

THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL



LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE HIGH SCHOOL.

Headmaster J. R. EDWARDS, M.A.

SPEECH DAY

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1953,

The PRIZES will be Distributed by

LADY BRAGG

and the ADDRESS given by

SIR LAWRENCE BRAGG, O.B.E., M.C., M.A., F.R.S.,

CAVENDISH PROFESSOR OF EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Chairman : BRIAN HEATHCOTE, Esq., M.Sc.

(Chairman of the Governing Body).



PROGRAMME

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

A PREFECT: Latin Speech.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

SONGS: (a) "Boots"—*Kipling* SENIOR CHOIR
(b) "Road to Mandalay"—*Kipling* SENIOR CHOIR

THE CHAIRMAN.

SONGS: (a) "The Yeomen of England"
("Merrie England")—*Edward German* THE SCHOOL
(b) "Long Live Elizabeth"
("Merrie England")—*Edward German* THE SCHOOL

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES BY LADY BRAGG.

ADDRESS BY SIR LAWRENCE BRAGG.

VOTE OF THANKS—Proposed by the Head Boy, R. H. LEECH.
Seconded by H. S. MAGNAY, Esq., M.A.,
Director of Education.

SONGS: (a) "The Twelve Days of Christmas"—*Traditional* JUNIOR CHOIR
(b) "The Gay Highway"—*Drummond* JUNIOR CHOIR
(c) "Phil the Fluter's Ball"—*French* JUNIOR CHOIR

HYMN: "Lo! the Sound of Youthful Voices."

PRIZE LIST, 1953.

FORM PRIZES.

<i>Form</i>		<i>Prizewinner</i>
3f	S. C. E. Richardson
3e	A. K. Thwaite.
3d	J. Huxley.
3c	W. J. Rigby.
3b	J. Dawson.
3a	J. R. Conder.
4f	D. Marrion.
4e	E. B. Davies.
4d	A. B. Robinson.
4sc.	R. J. McDade.
4b	R. C. Ledgard.
4a	J. D. Jackson
Lower 5f	L. A. Finegan.
Lower 5e	J. C. Morris.
Lower 5d	J. McCabe.
Lower 5sc.	P. M. Rylance.
Lower 5b	B. B. Kendall.
Lower 5a	R. J. Walker.
Upper 5e	R. B. Mavers.
Upper 5d	L. J. Roberts.
Upper 5sc.	J. V. Rosenhead.
Upper 5b	Divided { D. T. Jack. R. S. Whiting.
Upper 5a	K. R. Barbour.
Remove C	G. Stringer.
Remove B	B. E. Nichols.
Remove A	J. J. Mackay.
Lower Science Sixth	R. M. Davies.
Lower Mathematical Sixth	P. J. Armstrong.
Lower Modern Sixth II	K. Thomson.
Lower Modern Sixth I	M. Gould.
Lower Classical Sixth	S. G. Norris.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prize for Geography	J. G. Mitchell.
Prize for Latin and Greek Verses	C. G. Dodd.
Prize for Woodwork	P. G. Winckles.
Prize for Organ	H. J. Mylchreest.

FOUNDATION PRIZES.

The Lord Derby Prizes :

Mathematics	Divided	D. J. Kenworthy. C. K. Mackinnon.
Chemistry		M. H. Lader.
French		G. E. Silverman.
German		D. Evans.

William Durning Holt Prizes :

English Essay		G. F. Bilson.
Latin		E. Glover.
Physics		M. H. Lader.

Samuel Booth Prizes :

English Literature		P. L. Taylor.
Greek		P. D. Barnes.

F. S. Milliken Prize for History

A. F. Cook.

Arthur Damsell Prizes for Arithmetic : Senior

J. V. Rosenhead.
J. A. Watson.

Junior

E. R. Oxburgh.
J. E. Sharp.

Sir Frederick Radcliffe Prizes for Elocution : Senior

R. B. Jones.

Junior

J. E. Sharp.

George Herbert Allen Prize for British Commonwealth History

R. B. Jones.

Agnes Lunt Prize for Lower Sixths

K. Thomson.

Kenneth Boswell Prize for Public Service

J. C. Mitchell.

Sir Donald MacAlister Prize for Public Service

E. R. Oxburgh.

SCHOLARSHIPS AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE, 1953.

P. D. Barnes	Scholarship in Classics, Christ Church, Oxford.
A. F. Cook	Scholarship in History, The Queen's College, Oxford.
E. Glover	Scholarship in Classics, Oriel College, Oxford.
C. K. Mackinnon	Scholarship in Mathematics, Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
G. F. Bilson	Exhibition in Classics, Downing College, Cambridge.
P. J. Bird	Scholarship in Mathematics, Trinity College, Cambridge.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

MARGARET BRYCE SMITH SCHOLARSHIPS.

J. B. Owens.

B. Wolfson.

STATE SCHOLARSHIPS.

A. Cross.
B. M. Dobbie.
C. G. Dodd.
D. Evans.
M. H. Lader.

G. S. Makin.
P. W. Michaelson.
J. B. Owens.
H. A. Shields.
B. Wolfson.

LIVERPOOL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

SENIOR CITY SCHOLARSHIPS.

A. Cross.
B. M. Dobbie.
C. G. Dodd.
D. Evans.
J. d'A. Jeffery.
M. H. Lader.

G. S. Makin.
P. W. Michaelson.
J. B. Owens.
H. A. Shields.
B. Wolfson.

THE YEOMEN OF ENGLAND *Edward German*

Who were the Yeomen, the Yeomen of England?
The freemen were the Yeomen, the freemen of
England!

Stout were the bows they bore,
When they went out to war,
Stouter their courage for the honour of England,
And Nations to Eastward, and Nations to Westward,
As foe men did curse them, the Bowmen of England!
No other land could nurse them, but their Motherland,
old England!
And on her broad bosom did they ever thrive!

Where are the Yeomen, the Yeomen of England?
In homestead and in cottage they still dwell in
England!

Stained with the ruddy tan,
God's air doth give a man,
Free as the winds that fan the broad breast of
England!
And Nations to Eastward, and Nations to Westward,
As foe men may curse them, the Yeomen of England!
No other land can nurse them, but their Motherland,
old England!
And on her broad bosom shall they ever thrive!

LONG LIVE ELIZABETH ... *Edward German*

Long live Elizabeth! Sing with united breath,
God save Elizabeth, and Merrie England.
May heaven prosper her, may heaven foster her.
Saint George for Merrie England, and England's
Queen Bess!

Long live Elizabeth! Loyal and true till death,
Unto her English Queen shall England be.
Held high, thy sceptre is, over thine enemies,
Elizabeth for England, and England for thee!

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS *Traditional.*

On the First day of Christmas my true love sent to me
A Partridge in a Pear Tree.

On the Second day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Two Turtle Doves and a Partridge in a Pear Tree.

On the Third day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Three French Hens, two Turtle Doves and a Partridge
in a Pear Tree.

On the Fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to
me
Four Calling Birds, three French Hens, two Turtle
Doves and a Partridge in a Pear Tree.

On the Fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Five Gold Rings, four Calling Birds, etc.

On the Sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Six Geese a-laying, five Gold Rings, etc.

On the Seventh day of Christmas my true love sent
to me
Seven Swans a-swimming, six Geese a-laying, etc.

On the Eighth day of Christmas my true love sent
to me
Eight Maids a-milking, seven Swans a-swimming, etc.

On the Ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Nine Ladies dancing, eight Maids a-milking, etc.

On the Tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Ten Lords a-leaping, nine Ladies dancing, etc.

On the Eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent
to me
Eleven Pipers piping, ten Lords a-leaping, etc.

On the Twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent
to me
Twelve Drummers drumming, eleven Pipers piping,
etc.

THE GAY HIGHWAY.

*Words by Edward Lockton.
Music by Frederick Drummond.*

The glad day breaking on the road you're taking
And the world a land of song,
That's the hour you cherish for your cares all perish
As you gaily march along.
The skies above you seem to kiss and love you,
And the big winds wander by,
In this world so weary there's no life so cheery
As a roving life, say I!

Any old coat and any old hat,
And any old stick will do,
As long as the open road's in front
And the skies above are blue!
Any old friend can come along with me,
And any true heart, I say,
I will sing my rhyme, I will live my time,
On the rollicking gay highway!

Whate'er befall you and whate'er folks call you,
You can laugh through tears and strife,
Every hour you borrow never a thought of sorrow
On the gay highway of life!
So on you travel, though you can't unravel
Every riddle as you go,
There's a good Heaven o'er you, and a good sleep
for you
At the journey's end you know.

Any old coat and any old hat,
And any old stick will do,
As long as the open road's in front
And the skies above are blue!
Any old friend can come along with me,
And any true heart, I say,
I will sing my rhyme, I will live my time
On the rollicking gay highway!

Till I've had my time, I will sing my rhyme,
On the rollicking gay highway!

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PHIL THE FLUTER'S BALL
Words and Music by W. P. French.

Have you heard of Phil the Fluter, of the town of Ballymuck?
The times were going hard with him, in fact, the man was bruk'.
So he just sent out a notice to his neighbours, one and all,
As how he'd like their company that ev'ning at a ball.
And when writin' out he was careful to suggest to them,
That if they found a hat of his convantant to the dure,
The more they put in, whenever he requested them,
" The better would the music be for batherin' the flure."

With the toot of the flute, and the twiddle of the fiddle, O'
Hopping in the middle, like a herrin' on a griddle, O'
Up, down, hands a-rown' crossin' to the wall,
Oh! hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter's Ball!

There was Misther Denis Dogherty, who kep' " The Runnin' Dog";
There was little crooked Paddy, from the Tiraroughett bog;
There were boys from ev'ry Barony, and girls from ev'ry "art,"
And the beautiful Miss Bradys, in a private ass an' cart,
And along with them came bouncing Mrs. Cafferty,
Little Micky Mulligan was also to the fore;
Rose, Suzanne, and Margaret O'Rafferty,
The flow'r of Adrumgullion, and the Pride of Pethavore.

Little Micky Mulligan got up to show them how,
And then the widda' Cafferty steps out and makes her bow,

" I could dance you off your legs," sez she, "as sure as you are born,
If ye'll only make the piper play ' the hare was in the corn '."

So, Phil plays up to the best of his ability,
The lady and the gentleman begin to do their share;
Faith, then Mick, it's you that has agility!
Begorra! Mrs. Cafferty yer leppin' like a hare!

Then Phil the Fluter tipped a wink to little crooked Pat,

" I think it's nearly time," sez he, "for passin' round the hat."

So Paddy passed the caubeen round, and looking mighty cute,
Sez, " Ye've got to pay the piper when he toothers on the flute,"
Then all joined in wid the greatest joviality,
Covering the buckle and the shuffle, and the cut;
Jigs were danced, of the very finest quality,
But the Widda' bet the company at " handeling the fut."

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HYMN
(Words by W. G. Cretnay.)

Lo, the sound of youthful voices
Cleaves the calm and solemn night,
Changing gloom and cold and darkness
Into warmth and cheerful light:

" Joy and gladness
Be with you this Christmas time!"

Down the ages comes the message,
Who can then forbear to sing?
Woods and hills are silent list'ning,
Through the streets the echoes ring:

" Joyful tidings!
Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Earthly cares and human sadness
This sweet harmony dispels;
As the bells ring out at Christmas
All mankind their anthem swells

" Bells of gladness,
Ring your message o'er the world!"

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE HIGH SCHOOL

ORATIO GRATULATORIA

Perorante J.B. TAYLOR, e numero praefectorum.

MCMXLIII a.d. iii Id. Dec.

Laetis sane animis, Rectores optimi, vos salutamus, te quoque
salvere iubemus, Rector supreme, qui, faustis omnibus in hunc
honorem nuper elatus, es Instituti nostri simul praeses et alumnus.
Salve condiscipule! *CLAP*

Sed hospites nostros in primis oportet nos hodie salutare qui
festis his annuis interesse haud designati sunt. Salve!! Domina
optima, quae pro bonitate tua et comitate huc advenisti ut laborum
praemia optimo cuique distribuas. *CLAP*

Te denique salutamus, virum in bello non minus quam in pace
optime de imperii nostri civibus meritum. Nam, doctissimi patris
exemplum imitatus, tantis ingenii viribus, tanta industria, tanta
doctrina, rerum causas investigas, perscrutaris principiorum formas,
naturae arcana exquiris, ut iuste sapientium in subsellia sublatus
esse videaris. Salve Decus Equitum! macte virtute et doctrina
esto! *CLAP*

De domesticis nostris rebus si mentio nulla fiet, mihi fortasse
ignoscetis alia et clariora facta commemoranti.

Nam quis nostrum illorum laudem praetermitti velit quos nec
montium altitudines nec frigorum et ventorum intemperies unquam
deterruit quin ad ipsum terrarum culmen et fastigium evaderent
victores? *CLAP* Sed in tanta tamque praeclara rerum gesterum gloria quid
dignius est memoria quam dies ille quo, antiqua maiorum religione
observata, regina nostra diademat gemmis stellato atque auro
resplendenti, sancto imperii ornamento, rite coronata est. Quibus
tunc caritatis et fidei vinculis illa cives, velut mater liberos,
inter se coniunxerit, quid opus est mihi scientibus narrare? Quanta
laetitia illum diem tunc celebravimus, quanta spe quantoque desiderio
nunc exspectamus dum, longo per imperium itinere perfecto, domum
salva redcat! *CLAP*

Nempe haec virtutis et pietatis exempla intuentibus nobis in
memoriam recurrent verba illa quae, supra capita aulam nostram
intrantium inscripta, eandem fidem eandem pietatem nobis suadent.

Una voce igitur omnes conclamemus

NON NOBIS SOLUM SED TOTI MUNDO NATI !