

Magazine of the Birkenhead Institute

THE VISOR

JANUARY 1965

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Editorial

ALL OF US

THE School is seventy-five years old. No one can look back on these years and their achievements without a sense of pride and a sense of history. There is a worthy and notable body of Old Boys in many spheres of life and many parts of the world; Old Instonians take a full share in the life of our town and our country and Old Boys will continue to accept the full responsibilities of citizenship.

But, if one is really honest, by no means all the credit for this can go to the School. It is mere sentiment to believe that a school alone moulds character, builds citizens, moulds great men. "The School" is an intangible entity; in itself it does not really exist; it is more of a melting pot — or a kind of soup pan in which the soup is only as good as its ingredients, and the way they are used.

What are these ingredients? Boys and teachers obviously enough; but much more. Parents, local citizens, town councillors. The School is the product of the community and can, in fact, never be better than the community.

Nowadays, "people" are very fond of blaming "the school" (any "people"; any "school") but one cannot fairly put all the blame on "the School" nor can one really give it all the praise—because it is so many things. A School is as good as its pupils; as good as the teachers; as good as the parents; as good as the governors; as good as the town. Whatever is good about the B.I. is good because the community of which it is part is good—and of the community be bad, the B.I. will be no better than that. And this is true of every state school in the country.

A school cannot have a life entirely of its own; it cannot lead an existence independent of its environment. Not only does the school feed the community with Old Boys, but society feeds it with New Boys. The family life of this school is the family life of 365 boys and the quality of its life a composite of the quality of these families. Practically everyone who reads this magazine is a part of the School. It is a sobering and challenging thought and it will determine the nature and quality of our next seventy-five years, wherever they may be spent, whatever may be the system of secondary schooling adopted in Birkenhead.

STAFF NOTES

IN the summer, Mr. R. E. Evans, Senior History Master, left for Sunderland Training College where he now lectures in History. Mr. Evans was a keen cricketer and many boys owe much to his enthusiasm and help. He will be missed because of the personal interest he took in pupils and his inimitable style of teaching. Mr. T. J. Walsh also took a post at a Training College and is now tutor librarian at Anstey Training College, Coventry. Mr. Walsh, an Old Boy of the School, started the Wilfred Owen Library with enthusiasm and produced a worthy piece of scholarship in the Tribute to Wilfred Owen, a booklet published to commemorate the fiftieth year of the poet's death.

Mr. D. Velarde was married and went to a R.C. Grammar School near Sheffield. He will be remembered chiefly for his efforts seemingly to turn the School into a zoo. After twelve months apprenticeship, Miss M. Wikeley left for Calder High School, Liverpool, where she teaches German. She had shown a welcome interest in drama and had taken part in the summer revue.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. B. Thornton as Senior History Master, who comes from City of Leicester Boys' School; Mr. F. J. Leslie, a Liverpool graduate, is teaching English; and Mr. W. Halliday, from Bangor University is in charge of Biology. Mr. A. Heath, from the Sorbonne, is teaching French.

Mr. J. D. Hall leaves at the end of this term to take up the post of Organiser of Physical Education for Dudley. Mr. Hall has had a distinguished career at the B.I. and leaves behind him the important piece of gymnastic equipment, the trampoline.

In the autumn term Mrs. Gee left the laboratories to devote herself to home-making and has been replaced by Mr. Davies, an Old Boy.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE summer revue, held in Beechcroft at the end of the summer term was a great success and some of the profits were sent to Casa Materna, the Naples Orphanage.

The Advisor will resume circulation, in a new form, "in the immediate future."

The School has a very lively Music Society which has a fine record of achievement. The School did well in nearly all its outside musical activities which included participation in Music Festivals at Southport, Chester, Wallasey and Bromborough. 20 Honours Certificates were gained in the Trinity College of Music Exams (Grades 1—VI). E. Ward was awarded the Rushworth Medal and Award for 1964 and a Trinity College Bronze Medal; D. Walford won the Town Instrumental Scholarship on the organ; S. A. Owens won a Trinity College Bronze Medal.

Readers might like to know who the School governors are; here is the list of these **Eminences Grises**:—

Alderman G. F. Davies, J.P., Chairman of the Education Committee, Chairman of the Governors; Alderman C. S. McDonald, Deputy Chairman of the Governors; Alderman J. Furness, J.P.; Alderman H. Platt, J.P.; Councillor D. A. Fletcher; Councillor R. D. Jones, J.P.; Councillor Miss E. M. Keegan; Councillor E. G. Williams; Mr. B. S. Halliday; Mr. F. Scorer; Mr. W. Thomas; Mr. C. Wellings; Mr. H. Welsh.

SPEECH DAY

THE Annual Speech Day was held as usual in the Hall of the Technical College. The programme followed the established pattern and the choir sang two items which were followed by a duet by D. J. Dearden and S. A. Owens. The prizes were presented by Dr. J. F. Galloway, Medical Officer of Health for Wolverhampton, who is an Old Boy. In his speech the Headmaster spoke of the schools success at "O" and "A" level of the G.C.E. which compares most favourably with other schools in the district and continues the trend of improvement noticeable over the years. He also referred to the renovations in the Junior School building, the new Junior laboratory in the basement of the new school, and the new Wilfred Owen Library. Dr. Galloway spoke of the value of doing a job well and finding a job worth doing, and of the importance of a school's task in preparing for the world outside.

GROTESQUES

by D. R. Young (L.6)

THE pen leaves hold the glare of the sun and the meagre dimmed opaque glimmer of a powerless light transforms no images. Only here in the brain, the labyrinth unfathomable can I discern and see these images of the fantastic, of the exotic and the unobtainable regions in conventionality and reality. Slowly as I write, I wait for an idea to take hold, root and grow into full development; something fantastic, as if under some miracle drug.

A jug, a flowered water jug, verging off the end of a small hollow table. A high, two-pillared bed, three dying flowers in a crude papier maché vase, drooping over an old-fashioned dresser. Elfs, goblins, call them what you may, crawling, laughing, inhabiting this small room with their gay, inhibited happiness. Small, unusual, funny little creatures about one or two feet high, like babies fully developed and aged to old men. Red smocks are worn and purple cloaks are donned aimlessly around the shoulders. I can see them through the dark, dank atmosphere of this dry guest-room.

They play with the materials deposited, which to them seem ogrish; shoes, pins, anything which might catch their fancy. They sword-fight with hair-brushes and climb onto the bed with a bizarre dexterity, and carefully dismount using the posts from this height, which to them seems to be about the size of a normal sized wall.

However, weirdness, horror invade this hallucination, their faces are hollow, their cheekbones wildly, sharply, boldly bony, their noses long and slowly tapering, their eyes glowing and beady, their hair tawny and scaly and their hands hairy — old, veins sharply defined by the contrasting blue on the greyish-pink of the backs of the hands.

Jump from the bed, land on a train chug, chug, chugging in wild editorial “hac”. The trees pass, the cows pass, and the gnome looks out surprised and unsuspecting on these sky-scraper trees, whizzing past in sacred monotone. Then flats vindictively high and brutishly plain and unornamented.

Jump to land.

A lift to rise.

The top-floor flat.

The gnome ascends, and like the old eleven-plus trick question of the unreachable top-floor control button of the lift, manages, by rising in the air by levity mechanism to reach the desired destination.

Submerged into the flat, his work begins to destroy ogrish images.
Bite into a succulent fruit, glowing with sunlight and laughing with the
joys of Summer,
Its red skin brightly shining beauty and happiness,
Philistine break its peel and lose its freshness,
Squelch the red armour of protection,
Life-giving vitamin C,
Juicy, messy, pulp, bitter and sugary.
Bite into Summer. It's Winter.

The transistor moves co-operatively with easy payments to the throbbing of the waveband, and the perky wind quintet. Dancing on the dressing table a gay gavotte or a quick minuet. Barely fit for a waltz, only to perch and hobble or move bear-like.

Up pops the clock to join the dance, harsh and less pungent, stiff and completely in step. The mirror can only hum the tune one note behind, but the little Dutch boy complete with clogs, joins in this period piece with a grace not fit for an ornament. The two showy candles jump aside away from the talcum-powder, and the coarse instrumental instruments blending with the unusual transistorised augmentation.

Book hurtles to join—rejected to some distant nocturne, gazing through the window watching the traffic's lights.

Ping! The musical comb airily emerges to combine in elegance and poise.

To the music's closing bars only the Dutch boy remains intent only to display his nationalistic party-piece—the clog-dance.

Fading into announcer and the national anthem, they all stand stiff and patriotically for their most gracious sovereign

ALL THE WAY

The bus seeping with people,
Drew slowly, slowly to inevitable halt,
Monosyllabically the wheels jerk,
The brakes jam,
And people mass to mire the street.
The contemptuous conductor's corporation tone,
Invited to disarm this secret weapon,
His pride, his blue rackety possession,
Disowned at the terminus,
His change jangling spasmodically as he
Moved from gallery to stalls,
Where all the old women
Massed middle classed,
Working, working class,
Taxi-less "plebs",
Dismounted and returned to pedestrians.
When the music of the bell had rung,
Forty-five times through his endless chasm,
He too returned,
To collect his money.

ANCIENT STREET NAMES OF BIRKENHEAD

by Malcolm Clark (5A)

WIRRAL has several interesting highway names, many of them in the vicinity of Birkenhead. Whetstone Lane, in which our school stands, is one of the most ancient, and is named after the whetstone pedlars who used the highway in old days.

Whetstone Lane was then one of the most important routes out of the town. Traffic, mostly pedlars, had to come this way on their journey to Chester because of the Tranmere Pool which could only be crossed at low water by a number of stepping stones. As these stones were slippery they caused more than one tragedy so most travellers preferred to come by way of Whetstone Lane.

This had another advantage—the horses could drink in the fresh water of the stream that flowed down Happy Valley, the Borough Road of today.

Birkenhead has street names which give a reminder of history. Shore Road with the docks and railway warehouses, runs along the old tideline of Wallasey Pool.

Bridge Street is the name which holds the most interest. One end is in Chester Street and the other at Bridge End. The bridge after which the street was named is the Roman bridge which was discovered in 1850 when the railway was being made. The place where the span was unearthed from the deep silt was the bridge end of Bridge Street.

Forest Road, Cloughton, has been named after a stretch of the great Wirral forest that remained in this vicinity for some unaccountable reason long after the rest of the peninsula had been cleared.

Grange Road, once Grange Lane, is the old Monks' path from their Priory to their grange, or farm, which stood in the vicinity of Alfred Road.

Some of the old street names have not survived, for obvious reasons. In the old days North Road was known as Slush Lane, but perhaps the most curious of the old street names were to be found in Tranmere. Derby Road was known as Egg Lane, and another lane which cut across to Church Road over the site of the hospital was known as York-of-Egg Lane.

THE BEST LAID SCHEMES . . .

by A. Edmonds (L.6)

I SAT with my friend amidst a pile of food and climbing equipment on a trolley on the pier at Ardrassan at 2 a.m. trying to persuade a stubborn policeman that we were not about to climb Everest and would be leaving on the first ferry for Arran. We were bound for Glen Rosa from where we hoped to execute a complex climbing programme lasting at least one and a half weeks. On arrival we were warned uncannily by the canny Scots, "Och! Ye must be crackers!"

The third day found me stumbling behind and cursing Mick who was nonchalantly striding out in front. We reached the bottom of the face and were quickly confronted with the major obstacle — an overhang. Anchored to a small rock spike I gave the word to leave and Mick with many oaths made the pitch “go”. Once on top we sunbathed contentedly whilst observing a small cloud form over an adjacent peak. Two minutes later we were once again climbing rapidly but in the teeth of a gale force wind. As we descended it rained and hailstoned and amongst more curses Mick muttered something about resembling a walking waterfall.

We had searched for the least exposed site for the tent but by the strange law governing such things it was of course the most exposed position in the valley and the wind battered the flimsy fabric mercilessly. We could not get any wetter so we spent some time securing the tent with large stones. To commemorate the climb we had just done we jumped up and down in a rapidly swelling stream.

The strong wind and heavy rain continued through the night and all of the next day. We lay in our sleeping bags and slept. There were some anxious moments such as when a foothold was gained by the rain when it flowed over the corner of the groundsheet. With typical English ingenuity we were able to have a running water system without getting too wet. In the evening the rain eased off but in the night the patter of the rain developed into a large footstep but we slept soundly.

The next morning found us in that period between optimism and pessimism so we voted to stay. The rest of the day is blurred by memory into a confused losing battle with the elements with minor tragedies interspersed. The running water system continually needed delicate plumbing operations. We made a mop of the relief inside the tent. To the east and west lay masses of high ground whilst to the south the land dropped and to the north was a plateau. I lay between the high ground and on the plateau which was very uncomfortable for the plateau was of the undulating variety.

At 3 a.m. I felt the first sign of disaster, i.e. a slight dampness in my sleeping-bag. By 5 a.m. the tent was flooded and my sleeping-bag super-saturated. We retreated with the deluge showing no signs of stopping and with few climbs to our credit.

Nevertheless we had made several valuable discoveries:— One 3lb. 2oz. terylene sleeping-bag can, when saturated, weigh as much as 15lbs., 4 days and 3 nights spent lying in a sleeping-bag are not as pleasant as one may think; climbing boots can contain simultaneously — one human foot, two pairs of socks and $1\frac{1}{4}$ pints of water each. The word “path” in Arran is synonymous with the words “river,” “cataract,” “marsh” etc.; British weather can never be relied upon; some Scottish advice should be accepted; “the best laid schemes of mice and men, gang aft agley.”

SMITH, V.C.

by D. C. McBride (3A)

VAUGHAN, COLIN SMITH was a British sailor serving with the South-West Indo-Chinese Coolie Division. One day, the commander of the British forces in the Isle of Man, Lance Corporal Weatherbridge summoned Smith to his wigwam.

"The Japanese are holding up our advance, by a string of machine guns on a ridge," said Weatherbridge, who incidentally was related to his uncle, Colonel John Weatherbridge, the Boer War flying ace.

"You're the best nut ---er---man I've got Smith; get out there and do your duty; put a stop to those guns."

"Aye, aye, sir!" whispered Smith loudly, as he jumped to attention, running out of the barracks. He charged over the plain towards the German gun emplacements, gritting his teeth and wielding his pistol, "I say, you guns, do put a sock in it please?" said Smith tenaciously. But no.

"Crack, crack, crack!" said the machine guns, deceitfully, and Smith felt a shell sink in his shoulder. On he went rattling his cannon bravely, the enemy falling one by one together.

Suddenly the Solitary Smith, felt a series of bullets sink in his head. Looking up he saw a 'Zero' (the latest Italian aircraft) hovering about shooting madly at him, but Smith, always a good Rugby player sidestepped the bullets as they charged at him.

"One swift move!" thought the swift thinking Smith swiftly and he reached in his pocket for his crowbar, and threw it hard at the threatening plane.

"Good! it worked," said Smith to himself, as he watched the crowbar jam the propellar, thus making the plane crash.

Still Smith went on, knocking the enemy guns down like tenpins with his rifle. Soon only one machine gun remained in the hands of a Jap with a magazine. He calmly sat down and began to read the magazine. But Smith bravely killed him, with a grenade made at P. J. Hodgson & Sons, Newcastle.

When the British reinforcements arrived they found Smith, slightly wounded, surrounded by hundreds of enemy soldiers and dead guns.

The commander in chief Captain Weatherbridge (newly promoted) said, "I'd see you got a medal, only seeing as how you're going to kick the bucket any moment, it does seem a bit of a waste."

Smith muttered his last words, "Mutter, mutter, mutter, mutter," and then died bravely, a credit to all members of the clan Smith.

TWO PROBLEMS

posed by B. Walker (U.6)

1. Democracy

"DEMOCRACY," begins one American television programme," is such a bad form of government; but remember this, all the others are so much worse." Inherent in the British Nationality is the love of equality and liberty and a belief in that noble ideal: 'democracy.' Yet the majority of the people in this country are politically apathetic; they are indifferent to the working of such a system. They are not, as Hitler argued, unfit to govern themselves, merely disinterested and perhaps unwilling. Most people cast their vote according to habit. Only a minority really think about the questions involved.

Democracy does not necessarily produce such apathy. In America for instance elections are taken with much more enthusiasm and all sobriety is thrown to the wind. The 1964 election in Britain was more lively than many of the past yet elections have not always been drab affairs. In the nineteenth century when men were fighting for their political rights much more interest was taken and it has been argued that politically immature nations have boisterous elections and that sober ones are the signs of political maturity.

Men are always most politically active when they have an interest either common or individual i.e. in a capitalist state. A Socialist Welfare State tends, therefore, to make men apathetic because most things are done for them. They are assured of material comforts and this deadens man's intellect. But men should not take an interest in the political life of their country merely to further their own interests. They should do so because it is their duty and their right to see that the country is governed properly.

In neither type of state is there a real community spirit however. In a capitalist state everyone is too busy looking after himself, and in a welfare state everything is left to the state.

If therefore we cannot arouse man's interest in his government how are we to answer those critics of democracy who assert that even in a democracy the citizens of the state are governed by a minority who really think?

2. Encroaching on the Countryside

One of the most important social questions facing the industrial society of Britain today is the problem of preservation of wild life. There are many dangers facing the mammals and birds etc. of our country.

Firstly there is the growing encroachment of industry and residential developers into the countryside and so-called green belt. Town councils have, in the past, not been firm enough with developers. Too much unused land in the middle of cities is left undeveloped because it is more convenient to build houses, hospitals etc. in the green belt fringes of towns. This is especially so in Birkenhead where there is an annulus of highly developed land surrounding drab, undeveloped and largely dead centre. We cannot go on eating our way into the countryside until Britain is one vast urban agglomeration, somebody must call a halt somewhere.

The second problem is the effect of toxic chemicals used agriculturally and in millions of gardens upon birds and small mammals which depend on an herbiferous diet. It has been discovered that in East Anglia thousands of dead birds found in the fields had died from arsenic poisoning contracted from seeds etc., which had been sprayed with arsenic based chemicals.

Both the above forces will lead to the ultimate destruction of most wild life in Britain and the removal of all greenery. It is ironic that the pests which the chemical sprays are meant to kill will increase and their natural executioners, the birds, will be destroyed. We must all strive to keep our natural heritage, for if we do not we shall, by the end of the century, have no means of relief from the 'concrete jungle' and posterity will convict us of the greatest crime in humanity.

POEMS

by A. Roberts (5B)

WINTER

Winter comes with crispy nights,
Crackling ice and slithering snow.
Go outdoors if you like, or sit
Near to the fire's glow.
Snow falls thickly on the fields,
Cattle trapped, freeze in time,
Frozen ponds and laden reeds,
All the hedges thick with rime.
Now's the time for hibernation,
Frozen birds, fluffed and cold,
Weak and frozen, stave off starvation
With the crumbs of human souls.
Colder ran, the worst is gone,
Leaving all the country thawing.
Rejoicing birds sing as one.
For the sign of a new spring's dawning.

THE MONASTERY

The monks so grave with droning voices,
With songs of prayers that echo the cloisters,
Sack-clothed and mute, there they stay
Waiting for sinners to show them the way.

DOLDRUMS

Physics and maths all the way,
Don't give it up; you'll need it some day.
Don't sleep and think it's just a bore,
Wake up and listen and learn some more,
For when you leave your school detention
You'll be grateful that you paid attention.

THE CREATURE

It came at evening out of the trees,
With a screech to make human blood freeze.
It looked around with unblinking eyes
Luminous yellow of a tremendous size.
It looked again then struck on the ground,
The cavernous mouth gave a sickening sound.
No! It wasn't a monster or an evil ghoul,
Just the silent flight of a hunting owl.

SEVILLE

The matador with swirling cape,
The maddened bull cannot escape,
The frenzied crowd that shout for more,
The arena sand that's red with gore;
The crowd they start to shout and cheer
"Ole! Ole! An ear! An ear!"

F. — B.I.

FINGER-NAILS crept slowly up the plush staircase and knocked on the door. "Come in," answered a weird northern voice. It was Big 'M'. He gave Fingernails his orders quickly. They were, to kill enemy agent 000, 'licensed to sun-bathe.' It was known that he was hiding out in a ramshackle old building in a northern industrial town and Fingernails was given the appropriate directions. He arrived at Daehnekrib at just after 16.00 hours and proceeded to make his way in to the agent's headquarters. He soon found it for it was on a busy main road. He decided to enter the sombre grey building from the rear. Slowly he moved around the house trying to discover where the group was meeting. Then he heard noises from above. He decided to investigate. The lights were on in the room at the top of the stairs. The door had holes in it and he was able to listen to the speaker without undue strain. He could hear a projector whining and he thought that there was a micro-film show. He listened attentively. He caught only some of the words for the speaker was not speaking very loudly — Tunisia, Brizerta, Arabs — and he became intrigued. He lifted himself expectantly onto his toes and looked cautiously through one of the holes in the door. He could see a group of men in peculiar uniforms. All were wearing black commando jackets with a yellow insignia, all except the speaker and a few others who must have been the senior members of the group. He concentrated on the film. He noticed one of a group of Arabs and he at once thought of O.A.S. What was the name of this group. What sinister plot were they hatching. One of the men was taking notes, Fingernails strained his eyes so much that his eyeballs almost reached the page. Though the writing was a little untidy he could distinguish several words at the top of the page. (1964 spy book had not mentioned these). "B.I. Geographical Society — Talk on Tunisia." Fingers fainted and collapsed, falling against the door. Several of the group rushed out but Fingers, not wishing to be caught, took out his poisoned pin (pinched from Gary Powers while in Moscow) and put an end to himself. For the first time he had failed. What would M. say?

... FOR ART'S SAKE

by D. Jones

WHEN this fella, asked me to write something about Art I guess I thought it would be easy. Write me something for "the Visor" he said. Vital stuff on Art, he said. Social realism and such, he said. Controversial after all Art is important stuff to write about. He said so and he should know or he wouldn't consider such an article important for his magazine.

Well, of course I knew that Art was important all right; Art is very important indeed. People write books about Art... the best papers run a column on Art... Art is a must for a colour supplement... People teach Art... Some even sell Art... Investments are made with Art... Advertisers use Art... It sells things... Decorates houses... Dictates fashion... Moulds tastes... You can talk about it (ask 4A)... You can argue about it (ask Mr. Shaw)... You can hear about it on Radio... see it on television and even in Galleries!... Art is life to some and bread and butter to others. Art is here all right... it's everywhere.

The only question left is: What is it, this Art?

Naturally if you really want to know the answer you must read a lot of those books that have been written on Art. There's thousands of them; a few even in our Library! No use looking at pictures, or pots, or sculpture or prints. They tell you nothing; less than nothing. I soon realized it's the critics or historians that can tell you all about it. So I read some of these books, fat ones: thin ones: glossy magazines; manifestoes; I read just about the lot. Books on Classicism, Romanticism, Realism, Impressionism, Fauvism, Cubism, Dadaism, Futurism, Constructivism and Surrealism but the result was always the same, not one told me just what this Art lark was all about.

Then you might ask, where did it all start? How was it born? How was it created? How did it grow and flourish? Well I'll try to explain, for grow and flourish it did but not that people cared a fig for it I can tell you, they didn't. That's why it grew; people didn't realise it existed or at best they just accepted it as being there.

It was like this. When we lived in caves there already existed those types who cannot resist telling fishing stories. So he drew the biggest bison on his wall and boasted to his next door neighbour, I killed it. He was a liar. He hadn't got within a stone's throw of the beast. But it did his prestige and his ego a lot of good and initiated an idea that was to go on for hundreds and hundreds of years. Later, as time passed, the idea of kidding your neighbours with pictures caught on with the Kings and Emperors who were coming to power about this time. They gave the artist the job of doing a little propaganda on their behalf. When the Kings and Emperors went out of fashion, he told, in painting, about the wonderful goings on in the Bible.

The Bible was rich with stories and dramatic incident. Few people could read it and the priests weren't always good story-tellers so the artist stepped in. It took him a long time to perfect his technique. At first he was hampered by the Clergy, later as he grew more cunning and skilled he more or less had a free hand. He flourished. He had a whale of a time. His field was limitless and all the walls of Italy were covered with pictures.

With the Reformation and the decline of religious power, the Kings and Courts came into their own and tried to out do each other in splendour and opulence. France was the winner and the Artist still flourished and Art still grew.

That is until "the Machine" began to flourish and put paid to the craftsmanship and humanity could be bought for a song. Machines made money for people and so people bought happiness or social status. Art satisfied the need for a bit of social class. The Artists were happy, the new patrons had something to their liking and Art flourished.

Painting pictures had hitherto been the means of enriching the society or country of its origin. It mirrored the lives and activities of the people: how they lived and worked and died, how they thought and felt and worshipped. But these days were gone and Art flourished.

The pre-Raphaelites did us in the eye. They started off as revolutionaries, but unlike Hogarth, who rebelled against the pretensions of the pseudo Italianists: Constable who favoured the new idea of **plein air** or Turner who also tried to fight the pernicious forced culture with original painting, the pre-Raphaelites decided to go back in the past just a little further than their contemporaries were doing, and by so doing steal a march on them and obtain bigger sales. And Art flourished. The Art public loved it. First they saw Mediaevalism in gorgeous technicolour starring Beatrice and Danté. Later, when the costume stuff began to pall, in gorgeous Sentimenticolor, they saw the poverty-stricken mum being evicted by the cruel landlord while the snow howled onto Dad peacefully boozing by the fire, or in gorgeous Offensive colour, a great shaggy sheep-dog fondly slobbering over our sweet little sister, aged two and a half.

No small wonder that intelligent painters began to doubt the advisability of painting pictures which tell a story. They were quite worried about it; they discussed it over numerous cups of coffee. Look at the results, they said, of having paintings with people in them, cluttering up the picture with anecdotes and narratives. Sentimental, literary, Chocolate-Boxy, etc., etc., the said, breathing emotionally into their big beards and small coffees. Let us purge our Art of real life goings on and get down to basics; let's have Classical Art all about nothing. Let's have Impressionism and thereby reduce everything to dots and dashes. Let's have Art for Art's sake and away with humans. And Art flourished and Artists starved.

The Dehumanisation started slowly with Landscapes by Monet, empty streets by Pissarro, and still life by Cezanne.

But once the cart had been set in motion, the acceleration was rapid as more and more clambered onto the band-wagon. It only needed a few deft strokes by Picasso to surpass the speed limit with a sort of jazzed up pre-Rephaeliteism. Sentimentalism in glorious monocolour, "Still Life with Guitars" in glorious Texture colour, *Femme à la Grèque* in Classiccolour and rehashed "Maids in Waiting" à la Velasquez in patch work colour and Art flourished and Pablo made a fortune.

Finally we have surrealism, squalid socialrealism, symbols, signs, straight edge and pop-Art. And as this fella said, What now? Well, don't ask me but what a relief nowadays to find an artist who has something to say to us. Oh! for an honest man, perhaps another Breughel, the peasant.

A MATURE STUDENT IN PARIS

by A. Heath

MORE has been written on the subject of Paris, and one supposes still remains to be written, than about any other city in the world. It did not seem strange, after leaving the hills of Westmorland behind, to be seated in the back of a taxi awaiting a further spurt of progress down tree-lined boulevards and across bridges which somehow appeared very familiar. Twilight had come before I announced arrival to the good Madame Penru. What a good job my marconigram had reached Gentilly whilst the ship was still crossing the Channel!

The room was small and simple, with a table, two chairs and a bed, well covered with blankets, less than one metre behind and alongside the wall. The stove had not been lighted for summer was not quite over. Over the bed were two long book-shelves within handy reach of one who had to read far into the night. My clothing was hastily distributed on numerous shelves in a large wardrobe with full-length mirror. A cold water tap and a neat wash basin were in a corner and the cupboard underneath contained a half-filled bottle of methylated spirits and a small lamp for heating shaving water. It was soon to be put to other uses also, such as the making of endless porridge with milk.

As winter continued to tighten its icy grip, I had strict instructions not to let the stove go out whilst away at lectures. This was no easy task, but it was with a wonderful feeling that one sat down of a late evening to wrestle with the eternal essays and translations into French. Early in November I bought a cheap transistor and fought hard against temptation to listen to homeland transmissions. Radio Sorbonne still gave interesting lectures in the early evenings and sometimes I found myself listening to this same station before or after Saturday morning lectures. It was comforting to hear the clock still striking the hour long after quitting the Latin Quarter. There was no end to soaking in the ancient and modern culture of France. Clearly, with an Englishman's limitations, a lifetime would not suffice.

Friday evenings always found me arriving at Gentilly very tired and often footsore. I had been standing in the groups listening intently to expert art exponents and all the while studying the infinite varieties of paintings, architecture, and the plastic arts. In this way one quartered the Paris region, from north to south and from east to west, and there was

never a dull moment. One late evening, in a motionless yet icy wind, I paused in crossing Port Saint Michel to watch the icy-floes passing under this bridge. One could not stand and stare for long, not being equipped with ear-flaps as was our faithful postman whilst pedalling his bicycle on keen and frosty mornings. As I met the warm air and lights of the Luxembourg station of the "Chemin de fer métropolitain," I shivered and bantered before a good-humoured ticket-collector. Was it ever so cold in my own land?

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

by S. Campbell (5By)

QUIET night for Jack the Watchman, no one stirs nor agitates the silence. Only the spluttering of the coke burning brazier helps to fill the void oblivion. What a change from the day's crescendo of pneumatics and chugging motors. The smell of tar, damp stone and coke gas intoxicates all near by. The red barrier poles are a barrier between the dim lit road and the labyrinth of stinking, stench ridden, slush saturated sewers.

Deep from the night comes the comforting footsteps of a policeman, the man in blue with silver adornments.

The smoke from Jack's own-rolled fags mingles and swirls with the blue grey off-cast coke gas. The outlined roller stands like an off-cast toy that no longer winds its flattering way over wet tar and North Wales road-stone. Now silent and static.

The Town Hall clock strikes four; four long hours to go. "Have I enough 'baccy and taters?" resounds a little voice in Jack's mind, a mind clustered with night sounds and jug of smoke.

His nicotine-stained hands stretch to lift the well scalded "billy-can" from the glowing embers. He drinks his tea with method, the method of an old timer, feeling its warmth inside his cold interior. The lamp glitters in his eye, glittering the night away.

IS THE CHURCH RELEVANT TO MODERN LIFE

Compiled from original sources by J. P. Langley

IN a recent article published in a newspaper the view was expressed that most teenagers appeared to believe in God but found the church was irrelevant to modern life. Here a number of boys from various parts of the upper school express their views on the subject.

'I don't think all churches are dead but where there is a bit of brightness and an interesting vicar the dead and buried atmosphere disappears almost completely. The atmosphere may be due to the presence of epitaphs to dead people.'

'I hate churches which are small and cramped but the large Catholic churches with an air of importance are different. I find that after leaving church one feels refreshed for the whole week. At the moment I have no fixed religion.'

'I think the church is a status symbol to many people.'

'The churches are a couple of centuries out of date and need modernising. Most of the songs and the like are written in some ancient English which it takes me all my time to read let alone understand. The music if not at least more up to date should be livelier. I think the only thing that keeps people at church at all is their conscience.'

'I like the kind of church that has beat groups. One church I know has on Sunday evenings a youth fellowship where they sing folk songs etcetera.'

'Church is needed in our times as we can go there and relax and the priest is there to serve you as a father.'

'It could be said that religion is a civilisation of its own.'

'The church still has its purpose but it is being used as a meeting point for gossiping women and money-makers.'

'I have been to churches of several denominations—including the Catholic church and although I have found an atmosphere it has never been morbid. I enjoy going to church I find it relaxing and it is a good way of forgetting for a while the strife around me.'

'The church is rubbish, it is a waste of time, you learn nothing of importance. The only use of the church is for burying people.'

'Church prayers, sermons etc., are all old fashioned rigmarole.'

'It is true that certain parts of the church service could be revitalised, however, a church is a holy place and must retain a certain awe inspiring dignity.'

'I think the church is not relevant to the Twentieth Century and the church does not do anything for anybody on any part of the earth.'

'Every church has an atmosphere that you can feel—the presence of someone there especially when you are by yourself.'

'It's like going back a couple of hundred years into a world which although having a meaning excites no feeling but that of space and emptiness and a longing for a different sort of company.'

'The church does not mean anything to the generation I live in because it is too formal.'

'You needn't go to church to believe. If you lead a good life and don't go to church that is alright. I feel God in some parts of the country much more than in church.'

'I don't go but if I get married and have a family I should go then with my children.'

The last words on the topic come from three of oldest boys in the school.

"Are murders and thefts as common as dances and Bingo? No, then the church is extremely relevant to modern life because even non-believers do not murder because of a moral code based on the fifth and seventh commandment. It is from these commandments that our law is derived and without these laws there would be no modern life."

"'If God did not exist,' said Voltaire 'then we would have to create him.'

The Church, then is relevant to any aspect of Man's life whether past or present. He is and always has been a reasoning animal but there is inevitably a point where his reasoning fails him. It is from this point he has developed his stand-by, religion, and he can never exist without it.'

"If the reader considers that he has secured complete peace of mind in such a secular society as the one in which we live without a belief in the Church, the obvious conclusion is that it is not a necessary institution. But now, ask yourself, truthfully whether your mind is ever at rest in this competitive and contentious world, and especially in your own case, that of a student swallowed up in the rat race of examination success and failure."

UNE ROSE PARMI LES EPINES

par Mlle. S. Robert

Il était une fois une rose qui rêvait de voyages et d'aventure dans un pays lointain et inconnu. Un beau matin, comme par enchantement, ce rêve est devenu réalité. Mais tout n'était pas si simple pour la pauvre rose qui allait devoir affronter de nombreuses épreuves. Pensez donc! la voilà du jour au lendemain entourée de plus d'Épines qu'elle n'en avait jamais vues! Ces épines étaient de deux sortes: il y en avait de grosses, couramment appelées professeurs, et d'autres plus petites mais beaucoup plus nombreuses mieux connues sous le nom d'élèves. Une des premières difficultés pour la rose venait de ce que les épines ne parlaient pas la même langue qu'elle, et malgré tous ses efforts la rose avait beaucoup de mal à comprendre et encore plus à se faire comprendre car les rudiments de ce langage qu'elle avait appris à l'école, se révélaient inutiles ou du moins très insuffisants.

Il ne lui restait plus qu'à se laisser mourir de chagrin, loin de sa patrie et des siens. Cette colution cependant ne donnait pas à la rose entière satisfaction. Partir en guerre contre les épines au son de la Marseillaise était une autre solution possible. Mais quelles chances avait-elle de l'emporter? Elle avait la majorité contre elle. Que faire? La rose qui connaissait bien le sage proverbe de son pays "mieux vaut douceur que violence." abandonna ses projets belliqueux et essaya de mettre ce proverbe en pratique.

Tout d'abord ses efforts se portèrent sur la langue bizarre que parlaient les épines. Elle fit dans ce domaine de sérieux progrès (en toute modestie) mais malgré toute sa bonne volonté beaucoup des subtilités de l'humour du pays des épines, uniquement réservées aux initiés, lui restèrent mystérieuses. Les épines avaient une étrange manie de parler perpétuellement (ou presque) du soleil et de la pluie, sujet que l'on n'abordait au pays de la rose que lorsqu'on était incapable de parler d'autre chose. La rose habituée à parler plutôt de maladies de foie ou de rhumatismes essaya cependant de faire du temps son premier sujet conversation. Elle qui se nourrissait exclusivement de rosée et d'escargots, la voilà subitement au régime des "mashed potatoes" et de la "custard" journalière. Elle s'en accommode fort bien cependant.

De temps en temps la rose parlait aux épines de son pays et de ses habitants dont elles se faisaient une idée tout à fait particulière. Allez donc imaginer ces gens bizarres chaussés de nu-pieds et portant invariablement une marinière et surtout la tête couverte de l'inévitable beret. Et j'allais oublier la baguette de pain...

Comme les mystères du bridge et des "crosswords" lui étaient impénétrables, la rose essayait, pour se consoler, d'apprendre à ses épines à jouer à la belote ou à "il ou elle" et leur enseignait parfois des chansons de son pays.

Elle essayait de son mieux de se rendre utile (il reste à savoir si elle y parvenait) et poussait même parfois la gentillesse (toujours aussi modeste!) jusqu'à servir le thé à ces Messieurs. Allez donc parler de "useless sex" après cela!

Les épines de leur côté apprenaient le langage de la rose, et bien que pendant quelque temps la conversation se bornât (oh le beau subjonctif!) à des "Bonjour, Bonsoir, Merci, Pardon," se qui n'était déjà pas si mal, la rose savait bien qu'avec un peu de temps elle deviendrait plus passionnante et plus variée....

La rose parviendra-t-elle à remplir sa tâche, c'est à dire à se rendre utile et à se faire adopter par les épines ou au contraire sera-t-elle étouffée par elles? C'est ce que vous saurez, dans quelques mois d'ici, si vous lisez le prochain épisode de ce roman — feuilleton. A suivre....

CHESS NOTES

WITH six of the regular members of last year's School team available this year we are hopeful of a more successful season, and the team has, in fact, so far shown improvement in successive matches played.

After a shaky start in our opening match with St. Anselm's, lost by $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$, in which several members were clearly out of practice and played below their usual form, we played a drawn match with Prescott Grammar School, whom we met for the first time, and followed this up with a satisfactory win by $4\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$ in our third match against Maghull Grammar School.

It is regrettable, however, that the play on some of the higher boards especially too often lacks enterprise and produces inconclusive results. It must be remembered that the absence of clocks does not justify inaction, and a positive effort should be made to maintain a rate of play at least equal to that which would be required if clocks were used.

The first round of the Senior House Matches has been played and resulted in a win by Stitt over Atkin by 4 games to 3, and by Westminster over Tate by 7-0.

A 1st Forms tournament has been initiated in which 28 players are participating. Two rounds of this have so far been played. In addition the Chess room is well patronised every day in the dinner-hour when friendly and practical games are played

R.H.S.

THE SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

DESPITE the pressures of sixth form life, the Sixth Form Society has met on two occasions this term and the results have been most encouraging. The Society, under the chairmanship of E. L. Pye, held its inaugural meeting in the Wilfred Owen Library. To coincide with the Labour rise to power, it was decided that the meeting should take the form of a debate, the motion being "This house believes in the re-instatement of conscription." D. Hedgley proposed the motion, seconded by W. Everard, and it was opposed by D. Young, seconded by B. Walker. In fact, the debate proved to be more like a discussion, but the evening was very enjoyable, mainly because of the humorous speech by Mr. Young, who gave a superb parody of an army officer giving a recruiting talk. It could be suggested that with Mr. Young as a recruiting officer (he possesses the ideal physical attributes), the army would be swollen with the illiterate masses swayed by Mr. Young's patriotic words. Mr. Langley, who is now rumoured to have taken up permanent residence in the aforesaid library, filled the room with a patriotic outburst upon conscription, which were supposed to show his views. But Mr. Gray informed those present that Mr. Langley was not backing up his convictions, this was met with loud applause. Despite the absence of R. Parry and J. Tunley, who had made a hasty retreat to prepare refreshments, the motion was defeated by 13 votes to 5. There were no abstentions, but this would probably have been remedied if Tunley had been allowed to show his feelings upon the motion.

The next meeting took place three weeks later in the music room and to keep in line with the surroundings, it took the form of a folk singing evening. There were some interesting celebrities from the staff room present, Mr. Lesley, alias Segovia, Mr. Lingard, who adopted the dual role of George Formby and Larry Adler and finally, the successor to Françoise Hardy, Mlle Robert. This evening was probably more enjoyable than the first and Pye played a vital part in arranging the evening. Pye went to great lengths to hire two famous Spanish dancers, Oliviere Vagus and Lolita, to perform the well-known dance of crushing the grapes. However, despite the exotic names, the dancers proved to be merely members of the U. 6th who had misinformed Pye as to their nationalities. Lolita was D. Millardship, a cruel member of that form, whose motto is "Better never than late," as he wields his pen and the late-book insanely. The other member of the duo, R. Parry, showed his sadistic tendencies as he began the dance by kicking the door in the chairman's face. Several other individual efforts should be applauded, the masters showing their hidden talents, Mr. Lingard giving a banjo solo and a harmonica solo; Scott gave us a solo upon his guitar. Mlle. Robert provided the melodious note amongst the gruff rumblings of the sixth formers, singing a few French songs. Everyone present appeared to enjoy the evening and it is hoped that future meetings will receive the same support.

P. PARRY, Secretary.

PREFECTS NOTES — 1964

by E. L. Pye

EVIDENTLY stimulated by the local council's change in attitude as regards the modernisation of the school, 'Prefect '64' heralded the new year sporting his new tie and differently-styled badge. Before the novelty of these innovations had worn off D. R. Ratcliff, unable to quell his insatiable appetite for work in the outside world, joined the ranks for yet another innings. His former form mate, D. Millardship, was soon pensioned off with the job of late prefect, while our campanologist, J. Frost, was able to exercise this delicate commodity to the utmost when presented with the job of "sonneur de cloches."

Mr. H. L. Gray was able to draw on the prefects for his latest production 'A Man for all Seasons'. Pye typecast as a king, Millardship as an elder statesman, Brown as a common man, Steels as a walking advertisement for Paxo stuffing, and Parry who at close range resembled a Geisha girl — Frost acquitted himself backstage.

Although events this year have as yet been few in number, they have nevertheless provided a certain amount of amusement. M. McNulty, worried about the competence of the photographer and the angle at which the prefects' photograph had been taken, decided to incline his shoulders to what he considered to be the horizontal, while in the individual photographs, R. Parry appeared to take a dislike to the photographer and showed his more vulgar self by putting out his tongue.

The school dance was organised by four of the prefects, and although at first harassed by lethargy on the part of people selling tickets, it turned out to be a success, providing us with a profit of £17.

The school captain, E. Pye, the rugby captain, J. Croft, the cricket captain, R. Parry, and the winner of the Old Boys' Memorial Prize, G. Brown, had the honour of representing the school at the dinner held in commemoration of the 75th anniversary of the school. We would like to thank the people concerned for this cordial invitation. With one term of office successfully behind us, we can now look forward to the Mock G.C.E. in the coming term.

ABROAD '64, '65

DURING the summer holidays a party from the School stayed at the Foyer des Lycéennes in Paris. Enjoying the best of weather, they climbed Notre Dame and l'Arc de Triomphe, ascended Tour Eiffel, went underground to explore the Catacombs, sailed on the Seine, visited Marché aux Puces, Palais de la Découverte, Unesco Headquarters, Musée Grévin and les Invalides. Boating on the lake at Versailles, golfing in the Bois de Boulogne, singing in the late evening in Caveau des Oubliettes, swimming in the local baths, feeding the animals at Vincennes, marvelling at Orly Airport, window shopping on les Champs Elysées, touring the illuminations — the twelve days went all too quickly. They returned with a working knowledge of the Métro (change at Franklin D. Roosevelt) but with few francs.

Next year a group is going to Zell-am-See which lies in the heart of the Austrian Alps, on the west shore of its own lake and at the foot of the Schmittenhöhe (6,000 ft.). There will be facilities for rowing, sailing, swimming and crazy golf and visits will be made to Salzburg, the salt mines at Berchtesgarden, Krimml Falls, the Pasternzen Glacier and Bad Gastein. A trip will be made by cable-car and chair-lift to the Sonnenalm and there will be a full-day visit to the most impressive hydro-electric power plant above Kaprun.

Although hotels have now been booked and all arrangements completed, it is still possible for boys to join the party.

COMMEMORATION DINNER

On Saturday, 14th November, the Old Instonians' Association held a Commemoration Dinner in the Town Hall, Birkenhead, in celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Birkenhead Institute.

Old Boys of the School travelled from all parts of the British Isles to attend and among those present were many former members of staff including Mr. A. O. Jones, the Reverend F. W. Jones, Mr. J. E. Allison and Mr. D. J. Williams.

The guests were welcomed by the Chairman, Mr. L. T. Malcolm, who referred to the death two days earlier in his 102nd year of Mr. J. H. Crofts, the last remaining link with the original staff.

The toast of 'Birkenhead Institute' was proposed by one of the School's most distinguished Old Boys, the Lord Cohen of Birkenhead, who said he regarded it as a signal honour and enviable privilege. "I yield to none in my admiration for Birkenhead and Birkenhead Institute and for what both have done in the field of education."

It was a nostalgic occasion, he added, recalling that having won an elementary school scholarship he went through the 'B' forms of the School with meticulous precision until there were no more 'B' forms left and he was put into 6A.

Masters at the School recalled by Lord Cohen with high regard and admiration included Mr. H. B. Wood, Mr. W. H. Watts, Mr. George Grant, Mr. Gerry Dowse — "a real egg-head in the true sense" — Mr. R. J. Griffith and Mr. A. P. Clauge.

Remembering the victims of the first World War, Lord Cohen recalled two in particular — Wilfred Owen, one of the greatest poets of the war and Ralph Seward, the first Institute boy to win an open scholarship to Balliol in mathematics.

He proposed the toast to the School not only in the hope but in the certainty that it had as great a part to play in the future as in the past.

The toast was responded to by the Headmaster, Mr. E. G. Webb, and the toast of 'the Guests' was proposed by Councillor E. G. Williams, an Old Boy. It was replied to by the Old Boy who had made the longest journey to be at the Dinner, Mr. W. R. Jones, from Vancouver Island. He is co-founder of the New World Alumni Society of Birkenhead Institute Old Boys' Association. He recalled winning a scholarship to the B.I. in 1912 and added that there was still nothing in America which equalled the education available in this country.

LIBRARY NOTES

At the end of last term the school had to say farewell to Mr. Walsh, one of whose main interests was the school library. It was he who was responsible for the removal of the books from the old form room of the Upper Sixth on the first floor. Not only did Mr. Walsh establish the library on its new surroundings but he also produced in connection with the Library a Tribute to Wilfred Owen, to whose name the Library is to be dedicated. We hope that Mr. Walsh will enjoy his new post as Librarian at Anstey Training College.

Meanwhile the library has been settling down to the routine issue of books and it is encouraging to see the number of boys in the Sixth Form who are using the books, not only for the subjects they are studying but for general reading as well. During the term it has been possible to bring the Magazine racks into use. In connection with this we must thank Mr. Gray who has provided both "The Sunday Times" and "The Observer" for the Library. Another addition has been the collection of University Prospectuses and other information related to careers for the Sixth Form.

During the Summer Holiday the long awaited copy the "Ben Shahn edition of Wilfred Owen's Poetry" was received at school. As only 400 copies of this have been printed in North America it is indeed a privilege for the school to have a copy. We are grateful to Mr. Jones for the plaque he has made for the Library. In the near future it is hoped to obtain a copy of the second volume of Harold Owen's trilogy "Journey from Obscurity".

At the end of this term C. L. Baldwin, P. R. Joynson, G. Newbold, C. H. Roberts and B. H. Walker will be handing over to new Librarians. During this year they have all worked hard especially during the period when the Library was being set up and I would like to thank them for their efforts.

J.P.L.

"A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS"

THE school play this year was an ambitious choice but a rewarding one. "A Man for All Seasons" by Robert Bolt is one of the great plays written since the war and is an interesting development of the contemporary theatre.

The large stage at the Y.M.C.A. was well used and Mr. Jones had designed a colourful all-purpose set which was cleverly adapted for the various scenes by an interesting and thoughtful use of lighting. The few stage properties were pleasing and helpful and the stage hands moved quickly and silently across the darkened stage making the necessary stage arrangements.

A play of this kind requires a high level of understanding of their parts by the actors. Much of the play consists of arguments and discussion, and if the audience's interest is to be maintained, the speeches must be meant and not merely recited.

D. Millardship was well cast as Sir Thomas More and gave a most sympathetic and moving performance as a man who will not betray his conscience nor his loyalty to God and King. This performance was as good as any the school has seen. C. R. Harper made a splendidly scheming and cynical Cromwell, out for power at any price. D. J. Steels played the part of Norfolk with equanimity and sincerity. G. F. Brown was an entertaining and popular Common Man and J. Gregory an expertly intriguing Chapuys, the Spanish Ambassador. G. F. Keating played Alice, Thomas's wife, with an appropriate mixture of kindness and coarseness, and J. R. Cotterell was a pleasing and demure Margaret, Thomas's daughter. E. L. Pye was a youthful King Henry VIII, and R. Parry a worldly-wise Wolsey. D. R. Young played Roper, More's son-in-law, with conviction and understanding and B. Gunson nicely portrayed Richard Rich as a young man learning how to make his way in the world. Meagher was suitably lady-like as a Woman and P. C. Challinor was a suitably sunburnt attendant to Chapuys. Archbishop Cranmer was played in an appropriately restrained manner by V. Y. Hodgson.

All the members of the cast looked well in their varied costumes and moved with an ease and sureness unusual in school actors. The stage groupings were pleasing on the eye, for the most part, and the stage movements were natural and unaffected. Most of the actors looked as if they had grown up with the part and the whole impression was inspiring and convincing.

While some of the audience might have found the play required a high degree of concentration, most were well pleased with the production and found the evening a most rewarding experience. Difficult yet successful productions like this confirm the considerable talent in the school and do much for the school's reputation and morale.

INITIATIVE AND ENDURANCE TEST EASTER — 1964

by E. L. Pye and M. F. McNulty

THE first part of this year's challenge was an Endurance test which consisted of a twenty mile walk round the Wirral, starting from the Headmaster's house at five o'clock in the morning, and, in our case, finishing at 11 a.m. The distance was shorter this year than last, and but for the fact that it was very cold and wet, was comparatively easy. In fact, it consisted of nothing more than walking — there were no problems nor tasks.

However, the walk was a mere preliminary. Instead of there being a night's rest between the "Endurance" section and the "Initiative" we had to carry straight on with the rest of the tasks. A good night's sleep would have been a most welcome interlude. As it was the whole test became one of endurance.

The initiative section involved travelling to Hadrian's Wall and writing an account of it on returning home. We travelled to Carlisle within the first day and were given hospitality at the home of the gentleman who gave us a lift into Carlisle. We bedded down on the floor of the living room and in the morning were wakened by the two small children who came to look for the "Beatles from Liverpool." We promised to send them a photograph of the real Beatles.

The next morning we visited the Carlisle Museum and met Snook, Challinor, Hedgeley and Elliot. Here we also took a wax rubbing of the inscription on a building stone. We were informed that the best piece of the wall was at Birdoswald. We were there by tea-time after the longest wait for a lift of the whole test. Here was a Roman fort and a substantial section of the wall. McNulty was almost drowned trying to cross the River Irthing while following the course of the wall at this point. We tried to bed-down in a field but when it began to snow we went in search of somewhere more sheltered and found a Ministry of Works hut with the key in the door and spent a deadly and draughty night there, sleeping in short and sudden snatches. Later we learned that Hedgeley and Elliott were sleeping warm and snug in a nearby farm.

On Thursday we had to return home so took a lift along the military road to Newcastle where we investigated the University Museum. Now we were quite worn out after all our endurance and initiative but were offered a lift even before leaving Newcastle by a lorry driver who took us as far as Worksope. Apparently he needed company to prevent him from dropping off to sleep, for he claimed to be driving twenty out of twenty four hours a day carrying carrots to Newcastle. In fact, he nearly fell asleep several times on the journey.

At Worksope we stayed the night. The test required us to stay one night in the open so we decided to spend it in a wood. In a clearing we found an old van which we reassembled, stuffed the cracks with bracken and warmed with the primus stove. We sang songs to keep away the beasts of the forest and then had the best night's sleep of the Test.

After travelling across country we arrived at Helsby where we were fortunate to obtain a lift in a laundry van and so arrived at the finishing post with only an hour to spare.

OLD INSTONIAN'S A.F.C.

THE Old Boys' Soccer Club entered the new season with a highly optimistic outlook. With an active membership of some 40 players, we are fielding three teams in the Liverpool Old Boys' League.

The 1st and 3rd teams are this season playing at Arrowe Park, whilst the 2nd team are playing at Coronation Park, Greasby.

Last season was our first at Coronation Park and much discussion took place during the Annual General Meeting in May as to whether we should retain this ground. Many members felt that the ground was disappointing as the pitch was lacking in size and the changing facilities were very poor.

As the local council intend erecting a pavilion it was decided to continue playing there.

Results, so far this season, have been very disappointing after the spirit with which we entered the campaign. On several occasions the 2nd and 3rd XIs have suffered from "let-downs" and late "cry-offs" and this, naturally, does little to help morale.

The first XI with whom our hopes were highest have had the best start of the three teams. The opening game against Collegiate O.B. ended in a 3-3 draw and was a fine, hard fought game, and the standard of play seemed to augur well for future fixtures.

Unfortunately our ambitions were not crowned and for future games during the campaign the emphasis will be on strengthening the defence. Competition for places in the defence is becoming increasingly keen. Already this season we have had several newcomers challenging for regular places.

The highspot, so far, for the 1st XI was the defeat of Old Swan Technical College in the first round of the Senior Trophy Cup by 5 goals to 1; a fine performance in which we really played to expected standards. Some weeks earlier we had suffered a 4-1 defeat against Halsall in the Liverpool Amateur Cup, the other Cup Competition for which we entered, and consequently the Old Swan victory was all the more satisfactory.

The 2nd XI have had only an average start this season. They won their initial game 9-1 against St. Mary's O.B., turning in a very fine performance. Subsequent games were rather disappointing and here again the emphasis for improvement will be in the defence.

It is hoped that for the rest of the season they enjoy many good games and success attends them accordingly.



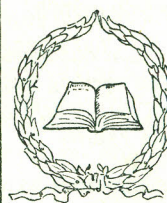

The 3rd XI have been having a very lean time suffering several heavy defeats, but their spirit remains undaunted. If they could be assured of fielding a full team each week results would soon be bettered.

The full playing records to date are:—

| Team | Played | Won | Drawn | Lost | For | Against | Pts. |
|------------|--------|-----|-------|------|-----|---------|------|
| 1st | 8 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 26 | 22 | 9 |
| 2nd | 9 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 27 | 35 | 7 |
| 3rd | 9 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 22 | 49 | 3 |

In closing we extend a most warm and cordial greeting to any School Leavers who feel they would like to play. We can assure them of an enjoyable time.

If you don't play but are interested in watching we shall be only too pleased to receive your support.

| ATKIN | STITT | TATE | W'MINSTER |
|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  |
| HOUSE NOTES | | | |

Atkin

IN welcoming the new members of Atkins House, it is to be hoped that the statistical record of the house's performances so far this year will not give rise to any feeling of despondency or lack of confidence for the future. The fact that Atkins have lost both senior rugby matches and one junior game gives no indication of the fighting spirit and enthusiasm that was evident in all three games, and it is unfortunate that this whole-hearted effort brought no reward. However, the house competition is by no means over and if this spirit can be maintained, the chances of success must be far better.

It is essential therefore, that the boys of Atkins House should look upon the house competition as a challenge to their ability and spirit, and should enter into the activities with confidence and a determination to be successful.

The first senior rugby match was played against Stitt and although the team lost 11-0 there was no shame in this defeat. The game was played at a very fast pace, as are all our matches with Stitt, and it was soon clear that Stitt's pack were controlling the game. As a result, Atkins's backs saw little of the ball and were unable to begin any constructive moves. However, the backs made up for this by hard tackling and persistent covering which prevented Stitt's very good set of backs from utilizing their large share of possession. The very fact that none of Stitt's points came from back movements, when they had nine-tenths possession, speaks volumes for the play of Atkins's threequarters, in which Tunley and Parry played exceptionally well. However, it would be unfair to single out individuals for the whole team gave 100% effort in what was an exciting and hard-fought game. Stitt's points came from two breaks from the base of the scrum by A. Woods, and a penalty.

The seniors then played a Westminster team, which was seeking revenge for its defeat at the hands of Tate. The first few minutes of the game were marked by good play by the Atkins backs and it seemed for a while that Atkins could win the match by using her backs. However, once again the light and inexperienced pack were outplayed, and although the forwards made supreme efforts. Westminster gradually began to control the game. Clearly Westminster were the better side on the day, but the game was by no means one-sided and Atkins's open play made the game interesting.

Atkin's junior house team met with little success in their game with Stitt, but here again the team never gave up and were not disgraced. It seems that all the junior side lacks is confidence and belief in its own ability, and an improvement in this could lead to success.

In the chess competition, Atkin's intellectual side was seen to its best advantage, and the team has been more successful than the rugby teams, having beaten Tate $5\frac{1}{2}$ — $1\frac{1}{2}$ games and being narrowly beaten by Stitt 4—3 games. The chances of the team beating Westminster are good, and it is to be hoped that the team is successful, for a victory would give the house's record a more healthy appearance.

There seems little cause for despondency in the efforts of the House so far, and with the prospect of good performances in cross-country, athletics, and cricket, the House could be entering a more successful and rewarding period.

R.P.

Stitt

THIS year, E. L. Pye, has been elected House Captain and is already proving his capabilities not only on the rugby field and as Chess captain but also as an excellent organiser and valuable assistant to the Housemaster. Perhaps under his inspiring captaincy, this will be our year.

Second best! Last year Stitt finished second in the Coronation Cup competition. Pipped on the post once more by their deadliest rival, Westminster. But have we reason to be down-hearted? On the contrary as up to the present in this school year, we are the only house with a hundred per cent record. Having disposed of Atkin and Tate at Senior Rugby and of Atkin in the junior competition. In the first of the Senior chess games, Stitt won its match against Atkin.

At this stage, when our prospects look rosier than ever before, we cannot afford to be complacent as we have yet to meet Westminster in all the competitions and our lead over them is such a slender one that we must not relax our efforts.

What of the immediate future? If our rugby teams continue to play so well, our chances of winning the Rugby shield must be rated higher than ever before and our prospects of at least drawing again this year with Westminster at Chess must be a reasonable possibility. Next term we have the Annual Cross-country to contend with. Last year, when our hopes were highest for winning this competition, it was cancelled owing to inclement weather conditions. This year we hope that an adequate alternative date will be arranged if once again we are "rained-off" on the designated day.

On this optimistic note, we thank all our team members for their efforts and call on them to make even greater ones in our remaining games in order to put Stitt back at the top of the table after far too long a period; no more second best.

D.J.

Tate

ALTHOUGH not particularly optimistic at the start of this year's house activities the house rugby team was elated after its first match at defeating Westminster for the first time in many years. This was a very tense struggle in which Callister and Shaw made strong runs and subsequent tries, forward play being centred in that of Howarth, Gunson, and Betley. Unfortunately due to absentees we lost our second match against Stitt but with a full team we hope to put up a stronger fight against Atkin. The only junior house match played so far this term also led to defeat due to a lack of teamwork and tackling, but with a little effort this team could return a more creditable performance.

The house has fared little better in the Senior chess and was disappointed to lose heavily to Westminster. It is hoped that the other houses are lulled into a false sense of security.

Looking into the future it appears that Westminster's sun is already beginning to set and with everybody in the house giving his whole-hearted support, especially in the remaining activities and the School Cross Country next term, there is a distinct possibility of better things to come. A.B.

Westminster

FOR the seventh time in succession we won the Coronation Cup, the Rugby Cup, Cricket Cup and Athletics Shield and tied for first place with Stitt in the Chess Cup Competition. The Cross Country was cancelled because of torrential rain although no doubt we would have won that also just to emphasise our superiority.

The Senior Rugby Team won all three matches with ease and the Juniors were only defeated somewhat unfortunately by Stitt by 6-3. Stitt won the Chess Cup from us by $\frac{1}{2}$ game and although the inexperienced Juniors won all three games our Seniors could only win one, draw one and lose one. In the seniors Hayman must be congratulated for going without defeat as must Mitchell and Cook in the Juniors who were also undefeated.

Westminster again regained the Athletics Shield by the clear margin of 94 points from Stitt. Buckley, Beattie, Colgan, Titchmarsh, Wilson and Owens of IV were outstanding in their years and collected many valuable points and must be praised and thanked for their efforts.

In the Cricket Competition only one game was lost which was against Stitt Seniors where the poor-fielding of the house gave Stitt a seven wicket victory. The Juniors, who were non-favourites to win their games, won all of them thanks to the captaincy and batting of James and good consistent bowling by McDonald.

The 1964-65 Coronation Cup Competition started disastrously for the Senior Rugby XV who were unluckily defeated 8-6 by Tate. Three Rugby matches have been played to date, two of which have been won. The Juniors beat Tate by 31-0 and were well captained by Wilson who scored three tries. the house is off to a good start in the Chess Competition with a resounding 7-0 victory against Tate.

For many years Westminster have been Coronation Cup winners and have never been seriously challenged, but this year the competition is much closer and if we are to win it again there must be a combined effort from the whole house and not from just a few "gifted" individuals in each year. The success of the house depends upon the efforts of every member of the house from the most athletic to the least athletic and from the scholars and non-scholars in every field of house activity. G.B.

GYMNASTICS

THE School Gym Club is open to boys from the third year and upwards, on Friday evenings after October half term. About twenty five boys attend and only really keen ones are accepted for membership. Last year the club started with a visit to Chester College P.E. Department and an evening was spent in the College gym working with the students. This was a popular event and the boys appreciated for the first time the value of space and ample apparatus. The students acted as coaches and helped the boys to become more stylish as well as more ambitious. From this informal meeting it was decided to have a competition between the school and the college involving vaulting, agility and trampoline work. The students sent their second team and after a most interesting match the school were well beaten in gymnastics and lost narrowly in trampoline events. The boys discovered that style is very important indeed and not just a whim of the gymnastics teacher. Parents and boys attended as spectators and all enjoyed an entertaining evening.

The trampoline has retained its popularity as one had hoped and besides being used regularly in Upper School lessons it is used daily by the Sixth Form during the dinner hour. Boys are becoming quite proficient at the various skills but again it must be said, for their particular benefit, that style of performance is as important as the actual activity. J.D.H.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

Of the two matches held so far this year, the School team has won both. Running against Wirral Grammar School, B.I. scored 33 points to Wirral's 49 and in a triangular contest with Park High School and Oldershaw Grammar School the points were B.I. 38, Park High 55 and Oldershaw 92.

RUGBY 1963/64

IT has always been the intention of the games staff that rugby should be and 2nd XVs of later years would benefit from these boys. The 1st XV had a disappointing season but they always tried to play the open game and never gave in. The 2nd XV had tremendous spirit and enjoyed their games with an open game with the backs having as much of the game as the forwards and this pattern began to emerge during the 63/64 season but with little luck as far as results go. The Colts and the Bantams were the most successful sides and it was felt that here was material for the future and that the 1st

reasonable success and on two occasions a 3rd XV was turned out. Despite lack of success there was no obvious loss of heart and the season ended on reasonably high notes with exciting games against the local rivals. The pleasing thought, as far as the senior boys were concerned, was that many of the 1st XV would return in September 1964 and surely benefit from their own experience.

This has proved to be the case up to the time of writing and narrow defeats of last season have been reversed this year and we have been able to inflict heavy defeats on our opposition. In the 64/65 season to date the 1st, 2nd, Colts and Bantams have produced fast entertaining rugby with the three-quarters anxious to have the ball in their hands. The new laws have helped of course but the players make the game and they are all learning quickly and trying to develop the type of game we all hope to see.

When one thinks that on most Saturdays six teams, plus reserves, represent the school, which means that over one hundred boys are playing on Saturday morning and that number is about one quarter of the school's total population, one realises that Rugby Football at the Institute is in a very healthy state and the enthusiasm of staff and boys can not be too highly praised.

Officials for the 63/64 and 64/65 seasons are as follows:—

63/64

Captain: A. Dunne.
2nd XV: I. Armstrong.
Colts XV: D. Birss.
Bantams XV: P. R. Whitehead.
Junior Bantams XV: D. J. Wilson.
Chicks XV: G. Jones.

64/65

Captain: J. Croft.
Committee: G. Brown, A. Howarth.
2nd XV: P. Joynson.
Colts XV: P. R. Whitehead.
Bantams XV: D. A. Garry.
Junior Bantams XV: G. Jones.
Chicks XV: C. H. Candeland.

During the 1963/64 Season colours were awarded to:— J. Aspinall; J. Kellett; D. Ratcliff.

Boys may be interested to know that 1st XV selection involves the Captain, the Committee, plus masters in charge of 1st and 2nd XVs and every boy in the senior sides is selected on merit after careful consideration and discussion.

The Rugby Club is deeply indebted to the Ladies' Catering Committee who do such a wonderful job on Saturdays and weekdays throughout the season in providing refreshments for the players of all teams, also to the groundsman Mr. E. Begley who keeps the pitches in such good order, ensures a hot bath, always provides that cup of coffee for the visiting staff and referee before the game, a feature which no other school, that we play, can boast.

J.D.H.

FIRST XI CRICKET, 1964

Holt High School—Won—B.I. 113 for 5 dec.; Holt 27 for 10.
Ellesmere Port G.S.—Won—B.I. 88 for 10; Ellesmere 51 for 10.
Wirral Grammar School—Won—W.G.S. 62 for 10; B.I. 65 for 4.
Wellington School—Won—B.I. 127 for 10; Wellington 61 for 10.
Calday Grange G.S.—Lost—Calday 127 for 5 dec.; B.I. 45 for 10.
Wallasey Technical G.S.—Won—B.I. 117 for 7 dec.; Wallasey 4 for 10.
Oldershaw G.S.—Won—B.I. 101 for 9 dec.; Oldershaw 74 for 10.
Park High School—Won—B.I. 110 for 10; Park H.S. 74 for 10.
St. Anselm's College—Drawn—B.I. 80 for 10; St. Anselm's 56 for 8.
Rock Ferry High School—Lost—B.I. 103 for 9 dec.; R.F.H.S. 105 for 7.
Oldershaw G.S.—Won—B.I. 155 for 6 dec.; Oldershaw 83 for 10.
Chester Grammar School—Won—B.I. 122 for 7 dec.; Chester 50 for 10.
Old Instonians XI—Lost—Instonians 80 for 10; B.I. 51 for 10.
Staff XI—Tied—Staff 56 for 10; School 56 for 10.

Played — 14 matches.

Won — 9 matches.

Drawn — 1 match.

Tied — 1 match.

Lost — 3 matches.

After some practice during the Easter holiday, we looked forward confidently to the first fixture against Holt High School. B.I. batted first and scored 113 for 5 wickets when they declared, Ritchie having made 46 and Westwater 33. Holt then batted, and were all out for 27 runs, Brown taking 4 wickets for 5 runs and Philip Parry 3 wickets for 6 runs. Six catches were held, which augured well for the future.

The second match of the season was away at Ellesmere Port Grammar School, and, batting first, B.I. were all out for 88 runs, Ratcliff scoring 44 not out. Thanks to some excellent bowling by Philip Parry, who took 7 wickets for 11 runs, and Titchmarsh, who took 3 for 12, the school gained their second victory of the season.

Wirral Grammar School was the venue of the next game, which provided B.I.'s third successive win. Wirral Grammar batted first and were all out for 62 runs, Roy Parry taking 5 for 15, and Brown 2 for 7; B.I. scored 65 runs for the loss of 4 wickets, Howarth making 29 not out, and Woods 20.

Batting first against Wellington School, B.I. were all out for 127 runs, McNulty making 37 and Roy Parry 23. Good bowling by Brown, who took 4 for 8, and Philip Parry, 4 for 17, ensured a B.I. victory by 66 runs.

The first loss of the season came with the match against Caldway Grange Grammar School, who batted first and declared at 127 for 5. B.I. were unable to withstand the pressure of the Caldway bowlers, and were all out for 45 runs, Caldway thus winning by 82 runs.

Immediately after this defeat, however, the school team came back to form for the match against Wallasey Technical Grammar School. B.I. batted first and declared at 117 for 7, Howarth scoring 42, and Ritchie 28. Wallasey then batted and were all out for 4 runs, Philip Parry taking 7 wickets for 2 runs, and Roy Parry 2 for 1.

Another win came in the fixture at Oldershaw Grammar School, where B.I. batted first and declared at 101 for 9, Westwater, Croft, and Woods each making 15, the second batsman being not out. Oldershaw then batted, and were all out for 74 runs, Brown taking 3 for 7, and Roy Parry 3 for 22.

The game against Park High School was one of the most exciting of the season, because here the time factor in the match was really felt for the first time. Batting first B.I. were all out for 110 runs, Westwater scoring 25, and Roy Parry 24. Park High then went in to bat, and their last wicket fell only four minutes from stumps, with the score at 74. Philip Parry took 6 wickets for 17 runs, and Roy Parry held two fine catches, the fielding in general being good.

Playing away at St. Anselm's College, B.I. batted first and were all out for 80, Howarth making 20. In spite of Philip Parry bowling well to take 5 for 16, and Westwater taking two excellent catches behind the wicket, B.I. were denied a victory by time, and at close of play St. Anselm's were 56 runs for 8 wickets. Thus the match was drawn.

The second loss of the season came against Rock Ferry High School. Batting first, B.I. declared at 103 for 9, Brown making 20 not out, and Rock Ferry then went in to score 105 for 7, thus winning by 3 wickets. The closeness of this match, however, is easier to understand when it is known that the winning runs for Rock Ferry were hit off the last ball of the game.

In a return fixture against Oldershaw Grammar School, B.I. batted first, and declared at 155 for 6. In this match Alan Woods made 54 not out, no mean achievement in school cricket. Howarth scored 34 runs. Oldershaw were then all out for 83 runs, Philip Parry taking 5 wickets for 27, and Steels holding two fine catches.

The final match against a school resulted in a win by 72 runs against Chester Grammar School. Good batting by Westwater, with 44, and steady support from Howarth, 23, and Woods, 18 not out, led to Roy Parry declaring at 122 for 7. Chester Grammar School then batted, and were all out for 50 runs, Roy Parry taking 6 wickets for 6 runs, and Philip Parry 3 for 17.

In the match against the Old Instonians' XI, the Old Boys batted first, and were all out for 80. Consequently, the hopes of the school were high, but the pace of the Old Boys' bowlers, McIntosh and Johnson, proved too much, and the school was put out for 51 runs. In this match Roy Parry took 6 wickets for 28 runs against some very strong batsmen, and Brown and Westwater each held two catches.

The game against the Staff was perhaps the most exciting one of the season. Batting first, the Staff were all out for 56, Titchmarsh taking 2 for 2, Brown 3 for 6, and Roy Parry 3 for 7. The school then went in to bat, and at a very tense conclusion they were all out for 56, the result thus being a tie. Special mention must be made of Mr. R. E. Evans who has done so much for cricket at B.I. Despite being out for one to Brown, he returned the gesture with a vengeance, and went on to take 8 wickets for 22 runs with some excellent pace bowling.

Topping the list for catches last season is Westwater, who took nine, closely followed by Roy Parry and Brown, each with eight catches to their credit.

Congratulations are due to the five boys who gained their colours for cricket last season—Roy Parry captain., Philip Parry, Alan Woods, Arthur Howarth, and Colin Westwater.

The thanks of all concerned go to the Ladies' Committee, who have faithfully provided refreshments at all home games, and the groundsman for his work on the square.

From the record shown above it is obvious that the coming season could be a most successful one, since the team is virtually unchanged, and the results could well better those of 1961, when the school won 11 matches and lost only 3.

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| L. E. Yates | Mathematics, Further Mathematics, Physics. Entrance to University College, Bangor. |

* denotes Distinction grade.

23rd BIRKENHEAD SCOUT TROOP ACTIVITIES — 1964

EARLY in the year at a presentation ceremony in honour of Mr. F. E. Tomlinson for his service of nearly 40 years with this Troop, a Patrol shield, which is awarded monthly to the winning Patrol, was named after him.

In March, the Patrol Leaders attended a P/L's training course held in North District and 14 members of the Troop camped at Overchurch over Easter.

The 24th of April was the 40th anniversary of the Troop and to mark the occasion a reunion will be combined with the parents' evening before the next anniversary. On that very night, six Scouts were invested as Seniors.

Four members of the Troop managed to reach the finals in the Birkenhead Scout Swimming Gala.

Three weekend camps were held after Easter and William Jarvis was invested just in time to attend the annual fortnight's camp held, this year, at Hawkshead near Ambleside.

16 Scouts, 5 Seniors, 3 Scouters, and a dog were present at this camp and for the first week, because another Troop were camping on the only flat spot, we camped on the side of a hill. During the night we rolled to the bottom of our tents and during the day, when windy, cereal was blown off our spoons. However, we survived and when the Troop left we moved to their sheltered spot. Esthwaite Water was close and we often went swimming and fishing in it. The Senior Troop built a raft complete with sail which sailed well, with three aboard, to the middle of the lake but it had to be **dragged** back. At this camp we climbed Coniston Old Man, earned the Camping Standards Certificate and consumed at least 248 pints of milk, 168 eggs, and 150 bottles of pop.

Peter Rimmer, John Kelly, and Andrew Halliday were promoted to Patrol Leaders when the previous leaders became Senior Scouts and two new Patrol Seconds were chosen.

Eight new boys joined in September and Julian Fraser, Roy Lewis, and Geoffrey Smith were invested before Christmas.

At the Halloween celebration, Gerard Jemitus became turnip-head champion for the year.

John Kelly was admitted to St. Paul's Eye Hospital in November for an operation which he has since had and he is expected home for Christmas.

The Troop has 21 members but prospective members will always be made welcome.

R. BROOKS (S.M.)

OLD INSTONIAN'S ASSOCIATION

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R. H. LAMB, Esq.

ALMOST exactly three years ago the new Old Instonians' Association Club was opened in Argyle Street. It has gone from strength to strength to become one of the most strongly supported Old Boys' Clubs in the town.

Since the opening, when the premises consisted of a large lounge, a games room, a ladies' room and a committee room, it has expanded into the adjoining building to take in a dance room and a splendid new Members' Lounge which is nearing completion.

All Old Boys of the School are welcome at the Club which is open from 7-30 p.m. on Sundays, Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays and also from 12 noon to 2 p.m. on Sundays.

A. K. McCracken,

Social Secretary.

Each year Old Instonians who play golf enter into friendly competition for the W. J. Pyke Cup. Those who would like details of the next match are asked to contact P. P. Simpson, "Fairways," Forest Close, Meols.

OLD INSTONIANS R.U.F.C.

FORTUNE has not smiled on the 1st XV this season. A number of injuries at the start of the season together with the departure from the district of two members led to a rather experimental, unsettled and young side. As the season has progressed the team has settled down somewhat and is now playing fairly good rugby which should achieve a number of wins before very long. The 2nd XV and 3rd XV have both done much better against strong opposition and have many good wins to their credit. The 4th XV is now playing regularly with the help of schoolboys and is having a very successful season. In this connection we would like to offer our thanks to all the schoolboys who have represented us. Special mention must be made of Geoff Brown who has already played with distinction for the 1st XV.

The club has a very strong social side and runs regular Saturday dances which are proving very popular. At the end of the season the club is visiting the Whitby area for the Easter Tour where three games will be played in four days.

Finally, we wish the school XVs luck in all their remaining fixtures and we hope that when members have finished their playing days at school they will continue them with the Old Boys.

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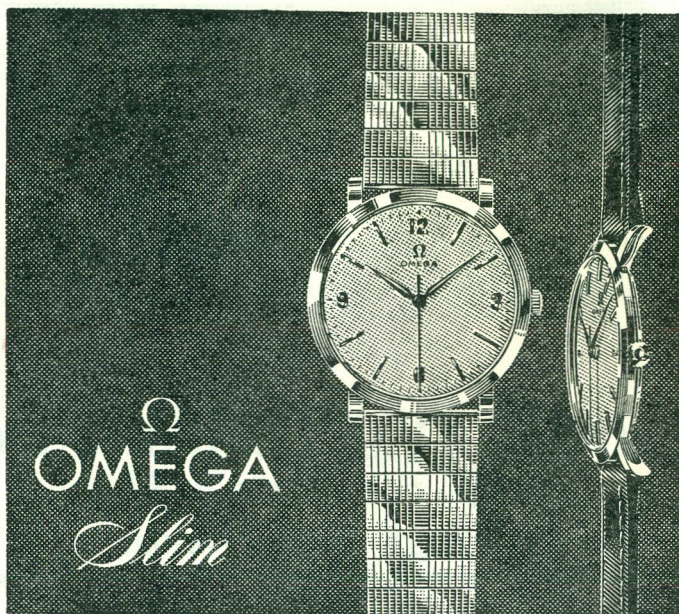
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