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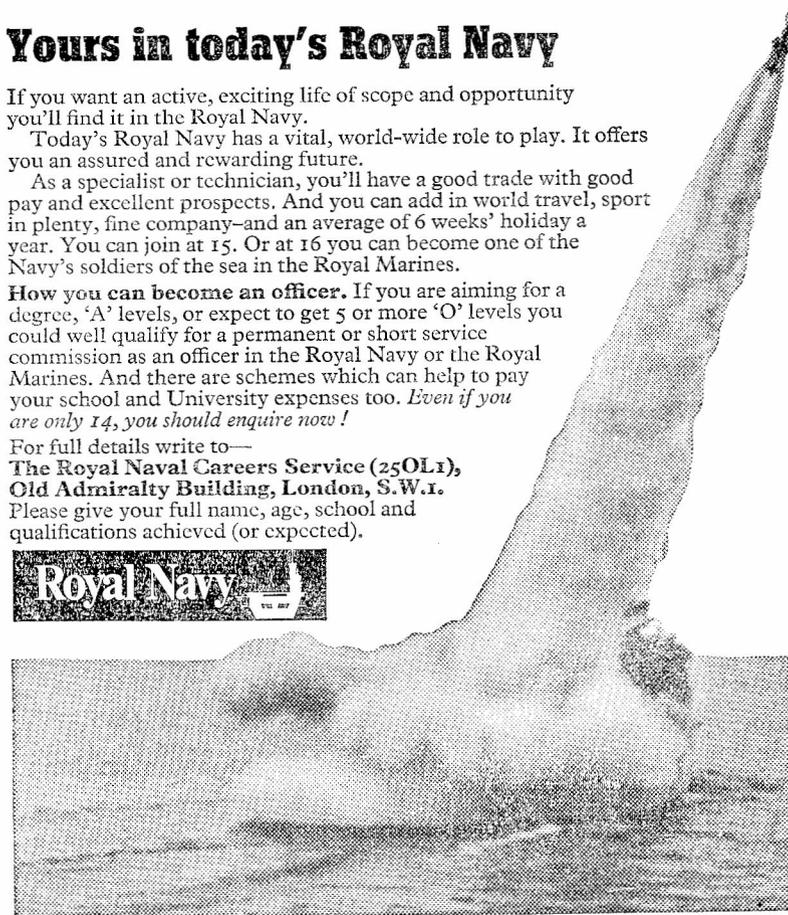
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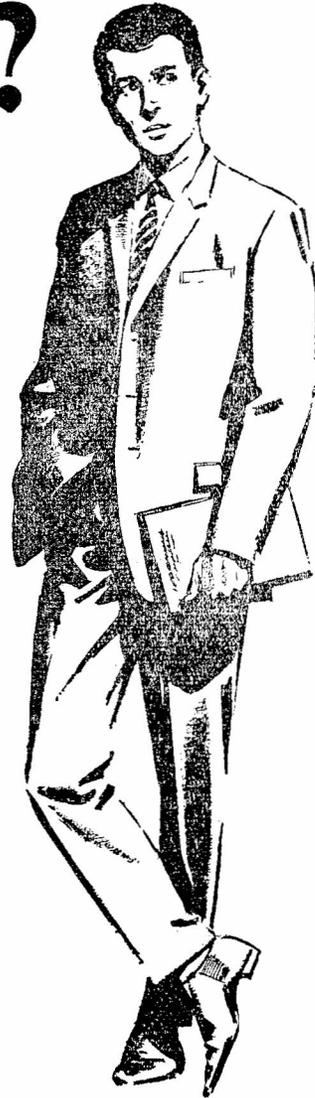
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DISTRICT BANK
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1967

elan

EDITORIAL

Human beings are fickle creatures. When last year 140 children lost their lives in the tragedy of Aberfan, the consciences of the whole world so stirred men to action that almost too much aid was raised in but four months. In stark contrast, the daily tragedy of many hundreds of child deaths from hunger in Asia and Africa makes little impact on the vast majority of people in the West. The reasons for this inconsistency are easy to discern: Aberfan was an immediate tragedy made even more so through the mass media of television and radio. "World Hunger" is a more remote phrase grown meaningless through over-exposure. Yet as a world crisis and a problem, it is of far greater significance than Aberfan could ever have been.

Complexities abound in the fight against the threat of starvation at present existing in two-thirds of the world. It is now apparent that aid is required that goes beyond the immediate needs of today; aid which gives people the training, the tools, the health and the energy to tackle their own problems without continual reliance on charity. As a recent Oxfam poster states: "Help Oxfam stop feeding hungry children". To this end, far greater co-operation than has hitherto been forthcoming must be demanded from all quarters of the globe. From Africa and Asia must come a greater willingness to forgo religious and political principles. Hindus one day will have to kill their sacred cows and Black Africa will have to trade with South Africa. Extensive educational programmes including vital advice on birth control and farming methods will have to be given precedence over any money-wasting prestige projects.

In the West, we, too, will have to change our sense of priorities and take greater regard of our moral responsibilities to the rest of humanity. The conquest of the moon may seem to be our immediate destiny, the most scientific achievement for which we can strive at this moment in time. Yet this very same highly developed technology, these brains, these vast financial resources could be used for a far more exciting achievement: that of growing enough food to feed the whole world; that of living together in a united world with some measure of equality so that no man can needlessly starve to death. It is not sufficient merely to pay lip-service to the problem of hunger, while still spending millions of pounds each year on nuclear arms which we aim never to use, on advertising and on luxury consumer goods. Positive action from each of us is required. If everyone in the West gave but 5/- a month to aid the East, over £1,200m. would be collected each year. How far more satisfying it would be if we each gave one-tenth of our annual income. That would be a positive sacrifice worthy of the name, a positive declaration of thanks for the affluent life we lead.

These, however, are but words and figures too easily ignored and too easily rejected. If only the immediacy of Aberfan could be translated into the immediacy of Asia. If only the emotive picture of the tear-stained mother scrapping frantically at the huge mound of black sodden coal slag beneath which her child is buried could be translated into the pathetic picture of a weeping Asian woman nursing the disfigured corpse of her child—an innocent victim of hunger. Perhaps, then, people would begin to appreciate the true meaning of the statement: "Every three seconds, somewhere in Asia, a child is dying from starvation."

MR. R. T. JONES

It is with shock and a deep sense of sorrow that we record the death of Mr. R. T. Jones, on Tuesday, 4th April.

Mr. Jones had been at the Institute since 1941, and was closely identified with all aspects of school life. His kindness, humour and natural exuberance made him extremely popular in the classroom, and also in the staff-room. The close links he maintained with many Old Boys were a tribute to the genuine affection and high regard with which he was held.

Mr. Jones had remarkable zest and a tremendous capacity for enthusiasm which he succeeded in communicating to his pupils. In the classroom he was always lively, provocative and stimulating. Many school activities received the benefit of his wisdom and wit: the Magazine, the Macalister Society and the Philatelic Society are particularly indebted to him.

It is a measure of his courage that he should have been teaching part-time until just before he died. It is indeed sad that a man of such intellectual gifts, such wide interests, and such capacity for friendship, should not have enjoyed a long and happy retirement. The School mourns the passing of a loyal friend and extends its deep sympathy to Mrs. Jones.

MR. H. STELL

It is with deep regret that we record the death at the beginning of May of Mr. H. Stell, a former member of the Staff, at the age of 81. Mr. Stell was in charge of P.E. for 35 years, retiring in 1950. He will be remembered by many Old Boys for his versatility in gymnastics, where his performances on the parallel and horizontal bars were such models of professional approach. He was a most kindly man, whose loyalty and devotion to the School still continued in his presence at Speech Day and on other occasions until very recently.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

Several Masters have either left during the year, or will be leaving at the end of term.

Mr. D. B. Davies has left us to become Assistant General Manager of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra after directing School Music for four years. "There was much care and valour in this Welshman" whose motto seemed to be "allegro vivace" and whose vitalising influence was felt in music classes, hymn practices, Speech Day singing, the Choral Society, the Orchestra and the Music Club. All music was his province. He moved easily from the Bach "Magnificat" through the Masses of Weber and Schubert to the realm of light opera. The success of "Yeoman of the Guard" last year was a notable testimony to his musical skill, his energy and his infectious enthusiasm. He did much for the School in many other ways. The Transport Society found him a keen and helpful leader while the Staff Common Room relied greatly on his organisational skill. We wish him every success in his future career.

During his time here as second History Master, Mr. Sharp has done much to encourage greater interest in historical studies. His inspired teaching, his fresh and vital approach to the subject and his gift for communicating his enthusiasm for it to his pupils have made his stay here a memorable one. He has also placed his other special interests at the disposal of the School. The hockey teams owe a great debt to his keenness for the game. A fine actor himself, he founded a Drama Group whose work bore fruit in the impressive production of "Billy Budd" in February. As an Old Boy of the Institute, Mr. Sharp willingly undertook the heavy duties of Secretary of the Old Boys Association, again displaying his usual energy and ability in serving

the interests of the School and its former members. We wish him every success in his new appointment as Head of History at the County Grammar School, Hyde.

There was a time when the initials TW were short for a satirical television programme, but for us at the Institute they have come to signify the indefatigable Mr. Williams.

Like all good schoolmasters, he has not only contributed energetically in the classroom, but has made a valued contribution outside: to the efficiency of the School Library, to the erudition of the Macalister Society, to the energy of the football field, and to the editing of the school magazine.

We are grateful to him for his teaching, particularly of Fifth and Sixth Form English, for his help with drama, and for the zeal and willingness with which he has responded to every request; and we wish him all happiness and success in his new work as Lecturer at Kirby Fields Training College.

Mr. J. B. Young left at Christmas to take up an appointment at King William College, Isle of Man. During his stay here he made a much valued contribution to several aspects of school life. He devoted time and energy to Cross-Country running and helped to maintain its very high standards. He also ran the Film Society, which he transformed into one of the most lively and flourishing of school societies. He will be missed for these contributions, for his scholarship, and for the excellence of his teaching. We wish him well in his new work.

Mr. Gammage came two years ago as Head of the Physics Department and he has done much to consolidate the School's high achievements in this subject. We are grateful for the keen interest he took in music and rugby, and wish him success in his new work with the Nuffield Foundation.

Mr. Sibbring has made a marked impact on the athletic and sporting life of the School. His outstanding skill as a rugby player was particularly welcome and he had much to do with the outstanding success of this season's rugby teams.

Mr. R. E. Roberts has been at the Institute for three years, and is leaving to become second Mathematics master at Ellergreen Comprehensive School. He will be greatly missed for the notable contribution he made to both soccer and cricket, and also for his mastery of the complicated technical side of school dramatic functions. The common-room will also miss his unfailing good humour and his splendid company.

In the Autumn term we welcomed the following new members of staff—
Mr. S. J. Bailey, B.Sc. (Liverpool); the Rev. G. A. Catherall, M.A. (Liverpool), B.D. (London); Mr. A. Clarke, B.A. (Manchester); Mr. R. J. Dougall, B.A. (Wales, Aberystwyth); Mr. W. Mercer, B.A. (Manchester); Mr. A. L. Penna, B.A. (London, University College); Mr. G. E. Roberts, B.Sc. (Leeds); Mr. A. Russell, B.A. (Wales, Swansea); Mr. J. Tolley, B.A. (Liverpool); Mr. J. Bullen, B.Sc. (Sheffield); M. R. Béliard (Rennes).

Speech Night was held on 19th December, at the Philharmonic Hall. The guest speaker was Professor T. C. Waddington, M.A., Ph.D., an Old Boy of the School.

During the year parties of boys have attended the following plays—
'La Cantatrice Chauve', by Ionesco, presented by Liverpool University French Department;

'Julius Caesar', performed by the Masque Players;

Sheridan's 'The Rivals', presented at the Everyman Theatre;

'Antony and Cleopatra', performed by the Liverpool Shakespeare Society;

'The Life of Galileo', by B. Brecht, presented by the Unity Theatre;

'Happy Days', by S. Becket, presented at the Everyman Theatre.

'Phèdre', by Racine, presented by the Unity Theatre.

'The Cherry Orchard', by A. Chekhov, presented by the Masque Players;

'La Zapatera Prodigiosa', by G. Lorca, presented by Liverpool University Spanish Department.

'El Concierto de San Ovidio', by A. B. Vallejo, presented by Manchester University Spanish Department.

School parties have also attended performances of the following films—'Dr. Zhivago', 'Animal Farm', 'Les Enfants Terribles', 'Othello'.

Parties from the Science Sixth-forms have visited John Summers and Sons Ltd., and the Pilkington Perkin-Elmer Ltd., at St. Asaph; they have also attended the Faraday Lecture at the Philharmonic Hall, and a lecture given by Sir Lawrence Bragg, at Liverpool University.

Performances of 'Billy Budd' were presented in Hall from 15th—18th February.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Gleave, and Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, on the occasion of their marriage.

We also congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Mellor on the birth of a daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Hailwood, Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. A. Clarke, on the birth of a son.

During the Easter holidays Mr. Watson and Mr. McDonald took a party to Paris; Mr. Parker and Mr. Dobson took a party to Switzerland, and Mr. Simmonds and Mr. Ledgerd took a party to Russia.

The prizes for the best original contributions to this issue of the magazine are as follows—

Senior Section: D. A. Feintuck.

Junior Section: E. R. Goldsmith.

We congratulate G. Brunskill on winning a Travel Scholarship to Berlin and Rome for his performance in the recent European Day Schools' Competition.

We also congratulate E. G. Owen for winning First Prize in the Hispanic Council Prize Examination. His award consists of a Travel Scholarship to Spain.

We are pleased to announce the following successes—

A. Bent, a Commonership in English at New College, Oxford.

P. A. G. Brown, a Commonership in Natural Sciences at Jesus College, Oxford

M. Garland, an Open Scholarship in Mathematics at Pembroke College, Oxford

M. K. Harper, an Open Exhibition in Mathematics at Christ Church, Oxford.

T. R. A. King, a Commonership in Modern Languages at Lincoln College, Oxford.

P. Lofthouse, an Open Scholarship in Mathematics at Wadham College, Oxford.

I. McNabb, a Commonership in Mathematics at Christs College, Cambridge.

E. G. Owen, an Open Scholarship in Modern Languages at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

E. D. Roberts, a Commonership in Modern Languages at Worcester College, Oxford.

Last year 42 boys secured university entrance, 4 proceeded to Colleges of Commerce, and 9 obtained places at Colleges of Education.

THE MIND FREEZE

The twentieth century poses a greater threat to our civilisation than any other in history. At no time since the fall of Rome has a society set into motion the generation of a force which will ultimately destroy it. The reassuring absence of a tangible threat is beguiling in its innocence, but let us not be deceived: we face the devaluation of society, the decomposition of corporate social intelligence which is the logical and unavoidable corollary of mass intellectual apathy, and self-induced mental impotency. Conformity to the preconceived contemporary opinion in everything from religion and culture to clothing and furniture is almost universal. The fashion cult dictates a uniform individuality, a facile esotericism. Individuality is the new, overtly acceptable conformity.

Imperial decline, desirable as it may be, has an intangible concomitant—a loss of national purpose. We have become a nation without an aim and are in danger of losing our identity. Coffee bars, cars, magazines which are tawdry imitations of brash American prototypes, are the visible, running sores of our sick society. Design has had its requiem. The deified dictators of fashion are intelligences barren of inspiration and originality devoid of genuine talent. The licence of common acceptance permits the exploitation of a gullible, tasteless, yet desperately materialistic and trend-conscious society.

Synthetic characters of the anti-hero type constitute the greater part of our population. In their minds there exists a great void. Unquestioningly assimilating pseudo-intellectual attitudes, they talk with artificially stimulated zeal on matters of manufactured controversial interest, while the most primitive morality is consigned to the indiscriminate furnace of standard-destroying popular opinion which is pedagogic ignorance. Our twentieth century standards are set at the nadir of attainment, facilitating comfortable mass conformity and enabling self-satisfied stagnation to replace a striving and a conflict essential for the apotheosis of human life into a rebirth of the finer spirit of the human race.

Passive acceptance is no answer. We dare not turn the other cheek to the smarming blows from the void, unless we desire the suffocation of a thousand years of individuality, without any hope of an ultimate social resurrection. We have the duty of emerging from the twentieth century with an identity and a culture intact. We are the generation who must take action against negative progress and barbaric intellectual suicide.

A. Bent

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH — AN OPINION

"The Anglican Church is in decline"—this has often been said by many of its critics, and they are right. People are not coming into the Church, and many who do, come only 'to keep up with the Jones's'. Granted, many people are being drawn into the Evangelical Churches, but the method of conversion is not one that can be praised; the time for "Hell, Fire and Damnation" and the misinterpretations of the Bible caused by quoting one sentence of a paragraph, has long since gone. Many people, and these include the Church's critics, also say that the need for tradition, ritual and custom has disappeared. But has it?

Surely, if we are to 'sell' the Church's doctrines to our modern society, we must resort to making the Church more attractive. To do this, surely a return to the ancient English religious customs is needed. Some people want to abolish symbolism entirely, but the doctrines of the Church could be better sold by a better use of it,—not however, a return to Rome. In country parishes what could bring home the message of God-Giver of Life better than the traditional ceremony of "Beating the Bounds" on Rogation Sunday? What illustrates the Easter story better than the hiding away of the cross in the Easter Sepulchre on Good Friday, and by ceremonially replacing it in its normal position on the Altar on Easter Day?

These are just two examples of the manner in which Church activities could be brightened up. There are many others which have been neglected and wrongfully branded in the same way as 'Popish', 'Popish?' Rubbish! They are as much a part of our National Heritage as is the Monarchy.

Brunskill, G. (6ASc3)

GAMES AT SCHOOLS

I think the main thing wrong with this school is the games arrangements. Our form (2B) only goes every three weeks. This in my opinion is terrible, for even when we do go everybody considers the school is doing us a big favour. By the time we arrive at Mersey Road there is never much time left

to play. Sometimes we are scheduled to go on a Tuesday, which means we have to miss gym—probably the best-liked period on the time-table. Sometimes we should go on a certain date, but it rains so that we must wait for another three weeks before going again to games. All this I think is terrible and I wouldn't be surprised if you thought the same. This should be stopped!
S. Ellis (2B)

THE E.E.C. QUADRILLE

(a song for children—with apologies to Lewis Carroll)
"Should we join the Common Market?" said the P.M. full of glee,
"There's a credit squeeze behind us and the country's on its knee.
See how eagerly the Danish and the Irish plan their tricks,
They are waiting and are scheming—will you come and join the six?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the six?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the six?
"You can really have no notion what advantage it will be,
When they take us up and put us, with the six, across the sea!"
But De Gaulle replied, "Trop tard, Trop tard!" and put us in a fix.
Said he thanked the P.M. kindly but we would not join the six.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the six.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the six.
"What matters it how far we go?" our comrade George replied,
"There is a U.S.A. you know, upon the other side."
The further off from England, the nearer is to heaven,
And remember if we join the six, we'll make them lucky seven.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you be the seven?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you be the seven?"
E. R. GOLDSMITH (3A)

SIXTH FORM SURVEY

At the end of the Easter Term, a survey was carried out at Sixth Form level to find out what the members of this stratum of the School thought about their privileges, and how these could be improved wherever possible. Of the forms distributed, practically all were returned, ensuring that the true opinions of this important minority were ascertained.

Before Sixth-Form conditions can be improved, feelings towards present-day rights and concessions must be determined. In fact, 71% considered that their privileges are insufficient, or in the case of one lower-Sixth form, virtually non-existent. Another 28% found them to be satisfactory, while only the other 1% thought that they were good!

Exactly two-thirds of those participating in the survey believed that the provision of a Sixth-Form Common-Room would be a worthwhile innovation, while the other third was opposed to such a venture. However 64% were against the provision of a tuck-shop on the premises for the exclusive use of the Sixth-Formers. 33% were in favour of the idea; the other 3% not being able to decide.

Whether or not Sixth-Formers should be made to attend certain periods and, in particular, School Assembly is a matter of controversy in the Liverpool Institute, and in other Schools throughout the country. 32% felt that attendance at Assembly should remain compulsory. A large number, 62%, however, considered that Assembly should be a voluntary affair. Very many of those in favour of retaining compulsory Assembly attendance considered that the other form of religious instruction—the R.I. period—should not continue to be compulsory. In fact, 89% would like to see attendance at this period become voluntary. Only 8% wished to maintain the present conditions for R.I. 89% of those interviewed believed that Gym periods should be left to the discretion of the individual, while 10% wanted no change in the system.

Contrary to popular belief, only 53% of the Sixth-Form were in favour of their being allowed to smoke at break and at lunch time, there being 33% opposed to such a concession. In the Sixth-Form, at the moment, no provision is made for games periods. In this respect, 86% would like to see an afternoon set aside for Sixth Formers to attend the sporting activity of their choice, should they so desire. A mere 9% were against such an innovation.

A factor which often contributes to conditions in the School is the attitude of members of Staff towards their Sixth-Form pupils. 9% considered that the Staff are very friendly, 66% friendly, 18% neutral, and 7% did not fit into these categories. These figures suggest that the Staff have no bearing on the present state of affairs, inasmuch as their attitude towards the boys is not aggravating the situation.

Perhaps the most important fact to emerge from the survey was on the question of school dinners—that much maligned institution. At the moment, only 39% of the Sixth Form actually have school dinners regularly. If improvements were made in the service provided, 49% of those who do not now buy dinners would then do so. That would mean that almost 70% of Sixth Formers would purchase these subsidised meals. Many questionnaires returned contained points of constructive criticism and some worthwhile suggestions. By far the most common point raised was that of providing liquid refreshment with the school meals—even if this involved an extra charge. A menu, providing purchasers with a choice of items, would be an innovation that could be made without much inconvenience being caused.

The practice of issuing boys with 'pink-slips' if they wish to leave School during the lunch-break met with a great number of adverse comments. A far more practical way of controlling exit from the School would be to have a 'pass-out' book which boys would sign on their departure, and again on their return. Sixth-Formers on the whole feel that they should not have to queue up to go for dinner, and should be free to go to the canteen at 12.50, or whenever they wished.

The survey has been carried out, and the Sixth-Formers have expressed their opinions on the questions that affect them. They await some action, for Sixth-Formers are not mere children, constantly complaining, but mature teenagers, whose contemporaries in industry and commerce are having their say in the affairs relevant to them.

D. CASEY (M6A)

THE GREAT SPLIT

In our thirst for greater knowledge, we have, with great care and initiative, drawn up a list of who does what, where. For this purpose we have split the Sixth Forms into four groups—Classics, Mathematics, Modern and Science. We then compiled a table of the number of Sports Captains, Society Secretaries, Prefects, etc., in each group. The table is printed here for your perusal and edification.

	Classics	Maths	Modern	Science
Number in group	9	38	99	65
SPORT — Captains	1	2	5	7
Vice Captains	—	2	1	1
Secretaries	—	3	3	3
Colours	1	5	5	9
Half Colours	1	4	8	7
SOCIETY — Secretaries	1	7	11	4
Treasurers	1	3	2	5
Librarians	1	4	4	1
PREFECTS	—	1	7	6
PRO-PREFECTS	2	3	10	3
HOUSE CAPTAINS	—	1	2	5
VICE CAPTAINS	1	—	6	1

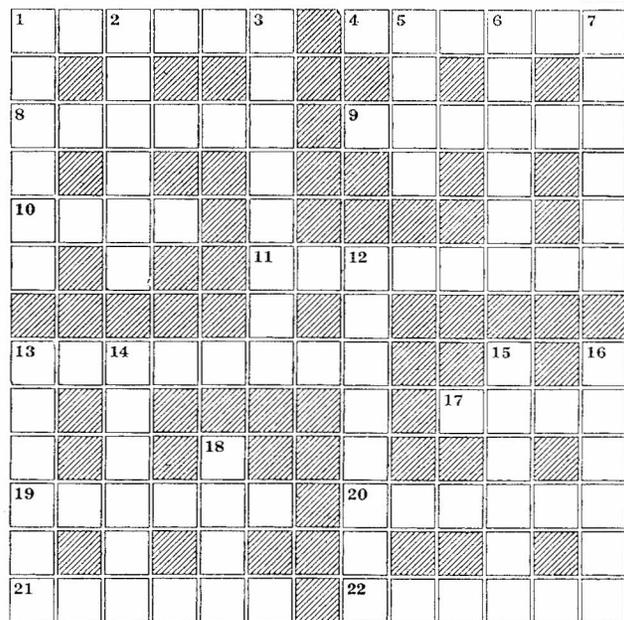
It is interesting to note that of the above posts, 7 boys held two, 13 boys held three, 2 boys held four, and 3 boys held five or more, the largest number of posts held by any one boy being 7.

The boy with seven posts is of course M. K. Harper (M6A2), who, since this article was compiled, has left us, thus facilitating a speedy return to democracy in society hierarchy. The two boys with five posts are P. G. Facey and P. B. Robertson, both of 6ASc3, who between them control most of the school's sporting life. Incidentally the head boy, T. R. A. King (6AM1) has obtained for himself the two most distinguished and status-giving secretaryships available, those of the Literary and Debating and Macalister societies, and is, of course, editor of this particular publication.

A mathematical analysis of the results of this survey gives the Classical VIth an average of 1 job to each boy, the Maths 0.92 of a job to each boy, Science 0.83 to each boy, Arts 0.65 to each. Thus it would seem that the Arts VIth do not seem to attract boys of the administrative and sporting capabilities as Messrs. Harper, Facey and Robertson.

It should be noted that all figures and names are taken from the October 1966 edition of the Green Book, and since then, boys have come and gone. The Editors of "Elan" wish to thank M. K. Harper (now filling all available office space at Royal Insurance) for the idea of this article. M.K.H & G.B.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE CROSSWORD BY COULSHED



CLUES ACROSS

1. A red table wine.
4. Roman author of the "Georgics".
8. An idea.
9. Bare.
10. Every one individually.
11. A guard.
13. Glacial deposits.
17. A ruler of Russia—but not any more!
19. Vegetables, akin to the onion.
20. Jet cab (anagram).
21. Gypsy language.
22. Cricketer, amateur golfer, politician and columnist.

CLUES DOWN

1. A malignant growth.
2. District of Ancient Greece.
3. The noble poet.
5. Periods in time.
6. Inhabitant of a West European country.
7. A vegetable allied to the pea.
12. Sane bond (anagram).
13. Manager of Manchester City F.C.
14. Radioactive element.
15. To express compliance.
16. A bowl-shaped depression.
18. A high office in the Church.

THE SCHOOL PLAY

It was with a somewhat pioneering spirit that "Billy Budd" was chosen as the school play to be presented on four consecutive evenings in February of this year. Consigned to antiquity at last was the tacit tradition that formerly limited choice to the sacrosanct Trinity of Sheridan, Shaw and Shakespeare. The fusion of a satisfying story element with a parabolic theme of universal moral application made refreshing, highly compelling entertainment, while the fact that the cast contained no female parts rendered the play particularly suitable for school performance.

The conflict of personified moral antitheses results in a concentration of interest on the characters of Claggart, Budd and Vere, who stands, rent by doubt, between the forces of Good and Evil. J. Bratherton's portrayal of Claggart was, in many ways, the finest single contribution to a production of consistently high quality. Being both humanly credible and yet sufficiently forceful, this character emerged as a soul engaged in an endless quest for something beyond its reach—a sadistic egotist, fascinated by the impression his own cruelty is making on those he victimises. D. McKittrick showed a thorough understanding of his role and from his first scene with Claggart to the end of the play was in complete sympathy with the likeable, utterly guileless character of Budd, who is the symbol of innocence.

The opening scene was rather slow, possibly because of its expository nature. Likewise, the trial scene proved tiresome to many members of the audience. Elsewhere, a lively pace was maintained, and the few moments of comedy were managed with discretion.

M. Ainsworth was faced with an unenviable task as Vere, to whose lips are assigned some of the play's more melodramatic lines, and he is to be congratulated on attaining any degree of credibility. Among a proficient cast, G. Prince and M. Fitzsimmons also merited praise for particularly enjoyable performances.

Mr. J. E. Sharp's production resulted in many effective stage pictures and grouping was good, if slightly static. Fights, of which there were several, were excellently staged. The maindeck scenery created a realistic impression and those who had to negotiate the perilous-looking rope ladder deserve some recognition for their agility. The scenery for Veres' cabin was entirely unconvincing, however, being neither sufficient cover for what lay behind, nor effective in its own right.

It is to be hoped that the overall success of this production will set a precedent for a more adventurous choice of school plays drawn from the vast fund of twentieth century literature, and that the talents of the Dramatic Society may be channelled into the rewarding, if uncharted, field of modern British drama.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 1966-67 season was a fairly average one for the 1st eleven. They played good football throughout the season, with the defence being sound but the forwards failing to link up well with each other, even though there was plenty of individual skill amongst them. This was the reason why so many

chances were wasted. Three of the most notable matches of the season were the games against Manchester, which were drawn 3-3 and 1-1, and against the Collegiate when the school won 4-0. Both of these teams are very strong and the 1st did exceptionally well.

When the Shield came along they were drawn against Prescott, whom they had beaten 2-1, and also lost to 2-1 earlier in the season, but in a rather scrappy match they were defeated 3-0 and Prescott went on to win the Shield by beating the Holt 1-0 in the final.

In the first of the Staff matches the 1st eleven won 2-0, but the Staff gained revenge by defeating them 3-1 later on in the season.

Excluding Staff & Shield matches the final results for the 1st XI were—

P 23 W 8 L 10 D 5 F 43 A 50

From the results shown above it would seem that the 1st did not have a good season, but some of these matches were lost by a goal being scored in the closing stages of the match.

The 2nd & 3rd XI's both had good seasons, playing with great enthusiasm. The U-15 team had an average season, and in the Shield they beat Hillfoot 6-2 away from home, but in the 2nd round lost 6-1 to Ruffwood, the eventual winners of the competition.

We would like to thank all the masters concerned for giving up their spare time to organise and referee the matches.

R. W. JERVIS

We would not wish to conclude this article without giving our congratulations to Sandy Bradbrook who has been appointed captain of Cambridge University's soccer team. He was captain of the Liverpool Institute first eleven for two years, and also captained the Merseyside Grammar School's team on tour in Germany. We also give him all best wishes for his future happiness. He is to be married at Bradford Cathedral on June 17th.

L.M.



HOCKEY

After a distinctly unsuccessful autumn term the 1st XI once again proved its unpredictability by winning most of its matches in the spring term. This strange turn in fortunes can be attributed partly to the fact that a settled team was at last found and the forward line became an effective unit.

Although a large number of this year's 1st XI will be leaving, the remaining nucleus should form a successful combination with the enthusiastic players from this year's 2nd XI. Towards the end of the season a Colts team was formed, and the prowess of these players augurs well for the future.

The members of all the teams would like to thank Messrs. Eyre, Sharp, Cummings and Rogers for their support and umpiring during the year. During the Christmas holidays S.T. Williams was selected for West Lancashire schoolboys and D. Jones was a reserve. M. J. Ainsworth was selected for the final Lancashire Schools trial.

I. W. THOMAS



RUGBY

Results—1st team—won 14 lost 7 drawn 2 for 265 against 142

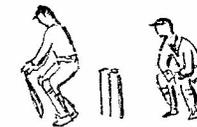
This season has been the most successful since the rejuvenation of the Rugby Club some years ago. There are now two senior and two junior teams in operation, ensuring a steady flow of competent players for coming seasons and promising a bright future for the club.

Greater fitness and speed has been notable throughout the team, and the perfecting technique saw the eventual realisation of some of the full potential and ability in the team. Early season fears that the heavy winter weather would render the comparatively light 1st XV pack at a disadvantage were dispelled by the generally good conditions prevailing. This meant that the three quarters saw more of the ball than had been anticipated and the superior speed of the wings was put to good use. Even more possession would have been obtained had line-out play been improved earlier, and one cannot over-emphasise the importance of attendance at early season training sessions.

The 2nd XV generally came up against strong opposition from rugby schools, and although the results might have been disappointing, the general standard of play improved during the season. This improvement was evident when certain members replaced 1st XV players and acquitted themselves creditably, thus providing healthy competition for 1st team places.

Most important of all, however, the club's players have really enjoyed their rugby and have proved that the better the standard of play, the more enjoyable the game becomes.

G. OWEN



CRICKET

1st XI Record—WWWLLWWLLWLLLDL

The 1st XI had a fair season, starting well but fading in the later part of the season.

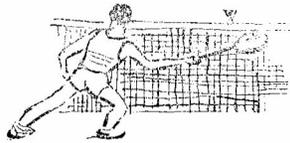
The side was captained by D. S. Honour and played its first match against the Liobians. This was the first game of D. J. Bruce, then in 4B, who proved to be the find of the season. The 1st won by 36 runs and there were good performances by Kayes (75), and Honour and Bruce who bowled well. A victory over Hillfoot Hey (Kayes 39 not out, Bruce 5-33) put them in confident mood for a 1st Round Knock-out match against Prescott and some fine

bowling by Bruce (6-21) won the match. The match against Calday Grange was drawn and then the first defeat was inflicted by Holt High School.

In the 2nd Round Knock-out, the 1st lost by 1 run to Waterloo, despite the bowling of Bruce and N. A. H. Robertson. The Liobians were beaten again, and then a revenge victory was scored over Waterloo. Without Bruce, the 1st lost to Sefton and Liverpool Cricket Clubs, the only bright spots being 63 by N. A. H. Robertson and a rally by the tailenders. Bruce returned to take 5-20 against St. Mary's College, and the 1st won. The 1st lost to the Liverpool University Staff XI but the bowling of Bruce (7-46) earned him his colours. Against Oldershaw, Bruce again starred, taking 6-30, but the match was lost by a batting collapse, as was that against Birkenhead School. The Staff match was drawn, (Kayes 68 not out) and the final match against King's School, Chester was lost.

The 2nd XI had a poor season but the junior teams did well and produced several outstanding players, who, it is hoped, will mature to strengthen the 1st or 2nd XI.

P. C. G. CRITCHLEY M6A

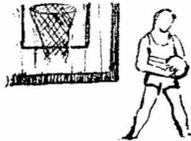


BADMINTON

The Badminton Club has had another enjoyable season. The standard of play has improved markedly during the Friday Lunch Hour meetings, but owing to restrictions imposed by having only one court, membership has had to be limited to eight players.

As the school will soon be receiving some new badminton equipment, it is hoped that interest will be aroused amongst boys, and possibly a school team started.

A. M. CHILDS (AM1)



BASKETBALL

This year the school team was in the process of rebuilding and opened the season with mixed success. It was difficult to find the winning form of last year's team, but as the new players gained experience and skill the team became more successful. The end of the season saw the team in fine form, winning its last five matches, the final record being—

Played 21 Won 12 Lost 8 Drawn 1.

We would like to thank Mr. Goodall for his perseverance and help when the team was out of luck, and Mr. Morgan and Mr. Sweeney for their welcome support.

J. P. BROWN (Capt.)



CROSS COUNTRY

The Senior team brought more honours to the school this year. From the results it achieved in the Cup Races it would appear that a jinx hung over it. The team finished 2nd in the Northern Schools, The Cumella, The Sangster, The Senior Road Relay and 3rd in the Waterloo Road Race, but that 1st place eluded it. The four regular members of the team, Collingwood, Ellison, Forrest (capt.) and Smith, not only supported the School, but also the Liverpool City Team. In the Lancashire Championship, Collingwood finished 7th, but was unable to represent Lancashire in the English Championship, because of the Northern Schools.

Enthusiasm in the U-12 team was high, and Young qualified for the Liverpool Team. The U-14 lacked runners and interest. The U-16 team, consisting of Bolton, Dolman and Neill, won more races than they lost. Bolton's improved standard enabled him to be a member of the Senior Relay Team.

Finally the teams would like to thank Mr. Kingman whose advice in training methods has improved the performance of every athlete.

J. I. N.



CHESS

This season the 1st team defeated Liverpool College, Cowley G.S., King George V School, Southport, St. Anselm's College and St. Edward's College, losing only to Ormskirk G.S. (3-4) and Calday Grange (3-4) in the Wright Shield. This meant the team finished 3rd out of 18.

In the Sunday Times K.O. the 1st team, having defeated Bolton G.S., St. Edward's College, Manchester G.S. and Calday Grange G.S., lost the zonal final to St. Malachy's College, Belfast.

The U-15 and U-13 teams played in the Liverpool Schools' Chess Leagues, having fixtures against Sefton Park, Wellington, Speke, Aigburth Vale, St. Edward's College, Bluecoat and Ruffwood. The U-15's won 10, drew 1, lost 1 and finished 2nd and the U-13's won 8 and drew 2, also finishing 2nd.

In the Liverpool School's K.O., S. Carney reached the semi-final and D. J. Evans and P. W. Blundell the finals of their respective sections. In the Merseyside Chess Congress, M. Tate, S. Carney, G. Wynch, P. R. Davies and D. J. Evans won their respective sections. R. J. Holland and P. W. Blundell have also represented Lancashire at chess.

P. W. BLUNDELL M6A

UNDER 15 RUGBY XV

That the high hopes held for this team at the beginning of the season were not fully realised was certainly not due to lack of enthusiasm on the players'

part. A cruel spate of injuries before Christmas kept some of the most promising players out of the team for the whole or part of the season, to the detriment of both team stability and results.

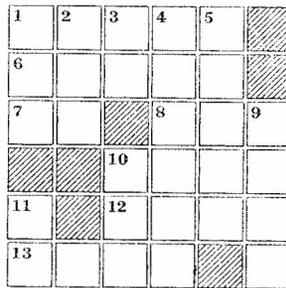
It was, nevertheless, pleasing to watch a very marked improvement in standard of play and fighting spirit as the season progressed. J. B. W. Wignall must be congratulated for his astute captaincy, W. N. Johnston for his safe often immaculate, play at full-back, and I would single out R. A. Drillsma, G. J. Rossiter and D. G. Bowes as the most improved players. These, and several others, will be pressing hard for 1st XV places next season.

M. L. B.

A CROSS-NUMBER PUZZLE

BY MUSSELL

As a change from the crosswords ever-present in magazines and newspapers, here is a cross-number puzzle. The principle is the same, only the clues are to numbers rather than words.



CLUES ACROSS

1. Its digits are consecutive.
6. 1 across subtracted from its reverse.
7. See 13 across.
8. A multiple of 11 down.
10. A prime.
12. A multiple of a factor of 3 down.
13. 7 across x 10 down = 100.

CLUES DOWN

1. A prime.
2. The cube of a digit in 1 across.
3. See 12 across.
4. A cube.
5. A square.
9. See 11 down.
10. See 13 across.
11. A prime. Its reverse is the HCF of 4 down and 9 down.

SWITZERLAND 1967

On Thursday morning, April 6th, the School sent yet another envoy of would-be ambassadors to terrorise the kindly folk in Brunnen. Thirty-eight boys made up the greater portion of this party; others who went included Mr. & Mrs. Parker, who incidentally was a 'substitute' at the last minute for Mr. Preece who unfortunately was not able to make it with us, Mr. Dobson and the 'young at heart' general Mr. Bentliff. The journey out lasted twenty-three hours, and all of us arrived feeling rather tired.

We managed to get into our rooms after a short delay, and had our long-awaited lunch. Mr. Dobson, (bless his leather walking-boots), managed to whip up enough enthusiasm amongst some of the boys to go for a walk up Morschach. Most of the younger boys decided to stay in Brunnen, probably to get the 'layout' of the place, and to prepare for their forthcoming campaigns. The walk, which led through a small wood behind Brunnen, gave some excellent views of Brunnen itself, and also Lake Lucerne. To the more ignoble of us, the Brownie 127 Club, the bright sunshine and haze kept photos down to a minimum, but several 'pros.' took numerous pictures of the exquisite scenery offered by the sunlit snowpeaks and glittering water. Inevitably, the first snowball was thrown at, and hit, Paul 'Robbo', with Paul

demonstrating his fluency in German: at least we hope it was German!

The evenings passed in more or less the same way each night. The locals couldn't help but pass comment on the 'Institute Romeos who hunted in packs'. The victims were a school of unfortunate Taunton girls who were constantly wooed by our Cassanovas underneath their 'balconies' with such romantic terms as 'eh tatty 'ed, dis kid wants ta go wid ya,' and other such interjections.

Mr. Parker and his 'team', whom we must sincerely thank for a highly successful and enjoyable holiday, had the holiday really well organised. Even the waitress spoke English and we were never short of 'soope', 'cheeps', or 'letus'. Three full day outings were organised.

The first was probably the most interesting journey. We left by bus for Liechtenstein on a day when the 'Fohn' wind, a local wind, was in full cry. Bets were taken on this journey as to whether we would reach Vaduz without hitting anything, but no money was paid out as we had a very capable driver. The scenery which we passed through was something out of fairyland, and the weather was perfect, clear blue sky and really warm sunshine. We passed through picturesque villages, and visited a wonderful monastery at Einsiedeln. Rapperswill, on Lake Zurich, provided an excellent stopping place on the way back, but fervent attempts to make some money playing guitars by our two senior members ended in vain, although an elderly couple showed their appreciation by actually applauding (so there!).

Mr. Dobson's desire to visit Lugano was fulfilled on the Tuesday. Travelling by train through the St. Gotthard Pass, we moved from brilliant sunshine into cloudy, damp weather. Lugano, however, had all the signs of being a real 'swinging city', and everyone managed to enjoy a fairly long stay except for Mr. Bentliff whose passion for a cup of tea was not satisfied. Some ventured onto the lake, (in a boat, that is), and went on a pleasant hour's trip which passed into Italian territorial waters. Some of our more talented youngsters attempted to get on the 'tele' in a local park, but I think they were more interested in the singer, (female). Lugano accounted for a large proportion of our money in its many fine shops. The train journey itself merits mention as the train shuttled backwards and forwards through the mountains, and this could easily be seen from the train.

Incidentally, something should now be said about the packed lunches. We had packed lunches.

Lucerne was the last of the day trips, and was in fact the last outing of the holiday. Travelling by lake steamer, we threaded through the lake, stopping at the very small lakeside villages which are usually inaccessible by road. Certain individuals, G, Mc, T, D, are lucky to be able to read this account as they were nearly thrown to the swans in the lake, but perhaps the swans would have thrown them back. The town itself offered several points of interest, the Transport Museum, Lion Monument, Glacier Gardens, a couple of 'swish' looking bridges, and bars. Any money which was left went to the shops of this other superb shopping centre. We returned to Brunnen by train.

The Tuesday will go down as a very sad day in the holiday. Weeping girls could be seen on the station platform in Brunnen as they said goodbye to their loved ones, and exchanged locks of hair. One of our boys was given a pair of stilts as a memento!!!!

The last day, Friday, everyone did as they pleased and most of us had a 'footee' match watched by non-partisan locals. (Our team won). At 7.10 pm we started on the long trek homewards. Basle station suffered an impromptu concert on the platform at about 12.30 a.m. Acquaintances were renewed as we boarded the train for the final leg to Calais. The boat seemed like a travelling hospital as it was half full of people with some kind of broken

limb, but we were all broke. The customs proved to be no bother, and we were on our way to London and finally Liverpool. This final leg was spent discussing plans for future holidays as everyone agreed, the holiday was 'd'gear'.

PETER FACEY (6ASc3)

EASTER TRIP TO PARIS — 1967

At 10.30 p.m., on March 22nd, 36 First and Second formers, accompanied by Mr. Watson and Mr. McDonald, set off on the first leg of the long journey to Paris. After travelling for most of the night we arrived in London and ate a long-awaited breakfast. We left London (Victoria) for Newhaven quite early and arrived at noon. After the formality of passport-checking, we boarded the 'Valencay', and headed for France. We all looked eagerly for the first sign of the French coast, and when it finally loomed up before us, there was great relief as we had been at sea for nearly 5 hours. We disembarked and were now standing on firm French soil, and how good it felt!

Our first view of Paris was, of course, the Eiffel Tower, which could be seen from at least twenty miles away. We finally arrived in the famous city, and after some French food at our Lycee, we were off to bed, as we had been travelling for nearly 24 hours.

A full timetable lay ahead of us. We started our holiday with a coach ride round the city. Now we were able to enjoy the wonders of Paris. Famous places visited were: the Place des Vosges, where Victor Hugo lived, the site of the infamous Bastille, the Chateau and Forest of Vincennes, the beautiful Sacré Coeur on the hill of Montmartre, and, of course, the Arc de Triomphe, with its ever-burning flame. In the afternoon we visited the magnificent palace of the Louvre, with its beautiful art collections, including, of course, the Mona Lisa. The ascent of the ancient cathedral of Notre Dame was a highlight of the holiday, and most of us enjoyed taking photographs of the magnificent view obtained from this point. The infamous Gargoyles were a great attraction.

We had excursions to three famous houses outside Paris. On the Sunday we visited the chateau of Fontainebleau and its forest, where Napoleon once lived and hunted. The next day we saw another of Napoleon's houses—Malmaison, and the Palace of Versailles, the favourite haunt of Louis XIV. We also visited the Cirque d'hiver and the zoo. Both these were greatly enjoyed.

Tuesday morning was the one we had all been waiting for—the ascent of the Eiffel Tower. It was unfortunate that no sooner had we reached the top, we were compelled to come down as the tight schedule would not permit us to make up the time we had lost in queuing. On the last day, we visited the Conciergerie—the gloomy prison where Marie Antoinette spent her last hours, and les Invalides, home of Napoleon's tomb.

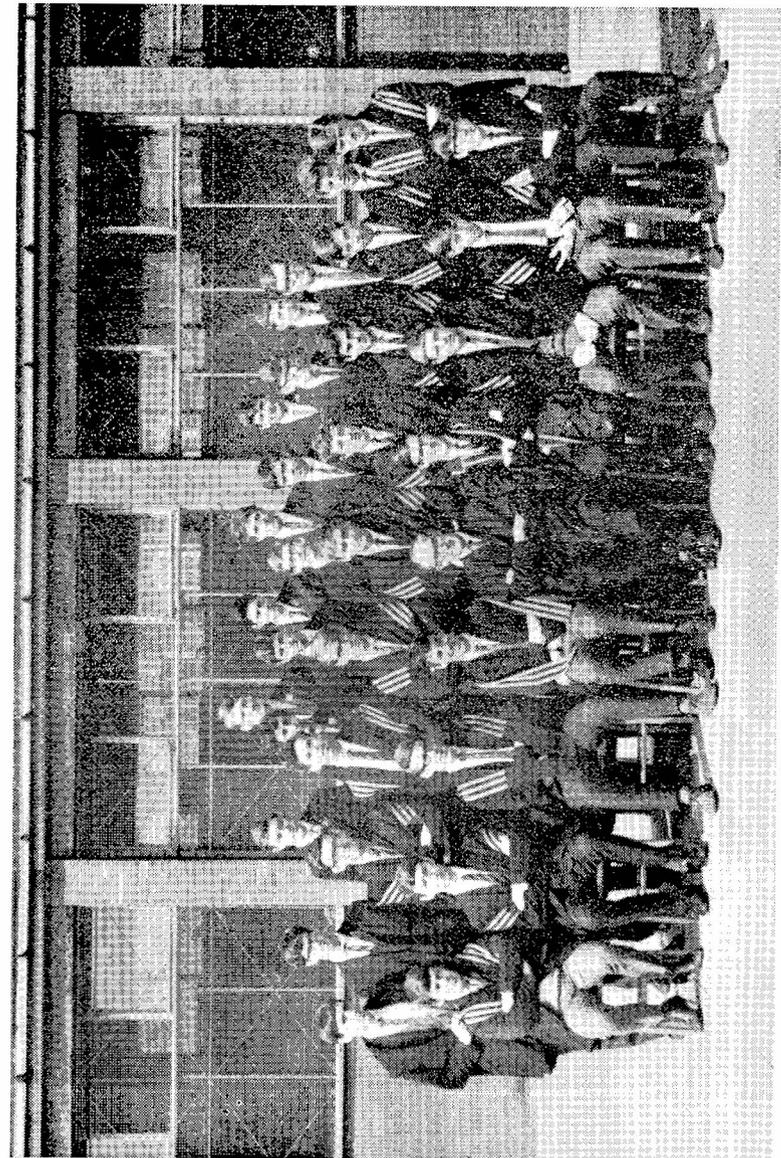
Suddenly, it seemed, our holiday was at an end and we were now on our way home. After a journey which varied slightly from the other in that we crossed the channel by the Dunkirk-Dover ferry, we arrived in Liverpool, having stopped off in London to see Westminster Abbey. We were a tired, but happy and contented party.

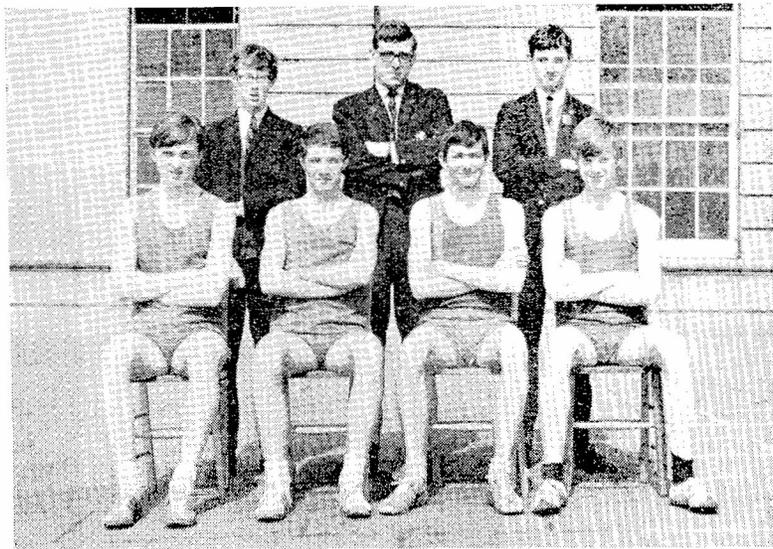
Finally we would like to thank Messrs. Watson and McDonald for having made possible this enjoyable and interesting trip. L. ABBIE (3B)

A JOURNEY BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

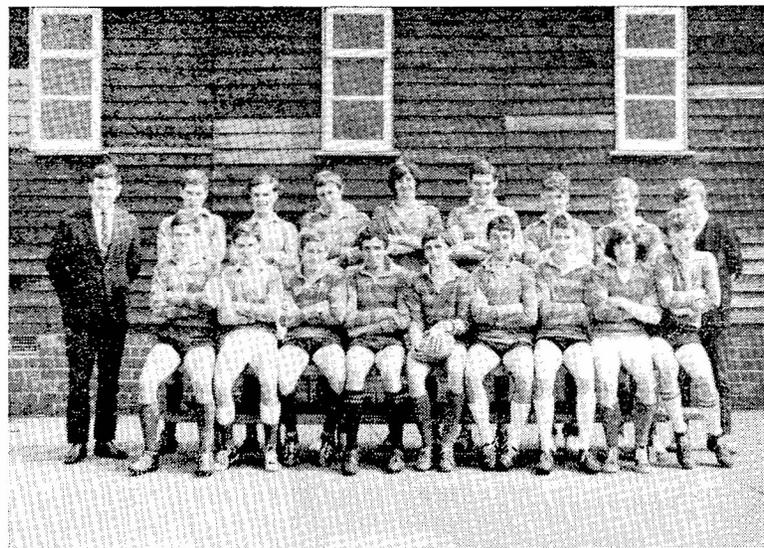
Our itinerary included Warsaw, Moscow, Leningrad, and Berlin. We arrived in Warsaw on Maundy Thursday, at about six p.m., forty-two hours after leaving Liverpool. The Polish capital was completely destroyed by Hitler's armies during the second world-war, but has since been reconstructed exactly as it was before. Our hotel was in the "oldest" and quietest part of the city.

(continued on page 27)





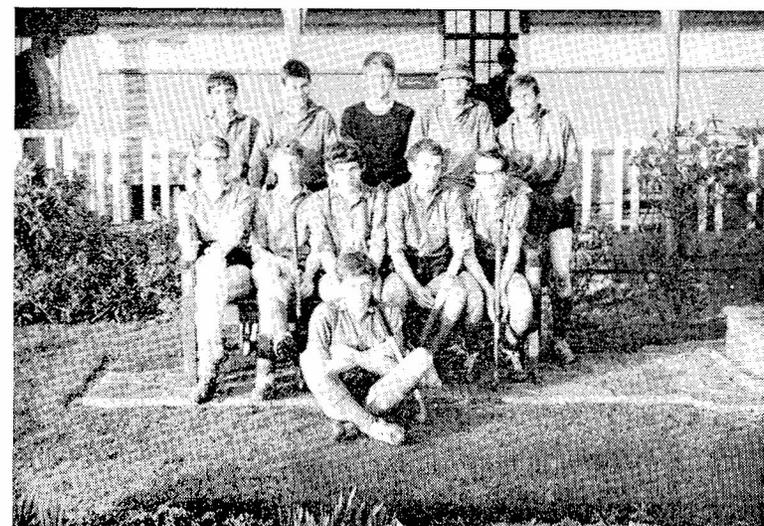
THE SCHOOL SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY TEAM



1st RUGBY XV 1966-67



1st FOOTBALL XI 1966-67



1st HOCKEY XI 1966-67

(continued from page 22)

The middle-aged people of Warsaw, who survived the war, resented us somewhat, partly because we were foreign, and, I think, because we tried to speak in Russian with them. They are very religious, and on Easter Saturday we saw them queuing to go to church. The younger generation (our generation), however, were very friendly indeed, and were anxious to learn about the modern 'pop' culture of the West, particularly admiring America. I thought their clothing was quite trendy, and their tastes in music certainly coincided with ours.

The shops do not have a lot to offer: expensive souvenirs for tourists; and the every-day clothing was expensive and poor in quality; a shirt cost about three times as much as an English one, and was about half as good. The food in the hotel was excellent, but fresh fruit and vegetables were very rare; the display in a Polish grocery-shop would consist mainly of tins and bottles. Some items of consumer goods (especially beer) were in very short supply.

I would not like to live in Warsaw, because of the poor range, quality, and high prices of consumer goods, and also because the flats for the inhabitants are built in depressing blocks, and their architecture is unimaginative.

Moscow is like a big construction-site, which just needs the finishing-touches to become quite a pleasant town. A coat of fresh paint, and improvements in the drainage of some of the roads would go a long way towards achieving this.

Another impression one gains of Moscow is the distinctly different styles of architecture. I noticed four distinct styles, which coincide with various periods of Russian history. Firstly, there are the wooden, intricate, Slavonic style cathedrals and monasteries of the period before Peter the Great; then European styles took over when Peter introduced his programme of Europeanisation; the post-revolutionary Marxist, utilitarian style, where everything is done as economically as possible; and then, with the detente in the Cold War, one can detect Western influence in the architecture. The Moscow underground-railway is unique. It is spotlessly clean, and the station walls are inlaid with marble and gold-leaf.

The Muscovites were not as friendly as the Leningraders, and the only people who spoke to us wanted chewing-gum and biros. The students, however, were very friendly, and I was surprised to learn how much they knew about the West. Among the students Ian Fleming was widely read, and "Room at the Top", which would have been banned seven years ago, was a set book at an English institute there. The group at this institute were very well acquainted with British pop music.

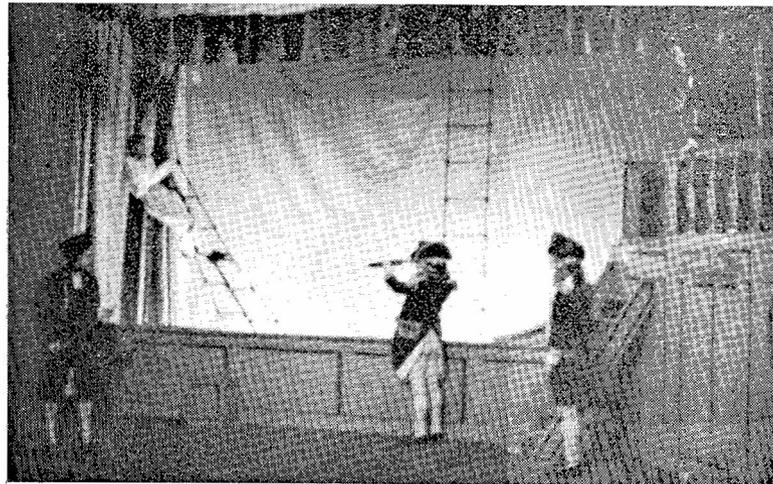
However enlightened about us they are, we are still painted in some quarters as nasty capitalists. In the Palace of Young Pioneers in Moscow, we saw an exhibition illustrating the conditions of children in other countries. One picture showed three small children, quite well-dressed, sitting in a room with bunk-beds, and bars on the window. The caption said that these children were "in prison in the English town of Leeds, Columbia, because their parents refused to pay the rates."

In Leningrad, which is a beautiful city, I was struck by the overt friendliness of the people. Although we stayed there only four days, I can recall at least half-a-dozen instances of their friendliness and kindness. One man overheard me enquiring in a book-shop for a street-map, of which there were none available, and so he approached me and gave me his own, which he said he did not need any more. About an hour later, wondering about the best way to get back to our hotel, Robin Limmack and myself met a boy of our own age who took us there, even though it was inconvenient for him.

The centre of Leningrad is wonderful. Everything you may want, shops, cinemas, are on or adjacent to the main street, the Nevsky Prospect (avenue) and the avenues on the other islands were miniature versions of the Nevsky. The Neva embankments enable you to walk along and see all the places made famous by Russian literature and history: the Peter-and-Paul fortress; the



TEAM TAKING PART IN RECENT TRANSWORLD TOP OF THE FORM



SCENE FROM "BILLY BUDD"

Winter Palace (now part of the Hermitage, one of the greatest art-galleries in the world); the Bronze Horseman, and so forth.

Like Moscow and Warsaw, Leningrad is spotlessly clean; there is no litter, and not much smoke or air-pollution. The Russian food was not to my liking; they tend to place the emphasis on nourishment and satisfaction of appetite, rather than gastronomic niceties. Again greens and fruit are not plentiful.

The traffic situation is better than in England. People cross only at zebra crossings, and obey the lights which tell them to "cross" or "stay". The main thoroughfares are quite busy, but the side-streets are practically unused, and badly lit.

We spent only ten hours in Berlin, roughly five hours on each side of the wall. East Berlin is rapidly trying to catch up to its Western neighbour in terms of modern buildings, and building is in evidence. West Berlin is a fabulously modern city, and very rich too: (there are more big Mercedes per head of population than anywhere else). The Wall looked sinister from the West, but ordinary from the Brandenburg Gate, the only point we saw it in the East. Above all, the trip brought home to me, especially in Warsaw, the horrors of World-War II, and this impression was reinforced in Berlin.

Finally, on behalf of myself and the rest of the group, I would like to express my heartfelt thanks to Mr. Simmons and Mr. Ledgerd, who between them made the trip a resounding success. Mr. Simmons grasped his responsibilities as group-leader with both hands, and made the seven days in the Soviet Union memorable, standing up to the Russians, and making sure that we saw the most important aspects of Moscow and Leningrad. Mr. Ledgerd handled the difficult situations in both Germanies in a highly competent manner and both men won our admiration. Also I would like to thank Mr. Booth for his efforts in the organization of the trip. To all you who have read this, I strongly recommend this trip as a wonderful experience.

H. R. DAVIES

SOVIET UNION 1967

They laughed when he told them he would carry his guitar across Europe on his back (he being Paul Gilbert). Once more the sceptics have been foiled! Our School now holds the coveted world record for non-stop-trans-continental-guitar-carrying, set at 4,500 miles. To prevent this article becoming an anti-climax after such exciting news, I shall confine myself to the highlights of our visit.

Warsaw! Exotic metropolis of the Eastern Bloc! Although a cold, austere city on the exterior, it turned out to be Las Vegas compared to Moscow and Leningrad. Polish youth does not accept Communism in the same fashion as its Soviet counterpart. The Poles want good clothes and modern music, whereas the Soviets realise that they cannot as yet have them. The young Poles are constantly reminded of the war: we saw a book with pictures of the atrocities, whose sole purpose was to recall the misery of the last war.

Feminine equality must never be attained in Britain! In my opinion, one of the most soul-destroying experiences of the trip was being asked to dance by a girl.

Messrs. Simmons and Ledgerd, clad in dark suits and black polo-neck sweaters, were mistaken for priests by the Poles (Please don't breathe a word to Cardinal Heenan . . .).

The Russians had the most repulsive tastes in architecture twenty years ago. For this reason the Moscow skyline is interrupted by many a cross between the Empire State and the Parthenon. Of course, many exquisite 18th century buildings are left to an ignominious fate. Moscow, by no means a beautiful city, is nevertheless impressive.

A word about the cuisine: risky! Borsch, however appetising it may seem, (it's a puce and white fiasco), can induce nausea in the uninitiated. Soviet champagne was the most worthwhile discovery. One ugly result of the trip was my morbid fear of gherkins. They were served too often and achieved such proportions that I can only assume the Russians fed their children to them. (British gherkin growers take note!)

Leningrad is mercifully free of Muscovite architectural achievements and can be truly described as one of the finest cities in Europe. It retains a sense of history and art which is not found in Moscow.

A basketball match was arranged between the Leningrad city boys' team and a team from our party. Almost undeterred by the fact that only a handful of our team had ever played before, we took the floor and were soundly thrashed. Of course, they were one of those method teams. It will kill the game . . .

As every self-respecting travel-agent knows, NO holiday in Eastern Europe is complete without a visit to Berlin. We had a guided coach tour of the East Berlin, and were surprised at the modern development of the town centre. I have my own reservations about the durability of Eastern European buildings however. West Berlin is in the modern American style: neon signs and tall, modern buildings. It is more alive than Paris in my opinion.

One heartening result of the trip was the assertion of British intellectual superiority over the American tourist:

American Student: "Excuse me, I'd like to buy some Russian classical records.

Could you suggest some Russian composers?"

Englishmen (complacently): "Well, of course, there's always Rachmaninov."

American Student: "How do you spell that?"

BORIS BADANOV

PREFECTS' LETTER

Dear Sir,

Unaccustomed as we are to public writing, except on certain walls of long standing establishments, we shall attempt to portray, to you, the lesser beings, the morbid qualities of those "busy B's" who inhabit the honeycombs of the P.R.

Mr. King is the 'Queen Bee' this year. He has many sterling qualities which we choose to ignore, and instead we will harp (ER . . . ! !) on his lesser qualities. The buzz going around is that he is a keen fan of Perry Mason. He even wrote to the President of that so much beloved country of his, America, for an autograph but didn't get a reply. This fanaticism of his for law has so gripped him that he 'chose' to go to Oxford to further his legal studies. He is forever posting notices around the place which the occupants either don't see or don't choose to see. The members of one of our more 'conservative' societies have also sustained some catastrophic changes in their constitution, thanks to the efforts of our parliamentary representative. We would also like to suggest at the time of writing that in assimilating his study of the law with his brilliant linguistic abilities (particularly with regard to the Gallic tongue) he could lend his heavy weight to speed Britain into the Common Market.

Mr. Facey, our swarthy Italian, is this year's vice-headboy—and boy has he earned it! He is at present trying to set a new record for running from London Road to the Institute while combing his hair and practising the morning's reading. When in school (which isn't very often) he can be seen at lunchtime demonstrating his badminton backhand shots on the occupants of the lower yard. For his displays on the rugby pitch there were doubts whether he deserved full colours or an Oscar. As chief organiser of the school dance, Mr. Facey spent more time at Childwall Valley High than at the Institute, and on his return he could be heard to mutter in an amazed voice but with a slight grin: "They've got beds in their prefects' room."

Mr. Robertson, the dynamic duo, is one of our older members in the broadest sense of the word. His best friend assures us that "he is not fat but cuddly" and she should know. His sports include football, climbing, non-stop-all-lunch-time-table-tennis, sarnie-cadging and cricket of which he is the Colin Milburn of the 1st XI. His reputation as a dormouse is earned by the ease with which he falls asleep during lessons. Most masters, however, have found it more convenient to let the sleeping dog lie than be faced with his brilliant (?) wit and good natured incompetence.

Mr. Rees, better known as "Little Paul", is one of our resident Welshmen. Although everyone understands that it wasn't his fault that he was born a Taffie, he still patriotically defends his 'nation???' in a most undignified torrent of Welsh verbage. He has started a new hunger campaign: 'FEED PLUDGE'. Messrs. Rees and Robertson can be seen and heard each lunch-time bartering loaves and Mrs. G's Midget Gems. He professes to play his national sport but cannot deny that his vocation lies in boxing. Policemen on little white motor bikes have done for him what flying saucers have done for others. He pleaded not guilty to speeding as he was not able to see the speedometer. Mr. Rees' one ambition is to come to school and not to attend a single period. Should, as can only be expected, he stay on again (!!??) next year, this dream could well come true.

There exists a serious threat to the sanity of the P.R. in that Mr. Owen is likewise Welsh. He is often seen hanging onto window panes by one finger while nonchalantly chopping back a table tennis ball to a frustrated opponent. For a Welshman, his fluency in English is nothing short of distasteful as no one else understands them. Rugby and climbing are his sports and he can be found lecturing, complete with demonstrations, to many enthralled observers of his encounters with the rock. Of these lectures, the most famous is perhaps the one of a route in Wales named 'Gwen'. We feel sure that his 'nose' for a good bargain, especially cheap haircuts, will in future years, lead this cheerful little ??? along the 'straight and narrow'.

Mr. Thomas is our answer to the 'Birdman of Alcatraz'. Although his musical tastes and singing leave a lot to be desired, he manages well enough to play hockey by ear. His capacity for alcoholic beverages can only be worked out by integration and rationalising. It is true to say that he possesses the noble art of talking more commonly known as the 'gift of the gab' which enables him to do combat in the Lit. & Deb. with the girls from over the road. It is not certain which one he fancies, though it is thought it is the one who liked his co-ordinate geometry.

Field Marshall Smith is seen if you look hard enough kicking a round ball . . . anywhere. Unanimously voted captain of our heroic 1st XI by 'friends', he has led them to results far too numerous to mention, except perhaps the conversion of that never-to-be-forgotten or remembered pleb Mr. Holgate (without the yellow stripe) into a carnivorous card player. Such are the strange habits of these Athenians, that Mr. Smith idles away his time in room 44, talent scouting for his battalion, team or just watching football in the yard for pleasure. Nobody, including himself, seems to know what his ambition is—perhaps it is to be able to look out of a window without standing on a chair.

Mr. Masserick, no longer Mrs. G's blue-eyed boy, fills the gap now made in his life by fervent attempts to resurrect the Liverpool branch of the emigre Chech nobles. At meetings of the Lit & Deb, where Mr. Masserick awaits patiently for the time when he can take over from the reigning monarch, it has become clear that until socialism once again becomes the society's battle-cry he prefers sitting to speaking. Nevertheless, much to Mr. Facey's disgust, Mr. Masserick makes quite sure that the door to the corridors of power will always be open.

Mr. Gregory, very early each morning, (too early for the writers of this article), arrives at school sporting a fur hat, which is not surprising in view of his politics. Indeed it was a great shock that our communist friend had not

in fact sought political asylum during his recent stay in Russia. All rumours that he returned only because Svetlana had gone before him to the West have been hotly denied. However, we know Mr. Gregory's reputation as our greatest playboy with the "handsome eyes", has reached even the carpeted region of this established building.

Mr. Aked was last seen walking the A5 en route for the Last Night of the Proms, obviously fortified by his daily walks home. He fervently hopes, no doubt, that by the return of his P.D. duties there will come a doubling of the guards. The reason, he would retort, is of course not fear, despite the claims of 4Sc, but merely an innate lack of energy. Curiously enough, though, he has been known to display enough strength to carry three girls up the Cathedral tower for a secret session of "The Sound of Music".

Mr. Morris, unlike Mr. Masserick, is one of the "in-crowd" as regards tuckshops. Punctual, hard-working, polite, he seems to destroy the image of present-day prefects and is more like a "flash from the past". Mr. Morris turned down an offer from ITV to do a commercial for PLJ: he contended that he didn't like being type-cast but preferred acting a more demanding role such as "Chunkymeat". Mr. Morris has many interests, but nobody has yet been able to discover what they consist of—something of a mystery man, rather sinister.

Mr. Bent and Mr. Brunskill (we're just very good friends) must surely go together (for want of a better phrase) as they share equal interests, etc. They can sometimes be seen in a nearby establishment, gazing wondrously at each other across a half-pint glass with two straws. The former is bent on going to Oxford and not, as last reported, entering Anglo-Australian relations. A firm recently offered him a part in a TV commercial advertizing a certain make of soup, but Mr. Bent turned it down, confessing, "I would look rather ridiculous in a bath-tub playing with a diggeredoo as I can't play one." The latter, or Batty, as he is affectionately known, was far from discouraged when he was rejected by Cambridge; on the contrary, "I have given my place to King and Country", he quoted at a recent press conference. So now Mr. Brunskill has elected to go to the college where they sit down in hallways, don't eat, and grow beards. We should like to wish him all success in this venture, which could turn out to be quite "hair-raising". Mr. Brunskill shares with Mr. Bent a distasteful taste in music and both attempt to rearrange the works of Bach, Wagner and other such idols.

Joining the ranks of Mr. Owen's admirers is Mr. Bratherton. Mr. Bratherton was so impressed with Taff's exploits that he attempted to climb the North face of the older Cathedral, playing the violin with his nose. This expedition, however, had to be postponed indefinitely, owing to adverse weather conditions, persistent attacks by the local pigeon settlement, and the lack of a pair of good, strong wellies. Mr. Bratherton could have been seen "zinging" with the choir before he left us to join the outside world. Rumours suggesting his employment by a well-known brewery are totally unfounded—its just that he lives there.

There are a few prefects who unfortunately fell victims to the third forms, and were forced to retire to the obscurity of the metropolis. Little news has been heard from these nerve-shattered individuals and so we shall have to expand on a few anonymous reports we have received in the last day or two.

Mr. Atkinson, complete with motor-bike and gear, has been seen walking to Crosby to visit an old friend, and we should like to make it quite clear that it is not Mr. Leyland. It has been grossly mis-reported that Mr. Leyland has entered the seclusion of a monastery following his impressions of school assembly on Monday mornings.

Messrs. Tickle and Jardine are attempting to promote a new boxing stadium. They propose to fight each other for the privilege of throwing abuse at the other. Since they were both competent in the arts of fives, and played rugby and soccer respectively, the contest should be extremely in-

teresting, with Mr. Barnett as ref. It is hoped to have a good turnout for this "fight of the century", and the proceeds, if any, will go towards the "Restoration of Mik's car".

Mr. Harper has been seen at the Labour Exchange trying to secure a job as a company executive but finding the competition a little stiffer than in the Oxford schols.

Mr. Littler is now working for the government, but as yet is not in the Cabinet. Mr. Wilson says that lab. technicians tend to be a little too Christian in their ways, and, as everyone in the P.R. knows, Mr. Littler goes to church.

Having managed to obtain a scholarship, Mr. Owen is now lost and seems to have retired from the public eye as well as our own.

Thus ends this magazine's revealing epilogue. Should the editors be obliged to censor this article, we, the undersigned, will reveal the truth to the News of the World alongside Jayne Mansfield's articles, should there be room. With such a short time left at school this term, the subjects of this scathing, sadistic, despicable publication should manage to survive if they keep close together, and never go round on their own. We give you a free hand in interpreting the facts, but we shall not be around for very long after publication, should our identity be revealed.

We remain your obedient servants,

TINGHA and TUCKER

As we go to press, we hear Messrs. Brown, Bell, Ellison, Hadley, Heggs and Weaver have been elected to the celestial heights of the P.R. —Ed.

LIVERPOOL 8

Sun
 Oncepicked
 Its ray through
 The smoke aged air
 To prick the faded
 Phlegm-stained, broken houses
 Beneath the half-cathedral,
 Burnt the rubbish, littered with streets,
 While fresh dust brush shoulders with the old
 And the milkmen knocked on empty doorways.
 Then it became like the point-blank of a gun,
 Threw a poet's shadow on his writing,
 Caught a painter's mirror in his eyes,
 Settled flies on crying babies,
 Dried tears on mother's washing,
 Lifted eyes to heaven,
 Lost that shadow which
 Hid believer's
 Memories,
 Faltered,
 Died.

P. LEYLAND BM2

THE GLEN

I stumbled onto it completely by surprise. It was a small shaded Glen. A small stream ran through the dell and by the ripple of the water it probably contained trout. On the nearby hillside sheep wandered freely in and out of an old deserted cottage.

I sat down under an old elm and surveyed the beautiful scene. There were three weeping willows sweeping over the stream; a brilliant coloured kingfisher was perched on one of them. Then suddenly it took a straight dive into the water and a few seconds later came up with a fat young trout.

JOHN COOPER 1B

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

I felt a need to comment on the excellence of the recent television performance of "Alice in Wonderland"; I was, however, dismayed to find only one or two other members of my form in strong agreement with my views. The human interpretation of the animals revealed the true height of our mental development, the play revealing "Victoriana in absurdum". Many of the little touches in the performance were exquisite—for example, the way the scene through the door was the same when Alice was on the croquet lawn as when she first looked through, the way the royal children were exact replicas of the adults. Carroll's brilliant puns and skits at life were emphasised uniquely.

We must admire Carroll as the cynic of the uselessness of everyday routine. I feel he aimed higher than the child-mind in developing the tumultuous undercurrent of his best-known book. At the first reading, the infantile intellect cannot hope to grasp the mental and moral struggle and resignation of Alice; in the pictorial form we are hypnotised by it. Alice "talks without speaking, hears without listening", shows how separate the individual can be from the rest of society while trying to invoke sense into situation.

The mere physical impossibilities of the book make 'Alice' unique.—a baby turning into a pig, a cat smiling, being on good terms with time—for although man invented time, it has destroyed him. We are all gardeners, covering up our own mistakes; we all see what we want, not what we can and should. Alice, the impotent individual, shows the futility of living, each in his own dream world. One day the being that is dreaming us will awake; until then we are free to assume and believe we exist.

However, we are spiralling from the subject; we have come a long way from Happy Valley. That it is futile to hope to slip for a moment through the "smoke rings of my mind" into the dark inner recesses, where only logical thought matters, has been shown admirably in this production. We must each be our own Alice, existing in our own neatly allotted corner of the dream dimension, each looking at the same reality and seeing totally different things. What does capitalism or communism mean when we can each only see ourselves?

When I first read 'Alice', I thought, "Here is something different from the usually accepted view of life, something macabre and hard to believe." Having watched the production, I realise the futility we inwardly accept, and which has pervaded this essay, is well founded. What are we living for? Will our will to exist lessen and lessen until on the twelfth day we collapse like a pack of cards? Why must we feel a need to believe in non-existent socialism? Who can we blame next?

Curiouser and curiouser.

D. A. FEINTUCK (M6B)

MIRAGE

You are the mere reflection of space
 On a shiny surface of air,
 You are emptiness in place
 And no one is aware
 That you stand invisible by
 The places men have been:
 You are nothing, but raised high
 Undying, and unbeen.

P. D. CURPHEY (AM2)

TRUTHFUL TOMMY' TALES

My name is truthful Tommy, folks.
I'll spin a tale to you.
Although you'll not believe it all,
It really is quite true.

I went fishing one bright day,
Beside Back-Alley River.
The thrills that happened to me there,
Still make my backbone shiver.

At half-past twelve I got a bite,
I'm sure it was a whale,
The blinkin' fish hauled me right in,
And took me for a sail.

Right down unto the river bed,
I plunged down there to see,
Old Pop Neptune with his pals,
Laugh and shake with glee.

Faster, faster swam the fish,
Then it began to fly.
And when at last I landed it,
My clothes were really dry.

That fish was many yards in length,
But, gosh, it was a rotter!
As soon as I unhooked it,
It dived back in the water.

R. T. CARROLL (1B)

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT

This is the new cathedral.
Built by a tip
To show how broadminded the Church is—
An inspiration, don't you think?

The cross is made of plastic and stainless steel,
An ecclesiastical masterpiece.
The font of tin is quite revolutionary,
(The sacred rust is purely decorative)

It attracts the monied, holy crowds.
We have a resident singing group
And, without pride (that's a sin),
We can boast that the young still attend
For the latest, pious hit-parade hymn tunes.

God?
Don't mention Him in church, please.
Well, you can't expect too much!

Religion?
You're naive!
We want to keep our large congregation.

A. BENT (6AM3)

THE COURSE OF NATURE

Appeals flash out from the parts of the World,
Where an earthquake has struck; where a whirlwind has blown
Over lands bearing millions of men.
The first reports say that two thousand are dead;
There are probably more whom they haven't found yet.
Hysterical children lie weeping, so bitterly,
In the plaster and stone, that once was a house,
For years their home.
There is nothing left now, but fear and despair.
Is Nature so callous that this can go on?
Relief teams arrive to bring comfort and care
To those who are injured, and try to repair
The homes of those who remain.
A nation is crippled, her spirit is low;
It is no fault of Man that this is now so.
A Red Army blanket, a U.S. Marine
Both join in the struggle 'gainst the force and the might
Of Nature, when left to herself.
Is it too much to ask, that Mankind will unite,
Apart from these times of emergency?

D. CASEY (M6A)

AN INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT IN A LIVERPOOL FACTORY

Nar wot I'm goin' ter tell ter yers nar,
Concerns de 'ole de British nayshun.
A worky stubbed 'is ciggy in de paper-bin,
An' started up de conflagrayshun,
'Is 'ead cum art de ferst floor winder,
Wer dey stock de cotton bales.
"Jump!" de firebobbies sharted to 'im,
Up ter dat feller wid de dirty nails.
"Not me, wack!" cum de anser lardly,
An' as de flames growed fiercer, 'igher,
Dey sor 'im on de nex' floor up,
Amungst de reels of copper wire.
"Cum on mate, leap!" dey cried art lardly,
"Yer 'no' we'll cop yer in de net!"
"No fear!" 'e bellered back darn to 'em,
"No fear mate, I'm not jumpin' yet!"
An' still de fire blazed grately, britely,
Forced de worky up de sters,
Ter wer dey stock de stoves an' fridges,
Cookers, Fernitcher an' chers.
"Go on lad, jump!" dey started up,
Up tru de smoke so dick an' merky.
"Oh Gor!" de bloke was 'eard ter shart,
"Ave mercy on a 'elpless worky!"
'E didn' wan' 'is shoo-soles blistered,
'E wudn' jump from such a 'ight,
An' so 'e clammered up agen,
Onter de roof, inter de lite.
But nar 'e 'new 'e 'ad ter jump,
An' so 'e jumped, but missed de net,
An' fell; an' broke 'is flamin' neck!

D. A. FEINTUCK (M6B)

<Dey'd catch him
darn der on de
deck.

ON THE NATURE OF MAN

Man is not made to live alone,
 Apart from hubbub and the noise of crowds.
 He cannot bear the cloistered calm of seclusion,
 The drops of dew, of peace, are swept away;
 For Man is Strife.

But somewhere among the crowds of thoughtless beings,
 There may be one, one whose mind is peace,
 Whose life is tranquillity.

Would that I could find that being
 For there would all good things unite
 In peace and harmony.

For now all I see is bitterness,
 Crowding, claustrophobic death.
 Why must we not live alone
 In sheltered calm? . . . recluse?

We are like boys at a seaside,
 Who see the dark, forbidding waves
 And enter in.
 But fearing still the darkness and the calm
 As enemies of his strife, they dare not probe the inner depths.

But stand at the threshold, shouting at the cave
 To hear the echoes coming back,
 But not daring to go with the echoes.
 The boy must run, laughing and shouting,
 Out into the glorious sunlight.
 Out to life and light

. . . and strife

E. GRIFFITHS (3A)

LEAST RESISTED

Danced down, slow Arabian colours turned
 a sweet cadenza for my eye;
 and ripe smells hung for the taking—
 thickening, the spaces and the sellers settled:
 life jiggled time on the moment's sway.

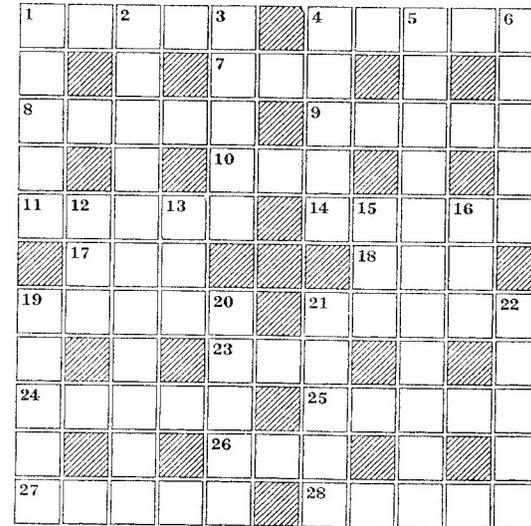
Briskly menthol came a low breeze,
 snatched a whispered, half sung song;
 harmonized, the whole air quivered,
 insomniac strummings stretched my mind.

With the wind and time's erosion,
 sand encroached and crawled the walls,
 slow dunes passing through the long night
 flung their shadows on dark eyes.

From the water, sand and travelled dunes
 they learnt their living and departing signs.
 Wearily, the widowed, sandy streets
 Whistled their desert song.

G. OWEN (6AM2)

**CROSSWORD
 BY BLACKBURN**



CLUES ACROSS

1. Contended successfully.
4. Makes dirty.
7. Anger in Ireland.
8. Beheading the Terror is a mistake.
9. Have a horror of something.
10. Sticky stuff.
11. Offensive pigs.
14. Strip of leather.
17. A leader of the pack.
18. It would settle agitated Brine.
19. Send a letter.
21. Decided by a majority.
23. Impersonate a monkey.
24. Abused language.
25. Corporal with a spear.
26. Terminal point.
27. Not through the exit.
28. Put one's foot down.

CLUES DOWN

1. Goes with mustard.
2. He would take part.
3. Funeral tune.
4. Joints in cloth.
5. A passing down.
6. Refined Molasses.
12. State of opposition.
13. Mesh snare.
15. As well.
16. Fermented malt.
19. Refuse.
20. Impatiently keen.
21. Open grassland.
22. Inspiring great fear.

SOLUTION TO CROSS-NUMBER BY MUSSELL

1	4	2	5	3	6	4	7	5	8
6	4	1	9	7	6				
7	3	2		8	4	1			
			10	3	6	3	1		
11	2		12	1	8	6	9		
13	9	9	4	8			6		

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD BY COULSHED

ACROSS

1 Claret, 4 Vergil, 8 Notion, 9 Barren,
10 Each, 11 Sentinel, 13 Moraines, 17 Tsar,
19 Chives, 20 Abject, 21 Romany, 22 Dexter

DOWN

1 Cancer, 2 Attica, 3 Tennyson, 5 Eras,
6 German, 7 Lentil, 12 Noseband,
13 Mercer, 14 Radium, 15 Assent,
16 Crater, 18 Dean.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD BY BLACKBURN

ACROSS

1 Coped, 4 Soils, 7 Ire, 8 Error, 9 Abhor,
10 Gum, 11 Swine, 14 Strap, 17 Ace, 18 Oil,
19 Write, 21 Voted, 23 Ape, 24 Slang,
25 Lance, 26 End, 27 Enter, 28 Tread.

DOWN

1 Cress, 2 Participant, 3 Dirge, 4 Seams,
5 Inheritance, 6 Syrup, 12 War, 13 Net,
15 Too, 16 Ale, 19 Waste, 20 Eager,
21 Velot, 22 Dread.

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(Candidates must not write on both sides of the paper at the same time)

1. Who said "If they don't want bread let them have their cake and eat it"?
(a) Marie Antoinette?
(b) Mary Queen of Scones?
(c) Captain Cook?
(d) Mrs. Beeton?
(Be concise)
2. Arrange in any order you like
(a) The Bore War
(b) The Great War
(c) Evelyn War
(Be belligerent)
3. (a) Who wrote Keats' Ode to a Nightingale?
(b) What did it reply?
(Be bright)
4. 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)
5. When did you last visit Horne's?
(Be honest)

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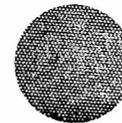
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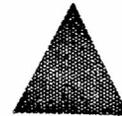
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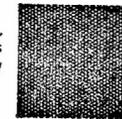
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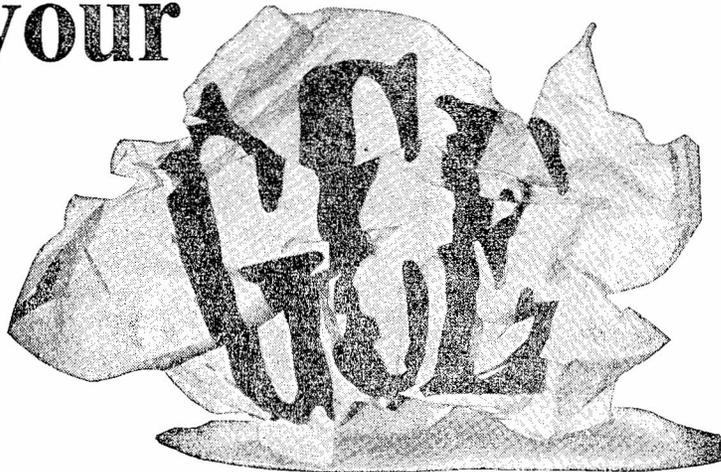
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