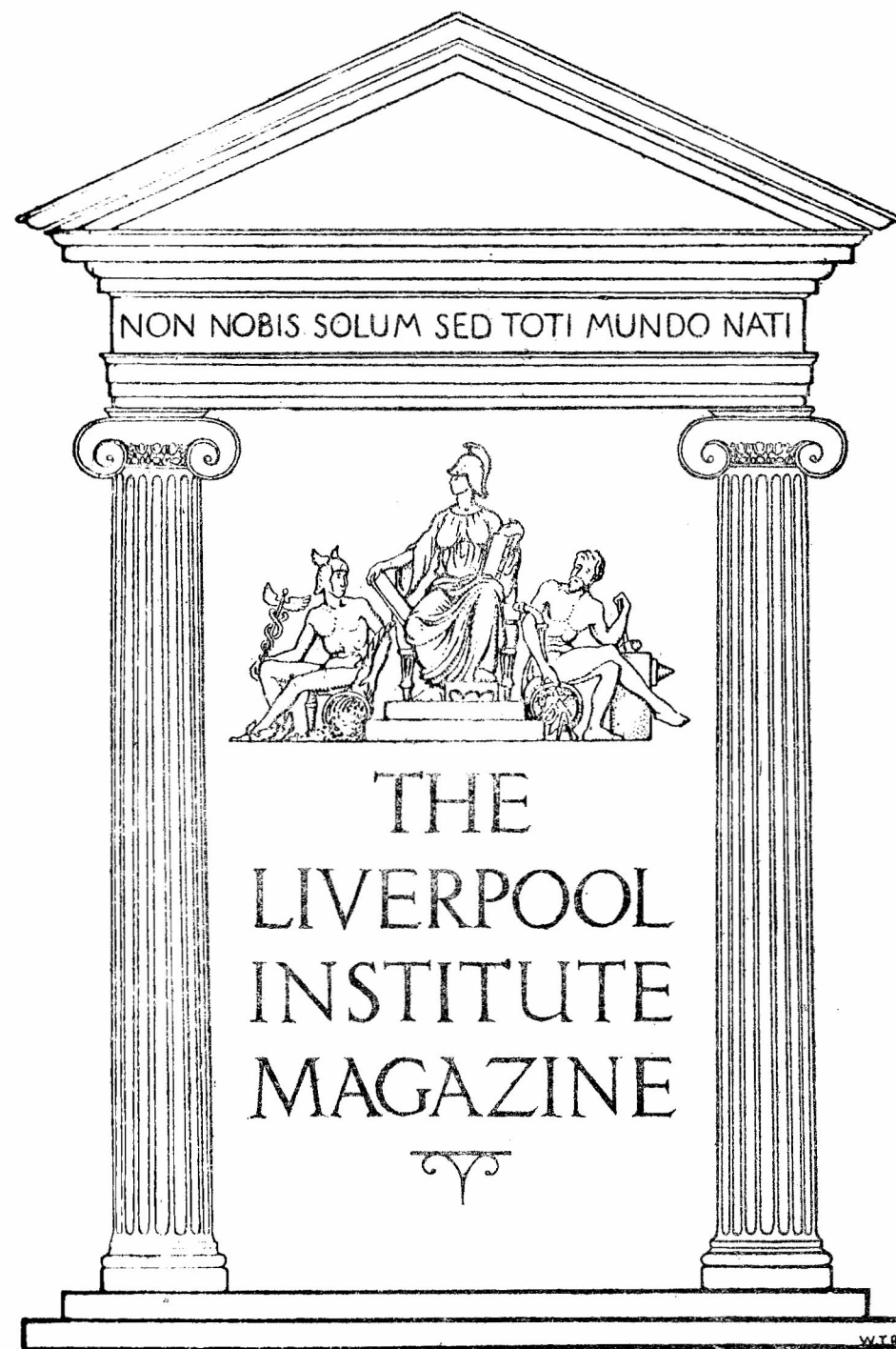


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JANUARY

1957

# LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXV

Number 1

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JANUARY, 1957

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Editors	-	-	-	{	J. E. SHARP
				{	R. J. WALKER
Sub-Editors	-	-	-	{	P. W. JOHNSON
				{	R. WILLIAMS

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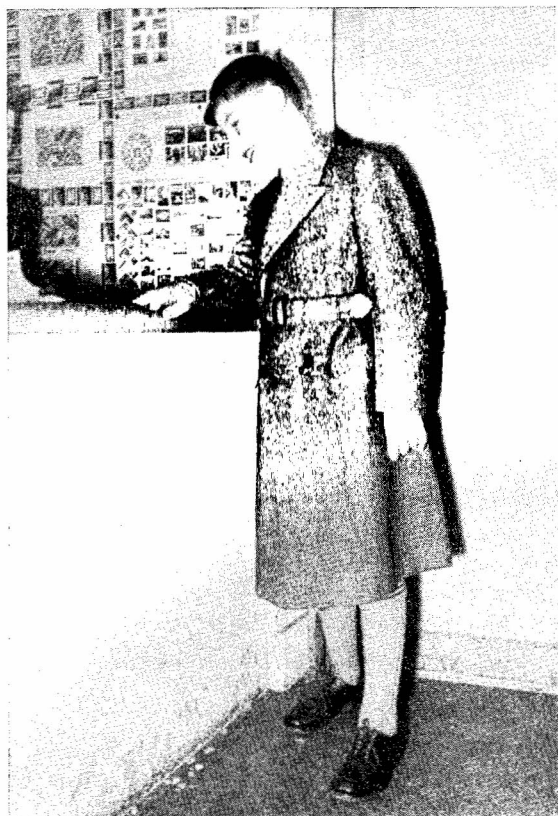
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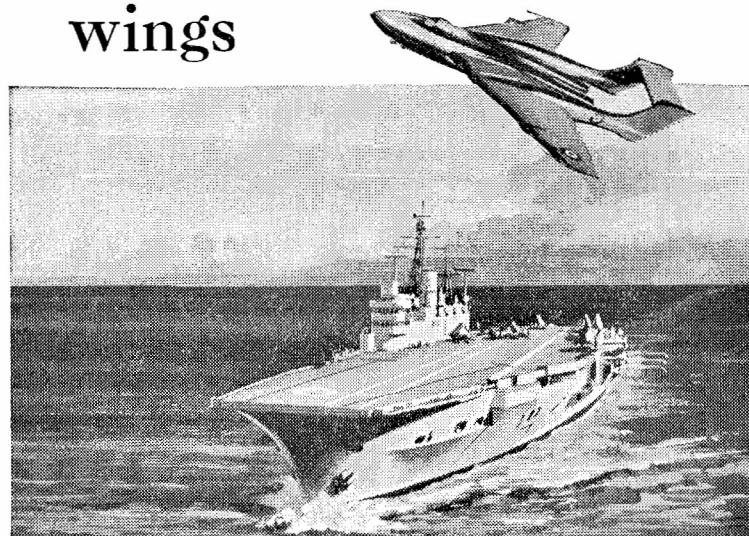
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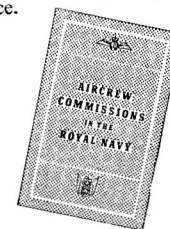
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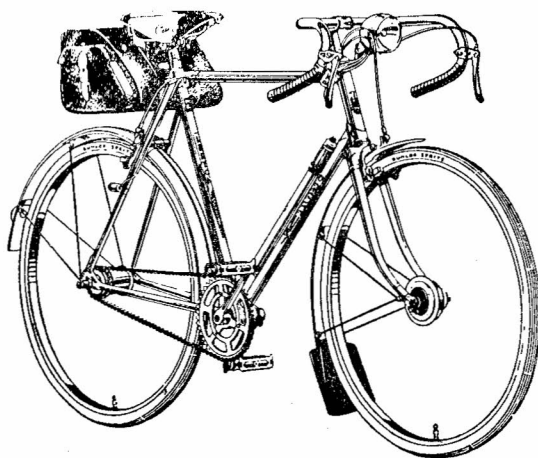


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## LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

VOL. LXV

JANUARY, 1957

No. 1

### EDITORIAL

The design which forms the cover of this Magazine may be said, we suggest, to typify one of a school's greatest distinctive attributes and unifying factors, namely its tradition; because it is conventional, we must not therefore dismiss it out of hand, for at least it cannot be held guilty of any affectation.

Symbolic and tasteful, the group within the classical portico may represent the spirit of all that is considered good in education and society, encircled by a wistful, admiring echo of the past. A simple analogy can perhaps be drawn from this Ionic porch; its style is not severe, as the Doric might have been, nor yet flamboyant, as in the Corinthian. It is, quite simply, elegant—a happy mean, which we ourselves may strive to emulate in our lives within these walls, as well as afterwards. Ancient sages laid a tentative finger upon the most true and yet most cryptic of all ideas of man, when they taught the dogma, 'Nothing in Excess'—not even moderation, one might add. All things must retain their proper place, and allow nothing to retard the search for truth; eternal questions must be viewed coolly and objectively, if they are to be solved, for frustration is merely a confession of defeat.

This is the value of 'eternal questions'; they have provided food for the discussion of thinking men since time began, and probably will do the same for every generation of posterity. They have inspired the arts, and thus have lifted man far from animal desires and instincts, to the infinite plane of thought, and search for an elusive truth. To prevent elaboration, we may briefly, though none the less justifiably, express a sincere hope that the ultimate Truth is found before the race destroys itself.

To continue such a discourse would lay us open to the charge of moralising excessively. An Editorial should not serve as a mouthpiece for the glib; it should not betray the cynic that may exist in all Editors. Suffice it to suggest that the spirit of our age today must be stimulated by that of the past, exemplified in our tradition; and that our thought, by consequence, must be concerned with the many questions which have been left unanswered.

### CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

On behalf of the whole School, the Editors wish to express their sympathy with the Headmaster in his recent illness. We were delighted to see him in his usual place on Speech Day and we sincerely hope that, when this issue of the Magazine appears, we shall find him completely restored to health.

At the end of the Summer term we said good-bye to Mr. Willott, who had been connected with the School, as boy and master, for 34 years. We wish Mr. Willott success and happiness in his new position as Senior Classics Master on the staff of Bala County School.

Mr. John Webster, Senior English Master of the School since 1948, has left us to take up an appointment as Headmaster of Gillingham Grammar School, Dorset. To him also we extend best wishes for success and happiness in his new sphere.

In September, 1956, we welcomed Mr. L. Nelson, B.A. (Oxon), who took the place of Mr. Willott, as Classics Master, and Mr. P. J. Isaac, B.Sc. (Wales), who succeeded Mr. Plant. We are pleased to have with us also Herr Wölck, who comes to us from Kiel.

On October 3rd, sections of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Trevor Harvey, gave a concert in the Hall to the Lower School and to forms from Blackburne House. The programme included: Overture, *Egmont*, by Beethoven; March, *Serenade for Strings*, by Dag Wren; The *Unfinished Symphony* (First Movement), by Schubert, and Scherzo (*Midsummer Night's Dream*), by Mendelssohn.

On November 20th, members of the Modern Sixth forms went to see *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, by Molière, and *L'Anglais tel Qu'on Le Parle*, by Tristan Bernard, performed by La Troupe Française, at the Royal Court Theatre.

Speech Day was held on Wednesday, 12th December, in the Philharmonic Hall, when the prizes were distributed by the Very Rev. F. W. Dillistone, D.D., Dean of Liverpool.

The Hobby Show will take place on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, April 5th and April 6th.

A cheque for £75 has been forwarded as the School's contribution to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool's Hungarian Relief Fund.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Axon on their recent marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Parker on the birth of a daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Moore on the birth of a son.

We congratulate the following on their academic achievements:—

D. M. Blond, An Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Brasenose College, Oxford.

D. G. Lawrence, An Open Scholarship in Classics at Oriel College, Oxford.

R. D. Parsons, An Open Exhibition in Mathematics at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

J. A. Watson, An Open Exhibition in Mathematics at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

D. A. Thomas, An Open Exhibition in English at Queen's College, Cambridge.

## SERVICE OF LESSONS AND CAROLS

During the afternoon of December 19th, the last day of term, the following Service of Lessons and Carols was held in the School Hall:—

	<i>Once in Royal David's City</i>	- - - - -	The Choir.
	<i>Hark! the herald-angels sing</i>	- - - - -	The School.
FIRST LESSON	- - - - -	<i>A Third Former—J. R. Morgan (3A).</i>	
	<i>Ding, dong! merrily on high—traditional French carol</i>	- - - - -	The Choir.
	<i>In dulci jubilo—German, 14th Century</i>	- - - - -	The Choir.
SECOND LESSON	- - - - -	<i>An Upper Fifth Former—T. I. Williams (U5A)</i>	
	<i>Lord Jesus hath a garden—Dutch, 1633</i>	- - - - -	The Choir.
	<i>O little town of Bethlehem</i>	- - - - -	The Choir.
THIRD LESSON	- - - - -	<i>A Pro-Prefect—B. Worthington (6AM2)</i>	
	<i>The Tyrolean cradle song</i>	- - - - -	The Choir.
	<i>The first Noel—English traditional carol</i>	- - - - -	The School.
FOURTH LESSON	- - - - -	<i>The Head Boy—C. G. E. Berry (6AM1).</i>	
	<i>Pretty tiny babe—Greek traditional tune</i>	- - - - -	The Choir.
	<i>In the bleak mid-winter</i>	- - - - -	The Choir.
FIFTH LESSON	- - - - -	<i>The Vice-Principal</i>	
	<i>O come all ye faithful</i>	- - - - -	The School.
SIXTH LESSON	- - - - -	<i>The Headmaster.</i>	
	<i>Lo, the sound of youthful voices</i>	- - - - -	The School.

THE BENEDICTION.

## SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held on Wednesday, December 12th, 1956, in the Philharmonic Hall, when the prizes were distributed by the Very Rev. F. W. Dillistone, D.D., Dean of Liverpool. After the traditional Latin address of welcome had been delivered by R. J. Walker, a Prefect of the School, the Headmaster presented his annual report.

After expressing his satisfaction with the School's academic record in the previous school year, he referred to the nation-wide demand for scientists and technologists. He doubted whether, at present, the School was in a position to make an adequate contribution to the national need, but provision of two new laboratories would do something towards remedying the existing limited accommodation. While he recognised the urgency and value of a thorough scientific training, nevertheless, it was his firm conviction that Classical and other humanistic studies provided a sound basis for a full education.

The Headmaster referred to Mr. Willott, who left in July, 1956 to become Senior Classics Master on the Staff of Bala County School, after an almost uninterrupted connection with the School, as boy and master, for 34 years, and to Mr. John Webster, the Senior English Master, who was leaving the School to take up an appointment as Headmaster of Gillingham Grammar School, Dorset. He thanked the Governing Body, the Staff and, in particular, the Vice-Principal, Mr. Reece, who shouldered so nobly the burden of responsibility during his own absence through illness.

When the Junior Choir had sung *Come, Let Us All This Day*, by Bach, *My Heart, Ever Faithful*, by Bach, and John Cook's *Little Gray Mare*, by N. Gilbert, the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. Brian Heathcote, M.Sc., said how relieved he was to see the Headmaster on the platform that evening. A Speech Day without him would be like *Hamlet* without the Prince. Mr. Heathcote was of opinion that the standard of scholarship in the sixth forms was as high as ever and that this standard was reflected throughout the School. He felt it important that boys specialising in the sixth forms should also cultivate an interest in subjects outside their own field of study.

The Four-Part Choir then sang *Es Ist Ein' Ros' Entsprungen* (translated from the German by D. G. McCulloch, of 6AM1), *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*, by Bach, and a negro spiritual, *Little David, Play on Yo' Harp*, arr. Sargent, after which the prizes were distributed by the Dean of Liverpool.

In his address, the Dean emphasised the close relationship between the School and the Cathedral. The Western World had inherited two great traditions: from Greece, the values of Mathematics and Music, and from the Hebrew those of World History and the Sacred Drama. The legacy of Greece stimulated clear, logical thought; the Hebrew legacy supplied an inexhaustible wealth of wisdom and experience. The integration of these traditions in man brought into being a purposeful wholeness of body, mind and spirit.

The Vote of Thanks was proposed by Mr. Julian Holt, a member of the Governing Body, and seconded by Mrs. E. Wormald, J.P., B.A., Chairman of the Liverpool Education Committee.

Two songs were sung by the School—*Forty Years On*, by J. Farmer, and *Pirates' Chorus* (Pirates of Penzance), by Sullivan, and the proceedings ended with the singing of the School Hymn, *Lo! the Sound of Youthful Voices*.

**ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN**

That tender shoot once planted  
 Hath to a full Rose grown,  
 Which, as our fathers chanted,  
 Great Jesse's line doth own.  
 This Rose a Bud did bear,  
 Though veiled by midnight's shadows,  
 And cold the wintry air.

Isaiah's blessed rose-tree  
 Is Mary pure and mild,  
 And she so gentle holy,  
 To us brought forth a child.  
 Eternal power displayed  
 Made her, by God a mother,  
 To stay a spotless maid.

Deep sorrows for us feeling,  
 This bud our pains did bear;  
 Sweet Rose, before Thee kneeling,  
 Hear Thou our heart-felt prayer:  
 Be Thou our constant aid,  
 That in our hearts a dwelling  
 Worthy His name be made.

(Translated from the German by D. G. McCulloch, 6AM1).

**SCHOOL MAGAZINES**

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

*Aigburth Vale High School, The Alsopian, Calder High School, The Caldeian, RUYM, The Squirrel, The Warrior, Los Angeles, California, Die Hanse Kogge (Cologne), Blackburne House Magazine, The Quarry.*

**THE HOBBY SHOW**

The Hobby Show will be held on Friday and Saturday, April 5th and 6th, 1957, later than usual, but nevertheless we hope for a record number of entries, especially those which reveal originality and constructive ability. We are looking for boys who have a genuine interest in 'doing' things for themselves, and while model railways always fascinate our visitors, we would prefer to see such things as well executed exhibits in wood, new ideas in photography, and even 'different' models in Meccano. Every boy should be able to do something for his House in an exhibition like this.

A. V. P.

**HOUSE NOTES****ALFRED HOLT**

As the Hobby Show takes place during this school year, there is an even greater need for every boy to do his best for the House. If every senior and junior boy submits at least one entry, the winner of this year's Hobby Show could well be Alfred Holt.

Last year we won three trophies, and both the Victor Ludorum and champion of the middle section of the Athletic Sports came from Alfred Holt. We therefore extend our congratulations to E. Bennett and D. W. Todd

for their performances. Our chief weakness is lack of support from senior members; the failure of the House to move from its undistinguished position in the Work Competition is another serious defect, if we hope to meet with all-round success.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Durband and Watson for their advice and encouragement.

J. H. B. GRACE.

**COCHRAN**

In the past year the House won the Junior Swimming Competition. The Senior cricket team was perhaps unlucky to lose to Tate, who beat us by only one run in a very exciting finish. Our poor results in the other competitions were mainly due to lack of support; this was particularly noticeable in the Cross-Country Running and the Athletic Sports.

It must be realized by every member of the House that, only by hard work and effort, can we ensure a greater measure of success than we have previously enjoyed. After our recent House meeting, however, we hope all members will do their best in the coming year, especially in the Hobby Show.

We thank Messrs. Brierley and Devereux for their continued support and advice.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

**DANSON**

Once again the House must thank the Intermediate cricket eleven for providing our only success. This has been the only competition in which we have shown any distinction for the past two terms, although we were narrowly defeated in the semi-final of the hockey competition.

Next term, however, provides an opportunity for the House to show its capabilities. For the Junior section this is especially true, as it will be their only chance of contributing to the efforts of the House, apart from the Work Competition.

Finally, our thanks are due to Mr. Booth and Mr. K. W. Moore for their continued interest in and support of the House.

D. R. MAUDESLEY.

**HUGHES**

It is gratifying to note that the most reliable of last year's seniors are still with us; their experience, coupled with the enthusiastic support of those new to the Senior section, should lead to a great improvement upon last year's performances.

The sporting and work competitions, though important, are now overshadowed by the Hobby Show, where we have the chance to redeem ourselves, after being placed last, two years ago. Every boy should consider it his duty to make a genuine response to the appeal of our House masters, Mr. Edge and Mr. Rogers. Only then can the House's latent talent be of any positive value.

N. W. FYANS.

## LAWRENCE HOLT

Last year Lawrence Holt won the Senior cross-country and athletic competitions and were runners-up in the Senior hockey, association football and fives championships—a short but distinguished record. This year the House must devote its attention to the Hobby Show, bearing in mind that two years ago Lawrence won the competition by a margin of over one hundred marks. If every member of the House plays his part by entering the separate sections and by supporting the House choir or play, this feat can be repeated. Lawrence has proved itself to be one of the most successful Houses and with the continued efforts of everyone in the House, this position can be maintained.

D. A. THOMAS.

## OWEN

The House was fairly successful last year. In the 'Horsfall' Cup for football, the Senior team lost to the ultimate Cup winners, Tate. Our Senior team met Tate again in the final of the Basketball competition and again lost after a keen struggle. The House achieved its greatest success in the Swimming Sports when our teams were awarded the shields in the Senior and Middle sections, and also won the Aggregate. The Junior teams won the 'Whitehouse' Cup for cricket and the Junior Sports Shield. In the Work Competition the House has shown a steady improvement, and our thanks are due to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Dewhurst, who are always ready to offer valuable suggestions and advice.

D. G. McCulloch.

## PHILIP HOLT

Although, perhaps, during the Summer term our successes were not outstanding, this was not due to any lack of enthusiasm. During the first half of the Autumn term we were well placed in the Work Competition, and the senior basketball team gained a comfortable victory in the first round of the inter-House competition. These are our only achievements up to date. But when these notes are read, the Hobby Show will be at hand. This important competition will provide an opportunity for every boy to make some effort towards ensuring our success; meanwhile all members should continue to consult the notice-board for news of House activities.

A final word of gratitude is due to our two House masters, Mr. Bentliff and Mr. Warwick, for their keen interest and support.

R. J. WALKER.

## TATE

At the beginning of the School Year, 1956-57, there is plenty of reason for members of Tate to feel a certain amount of satisfaction, both for successes in the past term, and in hopes for this and the next. We won both Cricket and Fives Competitions, and, although the House was not well placed in Athletics, there were good individual performances, in the Swimming Competition we were fourth and in the Work Competition we were placed second. We have high hopes of success in this year's Football, Chess and Basketball competitions, but in order to ensure this, more support is needed from the Middle School.

Many of the Sports competitions in the School are confined to a small number of boys, but the Hobby Show, in the Spring term, will give an opportunity to everybody to play his part. Indeed, it is only through the efforts of the whole House that we can win this competition. The House Captains wish to acknowledge the help and encouragement given by Mr. Day and Mr. Lloyd.

J. E. SHARP.

## CRICKET

Drawn games against Cowley, Wallasey and Sefton included two moral victories. Liverpool lost heavily at Mersey Road, but gained their revenge in a three-wickets victory at Aigburth.

The Liobians, having declared at 180 for 9, were, perhaps, surprised to lose, in taking only five wickets, after an opening stand of 109 by Grace (60) and Osborne (54); nevertheless, they declared again at 130 for 7 and were passed again for the loss of two School wickets.

Quarry Bank, Oldershaw, Birkenhead Institute and Bluccoat were completely outclassed, and with two very good draws against Sefton and Liverpool University, the School promised to lay its double bogey, Staff and Merchant Taylors'. A strong Staff XI was beaten, but unaccountably, Merchant Taylors scored 36 more runs. Rain prevented the slaughter which threatened four other schools.

The XI enjoyed a good season and maintained its high reputation, not only for cricket ability and turn out, but also for gentlemanly behaviour. Messrs. F. Brierley and E. Wass were almost satisfied.

## RESULTS

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Abandoned
1st XI .....	20	9	5	2	4
2nd XI .....	8	2	5	1	0
Colts .....	11	4	5	2	0
Under 13 XI .....	7	2	3	2	0

## FIRST XI AVERAGES

## BATTING

	Innings	Not Out	Highest Score	Runs	Avgc.
J. H. B. Grace .....	17	3	62	416	29.72
R. W. Osborne .....	16	0	61	405	25.31
R. S. Whiting .....	15	1	85	350	25.00
A. G. Lawrenson .....	14	1	34	245	18.85
J. J. Gurney .....	15	4	35	204	18.54
V. N. Cowan .....	16	1	56	181	12.67

## BOWLING

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Avgc.
V. N. Cowan .....	279.1	91	606	76	9.75
A. G. Lawrenson .....	89.1	11	252	18	14.00
R. S. Whiting .....	138.5	31	365	23	15.87
J. D. Parkinson .....	44.0	6	154	8	19.25

F. B.

## BASKETBALL

The acquisition by the School of a number of portable basketball nets, for use on the upper-yard courts, is perhaps one of the most significant innovations of recent years. More boys than ever before now have the opportunity to play what can be one of the finest team games in the world, and consequently the standard of play is improving, while the popularity of the game increases.

Especially encouraging is the popularity of the Junior section, held every Wednesday dinner hour, when a number of form challenge matches are played. The Seniors might well use their Monday dinner hour for the same purpose, when sixth forms have a unique opportunity of opposing each other. This year, for the first time, both Senior and Junior House competitions will take place, with the finals being held at the Hobby Show.

Although the School Team still suffers from a scarcity of opponents, an under-15 team functions for the first time this year. It is hoped that by the time today's juniors reach the Upper School, a sufficient number of schools will have taken up this fine indoor game, and so make possible a representative fixture list. Finally our gratitude is extended to Mr. Goodall and Mr. Ramsden for all that they have done to foster the game, and for the continual help and advice they have given

N. W. FLYANS.

### RUGBY FIVES

This year Fives has continued to make progress in the School, and it is hoped that the new boys will take advantage of the facilities offered to play this fast, skilful game. Fives is a sport which develops timing, strength, footwork and stamina; it is therefore an excellent aid to both footballers and cricketers, although those who play Fives will not concede its inferiority to any other sport.

The School Fives team has maintained its usual high standard, and has lately beaten Manchester University, Wallasey Grammar School, Merchant Taylors' School and Hulme Hall, Manchester, by convincing margins.

Last year E. Bramhall was awarded the E. Davies Cup for the Singles Championship, after a closely-fought competition.

The School team and all Fives enthusiasts wish to thank Mr. Bentliff and Mr. Rowell for their interest and work in connection with the 'ladder' and fixtures.

T. E. JOHNSTONE.

### SWIMMING

The School swimming team has just completed a most successful season. Eight fixtures were arranged. One was a match in which the School team swam against three other teams, these being The Bluecoat School, Quarry Bank, and the Alsop High Schools. In this match the School team was placed first.

Other results were as follows:—

Opposing Team	No. of Matches	School Won	School Lost
Calday Grange .....	2	2	—
Liverpool College .....	1	1	—
Manchester Grammar School .....	1	—	1
Wallasey Grammar School .....	2	1	1
Wirral Grammar School .....	1	1	—

The Merseyside Grammar Schools' Swimming Association's Annual Gala was held at Lodge Lane Baths on Friday, 5th September. Thirteen schools took part. The Liverpool Institute Senior and Junior teams were placed third and fourth respectively. L. W. Banham, W. C. Cotton, R. D. Lang, D. Norris, and L. C. Jones, are to be congratulated on their individual achievements on this occasion.

The School Annual Swimming Sports took place on Wednesday, 18th July, at Pieton Road Baths. The inclusion of some entertaining novelty events added to the evening's enjoyment. The number of spectators was, however, disappointing. The House Championship results were as follows:—

Senior: 1st, Owen; 2nd, Lawrence; 3rd, Philip.  
Junior: 1st, Owen; 2nd, Tate; 3rd, Lawrence.  
Under-13: 1st, Cochran; 2nd, Philip; 3rd, Lawrence.  
Aggregate: 1st, Owen; 2nd, Lawrence; 3rd, Tate.

The individual Champions in the Senior, Junior, and Under-13 sections were, respectively: L. W. Banham, of Owen House; L. C. Jones, of Owen House; and P. L. Rimmer of Philip Holt House.

The number of successful life-saving candidates during the past year has been encouraging—1 Instructor; 2 Scholar Instructors; 4 Bronze Crosses; 26 Bronze Medallions; and 9 Intermediate awards were obtained.

R. D. Lang, A. Smith, A. R. Ashton, L. C. Jones, and P. L. Rimmer, have swum for Liverpool Schoolboys' teams against teams from other Lancashire towns.

The Swimming Club will continue to meet on Friday evenings throughout the winter season, at Cornwallis Street Baths. Admission is free at this time. We appreciate the work done by members of the Staff in organising the Swimming Sports and are particularly grateful to Mr. Forbes and Mr. Tait for their assistance and instruction throughout the year.

M. COLVIN.

### MIDDLE EAST IMPRESSIONS

It was on August 10th, 1955, that I set out very early in the morning from an hotel on the top floor of a Cairo skyscraper for Heliopolis airport. On the whole I was not sorry to be leaving Egypt; although I had been only six days in the country, I had spent a considerable part of one of them in the hands of the police at a wretched town called Damanhour, having been arrested and marched through the streets there by an unfriendly individual brandishing a whip. My offence: that I was carrying a camera! I had not even attempted to use it. There is nothing in Damanhour worth photographing, except perhaps the gaping crowd of fellaheen, who stared at me while I was being interrogated.

The eight-mile bus journey from the centre of Cairo to the airport has one very commendable feature: there is no extra charge for it. From Heliopolis I was bound for Jerusalem, via Amman; I was glad that I had chosen a day on which this more indirect route is taken, for it meant a longer flight for the money and, more important, a better view of the Dead Sea. The aircraft belonged to Arab Airways; it was a two-engined 'plane and seemed quite small after the TWA Constellation which had taken me from Rome to Cairo a week previously.

Heliopolis airport is, to all intents and purposes, in the desert, and the journey across the Sinai peninsula is a striking one. In some places the mountains rise dark brown out of a reddish-yellow wilderness, and must be a good deal higher than they look from the air. Before these mountains are reached, the Suez Canal is crossed, near the southern end, and about forty minutes later the aircraft passes over the head of the Gulf of Aqaba, where four countries meet: Egypt, Israel, Saudi Arabia and the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan. Owing to the state of war, which has existed between Egypt and Israel since 1948, air services have to make this great detour to avoid crossing Israeli territory. From Aqaba the route is due north, still over bare mountains, until the Dead Sea appears on the left, some distance away. Then the 'plane prepares to descend on Amman, a straggling place that looks like a huge new housing estate. Its recent growth, since it became the capital of Jordan, has been phenomenal. It is the ancient Philadelphia, and possesses fine ruins of an amphitheatre.

After about half an hour's wait at Amman, passengers for Jerusalem boarded the 'plane again, and soon we crossed the winding Jordan with its peculiar green colour, and passed over Jericho. Then to Jerusalem, the city now so unnaturally divided into two parts by a wall some twelve to fifteen feet in height. The modern city is in Israel, and this I could not visit. The ancient one, containing the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque of Omar and most of the 'sights' sought by tourists, is in Jordan. Passage between the two is impossible, except via Cyprus or some other 'neutral' territory outside Israel and any Arab state. No Arab state will grant a visa to a person whose passport contains an Israeli visa.



Most of the tourists in the Middle East were Americans, and the majority of them, travelling by air, taxi and hired car, come little into contact with the ordinary people of the countries they visit. Arriving with some Americans at Jerusalem airport, I decided to spend a night at the American Colony Hotel just outside the town, near the Anglican Cathedral, which contrasts strangely with its surroundings. The hotel prices were quoted in dollars, and when expressed in terms of the local currency, were distressingly high, but the Americans themselves assured me that they found them quite reasonable.

After lunch I set out to explore the old city, which consists of narrow alleys, mostly impassable for vehicular traffic—a feature with much to recommend it! Many are roofed over in the usual style of an ordinary *souk*. After I had been walking around for some time, a boy of about fourteen approached and asked very politely to be allowed to accompany me “in order to improve his English”. This request I could not very well refuse, but I soon found that he was not very fond of walking, and when I announced my intention of going to the top of the Mount of Olives, about a mile and a half, he was horrified, and kept appealing to me not to undertake anything so rash. The acquaintanceship ended with the inevitable request for “some piastres”, and difference of opinion as to the number considered adequate. The official Jordan currency is the dinar (£1) divided into a thousand fils, but in practice ten fils are referred to as a piastre.

The following morning I visited Bethlehem, about six miles from Jerusalem, and after lunch set out to return to Amman, this time by bus. On this 70 mile run, buses run half-hourly, and the single fare is only 4/-. The only place of any size on the way is Jericho, nearly four thousand feet lower than Jerusalem and several hundred feet below the level of the sea; on the road a board is passed with the words ‘Sea Level’. At a point about two miles short of Jericho the bus broke down; the temperature was about 100° in the shade—if there had been any! This spot was just on the edge of one of the refugee camps of which we have recently read so often; in this particularly large one some thirty thousand people eke out a wretched existence on UNRRA supplies, without hope of work. Eventually the bus revived, passed Jericho, a dull town now lacking any walls that could collapse, and ultimately achieved the long climb up to Amman, which was reached just before darkness fell.

The following morning saw me using once again my favourite means of transport. The only railway in Jordan, now nationalised, is what used to be known as the Hedjaz Railway, originally constructed in the days of the Ottoman Empire to take the faithful to Medina, whence they walked to Mecca. It now runs only as far as Ma'an, some 150 miles south of Amman, and trains run four times a week from Ma'an through Amman to Damascus. This journey, for which unfortunately I purchased a second-class ticket before discovering that there was more room in the third, took about six hours, a good deal of time being wasted at the Syrian frontier station of Deraa. On the Jordan portion of the journey the train was hauled by a new steam locomotive just built in Germany; this I photographed at Mafrag, not realising at the time that the place is the Aldershot of Jordan. However, nothing happened.

Thanks to the friendliness of some Syrians on the Hedjaz train, I was installed in a hotel within a few minutes of my arrival at Damascus. The city is very pleasing. It lies in the middle of a large and most fertile oasis, and clear streams—the Abana and Pharpar of the Old Testament—flow through the town. The Great Mosque and the Street called Straight are among the numerous features of interest. To the west are the Anti-Lebanon mountains, and in front of them some bare dusty hills, to the top of one of which I climbed in order to get a view of the whole oasis. From the foot of this I returned to the city centre by tram; it happened to be the hour of prayer, and the car waited for about three minutes at an intermediate point, while the driver and conductor prostrated themselves on some mats outside a nearby mosque.

The distance between Damascus and the Lebanon capital of Beirut is some seventy miles, and most visitors now cover this in private cars. There are centres in both cities where would-be passengers assemble, and as soon as there are four persons ready, a car sets off. But I decided to make the journey by the DHP railway, which at the time no longer advertised a passenger service. This railway, like certain other undertakings in the Middle East, has since been nationalised. I had found out that a daily goods train conveyed a passenger coach, and approached the French officials of the Chemin de Fer Damas-Hama et Prolongements about this matter. I feared that they might interpret the unusual request as a sign of insanity, but this was not the case, and they were most helpful. I had to leave Damascus at 3-30 p.m., reach Rayak, just over the Lebanese border, at 10 p.m., stay the night there, and continue to Beirut the following morning, reaching that city at 10-30 a.m. This is NOT, however, the slowest railway journey in the world; I made an even slower one myself in Yugoslavia about ten days later!

The friendliness of the people I encountered on this unusual train trip was outstanding; I had the greatest difficulty in resisting the efforts of some Syrians, who wanted me to break my journey and spend a few days at their village up in the mountains, and was showered with gifts of nuts, cakes and other delicacies. There was alleged to be a hotel at Rayak, and this I found was part of the station premises, but the occupants were out, and so I chatted with the stationmaster in his office till midnight. When the hotel keeper did arrive, it appeared that there was no room available, but in the end they gave me a bed in one occupied by an elderly man, who snored so loudly that sleep was almost impossible. The early morning journey on the rack-assisted line, which crosses the Lebanon mountains at nearly five thousand feet, was a compensation for the somewhat uncomfortable night.

The atmosphere in Beirut was heavy and humid, and the city is far less oriental in aspect than Damascus. Most notices appear in French, as well as in Arabic, and there are also numerous signs in the Armenian language, which has yet another alphabet. The volume of motor traffic in the Lebanon is enormous, and anyone owning a car more than two or three years old is apparently quite an outsider. I spent one night in the city, and left early in the morning on a very crowded railcar for Aleppo. On this journey one crosses back into Syria, and at the frontier anyone who is not Syrian or Lebanese has to leave the train, walk under escort across some fields, wait at the Lebanese frontier post for some time, walk along part of a main highway, wait at the Syrian frontier post for an even longer time, and then walk across some more fields back to the train, which in the meantime has advanced a few hundred yards. This little diversion takes place about noon, at 98° in the shade. The number of persons who, in various parts of the world, are kept in employment by passport and customs formalities must be very large, but these particular ones have attained a rare perfection in the art of tormenting their victims.

The city of Aleppo, which is larger than I had thought, has interesting *souks* and a fine citadel, but much of it is very modern. More remarkable than the city itself are the peculiar villages seen from the train in its vicinity; they consist of round beehive-shaped huts, of the same brown colour as the arid land from which they spring. These slightly resemble the conical dwellings of Southern Apulia in Italy, but are much more primitive.

The manager of the Aleppo hotel at which I stayed offered to obtain some Turkish currency for me, as he “had a friend in the money-changing business”. I gave him the equivalent of £2 to change, fully expecting that he would take a handsome commission for himself out of it, as no doubt he did, but the amount of Turkish money he handed me had the nominal value of about £4! In spite of a good deal of travel, I have never really understood how transactions of this kind are able to take place. Anyway, I was now fortified for the journey from Aleppo to the Bosphorus on the so-called Anatolian Express, which runs twice weekly at an average speed of 22 m.p.h., and whose wooden seats seem remarkably hard after forty-eight hours!

N. N. F.

### HOCKEY

The 1st XI is fortunate in that the team is practically unchanged from that of last year. However, the 2nd XI are fielding a team which contains no fewer than six boys who are in their first year of hockey. The usual pre-season practices were well supported, and have proved their worth in producing the necessary team spirit amongst the players.

The season began with a victory over Prescott Grammar School by two goals to nil, the School defeating Prescott for the first time in three seasons. After defeating West Derby, the team encountered their most difficult fixture to date, against the Malayan Teachers' Training College. The game proved to be extremely fast and the School eventually came out winners by five goals to three. The first defeat of the season was inflicted by Bolton School, when the team lacked their former cohesion. Form was soon regained and victories followed against Dunlop, Hawarden and a second defeat of Prescott Grammar School by the odd goal in three.

The team shows an improvement on last season's standard of play. With one exception, the game against Bolton School, the defence have played consistently and extremely well. The forward line has not shown the same standard of consistency, but, if a little more steadiness is shown in front of goal, the team should continue to do well and gain victories by wider margins.

The 2nd XI has shown a considerable improvement on last year's performances. The opposition for the 2nd XI is limited and this factor restricts the players' experience. Fixtures are being arranged for the team against more formidable opposition and, if more forcefulness is shown in front of goal, the team should perform creditably.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Rogers, Parker, Wray and Ramsden for their umpiring, and to Mr. Wass for preparing the pitches.

The 1st XI has usually been:—R. J. Walker; Parkinson; B. B. Kendall; E. Bramhall; F. D. Welton; Cass; G. I. Davies; J. H. B. Grace; W. F. Morton; Bridson and D. A. Thomas.

The results up to date are as follows:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XI .....	10	8	0	2	32	10
2nd XI .....	8	5	2	1	18	8

J. H. B. GRACE.

### CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

So far this season the teams have had only moderate success. The Senior team, affected by the pressure of schoolwork, obtained relatively poor positions in the Cumella and Sangster Cup races, but won two of its other three fixtures, including a clear win over Liverpool University's second team.

The Under-sixteens have fared better than last year, winning three out of four Inter-school races but, like the seniors, failing to perform well against the competition of a dozen or so schools in the Memorial and Booth Cup races.

The prospect of a good Under-fourteen team next year is bright, as many boys are training regularly. However, this season's successes so far amount to only two wins in five matches.

Mr. Rowell has once again been a great help in the organisation of races, and he has arranged two handicaps on free Saturdays, as well as the normal races. We thank him very much for his help. Thanks are also due to the captain, D. G. McCulloch, for his cheerful encouragement.

W. J. RIGBY.

### GYMNASTIC CLUB

The Senior section of the club meets at 4-0 p.m. on Thursdays, and the Junior section at 12-50 on Tuesdays. There has been a marked interest in gymnastics at the club meetings this term. Thanks to regular attendance, most of the members have attained a high standard of performance and are now going on to more advanced work, with the inclusion of a trampette in our apparatus.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Goodall and Mr. Ramsden, who give us unlimited advice and support, and who are mainly responsible for our improvement.

J. M. NORRIS.

### C.C.F. (ARMY AND BASIC SECTIONS)

The start of this school year has brought with it many changes. Major Bowen resigned his command of the contingent after nine years as C.O. Many of us are indebted to him for his help and encouragement in the past.

We congratulate Major J. W. McDonald on his promotion and appointment as C.O. and our congratulations are also extended to Captain F. J. Boote on his promotion to Training Officer.

The annual camp was again held at Kinnel Park near Rhyl, where large numbers of cadets from public and grammar schools from all parts of Northern England, Wales and Ireland enjoyed a full week's training. It was extremely fortunate that the camp took place during the only week of entirely fine weather which we had last summer.

Training at Kinnel was supervised by Regular officers from Eaton Hall Officer Training School, with the assistance of a number of newly commissioned National Service officers. The programme included an opportunity to inspect a field radar observation post, an artillery and anti-aircraft battery, and an assortment of equipment used by the Royal Engineers.

The map-reading ability of our cadets was tested by an exercise organised by Captain McDonald, which involved a six-mile cross country patrol. During the exercise Captain McDonald sped round the hilly Welsh countryside in a jeep to pick up any lost cadets. I am glad to say there were very few of these.

We are grateful to Major Filler of the Liverpool University Officers Training Corps. Thanks to him we enjoy the assistance of R.S.M. Holyhead of the King's, C.S.M. Scott of the Royal Engineers and C.S.M. King of the Lancashire Fusiliers at our weekly Corps parades. Major Filler has also arranged for a limited number of the keener cadets to attend training films at the University O.T.C. headquarters, where Signals and Engineer courses have also been organised for our benefit.

A large number of boys have joined the C.C.F. this term. Their keenness is very encouraging and augurs well for the future. We hope they will be a credit to the Corps.

Regular attendance in uniform at all parades and lectures is the best way of showing our appreciation to our officers, and to the University O.T.C. Staff, who devote so much time and energy on our behalf.

SERGEANT MAJOR.

### C.C.F. (R.A.F. SECTION)

Although we lost Flt. Sgt. Wilson and Cpls. Barbour, Bennett and Feather to University life, the enthusiasm of the new N.C.O.'s has more than made up for their lack of experience, and the activities of the R.A.F. section have been carried out with the efficiency associated with past years.



During the summer holidays, Cpl. Downham received gliding instruction at R.A.F. St. Athan, where he received his 'A' and 'B' certificates for solo circuits. Other cadets attended the courses in Airmanship, Engines, Navigation and Physical Fitness at R.A.F. Halton, in Buckinghamshire, and eight cadets attended these courses during the October half-term.

The field-day this term was held at R.A.F. Hawarden. Local flying in Ansons was provided for all cadets, and proficient cadets flew to Cambridge and York. In the afternoon a party was shown round the maintenance units, where aircraft are prepared for storage and transport overseas. Great interest was displayed in the impressive display of woodworking and in the blacksmith's shop.

Sgt. Boyack and the four corporals, Brooksbank, Downham, Hubbard and Watson have given their enthusiastic support to the lunch-time lecture programme, which is designed for the instruction of cadets in the Ordinary and Advanced Proficiency syllabus. It is hoped that the majority of the cadets will have passed at least one of these examinations by next July.

A special flight has been formed for boys in the sixth form, in which the preliminary Certificate 'A', part one, and the Proficiency examinations can be taken. It is hoped that boys particularly interested in radio will join the Flight and take advantage of the equipment available.

Thanks are again due to the Commanding Officer, Flt. Lt. Watson, and F/O Preece for the time and patience which they spend on the organisation of the R.A.F. Section.

W. F. MORTON, Flt. Sgt.

### SCOUT NOTES

Variety has been the keynote of the Troop's activities since the Summer term. Commendable keenness has been generally displayed, although perhaps a little constructive effort on a Patrol basis might not come amiss. Weekly meetings have been held consistently, usually in the Gymnasium, and have been adequately attended. An evening meeting of Troop wide games was held in Childwall Woods.

The Troop was represented in the City Association Swimming Gala during October. Football matches have been arranged against other Scout Troops, and we hope that they will be well supported. If all goes well, we hope to pay our annual good turn visit to Woolton Remand Home for a Camp Fire evening. During the October holiday, several boys completed their First-class hike, and one patrol held a short camp. In the first half of the term a Field Day was held, during which the Troop visited Ashurst's Beacon, some miles east of Ormskirk; the principal items on the programme consisted of a hike and wide game.

Aberystwyth was the scene of our annual Summer camp, which was generally agreed to be a great success. For the first few days the weather was extremely kind to us, but such good luck could hardly last. The Church parade was held in teeming rain, and the river rose so high that one tent was evacuated as a precaution; the water receded, however, and the weather became tolerable, until the gear was packed, when the heavens seemed to open. Activities were varied, and included the usual camp sports and cooking competition. Visits were paid to local points of interest, and the nearby river Rheidol was the scene of many bathing parades; the Troop even built a coracle, which provided the braver of our number with the singular experience of floating down a river half-submerged in water. The idea simply carried us away, and many of the local people shared our fascination.

The camp could never have been the success it was, without the efficient supervision of Mr. Evans, our scouter, and the obliging help of D. T. Jack and C. A. Quine, who left the Troop this Summer. Thanks are also due to Mr. Smith, our treasurer, who remains as patient as ever in his often thankless task.

During camp, a Senior all-night hike was held, under the supervision of an Aberystwyth Rover leader; as few people know the facts, it is possible that the following account may be of interest . . . .

### A NIGHT OVER PLYNLIMON

The mysterious nocturnal expedition began with a journey on the local 'bus, out along the valley to a tiny village called Ponterwyd. Here we met Lloyd, our guide, who remained enigmatically silent about our destination.

We moved off into the darkness along a lonely moorland track, keeping the Pole Star ahead of us all the while. Arguments and yarns shortened the miles, until we came to Nant y Môch, the habitation of the brother intellectuals, who tend their sheep on these isolated uplands. Their farmhouse and the deserted chapel are the only buildings to be seen still standing. By the lonely cemetery we halted for a while, before striking off the track and making for the vague dark outline looming on our right. This, we were informed, was Plynlimon, the watershed which feeds the Wye and Severn. Our path across its lower slopes lay largely over the lighter areas of ground, which were found upon closer inspection to be bogs. Just below the summit, or so we thought, we placed our sacks in a rocky niche, and left a storm lamp to guide us back to them; our way lay on and upwards through the wind and darkness, along a ridge which finally led out on to a cold and bleak summit cairn. As we rested in its lee and sipped our coffee, we could see the lantern shining a mile or more away. The cold of midnight drove us at last to begin the descent over scabbly boulders and small outcrops of rock; one or two vague shapes could now and then be seen to slither down the steep, unstable slopes. Happily the darkness spared their blushes, and their identity will remain for ever uncertain. Our cache was reached without serious mishap. From here the route was roughly straight down into the valley of the Rheidol; and as we found to our cost, the stream is fed by an extensive bog-land which was at this period holding a great deal of water.

On the way down, our attention was arrested by a nest of glow-worms, insects which appeared invisible in the light of a torch. We can never forget the spectacle of one glow-worm hunter staring intently at a piece of mud on the tip of his finger, and earnestly declaring it contained a living organism.

From the bridge, which crossed the stream by a deep rock cutting, we traversed a bleak expanse of trackless heath, which, we were convinced, could lead us nowhere; it must have been about two o'clock, when, growing tired of this energetic tussock-hopping, we dropped into the heather and enjoyed a short rest. After resuming our labour with determination, we finally found our long-lost track, at the old lead mines on the tiny Afon Camdwr; the darkness added extra atmosphere to their deep shafts and deserted workings.

From here we strode along the track towards Cwm Ceulan; and, by a tiny lake near the head of that valley, the dawn began to break and bring a little colour to the lonely scene. This reminded us that there were still six miles of road between us and the nearest habitation; these miles were covered with the speed that only empty stomachs can induce.

We had walked for nine continuous hours across twenty-five miles of rock, heather, and open road, and we were tired; but the mountain night, the wind and mist and stars, had made up for all that, and our guide received our warmest thanks.

R. J. WALKER.

## LIObIANS

Not many boys today join the School after an adventurous world cruise, but such was the fortune of J. D. Crichton, that most loyal and distinguished member of our Governing Body. We asked him to tell us all about it, and he did so in an article written off Gibraltar during a Mediterranean cruise this year. By a curious coincidence, Gibraltar was the theme of Mr. Crichton's first contribution to the School Magazine in 1892!

### A LIObIAN ODYSSEY

"I had for many years been an idle fellow. School bored me, and I had never been anything other than an 'also-ran'. Something had to be done to wake me up—and what a something it turned out to be!

At the port of Barry I joined a ship as super-cargo at a wage of one shilling a month. Almost at once, I experienced my first storm. A poor, sea-sick creature, I struggled up on to the poop and was overwhelmed by the beauty of the great seas, which swept the ship from stem to stern. It was a full February gale, but only the first of my many wonderful experiences . . . .

I remember Port Said, a veritable Hades, where throughout the night a never-ending line of 'Gippies' tipped their baskets of coal into the bunkers—the great flares lighting up their spectral figures, as they toiled through the dusk and the gloom . . . .

I remember Singapore, where I saw Spanish transport carrying cavalry to the Philippines, then in revolt, and where I was arrested by a Sikh soldier, to be charged with being without authority on War Office property . . . .

I remember Rangoon, where we went to load rice for Holland and to watch Indian soldiers entrain for up-country, there to share in the Manipur campaign, and to relieve the Residency, besieged by Burmese rebels. I was driven in a gharry to the Golden Pagoda, where I recall the priests with shaven heads and saffron robes . . . .

And I remember the greatest thrill of all—to be taken up country by a Mr. Dawson, whose brother, Sir Francis, was to be Chairman of the School's Governing Body. The object of the journey was to buy elephants for the Rangoon teak-yards, elephants neither wild nor as yet completely tame. We returned by a train carrying Dacoit prisoners and captured arms—my first sight of war!

But there had to be an end to all this, and a return home. My father had been told by George Holt to send his son to Winchester, if he could afford to do so, but failing this to the Institute, where he would get as good an education, if not a better one.

And so it came to be that I found myself there, now no longer an 'also-ran', but a somebody in my own right!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Almost a decade later, the Rev. Ralph H. Turner joined the Kindergarten at Blackburne House, coming over to the Main School in the first years of the new century. Mr. Turner's father was himself an Old Boy, and he died only six years ago at the age of 92! For the past 18 years, Mr. Turner has been a master at Owen's School, and the Bursar; he hopes to retire next year. Mr. Turner's son, Russell Turner, the well-known Television Producer, recently married Barbara Lyon.

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R. A. Foulkes is now Professor of Civil Engineering at the Punjab College of Engineering and Technology, Lahore.

Malcolm Crewe, M.B.E., of Santiago, Chile, visited the School in October. (He left in 1905).

Mr. E. R. Oxburgh, the Lancashire Discus champion and an ex-Head Boy, has been selected for the Oxford team in the inter-Varsity sports.

Mr. K. Thomson represented Cambridge University against Oxford in the Cross-Country race and was awarded a half-blue.

J. N. Sissons, who left school last year, has been elected president of his faculty, an unusual distinction for a freshman. He is reading Classics at King's College, London.

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Ladies' Night was held on Saturday, 10th November, 1956, at the Mecca Restaurant, Sefton House. Over 170 guests attended.

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We regret to announce the death of Mr. Jack Tarsh, the well-known Liverpool barrister. Mr. Tarsh qualified as a doctor of medicine at Liverpool University and practised at Sheffield. In 1946 he started a completely new career when he was called to the Bar.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have heard with regret of the death, at the age of 76, of John Parke Jackson. He served the old Salt Union for many years, eventually becoming a member of the Board.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have also heard with regret of the death of Mr. Louis Goldson, a founder of the well-known fashion house of Wetherall.

\* \* \* \* \*

A new Members' List is in course of preparation. Relevant information would be welcomed by the Secretary.

\* \* \* \* \*

Copies of *The History of the Liverpool Institute* may still be obtained from the School, price 3/6d. per copy.

A. D.

## LIObIANS Cricket Club

The Cricket Club had a very mixed season; beginning in a drought, with the bowling strength depleted by injuries and National Service duties. The results obtained were poor till late June, when a marked improvement took place. This continued throughout July and a highly successful August was anticipated: actually, however, the British Summer proved so unfriendly that only three fixtures could be fulfilled between August Bank Holiday and the end of the season.

The results in themselves are unimportant; the vital things are that the Club's reputation for good cricket was worthily upheld and that all members enjoyed themselves in the process.

May we hope that next season we may once again have the whole-hearted support of the School, to whom, and especially to the Headmaster, we offer our sincere thanks.

T. W. SLADE (*Hon. Secretary*).

## LIObIANS A.F.C.

We are the football section of the Old Boys' Association and run four league teams, one in the Zingari League, and three in the Old Boys' League.

Last season our second eleven won the Marlborough Trophy, the first time we had won it since 1929. This eleven and our first eleven finished in third place in their respective leagues. Two of our players were selected for the Old Boys' League representative side.

This season we are unable to use the ground at Mersey Road, but have pitches available at Thingwall Road, Woolton Woods and Mab Lane. Our teams are fairly successful, and our first eleven at the moment is undefeated in this year's Liverpool Amateur Cup and the Zingari Cup. We have over sixty registered players, but owing to National Service, business and sickness, it is often very difficult to field four full elevens each Saturday.

A very warm welcome is extended to all boys on leaving school to join the Club and continue their playing days with friends and contemporaries of their school days. It is only by your support that the Club can continue in the future.

R. E. BROOKES (*Hon. Secretary*).

### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

At approximately 6-55 p.m. on the evening of Tuesday, the 18th of September, from all parts of the school, its most unexpected corners, a motley army of artists, musicians, historians, scientists, classicists, mathematicians, and sportsmen, converged upon their familiar battleground—the Board Room. They came, armed to the teeth with the weapons of debate, the glib tongue and the passionate voice; armed with learning, rhetoric, and ink. Although this year the Literary and Debating Society celebrates its sixty-fifth birthday, it has certainly not reached a retiring age. At this, the first meeting of the season, a substantial assembly of over fifty caused the Chairman to sigh with satisfaction. The recruiting campaign conducted by his two secretaries had borne fruit, and a high standard of attendance has been maintained in the five meetings held so far.

The first subject for debate was: *That this House disapproves of the policy of Apartheid*. It was proposed by P. A. Kennerley and D. G. Lawrence, and opposed by R. Rochester and N. W. Fyans. A serious motion, it was given serious treatment and, after a hard debate, the opposition found themselves fighting a losing battle. The House was overwhelmingly in favour of an enlightened policy. Voting was: For 41, Against 7, Abstentions 3.

The next debate, held on the 9th of October, was more light-hearted—*That the Policeman deserves our sympathy*. The cause of law and order was taken by J. E. Sharp and R. J. Walker. But N. W. Fyans and R. Rochester, appealing to the juvenile delinquent in the House, were ultimately successful. Voting was: For 13, Against 21, Abstentions 6.

*That this House is in favour of the abolition of the House of Lords*, held on the 23rd of October, was in many ways disappointing. Apart from the main speakers, D. H. Brooksbank and A. M. Zalin for the Proposition, and D. M. Stephenson and B. B. Kendall for the opposition, nobody seemed to have a great deal to say, and a succession of very short speeches resulted in the meeting ending at the extraordinarily early time of 8-15. Voting was: For 9, Against 22, Abstentions 3.

On the 6th November, suitably enough, in view of the events of the previous day, the debate was *That scientists will be the death of us*. This produced some excellent speeches. D. M. Blond spoke with such eloquence in the defence of science, that he won a considerable victory. Voting was: For 8, Against 29, with 2 Abstentions. The other main speakers were N. Colvin and R. J. Walker for the Proposition, and D. S. Rudnick for the opposition.

The last debate to be held so far, on November 27th, was *A life on the ocean wave, that is the life for us*. An uproarious debate ensued, which even included a hornpipe by the two speakers for the proposition, J. H. B. Grace and C. A. Malam, who appeared in the 'uniform'. Opposing were B. Worthington and E. Bramhall. The motion was eventually defeated. Voting was: For 12, Against 16, with 13 Abstentions.

Again, the Society is deeply indebted to its Chairman, who has always given us the benefit of his advice and help, and to Mr. D. G. Bentliff, who is a tower of strength in the Society and whose contributions to the debate are always worthwhile.

P. A. KENNERLEY, J. E. SHARP.

### MACALISTER SOCIETY

To date, the programme of the Society has been limited to three meetings, all of which have included a paper and discussion upon some topic of intellectual interest. The theories propounded by two historical experts were balanced by the technical detail supplied by Mr. Reed, the artist, whose paper, entitled *How to make an Etching*, was an informative guide to all stages of this art. It described in full the preparation of the plate and the actual etching process, as well as the making of etched prints. The talk was illustrated with a fine exhibition of specimens prepared by the speaker, and provided a most interesting start to the season.

Mr. Rogers was the next to address the Society, when he read a paper which dealt with *History and Story*. The historian, he told us, must learn to divide all well-known historical stories into three general classes—those which are true, those which are partly true, and 'those which lie within the triangular limits of melodrama, elaboration, and falsehood'. The success of this talk, which combined factual detail with a great deal of interpretation and hypothesis, was testified by the liveliness of the ensuing discussion.

*The Historian and the Arts* was the subject of a paper given to the Society by Mr. Edge. The speaker quoted the case of an age when art has had an influence on, or has been influenced by contemporary society, and of another, when there has been no obvious relationship between the two. He referred at length to the value of the arts themselves, supporting his arguments with many examples.

In conclusion, the Secretaries wish to thank their Chairmen, Messrs. R. T. Jones and D. G. Bentliff, for their unfailing support and guidance.

B. B. KENDALL, R. N. RYDER.

### CHESS CLUB

So many boys wished to join the Chess Club at the beginning of this year that it was impossible to accept them all, even though the Senior and Junior sections of the club meet on different days in the lunch hour. The club no longer meets after school, as Mr. Willott, who used to be in charge of these meetings, has left the School. We should like to thank Mr. Willott for giving so much time to the club, and for the help he has given to members. We should also like to thank Mr. E. R. Jones for his supervision of both sections this year and for the time he has given to the School team.

The chess clock, which was bought last year, has been used this term for certain games, and we must thank Mr. Rogers for allowing them to be played in the library. The 'lightning-chess' clock has also helped to produce many exciting games this year.

The School team has played four matches so far this season in the Wright Challenge Shield Competition, winning three, and narrowly losing the other to the same team that won the competition last year.

R. C. LEDGARD.

### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

The Geographical Society concluded its activities last year with two excursions; to Cader Idris and the Ingletton district. The Ingletton party, having reached its destination safely, descended, or rather slithered into Jingle Pot, in which a river disappears underground. Returning towards Ingletton itself along a road, the contours of which bore striking resemblance to those of a 'scenic railway', the party stopped at the White Scar Cavern. From there a trek was begun over a limestone ridge towards Thornton Force. Some members crossed the clints and grykes in safety and reached their destination, while the main body of the party was hindered by an accident, which fortunately was not serious. However, there was general agreement that it had been a very pleasant day.

At the beginning of the autumn term, the Society reassembled ready to face a new school year. A full programme was planned, with the ultimate intention of making a success of the Geographical section of the Hobby Show. Mr. Warwick suggested that certain senior members should make a field survey of a local parish, and work has begun on a survey of Thurstaston.

It has been pleasing to note the rapid rise in membership of the Society. Secretary P. A. Kennerley set the Society off to a good start with an illustrated talk, pointing out the geography to be learned from postcards. Mr. W. F. Edge presented the Society with a survey of his continental holiday, during which he reached Yugoslavia, and commented with considerable interest on the nationalistic ideas of the ordinary people in Germany and Yugoslavia. The Chairman gave a paper on *Atomic Energy and World Geography*, and a film strip was shown on *Soil Conservation*. However, the largest attendance was at the showing of the film *Overland Adventure*, mainly concerned with road conditions in Australia.

Mr. Carew, a lecturer at London University, supplied much interesting material on the *Future of Federation of the British West Indies*. He discussed the dependence of the islands on sugar as the basis of their economy, the diversity of races, and the difficulty of making Federation real and not merely geographical. He thought that the islands should seek a greater degree of economic independence, possibly through the development of a tourist trade. A second coloured lecturer was Mr. Nkune from Nigeria, who surveyed *Nigeria, Past, Present and Future*.

The secretaries would like to offer their sincere thanks to Messrs. Warwick and Edwards for their continual interest in the Society.

H. BRAMHALL, P. A. KENNERLEY.

### MUSIC CLUB

This term the meetings have consisted mainly of presentations of gramophone records, but there have been two 'live' piano recitals. During September, Mr. Ronald Newton, one of Liverpool's most promising young pianists, gave a recital of music by Beethoven, Liszt, Debussy and Ravel, and in November the Secretary played works by Schumann and Ravel. Although most of the other programmes have been gramophone recitals, a wide range of music has been covered; among the composers represented have been Rachmaninov, Mozart, Johann Strauss, Puccini, Bach, Haydn and Borodin, not to mention a splendid record of *Carmen Jones* (by Hammerstein, from Bizet), which was presented by Mr. W. F. Edge.

As to the future, it is hoped that the remaining programmes this term will include a 'cello recital by Mr. L. Norris, as well as a recital of music for oboe, violin, and piano, played by A. J. Cummins (6AC), J. E. Roberts (RC), and the Secretary. Next term we hope that Mr. D. W. Rowell will give us a Bach recital, and that Dr. J. E. Wallace, an old friend of the School, will give a lecture. We feel that these 'live' recitals, particularly those from professional musicians outside the School, are doing much to

enrich the Club's musical appreciation, and therefore hope that attendances at these meetings will be particularly large. The Club has a very varied programme forthcoming, and all boys in the School are welcomed as members.

There is also a well-stocked Music Library, which is open every Monday from 1-15 to 1-45 p.m. in the Music Room (Librarian—M. E. Plunkett). If anyone should wish to make enquiries, or to bring any matter to the notice of the Committee, he should contact the Secretary, J. McCabe, 6AM2.

It must be said in conclusion that we owe a great deal to the unfailing energy and help of Messrs. L. A. Naylor, A. Evans and R. N. Evans. Under their leadership the Music Club continues to flourish.

J. MCCABE.

### THE ORCHESTRA

This term, the School Orchestra is concentrating its studies upon two works by the great English composer, Henry Purcell (1659-95)—a suite for strings entitled *The Gay Bachelor* and an orchestral suite from his operatic drama *King Arthur*, written in 1691.

To a modern audience, *King Arthur* would seem quaint, if performed on a stage, for it contains the elements both of the play (i.e. dialogue and action) and of the opera (i.e. music, both vocal and instrumental), a convention much in favour in Purcell's day. The words were written by John Dryden, who called the drama *King Arthur, or The British Worthy*. Then Purcell added the music, from which a suite is now being studied by the School Orchestra. It is hoped that we shall be able to play from these works at the Hobby Show.

Last but not least, we once more thank Mr. R. N. Evans for his diligence and energy in promoting the School Orchestra.

J. MCCABE.

### THE SCULPTOR TODAY

For many people, the word 'sculptor' instantly conjures up a picture of some modern-day Michael Angelo, clad in smock and beret, at work with mallet and chisel in his attic-studio fashioning a great new 'David'. The sculptor is indeed a creative artist, but his occupation is not as romantic as is fondly believed by the layman.

One evening last October a small group of Upper Sixth-formers, accompanied by Mr. Reed, were fortunate enough to be shown around the workshop of Mr. H. Tyson-Smith. Mr. Smith is a sculptor of great experience and specimens of his work are spread far and wide throughout England, an example being the relief work in bronze on the cenotaph, on St. George's Plateau.

Many examples of Mr. Smith's art were shown to the party, including repair and maintenance work on the badly decayed gargoyles of the Blue-coat Chambers, behind which his workshop is situated, and some fine pieces of garden statuary cast in concrete. We were told that other aspects of the sculptor's life included the making of commemorative plaques, elaborate memorials or tombstones, and, quite often, death-masks, in addition to the more artistic ones of making statues and bas-reliefs.

We were shown, too, a variety of stones used by sculptors. The greater number of these are to be found in the British Isles, but sometimes a commission demands a specific type of stone, which can only be found abroad—even as far as the Mediterranean region. A sculptor, or mason, must be careful when using certain rocks, for rock, like wood, is grained; building-stone, wherever possible, should be laid on the same bed which it occupied in the quarry.



Mr. Smith revealed to us many 'tricks of his trade', including the way in which chisels are re-tempered and tipped with tungsten, if used for work on very hard stones like granite, and how gold-leaf is prepared and used in the gilding of incised lettering on plaques, etc. Many commissions for internal or external decorations on churches, or other such buildings, have to be made from blue-prints; some architects, we were told, let their imagination run riot and produce plans of gargoyles and decorations, which are so delicately supported as to be impossible in practice; this is but one of the minor problems of a sculptor's life.

We are indeed grateful to Mr. Reed for arranging this visit, and to Mr. Tyson-Smith for sparing us so much of his valuable time.

B. B. KENDALL.

### CHRISTIAN UNION

Throughout the term the Christian Union has continued to hold regular meetings in Room 14 during the lunch hour on Wednesdays, and boys from all parts of the School have attended. The attendance of members of the Sixth Form has been disappointing, but the nucleus of the Union is made up of a keen group of boys from the Middle School, who attend regularly.

The first meeting was led by one of the secretaries, who called his talk *Merdeka*; this word is used in Java to mean freedom, and the talk was based on the work of the World Health Organisation in combating yaws in South-East Asia. A Bible Quiz was held at the following meeting, and only one of the sixty questions was left unanswered. A. R. Breeze was the winner, with S. C. E. Richardson and J. R. Watson achieving very creditable scores.

Three of this term's meetings have been addressed by visiting speakers, the Rev. N. Green, the Chaplain of Liverpool College, and two vicars from local parishes, the Rev. W. H. Wade from Childwall, and Canon F. H. Perkins from Mossley Hill.

A most useful discussion was held on the topic of *Religious Instruction in Schools*, and a large number of boys put forward some constructive ideas. There were very large attendances at the showing of the film *Cameraman Calling*, which illustrated the work of the Baptist Missionaries in New Guinea, and the sound film entitled *Simon Peter*.

A number of boys have joined the School branch of the Scripture Union for regular Bible reading, and if any others would care to join, they should see Mr. Watson without delay.

Once more our thanks are due to our Chairman, Mr. J. E. Watson, for his guidance and help, and to our Vice-President, Mr. E. R. Jones, for his regular support.

S. C. E. RICHARDSON, D. G. McCULLOCH, P. A. KENNERLEY.

### SIXTH FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY

It was pleasing to note that lectures in the Autumn term were very well attended. A most encouraging feature is the marked increase in membership of the non-scientists.

At the first meeting of this school year, Mr. J. W. Wray talked to the Society on *Butterflies and Moths*. In his very able manner, Mr. Wray explained, with the aid of some illustrations, the growth of these insects through all their stages of development.

*Surgery Tonight* was the title of the next lecture, delivered by Mr. Roger Brearley, F.R.C.S. At some length he gave an outline of the history

of surgery up to the point where anaesthetics were first employed. He then explained the techniques of modern surgery. Donning his surgeon's apparel, he disclosed the uses of the many instruments which he had brought with him. Mr. Brearley concluded his talk by showing a coloured film of an operation for prostatectomy. This film was enjoyed by all but the squeamish.

Mr. T. P. Wieldon, from Messrs. Chance Brothers Ltd., gave a talk on *The Production of Optical Glass*. He explained the special properties, difficulties of production and constitution of optical glass, and described, with the aid of slides, its manufacture from basic chemical compounds. He brought with him many examples of the glass at various stages of the process, which he later presented to the Society.

A talk by Mr. A. Watson, B.Sc., from British Paints Ltd., explained the nature and function of each constituent in the normal gloss paint. This followed the showing of a forty-minute coloured sound film, which gave a comprehensive account of the manufacture of their 'Superlative' brand paint.

In November, an afternoon visit was made to the works of British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. at Prescott, where a party of members saw the manufacture of many types of cable and wire in the factories of this extensive concern.

Our thanks are due to all who have assisted in the organisation of the Society, and in particular, to Mr. W. H. Jones, for his untiring assistance and interest in our activities.

R. W. VOSE.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

For the annual Summer Excursion, held on July 13th, the Society went to the Langdale Pikes, where our party of seventy-eight enjoyed one of the sunniest days of the summer.

In recent years more and more members have been using 35 mm. cameras, and, in view of this and the large influx of new members this term, the Society has purchased a 35 mm. enlarger.

The first lecture of the season, given by Mr. J. E. Calder, was an interesting talk, illustrated by fifty colour slides, on *The Principles of Colour Photography*. Among our future lecturers is Mr. Carl Pollak, F.R.P.S., who needs no introduction to most of our members. Throughout the season Mr. W. H. Jones is giving a series of tutorial classes for beginners. These, coupled with the excellent library open to members, give the beginners a good understanding of the fundamentals of photography.

The biennial Hobby Show will be held at the end of the Spring Term, and the Society will have its usual exhibition of photographs. Members are asked to prepare their entries well in advance of the Hobby Show, as last minute efforts rarely do justice to the entrant's true ability. All entries will be required not later than Friday, 15th March.

M. LUNT.

### PHILATELIC SOCIETY

Since the last issue of the Magazine, the Society has enjoyed a very crowded programme, with meetings taking place practically every Wednesday. At the beginning of the term, it was decided that the meetings of the Society would be held during the lunch hour, as it was found that a greater number of members could attend at that time.

The library has been open regularly every Friday during the lunch break, and the magazines and catalogues have been in great demand. The Stamp Pool has again aroused interest among members and it has continued to attract attention at most Library meetings. These meetings now take place in Room 1.

The Committee has decided to adopt a plan which would cater for the interests of the Upper School in philately, and a trial meeting was held on October 18th. Unfortunately the meeting was not well attended, but it is hoped to hold a similar meeting in the near future. In order to allow this new scheme to work, however, the Society must have the support of the Upper School.

Since pressure of work has compelled Mr. Lloyd to resign as Chairman of the Society, the Committee would like to extend their sincere thanks to him for all the valuable work that he has done for the Society. During his four years as Chairman he has been a continual source of help, not only to the Committee in arranging programmes, but also in his advice to the members. We extend a hearty welcome to our new Chairman, Mr. J. H. J. Bowen.

L. BIVON.

### ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY

During the summer holidays, a group of the more senior members of the Society spent a week travelling in the Lake District, visiting Windermere, Coniston, Ullswater and the Kirkstone Pass, as well as Blackpool, Morecambe and the tea-bar at Preston railway station. Excursions arranged in the Autumn term included trips on the now defunct Hooton-West Kirby and Rainford Junction-Ormskirk branch railway lines, and a tour of the South Lancashire trolley-bus system, now also partly closed. During October, Mr. Forbes arranged a series of trips after school on the Liverpool Overhead Railway, which, when this is read, will probably have ceased operation too.

Meetings continue to be held regularly on Monday evenings at 4-10 p.m., and it is expected that the Library will soon be open again twice weekly. Excursions are arranged at approximately monthly intervals, and these trips generally combine both a ramble and a visit to some item of transport interest. It is hoped that some bicycle excursions will be arranged in the new future; this is an activity of the Society which was suspended a few years ago.

Once more, the Society is grateful to Mr. Hosker and Mr. E. R. Jones for their assistance, and also to Mr. Forbes for having organised the Overhead Railway visits.

R. J. PATTERSON, A. R. PHILLIPS.

### MODELS SOCIETY

The Annual Excursion of the Society took place on July 13th, 1956, when a party of 41 members went to Ravenglass. On the way we stopped and had lunch at Mr. Thorpe's house at Ulverston, and he accompanied us to Ravenglass, where we travelled on the 15 inch gauge 'Ravenglass-Eskdale Railway'.

The society has now over eighty-five members and during the Autumn term found itself very busy. A party of twenty members visited the Meccano Factory at Binns Road during the half-term holiday.

The Library, too, has flourished; it now contains over 450 magazines, and seven well-known periodicals are taken monthly.

The lectures have been many and varied, Mr. J. D. Wray spoke on *Model Aircraft and Racing Cars*; R. Copley followed with a talk on *Scenic Railway Modelling*; G. M. Rodden gave a lecture on *Trams and their Construction*; and Mr. N. Lloyd gave a demonstration on *Tools and their Management*. Mr. J. S. Tait organised a highly interesting competition.

Next term we are looking forward to a visit by Mr. Norman—'Tommy Dodd' of *Meccano Magazine*.

In conclusion I should like to thank, on behalf of the Society, Messrs. Durband, Tait, and Wray and all officers of the Society for their help and advice.

G. L. CRAIG.

### NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Meetings this term have been well attended. The main subject for discussion has been fruits, including fungi. Some boys accompanied Mr. Walker on an excursion to Delamere Forest, where fruits were collected. At the following meeting they were identified and preserved for the Hobby Show.

Since the Biology Laboratory is no longer available for use on Thursdays, the meetings now take place on Tuesdays. The library, which is growing rapidly, is open on Mondays and Wednesdays.

Interest in the Palaeontological section of the Society is steadily growing, and we hope to be able to exhibit a collection of fossils in the Hobby Show.

We wish to thank Mr. Walker for the help he has given in identifying specimens and in the organisation of the Society.

R. COPLEY, G. M. GORDON.

### THE FUND

It goes almost without saying that, in addition to our ordinary Monday morning collections, we have made a special collection this term for a School contribution to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool's Hungarian Relief Fund.

When the Vice-Principal announced on Thursday, November 29th, that a collection would be taken the following day, I confess that, as Treasurer, I had visions of handling a sum of between twenty and thirty pounds. Maybe even £40! Say £50 at the outside! In actual fact, the collection amounted to the magnificent total of £71 15s. 8d.

In a letter of appreciation on the Headmaster's notice-board, Mr. Edwards concluded with these words:

"My thanks to you all for so worthily maintaining the School's tradition of helping all good causes".

The sum has been augmented by £3 4s. 4d. from the School Fund, and a cheque for £75 has been sent to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

A. H.

### OXFORD LETTER

Oxford.

*The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.*

Sir,—Those autumn leaves go by my window, forming damp and unhealthy piles on the ledges, and the Fall Collections have been presented by tutors preparing to go into hibernation. I doubt, however, whether our members increase in mellowness or fruitfulness. The exceptions are Messrs. McKie and Kneale, our Senior members: fortified by philosophy and long experience, they maintain a dignified calm in the face of Oxford weather and Oxford people. I wish I could follow their example, but the persistent demands of an editor with an eye to a future in tabloid journalism force me to conduct gentle readers on a Freshman's Tour of Oxford.

We have heard from Jesus of Mr. Jeffery and Mr. Ferdinand. They are both chemists, which may account for the supply of wine-type sherry which is displayed in Mr. Ferdinand's room. The former as a result is little in evidence, but our Secretary, moved by the spirit of the age, has become secretary of his college boat club, and has been seen in high spirits along the Turl in the early morning.

Mr. Morris, who has also been seen in the Turl in the early morning, is recognisable by what he calls Lincoln sub-fusc, a trench-coat, and a blue beret with chin to match, inspired perhaps by the numerous continental films to which he gives his uncritical attention.

Mr. Barnes, permanently conspicuous in a canary-yellow sweater knitted from the spaghetti obtained on his Roman Holiday, is a man of taste and culture, who knows the difference between Resphigi and ravioli, and considers Mercury inferior to the Fontane di Roma.

Mr. G. H. Jones, our President, has the jovial air of one who balances his finances by the sale of advertising space at the Film Society and can afford to eat at the Town and Gown. His fellow Celt at Brasenose, Mr. Evans, lives in an attic, which is farther from the lodge than seems geographically possible. No wonder that he prefers to spend his time on the football field; visitors are well advised to make sure that he is in before attempting the journey.

Mr. Kenworthy may be found in Mr. Jack's roost—sorry, room—in Corpus, adroitly toasting the odd polynomial or buttering the occasional chessman in preparation for his host's return from the river, where his shrill cries, menacing aspect, and coxing skill make Corpus greatly to be feared.

Of Mr. Silverman it has been said;<sup>\*</sup> but he refuses to comment. A cloak of mystery, impeccably cut, of course, surrounds his other activities. His companion at Oriel, Mr. Glover, is Captain of Boats, and a chance encounter with him in the intimate confines of Osney Lock leads your correspondent to suppose that, if Oriel are not soon unbeatable, Mr. Glover will administer the thrashing himself.

Mr. Shaw attributes the sweetness of his nature to his efforts this summer in a sugar refinery, but the grace and speed of his running belie any suggestion that he is a cube, which, as you well know, is a high-powered square.

Wadham contains, or rather conceals, Mr. Armstrong and all his works, which include a First in Mods. and a mathematically spherical football. But let there be no word of scandal or slander, for he is a man of action and determination.

Merton has difficulty in containing Mr. Mitchell, who continues to flourish like the green bay tree, and somewhat overshadows by his increasing stature his colleague Mr. Dodd. Of him it was said that if Oxford English did not exist, he would invent it.

Mr. Leech is the white sheep of our society. The crisp perfection of his garb recalls that of his play on the soccer pitch, and no breath of scandal attaches to his name. Which is a pity.

The historical researches of Mr. Cook have provided him with an anthology of little-known ballads, culled from barrack-rooms, mess-decks and eventide homes, which add spice to any evening's entertainment. Etchings are so dated.

Mr. Case has a refreshingly different view of life, for he is a student of Yoga: no, not the American university, and spends much of his time down-side up, which saves shoe-repairs.

But wait: didn't that tall man in the arctic warfare track-suit once give you a detention? He may well have done, for that is Mr. Magnay—the name at least should be familiar—who has made the pilgrimage from Cambridge to Balliol: *Jacilis descensus Averni*: where his studies are much hindered by the difficulties of the native patois, a kind of Scottish Oxford English.

With him from the land where the jumbies live has come Mr. Bilson. A prominent figure anywhere, he is little seen at Keble, but frequents the nether regions of Univ. where his cry of "When I was Secretary of the Cambridge Union" brings tears to the eyes of our largest contingent in

Oxford, a veritable bevy of stout-minded men. Indeed Mr. Richards was so moved that he succumbed to a fever and has had to go down to recover. We are sure that he will speedily do so, for he is acquainted with the most eminent members of the nursing profession.

Mr. Dumbill, too, is widely known and many personalities of Oxford society find his company almost unavoidable. Since his visit to O.U.D.S. store, he has become devoted to The Theatre, and is well to the fore at opening nights and opening times at the Playhouse bar. He also dabbles—the word is carefully chosen—in rowing.

Fresh from school, Mr. Wilson ventured out one evening with Mr. Michaelson in full evening dress to drink Espresso. Since their rebuff, the former has contented himself with a profound philosophical contemplation of the world from the business end of his non-inflammable pipe, while the latter haunts the Law Library in search of loopholes in the Examination Statutes.

Mr. Page and Mr. Oxburgh are a formidable combination, but, with the approach of Schools, they have retired from active—how inadequate the English language is—life and devote themselves to a leisurely consideration of Mr. Oxburgh's manipulation of the J.C.R.'s funds.

I must go, but not without urging you to post lots of Christmas cards. For what is an undergraduate but a temporary sorter in seasonal unemployment?

I remain, Yours sincerely,

GARRULUS TACITUS.

## CAMBRIDGE LETTER

Cambridge.

*The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.*

Sir,—This term has brought a welcome increase in our numbers, with a larger than normal influx of freshmen, and a steadily growing 'tail-end' of seniors content with the material and other advantages the academic life here has to offer.

Our senior representative, Professor Evans of Pembroke, is now, alas, only occasionally seen in Cambridge, but the recent promotion of Mr. Waddington to the mysterious rank of 'Unofficial Fellow' of Caius, on his return from a year's research in Canada maintains our link with the Dons. Mr. King, also of Caius, a hardy perennial, enters his second year of research, having joined the dreaded ranks of the supervisors. His recent appearance on the Cambridge stage in *Crime and Punishment* was no doubt a warning designed to instil terror into the hearts of his less industrious pupils. Mr. Morris, the Grand Old Man of Clare, still terrorizes the city streets and the surrounding countryside in his large, blue taxi—a disguise, we hear, for the latest Guided Missile to become the object of his researches. Mr. Smith, of Queen's, has returned once more, forsaking Mersey for Cam. Safe with a degree in architecture, he now reads theology. We do not know the exact nature of the link between these two, but it suffices to say that we have heard rumours of a third 'New Look' Liverpool Cathedral. Whatever his academic aims, Mr. Smith's patriotism shows itself in his temporary abandonment of his sleek little nine horsepower Riley, in favour of a rugged one manpower velocipede. Mr. Mackinnon, a man of evident taste, has abandoned the smoky metropolis of Oxford for the cool lawns of Corpus. He spends his time here operating the University's only electronic computer, and may often be seen cycling through the city in his gown with yards of punched tape trailing in the wind. This tape, we believe, bears a record of Mr. Mackinnon's moves in a prolonged game of chess he is playing with his electronic protégé.



In his third year, draining, we trust, the final cup of Cambridge life is Mr. Cross, of Queen's, who not only organizes the University Soccer Referees' Society, but also finds time to carry on the traditions he began in the School C.C.F. as a Sergeant in the University T.A. unit. Also in his third year is Mr. Howlett, of Pembroke, an elusive person, because of the great speed of his diminutive and antediluvian motor-scooter, which, with a teaspoonful of petrol a day, seems unaware of the national petrol shortage. Mr. Howlett's study of Russian and Dutch possibly explains the baffling hieroglyphics adorning his petrol tank.

Mr. Taylor, of Trinity, now in his second year, believes in practical rather than academic historical study, and spent last summer in Italy filming ruins. Instead of essays for his supervisor, he now sends in a batch of relevant colour slides—a technique which has made him a man of leisure. The wanderlust still grips him, however, and he may often be seen rushing nowhere very fast on a gay blue bicycle with no brakes. His college companion, Mr. Bird, is now captain of Trinity 1st and 3rd 2nd VIII (sic). When not on the river he is at a loss what to do, but occasionally relaxes with a bit of applied mathematics as a rest and a change. At the Engineering Laboratories he is often to be seen in the company of Mr. Quayle, also of Trinity. On these occasions their twin Liobians ties may be seen as banners of the school, side by side in the vanguard of technological advance. Mr. Quayle's interest in rowing seems so far to be confined to the less glorious but equally energetic rôle of cycling along the towpath. Mr. Thomson, of Jesus, appears with and without a luxuriant beard on alternate weeks. One explanation is that once a fortnight his geographical studies lead him to take part in local surveys, on which occasions he frequently becomes involved with a theodolite, only to be rescued by a razor. His conscientious nature allows him little respite from his studies, except for his regular athletic training. His fellow Liobians therefore tend to see him only *en passant* as his fleeting form vanishes into the Fenland mists.

Our senior freshman is Mr. Rylance, of St. Catharine's, who arrived here mysteriously at the beginning of term from behind the Iron Curtain, brandishing a scarlet hockey stick made in East Berlin. His sartorial elegance and, so he tells us, liberal economy dispel any fears about his possible indoctrination. Another sporting freshman is Mr. Hallam, of Trinity Hall. From his strenuous exertions on the soccer field he finds occasional relief whiling away carefree moments at his favourite hobby of working through Mathematics Tripos papers. His loyalty to the Liberal cause is confirmed by his friends, who wish only that his liberalism would extend to his tea-parties. Mr. Rosenhead, of St. John's, is known to have visited recently a high disciplinary official of that college. Malicious gossip has it that this was no mere social call, but Mr. Rosenhead's continued presence in Cambridge would tend to disprove this theory. His membership of the Rifle Association is construed by some as a possible means of ending it all—which we feel augurs ill for high disciplinary officials! Mr. Parry is known to call frequently on his Dean at Pembroke for the pursuit of music for two pianos. His other musical activities range from the pleasant clink of bottles to deafening gramophone recitals in the early hours of the morning, to the delight of his neighbours. The fifth and last of this term's freshmen, Mr. Barbour, cloaks his studies in the euphemism of Mechanical Sciences. His chief boast is that his rooms at Trinity were occupied some forty years ago by the present Prime Minister of the Republic of India. We may only hope that his future claim to fame may not rest entirely on this fact.

And that, sir, is that. There are, alas, no more possible specimens for your consideration and our investigation, so let us take our leave, at the same time extending to you and all your readers our very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Yours etc.,

LIOMA AIRSGARTH CHAOIDH.

## PREFECTS' LETTER

*The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.*

Sir,—Amidst a series of earth-shaking, history-making events, the Prefects of the School, imagining themselves of small consequence to the rest of mankind, had hoped to preserve from intrusion what little privacy they are spared. They conscientiously read the *Times* and the *Guardian*, and formed noble opinions. They thought they were doing their duty, but since you, Mr. Editor, have presumed to trouble us once more with your incessant demands, we hasten to comply and be rid of you.

Mr. Berry, our chief and captain, is throned in our unique armchair, and crowned with the crown of a Scholarship of State. Trebly distinguished, he already commands as a scholar and a soldier, and is making progress towards pre-eminence as a sportsman. In his capacity of Holder of the Keys of the upper and lower yards, he steadfastly opposes the force and guile of the adversary. *Ruat caelum, stat* Mr. Berry.

Mr. Thomas is the oldest inhabitant of the Prefects' Room, and his recent visit to a French period was greeted with a host of congratulatory telegrams. He has become as much a part of the P.R. as the furniture, and is treated with as much respect. Mr. Kennerley, by far the most domesticated of the Prefects—and the third member of the Triumvirate, continues to lead a happy life, unworried by thoughts of work, or fears of examinations. He awaits with patience his inevitable metamorphosis into a schoolmaster, and amuses himself meanwhile with choirs and occasional excursions to hospital with small boys.

Mr. Fyans, weary of waiting for an invitation to play Caliban, has at last bought a razor; soon he hopes to acquire some blades. Although he claims to have a home in the wilds of Southern England, at the moment he leads the life of a young cuckoo in a nest in Childwall Woods. Neither here, nor in his favourite sport can he be restrained from putting all his eggs in one basket. (He plays basketball, Mr. Editor). Mr. Kendall has the strength of a horse, and, some say, the habits as well; he often bolts around the P.R., dragging his chair with him, and only the bravery of his friend, Mr. Grace, can restrain him. There is a rumour that Mr. Kendall eats his porridge raw, and it is no secret that he carries his books in what looks suspiciously like a nose-bag. Mr. Grace, a gentleman known to his admirers as 'Johnny Hockey Stick', etc., has quickly risen to fame through his inexhaustible repertoire of salty shanties, which he sings (sic) to the accompaniment of a confiscated water pistol. His love of water has caused grave concern amongst those who disapprove of such submersive activities.

Mr. Ryder, the poor man's Empire State Building, is the only prefect who can warm his hands on the P.R. fire while standing in the lower yard; he rarely does so, however, for no-one has seen the prefectorial fire since Mr. Kennerley decided to augment his collection of rocks from the prefectorial coke-bucket. Mr. Ryder is a mathematician, but his soul is not yet utterly lost; he has been lent a copy of *Paradise Lost*, which may have some radio-active effect upon him, even if he never reads it. Mr. Lawrence reads Greek with an avidity, which suggests that he may even like it. No-one knows exactly who he is, and when approached for information, he was heard to mutter something about two gentlemen called Postumus, who were in a hurry. We suspect that he is, in fact, a secret reporter from 'Acta Diurna', who has taken the wrong chariot. There is no such doubt about the identity of Mr. Walker; for he plays hockey, climbs mountains, and is at present working on a new translation of the School motto. We could mention that he is as tall as the Wellington Column, or as handsome as the Victoria Monument, but you would not be amused. We do not know whose polish he uses on his shoes, but we could whisper that he uses Mr. Vose's gown for cleaning them. We were not surprised to discover that the latter gentleman's impressive white coat was not the vestment of some pagan priesthood, as generally supposed, but merely a device to keep his clothes clean; nor

did we ever suppose that the distasteful smells issuing from Room 39 were his peculiar brand of Black Magic, for we recognised his frustrated attempts to prove that Oxo can be heated on a broken bunsen burner.

Mr. Sharp, the P.R.'s great idealist, and the Second Hockey XI's goal-keeper, uses his powerful rhetoric for the propagation of his beliefs and the exhortation of his forwards, defending his principles and his goal-line with equal determination. Everybody knows that Mr. Colvin is a distinguished military commander, a C.S.M., but it is less published that he possesses a large stick, with which he stirs his tea; it has been used to poke the fire, though Mr. Colvin would be most put out, if he discovered this. He spends most of his time making tea, which is usually ready by Thursday, if he starts early on Monday morning. We have not seen Mr. Norris for some time, and it is believed that he has become trapped inside his 'cello, while attempting to disguise himself as a life-size chessman to give his brother nightmares. Mr. McCulloch is never far from the P.R., and can often be heard singing his theme song in his pure soprano voice:—

"Drink to me only in pure orange juice,  
For I shan't give thee mine—Mac!"

He is also a fine instrumentalist, possessing a thing which looks like a baby's bottle, on which he plays carol tunes in translation. When we were informed that Mr. Maudsley spent much of his time in court, we were relieved to discover that he was rarely a prisoner, and that his quite voluntary appearances were as a spectator: now he seeks his entertainment elsewhere, and is believed to listen to 'Mrs. Dale's Diary'—yes, even if it is at 11-15 a.m.! Mr. Townsend denies that he intends to deputise as a mountain for the tourist season in Snowdonia. Meanwhile, he continues to lope happily around Otterspool Promenade at frequent intervals, perhaps to scare away any enemy gunboats proceeding to attack the Manchester Ship Canal.

Our time, space and supply of prefects have now spent themselves, but, Sir, we remain,

Yours sincerely,

Ra Ra

### THE MOON

How silently the moon glides over,  
Lighting every field and stream;  
A carpet is the silvery clover,  
And cobwebs in the hedges gleam.

A tree stands high upon the hill,  
Touching the sky with fairy fingers,  
Serene and lonely, ghostly still,  
And at its feet a moonbeam lingers.

The water gleams with jewels bright,  
Emeralds, rubies and amethyst;  
Now moonbeams fade, and all the night  
Is wreathed in eerie purple mist.

I. GITTINS (4B).

### THE OLD MILL

I know a place on the top of a hill,  
Where up a steep slope there lies an old mill;  
They say that it's haunted, and this I know,  
That near that place I will not go.

For I have seen, by the moon's pale gleam,  
A ghostly figure that hangs from a beam,  
Dressed in a fashion of long ago  
Gently swinging to and fro.

A. NIGHT (LSA).

### THE EXPRESS

The great steel monster roared towards the excited little boy sitting on the stone wall that separated his garden from the shining tracks of the main line. The stoker shovelled more coal on to the blazing fire, and, as if in response, the mass of steel that was engine leaped forward, shooting sparks from its black, soot-covered chimney. The child laughed with excitement as the hot, black smoke curled round his face, so that the train was hidden from his eyes. The steady clatter of iron wheels rang in his ears, as the smoke cleared and he saw the long, sleek express. He watched, until the last coach had disappeared into the dusty tunnel, and ran happily in to tea.

J. G. MILBOURN (4B).

### SOLILOQUY AT LLANGOLLEN

Slowly I walk through the Vale of Llangollen,  
As the first evening star burns bright in the sky.  
The sound of rich music, the voice of the *telyn*,<sup>1</sup>  
Breaks over my ears as the day bids 'Goodbye'.

I recall to my mind the days long forgotten,  
When Druids stood firm in their struggle to free  
The land of King Arthur, and Cymru's proud men—  
That beautiful land, so enchanting to me.

I pause on the bridge, and hear the Dee thunder  
O'er the rock river bed that lies 'neath my feet.  
Soon those same waters will lull me to slumber,  
Bringing me dreams of wild mountain and leet.

Near the church of St. Collen her children are sleeping,  
In the vale of the Cross<sup>2</sup> her monks often prayed.  
'O God, from the hand of the heathen protect us',  
Thus safe in God's keeping their fears were allayed.

The trees, on the hilltops, resemble battalions  
Of soldiers awaiting their most dreadful hour.  
I hear the wind gently murmuring and sighing;  
Or is it the sob of Owen Glendower?

Immortal Glendower, Llangollen's great glory!  
Her chieftain, her statesman, deliverer and friend.  
A thousand homesteads will tell of your story,  
From *Glyndyfrdwy*<sup>3</sup> to the rocks at World's End.

On a conical hill rises ruined Crow Castle,  
A relic of what little Wales has endured;  
Yet her spirit resounds through the hills and the valleys—  
*Cymru am byth*,<sup>4</sup> and your future secured.

J. M. COGLEY (3C).

<sup>1</sup>Welsh harp. <sup>2</sup>Valle Crucis marks a ruined abbey. <sup>3</sup>A hamlet, from whose name (Glen of Dee) is derived that of Glendower. <sup>4</sup>'Wales for ever'.

### A JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN—1956

The train would soon be in Spain: behind us were the fertile agricultural plains of the old English kingdoms of Anjou, Poitou, and Aquitaine, the famous chateaux by the broad, impassive Loire imprisoned within her raised banks, the great wine-growing areas around Bordeaux, and the ninety miles stretch of the Landes pine forest. We were climbing up through tunnels and defiles, over bridges and viaducts into the heart of the Pyrenees. The white-washed houses of little villages are seen and gone; lush vegetation thrives on the rich earth; thickly-wooded slopes rear up to nearly 10,000 feet and the snow-capped peaks flash in the sunlight. Near the frontier the line plunges into the long international Somport tunnel to emerge on the Spanish side in Canfranc station.

The scenery of Aragón is more expansive; the broad valleys are studded with clumps of poplar and birch; a trickle of water meanders down the great stony river-beds; scree and rubble are very prominent; now and again a stark ruined hamlet appears—a victim of the civil war. The air is no longer moist but hot, dry and dusty. From Jaca, where we spent our first few days, we went on an excursion by coach to Ordesa, Spain's national park and a big forestry reserve high in the Pyrenees. The mountains around the area are amazing formations with names such as 'The Fortress', 'The Reredos' and 'The Amphitheatre', flat-topped but steep-sided with rock surfaces like delicate stone tracery.

We penetrated further into Aragón down the fertile Jalón valley and stayed two nights in Calatayud. Bold rolling hills scorched by the sun lie on three sides of this extraordinary township; the fourth, stretching down the valley, is the cultivated land, separated from the town by an orchard belt. Calatayud is a pattern of society, the higher up on the hillside, the lower down on the social ladder. On the river front are the great hotels, the fine houses, and the high-class restaurants. Behind them are the shops and the bourgeois houses, and then the mean working-class dwellings. Above, on the edge of the town, are the slums and foul-smelling lanes; finally you can find shacks, hovels, and even caves. At the top of the hill are the ruins of a medieval castle, and even they are inhabited.

Through an arid, crumbling rocky region, we went on to Madrid, a modern bustling city standing alone in the wilderness. Away to the north are the Guadarama mountains, mainly bleak moorland, and there lies the enormous palace-monastery of El Escorial in the shape of a gridiron, with an unadorned, repetitive, grey exterior, seemingly part of the mountain. Then over the highest stretch of Spanish railways we dropped down to Avila de los Caballeros, a medieval fortress town, encircled by an immense wall preserved in its entirety. The railway turns westwards for Salamanca and crosses the upland plain of Old Castile. The merciless sun beats down on miles of unreal flat open spaces; an occasional clump of holm oaks or umbrella pines interrupts the apparently endless expanse of crops and pasture, a composition of bright yellow corn and reddish-brown earth; the villages, the typical farming communities of Castile, seem to merge with the landscape and remain invisible until you are actually passing through them.

In Autumn, however, they are distinguished by golden heaps of grain which have been threshed and winnowed. The Spanish farmer threshes his corn with a sort of sledge, the underside of which is studded with flints or metal teeth, harnessed to a horse or mule. Standing on the sledge, he drives the animal round and round the threshing floor, singing a resonant, slow, mournful strain, the typical folk music of northern and central Spain, vastly different from the more widely-known songs of Andalusia.

Salamanca was the turning point of our journey; from there we recrossed the plain to Burgos at its northern edge. From the ruins of the castle above the town, with the sound of church bells, clanging without rhythm or harmony, drifting up the hillside, we watched the sun setting behind the

dead straight skyline of the plateau over 2,000 feet high, the shadows stealing up the twin spires of the famous cathedral, and night closing in over the hills.

The final lap of our journey lay through the traditional gateway of Castile, Pancorbo gorge, whose sheer rock walls are awe-inspiring to the point of oppressiveness, into Navarre, a land of thickly-wooded hillsides, isolated farms, dark rich soil, hedges and ditches which are unknown south of the river Ebro. We saw a menacing black wall of storm clouds silently creeping over the peaks, rolling into the valleys, and slowly engulfing everything in its path. We travelled the last few miles of our journey of dramatic contrasts in an eerie twilight; the frontier was reached after nightfall and the train steamed slowly across the girder bridge spanning the river Bidassoa into Hendaye. We looked back for our last glimpse of Spain—the lights of Irún gleaming in the murky water.

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