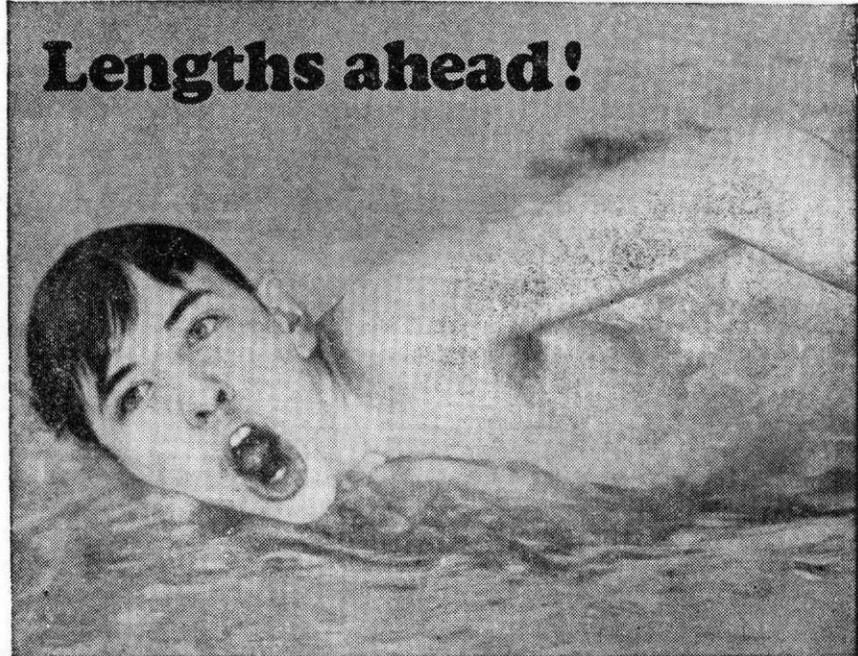


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EDITORIAL

vol. 4
no. 1

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i. wilson

1969

élan

EDITORIAL

Education becomes a more controversial subject with every new student demonstration. Student demands must obviously give rise for thought among schoolchildren about their own position, and pupils at certain schools have become so enraged by the conditions they have to endure that they have formed a Schools Action Union. A list of their demands appeared in a fatuous pamphlet, copies of which were circulated around Liverpool. The danger of such pamphlets being taken seriously is that schoolchildren will form an exaggerated idea of their own importance.

No educational system is perfect, and very few are highly effective, but do British schoolchildren realise the quality of the education system in this country? The pamphlet complains of a "lack of books", and yet Britain is one of the few countries in Europe where books are provided free. Their major demand, however, is that schools should be under the effective democratic control of an elected Council. This demand assumes that a pupil has a right to a say in the control of his school. Rights are won by people who are productive members of society or sufficiently mature to form objective judgements. Children at schools are not, in the majority, sufficiently mature to know what is, and what is not, good for them, nor can they expect that abolition of all forms of punishment and discipline and democratic control of the school will prevent anarchy prevailing. One assumes that, if children are allowed to control their education at an equal level with adults, they might start to control their own attendance in the same way as adults. Absenteeism in factories is bad enough, but the recognition of a schools trade union would be disastrous. The leaders of such a union would soon find that their democratic control was powerless to prevent children from making their own rules.

Their last demand is the most absurd and immature: "Full maintenance grants to all receiving full time education over school leaving age". The position of university students is much different to that of Sixth Formers. The Schools Action Union takes the condescending attitude that those who give up their valuable time to continue their studies after "O" level should be rewarded for their fortitude. Most Sixth Formers appreciate that the Government could spend much less on education than they do, and regard education as a privilege.

This irresponsible and highly immature organisation deserves all the contempt it receives. Many pupils at British schools have excellent ideas on the improvement of the educational system, but impertinent "demands" and hackneyed manifestoes do not constitute a serious attempt at such improvement.

MR. L. A. NAYLOR

Mr L. A. Naylor joined the Staff in 1935 and for the last twenty years was Head of Chemistry and latterly Head of Science. He has seen great changes in this time both in the Science Department in general and the field of Chemistry in particular. The number of boys taking Science has grown considerably and new topics have been added. That the Chemistry Department has taken all this in its stride is a tribute to Mr Naylor's guidance and to his forward thinking. His methods and ideas were also progressive and the success of his department is seen in the careers of many distinguished Old Boys in the world of Chemistry. They—and indeed all who came into contact with

his teaching—would be the first to admit what they owe to Mr Naylor's advice, guidance and scholarship.

Music is, of course, his main hobby. No mean musician himself, his encouragement both by example and advice has been an inspiration to the musicians in the school. A very successful chamber group of boys and Old Boys has met regularly at his home. His Music Club concerts were at the highest level of musical attainment. All this has given much pleasure to boys, colleagues and parents.

The school indeed has lost much, both academically and culturally, by his departure. We wish him and Mrs Naylor many years of happy retirement.

D.B.

MR. A. J. SMITH

The Liverpool Institute will sadly miss Mr A. J. Smith. Widely read, with discerning tastes and a scholarly regard for correctness in speech and writing, he has used the skill and patient firmness of a good schoolmaster to make his pupils observe his own high standards.

Of his many other services to the School, perhaps the most valuable has been his custodianship of the Library, an office in which he has combined to excellent effect a love of books with a care for practical detail.

A crossword enthusiast, keenly interested in the theatre, he is widely travelled in Continental and Mediterranean countries, and, above all, a great explorer of Britain—walking the Lakeland fells, crossing Rannoch Moor in freezing highland cold, or forging another link in the chain of his ambition to have covered every stretch of the route from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Masters and boys past and present value his courtesy, his integrity, and his loyal friendship, and wish him a very happy retirement.

D.G.B.

MR. STANLEY REED

Mr Stanley Reed, Head of the Art Department at the Liverpool Institute, is retiring at the end of the Summer term.

After obtaining his Diploma at the Liverpool College of Art, Mr Reed won a scholarship which enabled him to continue his studies in France and Italy. He came to the Liverpool Institute from Manchester Grammar School over twenty years ago and he has always been a most popular member of the staff, both with the boys and with his colleagues.

The Institute has indeed been fortunate in having had, for so long, an Art master who has preferred to teach his students how to draw and paint and not just to leave them to "express" themselves without quite knowing how to do so. He is a traditionalist and has little time for the many "-isms" and bogus experimenters who exploit the public bewilderment with the so-called world of art as it is to-day.

Mr Reed is a man of parts. Besides being a portrait painter with a national reputation, he is also a very able musician and a keen astronomer. Although he is retiring from teaching he is young in outlook and appearance and we sincerely wish him many happy years at his easel, his piano and his telescope.

J.W.M.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

Last September we welcomed the following new members of staff: Mr D. R. Atkin, B.Sc. (London); Mr J. R. Clamp, B.A. (Sheffield); Mr A. J. Erwin, B.Sc. (Salford); Mr B. A. Ezra, B.A. (Liverpool); the Rev. F. E. Finch, B.A. (Manchester); Mr D. J. Leach, B.A. (Liverpool); Mr M. S. McColl, B.A. (Oxon); the Rev. G. D. Savage, B.A., B.D. (Manchester); Mr C. West, B.Sc. (Liverpool); Mr V. Wilson, L.R.A.M.; Mr M. I. Glassman, B.Sc. (Dunelm); M. H. Lunardelli (Lille); Herr P. Wolfensperger (Zurich).

Mr Glassman left at Christmas to teach at King David School, Childwall. Mr Kimmance, who has been a temporary teacher here this year, is also leaving at the end of term. Mr M. L. Brayne is leaving to become Senior

Geography master at Ashton-under-Lyne Grammar School. He will be greatly missed for the keen interest he took in organising geographical outings, for his tireless work connected with school dramatic productions, and above all for the way he dedicated so much of his free time as master in charge of rugby. Mr J. C. Ledgerd is leaving to take up an appointment with the British Families Education Service in West Germany. His departure is also a great loss for he is a splendid organiser who used his fine ability in arranging school milk and dinner. His unflinching good humour and gift for friendship will be missed by the staff and also by the boys. Mr W. Mercer is leaving to teach at Tupton Hall Comprehensive School, Chesterfield. During his short stay at the Institute he has made a profound impact both in his scholarly teaching of history and in his fine contribution to the general life of the school. We are particularly indebted to him for his dedication to soccer, and cross-country running. Our two 'assistants', M. H. Lunardelli and Herr P. Wolfensperger are both returning home, and we thank them for the excellent way they have represented their countries during their stay here. We shall also miss Mr A. G. Paris who is retiring at the end of term. Although his teaching was only part-time, he took a deep and personal interest in the life of the School. We wish him a long and happy retirement. Mr D. J. Leach is also leaving at the end of term. We are particularly grateful for the great interest he took in promoting junior football teams.

We wish all these masters every success in their new ventures.

We congratulate Mr and Mrs Atkin, Mr and Mrs Ledgerd, and Mr and Mrs Simmonds, on the occasion of their marriage.

We also congratulate Mr and Mrs Dougall on the birth of a son.

The prizes for the best original contributions to this issue of the Magazine are as follows:— Junior Section—G. Hogg. Senior Section—D. A. Feintuck.

Speech Night was held on 11th December, at the Philharmonic Hall. The guest speaker was Professor Alan Robertson, F.R.S., a distinguished Old Boy of the School.

Last summer Mr Simmonds helped to organise an exchange between children from Liverpool and Odessa. Mr Simmonds led the party which included six boys from School. He also took a party to Russia during the Easter holidays. Last summer Mr Dobson organised a visit to Greece, accompanied by Mr Brayne and Mr Cummings. During the Easter vacation Mr Watson and Mr Goodall took a party to Switzerland.

During the School year senior boys have attended university courses at Grenoble, Madrid and Munich.

Mr Cummings produced John Osborne's 'Luther' in the School Hall on 19th, 20th and 21st March.

Last term certain senior boys took part in plays staged by the Masque Players, at the Neptune Theatre, and also productions at the Everyman Theatre. Other boys acted as soldiers in Verdi's 'Macbeth', presented at the Royal Court Theatre by the Glyndebourne Touring Company.

The School has also been represented in certain programmes of Radio Merseyside. Mr Toobe has been chairman of two discussion groups. M. J. Ainsworth and E. A. Griffiths have also taken part. The Headmaster also took part in a discussion on university entrance.

R. W. Jervis and V. A. Baker have both played for Merseyside Grammar Schools' 'B' team.

S. Cameron set a new basketball record of 22 baskets in one match.

M. J. Ainsworth was captain of the Lancashire Schoolboys Hockey team, represented the North at the Crystal Palace Divisional Tournament, and was an English Schoolboy Trialist.

On 25th March, Mr Victor Marmion, of Radio Merseyside, addressed the sixth-form on the subject of Sound Broadcasting.

The School has had two organ recitals by distinguished organists. The first was given on 28th November, by Mr Noel Rawsthorne, organist at the Liverpool Anglican Cathedral, and an Old Boy of the School. The second was

given on 4th March by Mr Ernest Pratt.

So far this year parties of boys have attended two concerts of music performed at the Philharmonic Hall by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.

Boys from the Drama Group have visited productions of 'Harvey' at the Neptune Theatre, and of 'A Kind of Loving' at the Playhouse.

On 12th March Mr Preece took a party of boys to the Playhouse: in the morning they were present at a rehearsal of 'Macbeth' and in the afternoon they saw the public performance of the play.

Last term there was a visit to Liverpool University for a performance of 'L'Alouette', by Jean Anouilh, presented by the Department of French. There was also a visit to the University for a performance of 'El Burlador de Sevilla', by Tirso de Molina, performed by the Spanish Department.

On 26th March a party of Sixth Formers went to the Collegiate School for a recital of French folk songs, given by Jan Rosol.

Sports Day has been arranged for 5th July.

We are pleased to announce the following successes:—

M. J. Ainsworth, Open Scholarship in Modern Languages at St Catherine's College, Oxford.

D. J. Bruce, Commonership in Mathematics at Trinity College, Cambridge.

D. N. Cope, Commonership in Modern Languages at Exeter College, Oxford.

D. W. Grundell, Open Exhibition in Mathematics at Christs College, Cambridge

R. Roberts, Commonership in Natural Sciences, at Worcester College, Oxford.

D. J. Sparks, Commonership in History, at Christ Church College, Oxford.

Last year 57 boys secured University places, seven embarked on degree courses at Colleges of Further Education, and six obtained places at Colleges of Education.

THE SCHOOL PLAY

The choice of Osborne's 'Luther' as this year's school play was particularly ambitious because of the length of some of the parts, the difficulty of the playwright's rich language, and the problems of staging the play with limited space and scenery. Equally difficult to put across to the audience was the main theme of the play—the agony of a man's twisted conscience.

M. J. Ainsworth's interpretation of the rôle of Luther was outstanding for his sympathetic involvement with the character. Against the back-cloth of corruption in the Church, the audience could see the seeds of Luther's reformation, influenced by his tenets and visions. Hodges, as Hans, Luther's father, acted with all the energy that the part required. P. R. Curtis gave an excellent performance as Tetzl, the seller of indulgences, and his ability to arouse audience participation was particularly noticeable.

Rimmer and McKittrick performed well together, although the former tended to overplay his part on the last night, to the obvious enjoyment of the audience. S. Hughes coped admirably with his difficult interrogation scene and Cranney gave the rôle of the Knight the forceful interpretation that it required; his diction was always clear and precise.

Other proficient supporting rôles were played by Pearson, as Staupitz; perhaps the most difficult part in the play, Brownbill as Brother Weinard, McNight as Lucas and Griffiths as Ek.

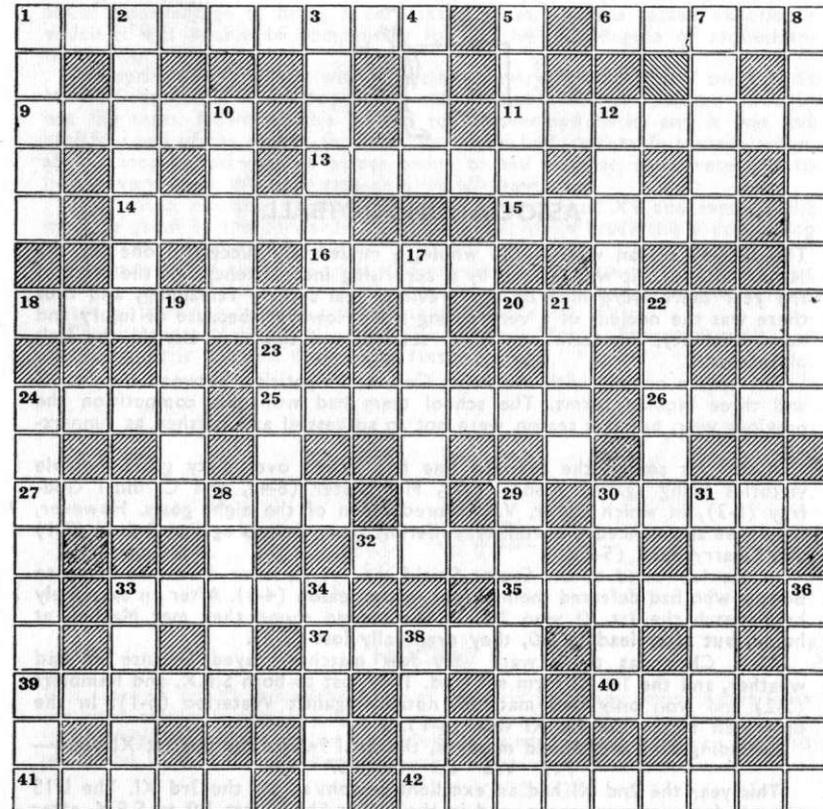
Mr Cumming's production of the play was very good when one considers that he was forced to accept cuts in some of the more powerful lines of the play. He made good use of the limited scenery and space allowed him. The projection of light through a stained glass window, and the use of a small pulpit in front of the stage, were particularly effective.

The scene changes were quickly made under the expert guidance of Mr Brayne and, for a play which relied upon good lighting, the crew were excellent.

G. S. SCHOFIELD

CROSSWORD

by M. H. COULSHED, 6BC



Clues Across

- 1 A dock—or a Prime Minister (9)
- 6 W. B. the poet—Ron the footballer (5)
- 9 Les is completely surrounded! by water (5)
- 11 The top card and a musical term make up an organic solvent (7)
- 13 Stare at that flower! (5)
- 14 This singular cricketer is never drunk (5)
- 15 Nonsense—it's meat! (5)
- 16 A South American civilisation (4)
- 18 A freshwater fish (5)
- 20 Condition of cleanliness and health (7)
- 24 A salutation near Speke? (4)
- 25 A State of the U.S.A. (7)
- 26 Nicholas made a tiny cut (4)
- 27 The first Christian martyr (7)
- 30 Capital of East Pakistan (5)
- 32 European rocket project (4)
- 33 A seat for the magistrate? (5)
- 35 Seat of government in Bolivia (2, 3)
- 37 This temporal conjunction is unlit (5)
- 39 Waltz composer (7)
- 40 Oh, Dan! Look at that motorbike! (5)
- 41 A group of nine musicians (5)
- 42 The former Poet Laureate (9)

Clues Down

- 1 Composer of "Peer Gynt" (5)
- 2 Malcolm the manager (7)
- 3 A Great Lake (7)
- 4 The direction in which to look for teas? (4)
- 5 One division is separate (5)
- 7 Positive electrode (5)
- 8 Author of "The Grapes of Wrath" (9)
- 10 North Borneo (5)
- 12 Scottish Nationalist M.P. (5)
- 17 A type of letter or a type of punishment (7)
- 19 A peach of a price! (5)
- 21 A long time (4)
- 22 District of Ancient Greece (5)
- 23 Cattle (4)
- 24 The first man to be killed by a train (9)
- 28 A cow's sacred to one (5)
- 29 Chelsea defender (7)
- 30 Study submarine activity thoroughly in this (5)
- 31 French Impressionist (7)
- 33 A Lordly poet? (5)
- 34 First Secretary in Czechoslovakia (5)
- 36 Sandstone area of S.E. England (5)
- 38 My mate is in it (4)



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 1968-69 season was, in the whole, a moderately successful one for the 1st XI, although it was marred by a surprising inconsistency. At the start of the year there were nine of the previous year's team remaining, and thus there was the nucleus of a very strong side. However, because of injury and non-availability, the team was never settled, and this may explain the lack of success.

The season opened with the Paine Cup, a competition between the 1st XI and three Liobian teams. The school team had won this competition the previous year, but this season were not so successful and finished as runners-up.

Again this season the forward line has scored over sixty goals, notable victories being against Alsop (6-0), Manchester (6-4), and Cardinal Godfrey (8-3), in which Baker, V.A. scored seven of the eight goals. However, they have also conceded over fifty, suffering heavy defeats against Bolton (7-1) and Quarry Bank (5-0).

In the 1st round of the Senior Shield the 1st XI were drawn at home to Bootle, who had defeated them earlier in the season (4-3). After an extremely hard match the 1st XI won 2-1. In the second round they met Maghull at home, but after leading 2-0, they eventually lost (3-2).

After Christmas there were very few matches played because of bad weather, and the 1st XI form suffered. They lost to both S.F.X. and Ramblers (5-2) and won only two matches, notably against Waterloo (5-1). In the only Staff match the 1st XI won (5-1).

Excluding Staff and Shield matches, the final results for the 1st XI were—
P19 W8 D3 L8 F57 A50

This year the 2nd XI had an excellent season, as did the 3rd XI. The U15 team had an average season, and in the Junior Shield lost 1-0 to S.F.X. after a 2-2 draw. The U12 team was the most successful junior team.

We thank the members of Staff who gave up their spare time to train the teams and referee the matches.

G. POLLARD (6AMI)



RUGBY

The introduction of a greatly improved fixture list has meant that this season has not been one notable for its victories. In fact, during the autumn term, the School lost heavily, particularly to the older, more experienced sides

such as Liverpool Colts and C. F. Mott. This year's team has also had the added disadvantage of being a very young team, and has lacked experience which it was unable to compensate for by the high degree of enthusiasm throughout the team.

The spring term opened with a notable victory for the school away at St Mary's Crosby, and it was hoped that this success would be repeated throughout the term. However, this proved to be over-optimistic, and it was not until the end of the season that the team again had irrefutable success, when, after a long period with no games owing to bad weather, they were able to hold a very good Wallasey side to a 14 all draw.

This season also saw the defeat of a very strong Staff XV and every credit must be given to the forwards whose ceaseless effort made this a convincing victory for the School.

The second XV have had great difficulty in getting fixtures this season, but on the rare occasions they were able to play, they had some memorable matches, including several against other school's 1st XV's.

The members of all teams would like to thank Messrs. Brayne, Russell, and Allen for their support during the season.

M. RITCHIE



HOCKEY

This season's 1st XI was without doubt the best for many years. Apart from the good results it obtained, the playing standard was consistently high. Unfortunately many matches were cancelled owing to bad weather, and this prevented further success, but the results are nevertheless good—

P20 W13 D4 L3 GF32 GA8

Notable results were three 4-0 victories over Bolton School, Wirral G.S. and Sale G.S., two victories over Prescot G.S. and good wins over C. F. Mott Training College and Preston Hockey Club. The team played its worst hockey against Liverpool Collegiate, who were the only school to beat us. They turned out to be our "bogey" team, for at the Merseyside Grammar Schools' Tournament, we again lost to them by a short corner in a goalless semi-final. In reaching that semi-final, however, we beat Bromborough 1-0 and Sir John Deane's G.S. 2-0. The season was rounded off with a good 1-1 draw away at Calday Grange.

One of the most encouraging features of the season was the performance of those 2nd XI players who were called into the 1st XI for certain games. The 2nd XI itself had a fair season, the results being—

P14 W5 D3 L6 GF17 GA28

Their best result was a 4-3 victory over K.G.V. Southport, having been 0-3 down.

The 3rd XI played few games, but there is great promise in this side, and their keenness deserves praise.

Once again we should like to thank Messrs. Grace, Eyre, Atkin and Cummings for their continued support.

M. J. AINSWORTH



CRICKET

The team started the season with a promising win over the Liobians, in a match in which both Harris and Bruce took 5 wickets for 14 runs.

They continued by narrowly losing to Manchester Grammar School, but subsequent wins over Hillfoot Hey and Quarry Bank Comprehensive left us good hopes for the 1st round of the Merseyside Schools' K.O. Competition. Unfortunately, however, the team lost to a formidable Bluecoat School side.

The next match, a two evening event against Liverpool C.C. saw not only the team's highest score, 173 for 6, but also the highest individual score of the season, 69 by Pollard.

In two consecutive matches the School both decisively defeated and decisively lost to Sefton Cricket Club. This match was followed by two draws, but in great contrast: that at Holly Lodge was dull and rainy, but the match at Mersey Road against Liverpool C.C. was bright and sunny.

The Birkenhead School match was lost abysmally, owing to bad organisation, and this was followed by a match against West Derby in which the finish, if nothing else, was exciting.

The highlight of the season was the Staff match, in which the School was lucky to draw.

The results were as follows—

Played 17 Won 8 Drawn 3 Lost 6

S. W. A. BRANDON

Our thanks are due to all masters who have helped the teams.



BASKETBALL

The team started the season well by winning their opening fixture, but by Christmas the team had played 8 games, winning 5 and losing 3. After Christmas, it was necessary to rebuild the team because of the loss of several players. Owing to the tireless work of the team secretary we managed to play at least 1 game a month. The team finished the season with two fine wins over Caldy Grange G.S. and the Masters, who put up an enthusiastic display.

The team would like to thank Mr Goodall for his perseverance and help during the season.

K. SPAIN



BADMINTON

As another badminton season draws to a close, we can look back with a sense of achievement on the year's activities. The standard has improved by leaps and bounds, and it is most encouraging to find that more people are taking up the game. At the beginning of the season the badminton team was unlucky to lose its only match of the season against Gateacre Comprehensive.

I would like to thank Mr Jevons for giving up his valuable time in his enthusiastic approach to the game.

S. CAMERON



CHESS

In the Wright Shield Competition, the 1st team met with limited success, winning only two matches and drawing four. After heavily defeating St Mary's, Leigh, in the first round of the Sunday Times knockout competition, we lost by default, owing to a lack of co-ordinated organisation. However, we have a team of good players who will all be back again next season, with an extra year's experience behind them.

The U13 and U15 teams both won most of their matches, finishing second and fourth respectively in the finals of their groups.

D. P. HUTCHINGS



SWIMMING

Under the keen supervision of Mr Jevons the fixture list was increased this year. Although success has not been spectacular among intermediate and junior teams, the senior team is, as yet, undefeated, mainly owing to the efforts of S. R. Burton.

With Mr Jevons' enthusiasm training was arranged on Wednesday nights. Thanks to these practices the standard of swimming has greatly improved.

The increased enthusiasm throughout the team has led to the arranging of a senior water polo match against West Derby.

S. R. BURTON, M. RITCHIE



CROSS-COUNTRY

With the departure of Mr Kingman last year the cross-country club lost its master-in-charge. In addition, several members of the senior team left school and this, added to the general lack of interest amongst third and fourth years, meant that any school teams had to be drawn from the first and second years. In November Mr Mercer offered to help, and, within a short space of time, the school was able to turn out both first and second year teams, which did surprisingly well in the fixtures that were arranged for them.

It is to be hoped that these two teams will, in the years to come, form the nucleus of a new cross-country club.

J. I. NEILL



VOLLEYBALL

Only recently introduced to the School, Volleyball has gained rapidly in popularity. Evidence of this can be seen in the way that, after only one year as an organised school sport, a highly successful and competitive House Volleyball competition was held.

Equipment and arranging fixtures presented the major difficulties, although several matches were played. These included emphatic wins over Anfield Comprehensive (twice), with one defeat to C. F. Mott Training College.

All those who took part wish to thank Mr Jevons, whose guidance and assistance proved invaluable.

J. CADDEN

PREFECTS' LETTER

Dear Sir,

Come with us now through leafy copse and forest glade, padded cell and pub door and you'll inevitably run into one of the Prefects' Room inmates, to whom this venomous epistle is dedicated.

Mr Ainsworth, pausing to give us his Royal wave, is this year's "Head-Boy", an ancient Sanskrit word meaning "he who sits round on his backside all day". Few who saw his efforts in "Luther" this year will ever forget the amount of beer he managed to consume before and after each performance. Having read his Daily Telegraph ("I take it for the sexy pin-ups"), he spends his other fruitless hours in endless boring anecdotes about long forgotten hockey matches or in equally endless revenge games of billiards with Mr Schofield. But his proudest achievement is that Andy Warhol is going to make a 9½ hour film of him eating a Mars bar. It should be great in colour!

Mr Jackson, our powerful Vice Head-Boy, roars about the country on his powerful machine. As a matter of interest he's 6ft 2½ins tall in his jackboots and still growing. The mind boggles! As the lads at Ferd's M6 Sausage and Chip Boutique, his favourite haunt, would say: "They don't come much bigger than Blue Maxie". Although basically a Rocker from the Locker, Mr Jackson has his romantic side, and has had for longer than anyone can remember. The advantage of his physical prowess is that he was able to set a new ball confiscation record, bringing football to a standstill in the Lower Yard with one fell swoop of his large hands.

Mr Jervis is this year's Senior Citizen. He often tells us how, in his youth, he could go for a pint, dine out at Romano's, take a lady to the theatre and still have change left from sixpence. Amazing! Even more incredible is the fact that a man of his years should still be playing competitive sport. The one thing that needles Mr Jervis is the way people pronounce his name incorrectly. It is, of course, pronounced "Jarvis". As we go to press we learn that he's won his third Lonsdale Belt. And the Old Age Pension's gone up too.

When we last left Mr Spain he was hanging from a precipice by his bleeding fingernails. He has since extricated himself from this position and now provides the suspense in the P.R. We all sit biting our fingernails every morning, waiting to see which shirt he will have on. When anybody knocks on the P.R. door, the obscenity which greets them invariably comes from Mr Spain—once with an embarrassing result. You never know who'll drop in! Even more infamous is his conduct on the basketball pitch; but if he takes his chisel on with him, he's bound to get sent off.

Mr Peat, our resident schizophrenic, still continues his dual existence, despite repeated threats to go on strike if Mr Spain persists in his avoidance of reading in Assembly. By day (afternoons, that is) Mr Peat is just another prefect doing his duty, but at night he leaps into a handy telephone booth, changes into his costume and becomes "Bar-man"! We even thought he was two different people, until we discovered he drives two different cars. Will the real Mr Peat please stand up?

Mr Cameron was unavailable for comment, but we managed to speak to his fan club secretary, who informed us that his phantom sidies were making a comeback yet again. When we finally tracked him down, his muscles bursting out of his trench coat, we asked him how he was coping with the strain of being the 1969 Dairy Princess. "Can you do the boogaloo?" was his reply, as he poured himself another pint of milk. So wholesome is Mr Cameron's image that he was asked to star as the freckle-faced kid in "Return of Flicka", but turned it down for a bit part in "The Otis Redding Story".

Mr Wardle, this year played by Colin Harvey, operates under various pseudonyms, and in this way hopes to delay handing in his History essays. He received the Queen's Award to Industry this year for his "tireless" labours as basketball secretary in making it more exciting for the team. His favourite trick was sending them off to an imaginary destination in Cheshire, when the game was at home.

No-one knew who Mr Potter was until we looked him up in "Who's Who". Apparently nobody ever told him where the Prefects' Room was. Then we realised that he was the guy hanging from the ceiling, looking out for stray

aeroplanes with binoculars. When someone told him that the war was over, he replied that he did it for fun. Anything that turns you on, Mr Potter.

Mr Baker favours the maxi-gown, which isn't surprising since he spends most of his time sewing up the eternal split in his trousers. When he isn't running through the legs of astonished full-backs, Mr Baker trips the light fantastic in top hat, white tie and tails. He reckons the tango helps his body swerve.

The new improved Mr Cooney has fuel injection, a V8 engine and comes in several exciting new shades. Alas, we may not be able to enjoy his presence much longer, since he is slowly disappearing behind a mounting pile of motoring magazines and crisp packets, and we are therefore going to find it increasingly difficult to change his plugs.

Mr O'Neill insists that his being left-footed has absolutely nothing to do with his religion, but anyone who can kick a football round corners must have some sort of divine assistance. He is probably the major reason why the basketball team won most of its home matches, since he keeps the score with his back to the game.

After a successful season as a mezzo-soprano with the Black and White Minstrel Show, Mr Curtis has joined the Prefectorial Body. To Mr Curtis, being a prefect and looking after Mrs G's interests constitute a divine calling. It is said that his gown just grew right out of his back one day. Maybe that's why they call him "The Singing Nun".

Mr Heron rejoices in a certain superiority in that he has more initials than the rest of us. Rumours fly about that he is of noble birth, but it's just because he drinks his orange-juice out of a polythene tub. When he was accused of being the Silent Man-of-Football, he replied "No comment".

On numerous occasions Mr Williams has to be torn screaming from Mr Ainsworth's feet as he begs to be allowed to do extra duties. Mr Williams has his own private cage in the East Wing, where he builds castles with empty lemonade bottles and plays with his knotted rope. As the end of term draws near, it has not been decided whether to have him preserved by the National Trust or donated to the nation.

Mr Sugden always complains that he's being got at by the Salvation Army, but we doubt if they could stand the pace. He assures us that he is definitely the last of the Sugden dynasty. At five past eleven, it is always Mr Sugden who leaps out first to clear the school. Three seconds later great puffs of smoke from under the Art School, and his real intention becomes apparent.

Mr Schofield, after yet another 40 ft putt, turned to Gary Player and said, "Better luck next time, Gary, the best man wins again". At least that's what he dreams every night. After an operation this year, he was informed that he could only drink Guinness from then on. He was heartbroken . . . for five minutes. Frustrated in his attempts to make Crab Football a national sport, he takes it out on the rest of us. His one indiscretion is coming to school dressed in spaghetti bolognese, which his best friend creates for him. If she knew what he was really like, she wouldn't bother.

News of this year's "Brain Drain" is hard to come by. Messrs. Grundell and Roberts have sold their brains to British Industry in preparation for the dreaming spires. Mr Bruce sits in front of a mirror, practising his vowel sounds in case he runs into Prince Charles at Trinity. Mr Newman lives in a dustbin at Goodison Park. Mr Cope has "dropped out" and so will his hair if it gets much longer. Mr Duff was last sighted at a bull-ring in Madrid, and before that at a pub in Hunts Cross. Mr Thomas is at present making paper aeroplanes and drawing up dramatic plans for his new image. Mr Tinsley is now extinct.

Secure in the knowledge that the subject of this report will not be around to read it, we pray frantically that this leaves us as it finds you,

We remain your servants,

UNCLE HEAVY AND THE
PORK-CHOP REVUE.

U.S.S.R. TRIP 1969

On the 3rd April the party going to the Soviet Union met at about 8.25 at Lime Street Station. It consisted of 21 members—7 boys, 9 girls from Wallacey and 5 adults and was headed by Mr Simmonds. After some confusion as to which carriage we were supposed to be in, we set off for Euston. At Euston we boarded a coach for Tilbury, about 30 miles away, where the ship, on which we were to sail to Riga via Copenhagen, was moored. It was the "Baltika" and, as we soon found out, our travelling companions were 300 or so noisy and vulgar cockneys. The monotony of the two-day journey to Copenhagen was broken by the judicious purchase of 28 bottles of beer just before the ban on drinking and smoking was made universal on board.

We arrived in Copenhagen in the morning and after seeing the famous statue of a mermaid, which was very disappointing on account of its small size and position, we walked into the city centre to change some money. Then the group split up and, after some hesitation, went into separate bars.

Our next stop was Riga, the capital of Soviet Latvia, where, after going on a very unsuccessful sightseeing tour (almost everywhere we went was closed) we met two black marketeers, who offered us three times the official exchange rate for our money and who wanted to buy our clothes and with whom we discussed everything from individual freedom to sex. In the evening we visited the International Seaman's Club, where we saw some films and tasted Riga beer for the first time. Then we got the train to Leningrad, and after an uneventful(!) journey, we arrived at about 9 o'clock in the morning.

We stayed in the hotel "Leningradskaya", which was situated right opposite St Isaac's Cathedral. After a belated breakfast we went on a pretty!! exhaustive tour of the city. Some of the more important places we visited were: the Winter Palace, the Peter and Paul Fortress, which used to be a prison, the Smolny, which used to be a young ladies' academy, but was Lenin's headquarters during the Revolution, the cruiser "Aurora", which gave the signal for the storming of the Winter Palace by firing a blank shot, and the famous Hermitage museum.

Fortunately we were free in the evenings (except for once when we went to the Maly Theatre to see the ballet "Solveig") and because of this free time, the food shop around the corner must have easily exceeded its sales target for beer.

On the 11th we flew to Moscow and stayed in the hotel "Berlin" and went on another mammoth excursion and saw the Kremlin, the hotel "Rossiya" the River Moskva, the Moscow State University, the Bolshoi and Maly theatres. We had the luck to get tickets for a production of "The Barber of Seville" at the Bolshoi. During the three days in Moscow we visited the Armoury Chamber of the Kremlin, the Lenin Mausoleum, the University, the Tretyakov Gallery, and the Lenin Museum. At last we had to leave the Soviet Union, and we boarded a train to Berlin and stayed the night there in the Studentenhôtel. On the following day we went on conducted tours around both parts of the city and in the evening we got the train to Cologne. As we had to change trains there and had three hours to spend, we walked around the city and saw the cathedral. On the following morning we arrived at Lime Street after a long and arduous journey at about four o'clock.

K. RUSHTON & P. T. PIMENTIL (68MI)

SWITZERLAND '69

With posers, baseys and sundry others assembled, we trundled off at 10.30 am prompt on the morning of the 10th April 1969, in the general direction of our sprawling capital. On arrival, the journey across London was undertaken on the newly-inaugurated Victoria Tube. However, the succeeding stages of

the journey were for the most part tedious and somewhat uneventful, punctuated intermittently by melodic recitations and spontaneous humour.

Our destination was reached at 9 am the following morning and we proceeded directly to the Hotel Weisses Rössli, where we were welcomed by our friendly, congenial hosts. The weather on arrival was promising, so that afternoon we embarked upon the breathtaking ascent up to Morschach, pausing only for liquid refreshment before commencing the descent to Sisikon, which proved to be rather more exacting for some than for others. By this time the meteorological rot had set in, which deteriorated gradually as the holiday wore on.

On the following afternoon a temporary lapse in the weather conditions granted us the opportunity for another excursion—by boat and on foot to Tellskapelle and thence on foot to Flüelen, whereupon one of our more intrepid members continued on to Altdorf. On the return journey the heavens opened and driving rain greeted us at Brunnen.

On Sunday, Luzern was visited, but as the weather was bad there were only minimal opportunities for sight-seeing. By now, the rain had turned to snow, which persisted all night and the following day. However, we escaped the adverse elements by travelling south of the Alps on the Monday to Lugano, where the weather was warm enough for some of us to brave the waters of the lake in a state of semi-undress, much to the annoyance of the officious park-keeper.

The precipitation persisted all day Tuesday, which saw us in Zürich. Here the party split up, some went shopping and a courageous few battled through wind and rain to visit the zoo, where most of the time was spent indoors contemplating a rather familiar-looking orang-utan and an incredibly banalistic tapir.

Continuing our garrulous account, we reach Wednesday which saw us in that ever-popular English stronghold, Interlaken, whose magnificent surroundings were regrettably blotted out by cloud. To compensate for this loss we paid a visit to the Aar Gorge on the return journey, which proved to be an even more saturating experience.

Returning to Brunnen we perceived for some two minutes an alien, yellow object hovering in the sky, but it soon disappeared and the heavens opened once again. By now, the proposed Klewenalp excursion had become legendary, so on Thursday the party divided into two factions, one going to Luzern to finish shopping and the other more adventurous surmounting the neighbouring Urmiberg with Sherpa Dobson at the head.

As that evening was our last night, frivolity abounded and certain members of the party ended up more bacchic than others and a smashing time was had by all!!

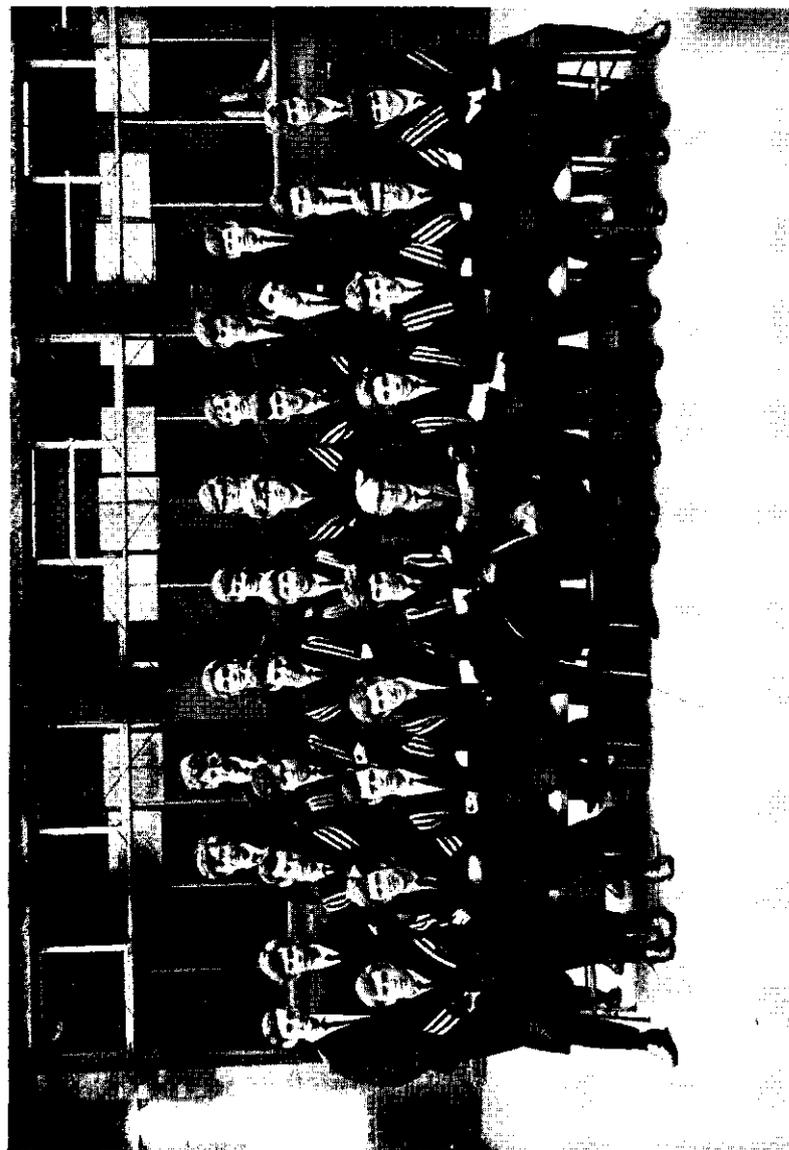
And so a truly memorable holiday drew to a close the following day with the privileged few bidding fond, effusive farewells to the hispanic domestic staff in our hotel. We left for England at 7 pm on Friday and all arrived safely in Liverpool the following evening.

Finally, all that remains is to thank most sincerely on behalf of the whole party, Mr & Mrs Parker and Mr Dobson for their organisation, unwavering patience and good humour, and the inveterate, intrepid Mr Bentliff for his constant supply of informative and interesting comments and anecdotes.

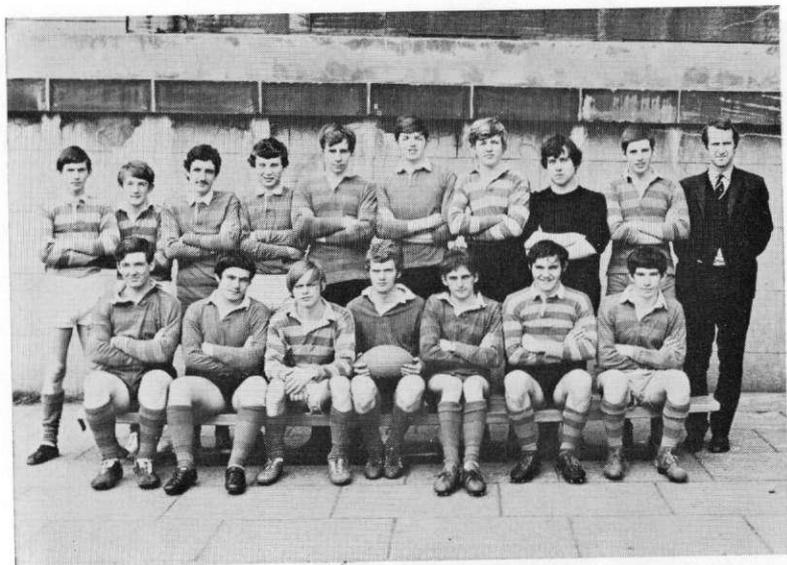
R. A. BRETHERTON; K. P. HARRIS & W. R. SMITH

PARIS TRIP '69

It was April and a grey morning in Liverpool when, at 10.30 am, we pulled out of Lime Street Station on the first stage of our exciting journey to Paris, a party of 31 boys, under the supervision of Messrs Watson and Goodall. Arriving at Euston Station and a sunny London we proceeded to the 'Chicken Inn' and devoured a delicious luncheon. Then on to Victoria Station for the



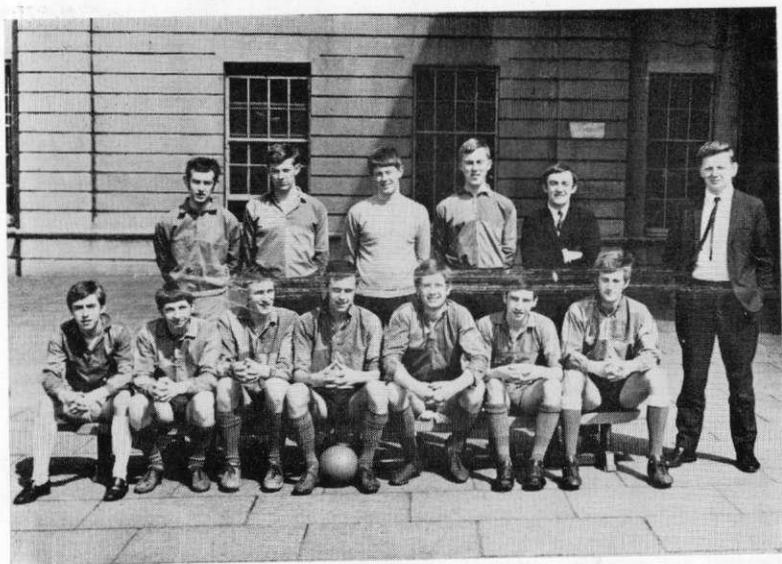
SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1968-69



1st RUGBY XV, 1968-69



1st CRICKET XI, 1968



1st FOOTBALL XI, 1968-69



BASKETBALL TEAM, 1968-69



A SCENE FROM THE SCHOOL PRODUCTION OF 'LUTHER'.

train to Folkstone, where we embarked for Calais on the 'Cote d'Azur'. The weather had been fine, but now it was clear we were going to have a rough crossing! Those next 1½ hours seemed like years, but when we finally put our feet on the stable ground of France all our feelings of nausea fled.

The train journey from Calais to Paris provided us with some amusing incidents. There was bargaining between a French porter, and an American lady tourist; he wanted twelve francs (£1 approx.) for putting her suitcase on the luggage rack! Also, we were offered a cigarette by a French citizen; the offer was refused politely.

Near mid-night we slumped into our beds at the Adolphe Cheriaux Lycée, and those mattresses felt like heavenly clouds, as we drifted off to sleep, aware of the adventurous times ahead of us.

In no time at all, it seemed, we awoke to a beautiful morning and the start of a glorious week in gay Paris. This Easter Monday we attended service at the British Embassy Church, and the rest of the day was spent introducing ourselves to Paris, when well-known places, seen in postcards and magazines, became a reality to us. From the top of the Arc-de-Triomphe, we looked down the Champs Elysées and the other eleven radiating avenues which combined to make the famous star! Then under the great arc we saw the immortal flame at the Unknown soldier. The Conciergerie proved everything that it was reputed to be: a dark, gloomy, eerie early-century prison, and it was easy to imagine the ghosts of such famous figures as Marie Antoinette and Robespierre haunting it. Another wonderful sight of Paris was the aerial view from the top of the majestic 13th century Gothic Cathedral of Notre Dame. On our first night in Paris we were very impressed by the floodlit, silver fountains, cascading in front of the Palais de Chaillot.

The ascent of the Eiffel Tower was left until a later date and perhaps the most panoramic view of all was from the top stage of the tower—an exhilarating experience.

The next days were spent visiting such renowned places as the comparatively 'modern' building of the Sacré-Coeur basilica, and the medieval Château de Vincennes, which contains the very room where Henry V of England died in 1422. Other Châteaux visited were: La Malmaison, the elegant country residence of Napoleon and Josephine, the imposing Fontainebleau, with a surprising optical illusion floor of parquet, and Versailles, the magnificent, housing, among many things, the beautiful Hall of Mirrors.

Back in the heart of Paris our trip to Les Invalides proved to be the most absorbing, as it was here we saw the splendid tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, resting on a pedestal of green granite. A museum of the relics of the two World Wars was at the rear of Les Invalides, and these, also, proved very interesting indeed. The golden treasure house of Paris, the Louvre, gave us some breathtaking moments, when we saw priceless paintings and sculptures which included the Mona Lisa, Venus de Milo, and the Winged Victory. This glimpse made us promise to return someday to see more of these wonders.

Finally we would like to thank very sincerely Mr Watson and family, and Mr Goodall, without whom our trip would have been impossible. Their great kindness was much appreciated, and they provided us with a week in Paris which we shall always remember.

M. P. DUFFY & R. W. BIDE (IB)

GREECE 1968

Under the extremely virtuous tutelage of Mr Dobson, dressed for the occasion in luminous, psychedelic, orange trousers, the party met the vivacious Mr Brayne and the effervescent Mr Cummings at Euston Station on 23rd July. After proving beyond doubt that the London underground system was completely chaotic, we eventually arrived at Victoria and boarded the boat-train. It was a perfect day for boating, and as the B.R. Bireme pulled away from

Dover, the international playboy spirit overcame the whole party. Convinced that the rolling of the boat could not be attributed to the calm sea, we eventually went on deck to find the coast of Gaul in full view. The French police soon ushered us through at gunpoint and we boarded a rather antique electric-chariot which in true railway fashion set off several hours late in several directions. Some of us in our wisdom had booked couchettes, though the presence of two Transatlantic cousins rather dampened our smugness, and 'was that the Thames we just crossed' set a high tone to the conversation. Dawn of the 24th brought us to Helvetia where a somnambulant party partook of a famous Swiss dish (which was remarkably easy to make) called 'Frühstück!' at an exorbitantly fair price. Soon we were speeding south through the Alps, the sight of which was really breathtaking—to which I attribute smoking in high altitudes. We spent several hours at Lucerne, some of the more enthusiastic skating round the Glacier Gardens. That evening we spent in Milan and were soon speeding overnight to Brindisi. A lazy day on the beach was most welcome—a sun-tan was had by all. We set sail for Patras aboard a most luxurious liner and it was on this voyage that the party's song was composed—

"Gee, look at the wine-dark sea!
It's so blue, it's full of Pou*
It almost makes you want to spew"
* (in-joke)

(After Homer)

At Patras we went to bed for the first time for four days, too worn out to view the night scene. Next day we sailed across the gulf to Itea and so to Delphi. Here the hotel had a shower in every room (by the time we settled in). The ruins were viewed with a commentary from the classics masters full of their usual oracular nebulosity. At length we set off for Athens, where several days of grilling, viewing and wondering were passed. The height of our stay was meeting up with Mr Rogers and Mr Davis, who happened to be passing through. We spent a very enjoyable time chasing each other round Syntagma Square and then passed the evening in the traditionally jolly fashion pertaining to English gentlemen abroad. We spent several thrilling days on the Isle of Crete, staying in a hotel where, as advertised, one could, 'sleer for only 25 drachmas' and steeped ourselves in prehistory, a favourite local pastime. The journey back was somewhat tempestuous; the wind howled, the spray flew and we spent the evening rolling round the deck. Arrived at Athens we took a train to Nauplion. This must be one of the pleasantest places in Greece and we stayed on the front of the Hotel Grande Bretagne, a superior hostelry overlooking the bay. There we spent 5 glorious days visiting Tiryns, Mycenae, Epidaurus and more frequently the beach, when the ubiquitous jelly-fish were not present. After this sojourn we sadly took leave of Greece and set sail for Italy and Rome. We were welcomed by the Pope, who kept his distance however. We saw the usual sights—apart from the luminous trousers—notably the Forum, the visit to which ended with police action over our concessionary pass; our British stiff upper-lips won the day (we'd practised beforehand). On the last day some went to Ostia, while others played with hoses on the lawn. We bade a sad farewell to the Eternal City and set off for Liverpool, with many happy memories.

OUZO PAPASTRATOS

ODESSA '68

At 7 am on a cold Summer's morning we, a party of six boys and six girls, plus two teachers, left for London en route for Odessa, Liverpool's twin city, where we were about to stay for two weeks on an exchange visit.

Later that day, around tea-time, we arrived at our hotel in Moscow, where we were going to spend the night. Here we experienced our first Russian

meal. The next day we decided to go sightseeing. We went to the Armament Museum, Red Square and Lenin's Mausoleum. Then, as this had made us late, we had to rush for our aeroplane which we just managed to catch. Then we had a two hour journey ahead of us before we arrived at our ultimate destination—Odessa.

On arrival at Odessa we were treated like film stars. We were welcomed off the aeroplane by a group of children from the camp where we were going to stay—"Young Guards", and numerous photographs were taken which we were given at the end of our stay. The next day, after settling down in the camp and meeting everyone, we went to see the mayor followed by a tour of the city to see all the sights—Potyomkin Steps, Opera House etc. For the next few days we had an easy time, lazing in the sunshine on the beach.

Then, feeling much better, we went to many fine places such as a huge collective farm where we were fed from when we arrived until we left with produce of the farm, a sanatorium with its glorious gardens, and a nautical museum. Perhaps the highlight of our tour of the city was the Opera House. It was magnificent, gleaming with its richly decorated balconies.

During the last week of our holiday we were once again 'stuffed', this time with sweets and chocolates from a sweet factory in the city. On top of the sweets eaten in the factory we were given huge boxes of chocolates as a gift.

Our holiday was now near an end but we still had a full timetable in front of us. We made a journey to another Pioneer camp by Hydrofoil. We visited a film studio and the last place of interest was the new port with all its modern devices and buildings.

It had been a holiday of a lifetime. The camp and its members had been most helpful and kind. All too soon we found ourselves in the air and on the way to Moscow to stay the night.

Having arrived at Moscow we made a final tour of the Red Square, went shopping in G.U.M. and took a tour on the Metro, and for a time we got lost.

The following morning we were up early and on our way to the airport. Before long we were in London and then Liverpool. We got off the plane into the dull rain of Liverpool and were already missing the burning heat and brilliant sunshine of Odessa.

B. J. GLEAVE & J. F. AUDEN

LANGUAGE STUDY ABROAD

In accordance with that well-worn maxim brandished by educationalists, namely that the only way to learn a language properly is to live in that particular country, a solitary member of the school sojourned for three weeks at Easter in the capital of Bavaria and libertinism, with the intention of improving his command of the language, absorbing the local colour and immersing himself in the alien environment.

On arrival at Munich we (that is, a party of about thirty students from all over England) were introduced to our respective host-families and all became immediately aware of the fact that the Bavarians are a warm-hearted people and speak a different sort of German from that we were being taught at school. But once we had become accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of the Bavarian dialect, conversation rattled on at a rapid, if ungrammatical, tempo.

Munich, the capital of free Bavaria, the centre of German intellectual and cultural life, is no beautiful city, but, with the occasional student marching down the road proudly waving the north Vietnamese flag, with its promiscuous cinema posters, with its artists and anarchists, whose war-cry is "Put an end to the dictatorship of order!", and its beer, it certainly creates an interesting if indefinable impression upon the visitor. The city is situated on the southern flank of the Schwabian-Bavarian plateau, and therefore the Bavarian Alps are in easy reach.

It was into this area of breath-taking beauty that the party made several excursions. We visited Schloss Linderhof, built by King Ludwig II of Bavaria, Kloster Ettal (monks and Benedictine liqueur), Oberammergau (passion play every decade), Garmisch-Partenkirchen (winter sports and Americans), Berchtesgaden (Hitler's tea-house), Königsee (lake), Salzburg (Mozart, The Sound of Music and Coffee-houses), Solalinden (pine-woods); and in Munich itself the Hackerbräuerei (beer), the Alte Pinakothek (paintings), numerous baroque churches and, of course, Schwabing (X*?-!).

The main purpose of our stay, however, was to go to school. This entailed travelling out with the tram to one of the suburbs. Only during the translation lessons was one permitted to speak English; otherwise, lectures on local geography and history and national literature, in German, were the order of the day. The advantages of this "direct" method of teaching languages are immediately obvious. The student cannot help but acquire a sound accent; he is acquainted with the language as it is used and spoken by the native tongue; his vocabulary continually, inexhaustibly expands, and when he hears such words used in everyday conversation between native speakers and himself he becomes acquainted with them naturally without undue labour. However, constant concentration is essential. Ultimately, that level of linguistic development is attained where, by reading daily newspapers printed in that language, by watching the television (which, in the case of Germany, shows a remarkable predilection for the cultural, rather than the light-entertainment type of programme), by listening to the radio, by attending the theatre and cinema, by getting lost in vast, unfamiliar cities and therefore having to speak the language concerned to complete strangers; in a word, simply by being in an alien environment, one begins to think in the language concerned, to count up cash, think out loud and express coherent opinions on politics and the like with a modicum of success and fluency. And after a period of several months, no doubt, the student would progress to higher things. He would, one hopes, begin to communicate with the great literary minds of that language, forming conclusions about the work of the artist in the artist's own, foreign, language. All of which is, after all, the purpose of learning to speak and think in a foreign language.

P. D. RIMMER (AC)

SPAIN '69

We arrived three hours late at the British Institute, Madrid, after a rather shaky start—the BAC 1-11 jet in which we were flying had to return to Gatwick after developing engine trouble. Having arrived at Madrid Airport, and with our luggage safely hunted down, what we hoped would be our first experience of speaking Spanish in Spain turned out to be a distracted American asking, 'Say, do you speak English?' As we found later the airport was not the only place swarming with Yanks.

The evening of our arrival a special reception was held for English and Spanish students, where introductions of varying natures were made. Here we were entertained by the Madrid University 'tuna' who played Spanish folk songs and one or two prehistoric hits.

Excursions were made with great gaiety, aided by community singing in which our compatriots discovered the reason for Liverpool's world famous talent in this field. Our first trip outside Madrid was to Toledo, a medieval capital of Spain, renowned for its exorbitantly priced souvenirs. We visited its cathedral and the Alcázar (a former royal residence), and passed the site of the heroic Nationalist stand of the Civil War. A tour was also made of the house of El Greco, the famous Spanish painter.

Our second outing was to Segovia, a medium-sized town, famous for its Roman aqueduct, its fairy-tale Alcázar (castle), and its cathedral. We were taken on a guided tour of the cathedral but our enjoyment of this was spoilt by the damp, cold atmosphere within the building.

The final excursion outside Madrid took us to two places, the first of which was the Valle de los Caídos (Valley of the Fallen). This monumental structure consists of a huge church built into the mountain, at the top of which is a huge stone cross projecting over 100 ft. into the air. The short journey to our next destination (El Escorial) was undertaken with our coach-driver suffering from appendicitis. This edifice is a combination of palace, monastery, and school, the latter two of which still function as such. We were escorted round the palace by a uniformed guide who showed us many items of interest, including a mausoleum of Spanish royalty (of which Mr Sweeney keeps an unhappy memory).

In Madrid visits were made to the Prado Art Museum, where was revealed a distinct lack of aesthetic appreciation (sorry, Goya!), in spite of the attentions of a guide.

An experience not to be missed was the Madrid Metro. Despite the lack of seats (and the ones that were there were wooden affairs, 'Reserved for mutilated gentlemen'), the jolts and jars, and the rush-hour squeeze (there appeared to be many 'rush-hours' on the Metro), the redeeming feature was its economy—there was a standard fare of 3d. (2 pesetas), regardless of distance.

Spanish eating habits are vastly different from our own. A breakfast of 'Marie' biscuits and coffee is served at eight. Then there are two large meals: lunch at two and supper at ten. One of our number, unaccustomed to these times, left his supper from the first night (thinking it was next morning's breakfast) and rose the following day to attempt to eat it. One adjective which could be applied to the Holy Week menu is 'fishy', but this was adequately counterbalanced by the cheapness of wine—a litre bottle could be bought for one shilling—and undoubtedly it made its impression in several ways.

Evening free time was used to improve Anglo-Spanish, and often boy-girl relations. Word was circulated in the student underworld that a foreign invasion had taken place, with the result that each evening a number of local 'guerillas' could be seen loitering outside the British Institute, though obviously not with malicious intent.

One of the more remarkable features of the course was Susana, a 19 year-old student at Madrid University, and one of the eight Spanish teachers on the staff. During the conversation lessons she kept her male protégés in a spellbound stare (for obvious reasons), while causing the girls to sit in sulky silence.

We had wide experience of the Spanish language. It was found that Spanish horses did not respond to cries of 'Whoa!' and 'Gee-up', so their equivalents had to be invented. There was, too, an unfortunate incident in which one (who shall remain nameless) told a Spanish girl to stop pinching him, but chose the wrong word and appeared to the rest to be casting aspersions on her character. Some learned the hard way, others with little difficulty of the sort mentioned. But it is a fact that at this moment 120 students around Britain are engaged in the arduous task of teaching their Spanish teachers—(watch out Mr Hunt!).

It is true that all, without exception, enjoyed their stay, and many a tearful 'adiós' was said both in Madrid and in London. We feel sure that all would endorse our gesture of appreciation—

Olé!

S. J. BEDFORD, M. HARRIS, A. D. WATKINSON

SPORT QUIZ

- 1 What is the longest athletics event in the Olympic Games?
- 2 Who was the first man to run a mile in under 4 minutes, in 1954?
- 3 Which cricketer has taken most wickets in Test Matches—and how many?
- 4 What distance did Lynn Davies achieve when he won the 1964 Olympic long jump?
- 5 Which club has won the F.A. Cup most times?
- 6 Who was the youngest boxer ever to win the world heavyweight championship?
- 7 Who was the 1965 world speedway champion?
- 8 How many players are there in a water polo team?
- 9 In which sport would you find a middle heavyweight championship?
- 10 Who is the only English footballer to win 100 international caps?

(Answers at end of magazine)

B. HENDERSON (35C)

THE ANGRY MAN

He looked at me with glassy stare,
As o'er my lips there passed a prayer,
His bleary, bloodshot vision eyed,
Where yesterday a man had died.

He moved towards me, face a-flare,
Unblinking was his awful glare,
His furrowed brow and balding pate,
All denoted naught but hate.

His lips were blue and very thin,
I shuddered outwardly and in,
To think I was alone with he,
Who'd killed one man and would kill me.

Dirty, unshaven and arms all bare,
Unbrushed teeth, and uncombed hair,
His ears were red, inflamed and sore,
Those hands were stiff with blood and gore.

As he had all brute strength and rage,
And I had wisdom but not age,
I wasn't glad I was alone,
With this a second Al Capone . . .

P. GOULDING (35c)

THE SLUMS

A dirty grimy house,
Small and old.
Smashed-in windows and a door knarled with age.
Candles burn dimly on a newspaper tablecloth.
Stale bread and jam lie on the table,
An old woman sits in an only chair, and sleeps.
She dreams of a large house, furnished suites and tables,
Brightly-coloured doors and polished windows.
But what does she find when she wakes?
Poverty and . . . nothing.

G. HOGG (35c)

THE COUNTRYSIDE AT MIDNIGHT

The witching hour!
The trees throw up their gaunt arms
against the steel-grey sky:
All around there is a silence as of
the grave:
The whole world is awaiting—
Nothing seems alive in this deathly hush.
Suddenly a church-tower emits
twelve resonant booms, and
everything breathes again.
The witching hour is past.

K. FEINTUCK (35c)

THE LONELY MAN

The lonely man stood on the stair,
Looking at an empty chair,
That once was filled by his wife,
But now was only filled with air.

The man carried on looking at that empty chair
And wondered why she'd left him there,
But he knew in his mind that it was he
And only he who'd been unfair.

C. J. KENNY (3B)

"THE DERBY"

The "Derby" match is nearing,
The tickets are all sold.
The blackmarket prices are so high
You'd think they were made of gold.
It's almost three o'clock now,
Welcome to our two teams.
The "Ref's" just blown his whistle,
It's now you'll hear our screams.
Ground and Paddock are all full,
The Boy's Pen and Stands are too.
We're all good sportsmen here,
You'll never hear a "boo"!
Out on the field in Blue and Red
Our favourites show their tricks.
Each defence keeps out the shots
With dangerous overhead kicks.
The game is over without a goal—
Just think, for all that fuss.
Now we have to rush outside
And wait for an all-green bus.

A. EVANS (3B)

FOR SALE

There she stood,
 In black and brown.
 She was enough
 To make one frown.
 The doors are rusty,
 The seats being dusty,
 The windows scratched,
 The bumpers bashed,
 The wipers worn,
 The seat covers torn,
 The mirrors smashed,
 The tyres slashed,
 The wheels cracked.
 The body-work gashed,
 The axle bent,
 The mudguards dent,
 The headlamps dim,
 The number plates grim,
 The fan belt slack,
 The spark plugs black,
 The door handles missing,
 The radiator hissing.
 No matter how much,
 I'd never touch.

C. GRIFFITHS (3B)

POEM

a baby wearing a blue and white bobble cap,
 just like a football fan
 keeping his brains warm,
 just like a football fan
 sucking his thumb, petulantly
 crying
 and screaming:
 "poor, poor baba, then
 never mind,
 daddy will bring you an away win
 when he comes home from work."

P. GILBERT (AM2)

PRIORITIES

We live in a depressing age.
 At times when men are dying, children dead
 through malnutrition;
 when all the world cries out
 for food, more food:
 all we can do
 is think of more and better ways
 to kill.
 We live in a depressing age.
 We say that we are civilised—
 but we forget
 the millions homeless,
 hungry, dying,
 whom we—oh hypocrites!
 ignore.

What can we do? you say. What can we do?
 We can help them,
 clothe them, feed them,
 give them doctors,
 nurses, teachers,
 food and homes.
 If only some of you
 instead of being so self-satisfied
 would help to make the world once more
 a better place
 to live.

M. H. COULSHED (BC)

PROBLEM

If lions wear musquash pyjamas,
 And wallabies leopard-skin coats,
 Then what is worn by llamas:
 Is it coney, or squirrel or stoats?

S. W. A. BRANDON (BC)

THE SKY IS SOLID FOR YOU

Sunlight sparkles on gleaming beaks and wings,
 Hurts the eyes, spearing from the sea.
 The single seagulls screech mournfully at blue wastes
 Of sky, flying alone to further than the mind can see.
 In wide streams
 of blue
 I have dreams
 of you.
 The atmosphere is an azure topless well
 Which my introspective eyes cannot pierce—
 Its loneliness and merciless depth of
 Nothing distract my longing, now fierce.
 In a river
 of blue
 I shiver.
 for you
 The sun's afternoon warmth plays soft on my face,
 The cold wind thrusts it away.
 I hardly take notice, I gaze, absorbed
 By the space, which attracts me, blue too, today.
 In an ocean
 of blue
 Emotion
 for you
 Blinds me.

S. W. KENNY (AM2)

A ROUND

The red wind and the chilling sun
 Bite endlessly at things that lie between
 The cliff face and the water's fluted edge
 Which laps in lethargy the brown sand up
 And creeps and crawls across the pebbled waste
 Until it tastes the cliff's own brittle stone
 And seeps in sullen sections up the rocks

Which separate the living from the sea
And swallows in its vastness all that cross
The brown and blood stained sand which dully lies
Between the cliff face and the water's edge.

D. A. FEINTUCK (M6A)

THE NATURE OF TRUTH

Slowly and sadly, as the passing of the hours,
Like one huge cinematographic display
Whose speed is badly stunted, retreat our lives,
And 'all our yesterdays' are swamped by our tomorrows,
For beads of sweat stand on our fevered brows
As we consider what might be, not what has gone.
The horrors of the future burn our minds
And we forget the happiness we've had
And how, upon one frozen instant standing,
Each one of us exists in self alone,
And cannot touch the fate of those who look
From different distances upon him. The past
For us can hold no merit: the present faces us
But we persist in looking through it, blankly.

D. A. FEINTUCK (M6A)

CROSSWORD SOLUTION**Across**

- 1 Gladstone
- 6 Yeats
- 9 Isles (anag)
- 11 Acetone (ace-tone)
- 13 Aster (anag)
- 14 Sober
- 15 Tripe
- 16 Inca
- 18 Tench
- 20 Hygiene
- 24 Hale (hail)
- 25 Indiana
- 26 Nick
- 27 Stephen
- 30 Dacca
- 32 ELDO
- 33 Bench
- 35 La Paz
- 37 Until (anag)
- 39 Strauss
- 40 Honda (anag)
- 41 Nonet
- 42 Masefield

Down

- 1 Grieg
- 2 Allison
- 3 Ontario
- 4 East (anag)
- 5 Apart (a-part)
- 7 Anode
- 8 Steinbeck
- 10 Sabah
- 12 Ewing
- 17 Capital
- 19 Cheap (anag)
- 21 Year
- 22 Ionia
- 23 Kine
- 24 Huskisson
- 28 Hindu
- 29 Hollins
- 30 Depth (in depth)
- 31 Cézanne
- 33 Byron
- 34 Husak
- 36 Weald
- 38 Team (anag)

ANSWERS TO SPORT QUIZ

- 1 The 50,000 metres walk (31 miles 120 yards)
- 2 Roger Bannister in 3 min 59.4 sec
- 3 F. S. Trueman (Yorkshire & England)—307 wickets in 67 Test Matches
- 4 26 ft 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins
- 5 Aston Villa—7 times
- 6 Floyd Patterson, 21 years 331 days
- 7 Bjorn Knutsson (Sweden)
- 8 Seven
- 9 Weight Lifting
- 10 Billy Wright (Wolves)—105 caps

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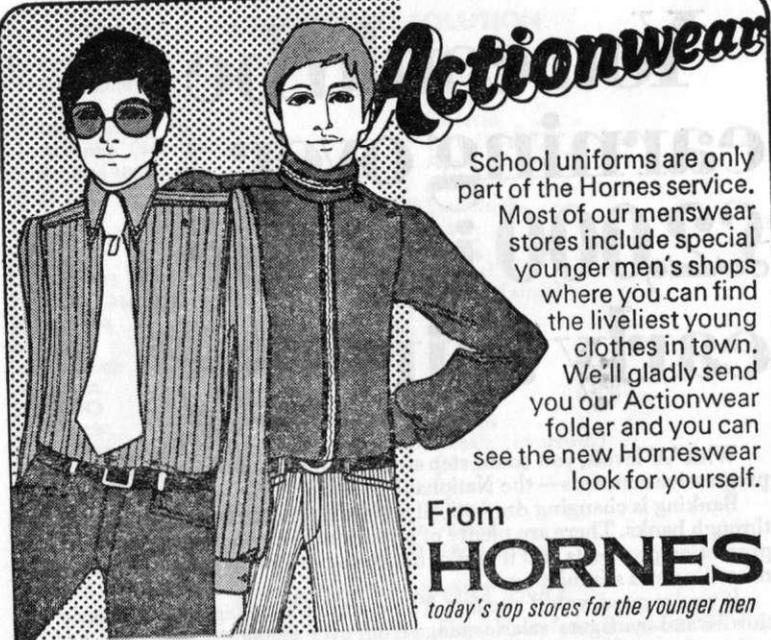
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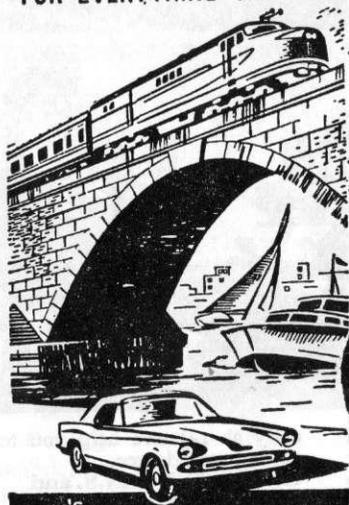
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