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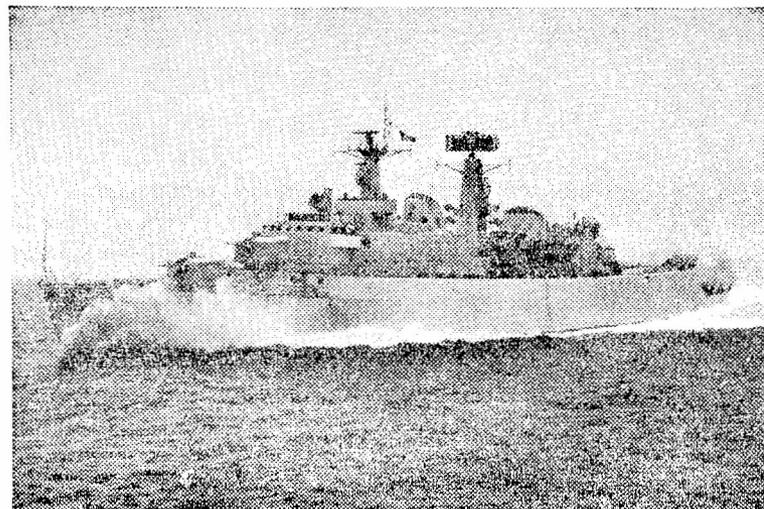
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LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE

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no. 1

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1966

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

EDITORIAL

"The times, they are a-changing," wrote Bob Dylan and whatever one may think of him as an artist, one must agree with his sentiments in this particular instance. However, the British seem, as a nation, to be particularly opposed to change in any shape or form. Consequently, we frequently find politicians exhorting industry to keep up to date in its processes of manufacture and sales techniques, so that it may be able to compete with the perpetually changing methods of other countries. No doubt many people were surprised, and some more than a little shocked, to find that "The Times" had at last decided to take the momentous step of publishing news regularly on its front page: such is the love of the British for the familiar.

Obviously, the winds of change have permeated the School Magazine also: perhaps a word of explanation is called for. There has been a growing feeling among much of the School that the School Magazine is pointless and uninteresting except to a minority. This is obviously an undesirable situation and it was felt that the format of the Magazine was largely to blame. Hence, society notes have been greatly reduced, thus freeing more space for original contributions and articles on topical items of general interest. Then we, too, have our economic problems. Circumstances demanded that we both change the style of printing and slightly reduce the area of the page. The cover has been changed to complete the alterations.

Finally, a word about the new title. However dignified "The Liverpool Institute Magazine" may sound, it is somewhat uninspiring. Roughly translated "élan" means "vigour"; we hope that the Magazine will live up to its title. But when all is said and done, the success or otherwise of the Magazine ultimately depends on the individual members of the School. The Editors may try their utmost, but without YOUR support, it is labour in vain.

MR. J. H. BOWEN

It is with sincere regret that we record the death on Thursday, April 7th, of Mr. J. H. Bowen. He had been seriously ill during the Autumn term, but had seemed to be making a gradual recovery and was looking forward to going to Switzerland with his party during the Easter holiday.

Mr. Bowen had been a master at the school for thirty years. Newcomers to the Staff he made a point of welcoming with his typical friendliness. Boys and Old Boys will remember him in various roles. He sang, of course, with the School Choral Society; he looked after the Philatelic Society. Many will recall that he was for ten years Officer Commanding the Combined Cadet Force. Latterly he had organised each Easter the School holiday in Switzerland; indeed, during his illness and later, his main thoughts had been to ensure the success of this venture.

We shall remember Mr. J. H. Bowen as a man who loved boys and whom they in turn regarded with great affection.

D.B.

MR. R. T. JONES

Mr. Jones retired at Christmas after twenty-five years at the Liverpool Institute. Shortly after his arrival the School was aware that here was a master of outstanding teaching ability. His knowledge of English Literature was encyclopaedic, while the depth of his scholarship, combined with his acute imaginative insight, earned the respect and admiration of all his pupils. He strove constantly, and with signal success, to inculcate a sense of discrimination, critical acumen, and a genuine love of literature. The impact of his teaching was immediate, his influence enduring.

There is no doubt that Mr. Jones was an original. Much of his success may be attributed to his highly personal, if not slightly unorthodox, approach.

He used wit and humour as an instrument of his teaching: complex arguments were often elucidated by some brilliant, almost surrealist, 'mot'. As a former pupil, I can vouch that being taught by Mr. Jones was a most stimulating experience.

During his stay at the Institute Mr. Jones identified himself with many School activities, notably the School Magazine and the Macalister Society. In these activities, as in his teaching, he displayed an energy and enterprise which guaranteed success.

Many boys were astonished that a man of Mr. Jones' zest, humour and modern ideas should have been of retiring age. We can only say that these fine qualities should ensure a long and happy retirement. The School sends its best wishes to him and to Mrs. Jones.

J.H.S.

MR. D. W. ROWELL

It is hard to imagine the Liverpool Institute without Mr. Rowell, so many and so varied are his associations with the life of the School.

First and foremost we think of the fine quality of his teaching in the Upper Classical Sixth and his equally successful work with lower forms and sets. A first class scholar, exacting in his standards and intolerant of any lack of thoroughness, he is also a true schoolmaster whose lively wit and youthful sense of fun make his pupils willing to be driven hard. "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci," said Horace, or in other words, "A spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down . . ."

We may think of him tirelessly battling it out in the Fives Courts (no mean performer is he who can beat Mr. Rowell at singles!) striding in rain or sun over Lake District fells, climbing the mountains of the Western highlands, Skye and Arran, organising coach parties to the Glyders, Tryfan or the Snowdon Horse Shoe, and on one occasion tempted from his British hills to visit the Alps of the Austrian Tyrol and climb the Wildspitze.

Again we think of him holding the alto line in the School Choir, introducing selected groups to the beautiful art of madrigal and in general, by his example, encouraging interest and participation in the musical life of the School.

But of activities outside the classroom dearest perhaps to Mr. Rowell is Cross Country Running. The wide appeal throughout the School of this most flourishing sport and the successes of its teams are largely the result of his drive and energy, and the inspiration of his active example.

Of Mr. Rowell's qualities perhaps most admirable, particularly in these days of changing standards and blurred principles, are his complete integrity and high sense of professional duty.

He will be sorely missed in Liverpool but he goes to his new work as Senior Classical Master at Blackpool Grammar School with all good wishes for the future happiness of him and his wife. Liverpool's loss is truly Blackpool's gain.

D.G.B.

MR. J. R. EDWARDS

Mr. Edwards came to the Institute in 1951 as Head of the Geography Department. Boys who have been fortunate enough to study Geography with Mr. Edwards will have appreciated his outstanding ability as a Geographer and his tremendous enthusiasm for the subject. It is characteristic of him that this enthusiasm has been as much in evidence in his approach to the first year boys as to those forms doing "A" and "S" work. To boys and to masters he has been a good friend and a wise counsellor. He has never been too busy or too preoccupied to listen to problems and to give practical help and sound advice. He has not suffered fools easily, but has never failed to champion the underdog. He is liked and respected for his forthrightness (particularly in pursuit of the wayward map-roll), and for his sincerity,

courtesy and kindness. In his fifteen years here he has set high standards in teaching and has been a valued member of the Common Room. He leaves us to become Deputy Headmaster of Balshaw's Grammar School. We wish him happiness in his new post. We shall miss him.

F.J.B.

MR. J. N. BRADLEY

Mr. Bradley, at present Head of the Mathematics Department, has completed nine years at the Institute. During this period he has been instrumental in making the School nationally famous for its achievements in this subject. He has always greatly impressed all his pupils by the depth of his scholarship and by his keen awareness of the wider implications of the new thinking in Mathematics. His ability to solve the most recalcitrant problems bore witness to a mind of rare subtlety and incisiveness. Many pupils proceeding to university have been delighted to note how their first year's work had already been covered at School.

He leaves at the end of term to take up an appointment as Senior Lecturer in Mathematics at St. Katherine's Training College, Childwall, and we should like to thank him for all he has done for the School and in particular for the keen interest he has taken in cricket. His quick wit and splendid company will be missed, but we wish him happiness and success in his new work.

J.H.S.

MR. W. S. PATON

Mr. Paton, formerly Head of the German Department, left at Christmas to take up an appointment at the Herriot Watt College, Edinburgh. For the nine years he was at the Institute, first as Head of the Russian Department, and recently as Senior German master, he proved himself to be an extremely gifted linguist, equally at home with Russian, German or French. His rapier sharp intellect delighted in wrestling with the niceties of Russian aspects, the recondite complexities of Kafka, or the higher involvements of bridge. His enthusiasm for his work was total and many boys must be grateful to him for their initiation into the broad stream of European culture.

Mr. Paton excelled in many fields apart from languages. He was a superb pianist, a fine tennis player and a stalwart member of two teachers' unions, where his sagacious counsel and incisive mind were much appreciated. He leaves with our best wishes for his new appointment.

J.H.S.

MR. R. W. CLARK

Roger Clark left us at the end of 1965. During his stay at the Institute he contributed in several ways to the life of the School. The swimming teams owed their considerable success largely to his enthusiastic guidance and gymnastic teams which he had trained provided the highlight at Sports Days. He also refereed football and basketball teams.

He played these games well himself, though he probably felt most at home with a cricket bat in his hands. Besides all this, he possessed a genuine tenor voice, which he used to fine effect in music ranging from madrigals and Bach to Gilbert and Sullivan. We wish him and his wife every happiness in Hertfordshire.

D.W.R.

MR. L. N. TREEBY

Since he came to the School four years ago Mr. Treeby has established himself as a vital and energetic member of staff and as a History master who inspires enthusiasm for the subject. The formation and continuation of a

successful Junior Historical Society owe everything to the interest he has been able to arouse.

Mr. Treeby has served the School in countless ways: at one time supervisor of costumes for the School Play, at another provider of Pen Friends from overseas, and most recently co-ordinator of the Charity Fund. Perhaps it will be as a Hockey player that he will be particularly remembered, not only for his anxiety to encourage a high standard of Hockey amongst boys, but also as a vigorous participant in staff matches.

We wish him great success in his new post at the Liverpool College.
J.E.S.

MR. F. J. BOOTE

It is with great regret that we have to say good-bye to Mr. F. J. Boote ("Frankie") as he leaves us to take up a post as Careers Master and second Geography Master at the Holt High School. He joined the Staff of this School in September 1951 and, over the years, he has made his presence felt in many spheres, both in and out of School.

For many years he was an officer in the Combined Cadet Unit and, from 1960 to 1964, he was Officer Commanding. He is a keen fell walker and was a founder member of the Troll Climbing Club. Apart from his inspired teaching of Geography, his school activities included the supervision of dinners, the distribution of milk, general administrative duties, and the stage management of School plays. For many years he organised a very successful "Ship Adoption Society," which put many pupils in touch with the activities and life of one of our merchant ships and its crew. He himself served for a number of years in the Royal Navy.

B.L.P.

MR. A. C. SCOTT

Mr. Scott has been here for five years, and it would be hard to find a more congenial colleague. He is a master of his subject and a keen teacher of it: it is therefore right and proper that he should seek advancement. His departure, a severe loss to the Institute, represents a corresponding gain to the Alsop Comprehensive School where he is to be Head of the Chemistry Department.

L.A.N.

MR. G. FORREST

Mr. Forrest has been appointed Head of the Mathematics Department at Ellergreen Comprehensive School after teaching at the Institute for three years. During his comparatively short stay he has taken on many activities and has made a most worthwhile contribution to the school life. In particular, cricket and football will miss his enthusiasm and expert knowledge. He has also put in much work for fire precautions and the business aspects of school functions. We wish him every success in his new post and much happiness in his forthcoming marriage.

J.N.B.

MR. H. B. JONES

Mr. Jones, an Old Boy, has only been teaching at the Institute for two years, but during this brief period he succeeded in making an invaluable contribution to the general life of our community. When he came he took over the Scout Troop and rugby, took a leading part in the Literary and Debating Society, and recently he gave us his much praised production of "The Yoemen of the Guard". He also helped with hockey, cricket, and various other societies. In addition, he found time to take an active interest in the affairs of the N.U.T.

We will miss Mr. Jones' energy, dynamism and infectious capacity for enthusiasm. Boys and masters alike will miss his exuberance, his camaraderie, his sheer 'joie de vivre', and he leaves with our best wishes for success in his new work.

J.H.S.

MISS F. M. K. MURPHY

In 1945 Miss Murphy came to the Liverpool Institute to be School secretary. For twenty-one years she filled that post efficiently and devotedly. At the end of December 1965 Miss Murphy retired.

She left the Institute with the best wishes of the Headmaster, all the staff and boys, for a happy retirement. We hope she will have improved health and will be able to enjoy her many hobbies (and particularly those of gardening and motoring) for many years to come.

A.J.S.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

At the beginning of the School year we were pleased to welcome the following new members of staff: Mr. M. L. Brayne, B.A. (Leeds); Mr. T. Cummings, B.A. (Durham); Mr. J. J. Eyre, M.A. (Oxon.); Mr. A. W. Grammage, B.Sc. (Birmingham); Mr. D. J. Gleave, B.Sc. (Liverpool); Mr. R. Hailwood, (C. F. Mott); Mr. J. R. Hall, B.Sc. (Liverpool); Mr. R. W. Hullcoop, B.A. (Liverpool); Mr. M. J. Kingman, B.A. (Leicester); Mr. J. C. Ledger, B.A. (Liverpool); Mr. A. G. Paris, B.Sc. (Liverpool); Mr. G. R. Robinson, B.A. (Liverpool); Mr. J. Sibbring, D.L.C. (Loughborough); Mr. H. A. Richards, B.Sc. (Liverpool). Our French assistant, M. M. Soupel, stayed for half the year.

We also welcome Mr. G. Donaldson, B.A. (Liverpool), who came in January and Mr. G. Crowther, B.A. (Liverpool), who came at the beginning of the summer term.

The prizes for the best original contributions to this issue of the Magazine are as follows:

Senior Section: M. T. Tickle.

Junior Section: E. Griffiths.

The Liverpool Parliamentary Debating Society organised a young people's speaking competition, and we are pleased to announce that T. R. A. King won First Prize, and A. Wild won Third Prize.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Hullcoop and Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Lloyd on the occasion of their marriage.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Clarke on the birth of their son.

A. D. Watkinson (3A) took part in the Liverpool University production of a contemporary French play.

During the Easter holidays Mr. Watson and Mr. McDonald took a party of boys to Paris. At the same time Messrs. Parker, Dobson, Jones and Sweeney took a party of sixty of our boys to Switzerland.

A group of boys took part in the Liverpool-Amsterdam Exchange.

Parties from School have been present at the occasions listed below:

24th September: Sixth-form Classical Conference at Birkenhead School.

9th November: Molière's 'Les Femmes Savantes', at the Royal Court.

15th November: Philharmonic Concert conducted by Charles Groves.

27th January: Philharmonic Concert conducted by Trevor Harvey.

15th February: X. Villaurrutia's 'La Hiedra', at Liverpool University.

17th February: Dead Sea Scrolls Exhibition in Manchester.

15th March: A Gatti's 'La vie imaginaire de l'ouvrier Auguste Geai', at Liverpool University.

23rd March: Lope de Vega's 'Fuenteovejuna', at Manchester University.

31st March: Satyajit Ray's 'Aparajito', at the Philharmonic Hall.

23rd May: Philharmonic Concert conducted by Antony Hopkins.

5th July: Excursion to Calder Hall.

Throughout the year parties have been to see Shakespeare's 'Twelfth

Night', and 'Richard II', Milton's 'Comus', and Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer'.

On 26th, 27th November, the Junior Drama Group presented a double bill consisting of 'A Masque of Aesop' by Robertson Davies and 'The Exception and the Rule' by Bertolt Brecht.

On 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th February, 'The Yeomen of the Guard' was performed in Hall.

On 1st April the Music Club gave its biennial concert.

On 29th March a Mock Election was held. In the Senior Constituency the results were:—

T. R. A. King (Conservative) 105: A. Wild (Labour) 86: P. W. Rowlandson (Liberal) 85: W. A. Tupman (Anarcho-Progressive Alliance) 84: S. V. Rees (Welsh Nationalist) 31: A. M. Childs (Independent) 11: A. J. Derrick (Independent) 7.

In the Junior Constituency the results were:—

I. A. H. Whittle (Labour) 120: G. A. Ganniccliffe (Independent) 23: K. G. Rose (Young Patriot) 175.

The School Sports took place on 2nd July.

The Swimming Sports will be held on 12th July.

Last year 44 boys secured University entrance, three were admitted to Colleges of Advanced Technology and seven were accepted at Colleges of Education.

We are pleased to record the following successes at Oxford and Cambridge:

D. S. Honour, Exhibition in Classics at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge

C. S. Juneman, Scholarship in Mathematics at Keble College, Oxford.

D. R. Morris, Scholarship in History at Christ Church, Oxford.

S. J. St. George, Scholarship in Classics at University College, Oxford.

M. H. Yardley, Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Worcester College, Oxford.

R. I. Brandon, Commonership in Classics at Oriel College, Oxford.

C. I. Coleman, Commonership in Natural Sciences at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

W. E. Kenyon, Commonership in Natural Sciences at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

R. G. Williams, Commonership in Mathematics at Wadham College, Oxford.

As we go to press we hear Mr. G. R. Robinson and Mr. J. Courtie are leaving at the end of term. They leave with our best wishes for success in their new work.

We wish to congratulate E. G. Owen on winning First Prize in the examination organised by the Alliance Française. His prize consists of a week in Paris with all expenses paid by the French Government.

OPINION

"No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline."

SENECA

In this world of increasing liberation there seems to be an attendant growth of irresponsibility and indiscipline. On all levels of our society today authority no longer commands the respect necessary for its own preservation. The root cause of the trouble lies in an unwillingness on the part of those with real power to sanction the correct punishment, corporal or otherwise, which those who must enforce the law desire to administer. With the growing awareness among would-be offenders of their "basic rights", this malaise is liable to intensify, unless swift action is taken.

T.R.A.K. G.B.

SCHOOL PRAYERS — AN OPINION

In any school today one of the easiest things to criticize is the communal act of worship known as Prayers. Every morning in every school in Britain, young and old, Catholic and Protestant, Baptist and Methodist, boys and girls are compelled to file into the assembly halls and stand, on the whole unwillingly, through ten to thirty minutes of religion, if it can be called such.

Why is this so? It appears to originate from the Education Act of 1944, which was compiled by people who obviously did not foresee its unpopularity amongst those on whose shoulders it was thrust. Actually, the question that should be asked is, "What went wrong after the 1944 Act?"

One cannot blame one single body for the failure of the 1944 Act, for it is the fault of both planners in its design and staff and pupils in its implementation. There is also the fact that all schools which are not controlled by Roman Catholic Authorities are anything but uniform in religious beliefs and it is very difficult to please all groups. Hence the simple format employed in most schools of hymn, lesson, prayers and benediction. Let us consider some of these.

Having stood through the hymn, the hoarse (?) pupil can now sit down and listen to the lesson, say Acts 7. It would help him understand it better if a little more information were given about the passage, even if it were just "This tells the story of the first Christian Martyr—St. Stephen." Perhaps if more use were made of the many translations of the New Testament into Modern English and not just the New English Bible, it might take the boredom out of the reading.

All now rise for the recital of the prayers—"Almighty God, father of all mercies etc." That is all very well, but what is it? I know it is the General Thanksgiving, but to the fellow next to me it might just as easily be an incantation for rain, hail or snow. There is a reason behind most prayers and it would be better if pupils were told it.

Following all this, and thankfully in the minds of most, comes the Lords Prayer, about the only part of the service which everyone understands. Yet people still feel discontented with it—when I said 'everyone understands' I did not say 'believed' or 'agrees with'. So there will always be those who prefer not to say it, and thus make it difficult for the rest who are castigated for the lack of volume.

There can be no discontent over the few lines of the Benediction, so I will go on to one of the answers to the problems I have raised, which is admirably illustrated in the previous paragraph. If people do not believe in School Prayers, they should not attend them, and must not be made to feel social outcasts if they have those beliefs (I refer now to those baptised into the Church of England or some branch of it). It would seem also, that if Anglicans happened to like certain hymns and prayers and Baptists, say, don't, then each should be given the right to have its own form of worship, even if it is contrary to the current trend of Church Unity. Of course, this would have its practical difficulties, but it is a suggestion.

As I stated at the beginning it is very easy to criticize School Prayers, but it is even harder to think, and put into practice, something to replace it. There needs to be some rethinking on the subject immediately, or the bulk of Britains schoolchildren are going to forget the existence of God.

G. BRUNSKILL

LIBERTE SANS EGALITE

For a considerable time we have seen the efforts of the Labour Party to secure the nationalisation of the steel industry, on the dogmatic grounds of "extension of public ownership", a meaningless phrase. Soon its attempts will reach their successful conclusion and this transition from private to public symbolises the principal political arguments of the next decade:

whether we are to sanction private business, or place all industry under the iron hand of the Government.

The Labour Party recites empty wanderings about the good of the people as a whole, while the Conservative idea of personal liberty is so vague as to be totally negligible. The Liberal party, of course, has no policy. This country needs a new concept of personal liberty, one which only positive thinking can create.

It is a reasonable idea that the individual should have a measure of choice in his activities, and thus we may reject complete state control outright. In a society where all are free, each individual possesses not merely rights but also responsibilities. Today these duties are laid down in the form of law, while the rights are determined by constitution, in the form of precedent and statute.

The key to a society which is morally rational is to achieve the correct balance between licence and restriction. Naturally this may only be done by a thorough overhaul of our legal system in order to remove inconsistencies and create the required balance. In this reform we may achieve a society with liberty as the principal foundation, garnished with rational restrictions.

We cannot produce liberty in a state which allows rigid government control of key industries, eliminating choice, the main factor of freedom. Thus we must conclude that nationalised industries must be denationalised. There are, of course, various other necessities in legal reform; it seems logical to bring unions within the scope of the law, to bestow upon them responsibilities as well as freedoms, and in this way ensure a smoother economy.

We may achieve liberty and the country's social structure will be sounder and more wholesome. But the other idea, equality, is useless in a free society. The principle of incentives, when applied, must needs reduce equality to an impossible concept, at least economically. But social and moral equality will always remain as they are in Britain today, the secure pillars of our society.

In conclusion, it can only be said that it is left to a few far-seeing people to advocate the rationalisation (a grossly misused word) of our attitude to liberty. It remains for the main political parties to follow their lead. Labour never will, but the Conservatives are possibly moving in the correct direction.

P. LOFTHOUSE (M6A)

A LIBERAL VIEW

I can make no claim to speak for the Liberal Party. Indeed, I am not even a member, but I support that Party and I agree with its aims and objectives. I hope my opinions, as expressed below, coincide with at least some Liberal views. Partly for this reason and partly because the Liberal Party, like any other, is a coalition of interests, this piece is entitled "A Liberal View", and not "The Liberal View".

By common consent, the Liberal Party is regarded as the party of the Centre; its views lie between those of Socialists and Conservatives. There are a number of other such parties in European politics, the German Free Democrats probably resemble most the British Liberals: they are often the "Third World" of domestic politics. Yet, on not infrequent occasions, the Liberals have found more in common with the left wing of the Labour Party than with either the Labour or Conservative front benches, usually the more moderate members of those parties. There are exceptions, of course, to this general agreement, one notable example being the nationalisation issue. Nationalisation is seen as a measure of doubtful long-term benefit carried out to the detriment of immediate interests.

The situation of a left-wing party of the Centre seems paradoxical, but it is not, for it arises directly from Liberal principles which are based on the firm belief that the individual is important, that people matter. From this belief stems the progressive nature of the Party: the Liberal government of 1906-16 was of a far more radical complexion than any government since.

1906 may seem distant, but it is nevertheless a year of crucial importance in British social history.

Liberals laid the foundations of the Welfare State: they advocated entry into the Common Market and acceptance of the Treaty of Rome long before the Conservatives' feeble attempt: they have consistently championed the causes of regionalism and decentralisation. On many issues, the major parties have adopted the Liberal view. There can be no objection to this; indeed, Lord Reay has suggested that one of the functions of the Liberal Party is to provide ideas for the other two and to act on behalf of otherwise lost causes. However, in view of the conservative and doctrinaire nature of the two major parties, it might be truer to say that they have much in common with the Liberals than to say the Liberals have much in common with them.

"Liberals are guided by principle, not by doctrine. We are not frightened by change. We welcome it, provided that it is directed towards the real priorities" (Party Manifesto 1966). And the real priorities? Surely the provision of better and fuller lives for the people of this country. The whole of Liberalism can be summed up in two words: people matter.

M. GARLAND (M6A)

A MODERN TRAGEDY

A frequent and increasingly monotonous part of our news bulletins nowadays is the sight of American troops going to "fight for freedom" in Vietnam. This myth of American benevolence in helping an oppressed people, although assiduously cultivated by nationalised and so-called independent television alike, is not borne out by the facts.

In reality the U.S.A., under Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, has been bolstering up a succession of unstable unrepresentative and unpopular régimes ranging from the corrupt nepotism of the Diems to the military dictatorship of Ky, which have been engaged in a civil war with another dictatorship, this time Communist, in the North. Both sides are supported, the North by Russian and Chinese supplies, the South by American and Australian troops. By sending in fighting forces the Americans have transformed an unpleasant and tragic civil war into an international crisis capable of causing a nuclear holocaust. This escalation is entirely the fault of the Americans' ill-conceived and opportunist foreign policy.

Much more reprehensible and immoral is the persistent bombing. This began as a more sophisticated form of that most childish form of violence—retaliation for the shelling of American warships. Even that feeble justification has disappeared. It is strange that indiscriminate bombing of military, commercial and civilian targets, once alleged to show the depths to which the Fascist tyrants were prepared to stoop, has suddenly become quite permissible, because it is performed by the U.S.A.—"land of the free". Is it because it is the Vietnamese who are being bombed—for their own sake, of course—and not the British? In any case, the only effect of the bombing has been to harden the resistance of the North Vietnamese and to reduce still further the support of the non-alligned nations for American policy.

The saddest thing in this sad affair is the part of the British Government, which, by its blind and unflinching support of the Americans' actions—past, present and future—has made its chances of aiding a peaceful settlement vanish, as Mr. Wilson found out with his much-vaunted Commonwealth Peace Mission. The main cause of our subservience to the U.S.A. is, we are told, our economic crisis, used by the Prime Minister to justify all his mistakes. It is time for Britain's leaders to think for themselves, to find out the facts and not to listen to the American press reports. Then they will realise that the ends of American policy are as mistaken as the means are immoral.

D. STEPHEN (6AM3)

SPEECH DAY, 1965

Speech Day was held on Friday, December the 17th, at the Philharmonic Hall. After the Head Boy, D. S. Honour, had welcomed the gathering, the Head Master gave his report on the past year. Beginning with the G.C.E. results, Mr. Booth then enumerated the changes in staff and went on to give an account of the School's extra-mural activities, emphasizing the full life of the School.

Professor Morton, in his Chairman's remarks, informed the assembly of the School's position as far as he was able, or rather unable to give it, and then imparted some ideas on how committees work and how to work them.

The guest speaker, the Very Rev. E. H. Patey, Dean of Liverpool, took as his theme the contrasting world in which we live and the need for an education which will equip people to live in this world to the advancement of both the individual and mankind generally. He spoke of the need for breaking down the barrier between the academic and the technician, and asserted the necessity of respect for all people as human beings.

The Vote of Thanks was proposed by R. I. Brandon, the Vice-Captain of the School and seconded for the governors by Dr. McGibbon. During the course of the proceedings the Choir sang four items and after the School had given a rendering of "The Miller of Dee", the evening concluded with the singing of "Lo, the sound of youthful voices".

D.S.H.

MUSIC CLUB CONCERT

The success of the Music Club's Concert owed much to the zeal and drive of Mr. L. A. Naylor, the sensitive architect of the programme and principal influence in its inception. Mr. Naylor evinced an amalgam of daring, enterprise and musical perception in his approach to the structure of the programme.

The juxtaposition of works of the sixteenth, seventeenth and twentieth centuries was contrived with such acumen and subtlety that a sense of homogeneity and continuity emerged, and the danger of discordance was avoided. The individual items—in themselves disparate—were so ordered that one's enjoyment and appreciation were heightened and enhanced.

Mr. Naylor has gathered about him a loyal and dedicated group of musicians whose links and affiliations with the School are strengthened, not weakened, by the passage of time. A few of its members are professional musicians of some eminence, who are willing to travel far at considerable inconvenience to participate in this excellent cause. Others, though not by profession musicians, attain standards of musicianship which in no wise fall short of professionalism.

Mr. D. Evans made a strong impression in his dual rôle as conductor and flautist. He conducted the Chamber Group in performances of music by Telemann and of the Fifth Brandenburg Concerts of Bach, in which the able and fluent soloists were Miss P. Fitzsimons, Mr. J. R. Parry and J. H. Bratherton. In both works, Mr. Evans displayed a firm grasp of the essentials and a self-effacing understanding of the composer's intentions. Throughout both works, he maintained strong coordination and an excellent balance, and he could command a wide range of nuance from his players.

In a Trio by J. Françaix, Mr. Evans was joined by Mr. Parry and Mr. R. Temple. These musicians conveyed the predominantly brittle, sardonic nature of this work with verve, polish and humour. Mr. J. McCabe, whose reputation as a composer is rapidly on the increase, showed strong affinities with the idiom of Alan Rawsthorne, whose Sonatina for Piano he interpreted with sincerity and conviction. Mr. McCabe surmounted the formidable technical difficulties of this work with the ease which conceals art and never allowed pianistic pyrotechnics to obscure the composer's arguments. Mr. R. Best and Mr. McCabe joined forces in a Suite for Viola and Piano by Vaughan Williams, in which a lyrical and rhapsodical vein is finely balanced with a skittish

sense of humour. Although these two musicians had come together only hours before the concert, their stylish delivery and excellent integration revealed no signs of hasty preparation. Mr. Derek McCulloch delighted the audience with a charming group of songs from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. McCulloch conveyed the pathos and simple beauty of these songs to perfection. His advocacy of this art form is such that the listener is left to deplore the sad neglect of the rich treasure-store of the music of that era.

The concert closed with a powerful performance of Handel's anthem, "The King Shall Rejoice", in which a choir of seventy singers and an orchestra of twenty-five musicians were conducted by Mr. D. Davies. This vigorous and well-controlled interpretation, which owed much to the patient and devoted labours of Mr. Davies, was especially noteworthy for the excellent articulation of the singers. It formed a fitting climax to an evening of rare musical delight.

It is saddening to learn that we shall not again be privileged to enjoy the benefits of Mr. Naylor's musical zest and organisation. The School owes much to the devotion of Mr. Naylor, not least in the sphere of musical activity. The most appropriate token of gratitude which could be proffered to him would be in the continuation of the gratifying rapport between former and present pupils and in the maintenance of the high standards of musical achievement which he has always set.

A EVANS

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD"

"The Yeomen of the Guard", by Gilbert and Sullivan, was presented in the School Hall during February of this year. This work is the most poetical and serious of all the Savoy operas and is consequently one of the most difficult to produce convincingly. The School production, however, triumphed over every difficulty inherent in the work, and was accorded an enthusiastic ovation by the large audience.

The acting and singing of Mr. Cummings as Fairfax were consistently excellent and his dignified yet good-humoured conception of the part was admirably in harmony with the mood of the music of this rôle.

Shadbolt was portrayed with considerable musical skill by Mr. Hart, who extracted much humour from his scenes with Phoebe. Mr. Eyre, although occasionally inaudible, was well cast as the stolid Meryll, his duet with Dame Carruthers being particularly enjoyable.

Mr. Rogers as Point was undoubtedly the star of this production—his fine voice discharged his musical commitments with honours, while his acting conveyed skilfully and poignantly the transformation of flamboyance into tragic defeat.

T. Riley's Elsie was musically sound and the collapse at the end of the first act was managed with sympathy and discretion. E. Griffiths made a suitably venomous Dame Carruthers, although "When our gallant Norman foes" sounded rather strained. G. Shepherd's Phoebe was visually and musically delightful. The minor rôles were discharged with credit, while the chorus sang with vigour and conviction.

Mr. H. B. Jones' production was extremely well-planned and a judicious use of the hall prevented a claustrophobic congestion of the stage in the crowd scenes.

The ultimate success of the production, however, rested on Mr. D. B. Davies, who trained the choir and provided the accompaniment with his customary capability. He is to be congratulated on adding another fine success to the already impressive annals of the Choral Society.

A. BENT (6AM2)

PLAY CRITIQUE

A double bill consisting of "A Masque of Aesop" and Brecht's "The Exception and the Rule" was presented in the School hall on Friday and Saturday the

26th and 27th of November, before an extremely appreciative but regrettably small audience.

"A Masque of Aesop" proved very popular because of its witty topical allusions. The Three Parcae, with their hilarious cynicism, were impeccably played by T. Riley, D. McKittrick, and D. Carter, while M. Fitzsimmons conveyed a stately impression in the difficult rôle of Apollo. The satirical aspects of the Leader of the Mols were fully exploited by R. Hodges, while the rebellious Members of the Body excelled in their various parts.

The conflict between the sophistication of the Town Mouse (S. Kenny) and the humorous naïvety of the Country Mouse (A. McNight) provided one of the most enjoyable scenes of the evening, closely followed by that between the supercilious Pearl (G. Shepherd), the vain Cock (E. Griffiths) and his delightfully devoted wife (A. McKerrigan).

The second play, "The Exception and the Rule", was more serious in tone and very effective use was made of guitar music to underline the action and to link each scene. G. Silcock captured well the hypocrisy of the Merchant and excelled in his confidences expressed to the audience. R. Davies conveyed the derived impression of misery and subjection and his wife (R. Fluke) was suitably dejected in the courtroom scene. A. Childs made an impressive judge and his handling of the judgement made the perversion of justice persuasively unobtrusive.

Both plays were produced by Mr. J. E. Sharp, to whom must go a great deal of credit. The effective make-up, scenery and lighting all contributed to a memorable evening, as did the sensitive and polished interpretations of four of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte" by Mr. D. B. Davies, which preceded the second play.

A. BENT (6AM2)

ITER AD GRAECAM

Last summer another successful trip to Greece was made by pupils of the School under the leadership of Mr. Dobson, ably assisted on the one hand by Mr. Bentliff, with his multilingual ability to extricate the party from any difficulty, and on the other hand by Mr. D. B. (English) Davies. The itinerary followed closely that of the 1963 party but events and experiences differed greatly.

Every place that was visited had much to recommend itself to the tourist, so much so that an appreciation can hardly be set down on paper. The magnificence of the Greek architecture, the brilliance of the incessant sunshine, the hot tideless beaches, lapped by warm blue waves, the variety and novelty of the local food and drink and the processes of trying to communicate with the natives, all contrived to make the journey well worthwhile.

The day spent in Salzburg, which was our first break in the journey, and the sight of the snow-capped mountains, was sufficient to arouse a desire to return one day and enjoy to the full what it was only possible to sample, albeit with great interest.

Historical remains, impressive and varied scenery, new customs, all held the imagination of scientist and classicist alike as they journeyed through Greece.

Highlights among the places visited were the Acropolis in Athens, upon which stand the monuments of the Athenian empire in the form of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum (this was despite the political riots raging during the party's stay there), the temple precinct at Delphi, the history of which was read aloud at length from the "Hachette" guide by Mr. Bentliff, the theatre at Epidaurus and the beach, with its picturesque sunsets, at Nauplion.

Travel for the most part was by train, otherwise by coach, so that it was possible to see, however cursorily, the whole of the country visited.

A highlight of another nature was the train journey through Yugoslavia, but this can be blamed entirely on that country. In fact, as a rule, unpleasant

experiences are those recollected readily and with much amusement. The fact that Mr. Dobson was forced to stand in the corridor on one foot for 18 hours will never cease to cause the members of the party to burst into laughter.

On the other hand, the few days spent in Venice on the return compensated for any hardship endured on the outward journey. The whole network of streets, in which one easily loses the way, is completely without traffic of any kind. Smooth running launches (the gondolas are too expensive and are only patronised by loud mouthed Americans) are the only method of transport via the canals from one part of the city to another. The whole visit was one delightful dream. The Venetians live in their own world of renaissance architecture, bright sunshine, colourful costume and strict religious Catholicism, all of which are made complete when Italian food and wine are available.

Everyone benefitted to an indescribable extent and, returning sun-tanned and with a wealth of memories, all would gladly make the trip again.

Every member extends his thanks to Mr. Dobson for organising the holiday and for shepherding the party through the six countries visited, and to Mr. Bentliff for giving his resourceful and accommodating assistance.

COSTAE

PARIS TRIP 1966

At 10.0 p.m., on the 6th of April this year, a coach departed from the Crossville bus station, taking 35 boys and two masters—Mr. J. E. Watson and Mr. J. McDonald—on the first stage of the 1966 School trip to Paris. The coach arrived in London, where we had breakfast. With little time to spare, we boarded the "Brighton Belle", which was to take us to Newhaven. Some of us were a little apprehensive of the Channel crossing, but although the crossing was fairly rough, most of us enjoyed it. After disembarking at Dieppe, we boarded our train, which took us to St. Lazare. During the train journey we had our first glimpse of the Eiffel Tower. On arrival at St. Lazare a coach took us through Paris to our lycée.

During our stay in Paris, we visited many of the principal points of interest, such as the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe and Notre Dame, all of which we ascended, and this gave us excellent views of three sectors of Paris. Also in Paris, we visited the Tomb of Napoleon I and the Military Museum at les Invalides, Sacré-Coeur, Sainte-Chapelle, Place de la Concorde, the Conciergerie, the Latin Quarter and many other places.

While we were in Paris our main form of transport was the Metro. Travelling on this was quite an experience, not only because of the maze of passage-ways and signs stating directions, ways out—"passage interdit"—but also because some of the trains ran on pneumatic tyres. Unfortunately, as notices were all written in French, it became rather confusing and extremely easy to lose one's way.

On one evening we had seats at the indoor circus, Cirque d'Hiver. We saw some excellent acrobatic and animal acts which were considerably enlivened by the antics of an indiscreet elephant. On three occasions we were able to go to the fair near our lycée, where there were some excellent dodgems and big dippers.

During a large number of our excursions around Paris, we were able to frequent the 'bistros' quite often. These are the numerous street cafés which are only found in France. The boys soon grew used to the idea of taking a long time over their drinks, as the French people do.

We were very fortunate to have such an excellent guide as Michel, who took us on all our excursions. He was most friendly and helpful and he made the trips even more interesting as he was able to tell us all about the various places which we visited.

On the return journey we had berths on the ship during the very rough crossing from Dunquerque to Dover.

We all wish to thank Mr. Watson and Mr. McDonald for giving us such an enjoyable and well organised holiday.

I. M. WILSON & N. K. GRANT

THE LIVERPOOL-AMSTERDAM EXCHANGE

On April 13th, a party departed for Amsterdam from Liverpool Airport. This party was composed of boys and girls from schools all over Liverpool, including seven boys from the Institute. The flight to Amsterdam and back was by an 'Ambassador' aircraft.

On arrival in Amsterdam, everyone was met by their various Dutch hosts and hostesses. They were then taken to the Dutch houses, where they were to stay for the holiday.

The following morning, the party went to a civic reception at the Town Hall. After this they went by boat on a tour of the harbour and canals.

On the following days the party went on many excursions to various parts of Holland. These included visits to Arnhem, where the British War Cemetery is situated, the National Gallery of Holland, known as the Rijksmuseum, the Kenkenhof flower-gardens and the nearby flower-auction. We also visited the two picturesque villages of Marken and Volendam, where the inhabitants wear national costume.

Besides the excursions organised by the committee, many boys and girls toured other parts of Holland with their Dutch hosts and hostesses.

The party returned to Liverpool on April 22nd after having a very enjoyable holiday.

The return part of the exchange will be undertaken in July, when the Dutch boys and girls will visit Britain.

M. HUMPHREYS & M. FITZSIMMONS

SWITZERLAND 1966

After an uneventful journey we arrived in Brunnen early on Wednesday morning, 13th April. The sun was shining brightly and snow was only to be found on higher ground. As the hotel was still occupied, most of the morning was spent waiting for the rooms to be vacated. After lunch at the hotel, we visited the Rigi, reaching the summit by mountain railway.

The whole of the next day was spent in Lugano. The trip involved a journey through the famous St. Gotthard railway tunnel. The weather, as expected, was hot, with temperatures in the eighties. On the Friday afternoon we embarked upon a half day trip: it was by boat across the lake to Treib, thence by railway up to Seelisberg. From here we walked to Beckenried, a distance of some seven miles and finally returned to Brunnen by boat. The weather again was warm owing to the presence of the Föhn wind. The weather on Saturday however, took a turn for the worse. Despite the bad weather, we took a trip by launch to Tellskapelle and then a walk down the Axenstrasse to Flüelen.

On Sunday we embarked upon another full day trip; this time our destination was Luzern. Some visited the Glacier gardens with museum, labyrinth and lion monument, while others preferred to visit the Luzern transport museum.

The following day saw us on yet another full day trip. Our destination was Interlaken, travelling by coach. The journey was via Einsiedeln, where we stopped for half an hour to visit the famous monastery. The famous black madonna statue is housed here. After leaving Einsiedeln we made for the region containing the highest mountains in Switzerland. We stopped for an hour or so at a place which commanded an exhilarating view of the Jungfrau-joch, the Wetterhorn and the infamous north face of the Eiger.

The last trip of the holiday was about the best. It was the visit to the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen. Here we stopped and walked down to the Rhine to see the famous falls. On our return from Schaffhausen, we crossed the

German frontier and travelled through Germany for about twenty minutes. Entering Switzerland again, we made for Zürich airport where we stayed for two hours.

Wednesday, our last day, was spent packing and making last minute preparations for the return journey. At 7.10 p.m. on Wednesday, we left Brunnen on the long and tedious journey to Calais.

Finally, on behalf of all the boys, we should like to thank Mr. B. L. Parker, Mr. H. B. Jones, Mr. B. H. Dobson, Mr. J. H. Sweeney and Mr. D. G. Bentliff for their efficiency and guidance. It was a great sorrow that the news of the death of Mr. J. H. Bowen, the organiser of the Swiss Party for so many years, was received on our arrival at Lime St. Station, on the morning of our departure.

W. R. SMITH & C. L. MOTHERSHAW



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 1965-66 season has been one of mixed fortunes for the 1st Eleven. Despite the fact that only four members of the side had played regularly for the 1st XI before, the team started the season very well, playing fast, open football with a great deal of confidence, scoring freely. Of the first nine games, only one was lost. Highlights of these early successes were the 2-0 defeat of Bolton School—perhaps the finest game the team played all season; the 5-1 defeat of King's School Chester; and the 5-0 defeat of the Staff XI.

Towards the end of November, however, as a result of one or two unlucky defeats, the standard of play and the morale of the team as a whole began to suffer and with the onset of the heavier grounds, several players failed to maintain the form they had shown earlier in the season, particularly amongst the forwards. Although the defence was very strong, with Neil Robertson, W. Smith and D. Maclure playing particularly well, as they have done throughout the season, the inability of the forwards to score goals and take the weight off the defence, led to the defence playing under increasing pressure. This was evident in the games against Bootle, Manchester and the Holt, all of which were lost by a single goal scored towards the end of a game in which the defence, under pressure throughout, finally cracked.

The forward line was certainly not lacking in individual skill, but the forwards failed to play with the same amount of determination and cohesion as the defence. As the season progressed, it became more and more apparent that what was needed in the forward line was a striker at centre-forward, to finish off the many opportunities and openings that were being created by the wingers. The forward line was reshuffled time and again to try and remedy this, but unfortunately with little success. In spite of this the team recorded victories against Bluecoat (4-2) Hillfoot (3-1) and Waterloo (1-0), but these were mainly due to individual effort rather than teamwork.

After Christmas, the 1st XI were defeated by Prescott, Quarry Bank and S.F.X. in succession. After the S.F.X. game, centre-half Neil Robertson was found to have a broken ankle, but despite this major setback, hopes of a good run in the shield were revived when a much weakened side defeated Alsop 1-0, and Bluecoat 2-0.

In the first round of the Senior Shield, the 1st XI played a strong Collegiate team at Holly Lodge and after a hard game played on a near

waterlogged pitch, were finally defeated 4-2. Some consolation was gained from the fact that the Collegiate went on to reach the Final. The remaining games of the season resulted in defeat for the 1st XI, with the exception of the Staff match, which the School won 4-1. Despite injuries and loss of form, the team continued to play with enthusiasm, even though some of the skill and confidence of earlier in the season were missing.

The final results for the 1st XI are:—

P	W	D	L	F	A
32	12	4	16	68	75

The 2nd and 3rd XI's fortunes varied, as did those of the 1st, but they enjoyed their football, playing with good sportsmanship throughout the season. The U-15 team had a successful season and reached the semi-final of the Junior Shield, in which they were unlucky to lose to Collegiate 1-0. In the quarter final they defeated Holt 2-1, at the third attempt, after extra-time having drawn twice with them. There are two or three good players in this side who should be challenging strongly for a 1st team place next season.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Morgan, Lloyd, Williams, Hunt, Roberts and Hall, for giving up so much of their spare time in organising and refereeing the School teams.

S. JACKS

Three of the regular 1st XI who are leaving this year will be very much missed. W. Smith who has been secretary for three years and vice-captain for one; Neil Robertson, who has played for four years, was captain last year and was chosen this year for the Merseyside Grammar Schools team; and Steve Jacks, who played for the Merseyside team and spared no pains as captain to build a good 1st XI: his help in organising School football was outstanding.

The letters received by Mr. Hunt and myself from the U-15 team were much appreciated.

L.M.



RUGBY FOOTBALL

This season has seen the greatest step forward in the game since it was re-started in the School in 1958. The standard of opposition was higher than in previous seasons, with new fixtures against Wade Deacon, Caldey Grange and St. Edward's second teams.

The First XV's record is as follows:—

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points
20	9	1	10	169 for, 222 against

The total number of tries scored for the School was 46, 15 of these being scored by K. Pine.

The first match of the season was against the Staff, led by that veteran warhorse, Mr. H. B. Jones. This was probably the strongest Staff team ever fielded and the School was closely beaten by 14 points to 17.

The first inter-Schools match was against Quarry Bank, the School winning by a fine penalty goal from 45 yards by J. Capek.

The next four matches were extremely close, although the School was beaten each time. They were against Collegiate, Hillfoot Hey, St. Edward's

II and Wellington. With better finishing power, these four defeats could have been reversed.

Against Ellesmere Port, however, three quick tries scored by the opposition completely disheartened the School team and we received our biggest defeat of 45 points to nil.

In the next game, against Wade Deacon, the School revealed some of its true form by drawing 8-8 after being 8-0 down at half-time. This was one of the new fixtures this season, another one being against Caldey Grange. The School was soon 0-10 down, but a fine try scored by Rees while suffering from concussion, kept the game very close and Caldey had to fight hard to hold their lead.

The School's second heavy defeat was against Cardinal Allen, the score being 35-0. The next game, however, against John Hamilton, brought the School's highest score of 45-0, and this proved to be the turning point of the season. The School played with more zest and confidence, beating Wellington 6-0, St. Edward's II 6-5, Hillfoot 19-3, Quarry Bank 9-8 and the Staff 8-0.

In the match against Quarry Bank, the School was losing 3-5 and unfortunately had 2 players taken to hospital at the beginning of the second half. We fought back, however, to win by 9 points to 8.

For the first time the School was invited to take part in this year's "Collegiate Sevens Tournament." Unfortunately we were unable to field our strongest side owing to a large number of injuries.

The season also saw the establishment of a regular U-15 team. Despite their lacking in experience and playing against strong opposition, they have not been defeated and have greatly improved their Rugby ability. The 2nd and U-14 teams have also played regularly this season. The majority of the players in these teams are new to the game and hence success has been hard to obtain, although this has increased their determination and enthusiasm.

In 1964, on his arrival at School, Mr. H. B. Jones took charge of the School's Rugby teams. At the time only the 1st XV was playing regularly, but he revived interest in Junior Rugby and also started a 2nd XV. At the beginning of this season, three new Rugby masters arrived at the School, Messrs. Sibbring, Hullcoop and Gammage. They have provided valuable contributions to School Rugby and we are now able to field regularly four teams. We would like to express our sincere thanks for their continuous support in coaching and refereeing the teams. We would also like to thank Mr. Sweeney and all the other members of Staff who have assisted during the season.

A. GOODFELLOW & R. D. RAWLINSON



HOCKEY

This season has been a disappointing one for the teams, especially the 1st XI. At first they played well but were unlucky, and hence the standard of play deteriorated. However, after the Christmas break, success was more forthcoming. One of the chief reasons for the 1st XI's lack of success was the unsettled nature of the forward line. Injuries caused frequent changes so that the forwards lacked cohesion, and territorial advantages were not expressed in the number of goals that there should have been. The 2nd XI at full-strength had some notable successes, but injuries resulted in many young players being introduced who, though not lacking skill, were too inexperi-

enced to face strong club sides.

The 1st XI were unlucky to lose their first match to Southport H. C., 4-3. Southport scoring the winner a few minutes from the end. A heavy, though not merited, defeat by West Derby H.C. followed this. A hard 0-0 draw with Prescott G.S. revealed the forwards' lack of punch in front of the goal and the same form followed in the next four defeats. On playing Pilkington's H.C. however, the team produced a magnificent display against an excellent club-side and were unfortunate to lose 3-2. Joy came at last the following week when Prescott G.S. were defeated 2-1. The last match before Christmas was the return fixture at C.F. Mott T.C., which was played on an atrocious pitch. The result was a 2-1 defeat.

After an initial set-back after Christmas to Bromborough Old Boys, success came at last to the 1st XI. An early defeat by West Derby H.C. was well and truly revenged. The attack this time let few opportunities slip by and a well-deserved 3-1 victory was obtained. Merchant Taylor's School was then defeated 1-0. After being battered to defeat by Arnold School, their neighbours Blackpool G.S. were easily defeated 2-0 by a much improved 1st XI. A tremendous match with the Collegiate School followed and the result was a hard-earned 1-1 draw. The cost of failing to score goals was well illustrated in the team's defeat by Edge Hill T.C., in the pouring rain. The team had a tremendous first half battle with Northop Hall H.C., twice taking the lead. In the second half, however, the pace took its toll and the defence fell apart. Against Hightown H.C. it was a matter of when would the forward line score. It eventually did so midway through the second half, to give a 1-0 victory. The last two matches were both lost, the first to Bromborough Old Boys 1-0 and the second to Caldey Grange School 5-0.

The 1st XI's best matches of the year were, as usual, against the Staff XI and the tremendously strong Old Boys side from Sefton H.C. The 1st XI at last scored the double over the Staff XI. The first match was very exciting, with Mr. Sharp producing a spectacular display in goal, but he could not prevent the School from scoring the only goal of the match. The return match at the end of the season, however, was a disappointing affair which the 1st XI won, 2-0.

Both matches against Sefton H.C. were exciting battles. In the first the team defended magnificently until Sefton broke through to score twice in the last 5 minutes and give them a 3-1 victory. In the end of the season match the 1st XI played their best. Sefton took a 1-0 lead in the first half, but failed to press home fully what advantages they gained. In the second half the forwards at last broke through the strong Sefton defence with a good move to score the equaliser. After that the 1st XI came very close to scoring a winner, but the game ended in a very fair 1-1 draw.

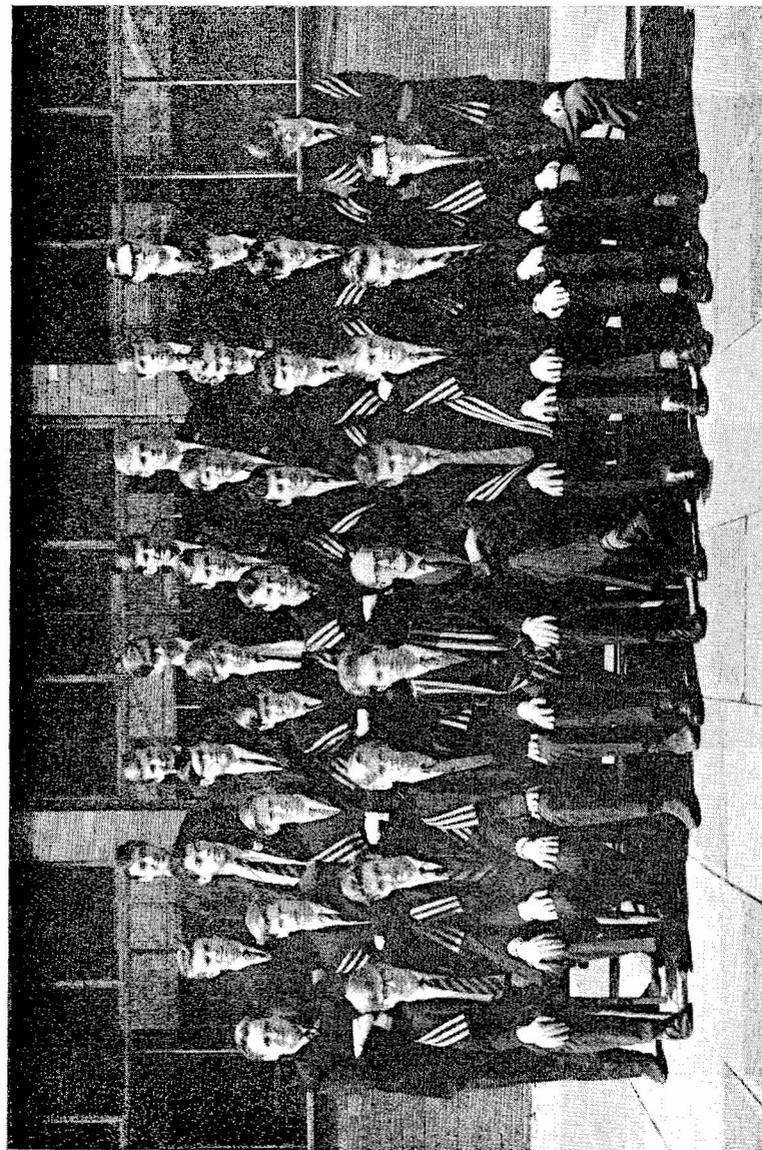
Generally the 2nd XI had a good season, although finishing with a series of disappointing defeats. Southport and Sefton Hockey Clubs were easily defeated and a good draw obtained against Pilkington H.C. As for Schools, a number of successes were obtained against Prescott C.S. and Collegiate School and the Blackpool C.S. match ended in a draw.

The Colts XI unfortunately had only a few matches this year and their most notable success was a brilliant 2-1 victory over Caldey Grange School.

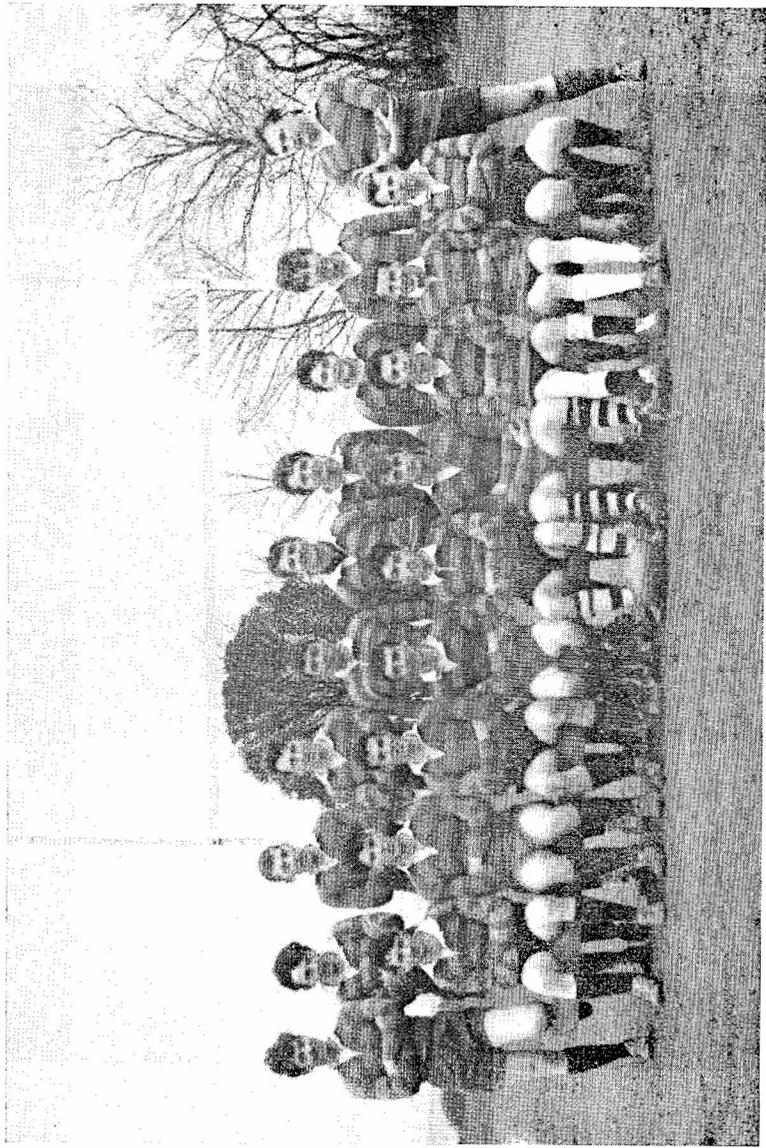
Any boys from any age group wishing to take up hockey next season will be very welcome and practices will be held at the end of the summer holidays and during the Autumn term.

All players would like to thank Messrs. Treeby, Sharp, Eyre and H. B. Jones for their organisation and umpiring of our matches.

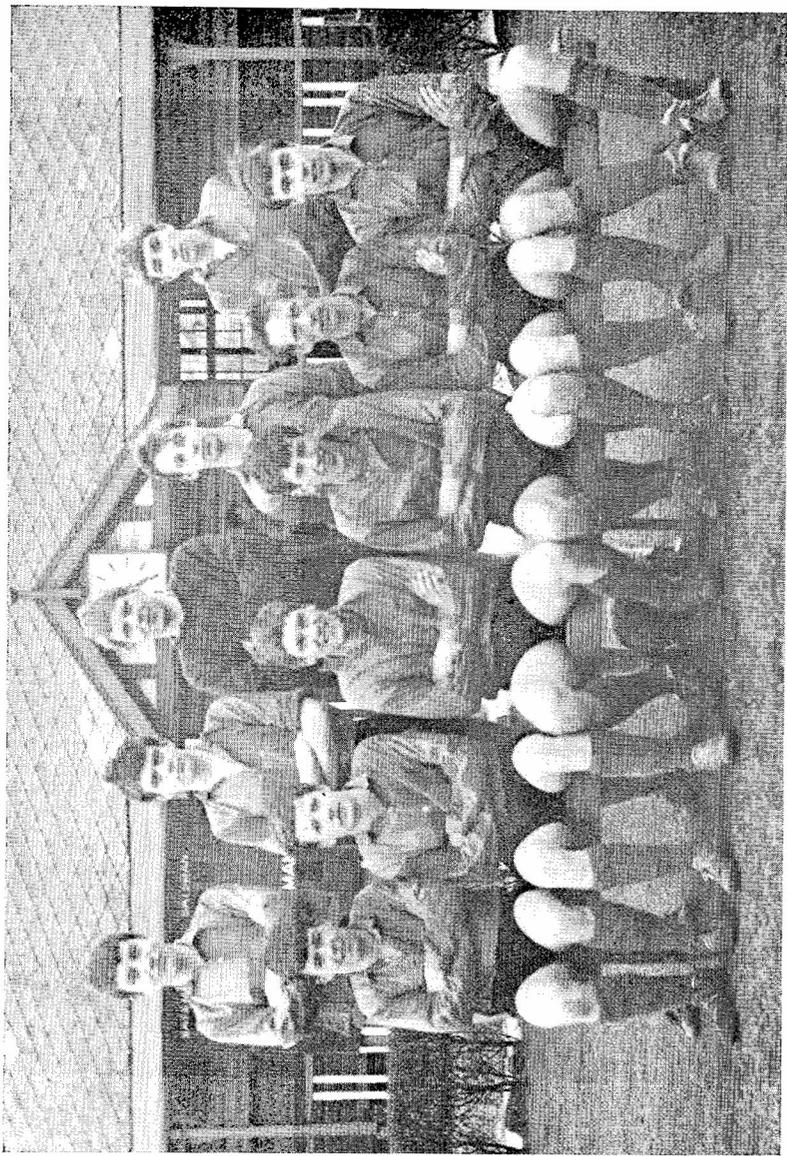
P. J. WATERSTON



SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1965-66



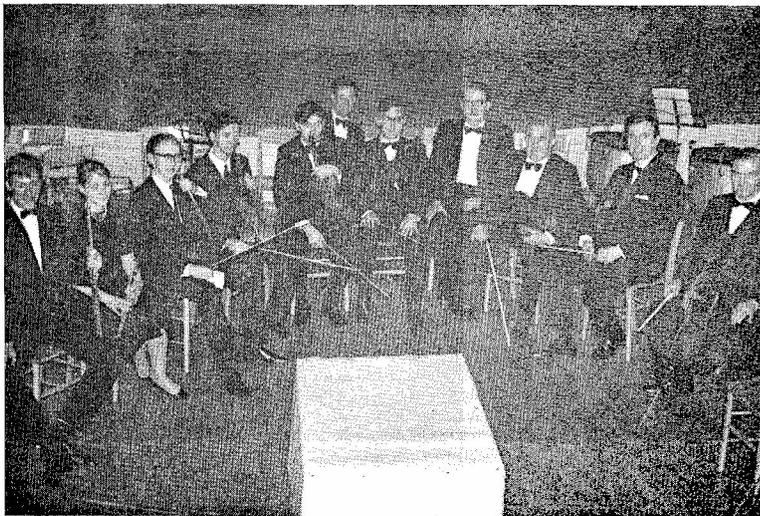
1st RUGBY XV, 1965-66



1st FOOTBALL XI, 1965-66



SCENE FROM THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD



MUSIC CLUB CONCERT

**BASKETBALL**

This year the School team had a heavy programme with a match nearly every week. Nevertheless the team experienced its most successful season for many years. Throughout the season the team consisted of a nucleus of seven players, N. A. H. Robertson, Brown, Chidlow, Rogers, Holgate and Pine; and a reserve, P. W. Rowlandson, who played in only a few games but acquitted himself well upon those occasions. These players struck an excellent understanding between themselves, which resulted in fast and fluent basketball, with prolific scoring by N. A. H. Robertson and P. J. Brown, helped in attack by Chidlow and P. B. Robertson. This attack was ably supported by a well drilled defence whose strength lay in its ability to counter-attack quickly and decisively, combined with the height of Rogers, Pine and Holgate, who were capable of stemming most opposition attacks by outreaching their opponents.

Although the team lost its first game against Hillfoot Hey by 12 points to 11, in a rather scrappy affair, it then played through the season without incurring another defeat. A drawn game against John Hamilton (28-28) was the only other match which was not won. At the conclusion of the Spring term, matches played were 15, of which 13 were won, 1 drawn, and 1 lost.

The team's most memorable games were against King David School and De la Salle; the first was a high scoring game which the team won 68-15; the second game also provided over sixty points, 61-15 being the final score. In this second game N. A. H. Robertson scored 30 points, to equal the School record, but just failed to break it. Another exciting game was the return with Hillfoot Hey and, although below full strength, the team reversed the first result with a win of 21 points to 20.

Other results were victories against King David (34-16), N.E. Technical College (40-14), Holt (38-30), Collegiate (42-25), Quarry Bank (30-21), Alsop (32-21), Quarry Bank (42-33), Bluecoat (22-12), Holt (20-14), N.E. Technical College (38-29).

In the inter-house basketball competition many boys showed ability and should continue to play the game. The result was a win for Cochran over Danson by 12 points to 9, and as the score suggests, it was a close, hard fought game.

In conclusion the team would like to thank Messrs. Clark, Forrest, Sweaney and Morgan for their support throughout the season. Thanks are also extended to S. Jacks for his help in scoring and timekeeping at most of the games.

K. PINE (Captain)

**CROSS COUNTRY**

During the 1965-66 season the four main teams performed with varying degrees of success.

The Under 12 team, though usually adequate in numbers, lost twice as many races as it won, and came 18th out of 28 teams in the Wavertree Relay Race.

The Under 14 team won only one of 16 races. This was simply because only 4 boys of over 300 in this age-group could be persuaded to run regularly. I have nothing but admiration for the way in which these few, led by P. Dolman, competed week after week against overwhelming odds and came back for more. They performed best in the Waterloo Cup Race when they finished 21st out of 50 teams.

An Under 15 team beat three schools in ordinary fixtures, but was 21st out of 26 teams in the Bootle Cup Race.

The Under 16 team was easily the most successful, and lived up to the fine tradition of the past. In the run-of-the-mill fixtures it won 11 times and lost three times—once to St. Mary's and twice to St. Edward's. However, it outclassed these schools in the Northern Championships. In the Memorial Race it was 3rd out of 14 teams (F. J. Ellison was 4th) and in the Waterloo Cup Race 5th out of 38. For many weeks about this time the captain, D. D. Smith, was suffering or slowly recovering from jaundice. After his recovery he recorded the fastest time in the Sandfield Park Relay; Ellison was the second fastest in this race. In it the team were a very close second to St. Edward's. Twelve teams competed.

The Senior team suffered their severest reverse at the beginning of the season, when N. J. Bainbridge decided to leave school. Had he stayed, it would have had a very strong quartet and victories would have outnumbered defeats. A trio is only half as strong. In the Cumella, Sangster and Waterloo Cup Races the team finished approximately half-way up the list. The best individual performance in these races was that of P. W. Rowlandson who was 6th in the Cumella.

The Northern Championships at Lyme Park are the climax of the months of endeavour. The younger age-groups are, unfortunately, peculiar to this event. The 'Cubs' were 101st out of 115 schools, the 'Colts' 30th of 123 (D. H. Lloyd was 22nd), the Seniors 25th of 85 and the Under 16 team 5th of 111 (D. D. Smith was 4th and F. J. Ellison 11th). At the half-way point this team had a winning total, but dehydration caused R. Pickthall to collapse, literally running himself to a standstill. Smith was hardly in better shape, and only after an hours' attention in the First Aid tent were they able to walk to the coach.

A week later our full strength at last combined in one team of open age and confounded everyone's expectations by winning the Merseyside Grammar Schools Road Relay Cup. Second were St. Mary's who had won the Senior Race at Lyme Park.

The House Championships were held after school instead of during school hours. 144 boys should have taken part; 32 did so. There were only two complete teams instead of 24. P. Dolman won the Under 14 Race, D. D. Smith the Under 16 Race and P. W. Rowlandson the Senior.

Support for the Form Race was hardly more enthusiastic. 1A came 1st and 1B 2nd. No other form produced a complete team. P. Dolman won this event also.

The Under 16 course record was lowered first by F. J. Ellison and then, dramatically, by D. D. Smith (13 minutes 27 seconds) P. W. Rowlandson broke the School record for the Senior course with a time of 20 minutes, 51 seconds.

I am most grateful to runners for their enthusiasm and helpers for their unselfishness. In particular I would like to thank Mr. Young, Mr. Kingman and certain loyal Liobians.

D.W.R.

BADMINTON CLUB

The Badminton Club has this year enjoyed its most successful season since its formation several years ago. New members have shown keen interest and have been attending meetings regularly in the Gym, during Tuesday lunch hours.

Since the beginning of the season, the progress and standard of play have been continually apparent. Midway during the Autumn term, a fixture was arranged at Hillfoot Hey, and the school team, assisted by Mr. Sibbring, dealt with a more experienced team quite comfortably, beating them by 4:2.

Howard and Taylor, playing in their first competitive game, reflected the keenness in the club by their competent displays.

During the Summer months it is hoped that the Club will continue to meet in the Gym. Also, with these new, keen members, a foundation for the club will be set up so that in future years, Badminton may continue to be one of the School's many varied activities, and may perhaps become a leading sport, with arranged, regular fixtures against other schools.

Pete Facey



SWIMMING

Our good wishes go with Mr. R. W. Clark, to whose enthusiasm the team is in large measure indebted for its past successes.

The team did not participate in any fixtures during the Spring Term. The Summer Term will see our annual match against Wallasey Grammar School. The Swimming Sports will again be organised on a form basis for the lower forms and on a house basis for the Fifts and Sixths.

Our efforts to secure the use of premises for regular training sessions have so far met with no success. We hope to report better success in this respect in the next issue of the Magazine. Our team is at present weakest in the First Year and Senior groups and greater support from these age groups will be sought.

P.N.C.



CRICKET 1965

The 1965 season was happily a much more successful one than the previous season. Dealing with the 1st XI first; wins were gained against De La Salle, Quarry Bank, Calday Grange, Sefton C.C., Liverpool Collegiate, The Staff, and Liobians (twice). The rest of the twenty-one matches were lost, but it is only fair to add that in the matches against Waterloo G.S. and Sefton C.C., the team was severely depleted.

Of the four victories, three produced excellent matches. The match against

the University Staff was a memorable one, in that N. A. H. Robertson made the highest score of the season (76) and also took 4 for 54; R. Sugden also performed well, making 55. This was one of the better performances of the season, and the visitors expressed their surprise at the strength of our team. The game against St. Mary's College was also a good one, star performers in this match being M. J. Kayes, who made 49, and K. Scott and D. S. Honour who took 4 for 44 and 3 for 33 respectively.

In the second round of the K.O. Competition, Quarry Bank were the visitors, and this produced by far the best game of the season. Quarry Bank set the School the relatively formidable task of 94 runs off 25 overs; this was duly achieved with one over to spare, thanks mainly to a brilliant 62 N.O. by N. A. H. Robertson.

There was a great improvement on the general standard of play, which was to a great extent due to the example of the captain N. A. H. Robertson, who had an excellent season with bat and ball. He was well supported in the batting by his vice-captain, G. K. Duckett and D. S. Honour, but I feel that special mention ought to be made of M. J. Kayes, who, in his first season in 1st XI cricket, scored well over 250 runs—a most encouraging omen. The bowling was less erratic and this was due to the consistent form of N. A. H. Robertson, F. E. Gulley, K. Scott, and D. S. Honour; all had most respectable averages at the end of the season. The catching was up to its usual standard and the fielding was much sharper than is customary.

The 2nd XI had a slightly better season, without their record being outstanding. This was due in some degree to their enthusiastic yet poised approach to the game. Out of ten matches, two were won and three drawn. As usual, the Colts XI had quite a successful season, winning five and drawing two of their eleven games. R. W. Jervis, J. S. Wardle and A. M. Childs, all batted well and the best bowlers were D. D. Smith, R. Pickthall and J. S. Wardle. The U-14 and U-13 teams also did quite well in their limited number of games.

The end of last season marked the departure of Messrs. Gavin and D. B. Davies from School. Mr. Gavin had given several years of sterling service to the 1st XI and Mr. Davies had given a great deal of encouragement to its junior teams. Their services were greatly appreciated. Mr. Forrest has taken over the organisation of the 1st XI; Mr. H. B. Jones and Mr. R. E. Roberts are now in charge of the Colts XI and U-13 XI respectively.

In conclusion, I would like to thank sincerely, on behalf of the teams, all members of staff who contributed in any way to the running of the teams; also Mr. E. Wass for his contributions throughout the season; and last, but by no means least, all the parents, who sacrificed their valuable time to assist with the preparation of refreshments for the teams: your help is invaluable and much appreciated!

R. G. GOODMAN (Hon. Sec.)



CHESS CLUB

This year the Club has been fairly successful though, owing to three senior players leaving, it has not been as successful as in former years. In the "Sunday Times" National Schools' Chess Tournament, after narrowly beating Calday Grange Grammar School and Ellesmere Port Grammar School, the team was defeated by Bury Grammar School by 4 points to 2.

In the Wright Challenge Shield for Grammar Schools on Merseyside, the School was again victorious, winning the Shield for the sixth consecutive time. Highlights of this competition were the 7-0 defeat of Ormskirk Grammar School and the 4-3 win over our old rivals, Wallasey Grammar School. Unfortunately, the team lost one match to Rock Ferry Grammar School, so forcing us to share the shield with Wallasey Grammar School.

In the Liverpool School's Chess League both the Under-15 and Under-13 teams failed to win their sections. In the League's individual knock-out competitions, G. M. Hughes won the Open section, P. W. Blundell was semi-finalist in the Open section, and W. D. Eve was runner-up in the Under-13 competition.

Finally we should like to thank Mr. Byrne for his considerable help and interest in the club.

P. W. BLUNDELL

BLACKLEG

At four o'clock on Tuesday my school days were over. In the future I would be able to tell with dignity and authority of the days in the past when I was just a mere schoolboy. No longer would I have to bow deep obeisance to a person whose sole duty it was to pump knowledge into an unreceptive skull.

The next day, however, I was back at school. This time though, I was seeing the class-rooms from a totally different point of view. I entered a secondary modern school, not over the wall about half an hour after the last bell, as was my normal habit, but through the main gate. No sooner had I taken my coat off, when a tight knot of nippers started to tout for messages. I had a field-day, sending boys here and ordering them there. The only trouble was I created such a traffic snarl on a top corridor that I had to spend the next twenty minutes disentangling youths from a bannister rail. On entering the staff-room I learnt my second lesson of the day: the art of not being saddled with making the tea and the coffee. Arriving twenty minutes late meant that there were about fifteen very thirsty teachers waiting for a cuppa. Fortunately I soon mastered this art and could sup innumerable mugs of tea or coffee at the expense of no labour other than stirring in the sugar.

All the new-found respect with which I was treated, my equilibrium could perhaps have withstood, without a spasm of megalomania, but on being called "sir", well, the result was quite understandable. The time had come for me to give my first lesson. The time-table gave me the clue, geography. As I stood up to take the class, my mind harked back to the extremely inferior "O" level I had gained in this subject many years back. I could not go on, I was incapable of taking the form; but how could I bluff? A genie tapped me on my shoulder and whispered in my ear, "Appoint several monitors." I did; very several. Perhaps I was not very skilful in my appointments, since the "pro-vice assistant deputy 'Bring-the-chalk-to-me' monitor" was also the "'Bring-the-chalk-to-me' monitor-in-chief"; but all in all I succeeded in wasting half the lesson. Fortified by the youngsters' eagerness, I turned to the brightest looking one and asked him an extremely elementary question. Somewhere at the back of the room, someone sniggered and so, in as official a tone as I could summon, I ordered him to belt up. Next I turned to the ignorant wretch whom I had questioned earlier. In a magnificent voice I turned up the typical schoolmaster sarcasm and concluded in wringing tones that if he did not know the answer, then he should sit down and scratch his head for a while. The clot took my words literally and it gave me great satisfaction not to say another word until the lad, by now half bald, was leaving the room.

The life I led as a dissipated prefect has thus been an excellent training and proving ground for the life I shall lead for the next few months. Also, I no longer have to satisfy myself with dreams in which my oppressive maths master is chained to his desk whilst I hurl board-duster after board-duster

at him. You might say that I have become a blackleg, and maybe I have, but if you have any sense you will turn the tables as well.

J. CAPEK

I'M A TROLL FOLDYROLE!

Of the fifty-four members in the Troll Climbing Club, forty are pupils, Old Boys, staff or ex-staff of the Institute. The club is, in fact, entirely unconnected with the School except for this large percentage of its members.

Even with such a large membership, the members still manage to maintain a very close-knit relationship and avoid cliques being formed—often the downfall of many climbing clubs. The success of any club or society depends mainly on its members and their attitude and the success of the T.C.C. reflects the standard of membership—new members find it easy to blend into the "scene" and soon start to contribute towards this success. It is, of course, very difficult for any "bad element" to be introduced—apart from the 25/- annual sub., any new members must be proposed and seconded by club members, then passed by the committee.

Tribute must be paid to Messrs. M. P. Smith, F. J. Boote and L. Nelson for their help and encouragement in the early days, and to Ray Davies, the present President, who has done more, individually, than anyone towards making the Troll Climbing Club the flourishing society it is.

The constitutional aim of the club is "to promote interest in mountaineering"—which includes rock and ice climbing, mountain walking, drinking, singing Clancy Bros. songs and numerous other connected subjects. I will enlarge a bit on the rock and ice climbing and mountain-walking, aspects of mountaineering which some people consider the most important. Rock and ice climbing is more of a sport, and as such requires technique and tuition initially, whereas mountain-walking is mainly common sense and a real love for just wandering over the peaks and fells.

Some of the club activities are (i) Meets, which consist of monthly "meetings" in mountain areas such as the Lakes, North Wales, Glencoe, the Peak district, of periods up to a week; (ii) Lectures which are monthly meetings in Liverpool on Friday evenings on such subjects as rope technique, mountain rescue, slide lectures of members' experiences (?) etc. (These are given by visiting lecturers or club members); (iii) Twice monthly "noggin and natters" in the Philharmonic Pub. The club has its own Library, Journal, Monthly Newsletter, and items of equipment, including ropes, tents, stoves. This is not an official advert for new members on behalf of the club, but just a bit of factual information about the Troll Climbing Club for people who may be interested, and it appears because I am tired of being stopped every few yards on the corridors and being challenged "What are the Trolls?" If anyone is genuinely interested, I would be delighted to have a chat with them.

NEIL ROBERTSON (Secretary T.C.C.)

PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor,

SIR,—In this decade of spies and counter-spies, it was inevitable that another power should try to steal the strategic plans and personal secrets of the Prefectorial body. That the informant himself be one of the elect was also inevitable, but that he should give the information willingly, was not. He repulsed promises of police protection from the upper yard and resisted the seductive advances of the female mathematicians. It was through his own sadistic trait and the reassurance that he will be gone by July that he composed such a report. If the editors accept the dossier in its entirety, the prefects must understand and hope that others cannot.

Mr. Honour, having reached the height of his career, has donned the ancestral black overall and is flapping his arms frantically in an attempt to fly down again. His chief purpose in life, although he never tells anyone, is to make the prefectorial system work—neither Plato's "Republic" nor the super-

man comics has yielded the solution. Having abandoned his brain, he is now attempting, by regularly lifting bars and discs in the gym, which he claims are the equivalent weight of six first-formers, to develop a strong bell-ringing arm—others with deeper insight know that he is training to sink another Cambridge boat. In the head boys' tradition, Mr. Honour's game is cricket—next year he hopes to play for Sussex in Sidney's team. In a final attempt to combine his other major hobbies, his lordship can often be seen in the wood-work-shop building a snooker table for a game which can be played with table-tennis or badminton bats. There is no truth in the rumour that he recently caused 6 fire engines to appear outside the cathedral by removing his cap in Upper Duke Street—Mr. Honour wears an umbrella.

Mr. Brandon is this year's power behind the throne. Since taking the dreaming spires by storm late last year, he has put up with a great deal of good-natured ribbing but gets his own back on everyone else from first-formers down to Prefects. He gathers solace from Hockey and the classics and is a mountaineer of some note. He plans to do his bit for church unity by being the first man(?) to climb both cathedrals on Christmas Eve. Though not given to advertising, he can be frequently heard advocating the secrets of Schhh . . . especially in the direction of vagrant snooker and bridge players.

Into this category went Mr. Capek, whose variation of all-in-bridge frequently has the library windows rattling as he goes down on another doubled contract. He commutes between here and everywhere on a motorised-bike with made-in-Japan stamped on it. As everyone knows he now plays(?) the man's game. He is too big for a fly-half and yet he failed to land his glider between the posts on the "Lawns." He proposes to set up a Rugby team in the previously all-female Bedford College, London, to which he gained admission by wearing a skirt for his interview. He has recently climbed the academic ladder even higher, and, abandoning brooker and snidge aims to use his psychological bent by teaching.

The recesses of the P.R. have their uses. At present they shield the reserved Mr. Chambers from appearing in assembly: he has never been the same since he exhausted his voice on the now abandoned C.C.F., and consequently his humour is dry. He emerges on Saturdays to fight in the rugby arena and occasionally, since, as he claims, he is the treasurer of a certain climbing club, confronts people demanding subscriptions. During his many, many, years at the School he has developed a philosophy that involves working for exams (poor fellow) which explains where he goes when he comes down the chimney.

Mr. Hunter, known as Juicy Brucey to his friends, has acquired an angelic image, especially in the eyes of our sisters from Blackburne House. Perhaps this is due to his appearing at science society lectures from a cloud of fragrant smelling CHEM. LAB. smoke. He strongly denies rumours that he is Flash Gordon's successor, when periodically clad in white overall he makes inroads into the P.R. to drink biological frog soup to calm his nerves, after ruining yet another assembly by following the singing on the organ. Any faults can be attributed to his refusal to make snap decisions.

Mr. Rowlandson has been running for many years across country to escape this pen, but his long blond hair and his fur-clad gown, which he feeds on Kit-e-kat, render him very conspicuous. Ignoring all testimonies of his predecessors, he claims, in a very loud voice, to have found the ultimate formula for passing exams sine labore—it is a monthly journal which he studies in detail in the prefectorial penthouse. The publication includes art in its naked form and has something to do with rabbits. Failing all else and an appearance at Wimbledon, our favourite angel can always fall back into his position as president of the society (for want of a better description) of Alcoholics Synonymous.

That well known friend of all (except the lower school), Mr. Preece, the prefectorial "Lurch", has been to Oxford, (once). He does not "do" sport, but he runs a car which compensates for this deficiency and adds to his weight. Conscientious as ever, he is making preparations for amalgamation

with the sister-school by taking inmates of that establishment to coffee and charging the bill to his colleagues. Nearer home, he has quietly become secretary of everything.

The complement of Mr. Preece is, of course, Mr. Hughes: they are both immigrants. Since he came down from the hills of Wrexham, Mr. Hughes has bought himself a brief case. He arrives in school tous les jours, late, and blames it on British Railways. It is not known what Mr. Hughes studies, if he studies at all. He has been trying for a transfer to the football first XI for most of the season, which is the clue to the reason why the Christian Union is in debt.

Mr. Rawlinson, a gentleman of simian aspect, is causing concern by his overwhelming popularity with everyone except his opponents at rugby. His picture appears, in various uniforms, wearing the well-known grin, once a fortnight in the Liverpool Echo. Unsatisfied with his prowess in hiking and shorts, he hopes to improve his rugby by practising judo. His victims, however, quickly become subjects for his other accomplishment, first aid.

Owing to some confusion between 6BM and M6B, Mr. Smee (no shoe) is still being perplexed by mathematics. He wants to fly when he grows up but he wears the wrong type of gown. Therefore he hopes to join the air force: at any rate he performs ballistical experiments with a leather sphere during the football season at Mersey Road. He denies that his freckles are a gimmick and keeps his nails trimmed by playing a guitar without a plectrum.

Another of the school's peers, Mr. Waterton, is one of those gentle, retired geographers, and sticks up for his right to belt h--- out of a little white ball every Saturday. He is otherwise quite sane. Being in charge of a rapidly shrinking VIth form geography library, he refutes suggestions that there is any connection between this and daddy's booming second-hand book shop.

When all rumours that Mr. Yardley was the reincarnation of Ned Seagoon had subsided, he was successful at Oxford, in consequence of which he has entered that select clique of semi-retired prefects who spend their time at bridge. He is pleased to attend another establishment at least two days a week: the dinners there keep his weight up. His greatest mortification this year has been the electrification of B.R.; he consoles himself by perusing his album of puff-puff snapshots and helping to run a small service in Wales.

The school's parliamentary representative, Mr. King, prides himself on being able to write his own speeches. He hopes to make his Home on Hampsted Heath. His literary genius no doubt derives from the fact that he majors in English and also in public speaking anytime anyone will listen. He carries a sack under his arm full of clichés, and practises a belligerent attitude for the day when he will reign supreme.

Mr. Atkinson, as suave and debonair as football supporters can be, also majors in English, and no one likes to miss the spectacle of him carefully rehearsing his ad-libs for his next meeting in Room 22. He is one of those almost-footballers who plays in the third XI and makes regular appearances in the upper yard to display his artificial side-boards.

Another fresh air addict is that quiet man of maths, Mr. Thomas. He spends his time dressed in a yellow vest and blue shorts, either pursuing or being pursued by a similarly clad Mr. Rowlandson in Otterspool Park. While vehemently denying any connection between his voting for Mr. Wild and the colour of his hair, he maintains a vulgarly healthy aspect by lapping the snooker table during his free periods.

This annoys Mr. Facey who duels over the green beige with our oldest inhabitant. He recently turned down an offer from Billy Smart to perform his game of snooker with an oval-shaped white while playing "God's on our side" on folk guitar with his other hand. Despite efforts to dissuade him, Mr. Facey still says he can eat his butties without assistance. Perhaps he needs the nourishment because he also climbs and is at present kitting out an expedition to ascend the North face of Brownlow Hill during the rush hour.

Last, and certainly least, is Mr. Leyland. He is easy to find because he

wears an incessant smile, broken only by spasmodic cackling which can be attributed to the school dinner which he eats with remorse and his fingers. His black attaché case worn under his left arm gives him a business-like bearing, and he is believed to have been implicated in Liverpool's recent changeover to new buses with a certain make of engine.

If, after these revelations, the power of the P.R. falls before the school building, the infiltrator will not bear it on his conscience. It remains only for the alien powers to discern what they will and for their agent to flee the city.

Yours waveringly,

NAPOLEON and ILYA

THREE POEMS

Words, fashioned with the minds of men.
Of pure reason created and creating.

If I will quell my mind
And bring audacity to bear
On the question of my time
Emulating those I see,
Who write pure reason
With their mind full
Of mere rhyme,

They bring their reasoning to bear
And invoke a rushing thought
Which will not settle
For me to be assured
That this is now complete.
For, if those words came bounding down,
Arranged with perfect sanity,
Where then would our Godhead be?

As greys subdue my mind
And night light lends a subtlety
To day's focussed gaze,
Which pricks man with arrangement;
But leaves with day.

Releasing pleasure unto sanity,
While memory's ear is plugged
To exhibition's alcoholic prance.
Then wallow in forget.

Till yellow mixes goldenly
To wash out empties
As the joyman hobbles past the schizo hordes
There's no room for pleasure now.

I saw my face shine in a pool
And knew that pool would soon be dried away.
I saw my name scrawled on a graceless wall
But knew that wall would never greet the light of day.
I saw my eyes light up my lover's eyes
But knew that with her chance she would away.

That rain will come again.
 For me there is no doubt—
 That rain will wet the dust
 And quench the kiss-dry mouth
 Of my once loved, forgotten one;
 Whose memories grow, to play the hiding game,
 And slowly hide the letters of my name.

G. OWEN, (6BM2)

THE OAK

It stood a giant: solid firm
 With wooden body; leaves of sap;
 Roots forced into the ground.
 All this its mother's offspring germ,
 Grown-up grown tall within the lap
 Of nature's nursing, sound.

From tiny acorn grew this oak.
 Undaunted by the weather, bold
 It grew toward the sky.
 As time passed by it outlived folk
 Who infant, youth, then man and old
 Watched it with careful eye.

As infants they did in it climb;
 As youths they lay beneath its boughs
 Contented in its shade.
 As men they thought of bygone time
 Engulfed within its mood: and how
 Old men tribute paid;

Paid tribute to their free for life—
 For their life and its own, both fine,
 One not without the other.
 This oak returned the gift, and rife,
 Took to the old heart peace of mind
 Like deeply feeling mother.

"Take courage friend," it told the man,
 "Fear not to leave this life and me,
 For I respect your awe.
 So what you gave to me in turn
 I promise I will furnish free
 Among your children all"

The men had hope, the tree had too.
 To keep the pledge was both their wish—
 Each trusted well the vow.
 But fate a story different knew:
 Indeed the end seemed devilish—
 Howe'er no changing now.

One cannot put to rights again
 A trunk deprived of its blood
 When several years ago.
 The murd'rer heard it loud complain:
 When cutting through the body's wood
 No mercy did he know.

The murder'd tree, it wept and cried
 For now the pledge was always broke,
 it snapped within the bole.
 The old men's children now denied
 The secret pleasures of the oak—
 Cruel fate had claimed its toll.

The men within their earthen beds
 Blamed not the grand old tree its end:
 They too knew peerless fate.
 They knew also, and inward said
 That "her will fortune mercy bend—
 Though tardy, not too late."

Indeed the tree still bears its fruit:
 New branches grow from broken trunk
 Some life it lives again.
 The children, wished for in the roots,
 Now come and play in foliage sunk—
 The tree repays the men.

But one last grudge the men still hold:
 Kept is the pledge, but not in full:
 They like not compromise.
 For when the tree had fallen, cold
 The shake, alike to herald, dull
 Had sounded where men lie,

Murder'd by fate, the men they too
 Took pledge, in turn: vowed to the tree
 To pay its death with life—
 But not to give,—to take, nor rue.
 So now no flower is there to see
 'Mongst old men's graves deprived.

The corpses let no colour grow
 In motley lack one can but mope
 No Flora here doth reign,
 Except for tiny oaklings—though,
 By this, in vain the old men hope
 To see their tree again

M. TICKLE (6AM1)

MEDITATION

Before ye launch thyself headlong,
 Recollect.
 See how the carnage of a thousand years
 is caused, and then
 Regret.

There are those who speak against thee,
 And those who do support thee,
 And those who are indifferent.
 It is these who have not lost themselves,
 Striving for the unattainable.

Seek ye the tranquillity of peaceful oblivion?
 Or seek ye needless martyrdom?
 Before ye waste your precious life,
 Recollect.

A millenium's ideal
Is an inevitable event.
Disturb not the inertia of a million sunsets,
Thy loss makes not a ripple

Recollect.
How have they fared,
Who sacrificed themselves in vain?
Their inheritance, what is it?

Thy heritage is but an empty shell,
Lost in the mists of human error,
Vanished in the storm
Created by those self-same men
Who lost themselves to sin.

What vanity existeth here,
That men should be such fools!
Before ye launch thyself headlong,
Recollect.

Singularity is no moral virtue,
Recollect and think,
Regret your thoughts, withdraw,
And save that carnage of the thousand years to come.
P. LOFTHOUSE, (M6A)

MEDITATION ON THE DEATH OF NICHOLAS II, 1918

He sits there; the gentle eyes unseeing,
The body motionless.
Thou hast come far, O Czar of all the Russias,
Thou hast come far indeed, to Ekaterinburg.

What thinkest thou, O Nicholas?
Of that far-distant day
When thy grandsire lost his life
By the assassin's hand?
(Not such a death for thee, O Nicholas)

What thinkest thou, O Alexandrevitch?
Of thy father's rule—
An iron discipline to thee
And to his people?
(Not such a role by thee, O Romanov)

What thinkest thou, O Father of thy People?
Of the fair Alix
And how didst woo her?
Of thy coronation when
A thousand people met their deaths,
(Omen ill—foreboding saw they then, O Czar!)
Of thy wedding,
Happiness and joy teernal?

What thinkest thou now?
Of how, twelve years ago,
Thy people rose against thee? Of how
The mad monk came into thy house? Of how

The assassin killed thy minister-in-chief?
Or of that fateful day when
Francis Joseph's nephew met his death
By the murderer's bullet?
(Not such a death for thee, O Nicholas?)

What thinkest thou?
Of war and blood and
Death and revolution
Of house-arrest and desperation? . . .
Until this house at Ekaterinburg.

Alas! the act is ended!
Ah! tragedy beyond compare!
Think on, cease not this meditation peaceful,
For death, at daylight, waits for thee, O Czar.
M. GARLAND, (M6A)

ENIGMA

Life cannot be eternity:
Everlastingness.
No one outlives the hand of fate
Or finds the secret that is held
Within the so-called boundaries
Of space. The stellar world still holds
The secret of all infinities—
And we are infinitely small;
Still eons from the track that finds
The seat of knowledge and will tell all,
For Nature wishes not to give
The reason
Why things exist and why they die.
This still unknown, there is no soul,
No one who outlives the hand of fate.

M. TICKLE (6AM1)

"THE WINTER OF YOUR DISCONTENT IS O'ER"

New flowering rose, how fair now your flower,
Your torn flower, that destroyed semblance of your
once-possessed beauty?
Your new, mutated, flower is doomed,
Your strivings, insufficient.

Ugly is that new-born flower,
And, in the soil whence springs your nourishment,
Strive to restore your grace,
And kill that hateful, changed bloom.

That strife may last a wintry month,
But yet thou cannot win,
For the forces that did nurture you
Will end your sinful aberration,
Erase it from the realm of nature,
And recreate your beauty.

(With Acknowledgements)
P. LOFTHOUSE, (M6A)

ORDEAL IN THE NEW LABS

(The heaters in these labs were functioning for only a few days between January and April).

Ice crystals form on the windows,
Bunsen flames roar in the gloom.
Pale figures like statues sit frozen—
Shut away in this frostbitten room.

The heaters are cold and silent,
The waterpipes frozen like rocks.
At the front Mr. Lloyd stands smiling
in electrically heated socks.

In this ice-box the cold germs are breeding,
Influenza and mystery virus;
And although Mr. Lloyd is smiling,
His enthusiasm still cannot FIRE us.

D.D.

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Still the waters rose. "Have you never before witnessed precipitation?" ejaculated the Latin master, awoken from his paperback by the cries of those perishing below. Down in the Headmaster's Study, all is in chaos. His emergency message echoes over the grape-vine: "It is not usual for me to grant an extra half-term holiday in the middle of the week, but as the water is now above the ceiling, work may stop after this period." There is a tumultuous and deafening roar, hiss, and gurgle, as the Headmaster's pipe is extinguished, and a howl of defeat as his canes are whisked away from him, joining the raging surf, together with the school-books, chemistry apparatus, conkers and prefects . . .

A few hours later, you are peacefully punting across the yard on an upturned desk, the sun glistening on the water, Aeneas and the Rutullians forgotten, and the floating cathedral looking more imposing than ever. The seagulls swoop overhead, and all is now calm as dusk descends . . .

A piece of chalk is neatly thrown into your mouth, and you are woken to the harsh realism of Latin. It is the usual fifty lines of Virgil. Roll on that long awaited tintinabulation of the bell!

D. A. FEINTUCK (45c)

THE CELLAR

The large cellar was greatly out of proportion to the house. This was probably because the cellar had been built under a larger house, which had been burnt down. The stone steps led up to a heavy oak door which opened into the kitchen where the Warren family ate their meals.

It had been apparent for years that Tommy had been unhappy in the kitchen. As soon as he could crawl and had finished a meal he would crawl out of the kitchen as quickly as he could. If the cellar door was shut but not locked little Tommy would cry and run from the kitchen, and, if the slightest sign of blackness showed from under the door, he would get some old paper and push it into the crack. He seemed to be afraid of something in the cellar but his father had found nothing which might frighten him.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren had called the doctor, who suggested Tommy's fear of the cellar arose from a childhood accident in the cellar, and that the

best cure was to lock Tommy in the kitchen with the cellar door nailed open. When he found that there was nothing to fear he would no longer fear the cellar.

The following night, when the doctor arrived at the Warren house, he was greeted by Mrs. Warren, who told him that Tommy had been locked in the kitchen for almost an hour. They went down to the kitchen to let him out. They opened the door and Mrs. Warren screamed. There, on the floor, in a pool of blood, lay one of Tommy's shoes. The blood led down the stone steps, into the centre of the cellar where it came to an abrupt halt. Mrs. Warren, clutching the shoe, shouted hysterically at the doctor, "What shall we do?" The doctor replied, "There is nothing we can do. Your husband and I are both agreed that there is nothing in the cellar!"

C. HIPWELL (3A)

"WHEN ICICLES HANG"

Many and varied are the pleasures of Winter. One enjoys many things in that season of crackling ice and blazing fires, the season in which our greatest season falls, the time of year when gloves, scarves and overcoats are the order of the day.

Walking on snow. A pleasure chaste and untainted, a pleasure of purity and cleanliness, a delight of clear, crystalline perfection. A breath of true innocence, untouched and unblemished by our mercenary world. Surely the snow we have is all too little, we cannot have excess of this divine miracle.

Then, of course, the rough-and-tumble of the snowball fight. Hurling hastily prepared missiles and receiving them, a game often unpleasant in its consequences but unrivalled for joy in playing. Belligerent and raucous, the fight bounces and crashes from point to point. A helter-skelter of hurly-burly, a whirl of pleasure and a triumph of honest fun resulting in a cold, wet sensation.

That great festival which "comes but once a year" (to the relief of our nerves and wallets) begins in October and leaves us in January. The influence it wields over our lives is quite incredible. For three months it drives us wildly, buying, wrapping, posting and spending, spending, spending.

The shops array themselves in tinsel splendour. They scintillate in opalescent robes. They exult in iridescent raiment, clothed in sparkling silver, gold, glowing orange, icy blue, banal yellow and verdant green. One enters a palace of elaborate decoration, unrivalled glory and incomparable beauty when one walks through the door. Dazed by this splendour, one walks through the maze of near-celestial magnificence, buying sundry expensive presents freely with glazed eyes and a vacant stare.

The great day comes. The children wake you up at four o'clock in the morning, to let you see the presents you were distributing at dead of night. Blear-eyed and heavy-hearted, you get up and prepare for the ordeal. The morning is an experience not to be forgotten. The relatives arrive, throwing holly, blowing squeakers and wishing everyone, in stentorian tones (calculated to aggravate your migraine) a Merry Christmas.

One reaches one o'clock with a sickening feeling. The greatest Labour of Hercules is now to be tackled. The food is prepared for the battle. After an hour of desperate fighting, yourself wielding knife and fork and the food brandishing its weapon, indigestion, the victory goes to the food. (Notice I have enough delicacy not to use the phrase 'armed to the teeth'). You succumb to queasiness and it is with a sense of inestimable relief that we realise the whole ridiculous affair is over.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure of all is grumbling. Everyone enjoys moaning and moping. It is good for the soul to be parsimonious, sarcastic and objectionable. Winter gives you all the scope you want for grumbling. When

you have complete contentment, you are restless and dissipated:

"Oh don't the days seem lank and long,
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,
And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at!"

E. GRIFFITHS (2A)

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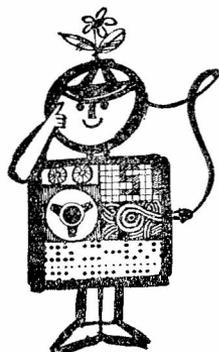
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- Who said "If they don't want bread let them have their cake and eat it"?
(a) Marie Antoinette?
(b) Mary Queen of Scots?
(c) Captain Cook?
(d) Mrs. Beeton?
(Be concise)
- Arrange in any order you like
(a) The Bore War
(b) The Great War
(c) Evelyn War
(Be belligerent)
- (a) Who wrote Keats' Ode to a Nightingale?
(b) What did it reply?
(Be bright)
- Confuse the following—
(a) Ford Madox Ford and Ford Madox Brown
(b) Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Samuel Coleridge Taylor
(c) Milton and Dettol
(Be safe)
- When did you last visit Horne's?
(Be honest)

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