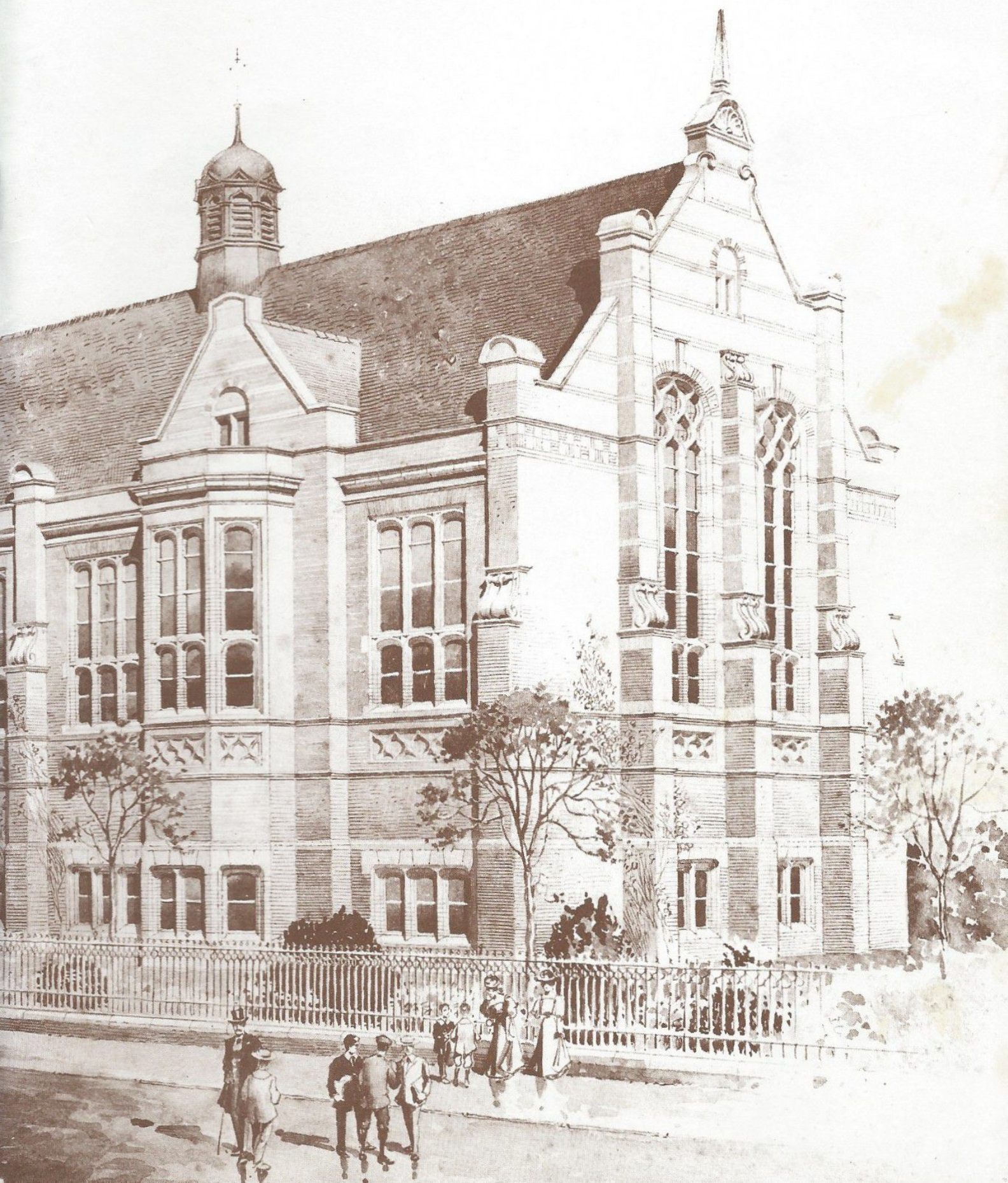


The Hulmeian 1982



THE HULMEIAN

The Magazine of
William Hulme's Grammar School

CONTENTS

	Page No.
School Notes and News	4
'The Hulmeian' Centenary Edition	4
Obituary: Mr. L. Bailey	4
Obituary: Mr. J. N. Hopwood	5
University Results	6
Speech Day	7
Prizes at W.H.G.S.	7
Prize List 1982	11
Bursar's Corner	13
 School Activities	
Drama	
The School Play: 'The Resistible Rise of Arturo UI'	14
House Play Competition 1982	15
Stage Staff	16
Music	
Music Department Autumn Concert	17
The School Orchestra	18
The School Choir	18
The School Organ	21
Trips	
C.C.F. Easter Camp	22
Germany Exchange	23
Ski-ing Trip to Santa Caterina, Italy	24
Normandy Trip	25
Motortrek to Morocco	26
Paris Trip	29

CONTENTS

	Page No.
Societies	
Debating Society	31
School Chess 1981-2	32
'Doing Time'	32
Donner Library	32
The Computer Unit	32
The Manchester Workhouse Project	34
Original Contributions	38
The Way We Were	46
House Letters	48
Byrom	48
Dalton	50
Fraser	52
Gaskell	55
Heywood	57
Whitworth	58
Games	62
Gaskell House Rugby	62
Rugby	64
Lacrosse	65
Cricket	72
Junior School Athletics	82
Swimming	83
Basketball	84
Tennis	84
Parents' Association Report	86
Old Hulmeians Association	87

SCHOOL NOTES AND NEWS

At the end of the School year 1981-2 Mr. P. C. Hallworth left the Staff to become Head of the Geography Department at Clifton College, Bristol. In his four years here he supplemented his teaching and pastoral duties by helping Mr. Manning with Careers, by producing the School Play in 1980, and by giving distinguished service as Master-in-Charge of Lacrosse. He and Mrs. Hallworth take our best wishes with them.

We also say farewell to Mr. J. F. Scarth, who had taught Religion since January 1982, coming out of a well-earned retirement to give us help for which we are most grateful.

In September 1982 we welcomed to the Staff Mr. H. N. Veevers and Mr. M. Roden, to teach Geography and History respectively. Some other internal changes took place: Mr. A. M. Blight became Master-in-Charge of Religion; Mr. M. R. Booker became Head of Mathematics; Mr. M. Loveland became Joint Second Master; Mr. D. F. Manning became Director of Studies; and Mr. A. Simkin became Housemaster of Heywood.

We congratulate Mr. J. H. Thomson on his marriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Maclachlan on the birth of a son.

The Founder's Day service was held in Manchester Cathedral on 2 March. The address was given by Canon Bonsor.

The Heads of School during the year were successively K. P. Holdridge and P. D. Winterbottom. The following held office as Prefects: A. P. Booth, A. D. Brown, M. Collins, M. Crowther, M. C. Drackley, N. J. Firth, H. Fryman, D. I. Howarth, M. A. Hull, R. E. Humphreys, P. R. Hunt, J. Q. Killip, S. A. Leadbeater, J. A. Lord, J. B. McFarland, R. G. McLaren, I. G. Macmillan, R. M. Phillips, A. Prestwich, K. L. Price, W. N. Roberts, D. K. Smythe, R. P. Thornton, L. J. Upcott and D. G. Wood.

'THE HULMEIAN': CENTENARY EDITION

Although the School's Centenary does not occur until 1987 the Editor of *The Hulmeian* is already planning a special edition of the Magazine to commemorate the occasion. He would be pleased to hear from any Old Boys who wish to send him memories of their time here. This is not a request for contributions! No formal articles are expected; merely any information in writing which can be included in a survey of the School's history. Any photographs or other kinds of memorabilia would be doubly welcome; they will be carefully preserved and returned. A sufficient number of items would enable us to mount a Centenary Exhibition.

Letters should be sent to the Editor at the School.

OBITUARY : MR. L. BAILEY

The Governors of the Foundation heard, with very great regret, of the death of Leonard Bailey on the 21st November 1981. As a Councillor and later as an Alderman of the City, he was the Manchester City Council representative on the Hulme School Committee from 7th March 1962 until 1974, when he was appointed a co-opted member of the Governing Body of the School until the sealing of the Hulme Trust Scheme on the 26th October 1979, when he was appointed one of the Governors nominated by the Hulme Trust Estates Educational Foundation.

Leonard Bailey's sound commonsense, business ability, incredible versatility and great sense of humour made his contribution to Governors' Meetings unique. At all times he fully supported the Governors in their proposals to become independent and he saw that the pursuit of excellence was no detriment to any boy who was admitted to William Hulme's Grammar School. The Governors are indeed fortunate to have had the advice for so long of a personality who had served his City with such distinction and who will be most sadly missed by all who had the privilege to serve with him.

OBITUARY - J. N. HOPWOOD

It is with deep regret that we record the death, at the age of 48, of J. N. Hopwood, one of the most distinguished Old Hulmeians of the post-war years, a School Governor and a loyal friend to the School.

Neville Hopwood, the son of the Lancashire and England cricketer J. L. Hopwood, came to William Hulme's in 1945. He had a distinguished school career, in the course of which he became the Chairman of the Music Society, Vice-Chairman of the Debating Society, a Sergeant in the C.C.F. and a School Prefect. His all-round games ability was recognised by his captaincy of the 2nd XI at cricket, the 2nd XII at lacrosse and the award of his 2nd XV-colours. He had parts in school plays and operas, and crowned an outstanding career by being awarded the Hulme Scholarship in English at Brasenose College, Oxford - in all, a remarkable achievement, marked as always with a quiet and unassuming modesty.

At Oxford, Neville read Law before being called to the Bar at Gray's Inn. For eleven years he worked for the Newspaper Publishers' Association, taking a leading role in many delicate negotiations involving the whole future of the newspaper industry, and eventually becoming the director of the Association between 1969 and 1970. He then became Managing Director of *News of the World* Ltd. and a director of News International Ltd. In 1973 he joined the *Manchester Evening News* as managing director and was appointed a director of *The Guardian* and *Manchester Evening News* Ltd., positions which he retained until ill-health forced him to retire in 1977.

Soon after he moved back north he became a Governor of the School, and he continued to attend Governors' Meetings regularly, even when he became severely handicapped physically. His contributions to Governors' Meetings were always clear-minded and incisive; his interest in and support for the School never faltered, and when he was able to get out on to the School field to watch cricket his genuine pleasure in meeting the present generation of Hulmeians was obvious.

For those who saw Neville Hopwood in the last few years, two emotions always conflicted - sorrow that a man with such a zest for life should be afflicted in such a way, and admiration at the cheerful courage and determination he always showed. While mourning his untimely death, we can but feel intense gratitude for his work and service to the School, as well as for his contribution to an industry that he served with great distinction. Anyone who came in contact with Neville was both enriched and humbled by the experience.

To his family, and especially to Mrs. Hopwood and her daughters, we extend our deepest sympathy.

UNIVERSITY RESULTS

We are pleased to record the following results that have been reported to us:-

University of Oxford

M. P. Evans (Pembroke) Class II Honours Classics Mods.
J. P. Marland (Merton) Class II Honours Classics Mods.
N. R. Pond (Wadham) Class II Final Honours School of Jurisprudence.

University of Cambridge

P. J. Latham (Christ's) Class I Engineering Tripos Part IB
I. R. Fishwick (Downing) Class III Maths Tripos Part IA
D. R. Tracey (Emmanuel) Class III Oriental Studies Tripos Part I
R. J. Artley (Christ's) Class II Natural Sciences Tripos Part IA
A. P. Leech (Caius) Class II Natural Sciences Tripos Part IA
I. M. Smith (Emmanuel) Class III Modern and Mediaeval Languages Tripos Part I
A. D. Hoffman (Queens') Class I Engineering Tripos Part IA

University of Durham

R. A. Porter (Hatfield College) Class III Law

University of Salford

J. D. Tricker Class III (Hons.) Mechanical Engineering Science

University of Bristol

D. A. Campbell Class III B.A. (Law)
M. D. Hamilton M.B., B.Ch.

University of Aston

M. J. Howarth Class III B.Sc.

University of Liverpool

D. A. Hanley Class III B.Sc. (Botany)

University of Sheffield

D. Fox Class III B.Sc. (Mathematics)

U.M.I.S.T.

A. Allen Class III B.Sc. (Civil Engineering)

The City University, London

C. D. Lightfoot Class III B.Sc. (Systems and Management)

University of Leicester

M. A. Hallworth Class III B.Sc. (Chemistry with Geochemistry)

University of Bradford

M. W. Richardson Class III B.Eng. (Electrical and Electronic Engineering)
A. B. Polding Class III B. Eng. (Civil and Structural Engineering)

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held on 9th July 1982. The Chairman of Governors, Mr. E. B. Jackson, presided, and the principal guest was Air-Vice-Marshal Gilbert, C.B.E., Assistant Chief of Defence Staff (Policy) (O.H.).

The Head Master, in his report, reviewed the preceding year. He described the improvements and extensions in the School's facilities and buildings, many of which had been aided by gifts from the Parents' Association; mentioned the various trips undertaken during the year to Northern Italy, Northern France, Morocco, Brittany and Germany; commended the continuing vitality of the School's musical, dramatic and sporting activities; reported the replacement, by handsome copies, of the cups and trophies which had been stolen the previous year; and thanked the academic, administrative and maintenance staff for their contributions to the life of the School.

Air-Vice-Marshal Gilbert, having presented the prizes, addressed the School, taking as his point of departure the recent victory of the British forces over the Argentinians following the invasion of the Falkland Islands, a victory in the planning and co-ordination of which he had himself played a part. He stressed as causes of celebration in this achievement the united stand of all political parties, the sustained willpower and hope of the fighters, and the decision to uphold principles, if necessary, by sacrifice and suffering. He urged upon the boys the need to prize two qualities: respect (the recognition and preservation of what was fine in life) and duty (the resolve to do what was right at whatever cost). He reminded them of the advantages they enjoyed, at the School, for cultivating these qualities, and hoped that they and their teachers would continue the aim of maintaining excellence in all things.

After a vote of thanks to Air-Vice-Marshal Gilbert, moved by the Chairman, the formal proceedings came to a close and the audience dispersed to take coffee and to view the exhibitions mounted by various Departments.

PRIZES AT WILLIAM HULME'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Amongst the prizes which are awarded each year, there are many which recall people and events connected with the history of the School. There must be lots of Hulmeians who have either never known or who have forgotten the origins of these prizes. This article is intended to throw a little light on the subject and thereby to illuminate the Prize List for 1982 which follows.

I

The largest group of named prizes commemorates masters, officers and governors of the School. Some of these, such as the Hewlett Geography Prize, recall men who were members of staff as early as 1890. The Anderson English Essay Prize commemorates "Jock" Anderson who, between 1920 and 1947, was variously Head of English and Officer Commanding the Cadet Corps. A. L. Powell (Scripture Reading Prize), himself an Old Hulmeian, was one of Anderson's colleagues between the Wars.

Others are more recent: the Graham Johnson Memorial Prize (awarded for the best contribution to the cultural life of the School) is in memory of a member of the English Department who died tragically young in 1967. F. J. Smith was Head of Classics from 1947 to 1972 and many boys still in School will remember him as Librarian until his death in 1979. The Classical Travel Scholarship was generously donated by his brother, Mr. G. Smith.

Several prizes recall men who devoted almost the whole of their working lives to the School. The J. A. Barber Prize (for the boy who has made the best all round contribution to the life of the School)

commemorates a man who served the School as Secretary (Bursar) for fifty-one years and is remembered as the "father" of Hulmeian lacrosse, as O.C. the Cadet Corps and as President of the Old Hulmeians Association (O.H.A.). Similarly, D. M. Williams (the Music Prize) taught history in the School for forty-five years, but lives in the memories of many Old Hulmeians as the driving force behind some forty years of productions of Gilbert & Sullivan operas.

When Mrs. Taylor donated the William Taylor Memorial Prize (for an outstanding boy in the First Year) it marked a family connection with the School since, while he served as Secretary and Bursar from 1952 to 1963, she ran the School kitchen and dining hall. Mrs. Taylor now lives at Appersett, very close to Hulme House, Hardraw.

The Aspinall Religious Knowledge Prize (for the best essay on a religious topic) commemorates an Archdeacon of Manchester, who served as Chairman of the Governors from 1918 to 1934. His portrait hangs at the back of the New Hall.

II

A second group of prizes is associated with Old Hulmeians. Here again, some of the connections go back a long way: the Knoop English Prize refers to Douglas Knoop, who became Professor of Economics, at Sheffield, in 1913. Much more recently, the Halpin History Essay Prize commemorates Ian Halpin, who left School in 1976 and who died while at university. Officers of the O.H.A. are particularly well represented: the Woollam Scholarship (for a boy taking up engineering) commemorates a past President who assisted the School in many ways. The Caswell Prize (for a boy reading a science other than engineering) was bequeathed in the will of Mrs. Caswell in memory of her husband, C. E. Caswell, who also served as President. Mrs. Allman donated a prize for further mathematics in memory of her husband Alan, who served as President, but was also a Governor and a very generous benefactor of the School. In the same way, Mrs. Barnes has commemorated her husband, Eric, who died in 1974 after being Secretary of the O.H.A. for nearly twenty years.

Several of the many Old Hulmeians who were killed in action are also remembered through prizes: Mrs. Dorrington donated the Classics Prizes in memory of her sons, Peter and Walter, both of whom were killed in the First World War. One of the three Palmer brothers also died then and the Science Prizes were donated by the surviving brothers. The Second World War claimed the life of Rupert Hawley, whose mother donated the French Prize.

III

The School has always been underwritten by a great fund of goodwill from Hulmeians and their families. This finds expression in a third group of prizes. The Vlies Prize for Modern Languages was presented by H. H. Vlies, a boy who was amongst the first to enter the School and who went on to become a Governor and was President of O.H.A. His son, Gordon, has maintained the family link and he too served as President, almost fifty years after his father's term of office. The Watkins Prize (traditionally awarded to the Head(s) of School) was donated by the father of two Hulmeians. Miss Caiger, who gave a prize for French, was for many years a member of the Preparatory School's staff - 'the Prep.' occupied Peveril Mount, the house on the corner of Alexandra Road and Wilbraham Road.

The Dehn History Prize was presented by two Old Hulmeian brothers, F. E. and C. G. Dehn, both of whom served as Presidents of the O.H.A. during the 1930's. Similarly, the parents of the Lymer brothers, one of whom was Brigadier R. W. Lymer, President of O.H.A. 1962-63, donated a prize for mathematics. The Original Verse Prizes were also donated by the parents of two Hulmeians to mark a relationship with the School which has been of great benefit to everyone over many years.

The death of James Gozzard prompted Mr. and Mrs. Burslam to present the Gozzard Prizes for excellence in photography and craft. In this way, they commemorate a man who set high standards in these fields and who, as contemporaries of his son Mark will recall, was a staunch friend of the School in many ways.

IV

Finally, there are several prizes which have been awarded by people, presently associated with the School, who seek to promote or reward work in particular fields. The D. Ll. Griffiths Prize for Medical Subjects is awarded by an Old Hulmeian who, in addition to gaining an international reputation as a surgeon, also serves on the Governing Body - of which he was Chairman for ten years. The C. H. Jones Prize (for the boy who makes the best contribution to the life of the Sixth Form Centre) is awarded by the present Vice-Chairman of the Governors: a man who is recognised as one of the School's most frequent and welcome visitors.

Very recently, another Governor, Mr. Colin Midwood, has donated a prize for the outstanding cadet in the Corps, while Dr. S. K. Appleton has presented a prize for biology in the Lower Sixth, which runs alongside that awarded by the O.H.A. to a member of the Upper Sixth.

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In preparing this summary of the School's named prizes, I have relied heavily upon information provided by Mr. K. P. Thompson and by Mr. C. J. Lowe, the Second Master. Both have given many years of distinguished service to the School and, fortunately for me, both have very long and detailed memories!

H. N. Beggs.



Air-Vice-Marshal Gilbert in a thoughtful mood on Prize Day

(Photo: A. M. Buckley)



A satisfied customer on Prize Day

(Photo: A. M. Buckley)

PRIZE LIST 1982

Special Prizes:

Aspinall Religious Knowledge Prize:
 P. D. Glickman
 J. A. Barber Prize: R. P. Thornton
 J. A. Barber Prize (Proxime Accessit):
 R. G. McLaren
 Anderson England Prize: J. Ellis
 Eric Barnes Memorial Trophy: R. P. Thornton
 Caswell Prize: M. A. Hull
 Geography Fieldwork Prize: P. F. Donald
 James Gozzard Craft Prize: M. J. E. Leyland and
 P. I. Price
 James Gozzard Photography Prize: M. J. Hinnells
 D. Ll. Griffiths Prize for Medical Subjects:
 F. N. Hussain
 Halpin History Essay Prize: A. D. Geary
 Graham Johnson Memorial Prize: S. J. Redford
 C. H. Jones Prize: B. Cooper
 Junior Classics Prize: J. P. Wilson
 Colin Midwood Prize: C. F. Marshall
 Music Prize: N. C. Langley
 Original Verse Prize (Middle and Junior School):
 H. J. Minty
 Powell Scripture Reading Prize: N. J. Firth
 F. J. Smith Classical Travel Scholarship:
 H. T. Revill
 Watkins Prize: K. P. Holdridge and
 P. D. Winterbottom
 D. M. Williams Memorial Prize: K. L. Price
 Woollam Scholarship: I. E. Kershaw
 Yates Prize: I. G. Macmillan

Upper Sixth

Allman Further Mathematics Prize: A. D. Tatham
 Dehn History Prize: R. Taylor
 Dorrington Classics Prize: H. T. Revill
 Knoop English Prize: I. G. Macmillan
 Lymer Mathematics Prize: A. J. Moffatt
 Old Hulmeians' Biology Prize: M. A. Hull
 Vlies Modern Languages Prize: S. J. McNicholls

Middle Sixth

Forrest English Prize: R. Taylor
 History: A. Prestwich
 Geography: W. J. H. Murray
 Latin: M. Crowther
 Hawley French Prize: M. Crowther
 German: M. Crowther

Spanish: R. R. Czarnopis
 Ancient History: D. M. Bretnall
 Mathematics: A. N. Simpson
 Further Mathematics: S. J. Smith
 Physics: A. N. Simpson
 Chemistry: F. N. Hussain
 Biology: J. E. Kaye
 Art: S. J. Birchall
 Design: A. D. Brown
 Music: R. E. Humphreys

Lower Sixth

English: M. I. Shaw
 History: J. J. Parkinson and J. R. Tate
 Geography: J. R. Tate
 Latin: M. J. Taylor
 French: A. C. Harrison
 German: M. J. Taylor
 Ancient History: G. J. H. Howell-Jones
 Economics: R. J. Pietrucha
 Mathematics: R. W. Barber
 Further Mathematics: C. B. Smith
 Physics: M. R. Percy
 Chemistry: L. J. T. White
 Biology: L. J. T. White
 Human Biology: C. F. Marshall
 Design: M. R. Cobb
 Engineering Drawing: D. K. White
 Music: N. P. Grant

Fifth Forms

Parents' English Prize: M. L. Artley
 History: R. Hussain
 Hewlett Geography Prize: P. J. Goodier
 Latin: N. R. Howard
 Greek: D. J. Adams
 Caiger French Prize: R. A. Ogden
 German: R. J. Ellis
 Mathematics: R. Hussain
 Physics: P. J. Goodier
 Chemistry: M. L. Artley
 Biology: R. Hussain
 Art: I. B. Beckett
 Design: R. G. Dalgleish
 Music: A. M. Pollard

Fourth Forms

English: A. P. Hall
History: J. P. Wheale
Geography: R. J. Arnfield
Latin: R. J. Arnfield
Greek: G. W. Williams
French: J. L. Lighthill
Spanish: M. P. Kelly
German: K. K. Herbert
Mathematics: J. S. Bouchier
Physics: R. J. Arnfield
Chemistry: D. K. Shah
Biology: A. M. North
Art: A. A. Akka
Design: C. A. Jackson
Music: J. L. Lighthill

Third Forms

English: A. K. Zaidi
History: S. Tucker
Geography: C. B. Williams
Classical Studies: C. B. Williams
Latin: M. P. J. Hancock
Greek: C. A. L. Ishemo
French: M. P. J. Hancock
Spanish: S. Espiga-Ventura
German: M. P. J. Hancock
Mathematics: J. D. Campbell
Physics: M. P. J. Hancock
Chemistry: S. A. P. Leyden

Biology: M. P. J. Hancock
Art: R. D. Markland
Design: N. Platt
Music: H. J. Minty

Second Forms

Religious Education: A. Y. Hessayon
English: R. D. Nieri
History: D. P. Clarke and C. L. Gardner
Geography: S. D. Thornton
Latin: S. J. Beggs
French: S. J. Beggs
Mathematics: S. G. Robinson
Physics: W. H. Newton
Biology: P. P. Arnfield and D. C. Burke
Art: R. H. Saidi
Music: J. D. Jacobs

First Forms

Religious Education: A. G. Hann
English: K. J. M. Stephenson
History: D. Loveland
Geography: N. A. Meech and M. K. Raynor
Latin: A. R. Tomlinson
French: D. M. J. Timm
Mathematics: D. Loveland
Chemistry: J. P. Lucas
Biology: J. D. Roberts
Craft: D. Loveland
Music: D. Loveland

The William Taylor Memorial Prize: M. Lovell

BURSAR'S CORNER

It is good to be able to report that considerable improvements have been made by way of maintenance in the past 12 months - there have, of course, been problems; the main one which affected everyone was the failure over the Christmas period of the Science Block central heating boiler.

We were most fortunate to have been able to patch this up and it lasted until the first day of the Midsummer Term when the sight of so much sun obviously made it realise that its time had come, and it promptly filled itself with water instead of flame! Its replacement is a machine of new design, fuelled by Gas, which should ensure (d.v.) that from next season at least the Scientists will be warm throughout the winter!

The other major change which will be welcomed, certainly by the Junior School, is the introduction of Cafeteria dinners. As a by-product of this change, the Annex has been enlarged slightly and fitted out in 'Houses' as multi-coloured Changing Rooms, with shower-room at the Groundsmens' Hut end, and 'Field Toilets' in a separate adjacent block. The old Cages will eventually become cloakrooms and the littering-around of school-bags where Bursars can fall over them will thenceforward be totally banned! This should also save a great many books from being drenched, and will certainly avoid the ever-increasing problem we have with intruders stealing bags left unattended.

The move of the Head Master to a Study overlooking the Quad may not be so popular among those who prefer not to be closely observed, but the move has enabled the Bursar and his Accounting Staff to set up shop in a labyrinth which requires a knowledgeable guide to solve. I had not previously realised how much noise descends from Room 9!

Our Administrative Computer System is now fully operational and is proving to be even more effective than had been anticipated. One 'Snag' is that the software is programmed in DIBOL - Digital's own Cobol-based language - so we are not able to programme it ourselves - but perhaps this might have advantages where the Fees are concerned...

During the Summer Holidays the classrooms around the Old Hall Balcony were redecorated, the old black and purple of Room 10 being replaced with a lighter hue, designed to keep classes more alert. The Staff Toilets are completed, and the new main School Toilets should be operational in the very near future.

It is a pity that there is no space for extra tennis courts - this seems to be a sport which is increasing in popularity. However, I hope that the new surfaces and the pavilion will help to encourage the enthusiasts, despite the need to take the nets in each night to overcome the problems of vandalism which are becoming more and more prevalent.

You may have noticed how youthful the Maintenance Staff (in their smart bottle-green coats) are becoming! We are now employing school-leavers under the Work Experience Scheme, and have similar help in the kitchens. This is proving beneficial both to the School and those concerned, and it is hoped to continue this practice.

The main aim for the next year is to continue tidying-up and introducing minor additions and alterations. I hope you have all noticed the great improvements which have been achieved by the Gardener. There are no other major works planned at present, but I feel sure that the continuing pressure to bring the School to a first class standard of maintenance and cleanliness will, of itself, pay dividends.

I am delighted to report that the Sixth Form Clock has been repaired at long last!

I. Stranack (Bursar)

'THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI'

The School Play 1981

As producer of the School Play this year Miss M. Green rejected the more traditional choices in favour of a work by the much discussed twentieth century German playwright Bertolt Brecht. *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* was written in exile during the war years with the intention of producing it on the American stage; therefore the parody of the Nazi leaders by Chicago gangsters is quite fitting. The play is relatively new to this country and is particularly difficult in that much of the success lies in the staging and performance, rather than in the text itself. Bearing this in mind, such a choice must present even more of a challenge for a school production.

The first night's performance was marred slightly by the fact that arctic weather conditions caused the absence of important 'behind the scenes' lighting and stage staff. Consequently there were noticeable errors such as a curtain failing to open on cue and the main characters were left in darkness for their presentation during the prologue. The intervals between several scenes were lengthy by necessity to allow for scene shifting, but again, on the first night the stage staff were especially noisy.

On the second and third nights, however, few such problems arose. P. J. Goodier operated the projector to show slides of Hitler's rise to correspond with the action on the stage depicting the rise of Arturo Ui. Between several of the scenes, these were linked to a selection of contemporary or simulated newsreels which, although unclear in parts, added to the atmosphere of the play.

As for the production itself, honours must go to D. Scheinmann for his riveting performance as Arturo Ui/Adolf Hitler. To personate such a familiar and emotive character must surely present a challenge for even the most experienced actor, yet his portrayal made one forget that this was a fifth form pupil. He was on stage for much of the time and was convincing in the delivery of his lines as well as the facial expressions and body movements which conjure up the figure of Hitler, introducing also the correct show of lack of confidence which Brecht wanted to highlight in his character.

G. S. Williams as Ernesto Roma played the part of an intelligent, frustrated idealist who, although one of the gangsters, was able to draw sympathy from the audience. Other supporters of Ui were Giri, played admirably in Cagney style by M. J. Hinnells, and Givola, portrayed in an unaffected and humorous manner by M. Wallwork. A. C-Y. Cheung, R. D. N. Hunt, N. A. Hoskinson, M. M. E. Cowburn and S. P. Mitchell were alarmingly authentic as the bodyguards of the increasing influential Ui.

The principal ally, albeit unwittingly, of Arturo's rise is Old Dogsborough, a role tackled by A. S. Olive. He superbly interpreted, through quality of voice and the hesitancy of action, the portrayal of this stately old gentleman, degenerated after compromising his moral principles. P. A. Iredale was noteworthy as the naive, dim-witted son of Dogsborough, but appeared somewhat uncomfortable in his female role as Betty Dullfeet, although he did gain confidence towards the end.

The Cauliflower Trust, depicting the Junkers in the Germany of this period, consisted of R. A. Ogden as Flake, A. P. Fox as Caruther, J. D. Campbell as Butcher and M. J. Taylor as Clark. Unfortunately these characters appeared in some of the more inactive scenes; consequently there was little opportunity for acting of any depth. N. D. Pritchard made much of his role as Sheet, the wronged ship-yard owner, showing through his steely glare when interviewed by Flake that he was completely *au fait* with the situation.

Many of the boys played two or more parts and succeeded on the whole in bringing a touch of individuality to their respective roles. Special credit should be given to A. M. Pollard for sustaining a credible Irish accent during his performance as O'Casey, the perceptive, sly investigator, to A. B. N. May

for his eccentric portrayal of the actor ruined by art, to H. J. Minty for superbly enacting the troubled, yet fiercely upright Gaffles, to S. Espiga-Ventura who magnificently emulated the perfect butler, M. J. Lloyd as the world-weary reporter, J. L. Lighthill as the condescending Goodwill and in his non-speaking role as the man anxiously awaiting his betting results in Scene four, R. O. Evans who was splendid as the gangster's moll, S. D. Kay who endeared himself to the audience with his portrayal of Bowl, the grieved little man, R. Taylor as the judge and Ignatius Dullfeet, and A. C-Y. Cheung who introduced a confident fairground style into his part as the announcer.

Apart from the excellent acting by the boys in the play, credit must also be given to Mrs. Hempstock and Mrs. Daber for the impressive costumes, M. R. Cobb for the organ music which linked the various scenes and emphasised the theatrical nature of the trial in Scene nine, the lighting and stage staff who constructed scenery on both traditional and more abstract lines, and indeed to Miss Green whose skilful stage management ensured that at any given moment there were always several things taking place on the stage, thereby taking full advantage of the dimensions of space available. With her 1981 production Miss Green has set a new standard and must have changed many people's traditional views on School plays.

L. A. Ballantyne

HOUSE PLAY COMPETITION 1982

The House Play Competition, which took place at the end of the Lent Term, was judged by Mr. J. Callaghan, Dr. Barker and Mrs. Hempstock. It was generally agreed at the time that the competition had been highly successful, though in retrospect it is sometimes difficult to substantiate that judgment. The adjudicators were not deeply impressed by Dalton's entry, *Bring Out Your Dead*, nor by Byrom's *The Face of the Angel*. Each had good points: Dalton's props were first-rate; and individual performances by A. P. Fox and J. D. Campbell brought some life to Byrom's offering. On the whole, however, these two Houses were not fully prepared for the competition, and much closer attention needed to be paid to basics - audibility, stage layout and movement. House Play producers could do worse than remind their casts of the strictures imposed on the players by Hamlet. For reasons now unknown to me, my final note on Dalton's piece read:

'There be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too',

while for Byrom I had written:

'In the very whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that will give it smoothness'.

In the end, Dalton and Byrom were placed sixth and fifth respectively.

There was much to recommend in Gaskell's production of *Trial and Error*, staged by M. J. Crowther and R. D. Meadowcroft. Much care had gone into the programmes and publicity: the lighting was very effective; and the use of the stage and design of the props were well thought out (we liked especially the use of the computer). It was also pleasing to see fourteen members of the House on stage. Yet there were weaknesses in the overall conception of the play. Some of the better actors, notably M. J. Oliver, M. Crowther and D. Waldon, were relegated to parts which were too small for them to demonstrate their talents to the full. The six planet Guardians (R. Hunt, C. Greaves, G. Leigh, J. Chestock, G. Dunn and A. Geary) were disappointing, lacking interest and character delineation; and were not helped by the positioning of the table around which they were all huddled. As the central figures in the play, N. Midgeley and J. Crews both did very well, and kept the action going with some skill. The four workmen, M. Drackley, D. Waldon, A. L. Meadowcroft and P. Gaskell, provided some light relief, but much more could have been made of them. Despite all the shortcomings, this was a well-chosen play, which came across rather better than we had anticipated. Gaskell was placed fourth.

So far, the adjudicators had had a very easy task filling in the fourth, fifth and sixth positions, but were then faced with the difficulty of sorting out the plays entered by Fraser, Heywood and Whitworth. Each play was an outstanding success, and it was only by concentrating on small points of detail that we were able to separate them, placing Whitworth first, Fraser and Heywood joint second.

We liked Fraser's choice of play, *The Chinese Mask*, and appreciated the efforts to set the production in the 1950s; especially the cluttered study and the simplicity of the school uniform. The standard of acting was very high indeed, and it thus came as something of a surprise that A. S. Olive did not dominate the proceedings as we had expected. We have seen some outstanding performances from him in the past, but he underplayed the part of Pinkerton when a more dominant personality was called for. M. Artley could have made more of his part as Milton, but the rest of the cast performed splendidly. K. Price, J. Berlyne and W. Sandy were especially good, and we were sorry that G. J. Howell-Jones had so few lines, for he was cast perfectly as Horrabin. B. Light proved to be an excellent newcomer to the stage, acting all the time, not just when he had lines to say. The central part of the play, the Chinese mask scene, was one of the best pieces of House drama we have seen for a long time: it was a pity that H. Pimlott did not receive credit for it on the programme. The few weaknesses in the production seem very unimportant now - the absence of pictures on the wall, the very low lighting after Pimlott's exit, even Sandy's distinctly un-1950s hairstyle! However, Fraser were up against strong competition, and in the circumstances every small point counted.

Heywood's *Albert* gave us many problems. We felt at the end of the first night that it could be a winner, with a slight edge over Fraser. We could see why the play had been chosen: it was extremely funny and would go down well with the audience: it required little staging; and rehearsals would be made easier by the fact that it had a cast of only three. It was these very factors, however, which militated against it. The staging should have been fuller - four chairs did not evoke much of the atmosphere of a sitting room in middle class suburbia. Moreover, it may be unwise to involve only three actors in what is the only House drama of the year. Both A. M. Pollard as Nico and J. L. Lighthill as Karin gave very entertaining performances: the timing of their exchanges was superb. Compared with these two, M. J. Taylor as Albert proved a little disappointing: his emotional range was more limited than that of Pollard and Lighthill, and he had not perhaps studied the character sufficiently thoughtfully to project it from the inside. Nonetheless, this was a delightfully funny production which well deserved the enthusiastic reception it was given.

Whitworth's play, *Top Table*, was a sustained and successful production. Each of the delegates to the peace conference was well cast. A. C. Cheung (China), K. Hussain (India), M. J. Hinnells (USSR) and M. Wallwork (USA) all interpreted their parts precisely and skilfully. J. R. Lewis as Africa was delightfully funny: the carefully considered Lenny Henry impression did not, fortunately, go over the top. S. Espiga-Ventura produced a magnificent UK, perfect in every detail: we liked in particular his subtle graduation from Oxford English to Churchillian send-up, and awarded him the prize for the best individual actor. It was fortunate that much of the action revolved around these six characters, for the pace and style altered discernibly with the intervention of J. B. Roche and D. J. Adams as the two cleaners. Both were too pedestrian after the hilarious antics which preceded their entry: and they could have made more of the proposals that wars should only be declared after the governments involved had been executed. The flow of action was not interrupted for long, however, and the play ended as it had begun, on a high note of excellence in both acting and production, with even those in non-speaking parts (I. K. Lomas, S. P. Mitchell, S. Barnham and S. M. Black) working hard to make this a first-class House effort.

P. J. Callaghan

THE STAGE STAFF

We began the year by familiarising ourselves with new equipment provided by the School and the Parents' Association. The safety-conscious powers-that-be had decided that they disliked the thought of our continuing to clamber about in semi-darkness on a rocky wooden structure eighteen feet above the stage

floor and had had it replaced during the summer with a system of ropes, pulleys and bars, which enabled the raising and lowering of scenery, curtains and lights as scene changes and maintenance demanded. Gone for ever was the chance of adding to previous Stage Staff signatures high in the rafters! We now had to learn heave-ho rope techniques similar to those in use on the great sailing ships. We also regret that there will be no more scaling of swaying, loose-runged ladders and sliding down them afterwards as we were given a rigid step-ladder with which to adjust the lights *in situ*.

The performance of *Arturo Ui* in December furnished us with the opportunity to use our new equipment to the full. Chandeliers, ghost-effect curtains and horse-racing betting boards were lowered into place and a large shutter, with excellently-timed sound effects, was raised and lowered in the audience's view to the actors' commands. A threatened strike was averted by the timely provision of gloves to protect rope-sore hands and the play proceeded with very few blunders, the final score being Stage Staff 1, Lighting Crew 1.

The House Plays used for the first time new sound-effects equipment constructed by organist/narrator M. R. Cobb. Micro-electronics have now reduced the former edifice to a black box with small turntable and tape recorder and provided even more space backstage by placing them on the 'deck' above the organ. The sound and lighting crews are now nearer to the heaven they have always claimed as their rightful place! The plays themselves use only curtain sets with props and so the remainder of the rather quiet year was used to complete the much-needed cleaning-out of scenery storage facilities.

It is heartening to note that such good work has been done this year by relatively few members and we look forward to next year's productions of two plays in the first term and a Musical and the House Plays in the second; plans for these are already in hand and we thank the Producers forgiving us early advice of their intentions.

D. J. Barber
G. N. Grant

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT AUTUMN CONCERT

A varied, pleasant and accomplished evening of music was presented on Wednesday, November 4th, 1981 in the Upper Hall, a splendid choice of venue with its crisp acoustic and atmosphere more intimate than the New Hall. The School Band showed its wide repertoire with a medley ranging from Walford Davis' Air Force March to the famous Minuet from Handel's Royal Fireworks Music. The School Orchestra, nine members of which also performed in the band, was equally versatile and polished, with the measured traditional tones of Brahms' Variations on Haydn's St. Anthony Chorale contrasting agreeably with the popular 'Tie a Yellow Ribbon'.

There were several delightful solo instrumental items. R. Humphreys played Bach with characteristic authority and panache, and the younger pianists S. Paterson and S. Espiga-Ventura made further enjoyable contributions to the evening. N. Langley's viola playing is going from strength to strength, as he showed in his Schumann piece (sensitively accompanied by Humphreys), P. Sharman gave us a charming Schubert violin movement, and G. Williams' clarinet solo by Lutoslawski was also memorable. M. Hancock played very well two anonymous sixteenth century pieces for guitar.

Mr. Hofton's Chamber Music Group, composed entirely of his Middle Sixth Minority Time Music set, led us into a world of enchantment with an arrangement of Ravel's Pavane, a particularly challenging piece since its structure is very fluid. The Small Vocal Group - R. Humphreys, M. C. Drackley, K. Price and S. Beggs - sang a marvellously witty arrangement for unaccompanied four-part ensemble of Mozart's Overture to 'The Magic Flute'. This called for, and was indeed treated with, lightness, delicacy and split-second timing. It was parody of a 'Tourist Guide' and, though the tempo was a little slower than in most orchestral concert performances, this was more than justified by the need to get the precise words across

to the delighted audience. This piece ranks with the famous Donald Swann song about the lost horn to the famous tune of Mozart's Horn Rondo, and deserves to be much better known.

But the major vocal works of the evening was the School Choir's performance of S. Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast". The choir managed well the changes in atmosphere and pace, from the rumbustious heartiness of the performers at the wedding party to the tender lyricism at the end when Hiawatha is left 'to the night and Minnehaha'. K. Price's lovely solo 'Onaway, awake, beloved' was for me the moving climax of a very happy evening. His voice has a penetrating yet, when necessary, restrained clarity.

G. J. Turner

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

'School Orchestra'. Do you shudder when you hear these words? Or smile? Or even groan? A school orchestra, totally dependent upon the musicians currently in the School, is occasionally excellent, but usually less so. It is, however, always interesting.

For example, can I really expect one French-horn player to play two French-horn parts? What can be done to improve the elderly kettledrums, one of which seems to have a mind of its own and gives us two notes at a time instead of the customary one? (Generous, but not helpful.) Which lucky person is going to play the bassoon cues, since we no longer have a bassoon player in the School? When can we fill the empty space behind the 'cello? Perhaps just one term of lessons is not enough for the new double-bass player. And so it goes on.

After only six rehearsals the newly-formed School Orchestra faced its first audience at the November concert. We were fortunate in having some experienced members whose presence gave the younger boys the confidence to play out, and I was very pleased with the cohesive sound produced

In the April concert, playing some early English dances and a Strauss waltz, they showed a tremendous improvement, and there were some very musical solo passages from various players.

Enthusiasm and regular attendance are vital if we are going to enjoy our Wednesday rehearsals. To those who listen outside, why not come and join us? To those who have joined, my grateful thanks for your help, many sensible suggestions, but above all for your cheerful appearance each week.

E. Wood

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

Members of the School Choir lead a topsy-turvy life in the Michaelmas Term; it is Christmas in September (the realisation of what to many Staff and boys usually remains merely a blissful daydream), and the Nine Lessons and Carols Service, as well as the St. Ann's Carol Service, are assembled (or dismembered) each Tuesday and Thursday lunchtime. Under the combined guidance of Messrs. Bamforth and Golder, a tintinabulation of trebles, an altercation of altos, a tremulousness of tenors and a bombardment of basses jells into a wondrous harmony. This is an ideal way of introducing Junior School boys to the delights of choral singing, because each carol is short enough to be coped with as a complete piece, yet each makes unique technical demands. This year the congregations were rewarded for their piety by a setting of the Shetland Carol composed by Mr. Bamforth. Mr. Golder's Hibernian ancestry came in useful for translating such unfestive terms as 'snyirkin' and 'kale-rot'.

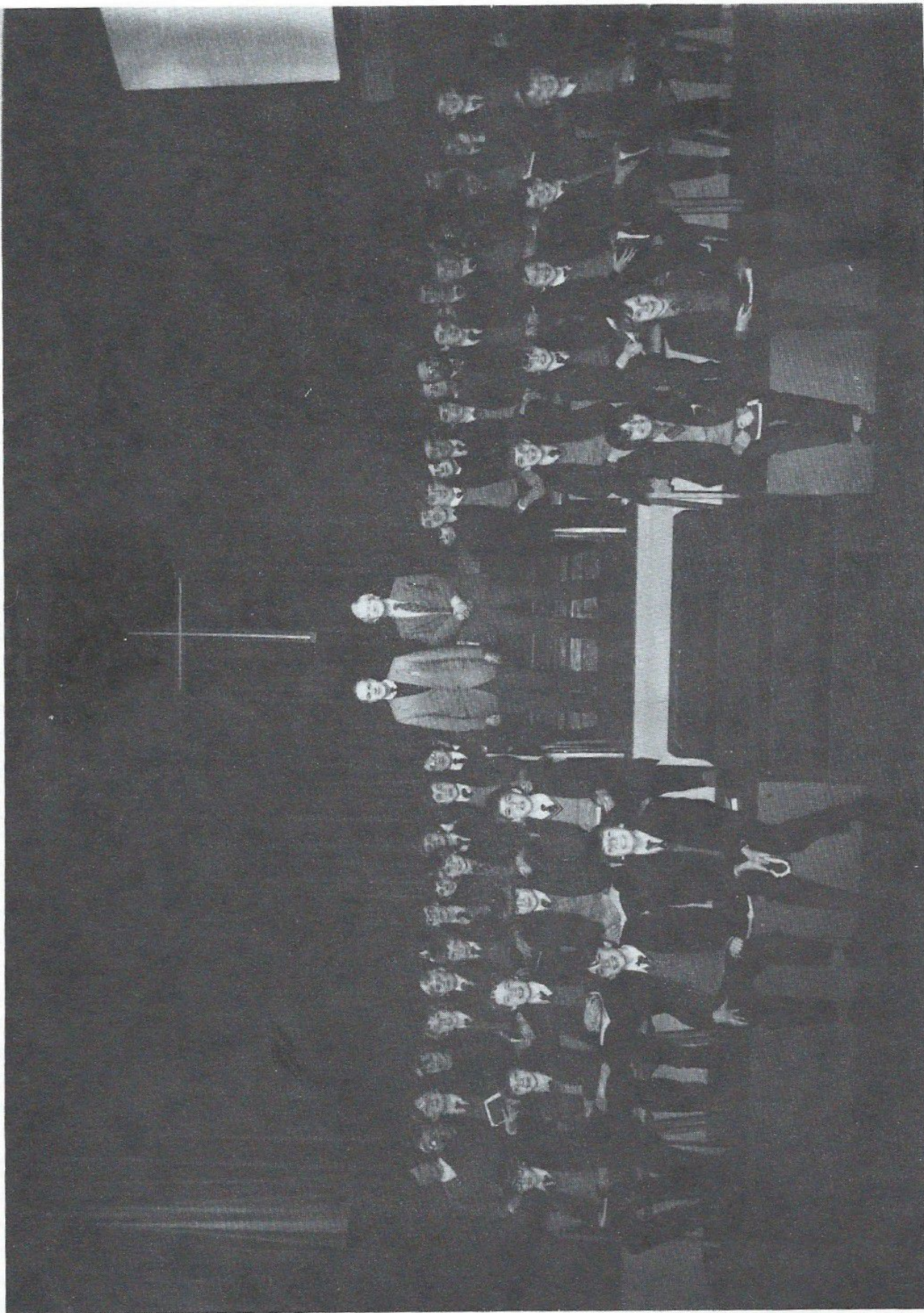
In the Easter Term the Choir tackled something altogether more taxing: the first three movements of Gounod's Mass for St. Cecilia, a work of extraordinary power and beauty, at once a Requiem for the dead and a glorious vindication of life. The solo performances of A. W. Kloss, S. Beggs, K. L. Price and N. Langley provided admirable meditative and lyrical interludes in contrast to the full-throated choral passages. The audience, noticeably attentive, was generous in its appreciation of the piece, and of the conducting of Mr. Bamforth, whose contribution, and those of Mr. Golder and R. E. Humphreys on the pianos, were second only to Gounod's. The Choir looks forward eagerly to the challenges of the new School year.

P. Dean



The Choir at St. Ann's, Christmas 1981

(Photo: D. J. Barber)



The School Choir 1981-2

(Photo: D. J. Barber)

THE SCHOOL ORGAN

In recent years the Parents' Association have, with many generous donations of funds, vastly improved the facilities and decor in the New Hall. This year they completed the refurbishing by donating the proceeds of the Summer Fete towards a new organ. A Hammond organ has been in use in New Hall since 1968, but from the late 1970s its mechanical/valve construction became increasingly unreliable; and its design and tonal qualities made it unsuitable for teaching and examination work.

R. E. Humphreys and M. R. Cobb, under the guidance of Mr. Callaghan, set about the task of finding a suitable replacement organ. A pipe organ was clearly out of the question, being too expensive and requiring a costly maintenance contract. We therefore had to seek out the best possible alternative - a pipeless electronic organ which produces as accurately as possible the true sound of a pipe organ.

After detailed examination of numerous makes and models, we were invited to visit the factory of J. & J. Makin Organs of Rochdale. This company has established itself over the last fifty years as one of the leading manufacturers of pipeless organs. Designed to meet the exacting requirements of the Royal College of Organists, the International Society of Organ Builders, and the Associated Board, each organ is hand-built to the customer's own specification, and the complete installation is especially designed for each building. The tonal qualities of these organs have been orientated around the design of Harrison and Harrison, the master organ builders, who installed the organ in Manchester Cathedral.

An interesting feature of the School organ's specification is the Transposer, which allows the key of a piece of music to be changed up or down through five semitones: this allows hymns to be played in a more comfortable range for male voices. A headphone socket enables boys to practice without disturbing others.

The organ took one week to install and voice, most of the time being taken in positioning the speaker cabinets. Each cabinet houses twelve speakers, eight of which rotate from a central axis whenever the organ is switched on.

The organ was inaugurated with a concert given on Wednesday, 7th July by the distinguished organist Nigel Ogden. His highly entertaining selection of music demonstrated the full capabilities of the instrument.

Since its installation the organ has been used by a large number of boys who have passed Grade IV piano examinations. Organ lessons and examinations are now provided at the School.

M. R. Cobb
R. E. Humphreys

SPECIFICATION - MAKIN 884

GREAT

Open Diapason	8'
Stopped Diapason	8'
Dulciana	8'
Principal	4'
Wald Flute	4'
Twelfth	2½'
Fifteenth	2'
Krummhorn	8'

PEDAL

Open Diapason	16'
Bourdon	16'
Bass Flute	8'
Fagotto	16'

Auto Pedal
Great to Pedal
Swell to Pedal

SWELL

Hohl Flute	8'
Vox Angelica	8'
Vox Angelica	8'
Gemshorn	4'
Fifteenth	2'
Mixture III Ranks	
Oboe	8'
Trumpet	8'

Swell to Great
Sub Octave
Unison Off
Octave
Tremulant
Balanced Swell Pedal

Transposer
Headphone Socket

C.C.F. EASTER CAMP 1982

Once again the C.C.F. Easter Camp was held at Osnabruck in Germany, where for five days we enjoyed the hospitality of the 1st Bn. King's Regiment. We set off on the 21-hour journey on April 2, the first remarkable event occurring at Köln, where Mr. Simkin missed the train. We arrived at barracks at lunchtime on Saturday; the afternoon was spent settling in and unpacking. In the evening we set off on a reconnaissance mission into Osnabruck, finally mounting a Section attack on a local funfair.

The camp began on Saturday with drill. After a while some recruits started to master the art of walking rather than stumbling, and began to look quite smart. In the afternoon we played the now traditional game of football against D Company Kingos, and although our team played well we lost 6-2, being saved from a worse defeat by brilliant performances from Sgt Macdonald, Cdt Torkington and Mr. Simkin. This was followed in the evening by a trip to the ice-rink, where Cpl Dorman not only acted as interpreter but managed to negotiate a reduction in the entrance fee!

Monday morning was spent clambering on FV 432 APCs (Armoured Personnel Carriers) in the vehicle park, followed by a tour of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes. We later went to the 30m. range where, after some weapon training, had the chance of live firing with the sub-machine-gun and general purpose machine-gun. In the afternoon we visited the Inniskilling Dragoons' vehicle parks, where we were driven round in the Chieftain MBT and the Scorpion tank. This was perhaps the most interesting visit of the whole camp; Cpl Kay even pondering how he could slip a Scorpion through Customs on the way back.

Following training on the assault course and P.T. in the gym, the next morning saw us on the way to Achmer training ground in the APCs. Achmer is used by the Army for training and night exercises and is similar in appearance to a World War I battlefield. Here everyone learned the rudiments of driving an APC, with varying success; even the officers went in circles! At nightfall, having set up bivouacs at a base camp, we embarked on an 'escape and evasion' exercise, chased by Kingos armed with blank ammunition. This went well, but on return to base camp we found that one of the APCs had driven over a bivouac, not surprisingly flattening it in the process, along with some kit: back-packs had been shredded, berets perforated and unbreakable flasks broken.

Wednesday morning was spent in the tender care of Sgt Evans who, after an hour, had everyone, including Cdt Thomas, looking smart and marching in time. After a lecture on Armoured Fighting Vehicle recognition, and a demonstration of the Milan anti-tank simulator, we had the event free to spend in Osnabruckoor at the skating rink or swimming baths.

On Tuesday morning we returned to the 30m. range, firing the SLR and GPMG, and then made our way to the indoor range where we fired at a metal projector screen showing figures.

We began the return journey at three p.m. after a short debrief and room inspection, arriving in Manchester at 11.30 a.m. the following day.

On behalf of the whole party I thank Messrs Fisher and Simkin for organising the trip; Dr. Peek, CSM Killip and Sgt Macdonald for returning to help run the camp; and, especially, the men of D Company, and Capt. Wilkinson and Lt. Eggington, for making the trip run smoothly and enjoyably.

We congratulate L/Cpl Dorman, Cpl Kay and Cpl Wallwork on their promotions, and Cdt Heelham for his excellent conduct and example to other cadets.

C. F. Marshall (C./Sgt.)

GERMANY EXCHANGE 1981/2

I

The culmination of many weeks planning came on October 19, 1981, when twenty-seven German boys from Werl arrived at School at lunch-time, inaugurating the first exchange of this type undertaken by W.H.G.S. Our visitors were to follow the normal School timetable for four days and then spend half-term at the homes of their English partners.

On the first day the German boys, aged between fourteen and eighteen, were naturally tired after an overnight Channel crossing, so most went home early to give themselves a rest before school on Tuesday. The next few days passed quickly, everyone settling in to the new routine and learning more about their partners and the differences between English and German schools.

On the last day at School the Germans decided to hold a football match: England v. Germany. This was played on the First XV rugby pitch and, although we lost 2-1, it was an enjoyable, if tiring, match.

During the holidays there were two organised trips. The first was to York. We met at School at nine a.m. and arrived at 10.30. An excellent day was spent visiting the Railway Museum, the Castle and York Minster, and walking through the old part of the town. When it was nearly time to go, and since the weather was turning, we rested in a coffee-shop before making our way to the coach.

The second trip was to Alton Towers and proved to be another enjoyable day. We were again lucky with the weather and were able to experience such "delights" as Cine 2000, the Pirate Ship, the Corkscrew, a log-ride and many others. The journey home was somewhat subdued, most people's stomachs having been left behind.

The last time we all met was on Piccadilly Station waiting for the train to take the Germans home. This was a sad occasion, but the visitors returned with the memory of an experience which was both educative and entertaining.

M. Oliver

II

On Wednesday February 10, 1982, the return visit got under way as we went by coach from School to London, where we arrived at 6.15 p.m. to catch the boat-train to Folkestone. The calm sea crossing was followed by a four-hour train journey from Ostende across Belgium to Köln, where we changed onto a local train. An hour and a half later we were greeted on Werl station by our partners, who took us to meet their families. The rest of the day was spent getting to know them and recovering from the journey.

Friday was our first day in the German school. We got up at 7 a.m. (it *was* supposed to be a working holiday!), were welcomed by the Headmaster and then went to our partners' lessons. After lunch we toured Werl and took part in a factual team quiz with fierce competition for the prizes. The evening was spent with our host families, as was almost the whole weekend, apart from a brief visit to school - on Saturday morning.

Monday must be considered the most arduous day of the trip; however, planting trees, knee-deep in mud, with our spades between twenty people, was nothing if not entertaining. The afternoon was spent playing basketball in the school's sports hall.

Tuesday morning was spent either in school or at the local swimming baths; most people went swimming and had still not recovered when we attended the town hall in the afternoon, for a civic reception

and a discussion, conducted in three languages, about the problem of pollution in today's cities.

Wednesday was, without doubt, the highlight of the trip. Most of the day consisted of an expedition into the Sauerland with a visit to underground caves and the medieval castle. In the evening there was a party - a regular occurrence in German schools - and, as this was carnival time, people dressed in weird clothes and generally made fools of themselves. The beer was very cheap and the music quite varied.

The Thursday before *Rosenmontag* is traditionally Ladies' Day, when they take control of rural Germany. Some of our party fell victims to the custom that, on this day, men have ties and shoelaces cut by girls.

Everyone was well prepared for Friday's visit to Münster; a plan of the town had been distributed, and Mrs. Wright gave us an outline of Münster's history. Having, unfortunately, forgotten most of this, many people just wandered aimlessly round the town, but a few of us took the opportunity to look round one of Germany's oldest and most respected universities.

Saturday morning was once again spent swimming; the rest of the day with the families.

Karnivalzeit was now approaching its height, and Sunday's trip to Arnsberg served to point this out; the nearest equivalent we have is the reception given to winning Cup-Finalists by their supporters. The whole town was out to enjoy itself, with many parades and displays of fancy dress. Sadly, *Rosenmontag*, the next day, was the last of our holiday. On this day no work is done in Germany, and everyone gives themselves up to festivity before the start of Lent. Farewells were said to families we now knew as well as our own, and the long journey home had begun.

In closing, we would like to thank Mrs. Wright, Mr. Turner, and everyone who helped to make the trip a success. It says something for its enjoyableness that, of the twenty-six boys who participated, sixteen are going again next year.

A. M. Guy
A. J. Timms

SKI-ING TRIP TO SANTA CATERINA, ITALY, DECEMBER, 1981

On December 17 a babble of mounting excitement filled the quad as we loaded our coach and reserved our seats. The four masters accompanying us, Messrs Hallworth, Moore, Seddon and Shaw, checked that everyone was present, and the coach made its way to Luton airport. Immediately the air was filled with the incessant and garbled din of dozens of cassette recorders.

As we boarded the Monarch Airlines 727 a look of fleeting terror crossed the faces of the cabin crew. Would they be hijacked? Take-off was accompanied by such comments as, 'Did you close the door?' and, 'What use are life-jackets at 35,000 feet?' The luckless stewardesses found themselves trying to pour coffee as we flew through severe turbulence over France.

After alighting at Milan we were whisked to a nearby restaurant for a much-needed meal served with a purple brew loosely resembling wine.

The journey to Santa Caterina provided a number of hair-raising moments; the coach-driver broke every conceivable road regulation and we were so occupied with the oncoming traffic that few of us noticed the scenery of fields had been replaced by snow. We had arrived.

After a few hours' sleep we stumbled down to breakfast (bread rolls and coffee). The first day ski-ing

consisted of beginners being taught the basics while the intermediate and advanced groups went up the mountain. After the evening meal, consisting largely of pasta, we were introduced to the female courier, Darlene, who immediately became a main topic of conversation. The primary source of entertainment at night was the Amacord disco, a refuge from the hotel's jute-box, which was run by an ardent West Ham fan.

In the next few days the beginners made rapid progress, moving to the upper slopes. V. Lord's display of aerial acrobatics in a pine forest was appreciated. The ski-ing was exciting and eventful, emphasis being played on making as many runs as possible to improve technique.

Our hotel, the Capanna, was typically Italian. A sizable crack ran along the floor, up the wall and across the ceiling of the dining-hall. A compulsory fire-drill was arranged, with Mr. Shaw telling us to act calmly. The actual drill involved leaping from bedroom windows into snow-drifts; not exactly calm, but exceedingly good fun! A tobogganing contest was held in the evening and a new world record was set: eight people, including Mr. Moore, accommodated on a single fragile plastic toboggan.

The highlight of the ski-ing was the slalom contest, held for all the schools attending the village. In the evening the parties attended the presentation of ski-ing awards and watched a video of the slalom contest.

All too soon the seven days were up and we found ourselves on the Autostrada to Milan. Bad weather forced us to be diverted to Milan's alternative airport, and as we took off Italy vanished beneath us under a blanket of fog. The interior of the plane was soon filled with choruses of Christmas carols, and littered with tinsel. The plane touched down at Luton at 11.48 p.m. on Christmas Eve, and seasonal greetings were exchanged in the baggage terminal. There was a brief pause as we made telephone calls home, and then we set off on the last leg of the journey. We arrived back at School at about 4 o'clock on Christmas morning.

I must convey the thanks of everyone who went on the trip to the masters involved in the organisation of a highly enjoyable Christmas break.

I. B. Beckett

NORMANDY TRIP 1982

From 18th-21st February the History Department organised a trip to the D-Day Invasion Beaches and the town of Bayeux. Forty-five pupils and four members of staff, Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne, Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Blight were involved. The trip began ominously when it became clear that the hotel which we had previously been booked had gone bankrupt. However, initial fears concerning the standard of the replacement accommodation were not realised. In fact the cathedral town of Bayeux proved an ideal centre: not large enough to get lost in but of sufficient size to make the avoiding of staff and other boys a fairly easy task.

The journey by coach began at 11.00 p.m. and after a ferry from Newhaven to Dieppe we arrived in Bayeux at 3.00 p.m. Thanks must be expressed to our driver, Gil, who proved an excellent companion.

During the first day we visited the British War Cemetery just outside Bayeux, the town of Arromanches overlooking the British Invasion Beach named Gold, a museum at St.-Mere Eglise and the impressive American War Cemetery.

During the Allied invasion a whole harbour, named Port Winston, was constructed around Arromanches. To-day evidence of this is hard to identify although the beach is littered with massive concrete blocks. The museum at Arromanches showed an excellent film narrated in English, although some exhibits such as 'American Baseball Bat' were of doubtful historical relevance.

We visited another museum at St-Mere Eglise which contained an extensive array of relics from the battles. One interesting story to emerge was that concerning the case of Private John Steele, an American paratrooper. During the Allied invasion he had the misfortune to be shot in the foot and drifted over the town, eventually becoming suspended from the church spire by his parachute for two hours. During this period he feigned death and was able to survive the German withdrawal from, and the American capture of, the town.

By far the most spectacular monument to the war effort was the American cemetery on the cliffs overlooking Omaha beach. Covering 172 acres the site contains 10,000 bodies and includes two war memorials, one with a painted ceiling depicting battle scenes. The mist tended to shroud the scene and the sea only a few hundred yards away could not be seen from the clifftops.

The morning of the second day was left largely to our own activities. These consisted of visiting the cheap French supermarkets to buy presents and French gastronomic delights. In the afternoon we visited the famous Bayeux Tapestry and also an excellent war museum in the town which included a fantastic range of exhibits, especially weapons, uniforms and newspapers. Despite a mystifying film narrated in French, this was by far the best museum out of the three we visited during the trip.

A competition based on the visits was organised in the evenings by Mrs. Ballantyne and prizes were won by A. Hall (4Y), A. Geary (3Y) and M. Jordan (4A). Overall this was a very enjoyable and successful school trip organised by Mr. Ballantyne.

J. Tate (L6A)

MOTORTREK TO MOROCCO. EASTER 1982

At the end of March this year and at the invitation of Mr. D. Short, formerly a member of our Science department and now at Stockport Grammar School, a small party of senior boys joined an overland camping tour to and around Morocco. A Kent-based firm, Tentrek, provided equipment, two Ford Transits and two experienced drivers, and the party of twenty-six boys and four staff had a memorable, if exhausting, holiday.

Adaptability, we had told ourselves before the trip started, would be a vital quality in the party on such a tour as this; the readiness to make things go right if by chance they should start to go wrong. Indeed, the first few hours of the journey were to produce a few tests; the most dramatic of these was a sudden bump in Transit II which signalled the collapse of the rear suspension, necessitated a swift change of vehicles at Orpington, and caused a mad dash to catch the Dover ferry. Immediate adaptability was again required on arrival in France when it was discovered that no campsites near Calais were yet open, and it was decided that Bordeaux would be our first stop. Willingness to cope brought its rewards however, for those able to stay awake right through the night; the Paris Peripherique was as crazy a racetrack in the early hours as it is at midday, sunrise over the Loire was a wonderful spectacle, French bread was at its freshest for breakfast near Angouleme, and the wine country glowed in the morning sunlight.

Rest at Bordeaux was welcome, and it was also very necessary, as the next day's journey was to be another five hundred miles, to Madrid. The Autoroute across the Landes region brought us quickly to Spain, where Mundial '82 had already taken charge, and a Sunday lunchtime children's match gave us an early taste of the atmosphere of this marvellous country. The increasing heat as we moved further south through Spain was to be expected; what we were not expecting, however, was that this heat was being provided in equal proportions by the climate and the already ailing engine of the replacement transit, which struggled ever more slowly to Madrid, arriving in the dark at the hard, stony campsite. As if in sympathy, Transit I declined to start on the following morning, and it was only thanks to genial Spanish building workers with jump leads that we were able to aim for Seville, stopping en route at the lovely town of Cordoba; now, at last, as the orange trees joined the olive groves along the roadside, it felt as though we

were really in the south. With our transport still on dubious form, we made a final desperate dash for the ferry to Africa: the question 'What do we do if we get there and the vans pack in?' was never spoken! It must have crossed a few minds though, as Gibraltar slid into the mist and the palms of Ceuta waved us onto a new continent.

Torrential rain greeted our arrival in Morocco, but we were soon encamped on the coast of the Mediterranean at Martil, a simple site which allowed us to meet our first Moroccans away from the pressures of a major tourist resort, an advantage not fully appreciated by the inexperienced ones until they met the natives of more prominent places and became suitably practised in deflecting, more or less politely, the hordes of salesmen, would-be guides and beggars of all ages who descend on all Europeans in major Moroccan locations. In the comparatively quiet atmosphere of Martil we sampled our first glasses of mint tea, enjoyed delicious freshly made doughnuts and generally had our first relaxing hours of the journey; much needed running repairs also restored the vans to reasonable health, and we were able to set off for Fez on the following morning with revived spirits and renewed confidence.

We reached Fez after a rainy drive through hilly country shrouded in dense vegetation and after interesting stops at our first Moroccan town, Ouezzane, and the fine Roman ruins at Volubilis, taking in also the magnificently sited twin-hill town of Moulay Idriss. In Fez itself we spent a whole day seeing the royal palace, Exploring the medina, a most bewildering maze of narrow streets, with the obligatory (and in this case quite essential) guide, and being entertained to a Moroccan style meal and cabaret. This day provided a wonderful jumble of impressions; the glorious mosaics of the palace gates, the view of the entire city from a distance just before being plunged into its very centre, visits to wood carvers, tanners, dyers, carpet makers, the risk of a highly spiced hot meat sandwich, coconut milk and sweet cakes, loaded donkeys, pleading beggars, and late in the evening fire dancers, native musicians, couscous, with everyone joining a wild tribal dance to finish off. Everything was so foreign and so enjoyable, and the holiday had suddenly reached its peak.

Follow that! we thought, crawling into sleeping bags in the early hours, and on the next day the Moroccan mountains certainly did just that. We drove south, aiming for the desert and the camp site at the Meski oasis. It was a whole day's drive over two ranges of rocky, arid mountains, the Moyen Atlas which rise to well over 3000 metres. The roads climbed in endless successions of bends through rocks, sand and scrub, yet wherever water made any appearance at all a brilliant emerald green stood out strongly against the prevailing orange shades. The great sight of the day came in the mid-afternoon when, on the final long descent to the wastes of the Sahara, we halted in the midst of one of Morocco's great gorges where the River Ziz snakes its way southwards below high sandstone cliffs. The road is one of the great monuments to the men of the French Foreign Legion. So we reached the edge of the desert and an idyllic if surprisingly crowded campsite. It is a feature of such a landscape that apparently flat stretches of desert conceal gorges of varying sizes where the land has fallen almost vertically into a cleft which conceals river, fields, palms, in fact, life, where it seems unlikely to say the least. Such a place was Meski, and here was almost everything the camping holiday maker could wish for. 'This is what we came for!' said many of the party, and here we stayed for three days enjoying the swimming pool (cold), showers (colder), a trip to the real desert (baking hot), long desert-moon evenings on the patio, a lamb barbecue and a mini World Cup between various camp teams and barefoot local Arabs whose touch play and control were brilliant, but who failed to match the victorious Mancunians' tactical grasp and physical style!

We could have stayed longer in this remarkable place, but yet more attractions beckoned. The palms were heaving in the wind as we decamped, and once on the level desert we found ourselves in the midst of raging sandstorms. Our general direction now was to be westwards to Marrakech, with an intermediate one night stop planned in another of the gorges. Todra proved to be further miracle, a deep sandstorm ravine, at one point only thirty yards wide, walled by huge, bright red cliffs and with the merest strip of cultivation along the clear stream in its depths. A long afternoon walk along the bottom of the ravine was fascinating;

tiny green frogs gave out croaking noises quite out of proportion to their size, redstarts fluttered from stone to stone, lone herdsmen grazed their camels on the few patches of poor scrub, and a sequence of heavy lorries ferried groups of Arabs up the dreadful track and into the highest parts of the mountains. The night was spent not under canvas, but on the benches of a cafe (some of the harrier members of the group shared the roof with a few sheep carcasses) after another pleasant Moroccan meal of 'tagine', a stew of carrots, onions and huge hunks of meat, followed by the inevitable enormous oranges.

The next day's long drive took us through the Kasbah country, through Ouarzazate and over the High Atlas. These peaks separate the green of the west from the predominant sandy and grey shades of the interior: they rise to over 4000 metres, and their snow-capped peaks dominated our drive to the west. The road which crosses them is a remarkable feat of building; it rises to a height of 2260 metres in reasonably steady gradients before plunging down in a series of huge looping bends to the cultivated valleys which run into the plain of Marrakech; this pass, the Tizi-n-Tichka as it is called, gave us a thrilling afternoon. That we were then able to witness a fine sunset in the Atlas was due less to subtle planning than to the fact that not one, but both vehicles ran out of petrol some fifty miles from Marrakech, which took quite some solving in an area where few drivers spoke even a smattering of French, let alone English! Sign language eventually did the trick, but it was an exhausted party which finally arrived at its destination, though spirits did rise a lot when it was found that we had, for three whole nights, real beds in a pleasantly situated hotel in the centre of the city.

Marrakech is effectively the capital of Morocco and a tourist centre for Moroccans as well as Europeans. It is flatter and brighter than Fez, but in general it has less of the mysterious fascination of the older city. It is fairly easy to find one's way around, and the markets and the craftsmen's quarters are less frighteningly complex. Part of this judgement must in fact be due to feeling more at ease in foreign surroundings; it is certainly true that everyone felt relaxed there. What made the greatest new impression was the animation of the Place Jemaa el Fna, where crowds of all nationalities gather round market stalls and entertainers; the atmosphere at night was wonderful here, as visitors and natives alike gathered to eat and drink and be beguiled by fire-eaters, snake charmers, native dancers, story tellers . . . a huge free show in the warm open air, and quite unlike any scene I can recall. Marrakech was yet another feast of exciting impressions; the Bahia palace, the sheer heat, myriads of mopeds, storks' nests on the high buildings, sunsets behind the beautiful Koutoubia mosque.

After Fez, Meski, Todra, the Atlas, Marrakech, everything else simply had to be an anti-climax. Our return via Casablanca and Rabat to the Atlantic coast resort of Asilah was pleasant enough, but it brought reminders of normal life; industrial smog, a motorway, a traffic jam. The beach at Asilah was fine, but quite suddenly it seemed as though Europe was suggesting it might offer its own attractions, given the chance; and so it was decided to make for Spain again and to have an easy return journey, not a hurried one. Spain did again prove richly rewarding. Torremolinos was pleasantly crazy, and on the following afternoon Granda, the Alhambra and the Generalife gave me as big a birthday treat as I can remember. We visited the Valle de los Caidos, Spain's national war memorial, awoke in Segovia to temperatures well below freezing, explored San Sebastian, the Basque capital, awash with graffiti, travelled comfortably through France, visiting Tours, Amboise, Chartres, and finished with a day in Paris, eating out in the Latin Quarter. The final Paris to Manchester leg seemed like going from Spring Bridge Road to Chorlton.

Five thousand miles in a transit; a hard holiday. Everyone enjoyed the whole experience, though there were certainly difficult times; discomfort, boredom, argument are forgotten, however, in the overall view. What a lot we saw, and learned! Angus and Rob, our drivers, typified the attitude of the party by their treatment of the mutinous transits . . . if it doesn't work, make it! Force yourself to stay awake when travelling and something will appear to make it worth while. People do lie down by the side of the road to sleep in the heat of the day. And bright Moroccan children, managing very well in a language foreign to

them, cannot understand the purpose of my camera nor the size of the number of dirhams it would have cost in their currency. They also think that my glasses are simply a sort of decoration, like a ring or a necklace, even though they have to come very close to see me in detail. North Africa is three days drive away from our welfare state, but to visit it properly makes the cliché "a different world" have a real meaning. A wonderful holiday is obviously a lot of fun, but with this sort of educational value it becomes genuinely satisfying.

C. P. Langford

PARIS TRIP 1982

On Bastille Day, July 14, *The Times* Information Service recalled how, 193 years previously, a 'small, angry mob' descended on Paris to wreak destruction. Since July 14 also saw the start of the annual W.H.G.S. trip to Paris, it might have been feared that history would repeat itself; but in fact the visit was agreed to be amongst the best of recent years. Its success was largely due to the long experience of Mr. Timm and Mr. Langford, re-inforced by the contributions of Mr. Bull and Mr. Hofton. My own part was doubly privileged, since not only is it understandably rare for a non-member of the Modern Languages Department to be included in the party (and will probably be even rarer henceforth), but I, like many of the forty boys involved, had never been to Paris before.

This was also the first time that the visit had been made in the Summer instead of at Easter, an innovation which all the seasoned campaigners agreed in welcoming. A week of nearly unbroken sunshine; all the trees, flowerbeds and parks in full bloom; the comparatively smaller crowds of tourists; the post-Bastille Day festive atmosphere; and the chance to see the Versailles fountains in play - all enhanced the attractiveness of the city.

Paris forms a striking contrast to London: it is more spacious and geometrically elegant in design, more architecturally ancient and of a piece, absolutely without litter, graffiti or broken telephone kiosks, and many times fuller of vitality, variety and enjoyment of life until well into the night. The grandeur of the place became most clear on the last day when we viewed it from the top of the Eiffel Tower, but remarkable aerial views had already been seen from the Arc de Triomphe, the Sacré-Coeur and Notre-Dame. London from the air is a mess: Paris reveals itself as a masterpiece.

The party was, however, not lodging in the city but in the splendid town of St. Germain-en-Laye, about half-an-hour's drive away. Here, in the birthplace of Louis XIV and Debussy, we found the chateau and landscaped terrace, the homely and friendly atmosphere, and the general air of tranquillity a welcome contrast to the day's activities in Paris. The boys explored the town at leisure on most evenings, increasing the profits of the French soft drink and sticky bun industries by a good 50%. The accommodation, at the *Centre Régionale pour l'éducation permanente des adultes*, provided a constantly changing spectrum of groups from various countries whose national characteristics were noted by our party with a mixture of awe and horror.

To give a catalogue of expeditions would be tedious. What remain in the mind are general but vivid impressions: the appalling multi-coloured tubular skyscraper flats on the outskirts of Paris; the traffic whirling round the Arc de Triomphe with a gusto that swept aside all petty-minded notions of a highway code; the tomb of Napoleon at Les Invalides, a monument of vast proportions matched only by the ego of its tiny inhabitant; the contrasting interiors of Notre-Dame, cool and still, and the rococo extravagance of the Sacré-Coeur, half-hidden by a mist of incense; the crowd of artists in Montmartre, surely the healthiest-looking men who ever starved in garrets for the benefit of a sympathetic public; the dazzling virtuosity of the Versailles fountains, whose endless flow of water seemed to animate the marble, so that

one heard the Tritons' horns blowing and saw their horses' manes glitter; the succession of cafes, musicians, statues, wide avenues and tiny streets; young urchins and elderly men who looked as though they dated from the Revolution; the gloomy Conciergerie whose part in those events was so vividly evoked by Mr. Langford that several admiring Americans took him for an official guide; the two boating-trips, one down the Seine in which each bridge disclosed a new vista, and one on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne in which each dip of a nervously-manipulated oar produced a new scalp-wound; the crowded Métro and shops, the quiet squares in the cool of evening.

Hulmeians are supposed to be suspicious of enthusiasm, but all the boys, I think, were entranced by this effervescing life; many determined to return, new friendships were formed, old ones enriched. It is also said that Hulmeians distrust imagination, but I will risk their displeasure by ending with an unashamedly romantic daydream. The most atmospheric moment, for me, came in the part of Versailles called *le petit hameau*; a miniature Swiss village built by the Sun King for his homesick Queen. Here she would divert herself amid a deliberately artificial environment of newly-scrubbed sheep and carefully-crimped cows. Wandering down behind a cottage I found myself alone in a tree-alley. It was perfectly silent and still. For a brief moment I imagined myself, not a sightseer in 1982 but a monarch in 1782, awaiting Marie-Antoinette in that idyllic little place which, only seven years later, would stand neglected whilst those who built and lived in it were brought face to face with reality in the grim shape of that small, angry mob. The whole idea of Versailles is wonderful and unbelievable. So is Paris itself; and I shall never forget it.

P. Dean



The Junior School Stamp Club

DEBATING SOCIETY

The year began remarkably well with a change in venue for meetings to Room 24, audiences approaching fifty people, and Third Form enthusiasm livening up the debates. Among the topics were a motion that the Social Democratic Party would not transform British politics, and a prophecy of imminent collapse for British Rail. The Michaelmas Term ended with a balloon debate won by an unusually amiable Chairman Mao (D. R. Watters).

Since Christmas, M. Lewis and S. Rutter have taken over the Society; unfortunately only one meeting has been held since, a debate on the South African cricket tour in which the standard of speaking was, however, exceptionally high. I hope that the Society will be invigorated next year by a new generation of Middle School speakers.

I should like to thank Dr. P. Dean for continuing to act as our President.

A. Prestwich (M6A)

SCHOOL CHESS 1981-2

Senior Team: J. S. Bouchier, P. Donald, N. P. Evans, H. Fryman, K. McDonnell and A. Zaidi.

This year's School chess teams had a very good season with first places in both schools leagues for the senior team. The U14 team gained third place in the Manchester League and were runners-up in the Stockport League.

These results make the current senior team one of the most successful in recent years, and the loss of Middle Sixth Formers P. Donald (Captain) and H. Fryman, both of whom have been long-standing and very successful members of the School chess team, will make the task of retaining this year's record that much harder. However, we hope that developing players such as A. Cheung and R. Coathup, who have not been regular team members, will be able to show their ability next year.

A word of thanks must go to all the staff who have taken the time and trouble to transport the teams throughout the year to the various venues, and to Mr. Gregson who has provided the teas for all our home matches.

N. Fryman

The Junior Chess team is made up of boys below the age of 14; thus it mainly comprises First, Second and Third year boys, with the very occasional Fourth Former. We play in two leagues. In the Stockport League we play only once against every team in the League, but in the Manchester League we play each team once at home and once away.

Despite losing our first game of the season we had an amazing victory in our second game, beating M.G.S. by 4-3, for the first time in many years. Our next surprise was not to be so pleasant. A team which had not hitherto been outstanding, Moseley School, beat us 7-0; the shock worsened when we discovered we had to play them twice more, and were twice beaten 6-1 and 5-2, putting Moseley first in both Leagues. We did, however, have a 7-0 victory over Wilmslow School, who are newcomers to the League.

Our games were not restricted to the Leagues. One Sunday we played in an all-day tournament organised by King David's Preparatory School, and the whole of our Junior team were surprised by the very high standard of chess played by boys often much younger than ourselves.

The top four boards on the Junior team were played by four boys on a rotating basis - R. Harvey, J. Minty and M. L. H. Thomas from the Third year, and N. D. Pritchard of the Fourth year. The other three boards were played on by B. Brodie, W. H. Choi, P. Edmondson, S. J. Hughes, S. D. Kay, M. Loenholdt, J. Leung and D. A. Rodda, and occasionally by a number of able First and Second year boys.

A large number of Third year boys have played this year and, as they will be ineligible to play on the U14 team next year, and the Senior team is already filled. Miss Green is therefore entering an Intermediate team (14-16 years) in next year's Leagues. We hope that the new First Form will provide us with enough

keen players to make up a strong new U14 team. Certainly, if we receive any of the boys from King David's who played us earlier this year, our Junior team must stand a great chance of success.

M. L. H. Thomas

I would like to add my congratulations to all the boys who have helped make this year a very successful one for W.H.G.S. chess. My thanks also to the Captains P. Donald, R. Harvey and M. L. H. Thomas, and to N. Fryman for his report. We have played an enormous number of matches this year which would not have been possible without the help of numerous colleagues to all of whom I am very grateful.

Finally, the chess report would not be complete without reference to the House Chess Competition, which took place in March with over forty boys taking part. Whitworth House had a very strong team and emerged a worthy winner, but the general standard was high and the enthusiasm of all the players was most rewarding to see. We look forward to another good year for chess at all levels at the School in 1982-3.

M. Green

'DOING TIME'

Up to Christmas 1981, A. Prestwich continued as editor, supported by R. Hardern and I. Whittell. Three issues were produced in this term, including a double issue in December which contained the by-now customary (and somewhat staling) assortment of news, reviews, interviews and the inevitable, notorious, Tory 'hard-line' political comment.

25

Between Christmas and the summer, R. Hardern and I. Whittell had control of the paper, and produced two lively issues giving *Doing Time* a more relaxed format. Their chief problem was finding sufficient sponsors; with costs at over £50 per single issue, sales revenue is insufficient to fund the paper.

'Doing Time' has thus been through two turbulent terms, though a difficult period of transition is certainly inevitable in any venture when a long-lasting 'man at the top' finally departs. I wish the team the best of success in the future, and am sure that with Mr. Shaw to guide them, I. Whittell, I. Beckett, P. Cantley, A. Jones and R. Lockwood will return *Doing Time* to its rightful position within the school.

A. Prestwich (M6A)

THE DONNER LIBRARY

During the year 1981/2 133 new books were added to the stock and there are now 6,422 books available for use. Due to some sterling work by S. J. Redford the card catalogue has been completely revised and brought up to date.

We are grateful for the gift of books from Mrs. Halpin, Mr. Hinnells, S. J. Redford and K. Holdridge and for magazines from Mr. Haynes.

A. Buckley has been appointed Prefect Librarian for the coming year.

F. N. Marsh

THE COMPUTER UNIT

In the last year advances have been made at all levels of programming and, for the first time, our skill has been recognised beyond the confines of the School.

At the beginning of the year six boys from M6M and one from L6M were acting as supervisors, keeping the peace in a room containing approximately £5,000-worth of computing hardware, operating a timetable which ensures for all boys an equal chance to use the system outside of teaching time, and helping the inexperienced with programming difficulties. At the start of the Lent Term, L6M took over supervision entirely at a time when increased demand had added to the burden of the first two tasks mentioned above. The only experienced supervisor, P. D. Glickman, was aided by A. D. Emsley, C. B. Smith, D. K. White and A. Zaidi, who had to learn Basic Plus as quickly as possible, which they did with marked success.

All age-groups benefited from the computer during the year: Juniors showed great enthusiasm, learning both by watching the seniors and by writing simple games to teach themselves; a few Second Formers were very promising. Among the Middle School users there were some good programs including a 'Mini Pilot' compiler. But the best programs inevitably came from senior boys, especially from a dozen Fifth Formers many of whom had used the system for two years. P. Goodier wrote a fascinating 'Maze' program, I. Bennet produced a German vocabulary testing program, and various other projects were undertaken.

Two Middle Sixth boys showed considerable interest: H. Fryman attempted an analysis of prime and perfect numbers as well as writing a useful program to invert large matrices (the system has no 'Mat' functions); M. J. Elston produced continually updated Football League tables for the first four divisions.

Until Christmas K P. Holdridge (U6A) was trying to write a suite of programs to assist prefects and make their punishments appear fairer (no easy task!). This project showed that not only scientists use the system, even though in the event it remained incomplete. Among the Lower Sixth boys A. D. Emsley wrote a program to print out calendars for any year after 1582, as well as a 'Biochart' program which was used for the Parents' Association Fete.

This year, for the first time, the School entered a public computing competition, organised by the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. The entrants were P. J. Goodier and D. J. Adams, both of the Fifth Form, and they had to 'design a computer program useful in teaching or administration in your School'. Adams, under the guidance of Mr. J. Hofton, wrote a program to test French vocabulary on any one of twenty-five topics, the results of the test being stored for the information of teachers. Goodier devised a 'Timetable Administration System for Schools' which prints out timetables for individual teachers, forms and rooms. The work for this was done on our system but the program was operated on a 48K Apple II Plus at Southlands High School, Chorley. The program, the fruit of six months' work, was neat, simple and efficient, adequately meeting the initial requirements although not alleviating the problem of compiling a new timetable.

In May we heard that both our entrants had been selected as finalists, and later that month the final took place at the National Computing Centre. Adams, who unfortunately could not take the School computer to the play-off, still came fourth, but Goodier was placed first and won £80 plus £150 for the School. This result proved our competitive potential in computing and should encourage us to further entries next year.

The other main success of the year which affected the world outside the School was the publication in the July issue of *Educational Computing* of an article by P. D. Glickman describing the work on the Manchester Workhouse Census of 1851 which he and Mr. P. J. Callaghan had been engaged on for over two years. The article is reproduced elsewhere in this magazine.

At the same time preparations for the Garden Fete exhibition got under way. Altogether some fifteen programs were written, re-written or modified, eleven of them being available for use by the visitors to the Fete. For the Superterm printer Emsley's 'Biochart' program was used; the Texas printer produced pictures of 'Mum', 'Dad', 'Boy' and (most popular of all) 'Snoopy', retyped by D. K. White from originals

belonging to Mr. R. Booker and Glickman; on the four VDUs there were computer simulations of games such as Hangman, Top Trumps (written by Glickman), Othello (written by H. Fryman), Connect 4 (written by Rogerson) and Dungeons and Dragons (written by J. Horwood); and other programs included 'Lumar' and 'Star Trek' (written by Cottrell) and 'Seek' (written by Glickman). All the program writers deserve praise for their hard work.

Although the computer system is run by the Mathematics Department it has, during the year, been used by the Modern Languages, Chemistry, History and Careers Departments who have welcomed its large disc storage capacity and printing facilities. Apart from the vocabulary test programs mentioned above, there has been Chemistry 'O' level standard multiple choice program (written by Mr. Loveland). Learning or revision by using these programs should prove useful to boys, as well as to staff who can monitor their pupils' progress.

A particularly interesting challenge was provided by Dr. Clark; the linking of a Commodore Pet to the main frame to allow the Pet access to information held on the disks, and to use of the printers. At present, two-way conversation involves the simultaneous running of Basic programmes, one on each machine, each thinking the other is an input/output device. The problem has only partially been solved; we hope soon to monitor experiments using the Pet to take readings, and the main frame to analyse, output and store the results. We have still to find a way of loading a program from the main frame disk into the Pet's memory.

The system has also been used for general administrative purposes, to store data for the Old Hulmeian Association and School Entrance Examination results, and to assist Mr. Manning with careers.

The increased use and success of the system during this year has been inspired and encouraged by Mr. Loveland and Mr. Manning, to both of whom we are most grateful. The potential shown by this year's Fifth Form should ensure continued vitality for the Computer Unit next year.

P. D. Glickman (M6M)

THE MANCHESTER WORKHOUSE PROJECT: HISTORY AND THE COMPUTER

(Editorial Note: In the last issue of *The Hulmeian* Mr. P. J. Callaghan reported on use of the School's computer to analyse data from the Manchester Workhouse Census of 1851. Below we print extracts from an article on this work, by P. D. Glickman of M6M, which appeared in *Educational Computing* for July 1982).

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William Hulme's Grammar School must possess some of the finest computing facilities of any school in the country. In 1974, the school linked-up with a computer at Salford University, using a Texas 733 terminal and four years later acquired its own computer unit - a Systime 3000 computer.

Initially this consisted of a PDP 11/34 processor with 196K of core memory, two 4.8M disc drives, three VDUs, a Superterm paper printer and an extensive system library. One of the many advantages of the system was its potential for expansion and in June 1981, two further VDUs were added. The School also has three Commodore Pets. All computing facilities are available from 8.15 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day for use by individuals, small groups or by full classes.

The introduction of the use of the system took several months as the school was managing a complete

system rather than being a user of someone else's system. Initially the boys produced many games and simple mathematical programs but by the end of 1978, some interesting and useful programs began to appear. One sixth former wrote a systems editor which was, in many respects, superior to the one purchased with the system, and other ambitious projects were undertaken, including a word processor.

In June 1980 I was asked by the head of the history department to develop programs which would store and analyse some of the Manchester Workhouse censuses of the last century. Some work on census data had already been done by other schools - notably, of course, the Suffolk Project - and we hoped to use our system to try and understand various aspects of unemployment and social distress in mid-19th century Manchester. This entailed transferring data stored on microfilm in Manchester Central Library onto disc and then analysing individual censuses and comparing more than one.

Example one.

THE MANCHESTER WORKHOUSE PROJECT

Main Menu

- 0 - Quit - Return to LOGIN menu
- 1 - File initiation
- 2 - Data input
- 3 - Data edit
- 4 - Data output
- 4 - Data output
- 5 - Data analysis sub-menu
- 6 - SET LC and WIDTH
- 7 - RESET NO LC and WIDTH 80
- 8 - Sort instructions
- 9 - Codes update
- 10 - List of conditions
- 11 - List of places of birth
- 12 - List of occupations
- 13 - HELP

?

Ready

The system provides three different types of data storage - ASCII data files, virtual core storage and record input/output. After some experimentation with virtual core, we chose record input/output. A considerable amount of thought went into the format of data to be stored, since the following information was available; name of inmate; condition - e.g., married, widowed, etc.; age; sex; occupation; and place of birth. Since there were over 1,100 inmates recorded in the first census we considered, that of 1851, it was obviously necessary to compact the data as much as possible, while still trying to preserve a user-friendly form for input and output.

The full name had to be stored, and a maximum of 24 bytes was allocated for this purpose. Ages could be stored as integers in two bytes. However, the four remaining items of data could not be stored as strings: this would have made massive demands of the disc storage. It was decided to have a code system for conditions, occupations and places of birth, and the programs were to combine conditions and sex to form a single code number. There are over 150 coded occupations.

Thus, for each inmate, a string of 24 characters and four integers are stored, amounting to 32 bytes. This gave ideal packing into the 512 byte records - i.e., 16 inmates per record. The size of the 1851 census turned out to be 75 blocks (8K), which was acceptable for the amount of data.

The system of coding which was adopted has proved to be very efficient in all respects. For input, it means that numbers were typed in for conditions, occupations and places of birth - the user can easily obtain a print-out of the various codes - which is the simplest method, and the user is given the actual code numbers and what they represent for confirmation. As far as analysis is concerned, using code numbers is both the quickest and easiest method, and output is always in string form not the codes. This is done by using a VCS file which has a list of the codes.

After few months, a menu format was opted for. There are now two principal menus with accompanying sub-menus. This allows a user of limited computer knowledge to run the project with ease and efficiency. The first menu - called LOGIN - is presented automatically when the user logs in to the account for this project. It enables the user to get various different information documents, help or to go on to the next menu, called CENSUS. CENSUS, the main menu, permits the user to run any of the input, output or analysis programs, and appears in example one.

Example two.

THE MANCHESTER WORKHOUSE PROJECT

Data Analysis Program

- 0 - Quit
- 1 - Condition
- 2 - Occupation
- 3 - Place of birth
- 29
- 4 - HELP

Census Year? 1851

? 1,3,23

Output to <KB:> ?

The user can either execute any of the options, get help on how to execute them, obtain a list of documentary file - details of how the program works - or a print-out of a program.

At this point, the concept of time must be considered. If a selected option is not an integral part of CENSUS, but is another program, then the main menu takes around six seconds. Thus, to load any compiled program from the disc takes a minimal time.

The heart of the project is the analysis of the data. At present, we have three different programs to do this. The first is used to compare any two censuses. It prints out all the available data for those inmates who were in both censuses. This tell us how many stayed on at the workhouse, and just what they did - for example, they might have changed their occupation.

The second program is used to print out a particular group of inmates. For example, we could get a list

of all the unmarried men between 17 and 23 who were born at sea and whose occupation was that of a fustian cutter!

The third program is perhaps the most useful, and is best explained by a few examples. See examples two and three.

This particular analysis shows us how many of the inmates, and what percentage of them were unmarried, widowed or under 14 years old and who were born in Manchester. It also tells us that the total number of inmates from Manchester was 41 per cent - 23 is the code for Manchester. If instead of 1,3,23, we had

Example three

THE MANCHESTER WORKHOUSE CENSUS 1851

Analysis of Conditions for Manchester

CONDITION : NUMBER : % :

1	Unmarried(M)	:	77	:	16.1	:
2	Unmarried(F)	:	130	:	27.3	:
3	Widower	:	34	:	7.1	:
4	Widow	:	57	:	11.9	:
5	Married(M)	:	18	:	3.7	:
6	Married(F)	:	17	:	3.5	:
7	Child(M)	:	72	:	15.1	:
8	Child(F)	:	71	:	14.9	:
	Total	:	476	:	41.6	:

END OF ANALYSIS.

typed 2,3,23, we would have had the figures for the different occupations again for the inmates born in Manchester only. Similarly, we could type 3,2,114, which would tell us when 124 servants (occupation code 114 = servant) were born, and so on.

This, therefore, provides a useful form of analysis in one program, and it is extremely easy to operate. The time for such an analysis varies between 15 and 90 seconds, depending on how many other users are logged in to the system at the same time.

By Christmas 1981, this project was completed, almost 18 months after its inception. There are now 14 programs available and a total of around 45 files, all of which constitute a body of data of over 500 blocks.

(As a result of the publication of this article the School has been contacted by some other schools to whom additional information and advice has been sent.)

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Faithful Worker

She has large, pointed ears
And friendly, brown eyes.
Her colour is sable and gold.
She has fun in the park
Where she plays with a stick.
Her nature's remarkably good.

Her white harness you'll see
When she's out in the street.
Its purpose is perfectly clear.
She's a working guide dog
And her main aim in life
Is to lead her blind owner safely.

M. K. Raynor (1C)

My Cat

My cat has fur as black as coal
And eyes that mirror her mood,
Green and gentle they can be, or
Black and angry like a raging sea.
She is quite small, with a long sleek tail
That quivers when she smells
Fish, Fish, a purrfect dish.

She was born in world of mechanical aids,
But hates hoovers, drills, and aerosol sprays,
The noise is too harsh for her sensitive ears;
She hisses, growls, arches her back, disappears
Till all is quiet and peaceful once more
And she can collapse in a heap on the floor.

When she is out stalking during the day,
Birds, insects and mice have to look out
Fly and dart away,
In case they become one of her prey.
But when I'm ill she lies very still,
As close as close can be,
Its just her way of comforting, loving me.

M. J. Copson (1C)

The Raven

If you look carefully
Among the trees
You may be lucky to see a raven.
Suddenly you would see him dive
To catch a dead animal like a rabbit.
You then hear a squeal
Come from one of the tall trees;
It would be a baby raven
Crying for food.
You would hear the mother caw
As if saying 'I'm coming!'

The tree is the raven's castle:
The branches are the battlements.
Suddenly he would see a dead animal
And dive at it like a thunderbolt.
He would take it to his youngsters
Who would think,
'What a fine meal.'
So that is the raven's life.

C. J. Mutch (1C)

The Pink-Kisser

In Burma the kisser swims so free,
The merry shoal of fish glide to eternity.
No fixed course,
No fixed time,
No fixed destiny.

They wave their energetic fins frantically as the fish
hunters net nears.
All the time their frantic fins push at the water,
a scoop,
a flick,
a turn,
a flick, of the fisherman's net.

Now in the tank the kisser lives,
And glides to and fro,
But wherever he goes he'll be confronted
by a glass mirage,
he knows.

R. Bailey (1C)

The city centre at dawn.

The cool crisp wind bites the rays of the sun as it rises in the morn. The leaves dance on the market square while the street lamps pose as spot lights and brandish their light down onto the bleak cobble-stoned area in the centre of the market.

Cats crawl cunningly hoping to catch an unexpected mouse or rummage roughly inside the tatty bins looking for scraps of food.

The chink of milk bottles comes to your ears and out of the moth eaten streets comes the milkman on his daily round with the postman and paperman not far behind as they push the papers and letters through the letter box to land crumpled on the carpet.

As the street lamps go out the house lights go on and everyone starts to wake up to another day in their life.

N. J. Hindley (1B)

City Centre at Dawn

Everywhere is grey
Suddenly appearing
Through the mist
A gaunt figure
Dark and forbidding
Towering above me.

Litter swirls
From overflowing bins
A patter of feet
A scavenger appears
Thin and Skeletal
Clawing for scraps.

Shimmering lights
Begin to dwindle
As daylight breaks
A rumble of wheels
Breaks the silence
Heralding the arrival of a new day.

A. Hann (1B)

A lazy young fellow called Fred
Spent the whole day lying in bed.
When commanded to rise
He replied in surprise
'What! And work for my living instead?'

Deer

With that Majestic head held to the sky,
He gazes out over river, wood and hill.

Watching, waiting for the slightest movement in the
air,
Which will tell him danger is around.

At the sharp crack of a dry twig,
Those sleek and powerful legs,
Move him out of sight
With one long powerful stride, into the woodland
shadows.

With his velvet antlers held aloft
All gentle to a touch,
They are just like a crown to his head,
To show that he is king.

But while he is alive hunted he will be
With gun, sword and arrow.
He is stalked in his steps by death
The silent wanderer.

K. Stephenson (1C)

Limericks

There was once a young girl called Jane
Who, sadly, was ever so plain.
With skill and with grace
She made up her face,
But it all washed off in the rain.

A. P. Janeja (1C)

There was a young postman on bail
For trying to break into a jail.
When he was asked why
He replied with a sigh,
'I just tried to deliver the mail.'

*

There was a young man named Keith
Who neglected his mouldering teeth,
Till one day in despair
In the dentist's high chair
He was forced to seek permanent relief.

*

K. Stephenson (1C)

There was a young lady of Gwent,
And never a penny she spent.
Her friend said, 'But Flo,
You really must go.'
She said, 'Not when it's free for the gent'

M. Copson (1C)

*

Being Late

'I'm sure you won't mind,' said my friend's dad,
Who takes me home every night,
'This car needs to be given a service right now,
And we'll go back home by bus.'

I'd had a hard day already
And this made things even worse,
The thought of a miserable journey
Which never seems to end.

How damp the air seemed all around
And there was me in misery,
Waiting at a bus-stop with my heavy load of books,
Thinking of the homework I had yet to do.

The sky was rather dark and the journey had just begun.
'Standing room only,' the bus-conductor said.
The traffic was getting thicker as we were
homeward spun,
We held onto the hanging straps as we were thrown
about.

I arrived home feeling ragged;
Late evening was the time,
My mum said 'Aren't you late?'
As I began my long reply.

S. Robinson (2A)

Late Home

One day my friend and I went on an adventure
Down a disused railway
Where no soul had been for years . . .

We set off at five o'clock
Planning to be back for seven,
We realised at eight o'clock
That we were late . . .

We turned back immediately
And then we headed for home
It was getting dark, we observed
The trees began to close in on us

A hoot of an owl
The scurrying of Squirrels
We began to panic
It seemed as if eyes were spying
Then my friend explained, "I think I saw a figure!"
And then I thought of my mother at home;
Maybe she had called the police!
We overcame the sensation of panic
As I began to see lights in the distance

We sprinted to a bridge, and ascended a rope
To come out on our road
We lay there on the ground
Panting, tired and relieved!

R. Nieri (2A)

The Spider

Shiny, black skin,
with eight spindly legs.
A bi-segmented body,
and a sting behind to match.

This is the spider,
the hunter of the flies.
He lurks inside his grossamer trap,
so delicate but yet so deadly.

A butterfly falls to this lacey trap,
the spider walks over his sticky gauze,
spins a silkin thread around the stricken fly,
and claims its struggling victim.

P. Arnfield (2A)

Late Home

As darkness filled the alley
I woke up from my sleep
A thousand eyes were watching me
But still nothing could be seen
Only the faint cry of a cat could be heard
But the melancholy silence still pursued

My heart was beating faster
What was the time? I thought
Oh I mustn't be late home
I pulled out my pocket watch
And looked at the luminous hands
It showed quarter to nine
I had to be home at nine
Oh I mustn't be late home

I started to run aimlessly past windows and doors
My feet hitting the ground so hard
Soon a street light could be seen
I slowed down and drew deep breaths of air
My lungs were bursting for this welcomed fill
But still I had to be home by nine
Suddenly the clock merrily chimed out
Telling its time to the whole wide world
It chimed a dreaded nine times
How I wished I was hearing that sound at home
Warm and cosy, not a worry in the world
But no, here I was in the miserable damp and cold

I knew home was only round the corner
So I started to run and run

And soon I was knocking on the door
Straining my eyes through the key hole
Waiting for the inevitable answer of the door
A click was heard
The door drawn back
To reveal my mother's anxious face

J. D. Jacobs (2A)

Late Home

The dark had come on suddenly
For a day in the summery months
I started to walk home from a club
Which I went to every week

It should have ended at nine
But I stayed behind to clear up
All my friends had gone home
So I walked in the dark by myself

I looked round as I crossed the road
I saw a man who looked very old
Then I looked at my watch
The numbers said twenty past twelve

I gasped as I put it away
When I thought what my Dad would do
He told me to be in early
I worriedly turned the corner

A man coughed as he walked past
He made me jump out of my skin
My Mum and Dad would be angry
But they would be worrying all the time

I walked in at the gate and rang
I dreaded the moment they answered
I stood in the porch and waited
Thinking up excuses all the time

The light was turned on in the hall
My heart fell to my shoes
Mum was angry but held me
And she almost started to cry

Dad was angry but glad I was safe
They had been worrying all the time
I climbed into bed and was glad
That I was home in the end after all.

I. Bailey (2A)

Early Morning

The alarm-clock summons me to another day of
sickness in my room,
Yawns erupt from dry, drooping mouths, as dreary
faces stare
At the open window,
Drawers open and slam shut as clothes are pulled
out heavily.

Cool, crystal water flows freely from the tap into the
basin,
Soft pattering of slippers on the kitchen tiles and the
cat scuttles
To its dish,
The high whistle of the kettle signals breakfast has
started.

Pop! goes the toast as it tumbles out of the toaster.
Spit! Crackle! The bacon is being cooked.
Like wind on a hill, the fan clears the fumes.
Crunch of the crispy crust and the clatter of cups,
knives and forks
On dirty dishes.

Interrupting voices muffled by the other sounds,
Slurping and sucking of hot coffee and the gulp of
the throat.
Pages flick and shuffle when turned over in the
newspapers.

Doors slam shut and breakfast has finished,
The grinding groan of the washing-machine is
played
At last.

C. L. Gardner (2C)

For Whom The Bell Tolls

How can I endure this endless senseless
torture?
I am bored beyond belief because of the
monotonous
Droning of the dreary teacher dispensing dreary
facts
I am sentenced to suffer the slow painful death of
The last lesson.

I do not care for work, I cannot put pen to paper. My
mind wanders to other things such as which bus
To catch when I am released to freedom.
The teacher's words fade into obscurity and in my
Mind's eye I see him as a parrot, incessantly
Repeating the only words he knows.

Then as daydreams begin to warmly
Enshroud me; the sharp piercing screech of chalk
On the blackboard jolts me back into cold clear
Reality.

Oh when will the bell go and release me from
The peroration of this pedantic pedagogue?
With two minutes to go my tiredness and
Boredom turns to excitement and expectation,
My spirit becomes restless.

Suddenly my ears rejoice at the brassy reverbera-
tions
Of the deliverance bell.
The class explodes into activity, we converge
On the door as a pride of hungry lions
Converge on a kill. We are free at last.
But amid our joyful tumult we fail to
Notice the sigh of relief from the teacher
The Bell Tolls For Him Also.

M. J. A. Palmer (3L)

Independence

Solitude came upon me,
not gently like a feather
touching the ground, but
like a nail hit by a
hammer. I had crossed
the threshold of the silver
spoon into the world of
independence. The loving
kiss of departure made
the magnet of the house
grow stronger. But the
determination of independence
had driven me out.

The station drew closer and
my heart, getting further away,
thought of moments it had
experienced. Yet this was
not all, company was not
everything: my body drove
forward for the special feeling
that proved I was able.

The situation was weird
as I came upon simple
domestic duties which
had never crossed my
doorstep. The creation of
a chip became harder
than assembling a
computer. And the reality
of mess came upon
me; never before had I
realised how easy it
could be slip into
the realms of untidiness
and disorganisation. How
could a working woman
cope with the demands
of a growing family?

This was an individual
experience. No other situation
could cause such humiliation
or reality to leap out and
strike you in the face.
Never to happen twice, this
most testing time in a

teenager's life, like a dove's
first flight, like a caterpillar
revealing its true beauty, or
a baby when it first walks.
There is nothing like it,
as long as you succeed.

S. J. Hughes (3B)

The Fairground

The fairground is a shoddy mix of sound. No
harmony, just plain noises, each trying to outdo
all the others, whether it be the crashing of bashing
dodgems, the ping of airgun pellets hitting steel, the
crash of wooden blocks hitting old crockery, the
dull thud and ring-a-ding of the strength meter pro-
nouncing another person 'strong men's king', the
whir of the cogs driving the big wheel, the thud of a
dart being driven into cork, and the scrunch of bank
notes being handed over, as another person wins
top prize, the clanging of the bells on the childrens'
round-about, the frazzle of fried onions being
cooked for hotdogs, the screeching, crackling music
of the waltzer, being emitted from a speaker built an
age ago.

However, over all the mechanical noises, there is
the harsh, inescapable disorder of air vibrations
known as human voices. Above the barrel organ's
music of a past age comes the rage of the losers
expressed at the same time as the hysterical shouts
of the boozers, and the loud shouts of the louts.
Through the squelch of the mud come the slurps and
burps of the tramps on meths and turps, who have
found refuge from the loneliness of the parkbenches
amid the stench of oil and dog spoil. Above the
quiet talk of the meek is a baby's shriek. All of these
sounds are heard on only two nights a week,
Saturday and Sunday, both a wonderful funday at
the fair, a haven for shaven and unshaven alike,
whether in a car or on a bike, whether from far or
near, but probably near, close to hear the magnet,
sweeping through the area like a dragnet, of the
shoddy mix of sounds passing through the air from
the fair, the place to tear into your bus fare as if you
did not care.

C. Williams (3B)

The Jam with Cars only Jars Apart

To a country bumpkin the jostling and restlessness of the brightly-coloured boxes all blistering and bursting to blunder off into yet another tightly-packed moving car-park seemed strange and unsoothing to the sample of a simple mind which they had carried with them from their peaceful and pasteurised homes which they had hiked from and felt no side-effects, no rumbling bones or cancer from tobacco, no disturbances of asthma or any other urban excuse to walk round the corner to some small grocery shop. These hard, shiny and simulacrum-coloured boxes only housed bones and a smart suit, which was paid for by moving his wrist with a pen grasped in his hands. This is work? Actually turning a key and moving a gearstick was these people's morning exercise, spreading exhaust fumes, choking cars and using the bright red horn to prove your existence in this massive array of scrap metal. The cycles cackling as they weave in and out of the cars which are in virtual equilibrium, apart from the raging racket of a mixture of radio stations and the horns all peeping in different keys, forming a band of modern musicians - yet another asset of being in the city?

M. L. Thomas (3B)

The Unknown Young Citizen

To JS/19/F127

This Marble Monument Is Erected By The State.
There was not officially said against him
Any malicious untruth,
He was intelligent and trusting, never uncouth.
His teachers and tutors all agree,
That he was happy and healthy
And totally free.
His records of conduct show no signs of violence,
He was never in trouble or broke the law,
Had never been ill enough to need to go
To the hospital for a cure.
Both psychiatrists and doctors say,
His reaction to other people was satisfactory in every way.
Our social workers clearly state
He liked to go dancing or to see a film.
His friends all liked him - he was a mate.
Of course he had everything needed to lead a normal life.

A stereo, a television, a recording machine.
He wasn't overweight, on the other hand
He wasn't lean.
His local newsagents are convinced
He bought some kind of magazine every week,
And he had an affinity for heavy metal pop music,
So we're told,
But he wasn't a freak and he wasn't too bold.
He met his girl friend every day,
In fact he was normal in every way.
He even went out to Church on Sundays.
Had a part-time job in the evening on Mondays.
Our teacher's report shows he never failed to do his homework,
And always handed it in on time
Though he often got wrong the odd line.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we would certainly have heard.

P. A. Iredale (4L)

The Unknown Young Citizen

He was an ordinary young lad,
Never riotous, abusive, or bad.
The police say his name never appeared
On their criminal files, for he feared
Trouble of every kind,
(Though many of his friends didn't seem to mind).
He always went to school without hesitation
And never played truant on any occasion.
He worked hard, his teachers say,
And always did his homework without delay.
He was popular with his friends,
And played football with them at weekends.
He listened to radio and watched television,
He read many books, especially science-fiction.
He had many hobbies: swimming,
Football and stamp-collecting.
He liked pop music, and often went
To see groups in concert, and spent
A lot of his money on albums by his
Favourite groups: 'Queen', 'Motorhead' and
'Police'.
A 'perfect citizen'; never troublesome,
Never a nuisance, and yet, unknown.

A. R. Houghton (4L)