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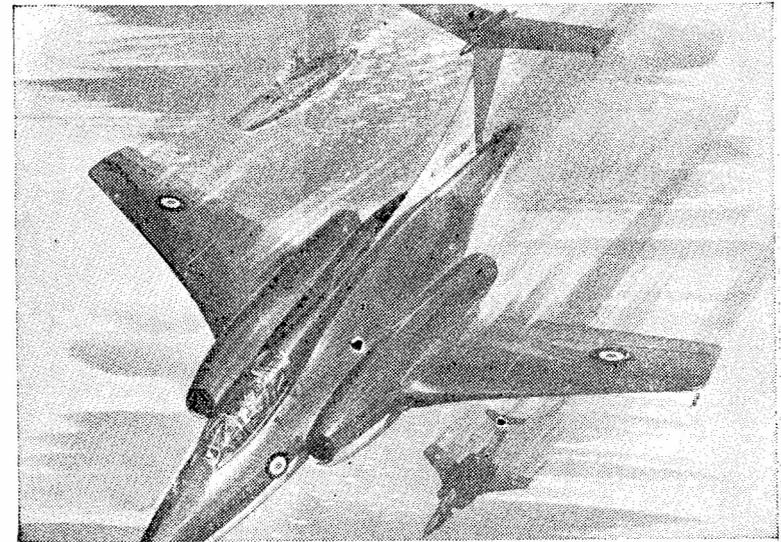
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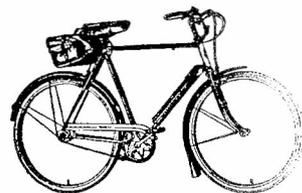
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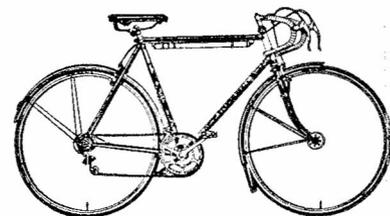
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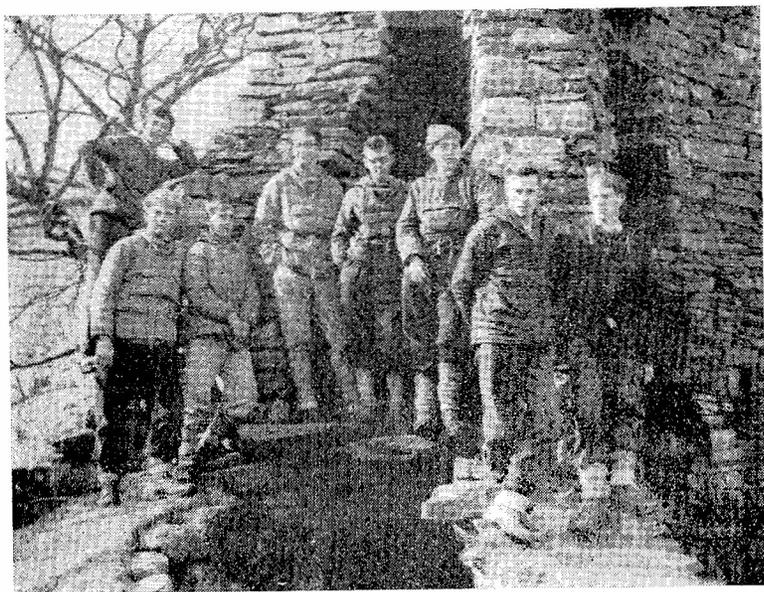
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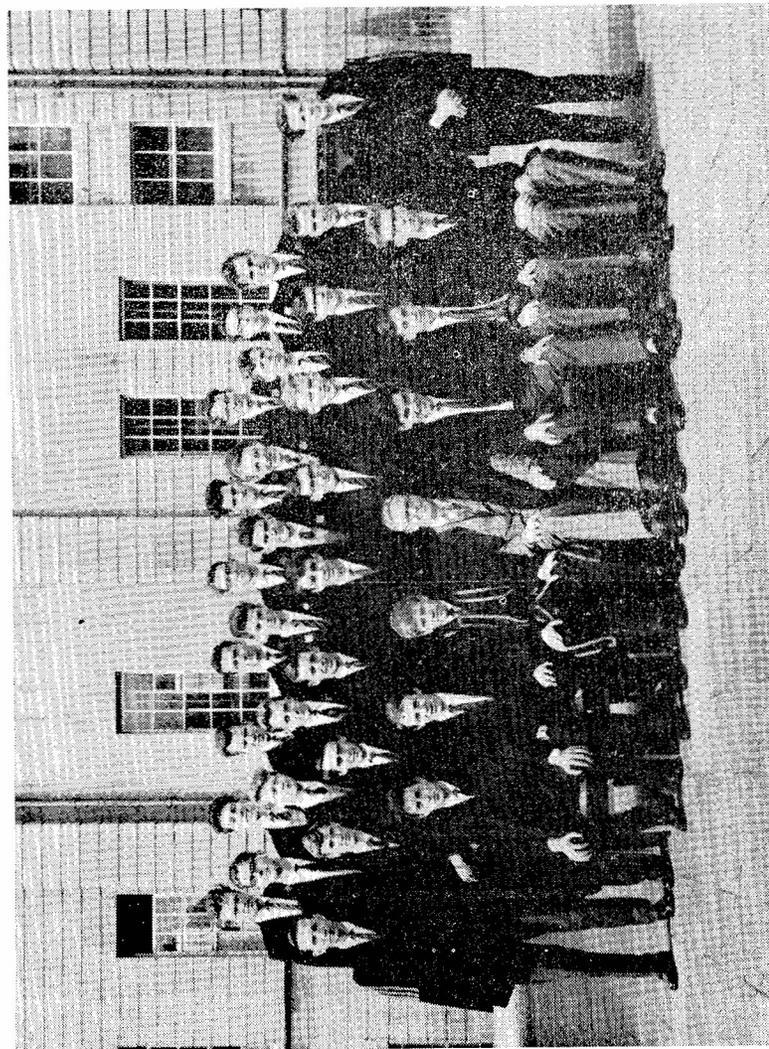
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ALPINE ANTICS



SUMMITING IN SCOTLAND



SCHOOL PREFECTS 1961/1962

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

VOL. LXX

JULY 1962

No. 2

EDITORIAL

The young people of this country, so our civic and moral leaders inform us, present a serious problem in some aspects of their behaviour. Among the remedies suggested one point has emerged time and again: that it is vital to know what opinions the youngsters hold and why they hold them. As if, in fact, everyone between the years of fourteen and twenty were bound together by an esoteric code of beliefs which, brought out into the open, would provide the key to certain undoubted idiosyncrasies. If, however, one may judge by the senior members of a school like the Liverpool Institute, the opinions of young people are as diverse as those of their parents. Indeed, the School is a perfect microcosm of the society it will one day maintain and, it is to be hoped, improve.

As might be expected, out and out rebels are to be found occasionally, but these are more than balanced by a number of conservatives and even reactionaries. In between these two factions the moderates are themselves divided. Some sincerely believe in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, while others favour the retention of the deterrent; it is characteristic that the movement's supporters would themselves be loth to sit down in Trafalgar Square while those opposed would not press for harsher penalties against the demonstrators. It is undoubtedly true that boys are influenced by their parents' standards and beliefs, despite their show of emancipation. They follow a traditional pattern in either clinging unshakably to what they have been taught as children, or rushing to the opposite extreme as a token of independence. There are noticeably few conversions in matters of basic beliefs once a boy has advanced into his teens.

Parental sway is most marked where politics are concerned, and the more affluent members of the School display a sane reluctance to decry the doings of a party which is likely to ensure that their affluence does not diminish. Religion is the dark horse and it is frequently amazing to listen to fervent outbursts of piety from those who appear the most hard-bitten characters on the surface. It is an encouraging sign that Sixth Formers have largely ceased flinging pseudo-scientific pebbles at what is for them a theological Rock of Gibraltar. There is an undoubted willingness to accept much on faith, surely a proof of increased maturity.

There is little enthusiasm for discussing the arts or aesthetics, subjects that are lacking in immediate appeal, but there are several factors compensating for this. Despite the threat of nuclear war or overpopulation, perhaps because of it, many young people display an optimism worthy of the Renaissance, when they might have been expected to lapse into mediaeval morbidity. Moreover, their attitude towards questions of morality, stripped of its blasé catch-phrases which in reality are so self-conscious, is as sound as their elders' and far less fussy. If today's Sixth Formers are tomorrow's leaders, it is unlikely that our society will disintegrate, at least from the top.

MR. W. J. HART

Mr. Hart is retiring at the end of this term after almost forty years spent teaching at the Liverpool Institute. The length of his stay exceeds that of any other master and has enabled him to serve under the régime of three headmasters. This long period of devoted service has given the School a balance,



Mr. W. J. HART

stability and continuity of tradition which is essential to the healthy and organic growth of any institution, and particularly vital to the development of a school. We are indeed grateful to Mr. Hart for his fine contribution to the successful progress of our School.

He has served the School in many capacities, and there are few extra-curricular pursuits which have not received the benefit of his broad and logical mind. Old Boys will recall that for a long time, including the war period, he served as Officer Commanding of the School Cadet Corps, and will remember the zeal and energy with which he managed its activities. His lucidity and careful attention to detail made him an invaluable organizer who could impose a pattern on the myriad disparate details of school organization. The successful running of many functions would have been impossible without the untiring efforts which he made meticulously and unobtrusively for weeks before the actual event. The invariably clock-work procedure of Speech Day was always eloquent testimony to his impeccable management of the occasion.

In the classroom, Mr. Hart brought to the teaching of French the same fine conscientiousness he has brought to the general life of the School. His approach was one of dedication and he achieved a signal degree of success. Countless pupils owe to him their love of French. He was indeed particularly well suited to the teaching of this language since he himself possesses qualities of logic and clarity which are themselves quintessentially French.

Any brief account is inadequate in doing justice to a career such as this, but we would finally like to thank Mr. Hart for his courtesy, integrity and devoted service to the School. We wish him a long and happy retirement.

MR. A. DURBAND

Mr. Durband is leaving at the end of this term to take up the post of Senior Lecturer in English at a Training College. Since he is an Old Boy who returned to teach at the School, he has been associated with the Liverpool Institute for many years and his impact on the School has been profound and valuable. In the classroom he displayed exceptional ability in the teaching of English and a lively awareness of the broader implications of the curriculum. He has striven constantly to inculcate independence of thought, discrimination and sound judgment: it is a tribute to his patience and scholarship that in this he has achieved a high degree of success.

His fine contribution to the School has not been confined to his teaching. The present buoyant state of the Old Boys' Association stems directly from his fine organising ability and from his constant efforts to maintain contact with thousands of former pupils. In drama, too, his work will be remembered. His ingenuity always resulted in a production notable for its exuberance and professional finish.

He will be missed not only for his fine achievements but also for his kind and human qualities. It was always touching to know that nestling in the brief-case alongside LSA's exercises were the latest brochures on refrigerators, washing machines, caravanserai, nuclear disarmament, brilliant new text-books and the resurrection of long defunct amphitheatres. His departure will deprive us of an invaluable guide to graceful, efficient and, above all, prosperous living.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

This term, several masters are leaving to take up new posts. Mr. Spencer will be remembered for the way he has developed swimming so that it now constitutes one of the School's most distinguished clubs, and we are grateful to Mr. Scaife for his keen interest in debating, mountaineering and School trips abroad. Mr. Bilson's liberal help in dramatic productions and his zeal in promoting an interest in debating in the Junior School will also be missed. We also say good-bye to M. Legros, who is returning to France to resume his studies. To all these masters who are leaving we extend our best wishes for future success.

Last term Miss Brunton and Miss Baker left and we wish to record our gratitude for the charm and efficiency with which they dispatched their duties here. We extend a sincere welcome to Miss Daly and Miss Ryan and trust they will be happy in their new work.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Bradley on the birth of a daughter, and also Mr. and Mrs. Bilson on the birth of their second child, also a daughter.

We are very pleased to announce certain successes in the National Prize Competition organised by the Hispanic Council: J.E. Wainwright was awarded the first prize, worth £30, in the Senior Section, and R. J. Baxter won second prize in the Latin-America Section. D. J. Jarman was highly commended and J. H. H. Blaquièrre and N. G. Brooks were commended.

We are pleased to announce that the School now claims two members of the National Youth Orchestra. I. D. Cockburn is the well established member and he is now joined by B. P. Wilson, a harpist.

We also congratulate S. J. Norris, who won a first prize in an essay competition held under the auspices of the European Coal and Steel Community. He will spend four days in Vienna and a fortnight in the capital city of one of the member nations of the Community.

On 26th January, the House Cross Country event took place, the winners being as follows: Senior, Owen; Under-16, Hughes; Under-14, Philip; Overall, Philip.

On 24th February, members of 6AC attended a performance in Greek, of Aristophanes' 'Clouds', at Cambridge.

On 7th March, boys from the Sixth Form attended a concert at the Philharmonic Hall. The Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra was conducted by John Pritchard, and the programme included works by Terrari, Mozart, Offenbach, Wagner, Strauss and Walton.

A party of senior boys attended a production of 'Boulevard Durand', by Armand Salacrou, at Liverpool University, on 21st March.

D. W. Rushton (RD) won first prize and W. F. Craven (RC) the second in a Fire Prevention Poster Competition organised in Liverpool. Rushton's poster was forwarded to London to compete in a national competition where it was highly commended.

The School Chess team retained the Wright Challenge Shield, winning all its matches in the competition, and C. J. Woodcock (M6B) won the Northern Counties Junior Chess Competition. The team played Hayes County Grammar School, Middlesex in the quarter finals of the 'Sunday Times' National Schools Chess Tournament.

D. W. T. Hughes captained the Lancashire Schoolboys' hockey team for their annual match with Cheshire.

We congratulate N. A. Archer, captain of the First Eleven cricket team, on breaking the School batting record by scoring one hundred and thirty-four runs in the match against Cowley Grammar School which took place at Mersey Road on Wednesday, 23rd May. The innings lasted two hours seven minutes and included nineteen fours and three sixes.

Members of the Sixth Form studying German attended a performance of 'Der Zerbrochene Krug,' by Kleist, on 16th March, at the University.

On 4th April, members of the Upper Sixth Forms heard a lecture on 'Congress and Parliament', in the School Hall.

On the same day Upper Fifth and Lower Sixth Forms went to the Philharmonic Hall to see the film, 'Scott of the Antarctic.'

At the end of the Easter term a service of Easter lessons and carols was held in the Hall.

The School Athletic Sports took place on 2nd June. The School Swimming Sports will be held on 23rd July.

D. R. Wade and I. Leverton have been awarded prizes for the best original contributions submitted to the last issue of the Magazine.

The Editors wish to thank all those who have written articles for this issue, and are particularly gratified by the fine response from Sixth Formers, who now seem to have emerged from their former apathy.

We are pleased to record further academic successes:—

R. M. P. Quilliam, an Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences, at New College, Oxford.

A. J. Cowan, a Commonership in Natural Sciences, at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.

B. P. Hooley, a Commonership in History, at Christ Church, Oxford.

J. E. Wainwright, a Commonership in Modern Languages, at Exeter College, Oxford.

This year the School has secured ten Open Awards at Oxford and Cambridge and consequently for two years in succession the list of Open Awards has reached double figures.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

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

Blackburne House Magazine; The Alsopian; Wallaseyan; Salfordian; Woking County Grammar School Magazine; The Caldeian; The Suttonian; Cestria; St. Francis Xavier's School Magazine.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE CHARITY FUND

Every Monday, during the Form Period, each form in the School contributes to 'the Fund'. The average contribution required from boys is 1½d each, an amount which was fixed at least twelve years ago and has not been altered

since. Yet, in spite of this being a constant feature of the School scene, few boys seem to know how the money collected is spent, although from time to time the School has been informed of any special gift sent to a particular urgent need. In addition to this, there has been up to now no means whereby boys could suggest charities which they think are deserving of support of the Fund.

The Headmaster has now set up a small consultative committee, of three boys and three masters, to consider how the money in the Fund shall be distributed, and to advise on any other aspects of the Fund. The membership of the committee will be: the Headmaster, Messrs. Moy and Jack, the Head Boy, and two representatives of the School below the Sixth Forms. In this way, the boys of the School will, through their representatives on the committee, have an opportunity of expressing their views on how the money they have collected should be expended.

In order to keep the School informed regularly as to the charities supported by the Fund, each issue of the School Magazine will, in future, list the amounts donated to various causes.

This year the following donations have been made: 1961 - November, British Honduras Hurricane Appeal £25; December - Florence Institute for Boys £75; Liverpool Radium Institute (Cancer Research) £10; Royal National Lifeboat Institution £5; Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital £25; Oxford Committee for Famine Relief £20; 1962 - March, War on Want £50; Gordon Smith Institute £5; April, Florence Institute for Boys £75; Royal National Institute for the Blind £25.

D. T. J.

"THE SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS"

Even after the performance of a non-classical play, Shaw's 'St. Joan' in 1960, Carlo Goldoni's 'The Servant of Two Masters' was an entirely new type of production to undertake. Yet, in view of its great success, the fears that it was not representative of a grammar school's capabilities were hardly justified.

The writing of 'The Servant of Two Masters' and many other comedies by Goldoni and his Italian contemporaries was probably dictated by the predominance in the Italian theatre of that day of the improvising actors who wore the traditional masks. Yet, really these comedies belong to the long tradition of the Comedy of Masks and Manners, which began with Greek New Comedy and was present in all forms of Roman comedy. It came down to this period through the Harlequinades of the Middle Ages and still persists today in the guise of pantomimes. The four Mask Characters of this play, Pantalone, the Doctor, Brighella and Truffaldino derive directly from the native Roman comedy, or Tabula Atellana, in which there were such stock characters as Pappus, the Gaffer, Pantalone's counterpart, Maccus, the clown, Truffaldino's, etcetera. The play possesses most of the characteristics common to all the Mask comedies, a soft centre of comic relief, mostly personal ridicule, covered by a hard coat of serious, usually romantic, plot with elements even of pathos and grave reflection, all presented with a direct appeal to the audience.

In the main, however, the comedy was provided by Truffaldino's attempts to serve two masters and the resultant confusion, and the love plot by what promised to be an eternal triangle, at least to most of the characters, by virtue of a mistaken identity but which turned out in the end to be a pair of straight lines. Goldoni seems intent on giving an artistic form to the spoken comedy, for humour is always delightful and in good taste, whereas his situations, main characters and dialogue are commonplace and undistinguished.

The play, too, provides opportunities for another heritage of comedy called *lazzi* (le azioni; the actions) or impromptu buffoonery, which would naturally centre round Truffaldino on such occasions as the preparation of the dinner and Truffaldino's courtship of Smeraldina. Indeed, it seems that the entire management of the comic scenes was left to the actor's improvisation and Goldoni wrote down a version of them when the play was published in 1753.

Mr. Durband found further excellent opportunities for *lazzi* than those mentioned above, and ever present bubbling below the surface, when they did erupt they never got out of hand. To this he added many ingenious anachronisms, both of situation, as Truffaldino's entry on the bicycle, and of speech, including some topical references. This device has become increasingly popular in modern times. Mr. Durband also introduced elements of another trend in the modern theatre, the gradual removal of the barrier between cast and audience: the use of the piano as an extension of the stage and Smeraldina's escape from Pantalone via the audience, were evidence of this. In short, Mr. Durband successfully made the same impact on his twentieth century audience as Goldoni made on the audiences of his own time. The production was a skilful blend of the comedy of all ages.

Mr. Durband's casting was superb, especially in the case of the Mask Characters: their natural characteristics shone through the covering they had adopted for the parts without any incongruity as a result. In general, the standard of acting and characterisation too, as far as the play allowed, was very high, and the turning of the comic scenes was first-class. Everyone was audible and on the whole the movement was good, especially in the first and last scenes when some beautiful tableau effects were produced, which the author obviously intended, judging by the arrangement of the speeches. Of the costumes, the Doctor's, was particularly impressive and, although those of the other three Mask Characters did not strictly adhere to tradition, their general timelessness was well conveyed. The exclusion of masks was a wise procedure. The properties were extremely well made but the sets seemed to lack something of the ambition and professional touch of previous productions. Mr. Roger's stage management was very efficient, as was the lighting, although the play offered very little scope for even our limited resources.

The Mask Characters were excellently played. J. R. Morgan gave a truly magnificent and memorable performance as Truffaldino. His personality and that of the part were completely welded together. He was assisted in this by his own natural exuberance, but possibly hindered by his mature sophistication and, whatever contradictions of character Truffaldino displays, he is basically a fool: "sometimes he is a knave and sometimes a fool", Brighella says. Yet Morgan was sufficiently coarse in Smeraldina's presence and when he was chewing the bread. His easy manipulation of the properties, his limitless energy, his endless repertoire of delightful intonations, expressions and actions completely enthralled us all and really convinced us that "I am learning my part as I go along". Despite this, he kept absolute control of a part which could easily have got out of hand but which, we must admit, offered tremendous scope.

Pantalone is an imbecile in body and in will, his character being held together solely by a veneer of respectability, but he is not the 'low fellow, coward and villain' Silvio calls him. B. P. Wilson in this part achieved a very high degree of characterisation, especially in the scenes with the Doctor, making his voice and body the very epitome of senility, in which he was helped by his naturally rounded shoulders. One minor point about his performance can perhaps be justly challenged: as a comic character, Pantalone plays a passive rather than an active rôle, the funny things happen to him and it was out of place to make him consciously do funny things himself, as the episode with the banana showed.

In the play, the pedantic, yet rather suave, Doctor Lombardi used to every advantage his knowledge of the law which to him was always 'quite clear on the point', and P. A. Radcliffe fulfilled well the demands of the part for an excellent voice to convey the flood of vituperation poured on the inarticulate Pantalone. This was punctuated by Latin quotations which Radcliffe obviously took great relish in pronouncing. From the acting point of view this was probably the most polished performance. Radcliffe acted with equal brilliance in the long intervals between his speeches, as he did during them: the tête-à-tête conversation with Pantalone in the last scene while Silvio and Clarice were being reconciled, was particularly enjoyable. His carefully worked-out and elegantly constructed exits contributed much of the drama of the play.

W. Kenwright as Brighella, who seemed to have 'the huge bombard of sack' that Prince Hal thought Falstaff was, in his stomach - in more senses - also gave a very professional portrayal, with possibly a slight tendency to overacting, of a part whose character in this play, jovial yet down-trodden, is quite different from the tradition of Brighella as a knave. His adoption of a West Country accent, which was well sustained throughout the play, appeared at first to be rather incongruous in the Italian setting but turned out instead to be one of the most sober parts of the comedy.

Goldoni did not paint the young lovers, Silvio and Clarice, and Florindo and Beatrice with depth; their characters have the consistency of water-colour. They are also 'straight' parts in a play which is through and through a comedy. So for two reasons these rôles were very difficult to interpret with sincerity. Florindo (S. J. Norris) particularly seemed to make full use of the limited amount of humour allotted to him. His performance was extremely natural and relaxed, but perhaps a little more phlegmatic than the part occasioned and a questioning note could be detected in his voice which seemed to persist even when he was not asking questions. He successfully got over his most difficult moment, namely his reaction to Beatrice's revelation of her true identity, without being either too stilted or too rapturous.

For A. J. Cowan as Silvio, the particular difficulties his part offered were his outburst of anger in the second act and, in contrast, his declaration of complete happiness in the last. He was thoroughly convincing in the former, but in the latter did not measure up to the degree of emotion required. As a young man eager to make an impression in the world, Cowan cut a good figure and his attentions to Clarice during both the first and the last scenes, which probably caused difficulty in portrayal as well, but which did not receive the glare of publicity, were as genuine as could be.

In the part of Beatrice, A. W. B. Davies had the right build and produced a good voice. But the fact that he represented a woman disguised as a man and she a person of higher social standing than the others, seemed to impose a certain restraint and perplexity upon his interpretation, of which the most tangible manifestation was a constant grasping at his lapels. Curiously combined with this was a tendency to move too far too fast.

Unfortunately, the part of Clarice made too great a demand on R. J. Kendall's acting ability. Clarice is stiff, viz. 'Your most humble servant, sir', but perhaps Kendall's stiffness was not altogether deliberate. His attitudes and facial expressions were very good but he did very little to make his voice more feminine. And any crying that had to be done by either Clarice or Beatrice, seemed to be infected with the comic spirit of the play.

J. J. Donaldson as Smeraldina certainly entered into the idea of audience participation, so much so that the audience's obvious delight in his performance was reflected in his facial expressions. He rightly, although perhaps accidentally, portrayed the part as the author painted her: a country girl whom city life has failed to refine and not a gentlewoman's gentlewoman. She seems

very reluctant to receive Truffaldino's attentions but is obviously glad when she hears of 'another who wants to marry me'. Yet he took some time to settle down and at times tended to gabble his lines and show an urgent desire to quit the stage as quickly as possible. There was one unfortunate yet charming moment when, stooping daringly low, he presented to the audience doubts of his femininity.

Genre or the depiction of low life was one of Goldoni's particular talents, he being almost a literary Hogarth in this respect, and the writers, R. Y. Sharp, J. S. Bradbrook and P. H. Cassidy, and porters, J. H. Gaukroger and A. R. Frood, translated Goldoni's pregnant words into real life action. R. Y. Sharp scored a great success with his specially acquired 'Doge's Italian', and a gait in which it was difficult to determine which leg was lame. These penetrating studies by even the most minor characters indeed enriched a most satisfying production. Yes, Mr. Durband's splendid achievement was a tremendous success and his work rightly makes the critic feel wretched and incapable. Regrettably, this will be Mr. Durband's last School production.

D. H. Slater.

A CONCERT OF MUSIC

Music of the eighteenth century, together with one work each from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, composed the programme offered by the Music Club in conjunction with the Choral Society on March 29th. A programme was devised to effect an even balance between choral, orchestral and instrumental items.

Although most of the works performed originated in the same period, no sense of monotony emerged. Indeed, a wide variety of mode and idiom was explored, demonstrating the wide diversity of musical style of the period.

Two concerted works of the eighteenth century were well contrasted and performed with equal skill. Mr. Roger Best, who is principal viola player in the Northern Sinfonia Orchestra, played the Concerto in G for Viola and Strings, by Telemann. This was a polished and assured performance of a delightful work in four contrasted movements, although the introduction of the accompanying strings was not always true. D. E. Williams, who is to continue his musical studies at Oxford, played Handel's Organ Concerto in G Minor with a technical skill and restraint which commanded respect. The performance of both these works was enhanced by the use of harpsicord continuo.

Haydn was represented by his Piano Trio in E minor, played by Messrs. J. McCabe, L. Norris and R. J. Temple. These musicians collaborated in a performance in which good integration and careful attention to phrasing were evident. The volatile rondo provided scope for some excellent 'ensemble' playing.

Mr. McCabe is a musician of many parts. He conducted the orchestral items with understanding and authority and led his players through the intricacies of a new version of his own Divertimento No. 2 for flute, oboe and strings. This Divertimento, in three movements, is a skilfully contrived work in which the generally serious mood is occasionally relieved by elements of satire.

The Choral Society, supported by the augmented orchestra led by Mr. D'Arcy Ferrand, opened the programme with a sensitive rendering of an anthem from the Requiem of Brahms and later performed the major work of the evening's entertainment - Vivaldi's 'Gloria'. It is surprising that this

'Gloria' is not heard more frequently. The work combines intense religious feeling with an unerring musical sense, at moments reaching sublime heights and avoiding the pitfalls of emotional extravagance. The choir had been well drilled and, apart from occasional lapses, sustained a high standard throughout. The soloists acquitted themselves with honour. Mr. Derek McCulloch delighted us again with his alto voice - his singing of the 'Agnus Dei' was moving, and was well supported by Mr. Norris's delicate performance of the 'cello obbligato. The treble soloists, P. C. G. Critchley and S. J. R. Jones, achieved a remarkably high standard. Once more the School stands in the debt of Mr. R. N. Evans for his patient but firm insistence on the highest standards of choral singing.

We are indebted above all to Mr. L.A. Naylor, whose self-effacing devotion and enthusiasm provided us with this opportunity to hear works of distinction which one rarely - if ever - hears in live performance on Merseyside. Much credit is due to his excellent Chamber Group which goes from strength to strength and proves that private music-making is far from defunct. This is one of the finest groups of its kind on Merseyside and merits the warmest support.

A. E.

SEINE ET LOIRE

We leaned over the parapet and looked at the River Seine below. It seemed almost impossible that this was the same river we had seen a week previously surrounded by factories and grimy shunting yards at Rouen. Here the lights of Paris at night played across it in an everlasting procession, changing, always changing. Ahead of us the floodlit towers of Notre Dame rose out of the darkness of the Ile de la Cité. Behind us lay the gaily lit Place de la Concorde, and the glittering Champs Elysées.

The same river, the same city, but oh so changeable. And that is how France struck us. Changeable. A country of contrast, tremendous contrast. In the shadow of Notre Dame stood gendarmes, sub-machine guns round their necks, just in case . . . A mile away the carefree crowds wandered gaily along the Champs Elysées as though they had never heard of the OAS.

At Chartres, the magnificent cathedral, with its twin towers rising into the sky, stood peaceful, beautiful and serene, as it has for more than five centuries. Only the previous day, as we had journeyed from Calais to Rouen, we had seen everywhere ugly reminders of how France suffered in the early 1940's. Everywhere there were broken-down shacks, hastily put up after the last war, and not yet rebuilt. Even in Chartres there were signs of the past destruction, and in Parsh, the memorial plaques and bullet-holes in the wall by the Impressionist Gallery told their own story.

We had seen the château of the Loire Valley-Chenonceaux, a magnificent sight as it spans the River Cher, Amboise, keeping a watchful eye on the town below, stately Chambord, and regal Blois. All of them were different, all had a charm of their own, from little Châteaudun to imposing Fontainebleau.

And then had come Paris itself, with the visits to the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Sacré-Coeur and Montmartre. Montmartre was surely the most fascinating place of them all. We could have stood for hours watching as the artists worked, creating in their unique style the pictures of the true Paris - not of the Arc de Triomphe or the Eiffel Tower, but of the colourful side-streets, the churches, the river . . .

Again we looked at the river, swirling in eddies, and running swiftly under the nearby bridge. A lot of water had run under those arches since first we had arrived in France. A lot more would go by before we returned.

But return we would.

D. R. Morris (USA).

VIERWALDSTATTERSEE

The party, consisting of thirty-five boys and three masters, assembled at Lime Street Station at 7-30 a.m. on Tuesday, 17th April. The first part of our journey took us to London where we had lunch. Since our arrangements had been altered and we had time to spare, a number of boys paid a visit to St. James' Park with Mr. Scaife and Mr. Sweeney. We arrived at Dover at 8-30 from where we crossed the Channel to Calais, part of the journey being taken up by dinner. Proceeding thence from Calais via Basle, we were fortunate to have had places reserved on a through train to Brunnen, thus cutting out the frontier formalities and a long wait at Basle. Most boys spent part of the journey sleeping. After a picnic breakfast on the train, we arrived at our destination at eleven o'clock.

Brunnen, on the east bank of Lake Lucerne, is a delightful town situated in the heart of the William Tell country, with snow-capped Alpine peaks surrounding it on all sides. Though the lake was very rough when we arrived it soon settled down to its usual state of placated iridescent ripples - a most beautiful sight! The day we arrived was spent in Brunnen. On our first full day in Switzerland we crossed the lake to Treib, where the first government house still stands; ascended a small mountain on the funicula to Seelisberg and undertook a nine mile walk to Beckenried on a hot, sunny day (to the delight of a small percentage of more energetic members and to the intense discomfort of others). The return journey by lake steamer provided welcome relief for us.

The following afternoon we ascended the Klewenalp, having returned to Beckenried. We went up by a cable car which holds forty people. Despite a temperature of over a hundred degrees, this did not deter one of our younger members from wearing his white mackintosh. He was probably cooler than we were! Although Mr. Bowen insisted that this year the snowfall had been comparatively light, the snow was in places unbelievably deep, rising to forty feet above the well-trodden footpath. The return journey was the same as the previous day.

Saturday saw us in Zürich, reckoned to be second only to Paris as the most delightful city in Europe. We caught the Stuttgart Express from Arth-Goldau and spent six very memorable hours there. A great deal of fascination lay in the world famous Zürich Zoo, practically every member of our party paying a visit there. The Botanical Gardens provided a welcome respite for some of us from the hectic Zürich city life. Across the lake there is a remarkable chair lift, which, unfortunately, was not working on the day that we were there. When we returned to our hotel, it seemed hardly credible that half our holiday had already been spent, so much had we enjoyed ourselves.

On Easter Sunday morning we were awakened by the raucous pealing of the chapel bells. Later, however, we were compensated by the delightful playing of a youth brass band from Brunnen. On Sunday afternoon, we took a tram outside the chapel to Schwyz, and a bus to Schätli from where we were conveyed by the second steepest funicula in the world up Stos, the very popular ski-ing mountain. Some of us hired toboggans there, and enjoyed ourselves immensely in the crisp snow. Our trip back was the same way. We

went to Gersau on Monday, again by lake steamer. Gersau, famous in Switzerland for its peculiar church, is a very beautiful town. Unfortunately, we could only spend half an hour there, before lack of time compelled us to walk back to Brunnen.

With the Easter celebrations over, we visited Flüellen on Tuesday. The lake steamer took us to Tellsplatte where we saw the delightful chapel built in the cove where Tell is reputed to have sheltered when he escaped from Gessler, who was conveying him from Altdorf to Küssnacht by boat. We walked on to Flüellen where the temperature of a hundred and thirteen degrees dissuaded even our 'energetic' Mr. Sweeney and Mr. Scaife from walking on to Altdorf, where William Tell's famous statue stands. On our last day we visited Urmberg, ascending by a small cable car holding only four people. We had not seen rain in Switzerland and our last day kept the record intact, the temperature there being in the nineties.

So, our holiday had ended at last and all we had to look forward to was the return journey home, small consolation. Still, there was not one member of our party who had not enjoyed every minute. We returned the same way, starting out on Wednesday night.

The arrival in London was fraught with drama. Poses of photographers on the platform jostled with the crowds, seemingly in search of celebrities. Many VIP's posed hopefully on the step before careful descent only to be ignominiously spurned by the Eumenides in search of greater prizes. Their ultimate goal turned out to be Ian Williams, our most diminutive member, who condescended to strike various attitudes before the hysterical, insatiable cameras and consequently achieved pictorial immortality in the Junior Section of the 'Daily Telegraph'. Thus did a parochial school visit secure national coverage.

Our heartfelt thanks are due to Mr. Bowen for his wonderful organisation and to Mr. Scaife and Mr. Sweeney for their continued support.

P. A. Wood (USA).

WESTERING HOME

The Shiel Bridge to Glenelg road over the pass of Mam Ratagan, and its continuation to Arnisdale is tortuous and extremely narrow, but provides some of the finest views in the whole of Scotland. The fact that the latter section leads to a dead end has saved it so far from commercial exploitation, while its course of vertical and horizontal zigzags discourage both motorist and vehicle alike. Accommodation and supplies are very difficult, while land flat enough for the comfort-loving motorised camper or caravanner is also in short supply.

This was the last part of our marathon drive from Liverpool to Loch Hourm which took us two days, with an overnight stop at the hostel in Balquhiddy in the Rob Roy country. Photographers and foraging parties caused stops in the region of Glencoe and Fort William, and after lunch on the shores of Loch Garry our Ford minibus gallantly carried its heavy load to rendezvous with Mr. Bentliff whom we discovered inside the postman's land rover. He had travelled in luxury by train, boat and launch to meet us, and was suitably attired in immaculate style, so it was only right that on arrival in Arnisdale he should withdraw to sample homely West Highland hospitality while the cramped untidy contents of the minibus disgorged into a one-roomed primary school. We found the place in excellent condition, with a fire, kindly lit earlier by a thoughtful neighbour, burning merrily in one corner. We had first, however, to force a way through the barricade of food supplies left by

Mr. Davidson, the grocer. Cooking was done over a Calor Gas stove, chores being equitably distributed by alternating the cooks' duties with those of washing up and fatigues. By the time twelve assorted air and camp beds had been spread on the floor there was little room to move.

Arnisdale and its near neighbour Corran are beautifully situated on the northern shore of Loch Hourn below the towering, scree-strewn mass of Ben Sgrìol (3196), and they are separated by a pleasant glen containing a salmon river. We were lucky to be blessed with glorious weather for almost the whole time.

On the first day we went in groups for a 'short' fifteen mile map-reading walk, judiciously curtailed by conveniently inefficient map technique on the part of Mr. Nicholson's weary party. It took us over Drium Fhada (2327) and down to the shores of the loch at the narrows of Caolasmor. From here a non-existent path led back towards Corran for about two miles, during which one member was lost, only to be retrieved after covering the remaining distance over a finely engineered path.

The following day, likewise in groups, but leaving one weak stomach behind to rest, we assaulted Ben Sgrìol behind us. Mr. Nicholson's regenerate mountain goats easily reached the main summit first, but not before kicking convenient steps in the snow for the remaining parties which had amalgamated. The way down was none too easy owing to the snow-filled gullies, as the first party discovered. The others learned that potential mountain dismantles are best placed in the lead when descending.

A word about food would not be out of place. Our diet was varied and exotic. It included delicious scones made by our kind neighbours, who also roasted our meat in their oven. But experience proved the popularity of curry, jambalaya and especially paella. This latter dish so provoked the admiration of one member that he kept repeating the name with evident affection for days on end. Another discovered that shell fish and he could not be relied upon to remain on intimate terms for long.

Because of this we were one body short for the trek to the Saddle (3317). This entailed a long, but steady climb, from the head of the glen up a long snow-covered spur to the main summit ridge. Unfortunately the corniced snow on the final section made it impossible to reach the highest peak, and as it was cold and windy we soon started on a rapid descent down some wet and deep snow slopes. These, though far less wearing on the knees than mere walking would have been, produced an incident Mr. Bentliff will long remember, his ignominious removal from a cavity into which he had inadvertently descended. An ice-axe and Mr. Nicholson secured his release. Once down on the path there was a race home, won as usual by that member who, despite being given twice as much packed lunch as anyone else, was always protesting about inadequate rations.

At this stage Mr. Nicholson decided he had had enough and returned home in luxury, while we set out to explore Kyle of Lochalsh and Plockton. An unpromising start to the day's weather was responsible for this, but it later cleared up on our way back and we made a slight detour to see the Pictish brochs in Glen Beag.

On Sunday we had decided to go to kirk, but the day turned out so fine that the opportunity was taken to get ourselves introduced to the Five Sisters of Kintail. It took about an hour and a half to drive to the head of Glen Shiel. From there we climbed to the summit of Sgurr nan Spainteach (3129), not ranked as one of the five, but much more impressive than the last one, Sgurr na Moraich, which we omitted. The intervening peaks, and especially Sgurr Fhuaran (3503) the highest, were plentifully covered with snow. Ice-axes, of

which we were rather short, disappeared right up to the hilt on some steep slopes, and one ice-axe in particular was nearly worn out giving a professional touch to a number of posed photographs. Once down on the road the party made for the local café, while Mr. Richardson received assistance in returning to retrieve our transport.

Monday was spent recovering from the previous day's exertions by such pastimes as paddling, building a swimming pool in a burn, and fishing, which last proved singularly unprofitable throughout our stay. This enabled us to attempt Ladhar Bheinn (3343) across the loch, to the base of which we were ferried by Mr. Macdonald, a fine, young-looking seventy-eight year old retired ships' engineer. It was on this trip that we encountered our only rain, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Bentliff, old hands at this sort of thing, made straight for the only convenient shelter which was rather restricted, and excluded all others until the rain was over. The cloud, however, remained low, and though we reached the summit ridge, could see nothing except extensive cornices. The decision to retreat was taken with some regret, but the slippery nature of the snow and frozen grass slopes showed the wisdom of it. From the lower slopes the view was wonderful, as one could see clearly right to the head of the upper Loch Hourn, as well as across to Arnisdale.

Wednesday saw us once more in Mr. Macdonald's boat going over to Barrisdale, on the southern shore, from where we walked to the very head of the loch, to Kinlochourn in fact, where the magnificent lodge raised envious thoughts in many minds. We completed our twenty-mile walk by returning to Arnisdale down the now familiar glen.

Deer we saw in plenty, and some of the mountain lochans surprised us with their vast numbers of frogs. Lambs were everywhere, and many were having to be hand-reared since the dry weather had left their mothers with insufficient milk. Foxes were proving a menace and many of the local shepherds were out shooting them.

It was decided that Thursday should be spent cleaning out the school and packing up, but we found time also to go shopping, sunbathe and bombard tin cans. Our departure the following morning, when the engine had not warmed up, was unceremonious, for half the passengers were helping the others up the first steep hill. Thereafter our progress back to Liverpool via the Ballachulish and Erskine ferries, and punctuated by a night at Wanlockhead hostel, was uneventful.

Our thanks are due to Inverness-shire County Council for permission to use the school, to Mr. Richardson for organising and leading or driving us and to Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Bentliff for their assistance. Last, but not least, two wives should also be gratefully remembered for allowing their husbands to go away on a close-season stag party.

Pax Hominiibus.

FOOTBALL

The second half of the School football programme proved to be much more successful than the first. During the first term, the School First Eleven won very few games, whereas last term seven games were won and only five lost, two of these defeats being at the hands of Quarry Bank High School.

Unfortunately, neither of the shield teams, the First and Under-15 Eleven, proved to be at all successful in their competitions. The First Eleven were defeated 4-1 by Quarry Bank in the first round and the Under-15 Eleven lost 5-3 to Hillfoot Hey, also in the first round.

As usual, the game with Manchester Grammar School was most exciting, ending in a 4-2 victory for the School and thus making up for last term's defeat.

The First Eleven programme was brought to an end by the return match with a Staff Eleven. This game was played in fine spirit by both sides but several members of the Staff Eleven still displayed the cuts and bruises of a previous game of Rugby against the School and their game was thus impaired.

Last term, P. S. Jones was congratulated on being selected to play for the Merseyside Grammar Schools Eleven and once again we must congratulate him on being chosen to play several games for the Lancashire County Eleven.

The Second Eleven were forced to make several changes after the Senior Shield game, but this had no effect on the results of their games. The team continued to play good, winning football.

Of the Junior teams, special mention must be made of the Under-14 Eleven which had a very successful season. It is hoped that they can continue their successful run next year and perhaps record the School's first Junior Shield for several years.

Once again our inestimable thanks are due to those members of the Staff who help in the supervision of School football.

R. E. Tysoe.

RUGBY

The past year has seen considerable advances in Rugby in the School. Interest in the game has expanded to the Fourth and Lower Fifth forms, and regular practices have produced many promising players who it is hoped will strengthen the team in future seasons.

Senior XV				Junior XV			
P	W	L	D	P	W	L	D
9	2	6	1	7	2	4	1

This has been the first year for which it has been possible to arrange a regular fixture list. On the face of it, the School was not very successful, but invariably the team was playing sides which had the advantage in age and experience.

Quarry Bank was probably the best team we encountered. Although the score, 17-0, appears decisive, in fact only one try was scored against us, and that in the last five minutes of the game. In the return game we were narrowly beaten 0-6.

This was the first season to include fixtures with the Collegiate. Although the School lost 6-0, the standard of rugby produced by both sides was of a high quality, incorporating plenty of open play by both forwards and backs alike.

In the fixture with Hillfoot Hey, the team claimed a decisive victory, winning by 16-3. The game was very keenly contested right up to the final whistle. The Hillfoot Hey try was of a classic nature, and chances were well taken to reward the Institute with three tries. Excellent kicking made up the remainder of the points.

One of the few occasions on which the Junior XV was able to field a full team was against the Holt. The final score was 13-0 for the Institute.

For the 1962-63 season we have a complete fixture list for both the Junior and Senior XV's and we look forward to a full and successful year's rugby.

Another landmark in the life of the Club was reached with the awarding for the first time of School Colours. These were given to: J. D. Chambers, S. Elsworth, D. G. Evans, I. J. Ferguson, D. Morton, A. R. Martinez, B. J. Sellick and R. J. Temple.

We should like to express our appreciation to the masters who sportingly took part in the Masters versus Boys match, for submitting themselves to aches, pains, bruises, and especially torn muscles, unflinchingly received.

B. J. Sellick.

HOCKEY

The First Eleven, although possessing several players of considerable experience and ability, has met with a rather disappointing season. The defence was definitely the sounder department, containing two players of Junior County standard. The attack was rather inexperienced and lacked a really prolific goal scorer, although D. M. Cattrall deserves note for scoring twenty goals.

The first game of the Easter term was played against John Sumners' on their excellent pitch, and this contributed to the pace and enjoyment of the game. But the home team's superior class became evident and the School lost by five goals to one. The consolation goal was scored in the closing minutes by D. J. Jones. Calday had their usual win at West Kirby, the score being nil-eight. Seven of the goals were scored in the second half when the Institute collapsed completely.

Two successes followed: the first against Dunlops, at home, the School team winning by the odd goal in five, and the second was against the Collegiate School. The score in the last game was four-two.

The Second Eleven had had its least successful season for many years, but success is not the only incentive to play any game and it can be said that the Second Eleven have at all times enjoyed their hockey. The team was captained enthusiastically by M. H. Hatfield. A Junior Eleven was formed at the end of the Christmas term and it has played four matches. Although these young players have not met with any great success they were always very keen and this promises well for the future.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Hollis, Gavin and Rogers for their keen support and umpiring and also to D. R. Lathen who captained the side well, when called upon, and to D. W. Jones for his efficiency as a secretary.

D. W. T. Hughes.

SWIMMING

It came as a great shock to all those connected with School swimming to learn of the tragic death of D. A. Hall, a former School swimming captain, in a climbing accident in Scotland. We offer our sincere sympathy to his parents on the loss of a son who had so much to offer both to them and the world in general. We would refer any reader of these notes to a fuller appreciation elsewhere in this magazine of Hall's services to the community.

As usual at the beginning of the Spring term, the approaching swimming

matches were regarded by the School team with some apprehension, as the majority of the team members had done little or no training during the winter months. This lack of training made itself abundantly clear in the first match of the season against Hillfoot Hey School, in which, although the School team defeated a strong opposition without great difficulty, individual performances left much to be desired. A general improvement was hoped for before the second match of the season, against Calday Grange Grammar School, and to some extent this was realised, for at Picton Road Baths, on May 9th, a victory was gained in fine style by seventy-five and a half points to thirty-two and a half.

The next match showed, however, that the team was not yet at the peak of its form. At Guinea Gap Baths, Wallasey, on May 16th, a heavy defeat was suffered at the hands of the extremely strong Wallasey Grammar School, who showed great all round strength to win by seventy-nine points to forty-six. This has been the only defeat suffered by the team so far this year and the remaining two matches once again affirmed that swimming talent is present in school if only full utilisation of it can be made.

Our journey to Balliol Road Baths, Bootle, on May 21st, was not in vain, for Merchant Taylors' School, though much improved on the previous year, could not find the combined strength to win. The School team once more showed its prowess in winning by one hundred and twenty-five points to ninety seven, the high scores being the result of an unusual scoring system devised by our opponents.

The last match to be held so far this season was the former quadrilateral match which some years became pentagonal and this year for the first time became hexagonal. The real depths of the team were exploited for this match on the 22nd May at Picton Road Baths, and in a highly exciting contest the School ran out winners by four points from our nearest rival. The final aggregate scores were as follows - Liverpool Institute High School ninety-six points; Liverpool Collegiate School ninety-two points; Hillfoot Hey High School eighty-three points; Quarry Bank High School sixty and a half points; Blue-coat School thirty-eight points; Alsop High School thirteen and a half points. The School Senior team was placed well with forty points, twelve points ahead of both Liverpool Collegiate and Quarry Bank. The Under-16 team was placed second with thirty-three points, seven points behind Liverpool Collegiate and ten points ahead of Hillfoot Hey. The Under-14 team were placed third, one point behind Liverpool Collegiate and fifteen points behind Hillfoot Hey. The success of the team at this important match was particularly gratifying as the Liverpool Collegiate were defeated by us for the first time in four years. We can only hope the standard is maintained for the remaining matches this year.

Activity on the life-saving front has not diminished of late. S. G. Piggin, S. Elsworthy and D. A. Hulin have gained Awards of Merit and Elsworthy and Hulin their Scholar Instructor's Certificates. Classes have started recently on the Expired Air or Mouth to Mouth Method of Artificial Respiration, adopted by the local press at least as the 'kiss of life' method.

R. R. Lyon was recently awarded a Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society Certificate and a small monetary token for his rescue of a small boy from an ice-covered lake in Disley Park, Manchester, earlier this year.

This is Mr. Spencer's last year at this school and all the members of the School team would like to join with me in thanking him for his unflinching enthusiasm, advice and help both this season and over the last few years.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Clark for his kindness in arranging training sessions and attending several matches during the year. We offer to Mr.

Spencer all good wishes for the future in his new post and hope that swimming in the School continues as well under its new leadership as it did under that of Mr. Spencer.

A. J. Cowan.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The Spring term began with fixtures against St. Edward's College, Quarry Bank, Liverpool Collegiate and Toxteth Technical College, in which the three teams met with rather more success than failure.

On January 26th, a fine day for a run, the House Championships were held. The Senior race was won by Owen House and J. H. Gaukroger, the Under-16 race by Hughes House and L. E. Edwards, and the Under-14 race by Philip Holt and H. Atherton. Philip were the winners on aggregate.

The very next day, A. E. Forrest showed that the training had done him good by breaking the Under-13 course record. A week later he reduced it by another twenty-five seconds - a target to aim at for next year's Fourth Formers.

On February 10th, the Under-16 team ran a good team race and came fourth out of fourteen teams in the Sandfield Park Road Relay. A fortnight later, the School beat a weak University 'B' team. On March 3rd we invited St. Edward's to be the guinea-pigs over a new course in Otterspool Park. We devised a half-mile lap containing the 'hill'. The scenery was of almost alpine splendour since the course was covered with snow. The Seniors ran seven laps, the Under-16 team five, and the Under-14 team four, and each race was won by St. Edward's.

The Northern Schools' Races took place at Lyme Park on March 17th. The Seniors in particular had undergone training of spartan severity for the previous six weeks, but J. H. Gaukroger was prevented by injury from training for the whole of this period, and J. R. Owens for half of it. If these two had been fully fit, the Senior team would have won the Northern Championship. As it was, they did well to come in tenth out of eighty-eight teams. B. Jones was twenty-fourth, R. R. Lyon thirty-sixth, J. C. Cooper seventy-first, and J. H. Gaukroger one hundred and seventy-eighth. Lyon broke the ice on a lake to save a boy from drowning before the race, and Gaukroger ran dazed and in agony throughout because of his injury. The Under-16 team was thirtieth out of one hundred and five teams - Edwards ran well to finish thirty-seventh - and the Under-14 team was forty-eighth out of of ninety-four teams.

A week later at Mersey Road, St. Edward's won the Merseyside Grammar School's Senior Road Relay in a time which equalled their own record. Nine teams ran and the School team was third.

Eleven teams closed in in the Lower School Form Race, which was won by 3D. The individual winner was D. D. Smith, of 3A. The higher forms are run off a handicap. The season ended in a light-hearted manner with relay races and hare and hounds. Several fresh faces appeared as the season wore on. We welcome them and hope to see them and others running in the teams next season.

New Colour awards were - Full Colours to B. Jones, R. R. Lyon and J. C. Cooper. Half Colours to J. R. Hughes and D. R. Thomas.

I should like to thank the parents who have encouraged us with their support and active help, and the runners for their loyalty, co-operation, cheerfulness and determined running.

D. W. R.

BADMINTON

At the beginning of the school year a Badminton Club was formed. The Club has three lunch hour meetings, and one after school meeting, with Mr. Nicholson in charge. The Club has, at present, about twelve members and has had to keep to this number owing to limited use of the gym.

The Club hopes to arrange matches against other schools, and also a Staff versus School game in the near future.

D. G. Facey (4Sc.)

BASKETBALL

This season has been one of the most successful since the basketball team was started in 1954, the record below bearing out this statement.

P	W	L	F	A
14	14	0	675	365

Other school teams have had more brawn than basketball skill and as long as the School refrained from answering fire with fire, without of course being intimidated, it had no difficulty in winning. Three matches are worthy of mention, one against the University and two against the Liverpool Schoolmasters, both of these teams being very experienced. The University did not field a full strength team but still managed to stay slightly ahead, but in the last three minutes the School pulled back from one point down to nine points up to win 52-43. The Schoolmasters have only just been re-formed after two years with no fixtures and the School was superior to them in shooting alone, the scores of 62-26 and 36-16 for the School belying the closeness of the games.

The success of the team has been due to a willingness on the part of team members really to get down to the boring task of practising individual skills, the most important of which is shooting. This has meant that to win a match the team did not have to rely on negative defensive play but on the more enjoyable aspect of the game, attacking. The keenness of the older boys has been passed on and now younger boys are seen practising with equal ardour.

Most of the School team were in either Danson or Owen House and in the House basketball competition these Houses had little difficulty in reaching the final where Owen House found their form on the day, winning 40-12.

McLean, J.S., Duncan, P.W., Moore, L.H. and Park J., played for Liverpool Schoolboys, and Park played for England Schoolboys. Those already mentioned and Peters, Spain, Cattrall, D. M., Armstrong, J. and Herd were the regular team. Colours were re-awarded to Park and awarded for the first time to Duncan while Moore and Peters received Half Colours.

Finally, the team would like to thank Mr. Goodall for giving up his time to coach the team and referee the matches.

J. Park.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The close of another successful season leaves pleasant memories of many varied and interesting debates enjoyed during the year. Since the publication of the last school magazine, six debates have been held, with subjects ranging from immigration to a state of nature! Reasonable attendances have been forthcoming for all the meetings, and the standard of debating has been more than adequate,

though the lack of young speakers has still been very noticeable.

Mention must first be made of the final meeting of the Autumn term, which took the form of a Balloon Debate. The only parachute in the balloon was awarded to Ena Sharples, who of the five claimants, was adjudged by popular vote to have the most to offer to mankind and posterity. Brief details of this meeting and the five debates which took place during the Spring term are - December 5th, Balloon Debate: Ena Sharples 10; Pythagoras 8; Bertrand Russell 7; John Legie Baird 7; Brigitte Bardot 4. January 23rd, 'That this House thinks a world without evil would be intolerable'. Pro, R. Y. Sharp and J. R. Morgan. Con, J. M. Jackson and A. W. E. Davies. Motion defeated; For, 8; Against, 14; Abstentions, 4. February 6th, 'That this House supports a policy of controlled immigration'. Pro, R. J. Baxter and J. A. Clark. Con, T. Dawson and D. W. Walton. Motion defeated; For, 8; Against 10; Abstentions, 1. February 27th 'That this House favours a return to a state of nature'. Pro, J. M. Jackson and P. A. Ellison. Con, F. D. Whaley and J. D. Jones. Motion defeated; For, 7; Against, 13; Abstentions, 5. March 13th 'That this House considers strike action immoral'. Pro, R. J. Baxter and J. R. Morgan. Con, P. G. Salmon and J. Armstrong. Motion carried; For, 13; Against 11; Abstentions, 5.

The final debate of the year was held on March 27th, when Mr. R. H. Gavin proposed 'That it is better to reign in hell than serve in heaven'. The speaker first quoted from 'Paradise Lost', and then proceeded to his initial theme, which was that Heaven and Hell had many different interpretations. Heaven could mean an Olympus, or a place of goodness peace and rest, while Hell could be interpreted as the underworld, mental torture, or even the Staff versus School Rugby match! The speaker commented on the idea of Purgatory as a 'half-way house' between Heaven and Hell, and then considered the advantages of the latter place. As everyone had to spend some time in Hell, one might as well rule there, as Heaven - though pleasant - was uncomfortable.

Once again, the Society was privileged to have present its President, Mr. M. P. Smith, who rose to oppose the motion. Reigning in Hell would mean reigning over a turbulent crowd, most of whom wanted to rule themselves - a fact which would make life there difficult indeed! As a ruler of a 'Hell' himself, he had bitter experience of such a situation! The speaker then contrasted the bleak, sordid world of Hell with the unlimited pleasure of serving in Heaven, and concluded with the remark that if his position of service in Heaven were to be doorkeeper, he would not admit anyone who supported the motion.

Secretary S. J. Norris, seconding the proposition, claimed that above all, Hell would mean freedom, and that Heaven - though pleasant - was unsatisfying, and would lead to sterility and lethargy. Everyone possessed a desire for evil and a desire to rule. Here then was the golden opportunity. The speaker then gave the Society the benefit of his Miltonic studies and interpreted 'Paradise Lost' as the revolt of Satan from Heaven and his choice of reigning in Hell. He concluded with an exhortation to vote for the motion and an assurance that such a course showed individuality as well as strength of character.

Fellow-Secretary A. J. Cowan, seconding the opposition, had a different interpretation of 'Paradise Lost'. He maintained that Satan was cast out of Heaven for wrongdoing, but was reluctant to go at first. To him, Milton was attempting to show Man the way to obtain Heaven. He quoted at length to prove his arguments and claimed finally that the motion could be written 'that it is better to suffer in Hell than live comfortably in Heaven' - a motion which had to be rejected.

N. A. Archer could see both sides of the question; Hell was eventual to

all, so why not reign there? On the other hand, a Hell or Heaven could be created on earth. He favoured a state of existence in Heaven.

R. J. Baxter could find no reason to support the motion. Hell represented evil, while Heaven was only attained by the good. It was obvious which class he placed himself in.

Old boy, Mr. R. W. Davies, did not like the idea of a Heavenly uniform consisting of halo, long white frock, and stringed instrument, couldn't imagine how he would get back if he fell off the clouds, and decided we had all better go to Hell.

Lord High Poker-in-Chief, P. A. Radcliffe, felt that if, as the seconder to the proposition had claimed, we were all basically evil, then, in Hell we would be so antagonistic towards one another that the idea of any individual, or group of individuals reigning there would be impossible.

An interval in debating was brought about by Old Boy, Mr. P. D. Mannheim, who engineered an elaborate pun on the wording of the motion.

Vice-president, Mr. M. Scaife, felt that the proposer's intention to rewrite history as the ruler of Hell was fundamentally immoral, and that the better choice would be to sit on a cloud and travel round the world - at least the rain would be beneath you.

As usual, D. R. Thomas showed his strange tendency to make an analogy of sport with each motion debated in the House.

B. R. West thought of the compensations for suffering in Hell. He let his mind wander over the many 'perks' before stating the obvious fact that he would support the motion.

R. E. Potter rose somewhat dazed by the debating skill shown by the members of the House and made the point that no one could be evil enough to reign in Hell. There was liberty in service in Heaven for him.

J. R. Morgan thought we should all be striving to attain Heaven. Furthermore, anyone with a bent for doing wrong would find reigning in Hell even more boring than serving in Heaven, where he could show individuality.

Summing up, the opposer, Mr. M. P. Smith, reminded the House of the expected nature of Heaven and Hell. The proposer, Mr. R. H. Gavin, entreated the Society to descend from the lethargy of Heaven to make Hell a better place. Voting was: For, 9; Against, 18; Abstentions, 4. Motion defeated.

Closing the meeting, the Chairman thanked the House for an interesting final debate which had brought forth much good debating.

Once more the secretaries would like to express their sincere gratitude to the Chairman for his unstinted help and advice which at all times has furthered the cause of the Society. Thanks are also due to our President, Mr. M. P. Smith, and Vice-president, Mr. M. Scaife, for their generous support in attending the meetings of the Society. R. Y. Sharp gave much valuable support to the secretaries in assuming the somewhat thankless task of temporary secretary for two of the year's debates.

A. J. Cowan; S. J. Norris.

MACALISTER SOCIETY

The four meetings of the Society held in the Spring term have been of high standard and wide variety.

The first paper, entitled 'The Case for Unilateral Nuclear Disarmament', was read by Mr. A. Durband. The speaker considered a mere two per cent of Russian striking power sufficient to wipe out Britain and exposed the dangers of the 'tough' approach to politics. Britain could set an example by abandoning nuclear weapons and so prevent the awful truth of H-bomb politics being brought home by war.

J. P. Roberts addressed the Society on 'The History of Science', giving a general picture of scientific thinking and technique. The development of chemistry was traced from the theories of Aristotle to the first firm foundation provided by Dalton's atomic theory.

D. E. Williams gave the Society an insight into the complex mechanisms and techniques of the organ, concluding with an excellent rendition of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A Minor.

At the final meeting, C. Morgan read a paper on 'The Emergence of Russian Literature in the Nineteenth Century'. After a brief introduction, the speaker dealt in detail with the authors Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy.

J. A. Clark; B. P. Hooley

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

The only meeting during the Spring term was a lecture by Mr. S. Gore on the subject of the Australian Aborigines. This very interesting lecture included a demonstration of the evolution of 'Pidgin English', and was illustrated with some beautiful colour slides of the northern Australian countryside and vegetation.

During March, Mr. Spencer took a number of senior members of the Society on a field study expedition to the Wirral. A very profitable afternoon was spent following the course of the River Clatter and studying its effect on the landscape. Most of the members were surprised by the many points of interest to be found in an area so near to Liverpool. This excursion was very useful and enjoyable, and it is hoped that more can be arranged.

Towards the end of the Summer term, the Society will be arranging its annual excursion. There will be a Junior trip to Ingleton, Wensleydale, and Wharfedale, and the Senior trip is having a long coach journey to the Elan Valley and Central Wales.

Once again we give our thanks to the officers of the Society for their continued help and support.

J. O. Foster; R. E. Tysoc.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Once again the Society has had an active term. Prior to Christmas, Mr. Bowen gave a talk on cacti to a small but enthusiastic audience.

Two fishing excursions to West Kirby and Freshfield were conducted during the Spring term. On these trips Mr. Wilson, with the aid of an old sieve and jam-jar, concentrated on smaller fry - water beetles and caddis fly larvae. A further excursion was made to Chester Zoo.

Last term, the Society had the privilege of being invited by the Photographic Society to see some extremely interesting wild-life films. Other films have been shown during the term, and these, together with Mr. Wilson's colour transparencies, have provided considerable interest.

A great deal of enthusiasm is being shown by members in the Society's livestock, which ranges from tadpoles to mice.

Finally, our thanks go to Messrs. Wilson and Walker for their support and advice in the Society's activities.

J. W. Wallington.

CHRISTIAN UNION

The Spring term has, from the point of view of attendance, been more successful than any for quite a long time. This has been a most encouraging sign, and it is hoped it will continue.

The first meeting of the term took the form of a discussion on Christian Unity, led by Rev. H. Springett, from Allerton Presbyterian Church, and was followed by two films - one on missionary work in the Congo, and one on youth camps. The Rev. T. Simpson, a missionary from Ethiopia, gave a talk, illustrated with slides, on the work of the 'Sudan Interior Mission', and two Bible Studies were held - one led by J. R. Morgan and the other by J. R. Watson. The term also saw a rare occasion when, for the first time in many years, the Society was addressed by the Headmaster, both at a Wednesday and a Tuesday meeting. On the former occasion he spoke on the 'Glamour of Sin' and on the latter he answered the question, 'Must a Christian go to Church?'

There were three other outside speakers at the Wednesday meetings. The Rev. B. Greene spoke on Discipleship; 'Christ and Caesar' was the topic taken by the Rev. C. C. Harrison, an Old Boy; and the Rev. T. J. Hamilton chose the intriguing title of 'Christ's Mission to Hades'. The term was completed by a film - 'India' - which depicted life in that country.

The senior meetings, held on alternate Tuesdays with Blackburne House, have not been so well attended, but it is hoped that the record attendance of the last meeting, which was a debate, will be maintained. At the first meeting, the Rev. P. C. Ruffle, from St. Anne's, Aigburth, gave a talk on gambling and indicated the attitude a Christian should take towards it. There followed talks by University students upon the rôle of Christianity in the university. The speakers were Mr. Jones, from Cardiff and Mr. Bishop, President of the Evangelical Christian Union of Liverpool University. At the following meeting the Headmaster addressed the Society, and the term ended with a debate upon Capital Punishment. This debate was very well attended; the large number of new faces was remarkable - it is hoped that we will see them again.

Because of the shortness of the Summer term, only three meetings were arranged. The 'Sudan Interior Mission' lent us a film - 'Speed the Light', which describes missionary work in Nigeria; the Rev. G. Bradshaw, from Mossley Hill Parish Church, addressed the Society on 'Is your Halo really necessary?' and at the last meeting Mr. Goodfellow led an inquiry into worship.

At the time of writing there has been only one senior meeting, which was held in Blackburne House. This meeting took the form of a debate upon the relationship between Christianity and science, and I am delighted to report that the record attendance of the first debate was repeated.

Our thanks go to the Student Christian Movement of Blackburne House for their co-operation which has made these senior meetings possible.

Finally, the Society wishes to express its gratitude to our Chairman, Mr. Watson, and our Vice-chairmen, Messrs. Davies, Goodfellow and Jack for their co-operation at all times.

R. J. Baxter.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

There has, unfortunately, been no meeting during the Easter term, and there appears to be little likelihood of any this term, at least until after the G.C.E. is past. This is largely due to pressure of scholarship work on the majority of the committee.

During the holiday, however, the secretary and two ex-members of the Society visited the Roman site at Bremetennacum (Ribchester), and were very impressed by the museum and adjoining granary. It is hoped that a larger number of members may be able to take part in a trip, either to this site, or Chester, before the end of the term. Should this not be practicable, members are strongly advised to inspect this most interesting little town on their own initiative.

J. M. Jackson.

SIXTH FORMS SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Society has had a most successful year and provided a full programme, members continuing to give their full support to our activities. For the statistically minded, six hundred and twenty have attended the ten lectures, and one hundred and thirty-three have been on the five visits we have held.

The last lecture of the Autumn term was given by Professor R. A. Morton, from Liverpool University, who spoke to us on 'The Scope of Biochemistry'. He explained first how proteins are built up from the twenty-two common amino-acids by peptide linkage, and the catalytic action of co-enzymes. After outlining the mode of action of hormones and vitamins, stressing that only very small amounts were needed, he gave a description of the normal human cell. Recent work in genetics, he said, had revealed that the chromosomes were the seat of heredity, explaining the cause of albinism in rats, and foreseeing the possibility of mutations in nuclear warfare. He stressed that modern research into the structure of such complex molecules by x-ray analysis had necessitated an integration of the sciences.

At the beginning of the Spring term, members enjoyed a much awaited visit to Cronton colliery, where our two guides underground explained admirably all aspects of the mine's workings. On the surface, a team of officials told how the coal industry had been forced to modernise to offset increased competition, and were able to answer all our questions.

Mr. Jenner, the production manager of Lever Brothers (Port Sunlight) Ltd., spoke to us on 'Soapmaking'. He began by showing a new film which explained the principles of the essentially simple process of saponification,

firstly in animation, and then translated to the industrial scale. Modern soap contained a large number of other ingredients, he said, and showed slides of the manufacturing process. An interesting discussion followed, members showing themselves to be extremely aware of the firm's advertising techniques. This lecture was followed by an interesting visit to the works at Port Sunlight.

The second speaker of the term was Dr. J. W. S. Hearle, from the Manchester College of Science and Technology, who lectured on 'The Physics of Polymers'. He stated that their exploitation depended increasingly on an understanding of their physical properties and behaviour, as distinct from their chemical constitution, and gave an at times amusing survey of their properties. Aided by a selection of slides, he performed demonstration experiments, one involving a synthetic rubber ball being particularly fascinating, and finally spoke on the consequences of their electrical properties.

In his lecture on 'Number', Dr. T. M. Flett, from Liverpool University, took the classical approach. After stating a series of theorems for which he gave rigorous proofs, he began a survey of the number systems which had been invented so far. The present notation, he said, was continuous, and there were even cases where one number could be represented by two combinations of digits. He also told the history of the number π , a non-recurring decimal, in terms clear enough for even the weaker mathematicians to understand.

Concluding the lecture programme, Detective Sergeant Frankland, from Liverpool City Police, spoke on 'Science against Crime'. Describing all the modern methods of catching criminals, including fingerprints and infra-red photography, he passed round a selection of frightening weapons and showed a large number of slides.

Once again, our last visit of the year was to the steelworks of John Summers and Sons Ltd., of Shotton. The day was expertly planned to enable members to see the blast furnace being tapped and the Bessemer converter in operation, before having lunch. They also saw the coke-ovens, the open-hearth furnaces, and finally the rolling mills.

At the last meeting, held late in the Summer term, films borrowed from the Shell, I.C.I., and Unilever film libraries were shown. The programme included such topics as high speed flight, detergency, the insect world, and radioactivity.

Once again, thanks are due to all those who have assisted in the running of the Society, in particular to Mr. W. H. Jones, for his untiring interest in our activities.

R. M. P. Quilliam.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This year, unfortunately, meetings have been few, but with more meetings planned for the future, an improvement is expected. One of our secretaries, B. P. Hooley, has already left us, and this has also somewhat hampered us. Of the meetings held this term all have been extremely informative and interesting. Professor Brook's lecture on the Normans as builders, illustrated with slides, was very much enjoyed by all who attended, as was Mr. Boote's lecture on Cromwell, which unfortunately had to be given in the dinner hour, and was consequently shorter than we hoped. Old Boy, L. Bivon, unravelled many of the mysteries surrounding the election of United States President, Woodrow Wilson, in 1916.

During the summer term, we propose to organise an excursion for members to some place of historical interest, at a convenient distance for a day-trip. It is hoped that this innovation will encourage further interest in the Society.

Our thanks are due, as ever, to Messrs. Rogers and Edge, who unfailingly support and encourage us.

S. J. Norris.

JUNIOR SCIENCE SOCIETY

This Society is probably the smallest and latest in the School.

The Society started last term, when six or seven boys from 3B joined together to start a science society. We thought that, as the only society was the Sixth Form Science Society, we would start our own.

After talking with Mr. Wilson, he decided to help us and so it started. Now we have more members from 3C and 3B and two more masters have come to help us.

We have meetings on alternate Mondays, at four p.m. They last about half an hour to three-quarters of an hour. Now, as we are getting established, we are doing more interesting experiments, which take a few meetings to complete. New members are welcome.

K. R. Bruce (3B).

MUSIC CLUB

Gratifying as were the large attendances of the Autumn term, the sizes of audiences at the Club's weekly meetings during the last term have reached record proportions. This may well be due to the inclusion of many live, in contrast to recorded recitals, signal among which were performances by guests to the Club.

Miss Geraldine Fitzsimons, of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, gave a violin recital early in the term in which she was supported by Mr. J. R. Parry, a one-time secretary of the Music Club. Works for violin and piano by Corelli and Beethoven, and two movements from a Bach Suite for solo violin were played.

Mr. A. Hosker, making his first visit to the Club since his retirement last year, gave a selection of songs from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, with Mr. R. N. Evans at the piano, to a crowded Music Room. The Club looks forward to Mr. Hosker's next visit.

The last week of the term included, unusually, two meetings. Mr. Noel Rawsthorne, organist at Liverpool Cathedral and an Old Boy of the School, entertained members to an organ recital in the Hall. At the second meeting, Mr. D'Arcy Ferrand, having led the orchestra at the concert of the previous week, returned to the School to give a viola recital.

A violin recital was given by two Third Formers, S. C. Cripps and R. M. Green, whose programme included both duets and solos.

Two illustrated talks have been enjoyed: one by Mr. D. W. Rowell on the Counter-Tenor Voice, and the other by Mr. Guttrie, on the French Horn. These were notable for a very skilful blend of explanation and illustration.

Three meetings were devoted to records, which were generously provided by Mr. W. F. Edge, Mr. A. Evans and R. J. Temple, of 6ASC.

The Jazz Section is flourishing under the direction of T. Dawson of 6BM1

and I. D. McGowan of the same form, and the first meeting of the term included an edited tape-recording by Mr. Westley entitled, 'A Quick Run Through the Life of Louis Armstrong'.

The musical zenith of the term was reached on March 29th, the occasion of the Music Club Concert, referred to elsewhere.

The Club wishes to thank Mr. L. A. Naylor, Mr. A. Evans and Mr. R. N. Evans for their willing support during the last term.

J. R. Morgan

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra was very busy during the Spring term rehearsing the interval music for the School play. The music chosen consisted of several movements from Handel's 'Water Music' and Haydn's 'Toy Symphony'. On the last night of the play several members of the Staff took over the toy instruments and gave a rousing performance of the symphony, the soloists being: Mr. M. P. Smith, nightingale; Mr. J. G. Rogers, triangle; Mr. M. Scaife, rattle; Mr. A. Durband, quail; Mr. J. M. Jackson, drum; Mr. A. Evans, trumpet, and, as a last minute volunteer, D. H. Mawdsley, cuckoo.

A small number of the orchestra were also engaged in the Music Club concert and the younger members especially, acquitted themselves very favourably in the difficult orchestral accompaniments to the Brahms' anthem, 'How Lovely are Thy Dwellings', and Vivaldi's 'Gloria'.

The pace of the orchestra relaxes considerably during the Summer term since rehearsals are interrupted by examinations, but at present the orchestra is rehearsing two works by Haydn; the 'St. Anthony Chorale', and his 13th Symphony.

R. J. Temple.

CHORAL SOCIETY

Since the last issue of the Magazine, the Society has given a further two public performances. The first was at the Music Club concert in March; the second was a programme of music presented by the Choral Society at All Hallows Church, Allerton, in May. Criticisms of both these performances can be found elsewhere in this Magazine.

At the Music Club concert the Society gave renderings of Brahms' 'How Lovely are Thy Dwellings' and Vivaldi's 'Gloria'. The latter work was repeated at Allerton, together with two works by J. S. Bach - 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring', sung by a group of trebles, and 'Jesu, Priceless Treasure', sung by the Motet group.

At Christmas, following the success of their programme last year, the Choir hopes to present another Evening of Christmas Music. The long term policy includes a production of Bach's 'B Minor Mass' next Easter.

A number of trebles have left the Choir and many others have changed to other sections. As a result, any Third-Former wishing to join this rapidly expanding society of some ninety members would be very welcome.

Finally, our thanks are due once more to Mr. R. N. Evans, our tireless conductor, to D. E. Williams and L. Rust, our patient accompanists, to D. C. Townend and J. C. Townend, our conscientious librarians, and to all others

who help to make the Society successful. We would particularly like to thank Mr. Hart, who is retiring, for he has been a most stalwart member of the Choir; also Mr. Scaife, our business manager, who is also leaving at the end of term. We welcome Mr. A. Evans' offer to take up this position next term.

D. H. Mawdsley.

CONCERT AT ALL HALLOWS CHURCH, ALLERTON

A concert was given by the School's Choral Society at All Hallows Church, Allerton, on May 19th. This concert was held in aid of the Ockenden Venture, a movement to support and educate children from camps for displaced persons in Europe.

The church - the parish church of Allerton - provided an admirable setting for the sacred works performed. By way of overture, D. E. Williams displayed technical virtuosity and a keen sense of musicianship in his beautifully wrought performance of Mozart's Fantasia in F Minor for Organ. This was followed by Bach's Motet, 'Jesu, Priceless Treasure' sung by a group of eighteen singers, whose musical sensitivity and clear diction conveyed the essentially reflective nature of the work. Only occasionally did they lack cohesion. L. Rust provided excellent support at the organ.

After some Junior boys had given a pleasant rendering of Bach's 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring', the full choir of ninety voices gave a second performance of Vivaldi's 'Gloria'. The greatness of this work became even more apparent on a second hearing and lost nothing through being accompanied by organ only. Again, D. E. Williams revealed his prowess as an organist of distinct promise, and Mr. D. W. Rowell, S. Jones and P. Critchley were the very competent soloists. Mr. R. N. Evans conducted with his customary sympathy and authority.

Following the performance, a representative of the church offered sincere thanks, on behalf of all present, to all the performers for their generosity in devoting so much time and energy in supporting so excellent a cause.

A. E.

C.C.F. ARMY AND CADET SECTIONS

The Easter term always forms the busiest period of the Corps' year, and this year has been no exception to that rule. Intensive Basic and Proficiency training periods have been carried out, while the Adventure Training section and the N.C.O.'s Cadre have not been idle in their activities.

In January, members of the N.C.O.'s Cadre went on a one hundred and twenty mile initiative exercise. All members completed the course without mishap and gave the Chief Constable's office in Derby a busy period as the harrowed duty officer was kept busy stamping cards. Two of the more daring cadets went by way of the Snake Pass, which at this time was reported snow bound by the Automobile Association. They assured us, however, that although there were large snow drifts, the road was by no means impassable.

At half-term, members of the Adventure Training Section went camping in North Wales. They carried out some very arduous training, including rock climbing and a night march along an old Roman road over the mountains. They found, however, that camping out was a very cold experience at that time of the year, and several cadets could not sleep because of the intense cold.

Annual Camp was again held at Altcar 80 W.E.T.C. during the Easter vacation and was attended by a party of sixty-six cadets and N.C.O.'s. Members of the Cadre and Adventure Training sections were allotted as Junior N.C.O.'s to B. Company in order to gain experience in the training and handling of cadets. They carried out their task extremely well.

Training was designed to cover the requirements of the Basic and Proficiency examinations.

The first exercise with blank was carried out after a demonstration in the arts of battlecraft by A Company and the dangers of live blank and thunder-flashes by Captain Nelson; the latter display was nearly undermined by a certain sergeant who undertook the task of trying to form his own bomb disposal unit, managing to find the sum total of two unexploded pineapple grenades, two unexploded mortar H. E. bombs and one tank mine. The area covered by this enterprising N.C.O. was immediately put out of bounds to all personnel.

Training was again hampered by the familiarity of the training areas and attempts to overcome this gave rise to a whole-day exercise conducted outside the Camp. A Company held a map reading and evasion exercise covering a distance of twelve miles. The occupants of a small hamlet were startled to see an armed patrol moving at the double across the local green in hot pursuit of a party of harrowed P.O.W.'s. Even the dreary atmosphere of Hightown was shattered by a lightning swoop by security troops in jeeps upon the railway station. B Company held an interesting paratroop evasion exercise to the north east of Formby and most of their number arrived back in camp in good shape.

Drill, at camp, however, was not up to standard and this was most unusual. Certain failings could be attributed to blisters and sore feet but even so, a general feeling existed that perhaps the cadets were not trying as hard as they might. Drill is a tiring but necessary occupation and it provides the main basis for disciplining a cadet. This was the only criticism of the camp, however, and it is hoped that cadets will take steps to overcome this failing during the Summer term. Brigadier Mann, who visited the contingent in camp, was extremely impressed, and remarked that the Corps was one of the best he had seen.

The Summer term sees the final preparations for the Army and Basic examinations and all cadets should make sure that they are prepared for these trials. In A Company a far more serious outlook towards drill and self-control is desirable if they are to satisfy the Army Board of examiners. With the rapidly decreasing aid of the Army in supplying courses, blank and other amenities, officers and N.C.O.'s will find their task in the future more arduous and difficult than it has ever been. N.C.O.'s, especially, must try hard to set an example, if the contingent is to retain the high standing which it has attained throughout the years amongst the other C.C.F.'s of the country.

It only remains for me to thank our officers, especially Major Boote, for all their hard work and devotion to the Corps, which enables it to remain amongst the foremost of School societies.

R. Othen, R.S.M.

ARMY OUTWARD BOUND SCHOOL

During the Easter holidays I attended an Army Outward Bound course, held at Towyn, Central Wales. There were eighty other cadets there from schools all over the country. On arrival we were given a short lecture on the purpose of the Outward Bound movement, and then allowed to settle in our billets.

At half-past six the next morning we were awakened by the lusty voice of a Coldstream sergeant, and after dressing, which consisted of donning one's bathing costume, we ran down to the beach for an early morning swim in the icy waters of the Irish Sea. After breakfast we started training. This consisted of obstacle courses, athletics, circuit and general fitness training. We also received instruction in canoeing, rock climbing and map reading from the resident army instructors. The canoeing proved to be a second morning swim, most cadets finding themselves in the Irish Sea at one time or another.

After three days of this initial toughening-up training, we set out on the first of two expeditions. This was a three-day trek in Snowdonia. On arrival at the Pen-y-Gwrd we set off in patrols of ten, and on the first day our patrol tramped through bog, streams and thick mist to Blaenau Festiniog, which we eventually reached after six hours' toil. We then proceeded to cook the evening meal based on the army 'compo' rations. These rations were so unpalatable that every meal had to be mixed with curry powder, in order to take away the vile taste they gave. The second day was spent rock-climbing, and although the weather was very bad, we managed to climb one very long route. On the morning of the third we set off early and walked over the Snowdon Horseshoe. This walk was completed in mist, although it cleared once or twice, giving us splendid scenic panoramas of the region. After this walk we returned to Towyn to rest before the final exercise.

For this final three-day expedition we were divided into groups of three and taken out to Central Wales by army trucks. The route was forty-five miles long and included climbing over hills and mountains, totalling fifteen thousand feet in all. The area we travelled through contained some of the wildest and most notoriously dangerous country in all Britain. In bad weather it is unusual for anyone to complete the course but fortunately we had good conditions and finished well before the time limit.

After this final expedition we all returned to camp for the inter-patrol competition. This included races in canoeing, obstacle courses, cross-country and 880 yards.

The day after this, the time came to return home, and the eighty cadets who had arrived smartly at the camp now hobbled to the station nursing blistered feet, bruised ankles and a great sense of achievement. Despite various wounds, all admitted that they had enjoyed themselves immensely, and I certainly derived great benefit from it.

P. Mason, S/Sgt.

C.C.F. - R.A.F. SECTION

The Easter term programme of lectures differed from the usual training syllabus as laid down by the C.C.F.-R.A.F. Headquarters, as the majority of the cadets were proficient in these subjects. The lectures were devoted to subjects of interest outside the examination syllabus, such as morse signalling and aircraft recognition. On Friday, 4th April, Sqr./Ldr. Pinsent visited the unit and gave an interesting and informative lecture on Coastal Command.

The results of the proficiency examinations held in December were most satisfactory; eleven cadets passed at the Ordinary Level, Cdt. Hignett with distinction, and two cadets were successful at the Advanced Level. The number of cadets studying for the Advanced Level is now higher than for several years and it is important that these cadets attend lectures if they wish to be successful.

During the Easter holiday seventeen cadets attended annual camp at R.A.F. Honington, where a full training programme was provided.

At the beginning of term, Sgt. Baker went to R.A.F. Biggin Hill to attend an Air Crew Selection Board; we wish him every success. Several cadets will be leaving at Summer and it is hoped that cadets from the Basic Section interested in any of the activities of the Section will join in order to keep up the strength of the Unit. On Wednesday, 13th June, it is hoped that there will be flying at R.A.F. Woodvale and a visit is being arranged to R.A.F. Haydock near the end of term for cadets interested in radio.

Thanks are due to Flt.Lt. Watson and P.Off. Dobson for the time and patience spent on the administration of the R.A.F. Section.

G. I. Lawson, Flt.Sgt.

C.C.F. - R.A.F. SECTION CAMP

This year, annual camp was held at R.A.F. Honington, near Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk. Since this is an operational airfield, the training programme arranged for us was extremely interesting, and was quite different from those at previous camps. We were billeted in very comfortable huts, together with cadets from schools at Worcester, Watford, and Ratcliffe.

We arrived at 7-15 p.m. on Wednesday, 11th April. After being introduced to Flt.Lt. Westwood and Flt.Sgt. King, both of whom would be looking after us during our stay on the station, we were given a hot meal in the airmen's mess. We began our programme on Thursday at 7-30 a.m., after which we were addressed by the Commanding Officer of the station. After we had had our photograph taken, we were briefed about security and the forthcoming Initiative Exercise.

After lunch we visited the Air Traffic Control Centre situated in the control tower. This was followed by an inspection of the Fire Section, where various extinguishers were operated by the cadets. A highlight of this part of the programme was when a hose burst and soaked several cadets who were standing too close. After tea, at 5-0 p.m. each day, we were free to do as we wished.

On the following day we visited the Electronics Section, Victor Servicing Flight, and the range where several cadets re-qualified for their various shooting badges. One day was spent at Ipswich at the baths, where many cadets qualified for swimming certificates and carried out dinghy drill. On Sunday, after church parade, a coach tour of the Broads was arranged with stops at Lowestoft and Norwich.

All cadets were able to fly in the Chipmunk and Anson aircraft provided for us, while Sgt. Baker was very fortunate in being given a six and a half hour flight in a Valiant tanker/bomber of 90 Sqn. This entailed his having to be medically examined in a decompression chamber and fitted with full high altitude flying kit.

It was with sadness that we packed our bags and said good-bye to Honington on the morning of Wednesday, 18th April, after spending an extremely interesting week, which every cadet thoroughly enjoyed.

G. N. Baker (Sgt.)

"REFUELLING RENDEZVOUS"

When I went to annual camp with the R.A.F. cadets, I was fortunate in being allowed to have a flight in a Valiant V-bomber. On my first day at the camp, at R.A.F. Honington, I was told that I had to go to the flying-clothing store and be issued with all the necessary equipment. This included a 'Mae West' life-jacket, high-altitude oxygen mask and helmet, flying overalls, 'bone dome' protective head helmet, dinghy pack, and back-type parachute pack.

After this, on the Friday, I had to go to the medical centre, taking my oxygen mask with me. This was for a decompression test. For this, I, together with two other airmen, had to go into a decompression chamber for one hour. While in there, the air was evacuated until we were at an equivalent altitude of twenty-five thousand feet. During this test we were breathing oxygen, and were in continual radio contact with the medical orderly. The idea of this test was to see if your ears could withstand the great drop in pressure. In order to keep your ears clear as the pressure dropped, there were several methods of clearing them. Two were as follows: continually move your lower jaw by chewing, or, switch your microphone off and scream as loudly as you can!

On the Monday, I was called to the control centre, but soon after, the flight, which was to have been to Malta, was cancelled. Luckily, the weather cleared on the following day, so I took off on my long-awaited flight. The trip was marked down as a cross-country exercise, with flight-refuelling practice over the North Sea near Newcastle. The aircraft I was flying in was a Valiant tanker/bomber, XD867, of 90 Sqn.

During the flight, which lasted six and a half hours, we flew two thousand, five-hundred miles at speeds up to five-hundred miles per hour, and we reached a maximum height of thirty-nine thousand feet.

The refuelling practice, near Newcastle, was the most interesting part of the trip. I was able to stand between the two pilots while the pilot 'prodded' the refuelling drogue. The drogue seemed to come extremely close to the cockpit as the two aircraft made contact. After this bout of 'jousting', the aircraft flew on to do some practice landings at R.A.F. Leuchars, near Edinburgh. Unfortunately, we had to return to base.

I was very sorry when the flight was over because it was a trip which I will never forget.

G. N. Baker.

19th CITY AND TOXTETH SCOUT TROOP

The Troop continues to flourish. Last half-term three patrols ventured into North Wales for a day's hike. One patrol climbed a hill in snow, the other two potholed.

The Troop entered two teams for the University Shield Competition arranged for City and Toxteth troops by Liverpool University's Rover Crew.

During the Easter holidays Mr. Evans took a party on a youth hostelling tour of the Lake District, while members of the other patrol camped in the Ceiriog Valley.

On June 23rd the Troop hopes to send a representative patrol to a camp of Liverpool scouts at Tawd Vale, which the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean, is to visit.

Summer Camp is to be held this year from July 30th to August 8th, at Dulas Bay, Anglesey.

Our weekly meetings are held this term out of doors in what remains of Childwall Woods.

Our thanks are again due to Messrs. Evans, Jack and Nicholson for their patience and interest.

G. C.

UNIVERSITY SHIELD COMPETITION

This competition involved a weekend camp at an unknown site. The programme was very varied and included a 'photo hike' (a hike followed by identification of photographs of objects encountered on the route), and an assault course, which consisted of a succession of commando-type rope bridges slung between trees. There was also abseiling, map-making, a camp fire with singing and some night work. The night work included eight tests, such as stalking, making bridges with ropes and spars (when many discovered how cold the river was!), first-aid, assisting an injured man down a mine, and fire lighting. The Rovers demonstrated how to lower an injured man down a cliff on a stretcher.

On Sunday, after camp inspection, the local D.C. held a Scouts' Own. This was followed by man-size pioneering and the main test, cooking Sunday dinner in 'backwoods' fashion. This entails cooking without utensils on an open fire. Points were awarded for originality in method and in type of food cooked.

Several Rovers brought ciné cameras, but much to our distress they photographed only at our most precarious moments, not in our triumphs!

Our teams were placed second and third respectively, with only one point separating them. All eight Scouts hope to regain the coveted shield for the Troop next year.

G. C.

EASTER HIKE

Once again, Mr. Evans led a party of boys to the Lake District this Easter. Blessed with fine weather, the party spent four delightful days around the lakes of Esthwaite, Grasmere, and Rydal Water, though Windermere, Coniston, Tarn Hows and many other equally beautiful spots were visited. Some of the more enterprising members of the party managed to reach the fast-retreating snow-line on Old Man - a mountain outside Coniston, but the whole party managed, after hours of concentrated effort, to reach some off-white, half melted snow on a further expedition to the mountain tarns above Grasmere. All those who went on the holiday thoroughly enjoyed themselves (as usual) and our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Evans for his organisation and leadership - both vital to the success of the holiday.

S. J. Norris.

SEA SCOUTS

This term, the Sea Scouts have visited two merchant ships. We are grateful to Mr. J. Holt, a School governor, for arranging the first visit to the Elder Dempster ship, 'Fouhra Bay'. We were shown over this ship by her first

officer; everything was explained as fully as possible and we were shown the radar and echo sounder in action. This ship has the newest kind of log, consisting of a tube on the bottom of the ship, through which water is funnelled. After tea we were shown the engine room with its five huge cylinders, and we then concluded a very enjoyable visit.

The second visit was to the Canadian Pacific's 'Empress of Britain'. We wandered all over this liner (apart from the engine room) while she was landing cargo.

The group would like to thank Mr. Nicholson for his assistance and co-operation during the past year.

M. H. Hadfield.

MODELS SOCIETY

The Society continues to flourish and now has attained a membership of over seventy. Among our activities over the past two terms were lectures, excursions, competitions, and rail track meetings, not to mention an impromptu viewing of some of Mr. Wilson's colour slides taken at our activities.

During the Autumn term, a competition for model construction from scrap material was held. Over twenty-five members entered for the competition and a system of heats was adopted by which two from each heat qualified for a final. Suitable prizes were awarded to the winners, C. Baker (U5Sc.) and P. White (3B).

The Christmas excursion was to the Manchester Model Railway Club's Exhibition. From there the party progressed to a most interesting tour of the British Railways repair workshops at Gorton.

Early in the Spring term we had two members of the Merseyside Model Railway Club to lecture to us. Mr. S. Bailey spoke under the title, "Scenic Modelling", for which he is renowned. He demonstrated several interesting techniques to us and also showed some of his famous prototype models. Mr. C. Smith was our next visitor, who spoke on "Lineside Photography". Members viewed over two hundred slides at this meeting, which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

At half-term, a party made our annual visit to the Meccano factory at Binns Road. Unfortunately, our visit coincided with a one day strike by the work-shop men, but production was not greatly affected and an interesting morning was spent on a tour of the works.

Near end of term, a great many members entered for the popular Plastic Kit competition. The entries were up to their usual high standard, and eventually prizes were awarded as follows: 1, C. Baker (U5Sc.); 2, D. Tarpey (4A); 3, G. N. Baker (M6B); 4, I. E. Trollope (4D).

During the Easter holidays, a party made a tour of some British Railways installations in Liverpool. These included the manual signal-box at Exchange Station, the power-operated signal-box at Edge Hill, with its myriad control buttons and completely baffling indicators; also the Motive Power depots at Bank Hall and Edge Hill.

Our library has increased rapidly, thanks partly to donations of magazines by Messrs. Bowen and Wilson, and also by several members of the Society. We now have over three hundred 'Meccano Magazines' alone, complete for the past eight years. More 'benefactors' have donated some two rail track and work is now progressing on such a layout. The Hornby-Dublo three rail track has

now been relaid, and preparation for the Hobby Show will soon be undertaken.

We regret to say that interest in the rail racing track has diminished and anyone who is interested in such an activity is urged to contact a Society official as soon as possible.

We wish to thank Mr. Wilson for all the help and advice he has given us and for the many hours he has spent leading our excursions.

A. J. Wallard.

CHESS CLUB

This season the School has achieved outstanding success in every branch of its chess activity; our successes on Merseyside have this year been accompanied by our best ever performance in the national tournament.

This year the School team has won the Lancashire zone of the Sunday Times National Schools' Chess Tournament for the first time. The team went on to beat Allen Glen's School, Glasgow, in the first round of the final stage, and is now playing Hayes County Grammar School, Middlesex for a place in the last four.

The team also won the Wright Challenge Shield Competition, in which schools on Merseyside take part, with maximum points from seven matches. The team is: C. F. Woodcock, P. Cartmel, A. R. Prince, R. J. Butcher, T. D. Hughes, C. N. Prince and D. J. Jarman.

The School's Under-15 team retained the championship of the Liverpool Schools' Chess League, which it won last year. The members of the team are: R. A. Humphreys, D. K. Bryan, C. R. Eccles, M. Dawson and R. J. Revell.

In the Lancashire Individual Championship, R. K. Vernon was a semi-finalist in the Under-15 section; R. A. Humphreys reached the last eight. R. A. Humphreys was also the runner-up to the Liverpool Schools' Chess League Under-13 Champion; J. M. Aked reached the last eight.

In the Easter congresses, the School again obtained excellent results. The Northern Counties' Championship, the first competition of its kind to be held on Merseyside, was won for Lancashire by C. F. Woodcock, who also won the prize for the best game in the whole congress. T. D. Hughes was runner-up to the Merseyside Under-15 champion, and C. E. Webb won the third section of the Under-13 Championship.

The Third Form Competition was won by L. Law of 3E; the Third Form members form a most important section of the Club - they now constitute one half of our total membership, and have a room of their own for their lunch-time meetings.

We should like to thank Mr. Jack for all the interest and enthusiasm he has shown in the Club; we are indebted to his help and encouragement for the progress we have made this season.

P. Cartmel.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Our annual excursion this year will take place in July, when a party will visit Ludlow Castle, where there should be good opportunities for photography. Bookings indicate that the trip is as popular as ever, despite being held on

Friday 13th. A stop will also be made on the way to Stokesay to inspect the Elizabethan fortified manor house. It is hoped that the weather will remain fine on the return journey to allow us to halt at Buildwas Abbey, and photograph the first iron bridge ever built, and the remains of the Roman city of Uriconium at Wroxeter.

Recent competitions held by the Society have been poorly supported, and one hopes that the coming excursion will stimulate members into producing not only more work, but pictures of a higher quality.

The 'Summer Excursion, 1961' competition was divided into two sections - prints and slides. The best print came from B. Lunt, who was also awarded a prize in the Amateur Photographer Schoolboys' Competition. Runner-up was B. Benson, and R. J. Butcher and D. R. Webster were joint third. In the slides section the winners were: first, J. R. Watson; second, R. D. Harrison; third, I. D. McGowan. Prizes for prints in the 'Autumn' competition went to: first, J. Bridge; second, R. J. Butcher; third, P. K. Cripps. R. D. Harrison won first prize in the slides section, and B. Lunt was awarded a consolation prize.

The highlight of last term's meetings was a lecture on 'Wild-life in Wales' given by Ronald Thompson, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S., of Denbigh, who showed some excellent cine-films illustrating his hobby of nature photography. We are indebted to Kodak Ltd., and to Johnson's of Hendon, Ltd., for their contributions to our lecture programme.

A large number of departing senior members this year, including assistant secretaries, R. M. P. Quilliam and A. J. Cowan, will necessitate recruitment next term. Our thanks are due to them, and one again to Mr. W. H. Jones for his untiring interest in our activities.

R. A. Butterfield

MOUNTAIN CLUB

Yet again the Mountain Club chose Snowdonia for an expedition, as on Sunday, 25th March, a party of thirty boys and four members of Staff ventured to climb Tryfan.

The original plan to climb the Carneddws had to be abandoned owing to unfavourable weather conditions, the north face of Tryfan taking the onslaught. Gale and blizzard made the going treacherous, as did the fast-forming patches of ice. The permeability of anoraks was soon evident to all! After taking refuge in a gully, the party conquered the summit only after a hazardous rock scramble.

Soft snow made the descent slightly easier, though in places it lay a foot deep. It was a bedraggled party that trudged along the last few hundred yards of road to meet the coach by Llyn Ogwen. In view of the extremely gruelling weather conditions, members of the party are to be congratulated on what proved to be an arduous ascent. It can only be said that the efficiency and effort on the part of both masters and boys contributed to a successful day's outing.

A further excursion to Snowdonia has been planned for Sunday, 27th May.

Once more the appreciation of the Society goes to the unerring enthusiasm of all members of Staff who participated in the past expedition, in particular to our organiser, Mr. Scaife.

D. A. Jackson.

SPORTS DAY

Our partial reporter believes that only a Pepys, a Goncourt (one at least, but even better, two), a Hickey or an Ivan Yates could have done justice to the panoply, jousting and social concourse of the afternoon. Sports now ranks as one of the landmarks in the sporting calendar and demands more than statistical reportage.

Many notables were detected striking attitudes and posing with studied negligence. Some sought the snug security of the enclosure, an exiguous plot cordoned off by four faltering javelins and thick nylon twine. Others were beyond the pale, not for reasons of divorce, but for the same inveterate democratic notions which, according to Proust, would prompt a king to insist on queuing up for his own theatre ticket.

Our Ariel fashion scout moved freely among the spectators. This assiduous observer of the social scene notes that fashions this year were dominated by bold chequered patterns (although demure, discreet dog-tooth was also in evidence), while the colour range varied from subdued browns shot with muted olive to flamboyantly extrovert greens and reds. Palm Beach influence was detected in one ensemble, but sartorially Sports Day this year evinced aggressively good taste.

The athletics feats were executed with great panache. It was particularly pleasing to note that we too can put men into space as our intrepid trampolavts proved. One exponent went into such alarmingly rapid orbit that his re-entry was greeted by ineffable joy and relief. It was a spectacle at once thrilling and galling to those with pressing problems of chin and diaphragm.

Tea was served in the tropical ambience of the great tent, where much care was needed to reconcile the erratic rhythm of the trestle-tables with the mutinous nature of the terrain. But these hazards were by and large skilfully negotiated, and the collation proceeded with decorum, gentility, and in the terms of Mrs. Gaskell, with 'elegant economy'.

Our impartial reporter impends a further note.

The School Sports this year were held on Saturday, 2nd June, at Mersey Road, and the weather, although not being brilliant, was fortunately satisfactory. Although no new records were set up in the afternoon, several were broken in the heats held a few weeks before. On the day of the finals, results were of usual standard, with several very creditable performances.

Dominating the scene, the tea marquee was the centre of attraction, with the versatile Mr. Durband, and Miss Jones and her stalwarts succeeding in keeping the accounts out of the red. On the other hand, outside the 'bar' (sic), the ever faithfuls, Mawdsley and Townsend, were forced to offer drastic price reductions in attempts to encourage sales of ice-cream and lemonade. It is rumoured that this was the cause of the recent slump in the Wall Street stock exchange.

The social setting was once again memorable, although our resident gossip columnist was unable to pierce the distinguished anonymity of several pairs of dark sunglasses. Again, the pretty dresses of the ladies caught the eye; indeed, Sports Day will always bring out the best in us and our wardrobes. We notice that track-suits in pastel-shades are definitely in this year - preferably autumn beige and electric blue.

In complete contrast, Messrs. Rogers, Lloyd and Richardson officiated in the centre of the field in splendid isolation.

Highlight of the afternoon was the finish of the open mile which resulted in a dead-heat between B. Jones and J. R. Owens, the time being 4 minutes,

46.6 seconds. Owens also won the 880 yards open, another close race, beating A. J. Wallard in almost the last stride. However, standards in many events were not as high as in previous years, and much of the competition was somewhat mediocre.

Senior champion was again P. S. Jones with twenty-two points, who ran away with both the open 100 and 220 yards events. Champion in the field events was D. W. T. Hughes with fourteen points. Junior and Intermediate champions were G. A. Vose, twenty points, and P. W. Rees, thirty points.

During the interval visitors were treated to a gymnastic display given by the School club, under the supervision of Messrs. Goodall and Clarke. They started with vaulting and agility on the mat, concluding with an excellent display of trampolining.

The Staff team is also to be congratulated on coming second in the 4 x 110 yards relay race.

Details of the new records are as follows. In the heats, P. Worthington won the Javelin with a new best throw of 157' 9". In addition, D. W. T. Hughes won the Open Shot with 45' 4", and M. I. Parker threw the cricket ball 228'. P. S. Jones broke the open Long Jump record with 20' 9".

The first three finishers in the open Three Miles race, an event only introduced last year, all broke the existing record with a new time 16 minutes, 17 seconds.

This year, Owen won the House championship with one hundred and seventy-eight points, and the reasons for it are obvious. Instead of relying on one or two experts, Owen had representatives in nearly all the events, and gained many points for standard. An extension of this team spirit would undoubtedly lead to keener competition. Lawrence House, the usual winners, came sadly sixth.

R. M. P. Quilliam.

RESULTS

- 100 yards
 U-12 - 1, Thomas, G. L.; 2, Seddon, W.; 3, Hort, D. S. 13.1 secs.
 U-13 - 1, Vose, G. A.; 2, Pickthall, R.; 3, Brown, J. P. 12.8 secs.
 U-14 - 1, Potter, D. R.; 2, Kay, D.; 3, Reade, 11.6 secs.
 U-15 - 1, Rees, P. W.; 2, Pine, K.; 3, Hughes, D. 11.2 secs.
 U-16 - 1, Latham, B. R.; 2, Grove, F. W.; 3, Balmer, C. V., Line, A. D. 10.8 secs.
- 220 yards
 U-12 - 1, Smith, C. J.; 2, Thomas, G. L.; 3, Scattergood, G. 31.8 secs.
 U-13 - 1, Brown, J. P.; 2, Vose, G. A.; 3, King, T. R. A. 31.5 secs.
 U-14 - 1, Potter, D. R.; 2, Reade, W.; 3, Kay, 28.2 secs.
 U-15 - 1, Rees, P. W.; 2, Pine, K.; 3, Hughes, D. 26.6 secs.
 U-16 - 1, Latham, B. R.; 2, Grove, F. W.; 3, McGregor, P. 25.4 secs.
 Open - 1, Jones, P. S.; 2, Peters, A. M.; 3, Macaulay, D. 23.3 secs.
- 440 yards
 U-13 - 1, Pickthall, R.; 2, Vose, G. A.; 3, Burdett, W. F. 72.5 secs.
 U-14 - 1, Reid, R. T.; 2, Thomas, J. K.; 3, Forrest, A. E. 63.9 secs.
 U-15 - 1, Holgate, G. A.; 2, Hynes, A. J.; 3, Ashcroft, S. R. 66.6 secs.
 Open - 1, Hughes, J. R.; 2, Jones, B.; 3, Edwards, I. E. 56.3 secs.
- 880 yards
 U-15 - No contest.
 Open - 1, Owens, J. R.; 2, Wallard, A. J.; 3, Park, J. 2 min., 11.6 secs.

One Mile

U-16 - 1, Cunningham, M. J; 2, Balmer, C. V; 3, Bainbridge, N. J.
5 min. 14.8 secs.
Open - 1, Jones, B, Owens, J. R; 3, Wallard, A. J. 4 mins. 46.6 secs.

Three Miles

U-16 - Cunningham, H. J; 2, Bainbridge, N. J; 3, Forrest, A. E.
17 mins. 34 secs.
Open - 1, Jones, B; 2, Owens, J. R; 3, Lyon, R. R. 16 m. 17.6 s. (record).

Putting the Shot

U-15 - 1, Pine, K. 36' 5".
Open - 1, Hughes, D. W. T; 2, Sale, J; 3, Macaulay, D. 45' 4" (record).

Long Jump

U-13 - 1, Vose, G. A; 2, Glynn, R; 3, Reeves, G. M. 12' 8".
U-14 - 1, Lloyd, B. J; 2, Yates, R. C; 3, Kay, L. 14' 3".
U-15 - 1, Rees, P. W; 2, Hughes, D; 3, Beswick, R. B. 14' 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ".
Open - 1, Jones, P. S; 2, Macaulay, D; 3, Worthington, P., Ferguson, I. J.
20' 9" (record).

Hop, Step, and Jump

U-15 - 1, Rees, P. W; 2, Potter, D. R. 29' 1".
Open - 1, Rees, A. M; 2, Jones, P. S; 3, Herd, J. 30' 10".

High Jump

U-13 - 1, Smith, C. J; 2, Ruddle, B., Murray, J., Chidlow, J. 3' 9".
U-14 - 1, Potter, D. R; 2, Bryan, D. K; 3, Hughes, D. 4' 3".
U-15 - 1, Rees, P. W; 2, Rotherham; 3, Cass. 4' 2".
Open - 1, Herd, J. Cleared standard, 4' 6".

Javelin

U-15 - 1, Hughes, D; 2, Ruscoe, B. R. J. W; 3, Dinwoodie, K. F. 85' 7".
Open - 1, Worthington, P; 2, Hughes, D. W. T; 3, Macaulay, D. 147' 6".
(Record in Heats).

Throwing the Cricket Ball

U-13 - 1, Gordon, I. F; 2, Jervis, R. W; 3, Reeves, G. M. 155' 3".
U-14 - 1, Parker, M. I; 2, McCarthy; 3, Evans. 228' 0". (record).

Discus

U-15 - 1, Hughes, D; 2, Chambers, R. J; 3, Jones, D. R. C. 70' 0".
Open - 1, Worthington, P; 2, Hughes, D. W. T; 3, Park, J. 110' 1".

Relay (4 x 110 yards)

Open - 1, Owen; 2, Staff team; 3, Lawrence.
U-15 - 1, Alfred; 2, Lawrence.

House Championships

Junior - Danson, 88 points.
Middle - Alfred, 104 points.
Senior - Owen, 130 points.
Combined - Owen, 178 points.

J. A. Clark.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

The Headmaster has now made the acquaintance of the Old Boys at the London Dinner on February 23rd, at the School on March 17th, and at the Oxford and Cambridge Dinners.

In his speech at the School he asked Old Boys to keep an open mind on the question of moving the School to Aigburth; great though the traditions of the Mount Street buildings were, the demands of modern education made a move imperative. He hoped, however, that the School could take with it some reminders of the old building - perhaps it would be possible to install the organ in the new school.

Mr. A. Durband has been appointed Senior Lecturer in English at C. F. Mott Training College and has resigned the secretaryship. Mr. G. F. Bilson has been acting as secretary, but he, too, plans to move in September, to London.

The opening of the Tennis season was delayed by a natural calamity - the courts were blocked when a tree was destroyed by lightning. The courts are now ready for play, and members of the Tennis section will be welcome at Melbree Road.

John McCabe (1950-1958) has won the Royal Philharmonic Prize for Composition, 1962. He is studying at the Royal Manchester College of Music. He has returned regularly to the School since he left, and composed a setting of carols for last year's Christmas concert.

During the Winter, we learned with great regret of the death of D. A. Hall (1954-1961); an obituary has been contributed by a member of the Staff who knew him well.

D. A. Hall (1954-1961) left us last July to read Medicine at Edinburgh University. On January 28th this year, he died from injuries received as a result of a fall on Buachaille Etives whilst mountain walking with a party of fellow students. The news of his tragic end came as a great shock to those who knew him well.

Outstanding in stature and character, Dave - by which name he was generally known - entered fully into the corporate life of the School. He accepted gratefully all that the School offered to him of culture and sport. In return he gave cheerful and unstinted service to the School and to his fellows, thus setting an example for all to follow. Captain of Danson House, a holder of Full Colours for Basketball and Swimming, Dave was very popular with all who met him. This was no cheap popularity. All who knew him, boys and Staff alike, esteemed him for his friendliness, his integrity and his great sense of duty. Of him, it may truly be said, "This was a man".

PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, the Liverpool Institute Magazine

Sir,

In the vast, mysterious, echoing corridors that constitute the School building, there exists, or so the legend goes, an abode of angels, a heaven on earth, where live the begowned élite of the School, the prefects. Descending occasionally from their highland fastnesses, at what appear to be predetermined intervals, they inspire fear and respect among lesser mortals and in their wake leave signs and marks of their passing. I have been commissioned to penetrate the mists and legends surrounding these known yet unknown, loved yet unloved denizens of the upper regions of the School. My research has revealed the

truth behind each façade, the person behind each face, and although the truth sometimes hurts, all must be revealed.

I have attempted to portray each member of the hierarchy as a human being, with human characteristics and human failings, though the inhuman nature of some of the individuals reminds one of the Victorian melodrama. Having laid the foundations for my thesis, I invite the readers to continue at their own peril, for while learning the fascinating secrets of the oligarchy, they will undoubtedly lose any former sanity possessed by themselves.

The leader of the motley horde is Mr. Tysoe, diminutive of stature yet stentorian in tone. He claims his position is in jeopardy, which is fortunate as it is the only language he speaks fluently. He wields his iron rule menacingly, forcing his assistants to submerge themselves in the intricacies of his income tax forms, with the eventual aim of proving to the inspector of taxes that the Inland Revenue are in debt to him for his services to the community, both as a Bingo caller and human cannonball. During the summer months he hurls small lumps of leather at wooden sticks fixed in the ground, though any resemblance of his antics to cricket is purely coincidental.

The shadow behind the throne is Mr. Cowan, who, despite his many vices, rejoices in the title of King Zombie. He claims his expression is not natural, but is a direct result of the shock of entering cold bath water too often. His comatose moribundity is dispelled occasionally by a violent desire to impress on others the reason behind the use of cetyltrimethyl ammonium bromide by brakes, the need of air for the palmitates, oleates and stearates of cholesterol, and the reason for his eternal impecuniosity. When last seen awake, he was attempting to impeach Mr. Tysoe on a charge of non-repayment of a borrowed half-crown.

Any loud noise vaguely resembling a shot may be attributed to Messrs. Radcliffe and Walton, for few communities have a double act of quite their calibre. Mr. Radcliffe is the prefect with the fringe on top, and questions Mr. Walton occasionally on the reason underlying what appears to be a seven year fast. The latter claims he is slimming but many people think he has a subtle plan to waste away, and then have Mr. Radcliffe arrested for his murder. Mr. Radcliffe has little cause to complain, however, as Mr. Walton's limited consumption is more than compensated by the vast amounts he manages to tuck under his own belt. Mr. Walton believes that all wrongdoers should be punished, and for this reason was kicked downstairs by his partner for daring to argue with Mr. Tysoe. It is believed that Mr. Radcliffe was the original hunch back of Notre Dame, for his bent - nay, dare I say slouching figure - is often seen around the school. Perhaps his hands are cold! Who knows?

Mr. Clark is perfecting a process to manufacture huge meat pies on an economic scale. His own consumption of such edible delicacies is prodigious, and he washes down his favourite food with a brown mud which he has the audacity to call coffee. He claims the treacly liquid is good for indigestion. Of course, he gets indigestion, but he never suffers from it. After those meat pies, this is somewhat surprising! When not eating, he passes his time with a vaguely intellectual pastime called chemistry, which he also maintains is good for indigestion.

His friend, Mr. Quilliam, denies emphatically that he is a member of Blind Willie Dunn's Gin Bottle Four who recorded 'Jet Black Blues'. Nevertheless, his interminable humming of jazz themes has earned him the title of Marquis Quilliam and his one-man band. Where he leads, others follow, though, to Mr. Clark's regret, the Marquis is usually one bar ahead of the rest. He has many pen-friends, including another student and some mysterious people named IC₁ and Shell. As a result of his penmanship, his monster morning mailbag causes

him so much amusement that no one can approach him for the rest of the day, which is probably all to the good.

Mr. Othen has a military bearing which he tosses in the air from time to time. This is the sole remaining part from an army jeep which he dismantled and sold back to the Army as spare parts. With the profits of the enterprise he has retired to Bermuda, making only occasional trips back to Liverpool for school periods and the like.

A rumour has been circulating recently postulating the existence of a Mr. Morgan. The veracity of this rumour has been doubted somewhat but I have confirmed at last that such a person does exist. However, little is known about him, save that he uses what appear to be Russian swearwords. On the rare occasions when he is in school he attempts to hide from society by merging chameleon-like with his surroundings. It has been concluded that he is either a recluse or a Russian agent.

What can be said of Mr. Norris, at least to his face? He is undoubtedly the most loquacious of all the prefects and most people are certainly aware of the fact. It is said that all swans sing before they die, but here is one at least who should die before he sings, for his attempts at harmony would make Handel turn in his grave. The fact that he is a leading light of the School choir can only be attributed to his luminous hair, which shines like a star through persistent combing. Mr. Norris is indeed attached to his hair, except of course when he has it cut.

Fresh from his triumphs in the School play, Mr. Sharp is often seen in conference with his two fellow mathematicians, Mr. Cattrall and Mr. Armstrong. It is believed they are planning a coup d'état to take over control of the School, though Mr. Sharp hotly denies any suggestion of this. Meanwhile, battle command is practised with innumerable games of chess. Mr. Sharp beats Mr. Armstrong, who then gains his revenge on Mr. Cattrall, who beats the table. Most of Mr. Cattrall's day is spent shrouded in the 'Guardian' and 'Times', which he never reads, but whose crosswords he completes in record time each day. Notwithstanding, but probably through sitting, he suffers from a disease highly prevalent among prefects, identified recently as lethargy. Meanwhile, Mr. Armstrong finds employment as a belisha beacon, as he sets a shining example to the younger- and smaller-generation.

Mr. Archer has few equals and one hopes few sequels in the School. For, if the cricket eleven contains more like Mr. Archer, even the occasional match will not be won! But seriously, his love of sport is somewhat compensated by his violent dislike of work, either of the mental or menial kind. This hatred is shown in his ultra-short Latin proses and his late, late arrivals in School, as the work of rising each morning is somewhat strenuous for him. His real 'forte' is tennis, however, and his peculiar scoring system enables him to beat everyone comfortably, for no one has yet discovered the exact method he uses. His friends have recently nicknamed him 'Maverick', for he not only gambles heavily, but gambols around like a maverick calf.

Mr. Brooks has not been the same since he discovered that Polos are not the sweet with the less fattening centre. However, this has not deterred him from keeping the manufacturers in business, and the results are also beginning to show on his figure. He has recently discovered that he can swim, and refuses to allow Mr. Cowan to forget the fact. One of his other loves is singing, and together with Mr. Norris, he empties the School in two minutes flat without moving from his favourite window ledge, accomplishing this with a sound incapable of precise definition.

Mr. Ferguson possesses a strange concupiscence for Mathematics as he attempts to prove that it is a square world. This devotion is partially matched

at least in other things, among them being his desire to bowl six bumpers in one over. Last reports indicate that six people are in hospital as a result of his exploits on the rugby and cricket fields. His latest love is tiddlewinks and he may be seen winking across many a room with the grace of a flying elephant.

Mr. Slater is searching, searching, ever searching, for, among other things, his long lost sandwiches. He searches the past for Greek historical facts, the present for lower School wrongdoers, and the future for the name of Slater in the history books. At least he will be remembered for his attempts to prove that Shakespeare was actually an ancient Greek playwright.

So my task is finished; the truth has been exposed; the mists of doubt dispelled. As hour succeeds hour, the chances of my escape from a fate worse than death lessen and lessen and lessen... my treachery in revealing state secrets will surely be discovered and the powers that be will eventually decide my fate. I await my discovery calmly, expecting the knock at the door, the small black van and the armed guards. They are here at last. I bid you farewell without the customary 'Yours, etc.' for I can never be yours. The cruel beings from the olympic heights have me...

N. Slaved.

OXFORD LETTER

The Editor, the Liverpool Institute Magazine

Oxford.

Dear Sir,

On Friday, 11th May, we held our annual dinner in Lincoln's Quincentenary Room, and Liobians, some of whom had not been seen all term, gathered to welcome the Headmaster, Mr. Brierley and Mr. Dennis Vance to an excellent and enjoyable meal. The occasion was lent dignity by Professor Kneale, bon-homic by Mr. Oxburgh and philosophical reflectiveness by Mr. Mathews.

Sidney Norris, of University College, presided. His deep drawl has won him a post at the Home Office, and he hopes to prepare for this with a year at the Cambridge Institute of Criminology, studying, presumably, the Official Secrets Acts. The efficient organiser of the Dinner was Morcom Lunt, of Corpus. We owe him many an expensive sherry party too, and regret that he has succumbed to the false mystique and antique pretentiousness of rowing. This, however, makes him a fit subject for study for Johnny Blond, of Brasenose, our resident psychiatrist

The sartorial Derek Burnham, carefully cultivating a hard-to-get air, has finally acceded to a petition from those who can't bear the thought of University College without him, and will give Oxford a fourth year. His friend, Brian Worthington, of Lincoln, rehearses feverishly for the Lincoln Players' main production at the Playhouse, and excuses his heresy in joining the staff of a public school by protesting an aim to improve the system from within.

Pete Sissons, of University, is an actor too, and is constantly sporting a red tie, presumably as an advertisement for his production of Brecht. Another ex-classicist (who labours under the disadvantage of having no known Christian names) is T. I. Williams, of Wadham; he found it hard to make a living out of the classics and impossible out of jazz.

Still classical, John Jackson, of Jesus, and Albert Crofts, of New College, are coasting along to their Greats Finals in the inevitable haven of academic life. Academic, but no haven, is teaching, as the following will discover. Bill

Rigby - a half-blue at the Varsity athletics match - will leave Jesus to teach mathematics, as will Deug Whittaker, of Christ Church (hatcher of many a plot to help the House foil Dr. Hill's indefensible desecration of the Meadow) and Clive Horsford, of St. John's.

Also leading a somewhat eventful life is Ian Murdoch, of Keble. During a recent cycle race on an air-field, in which he was panned in on all sides, Mr. Murdoch, inspired by recent events, decided to take to the air. Unfortunately, he went without his bike!

Normally, we look to the freshmen to enliven us in the Summer term with their youthful vigour and delightful innocence. However, as many of them are taking mathematics moderations in a short while, they are all working hard, according to the tenets of the faith, expounded to them by Mr. Brierley, to which they still remain true. Owing to this, they have not been seen much this term, except Bobby Mordaunt, of Oriel - and who could miss him? Lest the reader should form a mistaken impression from this, it should be mentioned that their natural tendencies re-asserted themselves recently at a party, when, courageously led by Ian Miller from the next room, they repulsed a marauding band of Old Etonians. Dave Harris, of Lincoln, is often to be seen punting on the Cherwell, at least by those with keen eyesight who can distinguish Mr. Harris from the punt pole.

Thus, sir, we have presented to you some of the oddities who make up the Liobians' Society in Oxford. We look forward to next year, for we hear our numbers will be greatly augmented.

Yours,

Duct.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

The Editor: The Liverpool Institute Magazine, Cambridge.

Sir,

As usual there is more artistic truth than actual fact in what follows. The nearness of the exams has smothered any impulse among Liobians towards little get-togethers, when some acquaintance with our various situations might have been made.

This is why I can report nothing new about the senior Liobian here, Dr. T. C. Waddington, of Caius, and I suppose it would be unwise in his case to invent anything. At Caius also is John Conder, but what would be artistically true about him would necessarily be libellous. He, Tony Zalin and Bob Clapham seem to merge into a sort of composite Caius character. Anyway, they're a close-knit little group, whose constant cross-fire of funnies will ensure them a big future on the boards of the Finsbury Empire.

At Trinity, Russell Cannon works at his books between bouts of scouring Cambridge for lady violinists to play in his string orchestra, and Sidney's Arnold Cummins bears with well-practised resignation everyone else's insults. His cherished Lancastrian Society now enjoys the faint support of John Rowlands of St. Cath's.

Lachlan MacRae, at Downing, discret mais distingué in autumnal tones, has got through three bottles of sal volatile, so frequent have been his brushes with the outside world. The other Freshman, Phil Alper, of Selwyn, is in danger of going the same way; he has bought a punt for trips to Grantchester and spends every morning diligently chiselling away at his nostrils in a vain

attempt to look like Rupert Brooke.

And this, my dear sir, is all. One advantage of our mutual ignorance is that you don't have to censor any details—they're vague enough to be suitable for a publication like yours. And so, until new blood joins us next term,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

Beau Lettriste.

ZHIVAGO IN RETROSPECT

Boris Pasternak is now dead while those who were near him are still suffering on his account. The furor that greeted the publication of translations of *Dr. Zhivago* has long faded and the book itself, like *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, no longer magnetises the hordes of connoisseurs and aspiring intellectuals, the curious, the hopefully prurient and the bewildered literary status seeker. Despite the notorious circumstances surrounding its appearance and the fate of its author, *Zhivago's* impact goes far deeper than the outer core of sensationalism would suggest. Nor may it truthfully be implied that the novel was deliberately over-praised in the West through shady motives of propaganda. As far as our bourgeois minds may ascertain, *Zhivago* is the most talented prose work to emerge from Russia since the time of Maxim Gorky. Beside it the typical Soviet novel, even at the vaunted summit of excellence represented by 'Quiet Flows the Don,' is painfully exposed in all its deficiencies and swiftly relegated to the A. J. Cronin division.

This much was generally apparent amid the haste and excitement of a first reading. When, however, one turns to 'Zhivago' for a second time in an atmosphere of normality it becomes easier to pin-point the precise reasons why the book should provoke panegyric from one direction and obloquy from another, and why it should be so compelling for the individual reader whose range of experience is relatively remote from the events described.

In undertaking to do this, one is bound to rely for the most part on one's own impressions and judgment, since reputable works of criticism are not readily available. ('Zhivago' must have taken the majority of critics off-guard - imagine the reaction if John Betjeman had written 'Room at the Top'). Nevertheless it is refreshing to be able to evaluate a work of such magnitude independent of didactic chapter headings in the vein of 'Pasternak's Prose Imagery' that will doubtless find their way into future definitive works of criticism. Automatically the first point that arises is the political significance of the novel. Why did Soviet writers and intellectuals, professional jealousy apart, anathemise it as a pamphlet of subversion?

Pasternak's theme is the years of revolution in Russia and their effect on a diverse group of characters of whom Yuri Zhivago is the most important. Son of a millionaire suicide, he and his circle of friends are educated young men, aware of Tsarist abuses and well disposed to the Revolutionary movement. With the advent of the First World War, followed closely by the Revolution itself which fails to live up to their ideals, their world disintegrates, leaving them with nothing to cling to during the tribulations that lie ahead. Placed under suspicion by his family connections and eventually cut off from his wife and children, Yuri experiences a moving and tragic affair with a young woman, Lara. When she too is lost to him, he slips into an intellectual and moral decline which lasts until his death at an early age.

Since suffering in varying degrees forms the fate of almost everyone in the novel, the superficial conclusion would seem to be that Pasternak is condemning the Revolution because of its disruptive consequences upon the life and welfare of the individual. Certainly it should be stressed that though Yuri and Lara are weak enough (in the sense that Racine's characters are weak) to have ruined their lives unaided by political disturbances, it is unlikely that events would have proved as catastrophic as they did, but for the pressures and stresses created by the Revolution.

Lara herself evinces this belief: "Goodness, it isn't as if it were a question of individuals, of being alike or different in character, of loving or not loving! Everything established, settled, everything to do with home and order and the common round had crumbled into dust and been swept away in the general upheaval and reorganisation of the whole of society. The whole human way of life has been destroyed and ruined. All that's left is the bare human soul, stripped to the last shred, the naked force, the human psyche for which nothing has changed because it was always cold and shivering and reaching out to its nearest neighbour, as cold and lonely as itself."

She then defines the precise circumstances of social disintegration: "The great misfortune . . . was the loss of faith in the value of personal opinions. . . . Nor did we escape its influence in our home . . . Instead of being natural and spontaneous . . . Something showy, artificial, forced crept into our conversation . . . Pasha . . . mistook the spirit of the times, the social, universal evil, for a private and domestic one. He thought he was second rate". Thus Lara's husband had needlessly left her to fight in the war, and their home, like so many others, had broken up.

In reality the situation is more complex than this. Pasternak never lauds the Tsarist regime and through the mouths of such characters as Tiverzin and Antipov condemns monarchical absolutism unreservedly. He appears to acknowledge the necessity of the Revolution but deplors its eventual course. Possibly, like Pushkin in 'The Bronze Horseman,' he might admit that national upheavals must involve the sacrifice of thousands, perhaps millions, of helpless victims. His most serious indictment of the Revolution lies not in his portrayal of personal unhappiness but in *Zhivago's* inability as a creative artist to adapt himself to the new mode of existence. Though primarily an authority on medicine, Yuri possesses an original talent for poetry. After first embracing the Revolution as the dawn of liberation for the world he becomes increasingly disenchanted both by his own experiences and the cruelty performed in the name of freedom. Above all he is not politically conscious, disgusted by the atmosphere of intellectual and moral falsehood deliberately created by the Revolutionaries for their own purposes. Against this background his urge to write is gradually stifled and decay sets in.

Several of his friends survive the ordeal, become 're-educated' and adopt the official terminology; even after years of imprisonment Dudorov enthusiastically traces Russia's heroic resistance in the Second World War to the spirit of the Revolution: ". . . we are seeing the fruit of its fruit, the result of its results . . . These fabulous, astounding qualities are the moral flowering of this generation." But these are merely friends of the hero. It is in choosing as his hero a man of brilliance and sensitivity who is destroyed by what happened in 1917 that Pasternak hints at his own artistic slavery in a Soviet society. He makes no attempt to mitigate his crime. *Zhivago's* outlook and art and life seem largely identified with Pasternak's own, and since Yuri is a sincere Christian, respecting the dignity of the individual personality above the demands of patriotic or party responsibility, it is not difficult to see why the novel failed to meet with official Soviet approval.

It is unfortunate that the political aspect of the book has been over-emphasised at the expense of its artistic technique. Pasternak as writer owes

more to the Tolstoyan school than to any other. In other words, he employs the 'epic' rather than the 'dramatic' novel form and lays great stress upon the passing of time and the immense confusion of human life. He selects a period of days or weeks and places therein an enclosed loop of circumstance, the characters being represented by marks on the loop. Life then takes over twisting and turning the loop so that from time to time two or more ink marks touch and form of series of coincidences. When the period of time is over, he moves on to the next, across a gap of weeks or years, composes another loop and continues in this manner to the end of the novel. Because of the impression that all the characters are invisibly linked, one is less inclined to marvel at the number of coincidences that are forever cropping up throughout the story: indeed, after the opening chapters, one feels that the participants are predestined to go on meeting since they cannot resolve the crises of their own lives without the help they lend one another. To heighten this sense of the inevitable, Pasternak will often light upon a physical detail such as a patch of melted snow, which becomes the object of attention of one character after another at crucial moments in their lives. The object thus takes on an almost mystical significance and becomes a symbol of change or responsibility.

Pasternak's writing technique might well be described as poetic realism. His observation of the physical world, including natural scenery and human action, could be compared with Tolstoy's in its realism. He is almost cruel in his avoidance of sentimentality at certain points, notably his portrayal of Zhivago's death and Lara's disappearance, but where he feels that emotion is not out of place he holds nothing back and succeeds in endowing such scenes as Lara's vigil over Zhivago's coffin with intense sentiment. He is also scrupulously careful in rejecting a strictly utilitarian style, for although he writes colloquially he writes beautifully and has no truck with the dislocated and mangled sentences often to be discovered in Tolstoy and Zola.

Leaving aside the question of technique, one soon realises that Dr. Zhivago is as much a political novel on the Revolution as 'King Lear' is a political play on baronial rivalry and foreign invasion in Ancient Britain. In reality, 'Zhivago' is a series of love stories with the Revolution as their background. Yuri and Lara are typically Russian in their moral instability and extremes of mood; they are unashamedly weak. It is perhaps this weakness that enables them to behave like human beings when men like Antipov (Lara's husband) destroy their personality by trying to be strong. Pasternak makes it clear that the affair between Yuri and Lara is not excusable because of its depth; it is immoral yet infinitely precious since it is a triangle of which the third element is life itself: "It was not out of necessity that they loved each other . . . They loved each other because everything around them willed it . . . Never . . . had they lost the sense of joy in the whole universe, its form, its beauty, the feeling of their own belonging to it, being part of." Indeed it is this very sense of being at one with the rest of the world that makes them despise the principles, emerging from the Revolution, that were guilty of "coddling man, exalting him above the rest of nature and worshipping him. A sociology built on this false premise and served up as politics struck them as pathetically home-made and amateurish beyond their comprehension."

The growth of their love is never deeply analysed in the Proustian manner but treated rather like an impressionist painting; an unconnected series of meetings, the blurred form of a woman's personality and a man's reaction to it provide the basis of a relationship as credible as if its build-up had been minutely examined stage by stage.

The temptation to regard Lara as a symbol of the Russian people and her seducer Komarovsky as the personification of the pre-Revolutionary exploiting classes should be avoided. Lara is far too rare a spirit to represent the brute level of development reached by the proletariat—rather she is the

spirit of Russia herself, irrespective of class divisions. Similarly Komarovsky, as a type, survives the Revolution and should perhaps be regarded as a manifestation of the graft and deviousness inherent in the Russian character even to this day.

It may have occurred to some readers that Zhivago himself is a recurring model in Russian literature, the 'superfluous man' who is unable to fit in with the social background and intellectual climate of his age.

But there is an important qualification, constituting, perhaps, the most depressing feature of the novel—Lara explains to Yuri:

"And you and I are the last remembrance of all that immeasurable greatness which has been created in the world in all the thousands of years between their time and ours, and it is in memory of all that vanished splendour that we live and love and weep and cling to one another."

The question arises: is Zhivago 'superfluous' because he is emotionally incapable of accepting the new century? Is all that he stands for doomed to failure, not because it is oppressed, but simply because it is old-fashioned?

C. Morgan (AM1)

A WARNING TO YOUTH

Although I've only been a very minor part of it for something like sixteen years, for some time it has been obvious to yours truly that the British nation falls into two definite groups. A minority (often of foreign extraction) which talks and talks, usually nonsense, and an overwhelming majority, which as a rule says nothing at all until a real crisis arises, when it becomes quietly executive—deciding swiftly that an upstart foreigner must be dealt with, or that an industrial upheaval which is beginning to interfere with the liberty and comfort of that excellent chap, the British working man, must be firmly handled.

The essence of this little preamble might seem fairly obvious to my elders and betters, but my point is that a very insubstantial, albeit excessively vociferous minority in the ranks of British Youth seems to have joined the above-mentioned section of our society, which never has contributed, and never will, to Britain's greatness.

I am referring, of course, to that bearded, be-sweated, effeminate crowd of ne'er-do-wells who wander around, apparently in an eternal state of dementia praecox or some other condition, chanting ridiculous monosyllabic slogans, and brandishing rather tatty-looking posters daubed with incomprehensible barbaric symbols.

Now I don't want to preach. With all due respect to the happily unique British Vicar, over the years I've learned that one thing an Englishman can't stand is being preached at. No, all I want to do is write candidly, and perhaps a little outspokenly, about what I think of the antics of those coffee-bar cowboys who are damaging our reputation so disastrously in the eyes of the world.

We young fellows should always strive to emulate those excellent fellows, the Greeks, and strike a happy medium between Liberal and Socialist extremes. We must never get hysterical over little things. Of course, I'm not decrying good old British enthusiasm. But I'm sure it can be directed into more profitable fields than sprawling all over public thoroughfares and making damnable nuisances of themselves. For instance, the cricket season's just

started. If these unilateralists, or whatever they call themselves, got out into the open air, heard the crack of the leather against the willow, felt the joy of June sunlight on a healthy and energetic body, we'd soon hear the end of this "world destruction" nonsense.

But the thing I really detest about this rabble of drug-ridden, so-called "intellectuals," this gang of gutter-snipes who, never having laid hands on a jolly good old British rifle, claim to know everything about bombs, is their disgusting lack of patriotism.

Ah, I know! Not a very fashionable word nowadays, it is, "patriotism"? It seems to be the right thing as far as these woolly-minded liberals who would be better off in their spiritual home of Russia, to dismiss this great British characteristic as *démodé*. However, let me try to explain what I mean by patriotism. By patriotism, I mean the deep affection rooted in the rich soil, the old oak, the stone cottages on the green hills of England. I mean the patriotism that conjures up an image of a Union Jack fluttering proudly in an English breeze, the patriotism that inspired Sir Anthony Eden to defend our rights in the East.

Youth naturally is fascinated by romantic struggles, but we must always try to balance this idealism with a tinge of scepticism—especially when we encounter those Socialistic ideas which stem from the East.

T. Dawson (BM1).

A COGENT APPROACH TO A POLITICAL ISSUE

"As I said to my husband, Jack, at the time, 'It's not that I disagree with this Common Market,' I said, 'it's the customs of them there foreigners that I don't agree with! Well, I mean to say! Take last year, for instance, Jack won a little something on the Pools; not that he gambles of course; someone filled in a coupon and put Jack's name on for a joke. Anyway, he won this money and I said I wanted to go to France instead of Blackpool. So we went. And the food! My dear, you've no idea what it's like. A roll and coffee for breakfast, that's all! Dinner at night was just as bad; you could hardly see what was on the plate. The menu was in French, which is a fat lot of help. I complained and asked for the manager.

'Oui, Madame? Can I help you?'

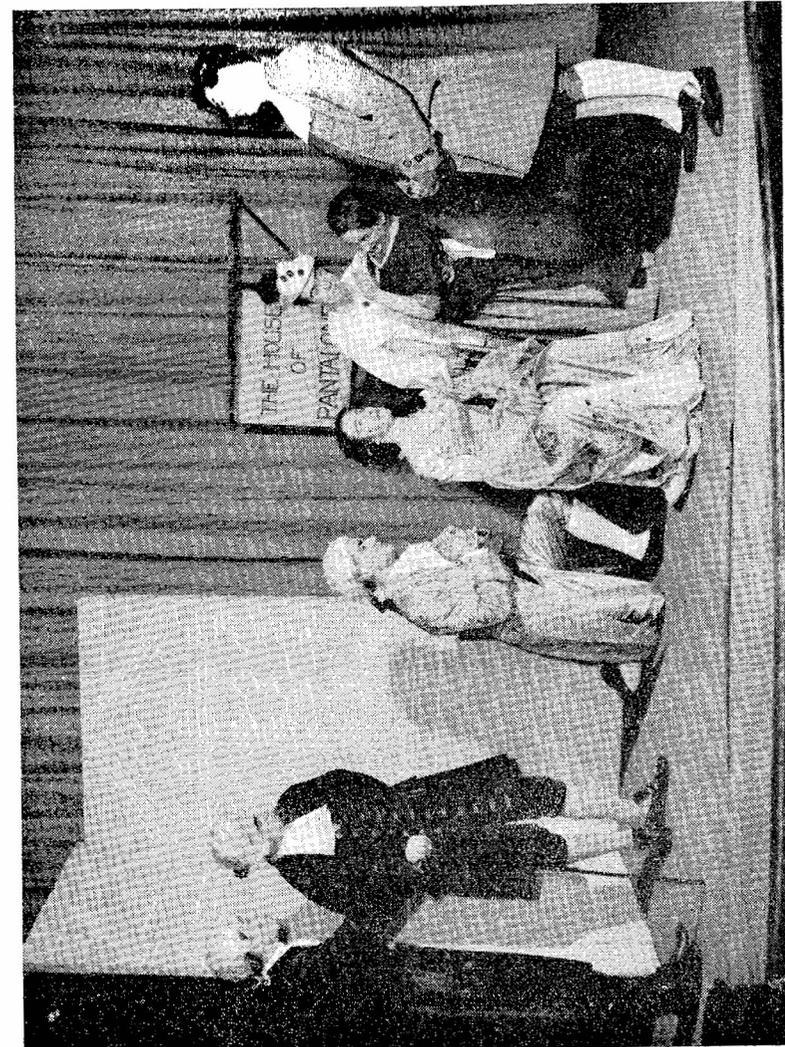
'Yes!' I said, 'I want fish and chips and a pot of tea, for two!' Well, the look he gave me!

'But Madame, he said, 'Surely you would wish some bouillabaisse or something on the menu?'

'Well,' I said, 'all right. Perhaps I will have something French. How about a little bit of Arc de Triomphe?'

"Things weren't much good after that. We don't like Paris, Jack and I, and of course, you can't make yourself understood over there; everyone speaks French. All I can say is, if we're going to let all these other countries into the Common Market, they'll have to mark the prices of meat and vegetables in English, otherwise my housekeeping money is going to be in a right mess. And so, it on'y goes to show."

P. J. Kenwright (RD).



SCENE FROM GOLDONI'S 'THE SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS'

PAINKILLER

Murmuring usual words and phrases, glorious, popular, pastime,
Is pain, pain so often known,
The mind grows unaware
Of it.

Sweet, horrible smile of condescension,
Curling, twining lips forming snake,
Shed your old skin of pretty pattern,
The potential inside of truth
Cannot be hidden.

Gentle, happy process,
Whose unseen poison slowly soaks up
The open capillaries of tired minds;
Die in your own wretchedly supine satisfaction.

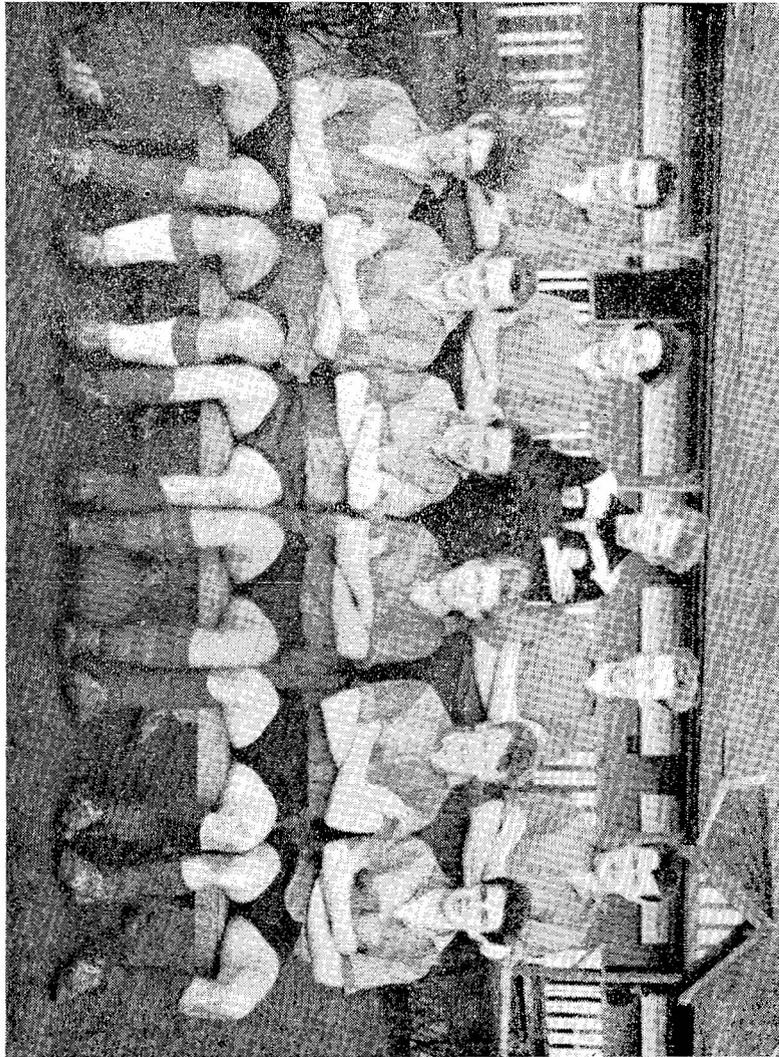
The surgeon's knife,
Swinging above the glossy skin of complacency,
A gleam of hope.
Yet scornfully the poison's acid,
Almost with a secret sigh of avid hunger,
Creeps, lava-like,

Through and through the shining steel
Licks at, corrodes, destroys the hope,
With the peaceful cruelty of a Venus flower,
Engulfing the stricken insect
With its beautiful tentacles.

The creature stands motionless, as is its will . . .
Snarls in its conquering stagnancy;
As under the pleasant anaesthesia
Of its own beatific dullness,
It hears the sudden, mystical pin-pricks
Of the surgeon's distant, insistent conversation
Growing more and more definite, threatening
The crystal stillness of its blankness.

Hostile truth has swelled its ranks,
Yet still seen only now and then
As in the sudden, unexpected bereavement
Of a full-stop missed out.
That fight to find elusive truth will go on;
Excruciatingly the pain of beautiful words,
Will attack the creature until,
Bored by its own boredom,
Dulled by its own dullness, it will snap.

H. J. Parry (6AMI).



FIRST SOCCER XI 1961/1962

AWRY SOCIETY

'If you ever buy a ticket for a theatre,
You'll be very likely doomed to disappointment
Perhaps thinking to enjoy a play or show -
And find yourself playing Bingo if you go.'

'Our tele's had its day,
They have taken it away,
And we couldn't make the payments any more;
And its surely not surprising
That delinquency is rising,
When they open gambling houses by the score.'

' 'Twas bedlam, and the dying men
Writhed and glimmered, in the haze;
All debris were the cities then -
And the politician plays.'

D. R. Wade (6BM2).

BREVITY

Little dog
Crossing street.
Motor car,
Sausage meat

Little boy,
Pair of skates.
Broken ice,
Heaven's gates.

Little mouse,
In his hole.
Pussy cat
On the dole.

Little fly
On the wall.
D.D.T.
That is all.

R. J. Hill (4Sc)

FROZEN MORNING

The morning turf was stiff, like an Eastern board
Of teak, benailed beneath the feet
Of some Indian magician; the new-born fires
Expelled their fumes into the still air, which
Seared the skin, tortured the brain, and made
The soul rebel against the torture.
I watched the smoke rise, spiral, then disappear,
And thought of Man; for he, too,
Has his brief moment, only to die
And join the fossils of the centuries;
While these birds, who now scream
Their bitterness over the winter scene,
Live on for ever.

S. L. Slater (6AM2)

MY DOG TIM

Although he's just a mongrel
As naughty as can be,
And always full of mischief,
He means the world to me.

I love to hear him barking
As I knock upon the door,
And to see how fast his tail wags
When I say 'Hello' once more.

When he curls up by the fireside
To have a cosy nap,
In spite of his short-comings
Looks an innocent little chap.

Though he'll never be a show dog
Like others of his kind,
A finer or more loyal friend
I know I'll never find.

A. S. Carr (4A)

PERIPETIES

Un murmure impatient sort d'autour du terrain.
Puis l'entrée des joueurs occasionne soudain
Une éruption de voix, rugissante, accueillante,
Qui salue leur avance à allure très lente.
Le bruit devient moins haut, s'éteignant peu à peu,
Et nous attendons tous qu'ils gagnent le milieu.
Sur l'herbe vert foncé, zébrée par les faucheuses,
Projetent des ombres les figures nerveuses.
Le vent fait agiter les maillots de couleur.
Ils forment deux lignes pour attendre avec peur
Que leur serre la main un très grand personnage
—Voilà la vraie épreuve exigeant du courage.
Le stade résonne de l'hymne national:
Ce jour du calendrier, il n'y a rien de banal.
Enfin la musique disparaît de la vue,
Les joueurs dépensent l'énergie contenue
En bottant le ballon et en s'assouplissant,
Jusqu' à ce qu' arrive le moment passionnant.
Le jeu lui-même fait une scène inoubliable;
Les équipes luttent sur un fond admirable.
Le ciel fait ressortir la blancheur des deux tours,
Les maillots vivides sur un vert de velours.
Par moments éclate le vaste bol du stade,
Se donnant tout de suite une calme façade.
Comme si les joueurs fussent des gladiateurs,
Sur eux se concentrent les regards scrutateurs.
Soudain un sifflement fait que tout cela cesse.
Les joueurs s'arrêtent d'étaler leur adresse.
Un hurra exultant s'élève jusqu' aux cieux,
Les vaincus sont penauds; les vainqueurs sont heureux.

J. E. Wainwright (6AMI).

CONTAMINATED

The eaters of grass felt it first,
 Yet knew not what it could be;
 The dewy grass still slak'd their thirst,
 For the wrong they could not see.

Then the races whose staple is rice,
 Already too feeble to care,
 Lived on, for they knew not that twice
 Had the poison now crept to its lair.

Then the Pinta-lized, civilised West
 Found that its milk wasn't fit to drink;
 Though ev'ryone knew that leukaemia's not best,
 Yet they still didn't bother to think.

So they test and we test, we each test in turn,
 While the dust drizzles down on the land,
 And strontium-90 our marrows will burn,
 While our leaders say, "Life was so grand".

J. M. Jackson (6a).

AUTUMN

The leaves turn gold,
 And curl, and fold,
 and fall.
 The nights grow long,
 An end to song
 and ball.

On stream-fed banks
 The reeds, in ranks,
 do blow,
 While by their side
 The swollen tide
 doth flow.

For myriad swallows
 Migration follows
 Till Spring:
 The cuckoo will
 Hold quiet, still,
 Not sing.

Earth's life is past,
 The frosts come fast
 and chill;
 And Spring seems far -
 Yes, as a star -
 Yet come it will.

J. M. Jackson (6a).

"SOMETIMES"

Yes, turn your head from side
 to side and try to shake
 the toffee out now you're awake
 a pity that you cannot hide
 your eyes beneath the sheets instead
 the pupils have congealed so tap
 them on the pane ignore the gap
 between the window and the bed
 the parapets on either side
 have opted for a 3-d mould
 the chess-board squares clash with the cold
 white growth that rears in plastic pride
 above your head you'd say it vied
 in self-assertion with the old
 steel door-knob that must screech its bold
 I am about your ears decide
 perhaps that you have cause to bless
 this madness that the mind
 of all that was till now has failed to find
 such true awareness then confess
 that your are sick.

C. Morgan (6AMH).

DANSE MACABRE

'Will you invent a little faster?' said K, a little pale,
 'THEY are close behind us, and are treading on our tail.
 See how far we all have gone?
 We are waiting on the brink - will you make a bigger bomb?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you
 make the bomb?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you
 make the bomb?

'You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
 When they take a hundred megaton and drop it in the sea!
 The scientist said, 'Too big, too big! we'd finish in the tomb!
 Apologised, but added that he would not make the bomb.
 Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not
 make the bomb!
 Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not
 make the bomb!

'What matters it how large it be?' his statesman friend replied,
 'There is another bomb, you know, upon the other side,
 and since the whole world's round the bend,
 please relent, beloved friend - and make a bigger bomb!
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you
 make the bomb?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you
 make the bomb?'

D. R. Wade (6BM2).

"STONE THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW"

The time of tinkling penny-pearls
and chuckling in the gutters
the days of yeast the days of mint
when no one ever mutters
the rain must come

The white-gloved smudges on the walls
an apron's simpering reel
the wallowing of frying-fat
the warmth when you don't feel
the rain must come

The piano with the goldfish-bowl
the turtle-shell's cajoling
the naked slave in ebony
but no tongue ever tolling
the rain must come

A gaming-cloth about the glass
the linen's rhythmic tremor
the daylight steeped in felony
and respite from the murmur
the rain must come.

C. Morgan (6AMI).

STARTING AT THE LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

I think I'll always remember the day
I dreaded waiting for Mum to say—
"Goodbye, be good, see you tonight,"
I felt like a boxer before the fight.

Into the hall to be told my form
I went, feeling rather warm
With worry, but it wasn't as bad
As I thought, I felt I'd been 'had.'

A "newt" I was called, and pushed around,
And once or twice I was knocked to the ground;
At the end of the day, about half-past four,
I was glad to arrive at my own front door.

But now I've settled down all right,
Without much worrying in the night;
I like it a lot, I think its great,
I hope I stay in this present state.

G. M. Dodd (3B)

POT-POURRI

A burly P.C. of Asuncion,
Attempted to swallow his truncheon,
When they asked: "Are you mad?"
He said: "No but I've had
Not nearly enough for my luncheon."
There once was a man from Tibet,
The quaintest of all I have met,
He said: "I find onions
Are good for my bunions,
So I eat all I can get."
There was a young chappie from Cheltenham,
Who bought some suits with some felt in 'em.
Though they cost such a lot,
These suits were so hot
It's a wonder that he didn't melt in 'em.

J. Phillips (3B)

HOME-MADE

Our family saves its hard-won wealth,
Our motto is: "Do it yourself."
We do the plumbing, mend the roof,
Cut our own hair—all living proof
There is, in fact, no limit to
The money saved whenever you
Set out the tools and clear the table:
We like to think we're rather able.
This all went well till cousin Tom
Constructed an atomic bomb
Down in the cellar: it was round
And weighed just over half-a-pound.
(The casing was a biscuit tin
We used to keep sultanas in).
Next day Aunt Nell (short sighted she!)
Started to bake a cake for tea
With currants, peel and raisins too,
Sultanas—ah! but surely you
Have guessed by now! with cool aplomb
She made a cake that was pure bomb!
She tied it up with care and string
Because she had been asked to bring
Refreshment to a ladies' tea
Down at the local rectory.
A missionary from Japan
(Really a rather charming man)
Spoke on the needs of the Far East
For forty minutes flat at least.
Enough of this, you will be bored!
The speech was done, the tea was poured,
And then the Rector (Reverend Hake)
Called on the guest to cut the cake.
There was a blinding flash and—phut!
Rector, five ladies, Japanese
Vanished in radio-active breeze.
The sole survivor cried, "Oh Nell!
I think that went off rather well."

G.F.B.

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