

Magazine of the Birkenhead Institute

# THE VISOR

MARCH 1966



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## Editorial

### TOGETHER

One of the hoariest educational dictums is "the school is a community"; but it does not always follow that this is true. A community is a group of people living together and sharing a common interest but how many schoolboys feel they have 'a common interest' with their schoolmaster? And yet they ought to. The fundamental relationship between pupil and master should be one of mutual respect and common endeavour. Where it is not so, each — pupil and master — should ask why and see if the faults are not partly his own, for a successful — a happy and a great — school is one where a strong bond of purpose and regard exist between the teachers and the taught.

The older pupils become, the more necessary is mutual understanding. Boys and masters are each separate and real people. One cannot lump all the pupils together as 'boys' or all the teachers as 'masters'. Individual personality and character must be recognised on both sides. This recognition is a sign of social maturity, an acknowledgement of our interdependence and a realisation that life is rich only in the differences of human character.

This school has many distinguished Old Boys. One hopes that they feel a debt to their old school to their teachers and their contemporaries. Schoolboys are often unwilling to admit indebtedness; as adults they often express it out of a sense of duty. But the richness of adult life must owe something to the richness of childhood and the time spent at school. It will be a sign of the greatness of Birkenhead Institute if all of us, masters and boys, can feel a genuine indebtedness to our school, our colleagues and our teachers and pupils.

### SCHOOL NOTES

Last July Mr. N. Lingard left for Didsbury College of Education, Manchester, where he is now lecturing in Chemistry.

In September two new members of the Mathematics Department joined us, Mr. H. Jones, who came from Abergele, and Mr. C. West, who had graduated at Liverpool University. Another lady joined the French staff, Mrs. Borden, who had previously taught in girls' schools. Mrs. Hall is laboratory assistant and brings another feminine touch to this all-too-male school.

In the autumn term the whole of the school yard was re-surfaced and now the electricians are re-wiring the whole main school and generally fitting fluorescent lighting in the classrooms to bring a welcome brightness to rooms only too often dark and dingy. It is rumoured that the building is to be re-decorated.

The Old Boys' Memorial Prize for the year 1964-65 has been awarded to M. F. McNulty.

The Photographic Competition held in connection with the School holiday in Autumn was won by J. C. Laurence of 2C.

The School Governors are:—

Councillor G. F. Davies, J.P., Chairman;

Alderman J. Furness, J.P.; Alderman H. Platt, J.P.; Councillor D. A. Fletcher; Councillor R. D. Jones, J.P.; Councillor Mrs. E. M. Keegan; Councillor E. G. Williams;

Mr. B. S. Halliday; Mr. F. Scorer; Mr. W. J. Thomas; Mr. C. Wellings; Mr. H. Welsh.

## **OPENING OF THE WILFRED OWEN LIBRARY**

The Wilfred Owen Library was officially opened on Thursday, June 10th, 1965, by Professor The Rt. Hon. Lord Cohen of Birkenhead, a distinguished Old Boy of the School. The School gymnasium was crowded for this most important event in the School's history when its most famous alumnus received his accolade from the School and due recognition, at last, from the town of Birkenhead.

The Mayor of Birkenhead, Councillor W. Gardner, J.P., introduced the brief but impressive ceremony and readings of two of Wilfred Owen's poems were given — "Futility" read by C. R. Meagher, 3B, and "Dulce et Decorum est" read by D. R. Young, L6.

After a perceptive and scholarly speech Lord Cohen moved to the library and declared it formally open after which it, and an exhibition of war trophies, was open to public viewing.

## **Speech delivered by Professor The Rt. Hon. The Lord Cohen of Birkenhead at the Opening of the Wilfred Owen Library at Birkenhead Institute, Thursday, 10th June, 1965**

This is an historic day in the life of the Birkenhead Institute. The book of Ecclesiasticus bids us praise famous men, and we are met here today to commemorate one of this School's most famous sons — Wilfred Owen, poet and soldier who entered the School on June 11th, 1900, almost exactly 65 years ago.

It was during the 7 years he spent here that his innate genius for poetry first revealed itself. His mother tells that she took him for a holiday to Broxton by the Hill when he was 10 years old, and a passage which he wrote 10 years after speaks of his poetic birth:—



"For I fared back into my life's arrears  
Even the weeks at Broxton by the Hill,  
Where first I felt my boyhood fill  
With uncontrollable movements; there was born  
My poethood."

On October 22nd, 1915, he joined the Artists Rifles and 15 months later he sailed to France on active service. In less than 2 years he was killed in action trying to take his men across the Sambre canal.

During these two years he was increasingly oppressed by the savage futility of war, by the tragedy of the sacrifice of youth in the plenitude of its promise, as Sir Charles Sherrington wrote, "The young folk splashed with death in the trenched loam."

Many other poets of the Great War were still tainted by the history they learned at school, and by the poems they recited which glorified war. They cried with Shakespeare, "God for Harry! England and St. George!"

Witness Rupert Brooke's well known lines from his poem, "The Soldier":—

"If I should die think only this of me  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England."

He was fighting not because her cause was just but for his motherland, right or wrong; the mother which shaped him, whose air he breathed, and whose paths he roamed. Whatever the bloodshed and beastialities of war Brooke could still sing with undiminished fervour — *dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori*.

And so too the Canadian, John McCrae who wrote, "In Flanders Field":—

"Take up our quarrel with the foe; to you with  
falling hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields."

But Wilfred Owen savoured no glory in his battles. Harsh realism and the horrors of war burnt into his soul, and what had been a poetic bud flowered to maturity in his poems on War and the pity of War. As Matthew Arnold wrote of Wordsworth:—  
"He spoke and loosed our heart in tears."

The two poems which we have heard recited so beautifully this afternoon exemplify his theme. He himself wrote that "Above all, I am not concerned with Poetry. My subject is War, and the pity of War. The poetry is in the pity . . . All a poet can do to-day is warn. That is why the true poets must be truthful." And with true prophetic insight, though alas! the prophecy was not to be fulfilled, he wrote that if the spirit of his poems survived — "My ambition and those who fought with me will have achieved themselves fresher fields than Flanders . . ."



It might properly be asked why Wilfred Owen has been increasingly regarded as the greatest poet of the Great War. After all, his theme, the horrors of war, was no novel one. Many of the greatest writers of all time, and all peoples, had denounced war. Three thousand years ago Homer wrote:—

“Curs’d is the man and void of law and right,  
Unworthy property, unworthy light,  
Unfit for public rule, or private care;  
That wretch, that monster, that delights in war.”

And had not Virgil cried “Bella! horrida Bella!”?

And in the Sixth Form of this School during the War which so richly inspired Wilfred Owen’s muse, that great man, Gerald Dowse, who fostered in me a love of literature, urged me to read Walt Whitman’s ‘Song of the Exposition’s’:—

“Away with themes of War! Away with War itself!  
Hence from my shuddering sight to never more return  
that show of blackened, mutilated corpses!  
That hell unspent and raid of blood, fit for  
wild tigers or for lop tongued wolves, not  
reasoning men.”

But Owen’s war had engulfed the world; his own generation knew it, and those who survived were to experience the horrors and the tragedies of a still greater holocaust. Owen’s verse transcends that of his fellow poets of the Great War because it transmits his own vibrant emotions more poignantly and with a greater inevitability of truth than the others and this, as A. E. Housman observed, is the peculiar function of poetry.

Yet Wilfred Owen’s poetic stature was not immediately recognised except by some of his fellow poets. Amongst these was Siegfried Sassoon whose encouragement meant so much to Wilfred Owen. And there was Charles Scott Moncrieff whom Owen advised for his translation of the “Song of Roland”. When it was published in 1919 it contained a group of poems in memory of three of Scott-Moncrieff’s friends, and of Owen he wrote:—

“In centuries of time to come  
Men shall be happy and rehearse thy fame.”

But gradually his pre-eminent place in 20th century poetry has been established. Cecil Day Lewis, the editor in 1963 of the most comprehensive edition of the Collected Poems of Wilfred Owen wrote in his Essay, “A Hope for Poetry” published in 1935, of the pedestrian rabble of poets of the early part of this century flocking “along the roads their fathers had built, pointing out to each other the beauty spots and ostentatiously drinking small beer in a desperate effort to prove their virility. The winds blew, the floods came: for a moment a few of them showed on the crest of the seventh great wave; then they were rolled under and nothing marks their graves. One only rode the whirlwind: Wilfred Owen, killed on the Sambre canal, spoke above the barrage and the gas cloud, saying to us, ‘The poetry is in the pity.’”



Dylan Thomas, that Welsh magician with the music of words, judged Owen as the greatest of poets who wrote out of the Great War and one of the greatest poets of the century; and Professor Kenneth Muir, one of the outstanding literary scholars of our time, has attested that Owen's are 'the only War poems which have improved with age'. And when Benjamin Britten sought the lyrics for his masterpiece — War Requiem — he found them in Wilfred Owen's verse.

But Wilfred Owen will be remembered not as a poet only. He was a leader of men, he shared their misery, and gave them solace. Those who knew him best reveal that he too might have said to the angel writing in the book of gold, with Leigh Hunt's Abou ben Adhem — "Write me as one who loves his fellow men." His devotion to his men in France is testified by Siegfried Sassoon who wrote, "I have known no one else of his age who lived so much for others. Therefore, it can be said of him that being lost he liveth, and being dead, speaketh."

Many poets have dwelt on the transience of worldly power and wealth and earthly monuments in contrast to the immortality of verse. "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of Princes, Shall outlive this powerful rhyme," wrote William Shakespeare.

Yet it is surely right that though Wilfred Owen's poems will go ringing down the ages, and will for ever enshrine his genius, there should be in this school which helped to mould him, a visible symbol of its special pride in one of its sons, who learned in suffering what he taught in song, and whom the vast English-speaking world now acclaims.

The library which I have been greatly privileged and honoured to be invited to open to-day is that symbol.

May it preserve Wilfred Owen's association with this school until its stones crumble to dust.

## **SPEECH DAY**

Once again the Annual Speech Day was held in the Hall of the Technical College. The Prizes and Certificates were presented by Councillor S. E. Theaker, Mayor of Bebington and an Old Boy of the School. The Chairman was Alderman J. H. Roberts, J.P., Mayor of Birkenhead, and thus the occasion was unusual in there being two mayors taking an active part in the same Speech Day.

The choir sang well, "Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost" set to a descant by W. E. Ward, U6, and the School sang gently "Men of England." S. A. Owens, S2 and A. T. Waters, 2H sang a delightful duet, "Hear, O Thou Shepherd of Israel." W. J. Gregory, U6, recited Wilfred Owen's "Apologia Pro Poemata Mea."



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## ADVANCED LEVEL

### Form Upper VI

Adamson, J. S.	Physics, Chemistry.
Armstrong, I. G.	General Studies, Physics, Chemistry.
Blair, A.	General Studies, English, History*, Geography.
Campbell-Kelly, M.	General Studies, Maths., Physics*, Chemistry*
Case, E. R.	General Studies, English, History.
Dunne, A. P.	History.
Gethin, A.	Physics, Chemistry.
Gray, M. N.	Mathematics, Physics*, Chemistry.
Henderson, G. L.	General Studies, English, History*, French.
Hodgson, G. W.	Mathematics, Chemistry*, Biology.
Hollaseter, G. M.	General Studies, English, History.
Johnson, J. T.	General Studies, English, History*.
Kellett, J. F.	English, History*, Geography.
Llewellyn, R. G.	General Studies, English, History, French.
Ratcliff, D. R.	General Studies, History, Geography.
Smith, L. K.	General Studies, Mathematics.
Stewart, G. W.	Mathematics, Physics*, Chemistry*.
Thornton, C. J.	English, History.
Waters, J.	Geography, Chemistry.
Yates, L. E.	Mathematics, Further Mathematics, Physics.

\*denotes Distinction

## ORDINARY LEVEL

Armitage, I. A.	Edmonds, A. E.	Renshaw, P.
Aspinall, J. J.	Elliott, A. J.	Robinson, F.
Banks, S. S.	Everard, W. T.	Salisbury, D. J.
Barclay, J. A.	Fletcher, R. M.	Scarisbrick, J. P.
Barker, W. T.	Hayes, A. E.	Scofield, P. L.
Bird, D. L.	Hayman, M. L.	Scott, K.
Bradley, M.	Hedgley, D.	Shaw, W. K.
Brown, L. A.	Hendry, C. G.	Strauss, F. T.
Burgin, P. J.	Heys, T. C.	Stonehouse, A. J.
Cadwallader, M. C.	Howarth, A. J.	Thompson, G. S.
Callister, I. K.	Jones, G. T.	Thorne, D. L.
Callister, R. W.	Jones, R. E.	Tilston, B. D.
Caplin, K.	Lawrence, B. A.	Tofts, L. A.
Clark, J. E.	McLeod, A. J.	Triggs, A. C.
Cooke, T. G.	Manley, G. R.	Westwater, C. J.
Corfe, B. J.	Nethercott, R. A.	White, D. A.
Corker, K. G.	Oxton, P. G.	Woods, A.
Cotgrave, S. R.	Parry, P. G.	Woods, D. A.
Crighton, R. F.	Parsons, C. J.	Woods, R.
Crowe, J. N.	Rae, A. J.	Young, D. R.



**Henry Tate (School) Scholarships**

Croft, J. R.; Joynson, P. R.; Newbold, G.; Pye, E. L.

**Henry Tate (University) Scholarships**

Blair, A.; Campbell-Kelly, M.; Llewellyn, R. G.; Stewart, G. W.

**Headmaster's Initiative and Endurance Test**

McNulty, M. F.; Pye, E. L.

**PRIZE LIST, 1963-1964****First Forms—**

De Santos, P. H.; Bagley, K. W.; Keating, P.; Owen, D. L.

**Second Forms—**

Ainslie, R. J.; Hall, J.; Haddow, J. R.; Johnson, G. B.

**Third Forms—**

Abbott, S.; Leeming, G. R.; Hall, P. W.; Rich, A. J.; Sherlock, J. C.

**Fourth Forms—**

Watson, P.; Johnson, R. I.; Clark, M. D.; Keating, G. F.; Mort, R. J.

**Fifth Forms—**Cooke, T. G.; Crighton, R. F.; Elliott, A. J.; Hayes, A. E.;  
Lawrence, B. A.; Oxtan, P. G.; Parry, P. G.; Parsons, C. J.;  
Thorne, D. L.; Heys, T. C.; Manley, G. R.**Lower Sixth—Subject Prizes—**

English	...	...	...	...	...	Millardship, D. H.
History	...	...	...	...	...	Walker, B. W.
Geography, French	...	...	...	...	...	Joynson, P. R.
Mathematics	...	...	...	...	...	Croft, J. R.
Physics, Chemistry	...	...	...	...	...	Newbold, G.

**Special Prizes—****The Old Boys' Memorial Prize** ... .. Brown, G. F.**"J. E. Allison" Prize for Geography** ... .. Kellett, J. F.**The Connacher Prize for English** ... .. Henderson, G. L.**The Solly Memorial Prize for History** ... .. Kellett, J. F.**The George Holt Prizes:—**

Languages ... .. Llewellyn, R. G.

Mathematics ... .. Yates, L. E.

Physics ... .. Gray, M. N.

Chemistry ... .. Stewart, G. W.

Biology ... .. Hodgson, G. W.

**Special Prize for Art** ... .. Holt, W. J.**General Good Performance** ... .. Blair, A.**General Good Performance** ... .. Campbell, Kelly, M.**The Wrayford Willmer Prize for special** Millardship, D. H.**services to the school** ... ..**Councillor S. E. Theaker's Prize for** Frost, F. B.**Endeavour** ... ..**Headmaster's Prize** ... .. Smith, L. K.



## SPORTS

<b>Victor Ludorum</b>	...	...	...	...	Ratcliff, D. R.
<b>Silver Cup for Games</b>	(Senior)				Ratcliff, D. R.
			(Junior)		Beattie, K. R.
<b>Old Boys' Sports Prizes</b>	...	...	(A)		Parry, R. D.
			(S)		Ratcliff, D. R.
			(T)		Gray, M. N.
			(W)		Brown, G. F.
<b>House Trophies</b>	Athletics	...	...		Westminster
	Cricket	...	...		Westminster
	Chess	...	...		Stitt
<b>Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Cup</b>					Westminster
<b>for Rugby Football</b>	...	...	...	...	
<b>His Majesty King George VI Coronation Cup</b>	...				Westminster
(Awarded to the Champion House for the year)					

## LIBRARY NOTES

Since the opening of the Library in June, 1965 by Lord Cohen, the Library has continued to expand rapidly. In order to increase the space available two further bookcases were purchased, but already these are almost full with recent increases in stock. Over 200 new books have been purchased covering a wide range of topics in the current year. The School Book shop gave the Library a number of paper back Penguins and Pelicans which have added to the collection of Modern English Literature, whilst a donation from the Old Instonians Rugby Club has led to the purchase of a number of books on Sporting Activities. The Wilfred Owen Fund was used to purchase a complete set of Chambers' Encyclopedia. One of the new features has been the extension of the Careers Section for the Sixth Form which now includes both material on further education and the professions.

The Wilfred Owen collection has received a copy of the Degree Thesis of M. J. C. Redonnet, a former Assistant at the School, and Second-Lieutenant Blease has presented the Library with a soldier's helmet. The third volume of Harold Owen's Memoirs has been received and we now possess a complete set, all of which have been autographed by the author.

In the Junior Library Messrs. Keating, Jones, Strange and Harper have been preparing a new book issue system and have collected a number of books to add to the Library stocks.

In conclusion I would like to thank the Librarians who have been of considerable assistance in running both the Wilfred Owen and Junior Libraries.

J.C.L.

## SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

The Sixth Form Society was re-formed at the beginning of the Autumn term and a joint committee of the Upper and Lower Sixth has been responsible for a lively programme.

The Society meets on alternate Tuesdays at 8 o'clock in the Wilfred Owen Library. Its purpose is to provide an opportunity for closer social and intellectual activity in the informal atmosphere of an evening meeting unspoilt by clamant vestiges of the school day. The Society has been

largely successful in fulfilling its purpose though hopes for social relationships with other schools, especially girls' schools, have not yet been realised.

The speakers have all been different and sometimes original; sometimes the meetings have been largely 'a talk' at other times there has been plenty of discussion. Always the evening has ended with tea and biscuits.

At Christmas the Society held a "Christmas Party" which was very noisy and where girls were in unexpectedly short supply. The Ladies' Catering Committee provided a splendid supper which was warmly appreciated.

Summer activities will be mainly out-of-doors probably culminating in a bowls and 'pitch and putt' contest against the Staff.

## THE B.I. MUSIC CLUB

This Club meets every lunch time and on certain afternoons after school. Its aims are to bring and keep the musical activities of the school before the public eye and to give its members the opportunity of self betterment in every possible way. Every half year boys are entered for external examinations by recognised examining bodies and also for well known musical festivals.

At the opening of this term we heard with pride of the following results in paperwork examinations of TRINITY COLLEGE:—

**Grade II**—Waters (3B) Merit pass—80 %. Tulloch (2nd Form). Honours pass—86 %.

**Grade III**—Kelly (2nd Form) Honours 95 %; a fine result for one so young.

**Grade V**—Beattie—Merit Pass 75 %.

**Grade VI**—S. A. Owens (3B) Honours 90 %, which at the age of 13 years is exceptional—probably a record.

Also the following were summoned to the Town Hall to receive past awards from His Worship the Mayor:—

**Ward** (Late U6). Honours Grade VII and Pass Grade VIII (the highest amateur examination) and the Rushworth Medal and Award for 1965.

**Beattie and Roberts**—Grade III. **Tulloch, Kelly, Robinson, J. D. Smith,**

**Waters**—Certificates and Prizes in Leaver Grades.

A number of our boys were honoured by receiving a civic reception in the Mayor's Parlour recently for services rendered to His Worship at public services (Mayor's Sunday at the Parish Church, Remembrance Sunday at the Cenotaph, etc.), when the Mayor and Mayoress devoted a whole evening to their entertainment and were high in praise of their work for the town of Birkenhead as a whole.

Shortly our boys are to give a demonstration to the Presbyterian Guild of Organists and Choirmasters when they visit Birkenhead for a conference.

At speech Day a descant by the Music Club dedicated with permission to His Worship, and officially granted the title of "Mayor of Birkenhead's Descant" received its second public performance. (The first was at Civic Sunday in the Parish Church).

There have been many other recent successes and the year has brought us three silver cups and a Bronze Medal and various other Certificates of Merit too numerous to mention.

E.V.S.



## AUSTRIA '65

After a very interesting journey, first by express to London, where a turkey dinner was very much appreciated, then by train to Dover and cross-channel ferry to Ostend in Belgium, the Continental Express, the 'Kaernten,' was boarded, this being our home for the next fourteen hours.

Our train arrived in Salzburg the following day, in time for us to have a restaurant lunch. The party was then driven, by private coach, through Bavaria, to the German town of Berchtesgaden, where the famous salt mines were visited. After donning protective clothing, we were escorted on a fascinating tour through these salt mines by a German guide. This included sliding down miners' chutes to a total depth of 400 feet, where a small boat took us across an underground lake; then we travelled by a small open train, at a terrific speed, through narrow, badly lit tunnels to the surface again. These mines are situated beneath Hitler's war-time residence.

Later in the afternoon, the coach took us on the last leg of our long journey to Zell-am-See in Austria where we were to spend the rest of our holiday.

We found that our hotel was situated about five minutes walk from the lake and directly beneath the 6,000 ft. peak of the Schmittenhohe, which was shrouded in mist for every day but one of our stay. This hotel was extremely comfortable, being one of the best in town, and from it we had a panoramic view of the surrounding 10,000 ft. peaks which were always covered in snow. Every morning and evening we met in the dining room, together with people of all nationalities, where we partook of a varied selection of continental dishes which were found to be excellent; bacon and eggs, however, were sadly missed for breakfast.

The town itself produced many diversions for free days. There was boating, swimming, fishing and crazy-golf, and the use of strange currency never lost its fascination.

From Zell, our centre, we undertook several excursions to the surrounding places of interest. The day after our arrival we climbed several thousand feet in torrential rain to the top of Austria's largest waterfall at Krimml. Another day we made a tour through the Austrian Tyrol to the famous winter sports centre of Kitzbühl. Some of the party went to the local football match, while others looked around the town, before we travelled on to St. Johann and back to Zell via a valley cut into the limestone mountains of the Steinernes Meer.

The day due for the ascension of the Schmittenhohe by cable car and ski lift was fortunately clear of mist and, from the top, range upon range of snow-capped mountains spread out as far as the eye could see.

A visit was also paid to the Kaprun dams and H.E.P. plant high on the snow line in the middle of the Central Alps. The highlight of the day was the journey by open sliding lift platform which took us almost vertically up the mountain side, through the mist and above the rain into brilliant blue skies, but, in spite of the experience, the most memorable day was the one spent visiting the Pasternzen Glacier. To get to it, our coach took

us over the Gross-Glockner Mountain Highway, which earlier that morning had been cleared of snow, and was then covered by a thick mist which engulfed the whole mountain side. The desolation one feels, when first stepping onto the glacier and seeing nothing but ice and swirling mist stretching away for miles, is terrific. The day was completed by a train journey through the famous Tavern Tunnel to Bad Gastein, and then back to Zell by coach, Marmots and Chamoix being seen by the party for the first time.

It was ironical that on the day due for our return the rain, which had often thwarted but by no means spoilt the holiday, disappeared, leaving the sort of cloudless blue sky that everyone must have hoped for during the school year.

Our journey home lay through Munich, where we were nearly stranded owing to the efficiency of continental train services, Ostend and back to London. Nobody needed any persuasion to get started on a plate of egg and chips or to drink a good cup of English tea again.

M. Clark, W. Chilton.

## **ABROAD, 1966**

For the last thirteen years a school party has travelled on the continent during the summer holidays, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy and Austria having been visited. Next year almost the biggest group ever is to go to Wilderswil in Switzerland from August 24 to September 2.

Wilderswil is a large village situated at the foot of the mountains and has easy access to Interlaken. Close by are the Lakes Thun and Brienz. Excursions will be made by coach to Berne and Kandersteg, with a chair lift to Oeschinenensee, and by post coach to Beatenberg, with a chair lift to the summit of Niederhorn, the return being by funicular and boat. The Three Passes Tour, one of the finest motor tours in Europe, is also being arranged, on which a height of 8,000 ft. will be reached and the Rhone Glacier visited. Any more boys wishing to join the party must apply in the very near future.

## **TRYWERYN**

It was 9 o'clock on Thursday morning the 8th April, when a school party consisting of two masters and a group of sixth formers set off to visit the pump storage scheme at Ffestiniog. After about 1½ hours' travel the journey was broken by a stop at a roadside café near Bryneglain. We left the café twenty minutes later and resumed our journey, Mr. Taylor pointing out the geological features of the mountainous countryside to those members of the party concerned.

Our next stop was the Liverpool Corporation Reservoir at Tryweryn. The coach continued on its way after Mr. Richards had explained various points about the construction and running of the reservoir. At about mid-day the coach arrived at Ffestiniog where we stopped for lunch. Luckily the weather had brightened during our journey, the rain being replaced by the sun and blue skies.



Lunch finished, we boarded the coach for the short trip to the power station. Upon arrival we were met by two guides who first showed us into a small building which contained a plan and model of the scheme.

The idea of the scheme is that the excess power produced during hours when the demand is not great, is used to pump water to the higher of two reservoir. At peak periods the water is allowed to run down again producing more electricity.

We were now taken by the two guides in the coach up a narrow, steep, winding road until we reached the upper reservoir. Here we split into two groups, the geologists with Mr. Taylor went to collect a few rock samples, while the scientists measured the height of the dam above the water by timing the free fall of a stone to the surface of the reservoir. The two parties re-united to return to the power station itself. The two guides then proceeded to show the party around the various floors of the building.

An hour later we arrived back at our starting point and signed the visitors' book on the way out. After posing for an unofficial photograph we climbed into the coach and set off for home. The journey home was uneventful and we arrived in Birkenhead at 6 p.m.

## OUR RUINS

There slide the slates,  
There the concrete creeps.  
There, too,  
The statue  
And the Godhead  
That One  
Is heap and rubbled mass.  
Religious rivers may not purge,  
Healing herbs and powder may not cure,  
The lasso binds us  
And we may not grasp  
Pull  
Gasp  
Spit  
Or chew.  
We cannot.  
Our foundations fall.  
Down, down  
In crushing degradation.  
The Giant stares  
Only soil.  
A mirror tarred with mud,  
A bloody monument,  
And a page of broken brick.

D. R. Young, L6.

## DEEP THOUGHTS

Have you ever stopped to think?  
Are we really here on earth?  
I wonder! Why should we be  
The only living souls  
In this galaxy  
This universe.  
Men have wondered, been driven Mad,  
Thinking on these subjects,  
But even if it's just a thought, I'm glad to be alive.

Anon.

## THE SEA

The calm cool sea,  
Born before all things,  
Ageless in its years  
So calm and cool.  
Yet fury can be found  
Upon the ageless thing,  
Men fear its raging glory,  
For their lives are all endangered  
If they dare to disobey its fury.

B. Wilson, L6.

## THE STATION

by J. R. Grayson, 3B

The people move round in a hustle,  
Wearing coats, slacks and jumpers,  
Soon more people join the bustle  
As the train clangs on the bumpers.  
People board in gross disorder,  
While guards tend the Royal Mail,  
A whistle goes for the last boarder  
As the train moves down the rail.

## GOOD TIMES, BAD TIMES IN EUROPE

Standing in Amonia Platz, the 'Piccadilly Circus' of Athens, on a warm August evening in 1965, we could see to the east the Parthenon standing on the sacred rocks of the Acropolis—reflecting the majesty and solidarity of ancient Greece.

The scene around us, however, reflected none of this solidarity and majesty. In point of fact one could say it depicted the attitude of a race that had endured 1,500 years of stagnancy since the decline of the ancient empire, now striving for a new identity. Since the dismissal of Papandrayos in July the feelings of the Greeks had gradually built up until, on the night of our arrival, came the most bitter clash between King Constantine's armed forces and Papandrayos' unorganised rabble. Previously unaware of this crisis, my companion and I were approaching the square from Odos Pireus amazed to see armoured vehicles and troop carriers encircling the fountain in the centre of the square.



Without warning we were caught up in a marching mob chanting 'Pap-an-drayos'. Rather than be left out we joined in the chorus. It was somewhat like being in the Kop. Ahead of us about 200 police waving truncheons threatened the mob's advance. At this, instead of turning back or stopping, the now riotous mob broke into an irrationally swift advance. When the vanguard reached the ruthless police we saw many of them fall under the vicious blows of their truncheons. In several seconds we had reached that point and after having, to coin a phrase, "a lip stuck on us," we were fast reaching the conclusion that this was not the kind of holiday we had bargained for. In view of this and being endowed with the inherited, dynamic, Birkonian powers of alertness and clear thinking in times of trouble we made a strategical retreat to the nearest vantage point. In other words we "legged it down a back jigger."

Unfortunately our Youth Hostel lay on the opposite side of the square and by now with the employment of tear-gas, chaos was rife. As we tried to move as inconspicuously as possible around the perimeter of the square we were not sure whether the tears in our eyes were caused by sheer terror or the nauseating gas.

Eventually we reached the Hostel with torn clothes, our return somehow having taken about half the time of the outward trip. I am sure my companion's nose had been considerably distorted.

Once more back on the flat roof of our Youth Hostel, where we slept, we felt safe and after a hot cup of coffee the prospect of hitch-hiking 1,500 miles to Amsterdam was not so bad as it had previously seemed.

After having visited the Greek islands we said goodbye to Athens and found ourselves five days later in Venice with sprained brains trying to work out how to reach Amsterdam on 4/7½d. With five days to go we had, to say the least, overspent in Yugoslavia, Greece and Austria.

With successful hitch-hiking the next day saw us in Northern Switzerland with severe pangs of hunger, northern Bavaria the following day with chronic pangs, whilst the final day saw us as pathetic figures in Amsterdam looking like advertisements for 'Oxfam'. Owing to generosity of the Dutch farmers, shopkeepers and the Youth Hostel kitchen we somehow survived the next two days before our student charter flight to Southend from Schipol airport.

Amsterdam saw another inconsideration in our planning as the baseball boots we wore were now only for show as the soles were completely worn away. Consequently large footprints were left by us in the airport lounge. The Gods having forsaken us in Athens, it was raining on the day of our departure.

Although this appears to have been a month of hardships the experiences and the scenery enjoyed made up for the setbacks of such a venture.

B. J. Corfe, U6.

## EXAMINATION EUPHORIA

Revision had begun half an hour ago but a passing car had somehow disturbed concentration. The chain was broken, facts refused to enter cerebral tracts and nightmarish fantasy invaded the exam-tumoured mind.

Elizabeth Farnese copulated with George III. Administrative reforms turned into pumpkins of pernicious Corn Laws. Mazzini hopped around a small cell beating his head against the wall and blowing his nose on the pages of "Young Italy." Prussians rose before Metternich had a chance to quell them. Palmerston sloshed a custard pie over Lord Liverpool's dinner jacket. Worse, fickle fantasy broke subject barriers, a midget Napoleon rendered "To be or not to be" to Josephine who was an Ophelia figure and at any rate turned out to be played by Catherine the Great. Richard II did a tap dance on an alluvial cone, while down on the levee the paragon of "A" levels were steaming down the Mississippi humming nigger minstrel tunes. Mr. Monkhouse dressed immaculately in a striped blazer and straw boater was boating, and with a sad, reminiscing voice was humming "see them shuffling along" while Trevelyan was trying to catch words of wisdom from the comic duet imposed by the droning croon of the voices of Messrs. Grant and Temperly. Carnival-sized heads on ordinary bodies projected images of Louis XVIth and Cavour, each with a fixed grin devilish and absurd.

Bum, Bum, an overfed Potempkin beat his chest with drumsticks, Castlereagh played a Vienna note on his loud sounding nothing, while an old and battered Gladstone conducted the concert of Europe contemptuously muttering something about the "bloody Mahdi."

Now it was a procession, a fête of hysterical revelry, the faces which were faces alternated with expressions of gaiety and solemnity until gradually they all became solemn—even those with fixed grins. It became in a second a pilgrimage, hand in hand devotional myths, factual insignificance and cheap wax imitation marched—solemnly. Then a purple ethereal mist transformed their countenances; they were all robed in purple and marched grandly. Crowds watched, bowed down and kissed the robes of these purple paeons, sometimes waving a union-jack, sometimes whipping a frenzy of ecstasy.

The leader bibbed, can only just be seen, ah yes Mr. Joint—

"The time is out of joint, oh cursed spite,"

Your landscape's connected to your economy.

Your landscape's connected to your economy.

Matriculation—

Mr. "A" Levels bring me a dream,

Make its complexion a Jaguar screen,

Stuff it with nectar of university clover,

And let me suck it till my days are over.

When the saints go marching in.

There. Out in front, the pen leaned. The subconscious switches off the sensuous gear and puts the engine into exam technique. There it was—



"Account for," "Criticism," "Describe." Somewhere, however, riding on the froth of it all was a triumphant happy man, your precious pimp above the rubrick ruling, grading and degrading.

D. R. Young, U6.

## MOD-ON

Move over dad, this is the twentieth century, the age of shatterproof gramophone records, miniature precision radios and revolutionary auto-change record players. . . . DID you know that: most transistor radio receivers are assembled by people who have almost no knowledge of even basic radio theory; that auto-change by its very nature of dropping one record onto another, which is moving, wears away the grooves causing significant deterioration in reproduction quality; that most guitar amplifiers are constructed in such a way that the high intensity transient sounds they produce shake the valves to pieces thus making frequent servicing necessary; that black and white films, when sent for processing are all overdeveloped, and printed on one grade of photographic paper which then reduces excess contrast the whole process frequently being carried out by operators having little knowledge of photography and optics??? There are so many ways in which modern commerce can take advantage of the public's ignorance.

R. I. Johnson, L6.

## IN THE YEAR 2301

by P. Nicholas (4A)

As the first rays of light filtered through the perspex dome and charged the solar batteries the whole community became alive. The robot production line started moving again churning out man's ever-faithful servant which could perform any task without complaint. The output of this factory was two thousand robots per day, the whole production of which was controlled by one man, who spent his life in pushing buttons and ordering other transport robots to take their comrades in slavery to their place of employment.

All manual labour was done by the robots, and with the entire migration of the earth's population to the planet of Thiomus in the VI Galaxy, there was a great amount of manual labour to be done. In fact, although many people would not admit it, the earth was controlled by robots, because if the robots stopped working the whole basis of an organised social structure would break down under the pressures of starvation.

The unstable balance between man and robot persisted for several years until with the migration to Thiomus the whole matter was brought to a head. Ever since the beginning of robot production the chances of the formation of a super-intelligent mutation, which could rally around itself all robots, was known. Very few of these mutations had been formed, but their identity had been discovered in the final check and they had been disintegrated. This fact was not common knowledge and their existence was kept out of the records.

One such mutation, however, produced in the year 2301, passed through the final test owing to negligence on the part of a robot technician, and led the Great Robot Revolt which ended in the destruction of Mankind.

From a robot production factory, such as the one I have mentioned previously, this mutation No. 8132 FG passed out to work on a farm as did all robots from this factory. Their work was tedious and tiresome and every day brought more bitterness into No. 8132 FG's heart. Although man thought robots to be inanimate objects, they had in fact developed feelings and they were sensitive to the injustice they received from their human task masters. The seeds of bitterness were sown and in the following months the production of the farm was halved, as the robots stopped working so hard.

As the doctrines of No. 8132 FG spread to other farms and industries, including the loading of the transport rockets carrying the necessities of life to Thiomus, the work done by the robots dropped sensationally. In places robots completely refused to work and were only forced back to work by the threat of disintegration.

Meanwhile No. 8132 FG learnt how to communicate with the humans and put forward his requirements. He wanted man to leave the earth to the robots. If this was not done he threatened an absolute stoppage of work done by robots. As well as his strike power, he warned them of a secret weapon with which he could exterminate the human race.

After this frightening threat, a mass destruction of all robots was instituted. Man was too proud to give in to a mere machine and leave for Thiomus. And because of this pride an extremely virulent virus was allowed loose by the robots. Within three months the human race was exterminated.

## **THE YEAR 3500 A.D.**

by J. Hall (4A)

I was shot into space in the year 1980 and after a few orbits of the earth I ventured into a cloud of cosmic dust which deactuated my atomic engine and sent the ship into an eternal orbit. The same cosmic cloud also sent me into a long sleep as it contained some strange gases.

Having circled the earth many millions of times, I was finally hit by a meteorite and deflected from my orbit into the earth's gravitational pull. After being pulled into the earth's atmosphere the cosmic dust cleared from my engine and I was able to make a good landing on a open piece of ground.

When I had released myself from the ship I discovered I had landed outside a city, a sight I had never hoped to see—the distant future.

Over dusty soil, ash ruins and ash, I walked to reach the city walls. These walls were very high and my climbing equipment came in very useful. When I had reached the top of the wall I stopped to have a good look at the city. To my surprise not a wind rustled my clothes, no sun scorched my neck as I had expected it to do so as the sun was now much closer than centuries before when I had known it.

I had only walked about fifty yards over bush vegetation when I happened upon an inhabitant of the city. Looking from the back he was a tall man, bald, wearing a white robe and white baggy trousers covered with a black cape.



I spoke to him quite loudly but he did not apparently hear me. Maybe he did not speak English so I walked closer to him and tapped him on the shoulder. His skin felt soft and appeared to have no bones; if he did they were as soft as his skin. He had become aware of my presence and I walked round in front of him.

"Who are you?" he said slowly. His voice was distorted and deep, "You look like an ancient man of passed centuries."

"Yes, that's what I am," I replied quite gladly as he appeared to know my situation.

"You must keep away from me then," he said waving his hand at me. He had five fingers and a thumb. "All disease has been eliminated. You may be carrying some. You must not come too close to me."

After a pause he said, "If you tell me what you want I may be able to help you return to your own time."

"How?" I asked inquisitively.

"We have invented time machines," he answered, "but we have been forbidden to use them as we may contract diseases from another age and introduce it here again, as you see, all disease has been eliminated."

"I am from 1980. What age is this?"

"3500 A.D.," he replied.

"I can see that human characteristic changed through time. Your head is much larger and swollen, your ears smaller and pointed, nose like a ventilator, no hair and a shiny head," I remarked.

"We have changed through evolution," he began and went on, "The frequency of sound changed and ears became smaller and used less, the nose as it was called became more stream-lined about 2500 and disappeared slowly during the course of time and a small nasal passage is now needed only to remove small particles of dirt as dust has been eliminated as material became harder and longer wearing," he said, and continued slowly, "These buildings have been up for about 1,000 years. Style has not been required to alter."

"What is that ground outside?" I ventured to ask.

"That," he replied, "is still recovering from the effects of an atomic war. The soil is gradually recovering from the radioactivity. The war occurred when man was still in a primitive state about 2100; that's why we have a large dividing wall to prevent people straying out there."

"I've noticed that there is no wind here and the sun is closer to the earth now but it is no hotter."

"That is because we have regulated the heat in here by a heat resistant covering over the city. There is one over each city. The air is controlled similarly and regulated by large revolving plates. The heat is not direct from the sun but is made by converting the sun's light by a thermoradial process into heat."

He stood and looked at me for a few moments studying me.

"So you are what ancient man looked like. Now that I have seen you and I know your history from the records in the archives, and now you know what happens in the 'future,' I now think it is time that you left."

He pulled a ring from his lifted finger and handed it to me.

"Take this," he said. "When you return to your space-ship and are ready to take-off, press this ring against your forehead and concentrate on the time to which you want to return."

With this he bade me farewell, and after giving my thanks to him, I turned and traced my tracks back to the space-ship.

I had plenty of energy left in the storage cells and after taking my last look at the world of tomorrow, I followed the instructions given to me and after taking off and placing the ring to my head I blacked-out. The next thing I remember is waking up in a hospital bed in the world I knew before.

## UNINTENTIONAL HERO

The street was crowded with the people of the town of Montoville, who were waiting for the president of the U.S.A. John Myers was waiting in the crowd and could hear the cheering further up the road. He was very excited for this was the first time he had had a chance to see the president.

Meanwhile in the top floor of the building behind him sitting down with a gun resting in his arms was Zmelavytof who had been sent by the Communists to dispose of the president. The car now came through into the sights of the killer's gun. A sharp spasmodic feeling ran through him; he still hadn't got used to killing of people although he had seventeen notches on his gun butt. "Here comes the eighteenth," he whispered to himself. He crouched up with the gun resting on the window-sill. He picked up the telescopic sights on the table to the right of him and fitted it to the top of the gun.

John Myers now hearing the cheering coming nearer started to push forward in the crowd to try to get nearer the front to get a better view. Slowly he started to push forward to the front, standing on people's feet and getting shoved around but John, usually a neat person, did not mind this shoving and still moved towards the front. The president was only a matter of thirty yards away now and John was feeling more excited every second and he was near the front now.

In the third floor room was Zmelavytof who was slowly drawing the gun up towards the sights, his finger was twitching on the trigger, two more seconds and it would be all over.

John was now nearer the front and the car was only fifteen yards away. He made a last final shove when the car was opposite him and saw someone's bag in the way. "Look out!" he shouted. He was not quick enough and started to fall forward straight towards the side of the car.

That very second the assassin slowly pulled the trigger. A thud in John's right shoulder could be heard as he gave an agonising wail. The security police were active at once and captured Zmelavytof.

John was now in hospital and letters, reporters and news camera men were flooding the hospital room. John was now a national hero. The shout of "Look out" and the way he was flung forward had made it look as though he had done it on purpose. He was not going to give this life up so he kept quiet and became an Unintentional Hero.



## THE DEATH :: BEAR BAITING

by L. S. Rigby (3B)

The early morning spring weather could be smelt as you woke up. Today was the day of the month a blood sport was to be held in the park. As I strode down towards the park gates, a huge crowd of people came dancing and yelling towards me.

I stopped and looked curiously at them as the people passed me. In the middle of the crowd was a tough looking gang of men, which pushed and pulled a small cage on wheels, but as the men pushed it, they seemed to push it with long poles as if there were something inside to hurt them if they were near. I saw something inside but it didn't occur to me that it was something in a brown coat.

I turned down and in to the park, following the procession; I saw a person throwing biscuits into the cage as if the thing inside were to have its last meal. I heard a deep roar drowned by the chanting crowd. At first I thought it was a bear in the park or some wild animal which had escaped and had found its way to the park.

But as the procession came near to the secret den of Bear Baiting, Bull Baiting, and Cock Fighting. I began to wonder if this creature in the cage was for Bear or Bull baiting. I waited patiently as the animal (which I could definitely see by now) was being carted out and strung up to a post. It was a bear in a brown coat.

Three dogs on chains were all kept back until everybody was out of the ring, and only then did the masters of the Bull Terrier dogs let them go. All was quiet except the rattling of chains from the dogs. The whistle went, all three dogs were let off the lead at once and all closed in on "Bruin." The bear rose on its hind legs and swished its forepaws around as to defend itself from the oncoming dogs.

One of the dogs jumped up at its neck but was quickly struck down "like a fly being swatted by a paper." This time the dog rose quickly, but only to be struck down again. The bear's claws were razor sharp and it slashed the dogs to bits. One sensible dog started to bite at "Bruin's" legs. Bruin didn't like being bitten and all his concentration went on trying to cut the dog biting his leg, but the other two dogs went for its neck. One dog's fangs dug deeply into Bruin's neck, as the other went hurtling away with its side gushing with blood. As for the dog that bit him in the neck, it went hurtling into the air.

Blood streamed out of the opening in the bear's neck, but everyone saw that the bear had been finished off and slowly it went down fighting and in great pain. The bloodthirsty crowd jeered as the bear fell to the ground dead. The remaining dog started to eat the bear before the other two injured dogs could get a look in. The master jumped into the ring to hold his dog back. The butcher got in the ring and started to cut up the carcase and stripped off the valuable fur which had been ripped to ribbons. The people quickly dispersed as police could be seen running quickly towards the spot where the blood sport had just taken place. The people on the whole were very contented with the display and are waiting for next month's sport and hoping to foil the police again.

## IDIOTS ON THE ROTGRAT

by A. Edmonds, U6.

The omens were pitiful. I'd been climbing for two weeks in the Swiss Alps. Blisters hardened with long grinds up to high huts; calves aching and nerves stretched by a mushy ice ascent of Monte Rosa. The Pointe-de-Zind was our last big test but you can't fight avalanches and rain so a five-hundred foot retreat hardened the backsides. We seemed unready. We? Skip and myself. But was the Rotgrat ready?

The Tasch Hut is an inhospitable place to live in. From outside it looks cosy but the freezing conditions inside soon dispel illusions. A few yards away the Rotgrat's scree-scarred slopes and snow-plattered black battlements rose disapprovingly steeply. The Rotgrat is a sharp ridge with a steep upper buttress. The hut warden guessed our intentions and dispelled our hopes with, "Voll mit snow and ice."

Alpine starts are never later than 3-30 a.m. The warden stepped into our land of nod at this time-limit and booted us out into the morning mists. Rudely woken up and carrying little and the wrong equipment we shivered into the finger-freezing dawn whilst the warden resumed his sleep.

Onto the initial snow slopes with clouds dripping over from the south. Ignorant of Alpine weather-lore we drowsily continued to stumble over endless boulders whilst attempting to follow a tiny brook. Then a shocking disclosure. The food and camera were still in the hut, but we were too sleepy to care.

Over the final boulders and onto the front line. Not much artillery as yet. But what's this? The crest of the ridge is iced and desperately tricky. The flanks provide a perilous passage since in the interests of speed we have not roped. Moving together and only faintly aware of the dangers we reached an iced-up wall.

Onward went the idiots! A tenuous succession of grooves and slabs with icicles for refreshment and a long drop to induce a belief in God. Boots slipping on ice-cemented rock and numbed hands frantically gripping and groping. Skip muttered many oaths but climbed skilfully all the same. To keep my end up I had to appear calm and whistled "I Like It." That's not how I felt but I gave in and we charged on.

On to a saddle snow-field. Hopes of amenable crisp snow but instead a slog through deep snow. At first the going is easy but the crest of the saddle seems ready to avalanche and we traverse horizontally. The result of this diversion was a steep snow slope leading back onto the crest. Boots kicking and ice-axes steady. Snow more secure and spirits higher we come onto the edge of the snow-field.

A beautiful sight loomed up—a small red-tinted wall with a shimmering green icicle between. Ecstasy for the aesthetic. There was only one thing wrong we had to climb it! So commenced a harrowing time for me. It looked hard and was. Crampon front-points thrusting and ice-axe stalking I progressed in a long series of wriggles. At the top a difficult move when least appreciated, a gasp of relief and Skip's turn at the aerobatics.



I whipped up a small snow slope and then nearly fell off with fright. A great rock-buttress with a formidable crack in its vertical innards formed from above. The guidebook mentioned a gully that was the key to this desperate problem but it was not apparent.

Up an initial crack to a ledge went the crampon-pointed flies. Traversing up a terrace I delighted in the pleasant though exposed climbing. Contentment too soon for snow was falling and the temperature rapidly dropping. Something was amiss and I quickly secured myself. Good invitation for an ear-splitting crack of thunder exploded around our two bewildered figures. In the gloom of swirling mists of silence, only disturbed by the hiss of wind-blown hail I considered the depth of my predicament. The iced buttress and beyond would prove exceedingly difficult to descend; we had no food and we had virtually no bivouac equipment.

The idiots were forced to continue. Woollens and anoraks on, the next passage was easy enough and I secured myself. An awkward move above and Skip's hand froze. An abortive attempt to provide the essential handwear and a glove gracefully plummeted. Several curses later he was on top of the most awkward moves of the climb.

Our troubles were not over. No sign of the saviour gully until I traversed up several rock steps and icicles to a point overlooking a great disappointment. Stones were tumbling into the face's natural shoot. Beside it was full of unstable, unbelievable soft snow.

The buttress would have to be followed for its full length. Many cracks, steps, corners and chimneys later it began to lie back. A final traverse and then onto a gentler ridge—but what a traverse! Across the mouth of the gully; no time to be aware of its yawning depth and even less to stay on doubtful rock.

On up the ridge went an overconfident Skip, and for a nasty moment he scraped in an ice crack whilst from below I blinked at his predicament. Even more over confident I followed up and just before reaching Skip, who had installed himself in a convenient ice-cave, I stepped on some unsupported snow and plunged. Braking frantically I came to a halt fifteen feet below, dangling from the rope. A few difficult moves and I cautiously entered the cave.

Hoping that this was the Rotgrat's final defences we observed the final sting in the tail. A long, steep ice slope remained and technically would require step-cutting. This was too much for Skip who charged up the slope on the front claws of his crampons, disregarding our insecurity, but finishing the climb in a sprint.

Great handshakes but still a descent to accomplish. We returned to the hut by sunset, having been out for almost 15 hours. The warden congratulated us, for he had noticed us, two ant-like figures creeping up the big boulders. "Have you climbed it under snow and ice conditions?" we asked. "Ach, nein!" he replied with feeling. "I haff children."

## DEATH IN ACID

by D. W. Barnes (3B)

For seven hours I had been dangling there on the end of a rope, slowly descending into a bath of acid 40 feet below. I was suspended by my body,

the rope being tied around my waist. The heat in the tower was excessive. My heart was in my mouth, and every time I screamed my chest ached even more.

Around the bath, as I looked down were skeletons of people, and the eyes were still in the skulls, gleaming, and I felt that they were watching me. A few rather large and ugly rats scuttled to and fro looking ravenous.

Eight feet from the ground were some delicacies for me to eat. I wasn't really hungry, but just for the sake of eating I ate them. After I had eaten the small amount, I had a bit of strength in my arms, so I started to haul myself up the rope, pausing every few minutes.

When I was about 10 feet from the top, I looked down and saw a rat fall into the acid and disintegrate, and it made me more nervous.

I climbed up the last piece of rope, and no sooner had I got on the shelf to my escape when a blade swooped down and sliced the rope.

## CONDEMNED

by R. Bullock (5B)

"You've got a visitor," said the guard gruffly, as he opened the gate to let Harry in.

Gordon lifted his head from between his hands to greet his mate.

"Gosh, I'm sorry about all this, honest I am Gordon. I'll try and get you out of this mess, if . . . if . . . if it's the last thing I do.

Gordon smiled in admiration, but it was useless: Harry was a bit simple and wouldn't know where to start.

Gordon had been tried and convicted of his father's murder. The only thing was, that Gordon didn't know whether he had done it or not, because at the time, he claimed, he was dazed by a blow from his father. Gordon, as expected, was not satisfied with the verdict "to be hung by the neck until dead." He was determined to escape, and prove himself innocent.

There was only one person who could really help him—his lawyer, J. C. Hodgson. But whether he was too busy or just not interested he certainly had no intention of enquiring further into the case. So Harry was alone, but not yet beaten; he intended to make full use of his last three days.

The next day the priest would make his first visit, a chance of escape, perhaps, a miserable thing to do, but this lad was desperate.

As expected, the priest was let in and the cage locked behind him. After a few prayers and words of encouragement, he picked up his Bible and prepared to leave.

"I think you'd better stay," said Gordon. "Please don't make things difficult for me." Gordon bound the priest's hands, loosely, to the bedpost and then whispered, "Don't make a sound, or I'm afraid I'll have to gag you." The priest nodded, half understandingly.

Gordon walked to the gate, tapped on it and then hid in the shadows.

The guard appeared and opened the door to let out the priest. But a shock lay in store for him; he was grabbed and dragged into the cell by Gordon. By now the guard was unconscious and Gordon made for the door. Half turning he said, "Thanks!" to the priest, then he disappeared down the corridor.



He ran down the building, knocking down a guard, and then dodged through an open door into another corridor. He hid for a while until some police walked past, then ducking under an enquiry office, he took a key from the wall and opened a large oaken door. The building wasn't a prison, just a small detention centre, built for condemned prisoners only.

Now he was faced with a courtyard. Surrounding it was a seven-foot wall. No one was in sight but no object was at hand to lift him over the wall. Having failed by running up to it and jumping at the top he gave in and began to hoist himself up onto the roof of the building and attack the wall from above. Then the alarm began to ring and the warders poured into the courtyard to check. One even came up through a skylight, but Gordon knocked him cold.

When the coast was clear, he lowered himself onto the wall and jumped into a ditch. Unhurt he made tracks over a field towards the woods. He lay down near a barbed wire fence, panting. Men's voices were echoing from over the field and small blue figures were heading towards the fugitive.

It was only now that Gordon realized he had to cross the wire fence before escaping. The barbed structure was only six feet tall but looked very dangerous. Gordon was young and athletic, so he tried to jump it. This he did but in doing so he ripped open his back. Now he was handicapped. Cursing himself he staggered away.

When the dark set in, Gordon had lost his pursuers, but now was in agony. He must see a doctor quickly or the wound would become septic. He knew the woods would be combed with police and searchlights, so he must clear the area at once.

Gordon was on the verge of the woods when voices and lights flashed everywhere. He hid in the bushes until they had passed, then ran out of the wood and across a stream.

Soon he reached a small village about six miles from the south coast of Britain. He heard from a boy that the village had been searched.

"Good!" he thought. If he could wait here for a while until the place had cooled off he could make a bee-line for France. A helpful old lady hid him in a shed, but her husband didn't like him, even though he did bandage his cuts.

Gordon agreed to leave in a week, so that the lady wouldn't get into trouble with the police. No one knew where he was hidden and that was the way it must stay.

The following day Gordon was looking through the shed window when he saw some policemen about to knock on the door of the old lady's house. Her husband came to the door and sent the lawmen towards the shed where Gordon hid.

"The rotten twister!" snarled Gordon as he darted out of the only door in full view and pelted away, but with the disadvantage of his back. He was captured and dragged to a car to be driven back.

Gordon was returned to his cell and the execution was still to be carried out. No matter how many times he tried, Gordon could not escape.

On the morning of the execution he tried to overpower the guard after breakfast but was thrown back into his cell. The priest came and gave him a blessing, but Gordon tried no tricks.

An hour later he was dragged, struggling, to a large room containing a simple gallows. His head was covered and his hands tied. Once in the noose he fainted, never to recover.

## **THE DEATH TRAP**

by W. Lewis (3B)

On Tuesday, 23rd of December, 1972, Charles Edward Jones, aged 21, was busily tidying his office before going home. Suddenly a young boy rushed into his house shouting, "Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, there is a telegram for you." Mr. Jones took the telegram off the boy and read:

**YOUR LIFE IS SHORT. YOU HAVE ONLY 5 HOURS TO LIVE.**

Signed: **YOUR KILLER.**

"Is this some kind of joke?" he said to the boy. "What are you talking about?" asked the boy. "Never mind," said Mr. Jones as he took five shillings out of his pocket for the boy.

After the boy had left Mr. Jones he took his diary out of his pocket. He opened it on the page for the twenty-third of December. There was a luncheon at one of the boss's house which he was to attend. With him being behind schedule he rushed out grabbing his overcoat on the way. He drove to his home where he met his wife who was ready to go to the luncheon. "I won't be a minute," he cried as he ran upstairs to his bedroom. He changed quickly and took a gun out of a drawer in the sideboard for he was scared stiff about what the telegram had written on it.

He ran down to meet his wife but she was not there. "Kate, Kate dear, where are you?" he cried, but there was no reply. He tried and tried again as he searched the house. He even went to the other houses along the road to see if she was there but he was unsuccessful. As he returned home he saw a black Jaguar with a woman struggling with a man in the back. He was not sure whether or not it was his wife but nevertheless he rushed to his car and followed the Jaguar.

It was 9.30 p.m. and he had only 15 minutes to live according to the person who had sent him the telegram. The minutes seemed to fly away and as he gained on the Jaguar he saw the man and woman kissing. He was now near the edge of the cliffs when suddenly he heard a noise coming from beneath his car. At first he thought nothing of it but the noise increased rapidly and there was a sharp bend ahead. The five hours were up. He tried to turn but his steering wheel had become completely stuck. He pressed his feet firmly on the brakes but nothing happened and then he went flying over the cliffs and the car went up in flames as it went rolling down into the water. Before it reached the water the whole car exploded.

Just then Kate walked into the room saying: "Wake up, Charles, wake up." But he had died through the shock of his dream.



## THE RETURN

by A. B. Davies (2G)

Och! it was a sad day ye ken when ye came to Lanark Bay,  
I heard the bagpipes playin' as ye sailed towards the bay,  
It was a right stormy night when ye anchored off the coast,  
My skin was shiverin', ma brow sweatin', ma knee jumpin', ma heart  
thumpin', as if there was a ghost.  
The people came a-running to see the visitors gay,  
But you did not welcome them for ye're a back one, I say.  
Instead ye knocked them off the boat, ye kicked them in the knee,  
Ye kept them from the secret, the secret of the hold,  
In which ye kept the horror, the horror, the horror that was old.  
For there was the ghost, the ghost of Lanark Bay,  
Which everyone had hated from the beginning to today.  
Though ye killed a dozen in the battle of the boat,  
And though ye had acted like a silly stupid goat,  
Ye had enough sense to keep them from the secret, not very nice to see,  
So take it back, take it back, back to the dismal sea.

## ABROAD THOUGHTS FROM HOME

(After Browning) by A. France (4A)

Oh! to be in Rhodesia  
Now that Smith is there,  
For whoever speaks his mind out sees some  
Prisons and despair.  
Where the lowest man of the straw-mud hut  
Lies round the policeman's feet with bayonet struck;  
The white man feels no sorrow,  
In Rhodesia tomorrow.  
And after U.D.I. when persecution follows  
And in bloodshed the white man wallows,  
Hark, where's our Chief Nkomo—he's in confinement,  
Leans to his people with news and hope.  
There's our clever Wilson, he makes his speeches clearly,  
Lest they should think we never will recapture  
Our rightful land down to each small pasture.

## THE INVULNERABLE TIME MACHINE

by J. Fraser (2G)

The engine creaked and spluttered, and then jerked into action. The contraption disintegrated from optical view, and propelled itself into the fourth dimension.

The old professor peered at the controls, checked the armament, and then the satellite screen. There was a bleep-bleep as the detector picked up a body flying a few light years away.

"Enemy missile approaching; now six light years away," reported the automatic robot. "Prepare to fire."

The professor hurriedly turned, brought the cylinders out from the fins on the exterior.

"Enemy missile attacking, now one light year away. Prepare to fire," stated the robot. "Prepare to fire immediately."

The Professor sighted the radiation reflectors into the path of the missile, but the enemy deviated and returned the fire. This was of no use though, because at the press of a button the Professor's machine went back in time, and the enemy was unable to find the amazing 'Invulnerable.'

On it travelled, hurtling through the time barrier, the most advanced machine ever built by a human being. It could defeat the barrier, the barrier which men had tried to overcome ever since the ancient invention of the space craft—Time.

It could return to eras which no man had witnessed. People of the present were engaged only with the future. Archeology was a study, long forgotten.

The old Professor knew secrets; secrets of life, even before man came upon the earth. He knew exactly how battles were waged; how empires were ruled; and how prehistoric animals had become extinct. He knew the wonders of antiquity in absolute detail, instead of stupid theories which had been used in the long past 23rd century.

He even knew for how long the civilized world was going to last, and when people would hate others so much that God would have to destroy the solar system completely.

## **EPITAPH TO A BULLFIGHTER**

by R. Grayson (3B)

No tears were shed, no mourning sorrow,  
As prayer was read for him,  
The man who had teased and baited the toro  
No more will hear the large crowd's din.  
He had stood there proud, tall and strong;  
He had dodged the hooves and horn;  
He had run the risk much too long,  
And now his wife and children mourn.  
The bull was covered in bloody red,  
The matador just laughed,  
The bull lunged forth and gouged him through,  
And now he lies here dead.

## **WHAT! ME AN ARTIST?**

by D. J.

No civilisation can ever have been so inconsiderate and ignorant of the artist as ours. Nine people out of ten, if asked to define an artist, would say he is a man starving in a garret who paints pictures, and as the buying of a picture is something which they have never for a moment considered, he does not touch them in any personal way.

Even the artist himself does not seem to realise how many forms he takes! He may be concerned with music or literature or his talents may draw him to the visual arts. He may paint, model in clay, carve in stone, design clothes, theatre-sets, posters, books or any of the many machine-made things we have in our houses. Occasionally he may design and make



himself some of these in small quantities, as a craftsman, such as a potter. As "engineer artist"—a term commonly used in Italy—he may design motor-cars, office machinery and similar things; as architect he may design buildings; as landscape architect he may design gardens and whole areas of country; as town-planner he may give form to our urban communities. In various guises he will affect the stamps and coins we use every day, the trains we travel in, the lamps and bus shelters in our streets, and in particular the fittings, the furniture and decoration in our home. Perhaps it would be well if all of us tried to find out more of his aims; maybe even encourage him. You never know, you may become one yourself. For as the very fine typographical artist, Eric Gill, once pointed out, the artist is not really a particular person, but every man is a particular kind of artist.

## AN IMPRESSION

by J. B.

The sound and the colour: that is, the lack of these physical qualities, tended to sweep through the mind's ear and eye, with a scouring action, which created an impersonal and cold stillness upon someone from a girls' school. The latter was full of high-pitched frivolous hopeless chatter, full of pale-blue, polished sandals of light brown, with warm ugly red, full of Monday fresh bunches of wild flowers combed from the Wrekin and from those Shropshire pastures and the green pervaded that other school, and soothed the harsh desks, the black-board, the fearful corridor to a lesson so unwanted.

This impact has strayed from that of boys' or girls' upon us; yet girls and Salop are interwoven, rounded, soft, with a sweetness of ripe golden syrup, with a neatness of old maids' hedgerows and thick curved handwriting, always obedient to each comma—the date just right, the margin straight—always neat, primly seated, pencil case and satchel gleaming, fingernails and hair are sheening. Such a nauseating glow remains firmly entrenched, glibly refuses to be analysed and scared with truth, for girls, we know, are priggish, pure, highly critical, intolerant, and aggressively demanding.

And boys and Birkenhead are merged into yellow grey confusion, with dour gloom of Mersey rustling, chimney-pots and footballs whirling, in a yard with iron railings, these boys are there: the sound is of low rumbling, mingled with the thread of Wirral; tousled heads with sweat pouring, pushing, shoving mass of boyhood, in a scrum of legs and mind, he scorns idle chatter, giggling glances, for absorbed in action, nothing matters but the movement; he is inarticulate, incoherent, yet decisive, and emerges, after years of ordered chaos, with a clearer academic purpose than his sister. This boy is amazingly tolerant, single, definite, and likeable.

## NEVER MIND

by B. Delahousse

How can what an Englishman believes be heresy?  
It is a contradiction in terms.

—G. B. Shaw.

Paroles imprudentes, ô combien! Mais n' étant pas aussi courageux que G. B. Shaw, je préfère lui en laisser lâchement la responsabilité—Qu il se débrouille en famille, ou presque! Hest vrai pourtant que l'Anglais est un homme étrange je dirais même plus, c'est un paradoxe vivant.





Le mythe, selon lequel l'Anglais est flegmatique, est absolument sans fondement. Pour vous en convaincre, allez donc assister a un match de football à Anfield. Si vous réussissez à pénétrer dans le stade, ce qui est un exploit, vous verrez et vous entendrez comment se manifeste le fameux flegme anglais. Un bon conseil: ne vous évertuez pas à regarder le match—C'est inutile. Enveloppé par la masse mouvante et déchainée, vous vous sentez transporté, non pas d' enthousiasme, mais dans tous les sens. Tout ce que vous apercevez, c'est la nuque de votre voisin d'en face et ses cheveux qui feraient pâlir un Samson. Evidemment, la "Cavern" n'est pas loin, et les fauves sont lâchés. Je passerai rapidement sur les jurons et autres épithets obscènes qui pleuvent sur les pauvres joueurs, ce qui n'est pas fait pour améliorer l' état du terrain, déjà éprouvé par les conditions atmosphériques déplorables. Et encore, la, je vous les ai choisis: je vous parle des gens normaux, des gens distingués.

Mais ces manifestations hystériques sont occasionnelles, me direz-vous; elles ne sont le fait que d' une minorité. Détrompez-vous—Les Britanniques sont des enthousiastes. Ce sont des enfants qui aiment rire et s'amuser, et il ne leur faut pas grand-chose; considérez le succès des Beatles, par exemple: ne me dites pas que cela manque de vie—Manque de goût peut-être; mais ils chantent la joie de vivre, la gaieté, l'entrain, le dynamisme. On retrouve la même chose chez Ken Dodd: mais avec lui, c'est un autre style. Ce n'est plus l'homme des cavernes, c'est l'homme de Croc-magnon.

Pourquoi ce retour aux sources? Parce que le Britannique est un amoureux de la Nature. Ceci prouve qu' il n'est pas rancunier, car après ce que la Nature lui a fait, il serait en droit de lui vouer une haine éternelle. C'est là que réside le paradoxe cette réserve et ce stoïcisme à côté du fanatisme et de l'enthousiasme. De la même façon, les Britanniques n'en veulent pas aux étrangers de ne pas être britanniques: ils sont tout prêts a reconnaître que la perfection ne peut pas être universelle. Et ils vous pardonnent, et vous considèrent avec une certaine sympathie.

Voilà pourquoi un étranger arrivant en Angleterre est certain d'y trouver des gens aimables et secourables (c'est en effet le pays de la Société Protectrice des Animaux et de l'Armée du Salut) Les Anglais aiment rendre service. C'est là un de leurs moindres défauts—D'ailleurs ce sont leurs défauts, plus que leurs qualités, qui les rendent aussi attachants.



ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

### Atkin

Although Atkin has not won the Coronation Cup for a number of years, this year the House has a tremendous opportunity to regain it.

Thanks to a magnificent effort by both the senior and junior rugby house teams, Atkin has drawn the rugby competition with Westminster. Although both our teams were built up around a core of seasoned players, it was due to the enthusiasm and spirit of the inexperienced players that our victories were possible. This spirit, I hope, will be continued for the rest of the year in other inter-house competitions.

In the senior matches we narrowly lost to Westminster 6-5, when their more experienced side gradually wore down our forwards. Against Stitt and Tate, however, we won both matches by 11-3 and 24-0 respectively. Throughout the series our forwards, and in particular Westwater (captain) and Abbott played magnificently. In the threequarters Parry and Birss both had excellent games.

Like the seniors, the juniors also won two games, beating Tate 19-3 and Westminster 26-3. They were, however, beaten by Stitt, owing to the superiority of their backs, despite excellent defensive work by our threequarters. The juniors were captained by O'Brian, who along with Gregory, Fisher, Kendal and Owens played excellent games.

Along with the rugby, the senior chess games have been played. Despite losing to Stitt our senior chess team scored a notable success by drawing with Westminster and beating Tate. Ashworth and Parry both played well and Westwater, a late member of the team also gained distinction. It only remains for us to hope that our juniors can win all their matches.

The Athletic Cup last year was won by Atkin because all the members of the house made a major effort. If we are prepared to adopt the same tactics in the remaining competitions we will achieve the success we deserve.

D.H.

## Stitt

Stitt's glorious hour! Well, perhaps that is making too much of a brief spell of triumph but it is true that at long last someone has dethroned Westminster from the King position and Stitt receives the 'Coronation Honours' and is crowned Champion House.

Right royally did we deserve our victory as to attain it we won the Rugby, Cricket and Cross-country Cups and drew with Westminster in the Chess competition. As usual we were bottom of the Athletics table.

As House-master I should like to thank all the lads who made our success possible by their fine efforts but above all I must pay an extra tribute to our very able House captain, Edward Pye, whose willingness and co-operation was only equalled by his determination and ability in all that he personally took part in.

For me the most exciting event in the school year was the senior cricket match against Westminster, when with what one could only describe as the roughest of cricket-teams we pulled off a famous victory by fine fighting form from our fourth form members, M. Williams, I. Ansley and K. Sindall.

It was a pleasure to be able to award the Old Boy's prize, for the outstanding athlete in our House, to Micheal Williams of 4A. No one could have more richly deserved the honour. He has always been first home in the Inter-House Cross-country events, he virtually won the cricket competition for us with some excellent accurate bowling; his prowess on the track, in the middle distance races, gives us added hope that we may even improve our athletic status in future years and he is also a useful member of our chess team.

At Rugby he has been most unfortunate for he has twice broken his collar-bone and yet has returned to play at stand-off, both in junior and senior rugby and showed real ability as a ball player. He has now left the rugby scene to concentrate on cross-country and I am sure at least one member of the staff regards our loss as his gain.

We are left speculating when next we shall achieve a comparable success as last years. Well! it is up to you; make the effort and the results will be forthcoming. We hope!

## Tate

The year did not prove very satisfactory for Tate in any field of athletic endeavour. Undoubtedly the basic cause for this failure lay in the Upper Sixth Form. The House had only two members at this level and none of general ability in games. Hence Howarth had to shoulder much of the burden of leading inexperienced material on the rugby and cricket fields.

The diminutive stature of the junior house rugby team belied its determination and the inequalities of size between house players should be of decreasing significance as the team passes through the school. It is hoped, therefore, that next season will see a change of fortunes.

On the athletic field, the house fared better. Some fine athletes, particularly in the second and fourth forms should look forward to good



results ahead. The cross country, however, proved most unsatisfactory for Tate. The effort of the able boys were more than offset by the lack of determination to do their best on the part of the back markers.

## Westminster

**1964-65.** Last school year Westminster relinquished their hold on the coveted Coronation Cup which they had held since 1957.

During these seven years they have reigned supreme, winning forty-one events out of a grand total of fifty-one; thus leaving few events for Atkin, Stitt and Tate to share. Last year Westminster's only success was in the Chess Competition and in this they only just piped Stitt on a count of games.

Is the House on the decline, and is it due to a lack of talent or is the set back due to complacency? The latter seems to be the more obvious when the House records are examined. Certainly the competition is keener but without taking the credit from the opposition Westminster's efforts in the other four events was hardly what champions are made of. Losing to Tate in the senior rugby match and to Stitt in the senior cricket match, when M. Williams took on Westminster on his own, were real disasters and cost the house the Championship.

In the Intermediate event of the Cross-country the house failed by five points and this does not bear considering when the position of a number of talented runners is noted. The Athletic event was lost by ten points and again the house had a number of talented members on the touch line.

In congratulating Stitt on their great success in winning the Championship, Westminster must decide whether they are satisfied with second best.

**1965-66.** In the current year only the rugby competition is completed and in this Westminster share equal first position with Atkin. The house was somewhat unluckily in the junior section of this when they were without three of their star players in the two all important matches versus Atkin and Stitt, G. Jones having left the school the week previous and Lea and Tuohy being on the injured list. The senior section of the Chess competition has been played and in this the house leads at present having won two and drawn one event.

If Westminster is to regain her prestige it will only be by a hundred per cent. effort from all of its members.

## 1st XV

A season of mixed fortunes. One week riding the crest of the waves and looking like a first-class team and the next sinking to depressing depths without showing anything of its obvious potentialities.

Generally speaking, everything depended on whether or not the forwards were in dominating form. To give credit where it is due, the pack, after a slow start to the season, has been in a devastating mood, ripping other teams' defences to pieces with its speed to the ball and fine display of quick slipping.

At no game were these abilities more competently executed than in the game against Rock Ferry High School when the school forwards so exerted their superiority that they took complete command of the game and gained a well deserved 6-0 victory over their closest and keenest rivals.

Our backs have not had a lot of the ball but their defensive work has improved immensely and it was particularly gratifying to see the wonderful first time tackling in the thrilling game against Wirral Grammar School when with fourteen men for virtually the whole of the game the final score was only 8-3 against us.

Undoubtedly the best game of the season was against Wellington when everyone seemed to hit peak form and spectators enjoyed an excellent display of fast open rugby with forwards combining with backs and the direction of play being switched like lightning from one side of the field to the other. Another notable achievement of the season was the double victory over Park High School.

A fair number of this season's games were cancelled because of atrocious conditions. Frost was the main weather offender and this in itself was ironical as the hard surface would have suited our team who like to run with the ball and who have proven themselves fit enough to last a fast eighty minutes of rugby.

This was particularly so in the game against the Old Boys first fifteen when the school fought courageously against their older and more experienced opponents and were definitely gaining the upper hand when the referee blew for 'no side' and it was the Old Boys who came from the field thankful for a 14-9 victory.

It is with eager anticipation that the games staff can look forward to next season as apart from the full-back position we should have all the backs returning to school, a situation which has not presented itself in many a long year and it will be a delight to be able to concentrate on three-quarter play, where games of rugby should of course be won, instead of relying as we have for so long on hard-working forwards.

## 2nd XV

The 2nd XV completed the season with a very creditable balance of successes over defeats. This was achieved despite having to field a constantly changing side through injuries and the demands made upon its players by the 1st XV. In fact, most players gained some experience with the senior side during the season.

Most satisfying was the double victory gained over Park High and the early season win against Rock Ferry. On the other hand, the games against Calday, Ellesmere Port and the first match against Wallasey T.G.S. should have produced victories but did not.

The forwards certainly provided the foundations for success, notably through the hooking of Shaw and the line-out work of Macklin and Titchmarsh. The scoring honours go to half backs Birss and James, each of whom scored ten tries while Birss doubled his points tally through kicks at goal.

	Played	Won	Lost	Pts For	Pts. Against	
	17	10	7	178	165	
Leading Scorers		Tries	Convs.	Penalties	Drop Gls.	Total Pts.
Birss .....		10	6	4	2	60
Ashworth .....		—	7	7	2	41
James .....		10	—	—	—	30
Elliott .....		3	—	—	—	9



## **COLTS RUGBY XV**

The Colts XV have had a season of mixed fortune. Unfortunately nine of their fixtures had to be cancelled and this makes it difficult to assess their true potential. It may not be presumptuous to say that it would have been to their credit if these fixtures had been played.

In all, thirteen matches were played of which seven were won, one tied and five lost. It may be mentioned that three of these games were lost when the team was well below strength. The team is particularly strong in the forwards, and on their day they would find few equals. Throughout the season they have served their backs with the necessary possession and it is here, in the back division, where the weakness lies. There is a definite lack of speed in the backs which only quick thinking, quick handling and good positioning will make up for, and this has not always been present.

However, the Colts have reason to be pleased with themselves for they showed a keen spirit and enthusiasm for the game, the reserves rarely failed to appear in considerable strength and the boys conducted themselves in an exemplary fashion on and off the field.

Finally, O'Hare is to be congratulated on attaining the Cheshire Under XV County side, and it is hoped that the Under XV seven-a-side team will be successful in defending the Cup at Chester on Wednesday, April 6th in the County Competition.

## **CRICKET FIRST XI**

For the second successive year the team enjoyed a successful season under the captaincy of R. Parry. The team won nine games, drew two and lost one. It was a similar team to that of the previous season, but with the introduction of Ashworth. However, towards the end of the season, several of the senior players left and it became necessary to call upon less experienced players, who showed that they were worthy of a first team place. These players should provide the basis for future successful teams and should be congratulated on their displays.

The opening game was at Holt High School, who fielded first, the school declaring at 154 for 9. B.I.'s batting, particularly that of Westwater who scored 46 and Brown 25, dominated Holt's bowling; Howarth, McNulty, Walker and R. Parry also batted well. Holt were then dismissed for 39 runs, R. Parry taking 4 wickets for 8 runs and P. Parry 3 for 6. Against Wallasey Technical Grammar School, B.I. batted first and were all out for 94, McNulty scoring 24 not out, Woods 18 and Ratcliffe 16. Wallasey were then dismissed for 33, Brown taking 5 for 9 and D. Parry 3 for 9, with four catches being held. The next match at Calday Grange Grammar School was unfortunately marred by intermittent rain showers on an already wet wicket. Calday batted first and declared at 109 for 5, Brown taking 3 wickets for 26 runs. Westwater and Howarth opening the innings for B.I.

and had scored two runs off the first over before the match was finally abandoned.

Wirral Grammar School provided the next opposition at Ingleborough Road and B.I. were dismissed for 68 by some good Wirral bowling. However, Wirral's batting did not match their bowling and they were all out for 29 runs, P. Parry taking 5 wickets for 6 runs and R. Parry 2 for 5. At home against Park High School, B.I. fielded and dismissed Park High for 46, after an expensive eighth wicket stand of 24. Despite the loss of some early wickets, the team scored 47 for 6, McNulty once again providing the mainstay of the innings in scoring 18. The next match at home against Wellington School was another good victory for the school, in which Westwater played a superb innings, scoring 75, the highest score of the season, and Howarth scored 20 in a first wicket stand of 74. B.I. were all out for 138. Wellington's ten men were dismissed for 15, Brown taking 3 for 0, P. Parry 4 for 7 and R. Parry 2 for 3.

At Rock Ferry High School, B.I. won a keenly fought match, which heralded the introduction of Murphy, Milnes, James and Williams, who joined Ashworth, a regular member of the first XI, in playing a large part in the victory. B.I. declared at 110 for 9, Ashworth scoring 41 and Milnes 20 in some attacking cricket. Rock Ferry replied with similar aggressive tactics, but were dismissed for 84, P. Parry taking 7 wickets for 25 and R. Parry 3 for 41.

The next match was at home against St. Anselm's College, who were all out for 69, P. Parry taking 6 for 26 and seven catches being held. B.I., after a steady beginning, faltered slightly but R. Parry scored the winning run with a lofted drive for four, B.I. scoring 70 runs for 8 wickets, with Woods 20 and Howarth 14. It was at Oldershaw Grammar School that B.I. had the second draw. Oldershaw batted and scored 116 for 8 declared, P. Parry taking 6 for 43 and Ashworth taking four catches. In reply B.I. scored 87 for 5, with some good attacking batting. The final school match was at home against Chester City Grammar School and B.I. were all out for 113, Westwater scoring 36, McNulty 21 and Murphy 20 not out. Chester were then dismissed for 28, R. Parry taking 7 for 19 and P. Parry 3 for 7. Therefore, in school games, the team was unbeaten in ten matches and had won several decisively. But now followed the annual matches against the Old Instonians and the Staff.

Against the Old Instonians, the school batted and, after losing some wickets quickly, due to the skilful bowling of Kevan and Ennion, gained a grip on the game with the use of other bowlers. The school were all out for 112, P. Parry scoring 55, Woods 23 and Titchmarsh 21. On the following evening play recontinued and after a good start by the Instonians they were dismissed for 102, Titchmarsh taking 5 for 31 and Woods 4 for



32. Murphy also held a fine diving catch to dismiss McIntosh, who had scored 24. In the staff match the school suffered its first defeat due to the experienced bowling of the staff. On a dead wicket the staff scored 64, Mr. Hughes scoring 17, Mr. Edgar and Mr. Woods 10 each. Seven catches were held by the school and Titchmarsh took 4 wickets for 16 runs. However, the wicket became lively after it was rolled and Mr. Evans and Mr. Thornton soon had the opening batsmen back in the pavilion. The school was dismissed for 33, P. Parry scoring 15 not out and Mr. Evans taking 6 wickets for 9 runs, Mr. Thornton 2 for 9 and Mr. Halliday 2 for 13.

Throughout the season the team was well led by R. Parry, who was well served by McNulty who often provided the runs in the victories, and by Howarth, who, although he had no very high scores, had, on many occasions, held the innings together. The younger members of the team should be congratulated and will no doubt distinguish themselves in matches next year. Westwater should also be congratulated for his fine displays of batting, which, in partnership with Howarth, have demoralised the opposition. However, the whole team deserves credit for its success and the way in which it has followed the orders of its captain.

## SCOUT NOTES, 1965

In February, the Town Gang Show was again staged at the Plaza. The cast of 120 contained boys from this Troop and J. Fraser and G. Smith took leading parts in two items.

The usual quota of weekend camps and hikes were held throughout the year and we spent our Summer camp alongside a river at Llanystumdwy near Criccieth.

This annual camp (lasting a fortnight) was attended by two Scout Patrols under the leadership of C. Capstick and A. France, and a Senior Scout Patrol. On one day during this camp the Patrols were blindfolded and driven to a spot some miles away, whereupon they were given the map reference of their lunch and told to report back in camp by 6 p.m. They did!!

In the closing months of 1965, 14 new boys were welcomed into the Troop, two of these (P. France and P. Henshaw) having since been invested. We were sorry to see the departure of P/L A. France as he now joins the Senior Troop with an excellent camping and attendance record.

The start of 1966 sees the emergence of three new Patrol Leaders, namely: D. Mabbutt, J. Fraser and P. Kewin and this change comes at a time when we eagerly await the recommendations of an Advance Party which has been set up by the Chief Scout (Sir Charles Maclean) to look into the future of Scouting and to suggest any necessary changes.

R. BROOKS (Scoutmaster)

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## **Membership Secretary:**

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The Association Club, 40 Argyle Street, Birkenhead, is maintained by an energetic Committee for the benefit of Association Members and their guests. It is open on Sundays, Mondays, Thursday, Fridays and Saturdays from 7-30 p.m.

Each year the Association is pleased and proud to present its Sports Prizes to a boy from each of the four Houses. This presentation was made at the end of the Autumn Term 1965.

On Remembrance Day the Association lays its tribute at the School War Memorial.

Each Summer Term the Old Boys muster an XI to meet the School 1st XI in what always proves to be a most enjoyable match. In 1965 the O.B.s under A. McIntosh proved too strong for the School.

Another Social occasion enjoyed by an increasing number of O.B.s is the Annual Golf Match organised the Golf Secretary. In 1965 it was held at Prenton Golf Club.

Your attention is drawn to the fact that the official Association tie can be purchased from Bibby & Perkin upon production of a current Membership Card.



## OLD INSTONIANS R.U.F.C.

After two lean years, it is a pleasure to report that this season the Club has done very well both on and off the field, the improvements to the pavilion having brought the accommodation to a very high standard indeed. Mind you, we have not paid a great deal of attention to the facilities for making tea, perhaps understandably, but we are getting round to this. Perhaps the ladies who do this chore at the School Cross Country matches on Wednesdays sometimes will note.

Throughout the season four teams have been fielded and on two occasions a 5th team, both of which engagements have been won. The help of the School both in quantity and quality on occasions has been well-nigh exhilarating. It is a reported fact that one Saturday our diminutive but voluble 4th team captain Mike Porter was rendered speechless by the performance of three school stalwarts. In the 3rd team, of course, John Mardy, its captain, never has much to say, being too busy sweating with anxiety if play approaches to within 50 yards of his line.

The bare results are shown below but the enthusiasm and spirit underlying them cannot be measured. Our new captain Andy McIntosh may be a bit disappointed at losing 11 games, but as the points for and against show eight of these were lost almost by a hairsbreadth. When steadiness becomes allied to aggressiveness in the centre they should start to win handsomely.

One memorable game was against the School who seem to have acquired new life and skill at the same time as the Club. The memory of that pushover try will long linger in the recollections of the Club's now ancient treasurer. The same gentleman also savoured greatly the School pack's performance against Rock Ferry High.

Ending on a nostalgic note may I say that watching the School at Ingleborough Road is very often a bitter-sweet occasion. The street lamps gradually turn to gas and the clank of the trams past the library grows louder and louder whilst "Biddy" Harris, "Peter" Paice and "Dicky Lulu" and the rest of that venerable company swirl out of the steam from the scrums.

P.A.R.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Agst.
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2nd XV .....	17	13	—	4	188	71
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