	93	28	11.68
D. R. Spedding	16	4	134	37	11.17
D. A. G. Gray	14	1	138	54	10.62

Bowling :

	Overs	Mds.	Runs	Wkts.	Avg.
P. W. Duncan	242.5	82	563	50	11.26
J. Park	34	6	137	11	12.45
I. J. Ferguson	180.4	45	447	28	15.9
D. A. G. Gray	81.3	23	218	11	19.82

Results :

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Aband.
1st XI	18	6	3	6	3
2nd XI	11	8	1	0	2
Colts XI	9	2	3	3	1
U. 14 XI	4	2	2	0	0
U. 13 XI	6	2	3	1	0

RUGBY FOOTBALL

This season, as last, two teams are representing the School, a senior XV and a junior XV. Neither team has provided more than fair results, but both are improving with the experiences they are gaining from their matches and success seems inevitable.

The senior XV's first fixture of the season was against Hillfoot Hey, at School Lane. An unfit team lacking skill or sense of what to do on the field of play met its expected doom, defeat.

Again, in their match with Gateacre Comprehensive, the School failed to score and lacked any sense of attack throughout the game. The game brought no particular moments of brilliance from either side but, nevertheless, play swung from end to end and the game was finished without any score.

Third time lucky! At Ormskirk the team scored for the first time, and then almost straight after the kick-off. Despite the goal, Ormskirk, the more experienced side, triumphed in the end after a tough game.

Unfortunately, the team was suffering from an inferiority complex when it played Quarry Bank, by whom it was defeated twice last season, and played in its usual defensive style. Quarry were held in an exciting and extremely fast game which ended without score.

The team that played the Holt was deprived of four regular senior XV players and yet managed quite easily to hold the Holt, and was extremely unfortunate to concede three points when a Holt player ran from his own line to score in the corner.

Success must come now that some thrust has been put into our attack, and the team must regard itself as equal to, if not better than, the opposition it will meet in the future.

The embarrassment the junior team inflicted upon us has, as expected, turned to pride in its achievements. Through practice and realisation that the only effective tackle is a low tackle, they have tremendously increased their prospects of success. Their play against stronger teams has been encouraging and from them good results are expected.

There seems to be quite a large section of the Lower School interested in taking up the game. Those who have already taken the opportunity have already discovered what an interesting, exciting and satisfying game Rugby can be. Those who are interested must not fall by the wayside, for only by constant practice can they attain the proficiency they will need to represent the School in future years.

Many, I am sure, would treat our practices as opportunities for revealing their dislike of English or Science, but no one who plays Rugby for the School would think of such conduct.

A. W. McGEORGE.

SWIMMING

The School Swimming Team has had a mixed season during the last few months. Towards the end of the summer term we had four matches, against Merchant Taylors', a combined one against five other Liverpool Schools, another against Calday Grange, and finally against the Liverpool College.

We beat Merchant Taylors', and the next night won the hexagonal match, in which we had a rather unfortunate disqualification in the breast-stroke event, after our swimmer had recorded the fastest time. The match against Calday was an overwhelming victory for the School, and took place in a rather cold open air bath with the rain coming down heavily. Liverpool College beat us convincingly but had the advantage of experience in their own bath at temperatures of 1° or 2° centigrade.

After the holidays, with the loss of ex-captain, A. J. Cowan, who was recently placed sixth in the English Schools' Championship, we lost to Manchester by 18 points. This would appear to be a large points margin, but each race had thrilling finger-tip finishes.

Mr. Clark has organised weight training in the school gymnasium on Tuesdays and a new member of the staff, Mr. Hunt, is organising the life saving which is held at Cornwallis Street Swimming Baths.

D. A. HULIN.

SCHOOL SWIMMING SPORTS

One of the outstanding events in the school swimming programme is the school gala, which took place on Monday, July 23rd, at Queen's Drive Baths, the venue for the past four years. This year a large audience was entertained by a varied programme of serious swimming, and events of a

lighter vein. Once again an interesting and informative demonstration of life saving was given, which featured the "expired air" method of resuscitation, more commonly known as the "kiss of life." The water polo proved to be very popular with the large audience, and provided an outlet for the surplus energies of all those who participated.

This year, the events were well supported in all age groups, and each was keenly contested, which is an indication that swimming is making gradual, though steady, progress in popularity among the School's activities. Swimming instruction by qualified teachers now forms part of the school curriculum for junior forms, and it is expected that the results of this instruction will be reflected in the interest displayed in future swimming sports.

Nineteen hundred and sixty-two brought to a close an outstanding performance in school swimming when A. J. Cowan competed for the last time. Over a period of some years he has always given his best for school swimming and has enjoyed outstanding success in his efforts.

Junior swimming shows signs of becoming a great asset in the future, and the progress of this section will be keenly watched.

Team events again provided ample evidence of the School's swimming strength; medley and squadron races displayed co-ordination as well as individual prowess.

The sports this year were arranged for the last time under the supervision of Mr. Spencer, to whom school swimming owes a great deal. Mr. Spencer has now departed and we all wish him well in his new appointment. In conclusion I should express our sincere thanks to everyone who contributed to the success of a most enjoyable sports.

RESULTS

FREE STYLE :

- 100 Yards Senior : 1st P. Morris (C); 2nd J. Hall (H); 3rd A. J. Cowan (A). (67.3 secs.).
 50 Yards Senior : 1st S. Elsworthy (A); 2nd J. R. Hughes (H); 3rd A. J. Cowan (A). (29.8 secs.).
 50 Yards Under 15 : 1st W. J. Smith (C); 2nd P. Ainsworth (P); 3rd H. Dawson (C). (32.8 secs.).
 25 Yards Under 13 : 1st H. J. Mills (C); 2nd M. P. Walliss (C); 3rd G. M. Reeves (D). (15.4 secs.).

BACKSTROKE :

- 100 Yards Senior : 1st A. J. Cowan (A); 2nd S. Elsworthy (A); 3rd P. Cripps (A). (68.3 secs.).
 50 Yards Under 15 : 1st S. Brereton (P); 2nd P. Ainsworth (P); 3rd R. K. Woolley (H). (40.6 secs.).
 25 Yards Under 13 : 1st H. J. Hills (C); 2nd R. W. Lowe (P); 3rd P. Howard (C). (20.4 secs.).

BREAST STROKE :

- 100 Yards Senior : 1st J. R. Hughes (H); 2nd D. A. Hulin (A); 3rd A. J. Cowan (A). (81.2 secs.).
 50 Yards Under 15 : 1st A. J. Hynes (P); 2nd J. A. Evans (H); 3rd E. D. Roberts (T). (39.6 secs.).
 25 Yards Under 13 : 1st H. J. Mills (C); 2nd J. Fazakerley (A); 3rd L. N. Gabriel (L). (22.0 secs.).

BUTTERFLY :

- 50 Yards Senior : 1st D. A. Hulin (A); 2nd K. Nicholson (C); 3rd N. J. Brooks (L). (34.0 secs.).
 50 Yards Under 15 : 1st J. A. Evans (H); 2nd, W. J. Smith (C); 3rd P. G. Facey (C). (39.3 secs.).
 25 Yards Under 13 : 1st M. J. Mills (C); 2nd J. W. Chidlow (P); 3rd D. Lloyd (D).

NEAT DIVE :

- Senior : 1st M. M. Cooper (H); 2nd D. A. Hulin (A); 3rd A. J. Cowan (A).
 Under 15 : 1st L. Young (L); 2nd K. F. Dinwoodie (P).
 Under 13 : 1st M. J. Mills (C); 2nd J. Taylor (C); 3rd D. Lloyd (D).

LONG PLUNGE :

- Senior : 1st A. J. Cowan (A); 2nd D. A. Hulin (A); 3rd D. J. G. Henson (H). (46ft. 2ins.).
 Under 15 : 1st M. Dawson (C); 2nd L. J. Bennett (C); 3rd P. G. Facey (C). (32ft. 5ins.).
 Under 13 : 1st M. J. Mills (C); 2nd P. Howard (C); 3rd R. D. Searle (P). (35ft. 9½ins.).

UNDER WATER RACE :

- 25 Yards Under 15 : 1st B. R. J. W. Ruscoe (O); 2nd S. Breston (P); 3rd G. A. Harris (H).

SCULLING :

- 250 Yards Open : 1st S. Elsworthy (A); 2nd A. J. Cowan (A); 3rd K. Nicholson (C).

CLOTHED RACE :

- 50 Yards Open : 1st J. Hall (H); 2nd S. Elsworthy (A); 3rd R. R. Lyon (A).
 25 Yards Under 13 : 1st G. H. Reeves (D); 2nd M. J. Mills (C); 3rd J. W. Chidlow (P).

OBSTACLE RACE :

- Open : 1st A. J. Cowan (A); 2nd J. Hall (H); 3rd B. Jones (O).
 Under 15 : 1st D. R. C. Jones (A); 2nd A. J. Barnett (A); 3rd A. J. Hynes (P)
 Under 13 : 1st G. M. Reeves (D); 2nd R. W. Lowe (P); 3rd R. D. Barlow (O)
 Junior Medley : 1st Cochran; 2nd Philip Holt; 3rd Alfred Holt. (64.3 secs.).
 Junior Squadron : 1st Cochran; 2nd Philip Holt; 3rd Alfred Holt. (64.3 secs.).
 Senior Medley : 1st Alfred Holt; 2nd Hughes; 3rd Cochran. (58.1 secs.).
 Senior Squadron : 1st Alfred Holt; 2nd Hughes; 3rd Cochran. (54.7 secs.).

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS :

- Senior : A. J. Cowan (Alfred Holt).
 Under 15 : W. J. Smith (Cochran). G. L. P. Evans (Hughes).
 Under 13 : M. J. Mills (Cochran).

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS :

- Senior : Alfred Holt.
 Under 15 : Cochran.
 Under 13 : Cochran.
 Aggregate : Cochran.

MERSEYSIDE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS SWIMMING GALA

Despite a determined effort by all concerned, the School team was unable to retain its usual position of runner-up to the Liverpool Collegiate, although a good start was made in the diving events on Friday, 12th October.

Because of illness and good opposition, few of the team qualified for the finals, although they were, in some cases, recording faster times than those necessary for qualification in the past.

The best individual performances were in the Junior and Under 13 events, while the Seniors demonstrated their combined prowess in the relay events.

Details of performances by the school team are as follows:—

SENIOR :

Freestyle Squadron : School (1) (50.1). Record 50.0.
Medley Squadron : School (2) (54.9).

JUNIOR :

Neat Dive : J. Chidlow (1).

UNDER 13 :

25 Yards Freestyle : J. Chidlow (3).
Neat Dive : M. J. Mills (4).
Medley Squadron : School (3).

K. NICHOLSON.

CROSS - COUNTRY

With the ending of the Summer, the tedium of traversing tracks of the same shape and circumference, in the same direction, over flat (or would-be flat) terrain, ended also. We invented a new course to celebrate and made it as diverse as the resources of Otterspool Park allow. We included a hill, steps, paths of earth, gravel and concrete, winding, undulating ways through trees and a pleasant grassy meadow. If only we had a five-barred gate and plough-land and a deep stream too wide to leap! D. M. Turner (English International and a good friend of Institute Cross Country) ran over the course at its inauguration, covering its 3½ miles in 18 minutes 21 seconds, and congratulated us upon its excellence.

R. R. Lyon was appointed Captain at the beginning of the Season. J. R. Owens, last year's Captain, then returned to School for another year to our surprise and joy. These two, together with B. Jones (Vice-Captain), L. E. Edwards, J. C. Cooper and J. R. Hughes, form the strongest six the School has ever had. They are supported by other Seniors of quality, and have won all their races and, in the process, the Sangster, Cumella and Waterloo Cups.

The Under 16 Team consists of a dedicated few. These few bear the brunt of every race and their potential is rapidly being developed. Success is harder for them to win, but all the sweeter when it comes. In the Memorial Race they were placed 9th out of 22 teams, and in the Booth Race 12th out of 30 teams.

In the lower age groups there are a number of keen runners. Enthusiasm is certainly not lacking here, as it has been in the past. Of outstanding merit at the time of writing (mid-November) are Forrest and Thomas (Under 14), Smith (Under 13) and Bolton and Neill (Under 12). These runners form a very strong nucleus for the younger teams. If only five others could, by determination and systematic training, approach their standard of performance, my hopes for our future success would be still higher. Even as it is, the prospect is more hopeful than it has been for many years.

More runners have turned out for training on Mondays and Wednesdays than I ever remember, and the training has been harder and more purposeful. There must be many potential runners lying idle in so large a school. If they present themselves, they will be assured of a warm welcome and much healthy recreation.

D.W.R.

ATHLETICS

At the beginning of the Summer Term there were great hopes of success for the strongest Senior Athletics team for many years, while the U.15 team was expected to hold its own throughout the season. After the first match against the Collegiate, however, it seemed that these hopes were not justified, for the Juniors were overwhelmed and a weakened Senior team narrowly defeated. A vast improvement was called for, if success was to be obtained in the Merseyside Grammar Schools Sports, and unfortunately only the Seniors could supply this improvement. After two tense and exciting evenings' Athletics, the team was narrowly pushed into second place by the formidable team from St. Edward's College. The highlight of this meeting, however, came from our own P. S. Jones, who succeeded in winning the 100 Yards, Long Jump, and being placed second in the Hop, Step and Jump.

Following this, there was a period of no matches during the G.C.E. examinations, but still the Seniors continued their rigorous training in preparation for the final fixtures of the season. Their efforts were to prove even more successful, for after inflicting defeats upon the Alsop, Wallasey G.S., and Merchant Taylors', which bolstered up prestige, the School achieved the unexpected — we emerged as victors over the exceedingly strong St. Edward's team. This was the first time that their senior team had been defeated for at least twenty years, if ever. This most notable and praiseworthy victory was thoroughly deserved and it typified the enthusiasm and fighting spirit which was the backbone of our excellent team.

The following noteworthy achievements must be mentioned:—

P. S. Jones, A. M. Peters and D. W. T. Hughes represented Lancashire Schools against Cheshire, and the former two in the All-England Schools Championships, where P. S. Jones won a medal for being a member of the Relay Team which finished second.

In the Northern Schools Championships, P. S. Jones won the 100 yards, A. M. Peters was third in the 220 yards, B. Jones third in the 5,000 metres, and the Relay Team second to Wolverhampton G.S.

After such a successful season it is necessary to extend the team's most hearty thanks to Mr. Goodall, Mr. Davies, Mr. Clark, Mr. Scott, Mr. Rowell, and Mr. Baines, all of whom gave their unrelenting support.

A vote of thanks is also due to the Headmaster of Hillfoot Hey High School for letting us make use of their track, on Saturday mornings.

J. R. OWENS.

BASKETBALL

With only two of last year's very successful team remaining, the School made a disastrous start to the new season, losing its first match, against C. F. Mott Training College, by a considerable margin. This defeat was partially caused by the fact that both the experienced members were unable to play, because of injury.

In the return match, however, against C. F. Mott, in the gym, the performance of the team was very much improved, although defeat was again inflicted, the score being 28—18.

The majority of the team had previously played very little basketball, with the result that games were generally rather scrappy and rough. This was especially evident in the following match against a tall De La Salle side, who, like the school team, with the exception of L. H. Moore, lacked basketball skill. However, their shooting ability enabled them to win by 40 pts. to 14.

In the next match, against a very strong Liverpool Collegiate team, the School put up a promising performance, and were unlucky to lose by the large margin of 64—17.

In meeting another very strong side at Quarry Bank, the School's performance again improved considerably, our lack of shooting ability preventing a very much closer score than the actual 50—23.

If the team continues its improvement, a successful run can be hoped for.

The City team trials were held very early last term, and, although four members of the team, Cooper, Peters, Spain and Cassidy, attended, only Peters was successful enough to be selected.

The above, together with Moore, who missed the trials through illness, Archer, Herd, Jones, Hynes and Huston, comprised the regular team.

Our thanks go to Mr. Goodall, who has spent a great deal of his own time in refereeing matches and coaching the team.

A. M. PETERS.

HOCKEY

The first XI had a reasonably successful start to the season, having played six matches, of which three were won, two lost and one drawn. The defence is the team's stronger point, containing the more experienced members of the side, one of whom, D. W. T. Hughes, has played regularly for Lancashire Colts for several years. The forward line is relatively inexperienced, but has tried hard and succeeded in playing quite well. With this combination of a strong defence and a slightly weaker attack, the total number of goals scored, both for and against us, up to now is not high. When more matches have been played and the forward line has gained in experience the first XI will probably have a good season under the captaincy of D. W. T. Hughes.

The first game of the season was played against Collegiate, on their ground at Holly Lodge. In a closely contested match, a hat-trick by T. B. Davidson secured a 3—2 victory against a good Collegiate side. At home the following week we were narrowly defeated by 1—0 by Southport Hockey Club, when the forwards failed to score, though given several good

opportunities. Against Bolton School we were only able to draw 0—0 in a match dominated by the respective defences. The inability of the forwards to score, which was apparent in most games last term, prevented our scoring more than one goal in our victory over John Summers H.C. At Prescot we lost 2—1, but the attack showed a little more life by scoring four goals against Napiers H.C.

The Second Eleven, captained by R. B. Woodward, has had rather an unfortunate season so far, although all its members have played keenly. Their lack of success is due mainly to their inexperience, and it is hoped that they will improve as they get more practice. This year's Colts XI is the same as last year's, but they have only played one match so far against Collegiate. However, more matches have been arranged for them. As yet there have been no training sessions for members of the Lower School, but it is hoped to provide some soon.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Hollis, Gavin, Rogers and Treoby and to Mr. Wass who looks after the pitch.

The present first XI is:— M. R. Ricketts, D. W. T. Hughes, M. H. Hadfield, A. J. Hynes, D. W. Jones, R. O. Hynes, R. D. Harrison, T. B. Davidson, I. Taylor, P. J. Taggart, S. Parr.

First XI results:—

P	W	D	L	F	A
6	3	1	2	9	6

M. H. HADFIELD. D. W. JONES.

RUGBY FIVES

The School team was again unbeaten last season. Birkenhead School were beaten by us, 5—1, and Calday Grange, 10—0. The Senior House Competition was won by Owen House and the Junior by Cochran.

In the Individual Championships J. Park won the Senior Cup for the third year in succession. He beat C. E. Hannah 15—4; 5—2. E. Leask won the Junior Cup, beating S. St. George 10—15; 15—10; 15—5. This final was as exciting as the score implies. Leask was 7—10 down in the second game and for a quarter of an hour St. George needed only one point for the match. When the second game ended at 15—10, a third had to be played to decide the winner. The whole of this long contest was characterised by attacking play, determination, courtesy and good sportsmanship. I am confident that the two finalists and one or two other promising Juniors will maintain the School's excellent tradition in the future.

D.W.R.

BADMINTON CLUB

The Club meets every Thursday lunch hour in the gymnasium. Owing to the limited time available in each week, the Club has had to keep the membership restricted, but there is still room for a few more members. We are hoping to arrange matches in the future.

D. SAMUELS.

GYMNASTIC CLUB

The Gymnastic Club began this year with rather depleted numbers, as the majority of older members left last year. A number of new members, however, have since joined. Trampolining still retains its popularity with members, and steady progress is being shown in both this and gymnastics, owing to the help and guidance of Mr. Goodall, whom I would like to thank on behalf of the club members. The club meets after school on Thursdays.

ARABS, CAMELS AND CATS

Israel, since it became a state in its own right, has become considerably westernized, with the result that no longer is it an empty space, with a few priests and Arabs living much as they had done for the last thousand years or so. This is the picture I want to try to change, and also to describe the main differences between this small state and England.

I suppose it is natural to start with the capital, Jerusalem. Unfortunately for the tourists, the old biblical part of this city is in Jordanian territory, and so the majority of attractions are modern buildings, like the Hebrew University, or the Hadassah Hospital. From the top of Mount Zion one can clearly see that it is a divided city; there is a sharp contrast between the Israeli half, with its impressive multi-storey flats and administration buildings and the poor straggling alleys of the Jordanian section.

Israel might have lost one historical jewel, but it has plenty to spare. There is Acre, a typical Arab town, with all the squalor associated with one. Caesarea, a ruined Roman port, has an amphitheatre which could hold five thousand cheering Romans. Within half a mile of Capernaum there is one of the oldest synagogues, built with musical stones, one of the first Christian chapels and the house reputed to be on the site from where the Sermon on the Mount was given. Nevertheless, at all these places, large hotels have been built within the last few years. These have every modern convenience to make life more pleasant for the tourists, and each claims to be the biggest and best outside the United States.

So much for the old towns, but scores of new ones have sprung up recently; Tel-Aviv within the last fifty years, Beer-sheba within the last fifteen, Eilat within the last five, and others. Most of these are built on the sites of old villages. One would think that with all this tremendous development, the Arabs would have been absorbed, but this is not the case at all. Most of them lead secluded lives in small villages, which are the hubs for a system of fields in which melons, maize, vines and spices are grown. The result is that some poorer members have to walk five or six miles before they reach their fields. Some of the women have never left the village, and the men only do so when they have to go into town to sell their crops. A few chickens were kept which scratched about the rocky soil. All of them were emaciated specimens, none of which seemed capable of laying an egg.

There is only one large Arabic town, Acre. Here life does not seem to have changed for all its three thousand years. In the Casbah, the swindling Arabs sold "genuine Roman treasures" to the gullible tourists. In fact, they made these worthless pieces of pottery in a workshop behind their stalls. This place was in pandemonium, with gesticulating Arabs, American tourists swearing because there was insufficient light to take photographs, and Western women screaming because of the rats which ran around. Incidentally, the stench in the place made it undesirable to stay down wind of it for too long. The rest of the Arab population were the true Nomads or Bedouins, who with their few camels, goats, donkeys and dogs would wander aimlessly around the Southern Desert.

While I am writing about animals, I must say that there were but a few, and of those seen, each warranted a book to be written about them, to do them any justice. All of the dogs were vicious curs with a lean and hungry look. They would be thrown into tantrums by the mildest upset, whereupon they would rush around, foaming at the mouth, barking. All were of the same grey-black colour, and illustrated the result of the interbreeding of every canine species from time immemorial. The cats also had the same bleached shade of grey, and unlike their fat, lazy British cousins, which are accustomed to spend their lives by the fire or curled up in someone's lap, they were thin sleek creatures, which slid silently along walls in search of food or shade. If it was shade they sought, they would dispose of any occupant and settle down to a one-eyed nap, the other eye being used to watch for any other possible feline intruder. If the unwary foe came, it would be instantly challenged: then they would hiss, spit and finally, quaking with pent-up malice and their fur bristling, spring. Thereupon a chase would start, round the ash-cans, over the walls until one, the victor, would return to its spot. If in the meantime another cat had arrived, this procedure would be repeated. I never came across one which could be induced to purr, but they often displayed their extremely long claws.

The camels, on the otherhand, always looked well fed, but were of just the same unpleasant disposition. They loathed Americans and their cameras, and would show a pair of jaws which could make short work of any object placed too near their Lazarus mouths. The noise they made on such occasions, akin to a bark, seemed to start somewhere in the depths of the hump, and slowly rumbled its way towards one's ears. A more bad tempered and generally unpleasant creature than this I have yet to meet at close quarters. Even the lizards were less repulsive than those monstrosities, and they were hardly beautiful. They would remain perfectly still, while the shutter-happy tourists would go into ecstasies; then, just for spite, these lizards would dart out of focus. As they were so wonderfully camouflaged, one could only see them by their shadows or occasionally by a twitching of their tails, which usually had a few inches missing, owing to some encounter with another larger reptile, the snake. The snakes were all gaily coloured and very conspicuous. The majority of those left after the extermination campaign were not dangerous, but it is not uncommon to hear of an unwary child being bitten.

Finally are the insects, which pose the greatest threat to one's comfort by virtue of their numbers. The sole aim in their mis-guided little lives is to annoy as many human beings per day as possible. I was stupid enough to go swimming shortly after dawn, with the result that as soon as I was wet, scores of little black mites descended on me and proceeded to sink their little teeth into my exposed flesh. I thought that was bad enough, but I was due for another surprise when I nearly stepped on a scorpion while climbing out of the pool. After a horrible moment, I flicked it into the water with my towel, where I found that despite the fact that it was top heavy, it was a remarkably good swimmer.

For a born glutton, like myself, Israel is paradise. While not a naturally fertile country, there is no shortage of fruit or vegetables. The mid-day meal is designed to make one sleep through the worst heat of the afternoon, but it is the fruit and snacks which deserve most mention. Many of the melons are the size of basketballs, and are sold from stalls with hundreds of them heaped all around. Grapes and pomegranates are sold in much the same fashion. However, the national fruit is the Sabia. This is the fruit of a very treacherous cactus. Treacherous, because they have prickles which are virtually invisible, and once in the skin, they take weeks to remove. Sabias are usually sold from tricycles, by Arabs who are wearing

rubber gloves. It possesses a queer taste, akin to a sweet banana, though they look like lemons from outside, and a pomegranate, once they have been peeled.

The equivalent of fish and chips in Israel is Felafel. This is a bag of pastry, about the size of half a small melon. This is then filled with Sauekraut, meat or possibly fish-balls. Then, from the various jars before you, one takes as much of as many fiery elements as one's mouth can withstand. Even a simple hamburger undergoes an amazing improvement on the addition of these spices.

Thus, on this appetizing note, I end this series of unrelated anecdotes on the Holy Land. I have tried to tell you some facts which are not found in an encyclopaedia or guide-book.

J. CAPEK.

ITALIAN HOLIDAY — 1962

On August 7th, eight boys and two masters (Mr. Davies joined us at Euston) left Lime Street Station shortly after 8 a.m. After lunch in London, we continued to Folkestone and thence had a smooth crossing to Boulogne. Refreshments were obtained and we caught the night train for Basle. France was crossed in the dark, and early the following morning we reached our destination, where we then breakfasted. The next stage of our journey took us through the breath-taking scenery of the St. Gotthard Pass, and we eventually reached Milan in mid-afternoon; there was just time to reach the hostel and unpack before dinner, at which meal we had the first of many intriguing encounters with spaghetti. We spent the evening wandering around Milan, seeing the sights. The cathedral, with its superb stained-glass windows was most impressive, in complete contrast to La Scala, which appeared rather dingy from the outside. Unfortunately, the time factor made it impossible for us to go inside.

An early start was made next morning and Rome was reached at 4 p.m. Like Milan, Rome possesses a fine station; built in simple, modern style. Our hostel, too, was a spacious, modern building with students from many countries staying in it. That evening, we strolled leisurely around Rome, seeing the floodlit Colosseum and the gleaming white monument to Victor Emmanuel II in the Piazza Venezia.

The following morning we decided to visit the Vatican city. We paid our admission fee, climbed up the unusual double-spiral staircase, and entered the world's largest museum. The beauty of Michaelangelo's 'Creation' and 'Last Judgement' in the Sistine Chapel, the heart of the Roman Church, is indescribable. Priceless works of art abound. Indeed, so vast is the museum that during our short visit we had time to explore only certain parts of it, and those superficially. Yet if we thought we would never see any more magnificent sights, we were proved wrong that same day, when we visited St. Peter's.

The gigantic forms and perfect proportions of the interior have to be seen to be believed. The richness of the marbles and stuccoes, the intricate mosaic work on the altars and ceiling, and especially the overall blend of colours, are superb. Several of us took the lift to the roof of the Cathedral and thence climbed the spiral staircase to the top of the dome. The wonderful, uninterrupted view of Rome and district was well worth the climb. In the evening, several of our party went to see a performance of Verdi's 'Aida' in the open-air Baths of Caracalla. An excellent production was enhanced by the appearance on stage of several animals, including a camel.

Next morning we took a train out to Ostia Antica and spent an interesting few hours viewing the crumbling remains of this ancient Rome seaport. After lunch we continued to the Lido, where we sunbathed and swam in the warm Mediterranean. We passed the evening, as we were to pass so many, sitting in a cosmopolitan pavement cafe, listening to the sounds of Rome at night and sipping vino bianco.

The next day was the hottest of the entire holiday, and after breakfast we caught a bus to the outskirts of Rome. There we saw the exact spot on the Via Appia where Christ stopped St. Peter with the words "Quo vadis?" Then we continued to the catacombs of St. Sebastian. We were shown around these cold and forbidding passages, the burial chambers of early Christians, by a monk who, at the end of our tour, showed us a plaster cast of footprints which, he claimed, were Christ's. Since it was not yet lunchtime, on Mr. Bentliff's suggestion we began to walk along the Via Appia, seeing the Roman statues and memorials on each side. The mid-day sun beat down and the faint-hearted amongst us fell by the wayside. Eventually, when only three remained, we turned and retraced our steps.

After a lunch of coca-colas and gelatis (ice-creams), the party split up into two groups. Four boys and Mr. Dobson caught a bus to Tivoli, a few miles outside Rome, and visited the gardens there. These are situated in the grounds of a Roman villa and are beautifully set out with many fountains and pools. They are extremely popular, since the atmosphere is so cool and refreshing. The rest of our party spent the afternoon seeing the sights which we had visited previously, but not had the time to view for long — the Forum, centre of the Ancient World; Trajan's column, with its pictorial record of the emperor's campaigns, and several of the many churches and basilicas in Rome. On our final evening there, we visited the Trevi Fountain and each of us threw in a five lire piece to ensure that we would one day return to the Eternal City.

The following morning we left Rome early and travelled by train to Naples. After an unforgettable journey across the city on the underground, we had lunch near our hotel and then set out for Cumae. Again the party split into two; the fitter members climbed up to the Sybil's cave, described in the Aeneid, while the lazier ones went swimming and sunbathing at the Lido. Walking along the waterfront late that evening, we thought of the well-known saying, 'See Naples and die.' That night, 'Smell Naples and die' might have been more appropriate.

Immediately after breakfast on the following morning with the temperature already approaching ninety degrees, we boarded a steamer for Capri, and after calling at Sorrento, a charming spot, reached the island shortly before lunchtime. We remained there until evening, bathing in the warm, deep-green waters around the island. While Mr. Bentliff energetically climbed up to the villa where Tiberius spent the last ten years of his life, we all visited the famous Blue Grotto, a most spectacular place. In view of the strenuous day ahead of us, for once we had a reasonably early night.

The next morning we made our way to Naples' station and caught a train to Pompeii. There we spent the whole day wandering around this magnificent and excellently-preserved Roman city, where all life came to a sudden and terrible end on a fateful, August afternoon in 79 A.D. The museum contains many amazing relics of the Pompeians and their way of life, and shows how terrifying the death of the city must have been. Mr. Davies left us during the afternoon, and rejoined us in Naples that evening, having climbed up Vesuvius to take photographs.

The dawn of August 16th found us sleeping, somewhat uncomfortably, on the night train to Florence. We arrived at about 7 a.m. and when we had discovered our hotel, some of us retired to bed, while others summoned up the energy to visit the ornate cathedral, built of red, white and green marble, and the neighbouring campanile, which commands an excellent view over Florence, a beautiful city with a fine shopping centre.

We spent an interesting few hours the following morning visiting the famous Uffizi gallery in the heart of Florence and seeing some of the countless paintings and sculptures which it contains. In the afternoon we took a bus to Fiesole, a very pleasant little town, dating from Roman times and situated on a hill overlooking Florence and the surrounding districts. On our final evening in Florence, we went to see the Ponte Vecchio and the sluggish waters of the Arno by night.

Venice! To those of us who have never been to the city before, the name conjured up visions of gondolas gliding smoothly along peaceful canals to the strains of 'Santa Lucia.' Nor were we disappointed. We walked to St. Mark's Square on our first evening there, seeing the imposing basilica, the campanile, the orchestras and, of course, the pigeons. Next morning we returned there and visited the Doge's Palace, pretty and pink from the outside, yet ominous within. During our tour of this building we crossed the famous Bridge of Sighs, as many prisoners had done in the past when going to their deaths.

After lunch, while some of us bought presents from the many stalls and shops near the Rialto, the others decided to catch a water-bus to the Lido and sample the delights of swimming in the Adriatic. So warm was the water and pleasant the beach that our whole party returned on the following afternoon to add the final touches to our suitcases. On the morning of our last complete day in Venice, we visited the island of Murano, famous for its glass-ware. There we saw an exhibition of glass-blowing and several of us bought further presents to take home. Next day we began the long journey back to England, reaching Liverpool, where our G.C.E. results awaited us, on the evening of August 22nd.

In lighter vein, we will remember the friendly American tourists, intent on 'doing' Europe in three weeks; the exotic attire of one member of our party; the ducking in a Venice canal which another suffered to win a rash wager; and finally, the fair in Naples, whose dodgems were far more versatile than their English counterparts.

In conclusion, our grateful thanks must go to Mr. Dobson, Mr. Davies and especially Mr. Bentliff, for organising the holiday and for making it such a memorable and enjoyable one.

N. A. ARCHER.

EUROPAISCHER SCHULTAG

On a dark night in July, I left Lime Street Station for London; my eventual destination — Vienna. From London, to Dover, then by steamer to Ostend, and from Ostend harbour, to a train that was to take us the full way across Europe. Passing through Belgium we stopped at Bruges, Brussels, and then into Germany, Aachen, Cologne, Bonn, Koblenz, Wiesbaden, Mainz, Frankfurt am Main, Würzburg, Nuremberg, Regensburg and Passau. The names read like an expensive tourist guide, and one felt overawed by the simple distance that one travelled. Finally I arrived at Austria, then via Linz to Vienna.

In Vienna, everything was provided for our party of prize-winners in the European Schools' Day Essay Competition. We stayed in the large Theresianische Akademie, one of the most famous schools in Europe, regarded by the Austrians as the equivalent of a national monument.

After a tour of the city, in which we saw such famous buildings as the Rathaus, the Ruprechtskirche, an eleventh century church, the Hofburg, Schönbrunn, the Spanish riding-school, and many others, we went for dinner in the Vienna woods, to the sumptuous Kahlenberg restaurant, which overlooks Vienna, the Danube, and the plain of Hungary. After dinner we visited St. Stephansdom, the Ringstrasse, the high-baroque in the Karlskirche, the low baroque in the Jesuitenkirche, the National Library built by Joseph II the house of Beethoven, and finally the Wiener Staatsoper.

That evening, all the prizewinners from nine different countries attended a reception given by the Lord Mayor of Vienna, Bürgermeister Franz Jonas, which lasted until nearly midnight, with wining, dining, and dancing as varied as the Twist and the Vienna Waltz.

Next day, the official prize-giving took place in the Kongresszentrum of the Hofburg, — here, with our earphones providing simultaneous translation into six languages, we listened to Dr. Heinrich Drimmel, Federal Minister of Education, and Rector H. Brugmans, our Honorary President. We were each presented, individually, with a Latin Scroll, reminding us of our commitments in Europe. After lunch at the famous "Grünes Tor" restaurant, we returned for five and a half hours discussion on our essay topic, after which we collapsed into our Pullman coaches to return to the Akademie.

But there was still no break, for next morning, by 7-30 we were coach-bound for Melk Abbey on the Danube. On arrival, we were given a greeting in typical Papal style from the Abbot, who appeared at a balcony window and addressed us in Latin. After our visit we boarded a steamer to sail down the Danube for seven hours, past the castle where Leopold of Austria imprisoned Richard the Lionheart through beautiful Austrian forests to Vienna. After our stay in Vienna, our international party, including myself and one other English girl, left to cross Austria and Northern Italy, the Dolomites and the Italian lakes, to Venice, the most romantic city in Europe — the bride of the Sea.

In accordance with the legend, we too saw Venice rising from the sea as we crossed the causeway to the islands that form her. St. Mark's Square, the Doge's Palace, St. Mark's itself, the famous Campanile, or bell-tower, were all previewed on our first night. On our first day, our guide, a Roman professor of classics, told us more of these places, and gained us admission to many of Venice's administration buildings. During the next week, we spent much of our time on the Venice Lido, and were taken in our own private launch to the glass islands of Murano and Burano, to the Isla San Michael, and in fact everywhere we asked our obliging pilot to take us.

From Venice to Milan, and the change is remarkable. Milan is a modern, industrial city, typified by the stupendous Pirelli building by which one is immediately struck on leaving the massive Stazione Centrale, whose entrance hall itself resembles a Cathedral nave. Here, we concentrated on the study of industrial development with visits to Innocenti, Alemagna, and the gigantic E.N.I.; a city within a city, completely self-contained with its own housing area, shopping centre, recreational centre (with two swimming pools) its own beautiful church of Santa Barbara, and actual administrative and research building.

We had our days of pure amusement here also, we took days off to travel by chartered Mercedes coach to Lago Maggiore, Lago di Como, and other Italian lakes. Here, the water was, as always, superbly blue and warm, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

The central Milanese administration was extremely anxious to impress us with its generosity, and loaded each member of the party with gifts, books, badges, flags, and other impedimenta. Milanese food was perhaps even more monotonous than Venetian; the tale of spaghetti at every meal really is a fact, and one tended by the end of the holiday, to be rather sick of spaghetti. Eventually, all good things must come to an end, this is specially applicable to holidays, our magnificent European holiday was over far too soon. All that remained was the train journey of thirty-six hours to London.

So, I and my fellow - Briton boarded the trans-European express at Stazione Centrale to reach Como, Chiasso, and then Basle by nightfall. Then journeying throughout the night through North-Eastern France we arrived at Calais at mid-day. After a stormy Channel crossing, a short trip from Folkstone and then London. From London, to Liverpool, and home, with the most exciting story of a life-time at my finger-tips.

S. J. NORRIS.

HOLIDAY IN GREECE

I arrived in Greece on the 17th July accompanied by my mother and sister, having survived the three day train journey across Europe from London to Greece.

The first three weeks I spent in Athens, visiting some of the many places of interest in Athens itself, and travelling out to Vouliagmeni, a small village 25 kilometres from the city, to enjoy the warm, blue, still waters of the Mediterranean. The start of the fourth week saw me making preparations to travel to Crete.

Enquiries at the tourist agencies revealed that boats sailed daily for Heracleion and that I could get my ticket down at the Piraeus on the same day as the boat sailed. The next day I was ready with my ticket on the quay waiting to go on board the ship. My luggage was light and was crammed into a duffle-bag and consisted of bare necessities.

Following the herd of travellers out of the harbour, fortified by the Venetians, I made my way to the bus stop for Knossos. There I enquired in faultless ancient Greek the times of the buses and the cost of the journey. After breakfast I caught the bus to Knossos.

The revelation and restoration of Knossos is due in the main to Sir Arthur Evans, incorrectly referred to as Sir Evans by the guides, whose bust stands in the shade of a venerable old tree and gazes across at the Minoan palace which he recreated and brought to life for the layman. Even a short look round the site reveals to one how the legend of the labyrinth and its minotaur grew up, for the palace is a veritable maze of identical corridors and rooms. The main attractions of the palace are the room, where the throne of Minos, the oldest throne in Europe, still stands, the grand staircase of three flights, originally five, the frescoes, some of young men bearing cups and others of women exchanging gossip while watching the bull leaping, and what would appear to be the world's first water closet, in the Queen's bedchamber. After causing a large number of lizards to scuttle away during my visit, I returned to Heracleion, where I could catch the bus for Phaestos.

By late afternoon I was at Phaestos and so I had plenty of time to walk round the site itself and to take in the view over the Messara from the top of the hill on which the palace stood. To the west towers lofty Ida with its twin peaks, Ida where, legend has it, Zeus was hidden from his father Kronos and nurtured by his mother Rhea.

The next day saw me back in Heracleion and while I was there I took the opportunity to visit the museum which contains many interesting discoveries from all over Crete, and which must be visited to gain a clear view of the Island's history. Later that day I caught the bus for Rethymnon. Because, after about 10 kilometres, the bus broke down, I did not reach Rethymnon until after nightfall and I only had time to find a place to stay and eat a meal before turning in. At Rethymnon there is a citadel, built by the Venetians on the hill round which the city lies. From it an imposing view of sea, sky, villages and lofty mountains can be had. In the citadel itself I discovered a few families inhabiting the less ruined parts of the ruins. Poverty in Crete is apparent everywhere, and yet although the people must endure terrible hardships they always seem cheerful and happy with their work, and most hospitable to the foreigners, always willing to give of themselves and one likes to think not expecting any reward.

I resolved after much thought to work my way along the coast towards Sitia at the easternmost tip of the island, where I might catch the boat for Crete a week later. So I caught the bus for Heracleion and from there another bus to Mallia.

Here there is another Minoan site, but since the stars were beginning to appear in the dark sky I had no time to visit the palace. The next morning I set out to walk the three kilometres to the Palace, where the French are still excavating. On the next day I caught the bus to Neapolis, where I could get a bus to the Grotto Psichro high on Mt. Dicte.

I arrived at Psichro at dusk and soon found the village hotel. The next morning, an odd man named Georgios showed me round the grotto, with the aid of three candles. The cave is very beautiful and is said to be the place where Zeus was born. To the cave came Minos in his role as Moses, and after consultation with his father Zeus in its depths, he is said to have come out bearing laws for his people. The cave was also a popular place for pilgrimage in Mincan times, and within its hollow recesses, offerings were found consecrated to almighty Zeus. The cave is situated at a height of over five thousand feet and lies about a hundred and fifty above the fertile plain of the Lassithi, famous for its windmills driven by sails. When I discovered that the next bus to civilization left at five a.m. on the next day, I decided to walk the forty or fifty kilometres to Ayios Nicolaus on the coast.

The next day I continued to Gournia, another Minoan site, and afterwards travelled on to Sitia.

I had reached my goal and spent my last night in Crete. I had enjoyed myself tremendously in that short week and a half, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be able to return for a longer period.

Early next morning I arrived at Rhodes. Rhodes is terribly commercialised, and after the simple island of Crete it seemed vulgar. On the next day I arrived at Lindos, where the "Guns of Navarrone" was shot. Here again, though the acropolis and the town nestling below it were in themselves beautiful, the place seemed false, for there were few people in the narrow streets, and without living, talking people a town is nothing even if it is pleasant to look at. The next day saw me back in Rhodes, and I

spent the day walking round the city, which presents startling contrasts of architecture, an awe-inspiring testament to the city's long history. I took the boat for Mykonos on the next morning, and had arrived there by 12.30 p.m. that night.

The following day was spent exploring the maze of alleys which are the roads of the town itself. Indeed, so complicated are the alleys and so alike the white-washed houses and churches, that it is almost impossible to find one's hotel. On the next day I was one of the passengers in the fishing-boat going to Delos.

The island is extremely rich in classical monuments, especially since it was the spiritual centre of the Ionian people and served as the headquarters, in theory at least, of the Delian League. In order to have time to appreciate the monuments, I stayed overnight but still did not see everything on the island properly. I returned in the fishing boat to Mykonos, where I booked my passage for Athens. When I awoke next morning, on the deck of the boat, Athens was but an hour-and-half away.

This was not the end of my holiday, for after a few days' rest I journeyed first by sea to Epidauros, stopping at Aegina on the way for a day-and-half. Then to Argos Mycenae and Tiryns by bus. I then hitch-hiked to Olympia via Tripolis, a very difficult route to hitch-hike on because of the steepness of the road. After visiting Olympia, I made my way to Delphi crossing the Gulf of Corinth. Delphi is magnificently situated on the side of a mountain. Above, towers the bare, steep rock, below the earth falls away to a sea of green olive trees. In the distance, when it is clear, one can see the waters of the Corinthian Gulf. That night I was lucky to get a lift back to Athens, and thus my second journey ended.

Only a few days remained before we were scheduled to return to England. These I spent at the beach, going out each evening with my cousins. At last came the hour of departure and we bade farewell to all our friends and then set ourselves to the task of enduring the three-day trip back to England.

WASDALE, 1962

A. W. McGEORGE.

At the end of August this year, Mr Rowell and Mr. Bentliff took a party of eight Grecians to Wasdale Head. This was the early centre of climbing in the Lake District, and was used by the Abraham brothers and other pioneers as a base for their remarkable mountaineering exploits. Wasdale is surely the most ruggedly beautiful valley in the country. Lying South-East—North-West, its head is girdled by a ring of mountains which shut it off from the rest of the Lake District. Thus the valley is only accessible by road, from the seaward end. But this, perhaps, is the best way to enter it: the road clings to the fellside above the purple-green lake, with the famous Wastwater screes, half a mile away across the lake, sweeping down to the water in an unbroken slope for seventeen-hundred feet. At the head of the valley Great Gable rises to form an almost perfect pyramid.

On the 28th of August, Mr. Rowell and seven boys caught the bus at Skelthorne Street, bound for Keswick and beyond. At Keswick, we changed to a local bus which took us up the wooded Borrowdale valley, past swollen Derwent water, studded with islands, to Seatoller. Here Mr. Bentliff met us. He had travelled up the previous day, in the luxury of British Railways to Ravenglass, and thence by taxi to Wasdale Head. We walked up the road to the hamlet of Seathwaite, which one of our members cheerfully informed us was the wettest place in England. From here we hauled our

rucksacks and ourselves up the Sty Pass. We reached the top without a single pause for rest, sank down beside a convenient boulder, and surveyed the scene around us. Behind us lay upper Borrowdale with the seething Sty Head Gill springing from the tarn of the same name. In front lay Wasdale, with Scafell Pike towering on the left and Great Gable on our right.

Heartened by this glimpse of our goal, we hurried down the stony path into the valley. At six o'clock, we arrived at the Wastwater Hotel, previously famous as "Ritson's". While Messrs. Bentliff and Rowell returned to the hotel proper, we lesser beings were to occupy the "annexe." This was a compact, well-ventilated room on the top floor of a small shed. It contained, however, eight fairly comfortable bunks and an electric light.

That evening we strolled down the valley to the lake. Night fell as we walked along the shore and we retraced our steps along the road to the hotel as the mist crept down the mountain sides and swirled into the valleys. We retired early to bed and were lulled to sleep by the gentle rhythm of the hotel dynamo, which was situated beneath the floor, and which ran until two o'clock in the morning.

The next day, Wednesday, we rose at eight o'clock for breakfast. All the peaks were hidden in a light mist, which promised fine weather later in the day. By ten o'clock the mist had risen and we struck up the ridge of Gavel Neeze towards the Napes Ridges. Below these frowning crags we turned east towards Sty Head. Half-way along, Mr. Rowell proposed a diversion and we clambered up rock-strewn Needle Gully. From the top a few venturesome spirits climbed up the rock-wall to the Dress Circle, which brought them almost level with the Needle. Napes Needle, as it is properly called, is a tall spike of rock with a loose block resting on the top. We had lunch beneath Kern Knotts Crack and carried on towards Sty Head. The summit of Great Gable (2,949 feet) was reached by climbing a frustrating slope of loose rocks. At the summit is a bronze plaque with a map of the surrounding fells which was purchased as a memorial to members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club who died in the World War. Near the summit is the Westmorland's Cairn. This is a large cairn erected on a ledge, which commands a most magnificent view of Wasdale.

We slithered down to Wind Gap and along the Climber's Traverse above Upper Ennerdale and ran down Beck Head to the hotel.

After dinner we sat in the lounge and Mr. Bentliff passed on to us the secrets of some card games which he had received in turn from certain members of the Sixth Form in Italy.

The next day we set off down the lake-side road intending to climb the hillside at the other end of the lake and walk back along the top of the screes. At the other end of the lake is an Elizabethan manor-house in the beautiful Lake District style called Wasdale Hall. This is now a hotel, but a National Trust foot-path runs through the grounds, beside the lake. Here we had coffee sitting on a grassy bank facing the magnificent screes across the water. Shortly after, we crossed the crystal-clear River Irst where it issues from the lake, and ate our lunch on its mossy banks. Then we began the ascent of Hawl Ghyll, a rugged gash in the hill-side, to the undulating moorland above the screes. We walked along the top to Illgill Head (1976 feet), the highest point, which on a clear day, commands a fine view over the Irish Sea and Solway Firth to the Isle of Man and Southern Scotland, and then back to the hotel by way of the Burnmoor track.

On our return to the hotel we found that the last member of the party, together with his father, had arrived during the morning, and they

had already made the ascent of Yewbarrow (2,058 feet) which slopes up steeply, directly behind the hotel.

While it was still light we walked down the road beside the stream, and someone conceived the idea of damming it. This stream, Mosedale Beck, flows past the hotel, and provides the power for the hotel dynamo. We set to work with stones and soon had a sizeable pool separated from the road by a convenient bank about three feet high.

On Friday we planned to cover the group of mountains to the North-West of the valley. We walked up Mosedale on the flank of Kirk Fell and climbed up Gatherstone Beck to the Black Sail pass, which leads into Ennerdale. Ennerdale is a drab, deserted valley, the lower slopes of which have been planted with trees by the Forestry Commission. From Looking Stead we followed the High Level route as far as Robertson's Cairn. This was erected to mark a vantage point for Pillar Rock. We paused here for lunch hoping to catch a glimpse of this famous crag, as it was covered with mist when we arrived. Sometimes the mist shifted tantalisingly, but did not clear. Pillar Rock is the biggest single crag in England. It juts out of the mountainside, steep and rugged, and provides climbs of all standards.

After lunch we continued towards the top of Pillar Mountain (2,927 feet). When we were half-way up, the sun suddenly came out of the clouds and cleared the mist from the Rock, and we sat down to watch two men climbing it. We soon reached the summit of Pillar, which becomes suddenly flat, as if sheared off with a giant knife. A wire sheep fence used to run across the top of Pillar from Black Sail, and the posts still remain, a valuable guide in mist. From Pillar, we descended to Windy Gap and up the opposite slope to Greatcoat fell (2,760 feet) and from there to Wasdale Red Pike (2,707 feet). Then Mr. Rowell went on with one of us to Yewbarrow, while the others, who preferred their tea, returned down the screes of Dore Head with Mr. Bentliff.

Saturday's programme was as follows. We split up into two parties. Mr. Rowell took one group up the Old Sty pass and climbed Great End (2,984 feet). Great End is the end buttress of the Scafell group. It presents a rocky face to Borrowdale, split by two great gullies. From there they went on to the summit of Scafell Pike (3,210 feet), where at ten minutes past one we met a party from the Engineering and Transport Society, who had come up the mountain from Eskdale. Mr. Bentliff led another group up Brown Tongue and so to the summit.

That evening, after dinner, we walked down the road to inspect our dam. To our consternation, we found that there was a leak in the bank, and the road was covered with water. No-one appeared to be doing anything to mend it, so we reluctantly constructed an elaborate net-work of sluices and channels, diverting the water from the forbidden spot.

The next day we rose a welcome half hour later, as it was Sunday. After breakfast, we sang a few hymns in the lounge, and had the great pleasure of listening to a very fine baritone who was also staying in the hotel. After this we set off to climb Scafell (3,162 feet). We followed Mr. Bentliff's route of the previous day up Brown Tongue, but branched off to Hollow Stones and climbed towards Mickledore, the gap between Scafell Pike and Scafell. Two hundred feet below Mickledore we turned right up Lord's Rake and scrambled steeply up between rock walls amid scenery of savage grandeur. After rising and falling twice we turned left and eventually reached the summit of Scafell. After a visit to Scafell Pinnacle the party went straight down the West slope of Scafell, past Hard Rigg, towards the lake, with Mr. Rowell and one boy running the last mile or so.

Monday was the last whole day of the trip and Mr. Rowell hoped to lead a party over Esk Hause and Bow Fell into Eskdale. At ten o'clock they set off in bright sunshine. Mr. Bentliff, however, and three lazy (or were they far-seeing?) boys remained behind. They were to walk over Burnmoor into Eskdale and meet the others at the Woolpack Inn near the River Esk. However, it began to rain and they decided to stay at the hotel, where they drank coffee and played cards all morning. Mr. Rowell's party went up to the Sty Head and, turning to the right, began the ascent of Esk Hause. Then came the mist. They were unable to find the cairned path to take them up Bowfell, and returned, cold and wet to the hotel.

After lunch the weather cleared up and Mr. Bentliff and his party set off down the lake-side to Wasdale Hall. There they enjoyed a delicious tea which was consumed to the last crumb. On the way back they met Mr. Rowell who had also been there for tea.

That evening, most of us did our packing in preparation for the long walk of the following morning, and went to bed early. It must not be thought that all our evenings were spent playing cards or building dams. One night we had a sing-song round the piano and entertained (?) some of the other guests with enthusiastic renderings of many old favourites. Also, every night we had a portion of Homer's Odyssey read to us for half an hour.

At half-past ten the next morning we set out sadly in a light drizzle, with the mist eddying round the Napes Ridges and shrouding all the now familiar peaks. It rained heavily once or twice on the way over the Sty but we arrived at Seatoller fairly dry, and just in time to catch the bus for Keswick. In Keswick we boys tasted civilization again—sixpenceworth of chips each from a fish and chip shop.

Although it rained on the last two days, we were very lucky with the weather, for most of the lakes were swollen with rain, and both coming and going our bus was diverted near Kendal because of floods. Mr. Rowell claims that he can influence the weather, but we reserve our opinion.

The journey back to Liverpool was uneventful, but the crowded streets and dirty air of Liverpool were very distasteful to us after the wild beauty with which we had been surrounded for the past week.

We must thank Mr. Rowell for undertaking all the organization, and for undertaking the financial calculations involved, which turned out to be long and complicated. Also for leading us and for doctoring broken heads, blistered heels, and so on. Nor must we forget Mr. Bentliff for so ably bringing up the rear and shepherding the strugglers, never a pleasant task.

E. N. ROBERTS (U.5A).

TRIP TO SNOWDON

In the capable hands of Messrs. Rowell and Richardson, a party of nine enthusiastic boys had an enjoyable outing to Snowdon on Sunday, 30th September.

The party assembled at 9.00 a.m. at the Pier Head, and soon afterwards our minibus was heading towards Snowdonia with Mr. Richardson at the wheel. We duly arrived at the Pen-y-Pass Hotel and started our ascent towards the very fine ridge of Crib Goch. On reaching the crest, we followed the ridge towards the main summit and climbed the last few hundred feet alongside the famous railway.

Alas, on nearing the actual summit, the two masters were unable to pass the café and ascend the remaining thirty feet on the pretext that they had reached the top many times before. Our descent was via Lliwedd, a less imposing ridge than Crib Croch.

The weather was very kind to us with fair visibility. The rain held off until we were a quarter of a mile from Pen-y-Pass hotel on the return journey, when the heavens opened and with Mr. Rowell in the lead the fitter half of the party started on a "cross-country run" and managed to gain shelter without getting too wet. Our departure was heralded by thunder, lightning and torrential rain. We were all thankful that we were safely down.

Lastly our thanks must go to Mr. Rowell and Mr. Richardson for organising such a splendid trip.

D. K. COTTON (R.B.).

PICARESQUE ODYSSEY

On Thursday, 26th July, at 8.30 a.m. D. Hulin and myself, suitably loaded with kit borrowed from the L.I.C.C.F., took a No. 10 'bus to Prescott and waited, thumbs extended, for a lift to Warrington. 2 a.m. on Friday revealed two very wet, very tired hitchers bedding down in a 'bus shelter on the sea front at Dover.

On Friday, having fortified ourselves with 'Instant Mashed Potato,' tomato soup and coffee, we crossed to Calais, and remained there till evening. The motorists of Calais' hinterland, presumably hardened to various hitchers and tourists, just did not want to know us.

The following Tuesday morning we were at Aachen, moving towards Cologne, having survived a journey through Northern France and Belgium enlivened by my boots' falling apart, and Dave's being filled with 'Confitures des Pommes et Fraises,' whose carton was not strong enough to withstand the rigours of being stored in a boot.

At Cologne we were chased off the Autobahn by the police, and fined one mark for hitching. Nevertheless, we walked across Cologne and waited at the beginning of the Hanover Autobahn. By Friday, having progressed by a series of hops along the Autobahn, between petrol stations, we were in Kiel. Noticing that many cars had room for one, but not for two, we decided to split up and make our way separately to Flensburg, on the Danish border. We met here the next morning and crossed the border together.

We then split up and arranged to meet at the bridge from Jutland to Fünen, at Fredericia. Unfortunately, Dave had to walk to Kolding from Haderslev (16 miles) and did not reach the bridge until noon on Sunday. I had slept under the bridge and moved on at eleven a.m.

I next saw him on Gothland, the island in the Baltic, sixty miles east of Sweden, where our penfriends, Marianne and Ann-Marie lived. He had been given a lift from Fredericia to Oskarshamn (four hundred miles) and had taken the ferry from Oskarshamn to Visby, the main town of Gothland, on Tuesday afternoon. He arrived at Näs, the village in the south of Gothland where the girls lived, at noon on Wednesday.

Meanwhile, I had crossed Fünen and Zealand on Sunday, and slept in a petrol station, under an oil drum. On Monday I could not get a lift,

so I walked 25 miles and slept in the ladies' wash room on a deserted camp site (I couldn't use the tent since the pegs were in Dave's rucksack).

The site was only deserted until 9.30 p.m., when I was trampled on by a New Zealand girl, who gave me a sixty mile lift the next day.

I took the boat from Oskarshamn on Wednesday, but it was caught in a storm in the Baltic about fifteen miles from Gothland for twenty-one hours; I arrived at my penfriend's house on Thursday afternoon.

We spent fifteen days in Gothland, and visited several places of historical interest, including numerous churches, the oldest of which was built in 900 A.D. Visby, the main town of the island, has an almost complete medieval wall, and was once the richest town in the Western world. From the ninth until the thirteenth century, when it was sacked by invading Danes, it was the trading centre of Northern Europe.

The Swedish Post Office lost a ten pound money order, so I had to borrow some money from Dave, and when we eventually set out for home, we were both poverty-stricken.

We travelled across Sweden together, and on Saturday evening split up at Helsingor, arranging to meeting again at Liverpool.

By Tuesday night Dave was at Ostend waiting for the 1 a.m. ferry, and I was leaving my penfriend's house in Amsterdam. When he was safely on the boat, I was settling down under a hedge outside Antwerp. I found out that the track running alongside the hedge was a cyclists' road when a large, Dutch workman rode his cycle over me at 5 a.m.

I crossed from Ostend at 3 p.m. that day and was in London at midnight, as Dave arrived in Liverpool. At twelve fifteen, a mini minor stopped for me, and took me to the Pier Head, since the driver was working at Alfred Holt Building.

I walked up through the city, and outside Lewis's, the first familiar face I saw was that of a teacher from School.

J. HALL

LARRY'S HARRY, OR, THE PLAY'S THE THING

Shakespeare's "Henry V" is, as some may be aware, the play being "done" for "O" Level English Literature this year, and on November 1st, a school party went to the Gaumont Cinema to see the Laurence Olivier film version. The value of this, so far as understanding the book is concerned, can best be judged from the reaction of one boy who saw the film and is taking "O" level—"Only one thing would have been better, seeing the play!" The film seemed to have a mixed reception, probably because the audience expected a straight forward transference of what they were reading in school, into terms of the cinema, and that was certainly not what Olivier's film presented.

Like his "Richard III" some years later, Henry V was filmed in colour, with Sir Laurence very much in evidence both as star-actor and director. In "Richard III," the subtleties of that complex character and the intrigues of the plot were to prove more than sufficient to result in a brilliant film, without any initial "off-beat" approach. But so much of the earlier parts of "Henry V" assumes audience acquaintance with events and characters in "Henry IV" (part two), that the idea of beginning the film by showing the play performed in Elizabethan times at the Globe theatre, before an

audience which would, unlike the average cinema audience, be well aware of the previous play, seems almost obvious in retrospect. By including in the film a scene in which a speech of the young King Henry V (from the earlier work, "Henry IV") echoes chidingly through the mind of the failing Falstaff, Olivier makes us aware of the deeply serious approach the new ruler is to adopt towards his power.

So far the film has been extremely cinematic, while retaining theatricality for the action of the play. When the scene is moved to Southampton, we are no longer hemmed in by the restrictions of the stage. Obvious back-cloths and brilliantly artistic artificial sets are used, however, to emphasise that the performance is still, in essence, a stage production. By this device, Chorus' speeches are not turned into nonsense, as they would be if all the scope of the cinema were placed, from the very beginning of the play, at the disposal of the dramatist.

The characters appear less obviously to be acting and wearing make-up. The camera no longer reveals a watching audience; crowd scenes become more crowded, and the depth and range of vision become greater. Before Harfleur, for example, only the excessively crisp outline of the castle in the distance emphasises the artificiality of the set. The step our imaginations take in freeing the play, in a theatre, from its otherwise limitations, is taken for us in this film. Then, to further demonstrate the differences between stage and cinema, a greater step is taken, and the battle at Agincourt is fought in all the freedom of film.

Returning to his combination of film and theatre, with the near-comedy courtship of Katherine, Olivier makes a gallant attempt to leave room for the play of the imagination, permitted by the theatre, while using the scope of the film, and taking advantage of the power of the director to decide what the audience attention shall focus on, as he can in the cinema. The final shot of the film reveals Henry and Katherine, heavily made up, receiving the applause of the audience, back in the "Globe" once more.

Whether Olivier's attempt in this film, to show the advantages of the cinema, and its weaknesses, is successful or not, can be debated. Personally, I think that without this unusual, restrained use of the cinema, in the beginning and ending of the film, that Agincourt battle sequence might have lost much of its impact, which stands as one of the classics of the cinema.

Other films have portrayed battlefields on much larger scale, but the brilliant direction of this location part of "Henry V" (shot in Ireland) has probably only been equalled by the battle on Bosworth-field in "Richard III," or on the ice in Eisenstein's "Alexander Nievsky." The colourfully arrayed French Knights, gay with optimism, begin their advance towards the dismal English army, ravaged by sickness and awaiting almost certain defeat, outnumbered five to one. A mile of rails was used for the long tracking shots of the French cavalry charge, as first one, and then another, horseman spurs his steed and lowers his lance, and the screen becomes alive with racing colour. The dowdy English suddenly are galvanised into action, positions are taken up behind stakes driven into the ground; realisation comes suddenly that the French are having to gallop up-hill, and the English secret-weapon appears, the long-bow.

When the charge reaches its most violent, the English fire; a dark cloud of arrows pause, as one, above the French, descending to wreak havoc among the now helpless knights. Some horsemen are carried by their impetus to be impaled upon the rows of stakes; others fight with the English fort-soldiers, while the remainder attempt a retreat and second charge, only to be met by the English cavalry, waiting in hiding behind a

nearby hill. Confusion reigns, from which emerges the absolute triumph of Henry's army, having its climax in the victory of the King over the Constable of France (Leo Genn), and the flight of the French army before the spirit of the British soldier, to whom this magnificent film was dedicated.

D. R. WADE (6AM2)

C.C.F. ARMY AND BASIC SECTION

The results of the Certificate A examinations at the end of the summer term were encouraging; of 40 cadets in B company taking part I of the exam., only one failed, while in A company 13 out of 16 cadets passed part II.

Field Day was held in the Harrington area, a company attack being mounted on an enemy platoon established in the pine forest. The enemy platoon took advantage of the lack of communication between members of the skirmishing company and successfully ambushed one of the attacking platoons. After regrouping and re-establishing contact, the attackers put the enemy to flight and captured them in a skilful outflanking movement. During Field Day, 2nd/Lt. Davies led a group of A company cadets to Helsby, where they spent the day learning the basic essentials of rock-climbing and rope-work in preparation for their summer expedition to Skye.

Transport for the nine cadets and N.C.O's on the Skye expedition was provided by the Army authorities, who gave them a one-ton truck and paid for the bulk of the petrol used. The party spent an arduous 8 days on the island camping, walking and climbing in the Cuillins. The fullest practical use was made of the cadets' map-reading ability and mountain craft; at every stage, the cadets were encouraged to think and plan for themselves, and were not merely led by their N.C.O's.

The contingent warrant officers — R.S.M. Owen, C.S.M. Chambers and C.S.M. Ellis — attended an Adventure Camp in the North Riding of Yorkshire, organised by West Lancs. A.C.F. The camp included pot-holing and canoeing in addition to the more obvious military training in section attacks and patrolling. West Lancs. A.C.F. provided stores and equipment outside the usual field of C.C.F. experience: bulleted blank, Verey flares and thunderflashes in the charge of the Senior N.C.O's, and sufficient "88" radio sets to establish an effective radio net. The presence of Regular Army instructors inspired a true military atmosphere in the camp and, consequently, more enthusiasm was shown in training and learning.

The autumn term began on a low note; for, while 28 cadets moved up into A company, which is an increase on recent years, only 31 recruits were enlisted into B company. The usual number of new recruits is about 70 and, although there are only five Lower Fifth forms this year, this sharp drop reflects the current desire of many teenagers to take life easy. Training in the Cadet Force is designed to foster self-reliance, to inspire determination in adversity, to remove reluctance in shouldering responsibility. The course is long and arduous; but the rewards are life-long and valuable. Boys who stay out of the Cadet Force miss a great opportunity.

A night march was held during the first weeks of the term; these are held on the Wirral two or three times a year. Cadets will agree that these marches provide a vigorous test of personal stamina and require some proficiency in map-reading.

October camp was held at 80 W.E.T.C., Altcar, and was attended by 40 cadets and NCO's of A company and the NCO's Cadre Group. The first

afternoon was spent on the Assault Course, erected outside the camp by the Royal Engineers. The course was tackled in teams, and a record time of 3 min. 29 secs. was set up by an NCO's team of ten. In the night exercise held that night, Cadre Group was set to put out a signal camp defended by A company. The Cadre was routed by defending patrols, but Corporal "James Bond" Savage strolled carelessly into the defenders' camp, blew out the lamp and walked off unchallenged. Platoon attacks and fire and movement exercises filled the second. The second night, the contingent was split into two opposing forces, each with its own lamp to defend and each given the task of extinguishing their opponents' lamp. The contest was won by A1 platoon by 5 successful attacks to nil, though both sides showed a remarkable knowledge of unarmed combat. The camp was visited on the last day by the Headmaster, who watched the morning's shooting on the ranges and the endurance course in the afternoon. Four teams were sent over the given course each carrying a "wounded man" on a stretcher. We congratulate lance-corporal Donald on reaching marksman standard in .303 shooting.

Lastly, I would like to thank the Officers and the Storesman, Mr. Buchanan, for the long hours they put in to keep the C.C.F. running as efficiently as it does. The cadets would particularly like to thank Major Boote for his donation of the funds for 960 records on the camp juke-box.

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

SKYE

This year's Adventure Training Camp was held on the Isle of Skye and was the culmination of a year's hard training for the nine cadets who went. At 2 p.m. on 25th August, the cadets set off from School in an army lorry driven by 2nd/Lt. Davies. The journey to Scotland was uneventful and Glasgow was reached by 10 p.m. After a police escort through the city, the party spent the night sleeping at the side of the lorry in a car park by Loch Lomond. The journey was continued early next morning and Skye eventually reached that afternoon, 26 hours after starting from Liverpool.

Camp was pitched near Broadford and the next morning the party divided into three. Two groups, led by C.S.M. Chambers and Cpl. Robertson respectively, set off into the Red Cuillins on a two day endurance and map-reading trek, while the third led by Sgt. Mason and Mr. Davies climbed Sgurr nan Gillean. This peak is one of the black Cuillins, the finest range of mountains in Great Britain, and the clear day enabled views of the outer Hebrides and far north of Scotland to be seen.

After this day of good weather, there was a dramatic change, and for the next four days it rained continuously. The spirit of the group was not dampened, however, and several other mountains were climbed and the North of the island visited. After a particularly violent rainstorm one tent was completely waterlogged, and the camp site had to be changed from near the Sligachan Hotel to Sconser.

Apart from its bad weather, Skye is also renowned for the ferocity of the midges and clegs which inhabit the island. Elaborate precautions were taken to prevent midge attacks, the best being a piece of muslin draped around one's face. Thus bedecked, the cadets looked like gangsters and surprised more than one of the local islanders. Soon the muslin was found to be useful for other purposes, for example, as a coffee strainer, handkerchief and dishcloth. Despite all safeguards, many cadets were severely bitten by the midges.

During the training on the island an area round the Aullin Hills from Loch Cormisk to Glen Brittle was covered. The most successful day of the whole expedition, however, was the next to last day when all the cadets ascended Sgurr Nan Gillean. This time the mountain was climbed by the Pinnacle Ridge route, a rock climb of difficult standard and six hours duration. Again the weather was perfect and this added to enjoyment of all. The descent was made by the South-West ridge which is so thin that it is reputed to shake in high winds.

A word about the expedition's food is not out of place. Everyone enjoyed the meals that were prepared, these varying from stew to Chinese dishes. However, the appetite of the party was never quite satisfied. This was evident by the number of people who queued up to scrape out the cooking pans and also by those who groped round the floor of the lorry when any food was dropped.

The main purposes of the camp were achieved in that the cadets became extremely proficient in map-reading, rock climbing and hill walking. Perhaps most important of all, the cadets were more self-reliant than at the outset. Thus, eleven days later, laden with Haggis (caught on the home-ward journey), the party returned to Liverpool. Everyone was tired but all had enjoyed the camp immensely.

In all a distance of twelve hundred miles was covered in travelling to Skye and back and only once did we land in a ditch! For this marathon drive and for organising the camp our thanks are due to Mr. Davies.

P. J. MASON (C.S.M.)

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

The Autumn Term programme was mainly concerned with preparing cadets for the December Proficiency Examination, for which six cadets were entered at the Advanced Stage and nine at the Ordinary. The R.A.F. liaison N.C.O., Chief Technician Thomas, now visits the unit every Tuesday lunch hour and helps in the lecture programme.

This term the unit has been equipped with new uniforms which include officer pattern shirts. The first occasion these were worn was on Field Day, November 2nd, when each cadet obtained approximately thirty minutes flying experience in Chipmunks of number ten Air Experience Flight, R.A.F. Woodvale.

Cadet Thomas was successful in obtaining his 'A' and 'B' Gliding Certificate after a ten day course at R.A.F. Spitalgate in August.

The N.C.O.'s would like to thank Flt./Lt. Watson and P.O. Dobson for running the Administration of the section and for the encouragement they offer us.

G. I. LAWSON Flt./Sgt.

GLIDING COURSE AT SPITALGATE

I arrived at Spitalgate, a W.R.A.F. training station, at about 5 o'clock on a hot summer Saturday afternoon. After a meal, we assembled in an ante-room, where we were given a lecture by the commandant.

The next day, Sunday, we were up at 7 a.m. for an early start. We helped the instructors to wheel out the gliders and assemble them. We were then taken up for two short flights, each of about four minutes duration to become accustomed to gliding.

The gliders were launched using a winch, and soared at a very steep angle into the air. Once in the air, it was very quiet, with no sensation of movement, in fact, the glider appeared to be suspended stationary in the air, except when close to the ground. When landing the glider approached quite steeply and then floated on to the grass.

After these initial flights, we started the serious instruction, flying to a thousand feet, continuing through the day until dusk. This carried on throughout our six day stay, except on Monday when unfortunately it rained. By Wednesday we doing spins and stalls.

On the final day, Friday, after practising emergency cable breaks and having had a short test in our proficiency in handling the gliders, each of us went up solo. After three such flights we were awarded 'A' and 'B' certificates in gliding.

We packed our bags sadly on the Saturday and left to catch the train after a very enjoyable week.

I. A. THOMAS

19th CITY AND TOXTETH SCOUT TROOP

Since the last issue of the Magazine there have been two Field Days. Summer term's was spent in glorious weather, with the patrols hiking on separate missions over the Wirral and converging on Hoylake Baths. For last term's the patrols hiked into Delamere Forest. A pink pig reported missing in the forest was not seen.

Last half-term, several of the patrols climbed Hope Mountain. Patrol activities are to be encouraged.

Most of our seniors enjoyed a course in pioneering run by Childwall scouts in Childwall woods last September. Opportunities for full scale work were provided, with instruction.

The Liverpool University Rover Crew held a Carol Service for City and Toxteth Troops on December 11th.

Another Youth Hostelling hike in the Lake District is being planned for next Easter.

Our thanks are again due to Messrs. Evans, Jack and Nicholson for their patience and interest, and also to Mr. Smith for controlling the Troop's financial affairs.

G.C.

SCOUTS' SUMMER CAMP

Those who survived camp are going again. It was held last summer at Tan-y-Ban Farm, Dulas Bay, Anglesey, in a field with a slope but a splendid view. The farmer was very helpful and often surprised us with a wit unusual for his age.

Activities included patrol ventures, beach parties, a cooking competition, daily inspection, etc., and a visit was arranged to Point Lynas Lighthouse, which is run by the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. We were honoured with the company of Flt./Lt. Bradley of the R.A.F. for the whole of camp, who was able to arrange a visit round Valley Air-Sea Rescue Station. They took us for a trip in one of their powerful rescue launches and allowed everyone in turn on the bridge to explain the controls.

The sun shone between heavy showers of rain and enabled us to dry out again. Memories remain of camp fires led with great gusto in a hollow which must have been designed for the purpose.

Mr. Evans' impeccable organization tends to pass unnoticed. Our gratitude goes to him and to Mr. Jack.

G.C.

SEA SCOUTS

The activities of the Sea Scouts now include boatwork at White Man's Dam and visits to various ships as well as attending the meetings on Friday evenings, and the camps of the whole troop.

White Man's Dam is a large lake at the centre of Knowsley Park. The troop has part use of two fibre glass sailing dinghies which are kept in the boathouse, once a fishing lodge. A sixteen foot dinghy is soon to be available and this should provide excellent pulling and possibly sailing facilities. The group holds meetings at the lake every second or third weekend during the winter, and on Fridays in the summer. Meetings usually start with pulling and then one boat is rigged for sailing. Life-jackets are, of course, worn at all times.

The group has visited the Blue Funnel ship, 'Menestheus', in dock at Birkenhead. The bridge and engine room were by far the most interesting parts of the ship, and our guides were subjected to a flood of questions.

Last summer two Sea Scouts again spent a weekend aboard the yacht of Mr. Holt, one of the School Governors. Despite bad weather, they enjoyed a few hours sailing in Holyhead Bay. One of the Scouts also spent two weekends on board the yacht earlier in the year. Both are extremely grateful to Mr. Holt for a very interesting and enjoyable time.

The Sea Scouts are also extremely grateful to Mr. Nicholson for his continuous co-operation and help in arranging activities and also for running a badge course in the dinner hour.

M. H. HADFIELD

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society continues to uphold tradition with fortnightly meetings under the chairmanship of Mr. D. G. Bentliff. The seven debates last term were all lively and, with one exception, adequately attended. However, there is a disturbing lack of new blood from the Removes and Upper Fifts, which makes the Society rely rather too much on a hard core of 'veterans'.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of the actual speeches recently has been a long-overdue recognition of the 'Literary' in the Society's name. Quotations from the works of many well-known poets and philosophers and references also to the visual arts have enlivened many a debate which would otherwise have been tediously factual.

The first debate of the term on September 18th, 'That advertising is degrading' (Pro: R. J. Baxter and D. R. Wade, Con: J. A. Clark and T. Dawson), was possibly the most closely contested of all. The final voting defeated the motion by ten votes to nine with four abstentions.

On the 2nd of October the motion was 'That you cannot change human nature' (Pro: I. D. McGowan and D. R. Morris, Con: S. J. Norris and T. Longworth). The subject provoked more eccentricity and obscurantism and less philosophy than had been expected, and the large number of abstentions was the result of bewilderment rather than of apathy. Voting: For: 5. Against 12. Abstentions 12.

The debate that caused most controversy was 'That this House would deplore a Labour victory at the next General Election'. (Pro: R. J. Baxter and J. S. Bradbrook, Con: T. Dawson and D. G. Maude). The issue of the Common Market cut across all previous party sympathies and after an interesting and at times violent debate the voting was: For: 15, Against: 6, Abstentions: 7.

The fourth debate of the term was on October 30th and the motion was 'That the dead languages should be buried'. (Pro: P. G. Salmon and M. H. Hadfield, Con: D. R. Wade and D. R. Morris). After many tributes to Latin and Greek had been paid, the motion was soundly defeated by fourteen votes to six, with three abstentions.

The most recent debate took place on the 13th of November when the motion was 'That Public Schools should be abolished'. (Pro: P. R. Williams and A. R. Froom, Con: S. J. Norris and T. Longworth). This debate turned primarily around the snobbery and nepotism connected with Public Schools and the Government, and the House finally imposed what seemed to be a qualified defeat on the abolitionists. The voting was: For 7, Against 12, with 2 abstentions.

Our thanks are again due to our Chairman Mr. D. G. Bentliff, whose advice and encouragement are most welcome at all times, also to Mr. R. H. Gavin, our vice-President and Mr. Nicholson who has attended some of our meetings.

S. J. NORRIS, T. DAWSON

MACALISTER SOCIETY

At the first meeting of the term, Mr. A. J. Cowan presented a paper entitled, "The Modern Architecture of Britain and Britons." Modern architecture had as its main object the satisfaction of the needs of society, and was the honest product of science and art. Its usefulness to society could be seen in the 'new towns' and in particular in the new city of Chandigarh in India, with which the speaker dealt in detail.

"The Evolution of Life" was the title of Mr. R. M. P. Quilliam's paper. The speaker discussed the difficulties of defining life with accuracy in relation to organisms such as viruses, and went on to examine the possibility of life elsewhere in the universe. Man's course of action, should he find life in the process of evolution on another planet, raised not only practical but moral questions.

Mr. W. R. Clark presented a paper entitled, "Sport and Society," which dealt in particular with the place of 'fair play' in sport. In tracing the history of organised sport, the speaker showed how 'fair play' had gradually lost its position as the essential constituent of sport and had declined in importance to the point where it was only applied by a decreasing proportion of sportsmen. The influence of schools in promoting 'fair play' among pupils was one of the few ways of ensuring that it was not lost completely.

At the next meeting, Mr. R. N. Evans presented a paper illustrated with tape recordings, entitled, "The Marriage of Figaro." The speaker explained the story of the opera and the complicated inter-relationship of the characters. Each character was represented by a distinctive music and atmosphere which was retained even in scenes where several characters sang together.

At the last meeting of the term, the Society was pleased to welcome its President, the Headmaster, who read a paper entitled, "The Impossibility of Translating." The shortcomings inherent in word for word translation, and the difficulties of conveying precise meanings, even in relation to such ordinary things as bread and butter, were exposed. The perfect translation must bring out the style, tone and effect of the original, while appearing to the reader to be as fluent and natural as if it were written in his native tongue.

In conclusion, the secretaries wish to thank the chairmen Mr. R. T. Jones and Mr. D. G. Bentliff for their continued help and enthusiasm.

J. A. CLARK, R. J. BAXTER

SIXTH FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Society has had four lectures and one visit during the Autumn term. Attendances at the lectures have been consistently good, an average of fifty-six members attending each meeting.

The first lecture of the term was given by Mr. R. E. Kemp of Imperial Metal Industries, Birmingham, his lecture being entitled, "Titanium." He began by giving a brief discourse on the useful ores of titanium and their world distribution. This was followed by a detailed description of the conversion of such ores to the metal and a resumé of the uses of titanium in industry.

A visit to Imperial Metal Industries works, at Birmingham, has been arranged for the Summer term, so that members of the Society will have an opportunity of seeing in operation some of the processes described by Mr. Kemp.

The second lecture entitled, "The Electrical Industry" was delivered by Mr. H. S. Dunning of M.A.N.W.E.B. In it, he described the organisation of both the electrical supply and distribution industries, and the development of the National Grid System. The latter was illustrated by a film, which showed how the increasing use of electricity had required the development of some such system.

The next lecture was given by Mr. J. A. Sweeney of Pilkington Bros., who spoke on the subject "The Manufacture of Glass." In the lecture, he described the nature of glass and, by means of diagrams, explained the structural changes undergone by it when heated. After giving reasons for the situation of the glass industry at St. Helens and describing modern methods for the production of sheet glass, he completed the lecture by showing a film illustrating the historical development of the glass industry.

The last lecture of the term was given by Dr. C. Wilson of Liverpool University, who delivered a lecture entitled, "The Investigation and Uses of Drugs." He began by explaining the part played by the National Health Service in this work, and showed the importance of statistics in conducting tests on drugs. This was followed by illustrations of the variety of preparations of individual drugs available to doctors, and of the speed with which such drugs became obsolete.

Towards the end of term, a party of twenty members visited Bromborough Power Station. During the visit, the party was conducted around the station via the control room, turbine hall, boiler room, pumping station and laboratory. In each of these, the functions and construction of the equipment and machinery were clearly described by the two guides.

The Society would like to express its gratitude to our chairman Mr.

W. H. Jones for his untiring help and enthusiasm, and also to the masters who have supported the Society's activities.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

J. A. CLARK

The Society's annual excursion took place on 13th July, when a party of thirty-eight boys travelled by coach to the Shropshire town of Ludlow. On the way, we stopped at the fortified manor-house of Stokesay. On a warm, sunny day, we explored this beautiful old building, and then boarded the coach again for the short trip into Ludlow, where we spent the afternoon visiting the town and its castle.

It is to be hoped that members will show their photographs taken on this excursion, and on other occasions, in our exhibition case.

The first meeting of last term was a taped lecture supplied by May and Baker Ltd. entitled "Modern Firing Technique" which was, unfortunately, a little too technical for our new members. The second lecture, "Close-up Photography," given by Kodak Ltd., was however, more suitable for the younger section of our Society. The lecture on 17th October was well received by all sections of the Society, and we are indebted to Mr. R. K. Davies for showing us an extremely interesting selection of transparencies taken in Italy last August. The attendance at the lecture given by Mr. R. J. Pearce, A.R.P.S., entitled "The Possibilities of Colour," was extremely disappointing. It is a pity that the majority of our members are failing to take part in the activities of the Society.

Lectures will be given by Mr. K. F. Curwen of Owen Owen Ltd., Mr. D. S. Moran, A.R.P.S. and Mr. D. Allen, F.R.P.S., F.R.S.A., F.R.E.S., from Ilford Ltd., in the near future. The Society has also been invited to a lecture to be given by Mr. Alfred Gregory, A.R.P.S. of Kodak Ltd. at Bluecoat Hall. In addition to lectures given throughout the year, the Society has a large selection of books, magazines, and equipment which members may borrow, and the Secretary would welcome helpful suggestions from members for the improvement of existing amenities.

In conclusion we thank Mr. Jones and Mr. Lloyd for their help and encouragement.

I. COULTHARD

MUSIC CLUB

The first meeting of the school year was the Annual General Business meeting. Mr. L. A. Naylor was re-elected chairman and Mr. A. Evans again accepted the post of treasurer. B. P. Wilson of 6BM2 was elected secretary and T. Dawson, 6AMI, D. C. Townend and A. J. Wallard, both of 6ASC, became committee members.

After the committee meeting held the following week, the Jazz Club held their first meeting. A talk was given by T. Dawson on Charlie Parker.

The first live recital of the term was given by Mr. Paton the following week. His programme of music by Mozart, Chopin, and Scarlatti was admirably performed and was heard to better advantage by the large audience because a new Challen piano had replaced the instrument which had been in the Music Room for many years.

In contrast, very few members were present to listen to a recording of "Belshazzar's Feast." As a result of this, it was decided to discontinue the series of choral music recordings which had been planned.

It was the turn of the Jazz Club again the following week. A talk entitled "The Blues" was given by J. P. Cuthell of 6BM2.

The Music Club has also had the pleasure of hearing a record made by an Old Boy of the school — Derek McCulloch. The music of Schutz and his contemporaries was extremely well performed by this sensitive singer.

On Wednesday, 31st October, the Sixth-Forms, and some of the Removes and Upper Fifths, were invited by the Music Club to attend a piano recital, given in the School Hall by Mr. John McCabe. His programme was interesting and was executed in a very professional manner. Among the works performed were Liszt's "Harmonies du soir," the Sonata in F minor of Beethoven and also lesser known works by Christopher Headington and Messiaen.

D. G. Maude of 6BM2 provided the Music Club with a very interesting talk—"Directions in Modern Music." His explanation of the evolution of modern music, illustrated with recordings of works by Bartok, Webern, Schönburg and Varèse, was attended by a large audience, which was gratifying. It is hoped to continue these "lecture-recitals" and equally large numbers are expected to attend.

B. P. WILSON

MUSIC CLUB — JAZZ SECTION

Attendances have so far been excellent at meetings of this off-shoot of the Music Club. The music has provoked much controversy among listeners, and already the hard core seems to have divided into 'cool,' 'hot' and 'trad' factions. The musician who seems to have the widest appeal is modern bassist Charles Mingus, but several acknowledged leaders in jazz, such as Charles Parker and John Birks Gillespie, appear to be disliked by all but a few diehard aficionados.

Recent programmes on 'The Blues' and on jazz influenced pop singers have been especially successful and we look forward to talks on specialised subjects such as these, and also to the possibility of a 'live' recital in the near future.

T. DAWSON

CHORAL SOCIETY

Although the Choral Society has not given a public performance since last Easter, apart from rendering "Thou must leave Thy lowly dwelling" (Berlioz), "Huntsmen's Chorus" (Weber), "Rolling down to Rio" (Edward German), and "Widdecombe Fair" (traditional), it has not been inactive. Preparation have been going on continuously for the production of Bach's B Minor Mass next March. The Society will give what is probably the first performance of the work by a School choir on Merseyside. Written in the early eighteenth century, this Mass has proved difficult for choirs of every age.

Among new members whom we have welcomed to the Society this year are Mr. D. B. Davies, Mr. H. G. B. Toobe, Herr Warkentin and about ten First Formers.

In conclusion, our thanks are due once more to Mr. R. N. Evans, our enthusiastic conductor, who devotes so much time and energy to the Society. We are also indebted to Mr. D. W. Rowell and B. P. Wilson for taking

practices, to D. C. and J. C. Townend, our efficient librarians, and to all the staff and boys who so loyally support the Choir.

D. H. MAWDSLEY

THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra continues to meet in the Music Room at 3.20 p.m. every Thursday. Although several experienced members left School at the end of last summer term, our numbers are again gradually rising owing to an influx of "new blood" from the violin classes.

At the moment, the Orchestra is practising a Polka from Weinberger's "Schwanda, the Bagpiper" and the St. Antony Chorale by Haydn. Both these pieces are giving pleasure to the Orchestra as well as affording valuable experience to younger members. No matter how great individual talent may be, however, a professional performance of these or any other works is impossible unless the present balance of orchestral instruments is improved. This means that many more violinists are needed, and although the violin classes provide a long term solution to the problem, some method of increasing immediate support must be found. This may only be done if the hidden talent which must undoubtedly exist in the School is brought to light.

For the moment, however, the small band of enthusiastic musicians perseveres under the able and patient direction of Mr. R. N. Evans, and the string section is given valuable help by Mr. Naylor who has for some years been our sole viola player. To both these members of staff are our utmost thanks due.

P. K. CRIPPS

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Last July saw the revival of the Society's annual excursion. After much debate it was decided to visit Kenilworth and Coventry Cathedral — a fortunate choice. Undaunted by the largest queue imaginable, the Society dutifully lined up, and was rewarded by a brief circular tour of the interior of the cathedral after a rather more lengthy one of its exterior. Kenilworth, although not rising to expectations, was none the less of great historical interest, being the erstwhile home of Elizabeth I's favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

During the Autumn term only two meetings were held. At the first of these, Mr. L. N. Treeby presented a paper on James Graham, Marquess of Montrose, the Royalist leader in Scotland during the Civil War, and the Society is indebted to Mr. Treeby for what was a most interesting and informative talk. At the second meeting a film entitled 'Art Heritage' was shown. This depicted the history of civilisation as indicated by the artist, and was illustrated with pictures from the collection of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Autumn term has seen a renewed interest in the activities of the Liverpool Historical Association, whose lectures in the University have included subjects such as the raising of the Vasa, and Tudor Government. These lectures supplement the work of the Sixth-forms in an invaluable manner, and all boys are encouraged to attend.

For the Spring term a full programme has been arranged, including films and lectures by members of the University and School staffs, and also by senior members of the Sixth-forms. The subjects, ranging from early

mediaeval to late modern history should prove to be of great value and interest, and it is hoped that they will continue to be well supported.

Finally, the Society's gratitude is to be expressed to Messrs. Edge and Rogers, our Vice-Presidents, for their enthusiastic encouragement and assistance.

R. J. BAXTER, S. J. NORRIS

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

The Society, enriched by an influx of members from the scientific Sixth-forms, continues to flourish. The two excursions of July, the Senior to the Elan Valley reservoirs of Mid-Wales and the Junior to Singleton, Wensleydale, and Wharfedale, proved of great interest and much geographical value. The Society would like to express its thanks to Mr. R. K. Davies for stepping in at short notice to go with one of these parties.

The autumn term saw a number of meetings take place, at most of which films were shown. The first, entitled 'Down Argentine Way,' was provided by Bovril Ltd. It was about the estancias in Argentina, and depicted the life of the gauchos. The second film, 'Majestic Continent,' was a comprehensive survey of Africa, with particular emphasis on its history, wild life, and varied scenery, and showed the rapid expansion of the methods of communication, especially the airways.

Five other films were shown in the autumn term, all under novel circumstances. For the first, the Sixth-form geographers are indebted to the German department, which kindly invited them to see the two films provided by the German Assistant, Herr Warkentin. In the first film, Berlin's rise like a Phoenix from the ashes of 1945 was shown; and the second, a German newsreel, despite the linguistic difficulties, gave an insight into German life. The other films shown were provided by the Canadian Trade Commission. The first showed various aspects of modern Canada, presenting a coast-to-coast portrait of the country as it might be seen from the Trans-Canada Highway. A second film showed British Columbia's development over the past hundred years, with a panorama of the mountain scenery as a background. The last film reviewed the history of the Colombo Plan, and showed various aspects of its work. These films were shown during the last week of term and were again restricted to sixth-formers.

One other meeting was held during the Autumn term, a lecture, for which we are indebted to Mr. W. A. Richardson. He has spent much time in Brazil, and gave the Society a most illuminating talk on its geography, history and economy.

In conclusion, the Secretaries wish, on behalf of the Society, to express their thanks to the Chairman, Mr. J. R. Edwards, and to the Vice-Presidents, Mr. B. L. Parker, Mr. F. J. Boote, and Mr. K. Poad, for their support and encouragement throughout the year.

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

CHRISTIAN UNION

The highlight of the Autumn Term was a Sixth-Form Conference for Merseyside Schools held in School. The theme of the conference was 'The Christian in Industry' and Sir Alfred Owen gave an enlightening talk on this aspect of Christian life. The second half of the afternoon was spent in group discussion, after which a panel of industrialists, under the chairmanship of the Headmaster, answered questions.

The weekly Wednesday meetings have proceeded as usual with a variety of speakers. Bible studies and discussions. The speakers have included Mr. Horace Banner, a missionary in Brazil, and Mr. A. M. Sax, who described the work of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to the Jews. A Prayer Meeting is now held every Wednesday morning before school and this is found most helpful by all who participate.

The Senior meetings held in conjunction with Blackburne House are now on alternate Fridays at 4.10 p.m. These meetings have been well attended by both schools. The activities have included talks by W. E. Kearns, who described the work of the Ludhiana Medical Mission, and Mr. Bennison a student for the ministry. There was also a debate on whether the Church was out of touch with modern society. the conclusion being that it was not.

Our thanks go to the Chairman Mr. Watson and our Vice Chairmen Messrs. Davies, Goodfellow and Jack for their continued co-operation and support.

G. I. LAWSON, J. R. WATSON

MODELS SOCIETY

During the Autumn Term, the Committee decided that the Society should try to report its activities to a greater extent than in this publication, and we shall thus become the first society in the history of the School to publish its own magazine. The first issue should be ready for the beginning of 1963, and the Secretary would welcome any articles dealing with topics of interest to members of the Society for inclusion in later issues.

Membership of the Society continues to rise, and now totals nearly 90 boys. During the Summer and beginning of the Autumn Terms, activities included 2 excursions, 2 lectures, and a weekly meeting of the Model Railway Section.

It is this section of the Society which holds the greatest attraction among members. The tenacity of the regular attenders at these meetings has enabled the Society to construct two railway tracks, and a third is proposed.

The 3 rail layout has been relaid and scenery and electrical work are well under way. An "end to end" two rail track is under construction by a nucleus of older members. Track has been ballasted and laid in the form of a country branch station. Any enthusiast who is interested in this aspect of railway modelling is invited to attend one of these meetings.

Two members of the Society, F. J. Bradley and L. Rawlinson have established a small but extremely keen narrow-gauge section. This hopes to model a station from the Festiniog Railway, and help for this venture would be welcome.

In the Whit holiday, a party toured Liverpool Airport. An informative afternoon was spent on a tour of the hangers and airfield installations. After this, the party spent an hour on the observation gallery either watching aircraft or recovering from the tour, which had just taken place in hot sun.

The weather provided a striking contrast on the next excursion, that to Birkenhead and Chester Motive Power Depots. The party's delight at having been excused last period to make the visit was dampened by the adverse weather. Dark skies predominated during a tour of Birkenhead

shed, and on arrival at Chester, the first rain began to fall. The tour of the shed was accomplished in pouring rain, and on the return walk to the station, the Secretary was surprised to see certain members making use of latent athletic capabilities in the mass exodus to shelter.

Colour transparencies taken at this, and other visits were shown by Mr. Wilson, together with those from his own holiday, at a dinner time meeting.

We have had a lecture from Mr. K. Cox, of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, on the work of the Port of Liverpool Authority. This was amply illustrated by some excellent colour slides. A return visit by the well known railway photographer Mr. C. Smith has been organised, and officials from the Ministry of Aviation, and Meccano Ltd. have promised to lecture to us in the near future. Visits have been arranged to Cammell Laird and Crew Locomotive Works.

The model aircraft section of the Society has been revived by B. D. Hunt. Although in its infancy at the moment, this section is proving to be a valuable aspect of the Society's activities. Boys who are interested in aircraft, whether miniature or life-size should contact Hunt at either of the Library meetings on Mondays or Fridays.

The library now contains nearly a thousand magazines, and text books on most of the Society's activities are available. A new section containing catalogues has been added. Credit for organising this most important section of the Society is due to the Librarian, F. Bradley and his assistant L. Rawlinson.

I am also grateful to the Treasurer, I. H. Caplan who has, by his diligent collection of subscriptions, amassed a vast fortune for the Society, which enables it to finance the many varied activities described above.

It now only remains for me to thank Mr. Wilson for his hard work and devotion to the Society, which has enabled it to become one of the most popular School societies.

A. J. WALLARD

ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY

The Society, which now has over fifty members, has this year enjoyed one of its most successful sessions. Attendances at the evening meetings have been most encouraging, but more support for the lunchtime library meetings would be welcome. The library, which is open in Room 9 on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.20 to 1.50, now contains over seven hundred and fifty magazines and three well-known transport magazines are taken monthly.

A highly successful Youth Hostel Tour (described in full elsewhere) was held during the Summer holiday in the Lake District. Another trip to the Lakes will be organised next summer.

Excursions nearer home have included visits to the Railway Signal Company, the Edge Hill Signal Box (the most modern in the country), Crewe Locomotive works and three motive power depots in the Liverpool area, the most interesting being the electric depot at Allerton. Here the electric multiple units need servicing only once a week.

Guests who have addressed the Society included Mr. Balderston of the Ribble Motor Company, who gave a paper entitled "How to run a 'bus service,'" Mr. Dixon of British Railways, who spoke on railway signalling,

and a spokesman for the Starways Air Company.

At other meetings, films from the B.T.C. were shown on various branches of transport. Members of the Society have spoken on such subjects as "The History of Pullman Trains," "Railways of the Isle of Man" and "Map-making."

In the near future we plan to visit a Cunard vessel, to be followed by a lecture by a Cunard spokesman.

The more hardy members of the Society have recently been hiking in North Wales and Derbyshire.

In conclusion we would like to thank Messrs. Goodfellow, Dobson and Wilson for their continued support and encouragement.

D. H. MAWDSLEY, D. C. TOWNEND

SUMMER YOUTH HOSTEL TOUR

For the first time the Engineering and Transport Society chose the Lake District for its summer Youth Hostel tour.

A party of eight set out from Windermere to Coniston via the Bowness ferry. Having ascended the Old Man of Coniston on the following day we descended to the valley of the river Duddon and made our way through bog and gorse to the top of the infamous Hardknott pass. Far below in Eskdale, the remains of the Roman fort, Mediobogdum, were easily distinguishable.

On the fourth day we climbed Scafell Pikes by way of Cam Spout Crag and Mickledore. On arrival at the summit, we found that all the sheltered seating accommodation had been occupied by a party of boys under the leadership of the versatile Mr. Bentliff and the athletic Mr. Rowell. Shortly after leaving them, one of the older members of the party fell and sustained a twisted ankle. Was this a coincidence?

The injured and two others continued at a slower pace, while the remaining five made the journey from Sty Head to Seatoller in record time. Being disinclined to exertion, two spent Sunday in Keswick, while the more agile were enjoying a fine ridgewalk on the fells of Derwent.

Walking along Scar Craggs on the next day, the leader and the two youngest members of the party became detached from the rest, but luckily the leader was wearing his multi-coloured hat and all was not lost.

The last day of the tour had come and, having strenuously scrambled to the top of the Helvellyn, we rested before walking down to Glenridding, a small picturesque village on the shores of Ullswater, to catch a bus to Penrith and the train. On Striding Edge, a ridge leading from Helvellyn, a water bottle became dislodged from a ruck-sack and rolled three or four feet down a grassy slope. Its rescuer insists however, that the recovery involved a 'severe' rock climb.

Finally, we are indebted to D. H. Mawdsley who led this most enjoyable expedition.

I. M. PARKINSON (6BC)

CHESS CLUB

Membership this year is once again over ninety, and there is evidence of great enthusiasm among the members of the First and Second forms. The club is the largest in the School and two rooms are needed for its lunch-time meetings.

Last year, the School First team achieved its greatest success to date by winning the National Schools' Chess Tournament, sponsored by the 'Sunday Times.' The School defeated a strong team from Hayes Grammar School, Middlesex, and so gained a place in the last four. The final rounds were played in London, where the teams were staying at the expense of the 'Sunday Times'. By beating Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon, the team reached the final against Bemrose Grammar School, Derby, and, after a closely-fought match, won the trophy.

The team also retained the Wright Challenge Shield, which it had won the previous year. In this year's competition the team has won all its three matches so far.

The members of the First team, this year and last, are: C. F. Woodcock, P. Cartmel, A. R. Prince, R. J. Butcher, T. D. Hughes, C. N. Prince, and D. J. Jarman.

The School has two under-15 teams competing in the Liverpool Schools' Chess League, one in the Championship Section — which it has won for the past three years — and one in Section Two. The members of the first Under-15 team are: R. K. Vernon, R. A. Humphreys, D. K. Bryan, D. N. Cope, R. J. Holland, C. E. Webb, and R. J. Revell. The second under-15 team is: L. Law, P. W. Blundell, J. S. Zalin, J. M. Aked, C. J. Smith, K. S. Levin and S. C. Cripps. An under-16 team and an Under-13 team also play friendly matches against other schools; and both teams have won all their games so far this year. The members include: B. Dayawala, K. W. Morris, S. R. Scholes, D. Long, G. D. A. Seiflow, R. O. Hughes, D. J. Bruce, and P. J. Thompson.

C. F. Woodcock, the School Chess Captain, distinguished himself, by gaining third place in the British Boys' Under-18 Chess Championship.

Activities, however, are not confined to the external field. A Lower-School Chess Championship is in progress and tournaments have been organised for members of both the First and Second forms.

Finally, we extend our most sincere thanks to Mr. Jack for his untiring help, guidance, and interest in all the Club's activities.

P. CARTMEL, A. R. PRINCE

FILM SOCIETY

The idea of a school film society received enthusiastic support, and the newly-founded Society held its first meetings last term. The aims of the Society are to interest boys in the more worthwhile examples of the cinema art, and to show feature films which are unavailable on the commercial cinema circuits. Discussions are held after each film so that everyone has an opportunity to express his opinions on that particular film or the cinema in general.

So far, films shown include, "The Red Badge of Courage," the original "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," "The Battleship Potëmkin," "Les Jeux Interdits" and the Marx Brothers classic "Night at the Opera." It is hoped that the large attendance at these will be maintained for future programmes, which will include such films as "All Quiet on the Western Front," "L'Atalante" and "Un Chien Andalou." All tastes, from the Marx Brothers and Mack Sennett to Luis Buñel, will be catered for, the high quality of the film being the only criterion for its inclusion in the Society's programmes.

Grateful thanks are due to Messrs. Gavin, Sweeney, Wilson and Edwards for their kind help and support for the Society.

I. MCGOWAN

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Three meetings were held last term, all of which have been well attended, particularly by members of non-classical forms.

The library contains many books concerning all aspects of Archaeology. Details of this are obtainable from Mr. Nelson.

At the first meeting of the term an Old-Boy, Mr. R. W. Davies delivered a lecture entitled, "Hadrian's Wall," a subject on which he has done considerable personal research. Heraldry was the subject of the next talk given by P. F. Ainsworth, 6BM1 in which he dealt competently with all major forms of pre-Renaissance Heraldry. Both these talks were well illustrated. After half-term A. W. McGeorge, 6AC, showed some slides of sites in Greece and the Aegean islands.

We are also indebted to Mr. Rogers for inviting members to a meeting of the Liverpool Historical Association at which a talk, "The Raising of the Vasa," was given.

Future talks will be given by Mr. Watson, Mr. Poad, Mr. Dobson and by old-boys D. Evans and J. M. Jackson.

I. M. PARKINSON

JUNIOR ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Although this Society was formed only this year, it has been successful in accumulating a small library, which is open to members on Tuesday evenings.

The lectures, which have taken place so far, have been on Egyptology and Peru.

The first of these, by P. Lofthouse (L5Sc), was on Akhnaten, the Heretic King; the second by the same person on the Pyramids; and the third on the Tomb of Tutankhamun.

A lecture on Peru was given by D. A. Gidlow (2Sc).

M. GARLAND

THE RADIO SOCIETY

The Radio Society was formed at the beginning of the present School year to encourage interest in amateur wireless. This term is taken in its widest sense to include construction of both broadcast and amateur land receivers in addition to the actual operation of a transmitter.

A transmitter of any sort, however, may only be used if the person concerned has obtained the necessary theoretical and practical qualifications. To help members who wish to obtain these qualifications and obtain their transmitting licence or "ticket" the club is organising a series of lectures. Those with little practical experience may learn the elements of radio construction by helping to build a simple radio receiver, and members who wish to improve their knowledge of theoretical principles are given advice concerning the best textbooks to study and difficult theoretical points are explained to them.

A prospective licensee must also satisfy the Post Office authorities that he is capable of sending and receiving morse at a certain speed, and the Society therefore holds regular morse classes in which both sending and receiving the "dots and dashes" are practised.

This wide range of activities could not possibly be attempted by the Society if Mr. Bradley, Mr. Byrne and Mr. Nicholson had not given their wholehearted support and a large portion of their free time. We are greatly indebted to these members of staff.

Support for the Society has been almost overwhelming, and the keenness of the younger members in particular indicates that the Liverpool Institute Radio Society has a very promising future.

P. K. CRIPPS

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

An excursion to West Kirby took place early last term; a few fish and many interesting specimens of beetles, larvae, etc., were caught.

On a later date, a film on locusts called "The Ruthless Ones" was shown and proved a great success. In addition to this, various slides were shown later on in the term and these also proved interesting. Biological quizzes are to be held in the near future and a trip to Hilbre Island for the Seniors is to take place. Other excursions for both Juniors and Seniors are also being arranged.

We gratefully extend our thanks to Messrs. Wilson and Walker for their indispensable guidance.

E. I. NUGENT

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

Last term there was a number of meetings on Wednesdays when Mr. Bowen gave a series of interesting and informative talks to the Society. In addition to these talks some auctions have been held.

A quiz that was organized was won by G. D. Seiffow.

The Pools continue to flourish under the direction of our Treasurer P. Pink and Librarians, M. E. Parker and E. D. Roberts, to whom we are indebted for giving their services.

Once again we must thank our chairman Mr. J. H. Bowen for the time and effort he has given to the Society.

C. J. SAVAGE

JUNIOR SCIENCE SOCIETY

Meetings are held on alternate Monday evenings in the Biology laboratory. Membership is limited to twenty members of the second form, but in the Spring term first-formers will be able to join the Society. First-formers will also be invited to two forthcoming meetings at which talks will be given.

Usually, members split into groups consisting of two or three boys to carry out various scientific experiments.

We would like to thank Messrs. Wilson and Scott for their co-operation in the activities.

S. C. CRIPPS

THE JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

This year the Society was re-formed thanks to the enthusiasm of a small group of junior boys. Lunch-time meetings are held on alternate Mondays and are open to all second year and lower fifth formers. The intention of the Society is to train boys in public speaking, in preparation for later membership of the Literary and Debating Society, by encouraging them to express themselves on a wide variety of topics and to educate them in the art of preparing good speeches. The present membership of the Society stands at thirty-eight and as many as possible of these boys will be encouraged to take an active part in meetings. Successful debates have been held on subjects as varied as the Space Race, the Cuba Crisis, the proposed Channel Tunnel, the position of the Monarchy, and Corporal Punishment.

D. LONG, A. L. MOORE

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

The Editor, the Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,

Your latest hurry-up note compels me to take up my pen again, though I have even less to tell you than usual. It's difficult to be arch about people you haven't seen for months and the weather this winter has kept me indoors.

Our senior member is Dr. T. C. Waddington of Caius. Also before most people's time is Sidney Norris, at Trinity Hall, who is studying for the Diploma of Criminology. Your younger readers may well have missed them in the game of life, but I assure you they do exist.

The jaded young things at Caius (Tony Zalin, Bob Clapham and John Conder) have been added to by John Roberts, but are not as close knit as they were. The chipping and communal fun seems to have ceased to be taken as good fun.

Russell Cannon, at Trinity, is still impersonating a Scotsman and a travesty of an impersonation it is too. Phil Alper, at Selwyn, still argues that it's broadening of experience rather than acquiring of knowledge that counts — and who'd argue with him.

In spite of his great dramatic successes (the toast of Liverpool, etc.) Lachlan MacRae, at Downing, hasn't got beyond 2nd Gentleman yet. He hopes to be degraded. Colin Morgan, at Pembroke, is discovering that English is superior to French. 'After all,' he says 'in English it's "Hey Let's Twist or Twist, hey let's or, etc," but in French it's 'twistons' and that's it.'

This seems just about to have rounded everyone up, and with apologies for shortness and lack of content, I must remain, my dear sir, until your next issue.

Yours faithfully,

Beauregard du Quest.

OXFORD LETTER

The Editor, the Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,

Once again the call of the Liverpool Institute for news of her élite at Oxford has reached this fair city, and it is my duty to reply and reveal some of the secrets in the lives of our members here.

I shall restrict my report mainly to Freshmen for two reasons, firstly, as our numbers are so great this year there would not be enough space, and secondly, as these Old Boys will be remembered by yourself and the greater element of the present members of the school. In passing, however, I would mention that the Liobians in Oxford have a new president — Mr. Lunt, in whose capable hands I am sure the society will prosper and not be undernourished at the annual dinner. The society can also boast a new secretary in Mr. Sissons, of University College, although Mr. Sissons usually does that himself. Nevertheless, he is making his mark in Oxford as an actor, and has of late shed his spectacles and acquired a scooter.

At the beginning of Michaelmas Term, the now what is almost usual host of Liobians arrived to start their life at Oxford, and it was indeed refreshing to see so many new faces in the ranks, although some of them were rather elusive to find. This could certainly not be said of that well-known Liberal and Quaker, Mr. Davies from Keble College. Most days he is to be found in the Oxford Union bar not as might be expected propping up the bar, but rather the contrary, talking or attempting to talk politics.

Although Mr. Davies' aims are political, the same cannot be inferred about one of his fellow mathematicians, Mr. Catrall of Hertford College, whose main interest is playing hockey with the occasional interruption for a lecture or tutorial.

Over at New College, we have Mr. Quilliam (known affectionately as 'Quill' to his friends), who is living a life of luxury with the profit he made from running the Sixth Form Science Society last year. Mr. Quilliam is fortunate in having a Freshman colleague in Mr. Lennard, a mathematician, although he is somewhat aloof, spending many hours alone. Perhaps he is longing for the slopes of his native valley — of Everton or just trying to interpret what Mr. Manheim, also of New College, has just said to him.

Mr. Maguire, at Queen's, has never really recovered from the shock he received when told his rooms were 'a five-minute bus ride' from college in the college annexe. He is convalescing well, however, with regular visits to

the college beer cellars and attendance at one lecture per week. With his partner in crime, Mr. Hooley of Christ Church, he is making a bid for a place in the Varsity Bridge Team, and according to Mr. Hooley, they practice diligently every evening to achieve this aim.

The other Freshman member of the House is Mr. Armstrong, who boasts the highest rooms in Oxford and the highest electricity bill to go with them. He is kept very busy playing soccer and keeping up with his predecessor Mr. Miller who with ninety-nine other comrades has formed an Oxford committee which is very keen on walking.

Although Mr. Cowan, St. Edmund Hall, is a scientist, he has acquired a new interest of late in the architecture of colleges—especially the women's colleges where he is observed very often admiring their beauties. In this pursuit, Mr. Cowan is accompanied by Mr. Martineau, of Wadham College, who has had the added experience of a year at the University of California before coming up. Indeed, I fear for his fellow mathematician at Wadham, Mr. Sharp, lest he be corrupted by the decadent ways of Mr. Martineau. However, all is well at the moment as both men have taken up rowing, probably to enhance Wadham's great rowing tradition and emulate that great Liobian of the river Mr. Mordaunt, of Oriel College. It is rumoured that he has been seen on a bicycle, but I repeat these are only rumours.

Mr. Williams is well satisfied with life at Jesus College as he has a piano in his room. There is, however, one drawback—his room is immediately above the college beer cellar, which I think will have the unique distinction of serving beer with Bach.

Mr. Wainwright, of Exeter College, is one of more elusive members of the Liobians, perhaps because he is not resident in college but in lodgings. The only information that has filtered through to me concerning him, indirectly I hope, is the birth of twins next door to his lodgings.

But, Sir, I tire and fear this letter is degenerating into a mere catalogue of names, so I shall close, and as the first snows fall on Oxford, we here prepare ourselves for the long rigours of winter ahead and look expectantly to the spring.

Yours deliriously,

N. SCONCED.

PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, the Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,

In response to an overwhelming public demand, and in accordance with the popular modern trend of delving into the private lives of our great citizens, we print here a somewhat inaccurate and strongly licentious account of the characters of that veritable Olympus—the Prefects' Room. And, in so doing, it is hoped that all false rumours, such as that unkind one hinting at the installation of a bar parlour, will be well and truly quashed.

The foremost of our band of demi-gods is Mr. Norris, who, since ascending to his splendiferous, regal position, has attempted to persuade all he meets that his blood is really blue. This is strongly refuted by Mr. Ferguson who has had his flick knife confiscated on numerous occasions for threatening to disprove it. In the spare moments he manages, between his preparations to take Oxford by storm, (and one must hasten to add that the "spare moments" far exceed the "preparations") our loquacious leader

is engaged in his eternal quest for lost property. The theme song of Mr. Norris is: "Ride on, Ride on in Majesty." Indeed, he acts jubilantly upon this maxim with the aid of his motorised Stee-d. When finally disencumbered of his better half, he spends many happy hours serenading us with recently acquired Neapolitan love songs.

Joint second-in-command is Mr. Slater, regarded by many as the original rag-and-bone merchant. His diurnal guest appearances in the Lower Yard have stimulated considerable interest in the general public. He is considering posting pro-Prefects around the periphery to collect "gate-money." Poor Mr. Slater has never been the same since a second feature, with a strictly 'X' certificate was introduced into Greek lessons. Our pitiable Anthony sits pining for his Cleopatra and conjugates the irregular Greek verb "to love."

Mr. Ferguson, our other vice, and third member of the triumvirate, is, in contrast, a most ebullient personality; his ferocity on the rugby field is only matched by his anger when his all too frequent bumpers are effortlessly dispatched to the boundary. Mr. Ferguson can be heard muttering to himself such things as "heel" and "boot"—this is taken by many to be evidence that the honourable gentleman is contemplating opening a shoe shop. Despite his failure in the realm of twisting, our "Jock" maintains that he could be a second Elvis were it not for the fact that he is destined to become a computer. Indeed a truly strapping fellow!

It is understood that rocking chairs are to be installed in the Prefects' Room for the benefit of the aged; we presume that this refers to Messrs. Archer and Clark. Mr. Archer is the epitome of the Prodigal Son and it is with much pleasure that we announce he is back under starter's orders. He gently chaffs the younger and less experienced members of the community who insist that his delayed start to the term was caused by sleeping sickness. To be fair, however, it must be admitted that Mr. Archer has devoted much time and thought to the study of the Classics— it is fervently hoped that his efforts will be richly rewarded.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the ultimate departure, at the end of this year, of that elder statesman, Mr. Clark. Messrs. Morton and Hand, who for some months have been rehearsing the song "Twenty-one Today," were heartbroken at this bombshell. Mr. Clark is one of our most respected scientists (if indeed such immature beings can be respected); he can be seen frequently sitting in a corner of the Physics Lab. quietly but efficiently postulating complicated formulae on a large piece of sandwich paper.

Mr. Morton and Mr. Hand are inseparable; to misquote Shelley: "If Morton comes, can Hand be far behind?" But these two gentlemen are by no means indistinguishable: Mr. Morton is the shorter, (by three cubits!) and he is thought to be the only surviving Troglodyte. He is unperturbed by his diminutive size, and his proudest boast is that he has been offered the lead in "Peter Pan," in pantomime. Mr. Hand is the debonaire treasurer of the social fund, and has aroused considerable suspicion of late with his recent, regular trips to Blackpool and his divers "take-over bids." Mr. Hand is the shrewd business man amongst us; he is engaged, at present, in rearing camels in his garden, his intention being to form a taxi service.

Mr. Chambers and Mr. McGeorge are military gentlemen—but, being unaccepted in every local regiment, they have been forced to create their own, the 1st Battalion of the Institute light horse. They spend many happy hours manoeuvring and bivouacking around Sefton Park. Mr. McGeorge's

stentorian tones can be heard for many a mile; and, much to his consternation and our jubilation, he is to be auctioned as a fog-horn. Mr. Chambers is the mildest of men, but beneath his meek exterior there lies a cauldron, bubbling with military idealism, straining for the reins of power. But I will say no more lest this "coup" should come about.

Mr. Gray, the poor man's Doctor Kildare, wanders aimlessly about humming, and occasionally singing, immense sections of tenor solo (invariably in Italian). Mr. Gray has great difficulty in distinguishing between football and cricket. He was seen recently to strike the upright whilst playing football and immediately to appeal to the referee for "owzat." On being asked recently what he wore beneath his kilt he declined to answer.

Mr. Baxter is thought by many to be the nearest thing to Machiavelli that this country has ever produced, but Mr. Baxter claims that both this and the story that his effulgent smile is being used in a tooth paste commercial are extreme Right-wing propaganda.

Mr. Hynes, the original "All American Boy," is on the threshold of fulfilling his life-long ambition to stand next to the Empire State Building and challenge passers-by to distinguish them. He is preparing himself for his pilgrimage to the New World by consuming great amounts of "gum" and driving to school on the wrong side of the road. That celebrated all-round sportsman, Mr. Hughes, has now joined our ranks. His constant "bullying" with Mr. Hynes has led to his banishment to the window-sill, this was received with joy by those members of the Prefectorial body who suffer from over-exposure of the sun. Mr. Hughes threatens to get even next summer when his sixteen pound shots are accessible!

It only remains now for us to consider those two footballing youths. Messrs. Bradbrook and Grove. Mr. Bradbrook is a trick cyclist, for he has tricked many motorists into believing that they have a speed merchant behind them, whereas Mr. Bradbrook is actually hanging on to the rear bumper. Mr. Grove is everybody's friend, probably for the mere reason that he is the sole supplier of the morning paper. Next to himself Mr. Grove loves the Toffees, although he is very partial to a "midget gem."

Sir, my libellous attacks are now complete. If my anonymity is preserved, I hope in the future to present a further insight into the idiosyncrasies of these fifteen praiseworthy and gallant gentlemen, who bear the name of Prefects.

Till then, I am yours cheerfully,

C. R. ACKE.

A MODERN FAIRY TALE

or — The death of an Anti-Hero

Once upon a time there lived a reasonably happy Young Man. He was only reasonably happy, however, because all his friends were heroes in one way or another. If an old lady happened to fall on to a railway line, then one of his friends happened to be there to save her. Similarly, if a fire started in a building, another friend would just happen to be there and so be able to put it out. Our Young Man began, not unnaturally, to feel unhappy, and he developed quite a few complexes. He eventually went to see a psychiatrist, who told him (among other things) that it was the fashionable thing to be an anti-hero. Our Young Man decided to become one forthwith, but as he set out along the road a mad horse came around the corner, pulling a cart. Unwittingly the Young Man found himself in

its path, but before he could do anything the horse stopped. That night his photograph was in the newspaper. He was a HERO! When he went to tell his friends, none of them would speak to him. They were all anti-heroes now, for it was the fashionable thing to be.

MORAL: You should look both ways before crossing the road.

J. P. CUTHELL (6BM2)

INSULARITY BREEDS IT

Outside, Autumn cracked its frosty knuckles, but inside the man did not care. He switched up the television to watch whatever was on, draped languorously over his low-angle easy-chair. A large fly winged weakly across his vision, and banked unsteadily away behind his head. The man waved his hands at it. Something should be done about that flying cadaver. However, he bothered no more until he went to the cake-stand, where the fly was consuming jam from his cake with a rapidity which betokened future digestive hitches. The man stuttered his rage between his teeth, and whipped the unfortunate hexapod into his hand. He stepped over to the fire. Then he turned away, and opened the back door, allowing a hissing sword of freezing air to penetrate his castle. The fly described an arc through the breezes, and lighted stiffly on its back, where it remained, looking like a multiple car-accident. The man closed the door. He sat down again and dozed to the accompaniment of his television until the door-bell rang. "No," said the man, using his wonted opening gambit in the face of a clerical offensive, "I don't go to church. They're all hypocrites." The curate replied that he merely wanted to know whether the man would like to contribute to St. Stephen's church fund for Refugee Aid. The man rooted among the change in his pocket, and dropped into the tin the twelve-sided token of his perfunctory concern for the refugees. "Thank you very much. Good-night," said the curate prosaically. The man sat down and watched television.

G. M. GILLOTT (6d)

THE MERSEY AT NIGHT

As I stand here on this cold, blustery, winter's evening, looking down over the rusty railings, I can just see the murky Mersey water. The big waves, washing over the ripples, struggling forward to the quay until they hit it with a loud, hollow, 'clap,' then, as if stumped, sink back into obscurity.

The ferry-boat bell sounds, and last anxious footsteps of prospective passengers die away down the gangway.

Looking towards the opposite bank of the river, a fairyland of twinkling lights presents itself. They seem to be blinking messages across the darkness to this side. What a pity we cannot understand them!

The chugging of the engines is heard; slow at first, but gradually increasing to a steady speed. The ferry is buffeted cruelly by the tossing sea, as its propellers churn the waves as to a cream which melts back into the stream again.

There is quite a buzz of traffic out in mid-stream, launches of all descriptions taxiing up and down the river, and larger vessels, anchored, waiting for the high tide, perhaps. They exchange siren hoots as if holding a conversation.

As the ferry picks its path through the traffic it adds its comment to the conversation, which receives a hasty reply. Then out of the confusion comes the sister ferry from the other side, boldly parting the waves, getting ever nearer to its goal. Suddenly, silence reigns; the engines are cut off, and the boat glides towards the landing stage making a sweeping curve to snuggle up comfortably after its cold, lonely journey.

Back on shore, the bus-men, like the ferry, snuggle up to the warmth and light of the old snack-bar, talking over a hot cup of tea. The smoke from their cigarettes wriggles up to the moonlit sky, above, and in return, the moonlight falls down coating the sides of buildings with a silvery glaze.

There is quite a commotion out in mid-stream as a liner sets sail. I can pick out its sharp, black, silhouette against the glittering sea behind, as it gracefully slides down stream towards the open sea, and some far-off port.

Up come the passengers from the landing-stage, scurrying out of the gangway, like ants that a schoolboy sets free from a match-box. Hurriedly, each one makes his way to his bus and home. The old Liver Clock chimes half-past nine, and it is time I was going home, too.

D. W. RUSHTON (RD)

HERALDRY

Heraldry originated in the desire of men to distinguish themselves from their neighbours. By studying Greek vases or Roman sculptures such as Trajan's Column, many examples of distinguishing marks on shields can be seen, but these are hardly examples of heraldry. Heraldry involves something more than a distinctive symbol. It necessarily involves the transfer of the "armorial bearings" from generation to generation.

More false information has probably been written about heraldry than practically any other subject. It has been erroneously traced back to the Saxons, the Greeks and the tribes of Israel. A certain book has even asserted that Christ possessed armorial bearings.

The classical symbol coming closest to being termed heraldic is the Japanese mon or family token, but even this fails to satisfy all the requirements to be termed heraldic.

If heraldry had existed before the Norman Conquest, some trace would have survived. No such trace can be found, and it can only be supposed that the Saxons did not cultivate heraldry, nor did the Norman conquerors bring it to Britain, since no example of heraldry can be found on the Bayeux Tapestry, which illustrates the conquest.

The actual date of the birth of heraldry is hard to fix, but it can be placed in the middle of the twelfth century. The reason why heraldry should suddenly appear throughout Western Europe within a very short period of time can only be surmised, but the greatest influences were the First Crusade and the invention of the closed helmet. Only then did men truly realize the need to distinguish themselves uniquely.

Many of the terms used in heraldry to describe the armorial bearings are Norman-French, but this is not the only language employed. Arabic, German and Anglo-Saxon terms are all fairly common. It is this jargon which is used for description that baffles the majority of people who begin to study heraldry. More careful study, however, would show that these

terms are employed to clarify the description or "blazon" as it is properly called. Once mastered, these terms make the blazon compact and easy to understand.

Heraldry in England comes under the jurisdiction of the College of Arms in London, of which the Earl Marshal is head. Officers of the College include three "Kings of Arms," six "heralds" and four "pursuivants," all of whom are experts on all aspects of heraldry, and who are willing to give advice to those wishing to obtain a "grant of arms." The fees for obtaining a grant of arms are necessarily high as the College of Arms is entirely self-supporting and receives no Government grant.

There exists in England a law which theoretically provides for the punishment of anyone assuming the arms of another.

This law has largely fallen into abeyance and many unlawful "coats-of-arms" are employed. Recently, however, a theatre was fined for using the coat-of-arms of the local city council.

The "Heraldry Society" has been formed to encourage the study of heraldry and anyone really interested in heraldry should write to the secretary.

M. M. EDGE (M6A)

THE ART OF JAN VERMEER VAN DELFT

Unfortunately, little is known of Vermeer's life. He was born at Delft in 1632, married in 1653 and in the same year he joined the Guild of St. Luke, the painters' Guild of Holland. He died at Delft in 1675.

The essence of Vermeer's work was his pictorial representation of Dutch household scenes. For his subjects he took three rooms in a single house and several models who continually appear in his work. Vermeer's early pictures all contain much study of life, to which they owe their consistency. However, there is a certain chilliness in one of his pictures, "A Girl Asleep." He reduces the figure to one corner of the picture, withdrawing her humanity. This was a new event in genre painting, an oppressive, empty picture. In his "Lady Reading at the Window" he loses this emptiness and reverts to the old style, representing a brightly-lit, cube-shaped room, simply defined. Here, he has taken up the original framework of genre-painting, a design based upon the shape of the ordinary Dutch room.

The first sign of Vermeer's genius is in those pictures which convey the fact that the essence of painting for him consisted in the art of painting the living model in his studio. Vermeer abandons the rich technique which was at that time followed by most of the Dutch painters. Many of Vermeer's pictures are successful because they are still and self-absorbed. The image of his model gains fullest meaning when she is wrapped-up in herself and in what she is doing, her silent occupation, as in "A Maidservant Pouring Milk," one of Vermeer's masterpieces. In a later phase, Vermeer turned to landscape, although he painted only three canvases.

These landscapes show his complete transcription of a particular view, and also his remarkable treatment of light. Perhaps one of the points which makes him eccentric as a painter of the Dutch School is his refusal to accept the imaginative factor in Art. Vermeer possessed a profound sensitivity in dealing with light, colour and the act of re-creating his model on the canvas.

Naturalism is the poetry of Art; Vermeer's purity of Naturalism eventually led to his reverting to a personal alternative. This alternative was an impalpable world of sight, in essence apart. He now records nothing but a homogeneous code of light.

Vermeer's method finally takes on a great boldness, his recording of life being much simplified. In "The Red Hat," his lively paradoxes of light come forth. This is Vermeer's secret, defiant pride.

In his last pictures, some of his personality leaves him, and he brings a cold air of triumph into them. Vermeer was certainly an important painter. His problem of selecting a true, personal style led him to the elemental level of painting: his detachment reveals itself as a quality of love.

It should not be forgotten however, that Vermeer introduced too much simplicity and also mystery into his pictures, making them too complicated for the appreciation of many laymen. Indeed, his works were despised for two centuries before Thore-Burger, the art historian drew attention to them in 1866.

Vermeer's treatment of light, and his detachment have therefore added to his popularity today. Museums and galleries possessing his work are among the most fortunate in the world.

P. F. AINSWORTH (6BM1)

A DESERTED GARDEN

I landed, with a soft thud, upon a thick, twining carpet of wild flowers and long, springy grass. As I raised myself from the ground, I looked with surprise at the new scene.

Brambles and rambling roses lay in thick swathes, forming a natural, impenetrable barrier. As I stood among the wild and tangled undergrowth, it became clear to me that I had entered a garden, or rather the remains of one. It was now deserted, and wild plants fought with garden flowers, once carefully cultivated.

The high, stone wall from which I had leapt was completely ivy-covered, now crumbling into ruin. Nature had at last taken her revenge upon man's architecture, turning a place, which had once been a garden, into a sanctuary, where wild creatures sought refuge.

The chirping of young fledgeling birds issued from the dark, green depths of the ancient wall, and insects flashed among the foliage. As I forced my way through the thick undergrowth, strange, grotesque shapes reared up on all sides. These had once been statues, created by the hand of man, and distorted by the endless march of time. Weather, decay, and the effects of nature had all taken their toll, transforming them into shapeless, green masses.

Soft carpets of grass covered the paths, forming temporary barriers against the surrounding thickets, which veiled and softened the betraying outlines of man's presence. Hollyhocks formed an avenue on both sides. They were the descendants of those planted years ago, perhaps in Victorian times. Rose-bay filled the choked borders with a warm glow of colour, reminiscent of heather on a bleak mountainside, or a brilliant evening sky.

A small, swiftly-flowing stream replaced a crazy-paving path, its cracks filled with the lush green of swaying water weed. Fish and aquatic insects flowed with the current. Wading across, I reached a small clearing, which had once been a lawn.

Hollyhocks and Michaelmas daisies sprawled on either side, lending colour to the dense, green background of wild plants. Far ahead lay the dark, green, shapeless outline of a large wood.

Leaving the clearing, I waded through overgrown fields of thistles and burdock, lying or standing upright, blanketing the fertile earth from sight. The calls of cuckoos filled the warm air, and carefree swifts screamed overhead.

Glancing at my watch, I found that I had lost all track of time, and instinctively quickened my pace in order to be home in time for lunch.

R. DAVIDSON, (1A)

SHOTT OR NOTT

Ned Nott was shot and Sam Shott was not, so it's better to be Shott than Nott. Some say Nott was not shot, but Shott swears he shot Nott. Either the shot that Shott shot at Nott was not shot or Nott was shot. If the shot that Shott shot shot Shott himself then Shott would be shot and Nott would not. However, the shot that Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott. It's not easy to say who was shot and who was not, but we do know who was Shott and who was Nott.

D. D. SMITH (2Sc)

WEATHER

The day is cold,
The rain pours down,
Not many people
Are here in town.
The wind bites hard,
It blows full blast.
Hordes of leaves
Come whirling past.
The sun is hidden,
And, wonder the crowds,
Will it emerge
From beneath the shrouds.
Of the great, white, swirling,
Misty clouds,
Where the tallest trees
Their heads have bowed?
The sun emerged;
As though it knew,
That it was thus
Supposed to do.
Tonight's newspapers
All will say,
'Today has been
A changeable day.'

S. BENNETT (2B)

THE LAKE

In the grey September morn,
 All the park looks bare, forlorn,
 Trees have shed their leafy covering,
 The only gleam the seagulls hovering,
 Lynx-eyed, on pure white wing.
 O'er the still lake circling,
 Wings extended, soaring, whirling,
 Downward darting fishes stealing,
 And all the branches reaching high,
 Reaching upward to the sky.

P. ROBERTSON (U5D)

THE PHANTOM HERD

O'er the grassy banks they speed,
 Led forward by a jet black steed.
 Their ghostly neighs echo around,
 Hoof beats heard upon the ground.
 With streaming manes and nostrils wide,
 They race around the country-side.
 But when the daybreak comes at last,
 Their night-time glory is all past.
 Like mist on the mountains they fade away,
 As the sun brings on the coming day.

R. MACFARLANE (U5E)

WINTER

The clocks go back, the nights draw in,
 The leaves decay, the winds begin.
 The days grow cold, and once again,
 The winter starts with snow and rain.
 Now the wheat fields, which once were gold,
 Are turned to brown to rot and mould.
 On grasslands where the cattle fed,
 The ground is hard, the grass is dead.
 The snow falls, everywhere is white.
 The cold persists through day and night.
 A white Christmas for once this year,
 The cold is changed for festive cheer.
 Slowly the warmth comes creeping back,
 The spring returns with the sun we lack.
 When winter's gone and summer's here,
 We will be warm for half a year.

K. L. JENKINS (U5B)

A FLEETING THOUGHT

Candles flicker dimly,
 Sweet light of smoky death,
 tearful warmth
 and quivering shadow,
 worthless, mocking candle.
 Golden altar,
 symbol of our hope
 but cannot save
 alone,
 so earthly,
 base.
 Clammy hands in fervent prayer,
 voices chant familiar psalms
 while stained-glass windows stare
 and glare
 at us.
 An organ whines in mystic tones
 and echoes through the rafters
 built on high,
 while misty eyes gaze up
 above,
 so steeped in love,
 and sin.
 So cold, austere seems she,
 but at her heart
 is warm,
 so like the sun
 that bothers the sky
 in light.

P. J. ROONEY (AM1)

AN ODE TO THE COSSACK NATION

Stout-hearted cossacks, men who knew no fear,
 bold horsemen riding through the sun-drenched steppe
 astride on silver stallions, snorting steeds—
 slit-eyed demi-gods of yesteryear.
 Great worshippers of freedom and of honour,
 against the Turkish foe you did not yield,
 how true for you that ancient Russian saying
 "To live is not like walking through a field."
 Brave liberators of the Ukraine people,
 bronzed warriors who repulsed the Tartar hordes
 and who did fight the ruthless Polish nobles
 who battled hard to be your overlords.
 E'en now I still perceive that valiant fervour
 employed by you when toiling 'gainst the foe,
 e'en now your piercing cries ring through the homesteads
 where Cossack women weeped the tears of woe.
 So let your fiery courage be uplifted
 exemplified to nations newly born,
 for little countries have acquired that knowledge
 of how to cheat great kings with little pawns.

P. J. ROONEY (AM1)

DISILLUSIONMENT

Disillusionment is a fact
 That, like a haughty army, overwhelms
 The brave and unfledged soldier
 Coming to the mighty war,
 His own personal war,
 Himself against oppression,
 Against the world.
 And when he meets his foe he laughs.
 He sees an enmitous, despicable society,
 Society he hates,
 And laughs.
 He respects himself and laughs.
 He loves Humanity and laughs,
 He believes in the goodness of man, and laughs.
 And then comes the battle
 Between an individual, alone,
 And centuries of inbred, staid,
 Unmoving people,
 Piling up in graveyards,
 Piling up their staidness,
 Their placid unmoving conservatism;
 And he has no time.
 He has no foundation for his rock-hard beliefs.
 A pebble on the beach
 Will remain an integral pebble,
 But the sea can wash it away.
 So here.
 The pebbles, the sand of the world,
 The world itself, cannot fill up the sea
 The battle can start, and will.
 The little one can fight, and will.
 But time can win, and will,
 And always does.
 He has no time, not a chance.
 And the haughty army drives him
 Backwards into the sea.

A. R. FROOD (AM1)

RETREAT

The fog hangs low; as thick as smoke.
 Like the smoke that rose when the thin line broke;
 The thin line broke, and the soldiers fled,
 Leaving behind their wounded and dead.
 Leaving behind the helmet and gun,
 One thought in their minds, and that was to run.
 "Hold your positions!" was all very well,
 But when they came at you, Lord! It was Hell;
 The regiment scattered, fear spread like fire,
 Some ran to the forest, some ran to the mire;
 But the enemy followed, and killed every one.
 The fog hangs low, the battle is done.

C. D. RIDGEWAY (U5B)

PROGRESS ?

The Machine computes, and churns out endless "knowledge."
 The Scientist eagerly consumes his new-found glory.
 He rejoices when, "The machine can reproduce itself!"
 His joy becomes short-lived.
 Human knowledge expires,
 And is no more.
 The universe shrinks, the galaxy diminishes.
 Man's lust for power seems never to perish.
 Further and further; his goal is never reached.
 The bystanders sit and cheer; meanwhile
 Human energy expires,
 And is no more . . .
 Human life expires,
 And is no more.

N. W. McNAUGHTON (6BM1)

TO WALES

When, enthron'd amidst thy mountains old,
 Royal Arthur sits, once more, in scepter'd state.
 Heroic lays, tun'd to harps of gold,
 Shall thy fate's reversal celebrate;
 And march forth by mighty Merlin's power,
 Proud shades of Great Llewelyn and Glyndwr.
 The clash of steel, the tramp of marching feet,
 As in days of yore, through thy vales shall ring.
 The Dragon-Banner onward! No retreat!
 Above the battle's smoke, ghostly voices sing!
 Forward let them go, changing from a myth
 Into fact, the legend, "Cymru am byth."
 Though conquering Edward's castles did the nation subjugate,
 Veiled by the mists and mountains, in hope, some still await,
 Fulfilment of your people's dream — the final reckoning,
 When comes again their leader, the once and future king.

D. R. WADE (6AM2)

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