
The Hulmeian

1991

THE HULMEIAN

The Magazine of William Hulme's Grammar School

"Haec olim meminisse juvabit."

("One day we shall be glad to remember these things.")

Virgil, Aeneid, I, 203.

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WILLIAM HULME'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL GOVERNING BODY

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J. D. Marsden, Esq.

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Mrs. J. Taylor, O.B.E., B.A., Dip.Ed.

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Air Chief Marshal Sir Joseph Gilbert, K.C.B., C.B.E., B.A., LL.D., R.A.F.(Retd)

Clerk to the Governors:

J. M.. Shelmerdine, Esq.

Librarian:

Mrs. M. Evans, A.L.A.

Bursar:

Commander M. H. J. Peters, F.F.A., M.I.P.M., M.B.I.M., R.N.

Medical Officer:

A. Wilson, M.B., Ch.B.

SCHOOL STAFF

Head Master: P. D. Briggs, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge

Second Master: M. Loveland, B.Sc., Liverpool University

D. F. Manning, M.A., Scholar, The Queen's College, Oxford, B.A. (Open University) (*Director of Studies*)(*Mathematics*)
 W. Jackson, M.A., Scholar, Pembroke College, Oxford. (*Head of Classics*)
 A. M. Blight. Cert.Ed., Culham College. (*House Master, Byrom*) (*Religious Education*)
 H. W. Timm, B.A. Manchester University. (*Head of Modern Languages*)
 C. P. Langford, B.A.. Exhibitioner, Brasenose College, Oxford. (*Head of Junior School*)
 H. V. Grange, B.Sc., Manchester University. (*Physics*)
 M. R. Booker, B.Sc.. Manchester University. A.F.I.M.A. (*Head of Mathematics*)
 M. D. Wood, B.Sc.. Manchester University. (*House Master, Dalton*) (*Mathematics*)
 P. J. Callaghan. M.A., New College, Oxford. (*Head of History*)
 J. A. Clark, M.A., Ph.D., Exhibitioner, Gonville & Caius College, Cambridge. (*Head of Chemistry*)
 G. N. Grant. Diploma. Loughborough College. (*Head of Design*)
 G. L. Bennett, B.A., Cert.Ed., Manchester University. (*Art*)
 D. G. Barnes, B.Sc., Ph.D., Manchester University. (*Head of Physics*)
 D. M. Fisher. B.A., Manchester University. (*O.C., C.C.F.; House Master, Fraser*) (*French*)
 R. S. Moore, B.Sc., Manchester University. (*Head of Biology*)
 G. J. Turner, M.A., Scholar, Christ's College, Cambridge. (*Modern Languages*)
 M. I. Barker, B.Sc., Ph.D., Durham University. (*Physics*)
 H. N. Beggs, M.A., University of Wales. (*Head of Geography*)
 C. MacLachlan, M.A., Glasgow University, B.Litt., Balliol College, Oxford. (*Classics*)
 R. A. Ballantyne, M.A., Aberdeen University. (*Head of Careers*) (*History*)
 C. H. Seddon, B.Ed., Leeds University. (*Head of P.E.*)
 L. Sharp, B.Sc., Manchester University. (*House Master, Heywood*) (*Mathematics*)
 A. Simkin, M.A., Scholar, Jesus College, Oxford. (*Head of Sixth Form*) (*Chemistry*)
 Mrs. L. A. Ballantyne, B.A., Manchester University. (*French*)
 M. H. Gracey, M.A., M.Litt., Exhibitioner, Brasenose College, Oxford. (*Classics*)
 P. M. Bull, B.A., Manchester University. (*House Master, Whitworth*) (*Modern Languages*)
 A. Greenall, G.R.I.C., Manchester Polytechnic, F.C.S. (*Chemistry*)
 J. G. Hofton, B.A., Leeds University. (*French*)
 J. H. Thomson, B.Sc., Manchester University. (*Physics*)
 H. N. Veevers, B.Sc., Liverpool University., (*House Master, Gaskell*) (*Geography & Geology*)
 M. P. Jone, B.A., Lancaster University. (*History & Politics*)
 R. M. N. Smith, M.A., Scholar, St. Catherine's College, Oxford. (*English*)
 A. E. Watson, B.A., M.A., Liverpool University. (*English*)
 N. P. Dunn, B.Ed., De La Salle College. (*Design*)
 G. H. Jones, B.A., Newcastle University. (*Geography*)
 Mrs. G. M. Brown, B.Sc., London University. (*Girls' Tutor*) (*Mathematics*)
 Mrs. M. H. Statham, B.Sc., Manchester University. (*Biology*)
 Mrs. P. A. Treweek, B.A., M.A., Liverpool University. (*Head of English*)
 Miss J. A. De Vince, B.A., Lancaster University. (*English*)
 J. M. Haslam, B.A., F.R.G.S., Lancaster University. (*Geography*)
 D. J. Mallinder, B.Ed., Carnegie School of P.E., Leeds. (*Physical Education*)
 Mrs. T. Pollard, B.Ed., I.M. Marsh College of P.E., Liverpool. (*Physical Education*)
 Mrs. J. Keable, B.Sc., Ph.D., Durham University. (*Chemistry*)
 Mrs. M. O. Derham, B.A., London University. (*French*)
 D. A. Myers, B.Sc., University of Wales, M.Sc., Durham University, M.I. Biol. (*Biology*)
 T. J. Pattison, B.Sc., Manchester University. (*Mathematics*)
 Miss J. Barlow, B.Ed., Chelsea School of Human Movement. (*Physical Education*)
 Mr. M. A. Hargreaves, B.Sc., University of Exeter. (*Mathematics*)
 Mr. P. R. Hewston. B.A., Manchester Polytechnic. (*Economics & General Studies*)
 Mr. J. W. Lord, B.A., University of Nottingham. (*English*)
 Miss C. McGuinn, B.A., University of Sheffield. (*Spanish & French*)
 Miss J. F. Smith, B.Sc., University of Bradford. (*Mathematics*)
 Miss S. R. Tandon, B.A., University of Birmingham. (*History & Politics*)
 Miss I. E. G. Treharne, B.A., University of Wales. (*History*)
 Miss S. J. Priddle, B.A., Lancaster University. (*English*)
 Mrs. H. Hesp, B.Sc., U.M.I.S.T. (*Physics*)
 Mrs. J. Worthington, B.A., Sheffield University. (*Latin & English*)
 Mrs. S. M. Watson, B.Sc., UMIST. (*Chemistry*)
 Mr. P. Dewhurst, B.A., Newcastle University. (*Director of Music*)
 Mrs. I. B. Wright, Staatsexamen, Hamburg University. (*German*)
 Mrs. M. Cruttenden, Liverpool College of Art. (*Art*)
 J. McIntyre, B.Sc., Manchester University. (*Chemistry*)
 D. McNally, B.A., Manchester University. (*Economics*)
 P. W. Goodwin, A.R.M.C.M., A.R.N.C.M. (*Music*)
 Mrs. C. A. Williams, B.Sc., Manchester University, M.Phil., London University. (*Physics*)
 Mrs. J. F. Swindlehurst, B.A., Birmingham University. (*English & Geography*)
 Mlle. N. Bekhouche, Licenciée ès Lettres., Lyon. (*French Assistante*)

SCHOOL NOTES AND NEWS

This term we say goodbye to Mr. Bamforth, Director of Music here for twenty-three years; a full tribute appears elsewhere in this edition. We are also losing Dr. A.M. Wilson, sadly through ill-health; he has given the Classics Department sterling service for fourteen years here. We all wish him a speedy return to health and a happy future.

During the last academic year we welcomed two new colleagues, Mrs. H. Hesp (Physics) and Mrs. S.M. Watson (Chemistry). In the Michaelmas Term of 1991 we welcome our new Director of Music, Mr. P. Dewhurst and Mrs. J.F. Swindlehurst (English and Geography). The past academic year saw some new internal Staff appointments. Mr. Simkin became Head of Sixth Form, Mr. Fisher the Commanding Officer of the C.C.F., Mr. Veevers House Master of Gaskell and, with the arrival of our Third Year girls in the six Houses, a lady was appointed to each House: Dr. Keable to Byrom, Miss De Vince to Dalton, Mrs. Ballantyne to Fraser, Mrs. Derham to Gaskell, Mrs. Statham to Heywood and Mrs. Wright to Whitworth. Mr. Myers also became Deputy House Master of Byrom.

We congratulate Mr. Mallinder and Miss Tandon on their respective marriages during the last year.

Speech Day 1990 was held in the Free Trade Hall on the evening of September 25th, with Dr. J. Grigor, O.B.E. as Principal Guest. A report appears elsewhere in this edition. The Founder's Day Service was held on March 5th in Manchester Cathedral. The address, which was particularly inspiring this year, was given by the Right Rev. Peter J. Ball, Bishop of Lewes, and the anthem was John Rutter's "For the Beauty of the Earth".

The C.C.F. Annual Inspection was on April 26th. This year there was no guest officer but the Head Master reviewed the Corps himself.

For the School year 1990/91 S.W. Veitch was Head of School and R.Y. Segal Deputy Head. School Prefects were: R.J.V. Avery, R.W. Buckley, N. M-F. Cheung, A.K. Doney, N.H.G. Frost, P.J. Gallagher, R.W. Goodall, G. Hepburn, A.K. Hollingworth, R.N. Hulse, O.F. Islam, M.T.R. Jones, R.V. Lavarini, G.R. Noble, S-U Rahman, R.C. Slate, H. Smart, D.J. Smith, L.E. Tilston, G. White and S.D. Williams.

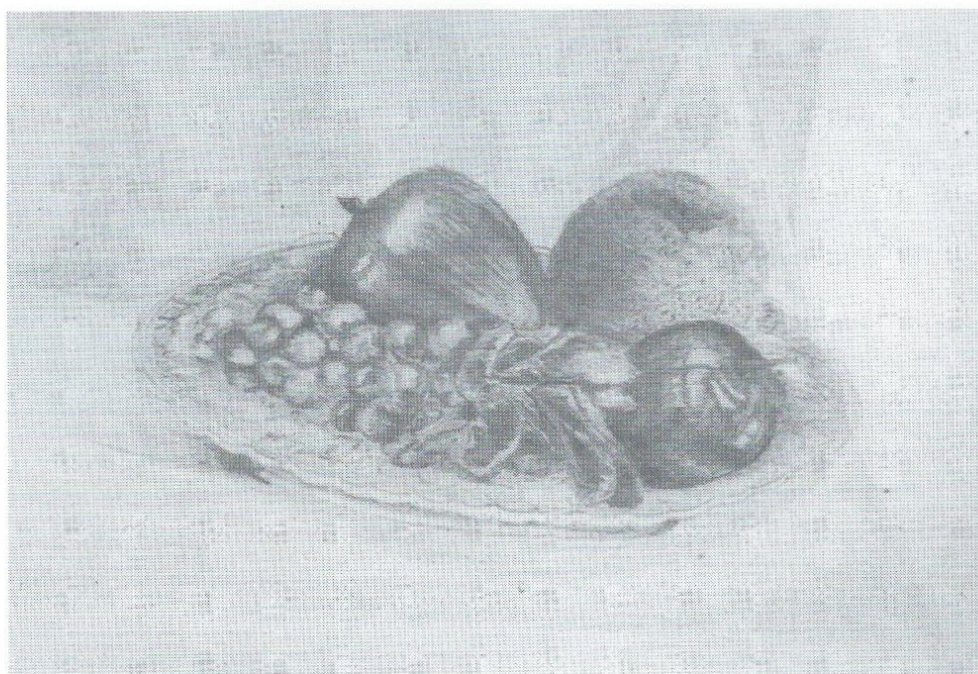
We congratulate the following students on their Cambridge places: Richard Avery to read Engineering at St. Catharine's; Andrew Goodwin to read Social and Political Science at Selwyn; Aziz Khan to read Japanese at St. John's; and Kate Mayne to read English at Newnham.

We congratulate our Lower Sixth Economics students on becoming the overall national winners in the Lloyds Bank "Forecast 1991" competition. The winning team consisted of Andrew Rose, Jonathan Lees, Nick Williams Rick Hellings, Justin Haber and Arshad Ahmed. A report appears elsewhere in this edition. Also at a national level but in a different field, congratulations go to James Hickman, who has become the British Junior Swimming Record holder for the 200m. Backstroke, and to Karen Hawcroft, who has been selected to represent Great Britain in International Swimming in Brussels. Matthew McLean is to be congratulated on being Area Winner of the Laurentian Life Creative Writing Competition. There were only 36 winners out of over 4,000 entries; Matthew won £50 and the School was given £40 worth of books.

We congratulate Jonathan Greenhowe on his two year RAF Scholarship (Navigator) and Giles Fisher on his two year Naval Scholarship and Reserved Place (Pilot).

This year's Charities Week raised £6,500 to help build a place therapy ward for children at St. Mary's Hospital.

The Editors gratefully acknowledge receipt of "Ulula" (Manchester Grammar School), "The Stopfordian" (Stockport Grammar School), "The Wellingburgian" (Wellingborough School), "The Suttonian" (Sutton Valence School, Maidstone), and "The Bridge" (Handsworth Grammar School, Birmingham). All these magazines may of course be found in the Donner Library.



Sara Atkins (3B)

D. A. BAMFORTH

At the end of the Midsummer Term the School said farewell to Dennis Bamforth who retired from the post of Director of Music, a position he held for 23 years.

He was educated in Huddersfield where his musical ability took him to the position of leader of the Huddersfield Schools Orchestra, a role he held for three years. He continued his education at the University of Wales where he studied violin and piano gaining diplomas in both instruments. His main musical love, however, is the recorder and for many years he has organised national recorder courses. In 1969 he set up the Stockport Recorder College and 1979 he started the Manchester Recorder Orchestra. His reputation as a player, teacher, adjudicator and composer for the recorder is international. He has composed many orchestral works both for School and public performance, his most recent being for the Slaithwaite Symphony Orchestra to celebrate its centenary. In the area of recent musical compositions he will be remembered in School for his School Suite Op. 35 written for the Centenary year and for the musical support he gave for the production of "Oliver". During the School year the Director of Music is responsible not only for the classroom teaching of his subject but for public musical occasions such as the St. Ann's Christmas Carol Service and the Founder's Day Service in Manchester Cathedral. These and termly concerts in School owe much to the work of Dennis Bamforth.

In his private life Dennis enjoys photography, serves on the local Parish Council and has a passion for secluded places. We wish him well in his retirement and hope he will enjoy his music and hobbies for many years to come.

M. Loveland



Mr. D. A. Bamforth (Photo: Tom Banghala, 3 Sark Road, Chorlton)

SPEECH DAY 1990

This was held in the Free Trade Hall on the evening of September 25th. The Principal Guest was Dr. J. Grigor, O.B.E., Chairman of the Central Manchester Development Corporation and a leading campaigner during Manchester's bid to host the Olympic Games.

Introducing Dr. Grigor, the Head Master alluded to the latter's Scottish background, and stressed the high value placed on education in Scotland. Here in England governments tend to "overburden the system with testing almost everything a pupil does"; what is needed is the right balance between "philosophy and practicality". The G.C.S.E. is already fostering the right philosophy of teaching how to think, and the new National Curriculum is providing the practical model for its assessment at "Keystage 4", to be introduced in 1993/94 for that year's Fifth Form.

Turning to W.H.G.S., the Head Master touched on our response to the need to bridge the gap between G.C.S.E. and 'A' level, and gave examples of our students' concern for and awareness of the needs of others; Hulmeians have also shown initiative in broadening their experience of people and places abroad. He then passed on to the usual review of the School's academic, cultural, social and sporting life during the previous year, and concluded with tributes to departing colleagues.

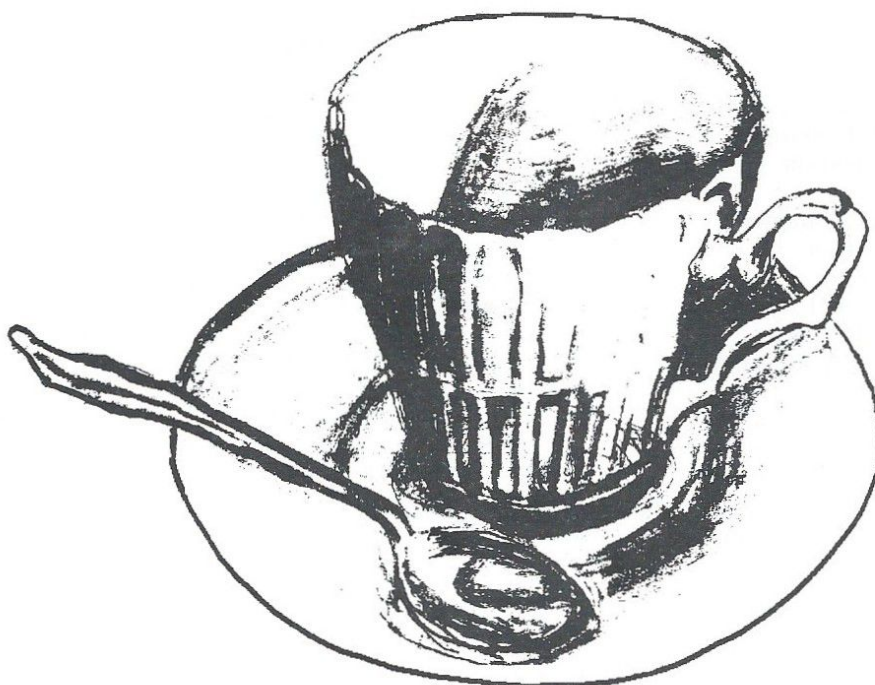
Dr. Grigor prefaced the main body of his speech with personal reminiscences of his own school speech days. With his deep involvement in Manchester's bid for the Centenary Olympics, he next spoke of centenaries as landmarks. 1990 was a Hulmeian centenary, that of the first leavers a hundred years ago after their three years in the School since its foundation in 1887. This led naturally into the main theme of the speech, the link between school and the outside world of industry, "Education and Industrial Performance".

This theme was dealt with in two halves. First, Dr. Grigor outlined the history of Higher Education provision over the last thirty years. An ancient Greek proverb says "Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity". In the sixties and early seventies, rapid expansion at a time of economic boom was indeed an "ornament", but, in the austere years that followed was it a "refuge" or a mistake? The avalanche of reports and discussions on Education since 1975 suggests the latter and that we were now trying, belatedly, to provide such a "refuge".

In the second half of his address, Dr. Grigor suggested that the key to the future lay in cultivating a third culture besides the arts on the one hand and pure science on the other, that of what the Germans call "Technik" - the art of making things! (The audience was surely reminded here of the famous advertisement for German motor cars!). This not only bridges the two cultures but actually trains, in school, the creators of tomorrow's wealth. Some of our competitors abroad have already built "Technik" into their school curricula.

Echoing the Head Master's opening remarks, Dr. Grigor concluded by distinguishing between mere accumulation of facts and pupils' ability to think, analyse, discriminate and "appreciate what is happening around them", as well as being sensitive to others. Industry, he asserted, can be fun, and the address ended on a note of firm optimism and exhortation to our boys and girls to work cheerfully but hard at their chosen careers in the years ahead.

G.J. Turner



Andrew Seymour 5X

PRIZE LIST 1991

Special Prizes:

Anderson English Essay Prize: D. A. Riste
Aspinall Religious Knowledge Prize: S. J. Cochrane
Caswell Prize:
C. H. Jones Prize: H. Smart
Colin Midwood Prizes: G. R. Noble (Army Section),
J. D. Lee (RAF Section)
D.L.I. Griffiths Prize for Medical Subjects: S. W.
Veitch
D. M. Williams Memorial Prize for Music: J. M.
Greenhowe
Eric Barnes Memorial Prize & Trophy: A. K.
Hollingworth & S. W. Veitch
F. J. Smith Travel Scholarship: A. P. Berriman
Geoffrey Cocker Memorial Prize: F. J. Baama
Graham Johnson Memorial Prize: M. P. Grey
Halpin History Essay Prize: K. E. Mayne
J. A. Barber Prize (Proxime Accessit): G. R. Noble
James Gozzard Prize for Craft: R. S. Smith
J. N. Hopwood Reading Prizes: M. J. Booth (Senior)
A. P. Hickey (Junior)
Junior History Prize: D. A. Hufton
Library Award: M. A. A. Agha & N. S. H. Lee
Original Verse Prizes: T. W. Donnai (Senior)
R. Hossain (Middle & Junior)
Powell Prize for Reading in Assembly: R. J. V. Avery &
A. K. Hollingworth
R. A. Haynes Prize for Photography: M. T. Rhodes
Watkins Prize: S. W. Veitch
Wolstenholme Memorial Prize for Art & Design: J. D.
Lamb
Woollam Scholarship:
Yates Prize: A. R. Reid

Upper Sixth:

Art Prize: M. B. Ogier
 Allman Further Mathematics Prize: O. F. Islam
 Ancient History Prize: A. P. Berriman
 Dehn History Prize: A. Goodwin
 Design Prize: R. Y. Segal
 Dorrington Latin Prize: A. P. Berriman
 Economics Prize: A. Goodwin
 Geology Prize: N. H. G. Frost
 Hewlett Geography Prize: V. L. Hirst
 Knoop English Prize: K. E. Mayne
 Lymer Mathematics Prize: A. K. Doney
 Music Prize: C. R. W. Egeli
 O.H.A. Biology Prize: M. Z. Ahmad
 Palmer Chemistry Prize: O. F. Islam
 Palmer Physics Prize: R. J. V. Avery
 Politics Prize: I. N. Bhattacharyya & A.R. Reid
 Pankhurst Spanish Prize: R. V. Lavorini
 Vlies French Prize: G. White
 Vlies German Prize: R. J. Merrell

Lower Sixth:

Ancient History Prize: J. M. Kay
Chemistry Prize: R. A. Malik
Design Prize: S. Spencer
Economics Prize: S. N. Hira
Forrest English Prize: M. R. Clark
Further Mathematics Prize: B. J. Forshaw
Geography Prize: J. M. Greenhowe
Geology Prize: V. M. Clarke
German Prize: C.R. Williamson
Greek Prize: M.R. Clark
Hawley French Prize: M. Yadid
History Prize: C. J. Hyland & M. Yadid
Latin Prize: M. R. Clark
Mathematics Prize: R. A. Leitch-Devlin & C. Lewis. Physics
Prize: R. D. Gee
Politics Prize: D. Guthrie & S. N. Hira.
S. K. Appleton Biology Prize: R. A. Malik
Spanish Prize: M. P. Clare

Fifth Forms:

Biology: K. S. Bhogal
Caiger French: P.M.T. Edwards
Chemistry: S.A. Sufi
Design: M. Tsoi
German: D. B. Connor
Greek: D.P. Marsh
Hewlett Geography: A. S. Seymour
History: R. A. Berd
Latin: P. M. T. Edwards
Mathematics: M. Tsoi
Music: N. T. Haggerty.
Parents' English: J. E. Harding
Physics: T. C. Coope
Spanish: P. D. Warren

Fourth Forms:

Art: R. Haroutunian
Biology: M. Das
Chemistry: C. Simkin
Design: M. A. McLean
English: M. A. McLean & D. A. Riste
French: J. S. Seddon
Geography: S. Sharif
Geology: A. T. Rodgers
German: J. S. Seddon
History: T. W. Donnai
Latin: A. G. Willett
Mathematics: A. T. Rodgers
Music: C. P. Harris
Physics: A. T. Rodgers
Spanish: T. W. Hukins

Second Forms:

Art: A. F. J. Kelly
Biology: M. T. Royds
English: A. F. J. Kelly
French: M. T. Royds
Geography: M. T. Royds
History: M. N. A. Bartlett & S. B. Burney
Latin: M. M-W. Cheung
Mathematics: S. B. Burney
Music: J. M. E. Robinson
Physics: C. L. Barnes
Religious Education: C. L. Barnes & C. J. Hope

Third Forms:

Art: I. J. Cooke
Biology: S. P. Moscrop
Chemistry: R. Ahmed
Design: B. T. Woolrych
English: G. G. Barraclough
French: T. A. Djeddour
Geography: G. G. Barraclough & I. Siddique
German: T. A. Djeddour
History: S. Cope
Latin: M. H. Knowles
Mathematics: I. Siddique
Music: A. M. Chance
Physics: Y. L. Schofield
Spanish: S. P. Moscrop

First Forms:

Biology: P. A. Beales & P. Holt
Chemistry: S. J. Cochrane
Design: C. J. Hewison.
English: S. J. Cochrane
French: S. J. Cochrane
Geography: P. Holt & D. J. Johnston
History: E. Amir
Latin: S. J. Cochrane
Mathematics: P. A. Beales
Music: S. J. Cochrane
Religious Education: S. Sobhani
William Taylor Memorial Prize: R. M. Seddon

W.H.G.S. LEAVERS LIST 1990

with destinations where known.

FORM	NAME	UNIV./POLY./COLL.	COURSE
U6A1	Clive, M.R. Cross, J.J. Hall, N.J. Jones, R.T. Mullins, G.	Liverpool Univ. Manchester Poly. Durham Univ. Liverpool Univ. Liverpool Poly.	Geography HCM Geog/Geology Physical Geology Earth Science
U6A2	Haffner, A.N. Hope, P.G. Jones, T.K. Larkin, S.P.H. Venables, C.R.	Sheffield City Poly. Humberside Poly. St. Bede's Coll. Sheffield Univ. ('91) Newcastle Univ.	Public Sector Legal Studies Applied Social Science 'A' Levels Law English
U6A3	Bryan, D.R. Cross, N. Ince, R.M.R. Kirkham, A.D.J. Kotecha, A.G. Russell, M. Sowood, B.R. Wilkin, J.M.	Teeside Poly. N.E. Wales Inst of HE King's Coll., London Univ. Sunderland Poly. Loreto VI Form Manchester Univ. Loreto VI Form	Communications HND Bus./Manag. Studies History Geog/Politics 'A' Level polys. History 'A' Levels
U6A4	Brown, C.M. Hargreaves, M. Kay, R.P. McCloy, L.J. Stenhouse, Z.L. Stogsdill, D.P.	Manchester Univ. Sheffield Univ. Bangor Univ. Leeds Univ. Bangor Univ.	History Geography English Politics Hist/Arch.
U6A5	Daley, A.P. Dickin, S.N. Fleming, P.J. Higginbottom, P.D. Howell, S.P. Symms, J.N.	Sheffield Univ. Stafford Poly. Leeds Poly. Bristol Poly. Nottingham Univ. Bristol Univ.	Economics Bus./Manag. Studies Computer Studies T&C Planning Ind Econs/Accts Geography
U6A6	Brandreth, M. Hope, M.A. Samuels, J.B. Taylor, N.F.	Manchester Poly. Leeds Univ. ('91) Chester Coll.	App. Computing Music - W300 Maths/P.E.
U6C	Berman, D.M. Edwards, A.J. Levene, R.I.	Leeds Univ. St. Hugh's, Oxford Leeds Poly.	Data Proc/Accts. English Found. in Accts.
U6L	Arora, S. Drayton, I.N. Harrington, S.P. Hayes, S.D. Jethani, Y. Lee, B.G. Lodge, A.R. Streuli, M.J. Whiterod, C.J.	Manchester Poly. ('91) Beijing Univ. Cambridge, (Trinity Hall College '91) Macclesfield Coll. Sheffield Poly. Birmingham Univ. Leeds Univ.	Accountancy Int/Bus. Studies Oriental Studies Mandarin Chinese 'A' Levels Int. Business Studies/French Law French/Russian
U6M	Blairs, C.S. Capon, D.I.C. Leadbetter, L.M.A.	Durham Univ. Robinson Coll., Cambridge	Mech. Eng. Engineering

FORM	NAME	UNIV./POLY./COLL.	COURSE
	McKinnon, K.A. Partington, A.S. Sheriff, P.M.	St Andrews Univ. Durham Univ. Wadham Coll., Oxford	Chemistry Physics
U6S1	Osler, R.J. Patel, R.P. Rose, R.A. Sandiford-Mitchell, S.J. Sharp, D.G.	Sheffield Univ. Manchester Poly. Liverpool Poly. Liverpool Poly.	App Stats/Comp App Stats/Comp
U6S2	Adams, K.M. Bookbinder, P. Butson, N.M. Dar, S.I. Griffiths, J. Heaton, A.L. Murray, D.J. Popuri, R. Reece, A. Rudkin, P.A. Sheikh, J.Y. West, N.J.	Bury Met. Coll. Wadham Coll., Oxford ('91) Manchester Univ. Leeds Univ. Edinburgh Univ. Bath Univ. Liverpool Univ. Leeds Univ. Leeds Univ. Loreto VI Form Leeds Univ.	Biological Science 'A' Levels Eng. Sc. Medicine Biochem/Gens. Economics. Aero. Eng. Medicine Medicine Chemistry 'A' Levels Mats Sc & Eng
U6S3	Savage, B.C. Scott, A.K. Siodmok, P.M.	Liverpool Univ. Staffordshire Poly.	Phys Geog/Geol Q. Surveying
U6S4	Amandakone, R.H.P. Choudhry, B.A. Dean, M.W. Hill, A.J. Khan, K.R. Pilling, A.	Manchester Poly. Huddersfield Poly. Huddersfield Poly. Birmingham Univ. Nottingham Univ.	Mechanical Engineering Bus. Comp. Bus. Comp. Pols & Econs Prod. Eng./Man.
U6SB	Abrahams, J.P. Ahmed, A.R. Dean, C.S. Hodes, S.D. Lee, J.W.S. MacKenzie, S.J.W. Miller, B.A. Singh, Y.S. Slowen, R.D. Williamson, P.	Peel Coll., Bury Utd. Med. & Den. Sch. Lon. Manchester Univ. Hulme Grammar School St Barts London Univ. Bradford Univ. Birmingham Poly.	'A' Levels Medicine Chemistry 'A' Levels Medicine Pharmacy Comp. Info. Systems

BURSAR'S CORNER

As this has been my first year as Bursar, it has been very much a matter of learning the ropes and settling in to the ways of the School. I am sure my gallant staff have become fed up with my asking so many basic questions about why this, or that. The answer nearly always comes back, "Because we always do it that way". It does illustrate to any late arrival with ideas of changing things that there are very good reasons for the way the organisation works at present and it should be tinkered with only after much careful thought.

That thought process takes over a year and as a result I can lay claim to having achieved little that was not set in train by my predecessor. I have not arranged, as he did for a number of years in succession, for a new or refurbished building to be opened. Some of the outline work towards the new instructional block which the Governors are planning has been completed, but nothing is visible on the ground yet. Certainly the new changing rooms block and the floodlit tennis courts which Geoff Straw organised have been well used.

Probably the most significant change which Old Hulmeians would recognise is the removal of the 'cages' cloakrooms for the Middle School pupils and their replacement with individual lockers. This change, and a similar improvement for the Junior School during the Easter holidays, has permitted a general improvement of the area's lighting and decoration. It will be interesting to see how long it takes for the shine to wear off!!

I also wrote my largest ever cheque for a vehicle - the new School mini-bus was delivered last October and has been well used since then.

Budding David Colemans can now practise their commentating on sports days with the installation of a new public address system, complete with radio microphone, which I discovered even works from as far away as my office. What a paging system that would make!

As well as the Cloakroom areas mentioned above, the redecoration programme has maintained its momentum. Mainly in the Science Block but also in other areas of the School, the decorators have been busy during holiday times, making sure the fabric maintains its appearance. This was particularly important during the 'photography day' for the contents of the new School Prospectus. Parents of prospective pupils will have a smart new brochure when they enquire in future.

It would be wrong of me to close this short piece without saying thank you, publicly, to my small team. Often their value is not recognised, or is overlooked, but without the cleaners, porters, dinner-ladies, technicians and skilled tradesmen, as well as the administrative and accounts staff, the School would not function, and, in particular, without their help to me this last year, my period for settling-in would have been much less pleasant. Thank you, one and all.

M.H.J. Peters.

THE DONNER LIBRARY

This year has been eventful in that the whole School now uses the library. The first and second forms are avid readers, some borrowing a new fiction book every day, very rewarding for me as librarian and hopefully for them as readers. If only the other forms were so keen to read fiction. Membership could be higher; 270 pupils have not borrowed a book at all this year. How do they manage this?

First Formers had a short course on library instructions, or how to find their way around the library; this was great fun and enjoyed by all. The First Formers are better at finding information than the Sixth Form! The library seems to be a popular place to be at lunch-times; fortunately the younger members don't mind sitting on the carpet reading. Some seem oblivious of their surroundings.

New magazines aimed at Junior School were subscribed to: "Amiga Format" and "Horse and Pony". Any other suggestions would be welcome.

Fortunately we have kept pace with inflation - approximately 700 new books were added to the stock this year. This number has been static for the last three years despite the increase in the price of books.

More than ever the library has felt like a branch of W.H. Smith with requests for ink, pens, pencils, hole-punches, staplers, scissors etc. - the list is endless. How did everyone manage before the library was staffed full-time?

Thanks must be given to the official library prefects, Ayaz Agha and Nigel Lee, whose help has been invaluable; there were two unofficial library prefects who could be called on - Gil White and Shel Rahman. My thanks and good luck to them all. The prefects this year are Anna Ross, Erica McInnis and Philip Cain. Library hours are 9.00 a.m. - 3.40 p.m.

M. Evans.

THE SCHOOL BOOKSHOP

This year, the Bookshop experienced a remarkable degree of success. With the invaluable help of Mr. Thomson and under the watchful eye of the Bookshop staff, 1991 saw several radical changes emerging from the depths of the Bookshop, which led to increases both in the number of sales and in the number of people who came to look round the Shop. These changes included a refurbishment, which led to increased space for more books and more people, and also a trial period in which we sold several items of stationery as well as the usual books and folders.

The Bookshop is staffed by members of the Sixth Form, and several members of the Junior School often come in to lend a hand when they can. We are open every lunchtime, and are well worth a visit, as we stock all kinds of books, and we can order any book which we don't have in stock. If you need a book, whether it be for revision or leisure, for yourself or as a gift, or simply a book which you want, then we at the Bookshop will be only too happy to help.

R.A. Mody (L6L)

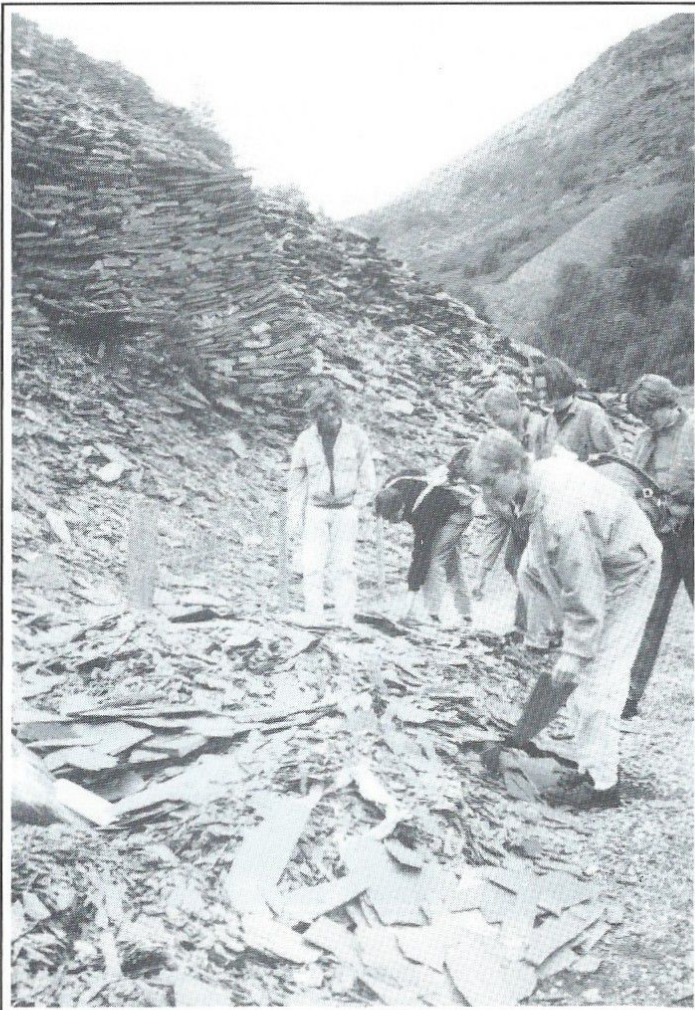
J.M. Kay (L6C2)

TRIPS ABROAD

THE GERMANY EXCHANGE 1991



Our German guests outside the Llechwedd slate mines with Miss McGuinn, Herr Falke and Miss Sharrock.
(Photo: G. J. Turner)



1. The "Werler" here

For me the 1990 Werl/Manchester Exchange was very special. As a former Loreto VI Form student, who twice took part (1984/1985), I felt very privileged once again to have the chance to participate, albeit from 'the other side of the fence', in the exchange which I had enjoyed so much.

The exchange went very well from beginning to end. We had a very pleasant journey from Werl and even arrived in Manchester early (by all accounts a very rare occurrence), so early in fact that the welcoming committee consisted solely of Mr. Turner and the Manchester drizzle.

The programme began in earnest on Monday with a school day for all the German boys following their partners' timetables and experiencing for the first time the very English pleasure of a school dinner. In the evening we all went ice-skating, always a favourite with everyone, and even managed to leave without any broken limbs.

On Tuesday Herr Falke, Mr. Turner, the Germans and I hit Manchester town centre. We took in a few sights and then left the boys to their own devices. I think that their time was split equally between shopping and visiting McDonald's!

Looking at some very old William Hulme's exercise books at Blaenau Ffestiniog.
(Photo: G. J. Turner)

Wednesday morning was spent in school and then in the afternoon the German group went off to see "The Tempest" at the Royal Exchange. As is normally the case with the R.E., it was an excellent production, which I think the boys all enjoyed on account of its being so spectacular, even if they didn't understand all the Shakespearian language.

On Thursday, we undertook the first of our three trips - to the slate mine in Blaenau Ffestiniog. The journey was somewhat long (three hours), but the mine was certainly worth a visit - it was very interesting and gave a real insight into what it must have been like for the people who worked down there in those cold, damp conditions.

On our way back from Blaenau Ffestiniog, we stopped off in Chester, which broke up the journey very pleasantly.

Friday was the Granada Studios Tour, which was fascinating (although seeing Coronation Street did not seem to mean as much to the German boys as it would have done to the average Mancunian!). The group was so well behaved that the tour guide commented that she had not ever taken round such a pleasant, well mannered foreign group before.

The weekend was, as usual, free from school commitments. On Monday we visited York. We had a lovely day for the trip and I think that everyone enjoyed the shopping, Jorvik Centre and Castle Museum.

Tuesday was a school day, and as the English boys all had sport in the afternoon, the German group was able to watch "The Lord of the Flies", an adaptation of William Golding's novel. After watching the film, the German and English boys met on the football field, where, once again, the English side came second (5-1 to the Germans).

On Wednesday it was an old favourite - Alton Towers. It was an especially nice trip because the English partners came too. (Of a choice of three trips, Alton Towers was everyone's choice!). Although it poured in Manchester it remained fine at Alton Towers, but some of us still managed to get very wet, at any rate, after going on certain rides! Everyone enjoyed the trip and thought it was a fitting way to round off the visit.

Thursday was very hectic with all the comings and goings and goodbyes, but we departed fairly punctually and enjoyed a problem-free journey home.

All in all the exchange was a great success. As I mentioned at the beginning, for me it was also a little extra special on account of all the memories that it brought back and the fact that I could see all the familiar faces again - Mr. Turner, Mrs. Wright etc. Perhaps the only bad thing about the exchange was that it went too fast!

Deborah Sharrock,
(English Language Assistantin, Mariengymnasium).

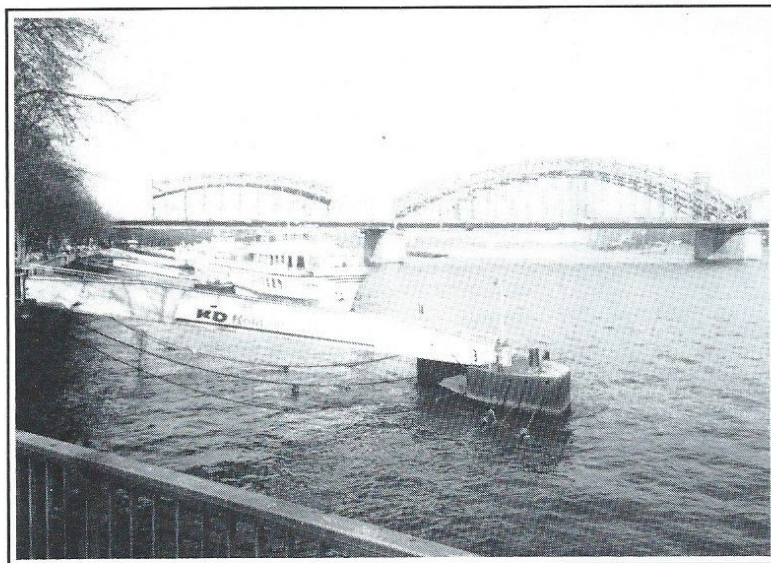
2. The Hulmeians in Werl

At exactly half past three on a warm February afternoon, a train pulled out of Manchester Piccadilly Station, destination London Euston. On board were 25 young men, who together made up the 1991 W.H.G.S. German Exchange Party. Although relieved to get underway, we realised that ahead of us lay a daunting 23 hour train and ferry journey, which would finally end at 3.30 p.m. (local time) at Werl the following day.

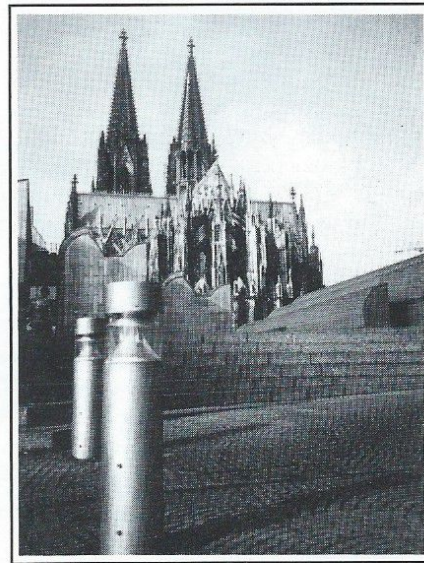
The journey itself passed surprisingly quickly. By the time we arrived, our reserved carriage in the German train had turned strangely quiet, except for the sounds of phrase books being flicked through, and words being hurriedly learned.

As the carriage doors were flung open and our various "Austausch" partners shouted recognition, our fears about the difficulty of communicating proved groundless. We were swept away to 25 different homes in and around Werl. Our "parents" were so natural that we very quickly overcame our fears of making mistakes, and we began putting sentences together in German.

The rest of Sunday was spent meeting the family, unpacking, showering and sleeping, but it was the following morning that many of us received a rude awakening, at around six o'clock! The reason was that German schooling commences at 7.45 a.m., and as the snow was quite heavy in Germany, it took longer to get there than it would here.



Two views of Cologne—1. The Rhine with cruiser terminal . . .
(Photo: G. J. Turner)



. . . and 2. The Dom (Cathedral) from the
Heinrich-Böll-Platz. (Photo: J. M. Haslam)



A thaw in the political scene means we can now walk freely in the former GDR.
(Photo: J. M. Haslam)

We arrived at school in good time and while our partners' friends were greeting each other with broad smiles (no doubt at our expense!), we English were staggering around the foyer staring in disbelief at our watches. It was only the fact that school finished at 1 o'clock that prevented many of us from jumping onto the next train home!

Our exchange school in Werl, called the "Marien-Gymnasium" (Gymnasium meaning Grammar School) was surprisingly similar in size, appearance and lay-out to a modern English Comprehensive though it selects its intake on interview.

After meeting in the Sixth Form Common Room, we received a talk in rapid German from the Head Master, Herr Drepper, which we were pleased to find we could understand!

Later we were able to explore the town. Werl is a small, clean, pleasant town with several excellent pizzerias and Wurstbuden.

On Tuesday, the party visited Soest, a small picturesque town close to Werl with an interesting history. After a tour around the ancient walls, which included a "get well soon" shout (literally) to the mysteriously injured Mr. Turner, at home at Herr Falke's, we were let loose in the Town centre. During this "free-time" the newcomers to the trip sat about answering (with various levels of enthusiasm) the questions to a quiz posed in German. Some of the more experienced linguists (the Sixth Form) took the opportunity of sampling German food in the shape of Tomatensuppe in the smart cafés which surround the town square.

The following day saw a "first" in the history of the exchange, as the combined schools ventured forth into the former G.D.R. We were driven to the industrial city of Eisenach, once renowned for the Wartburg car, but now sadly falling into decline, as commercial pressure from the Western economy has been felt strongly throughout the former Communist State.

Walking through the streets, all were surprised at how dirty the town itself was and how melancholy and grey the residents seemed. (We were told that many unemployed workers had left to go to the West to earn a living.) Our overall impressions were that beyond the optimism of re-unification, there were still many problems to be overcome. The conditions of the town, rarely seen by previous Westerners, contrasted sharply with the efficient and clean image portrayed by the area's most famous tourist attraction, the Wartburg Castle.

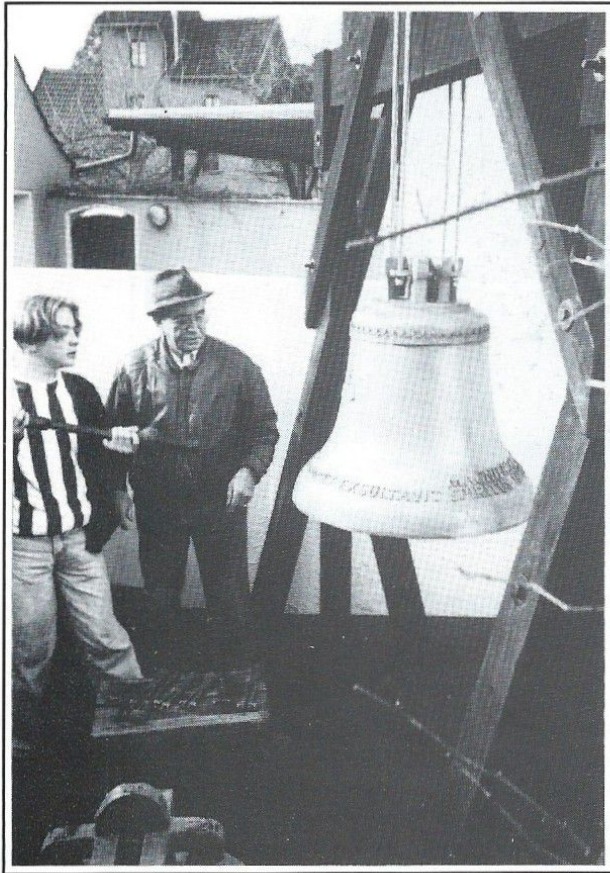
As on most of our other tours, the talk was in German and the historians amongst us apparently found it relevant to their course due to its close relationship with Luther in the XVI century. But the whole excursion will undoubtedly be remembered, not for the fantastic scenery nor the interesting and varied historical background of the castle, but for the superb snow-ball fight which was held in the grounds, and which only the most restrained of us (the members of staff!) managed to stay out of.

After another day in school attending the same classes as our partners, the Friday was spent in and around the historic town of Münster. On the way the party stopped at a Bell Foundry, one of the oldest in Germany, for a fascinating insight into a complex but little thought about trade. We were given a tour by a worker, who revealed nearly everything about the bell manufacture, although there are still many secrets held from rival companies. We were lucky enough to see the forging of a large bell by a very traditional but unusually technological process, before moving on for several hours enjoyable free-time.

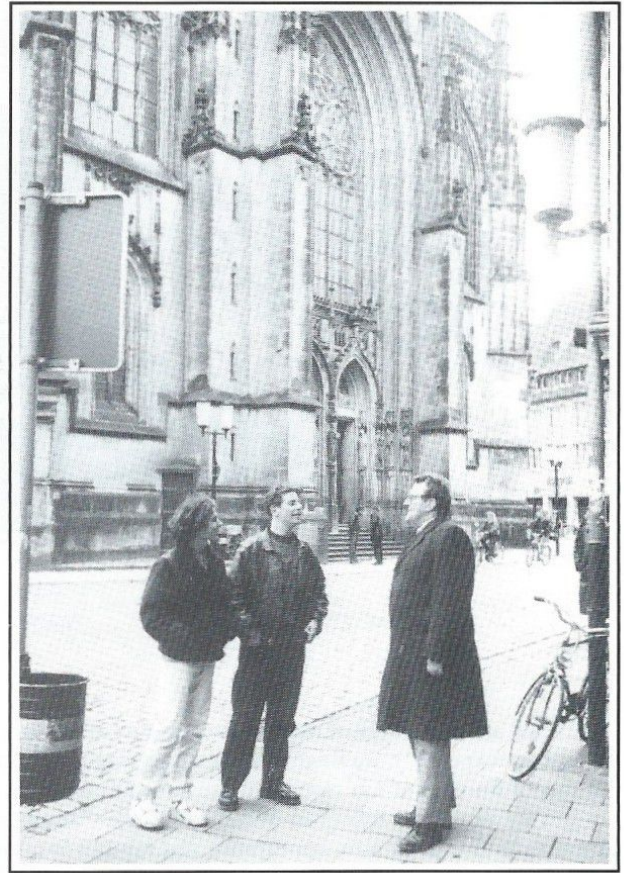
The day concluded with the now traditional school "disco" and a good time was had by all, under the watchful (but slightly blurred) eyes of the ever vigilant members of staff.

The weekend was spent with the families but on Monday morning it was back to school.

The party was honoured to be invited to an address given at the Rathaus (Town Hall) by the Bürgermeisterin (Lady Mayoress). At the end we were invited to ask carefully prepared questions about Germany and Werl, and during this time a lot was heard about reunification, which is rarely discussed in Britain. After this, Chris Williamson was called upon to answer questions from the local press, and an article based upon his replies appeared in the paper the next day as well as a photo of us all.



The bell-foundry at Gensche
(Photo: J. M. Haslam)



In Münster Nick Holder and Richard Mattison ask a passing stranger the way to the Cathedral. (Photo: J. M. Haslam)

That afternoon a very traditional event in the exchange's calendar took place, held in the Sporthalle of the school. This was the Annual English vs. Germans football match, which was duly won by us (!!).

Tuesday saw us embarking on the third major group outing, this time to Cologne. One of the highlights was the huge cathedral with over 500 steps leading up to the very top. Although the view would have been spectacular, most of last year's students declined Mr. Haslam's kind offer to run up and down and stayed firmly on the ground. But many of the newcomers decided to give it a try and were rewarded with a great view of the city.

Cologne offered many examples of German culture, including museums, exhibitions and "authentic" gift shops, and was a living example of German post-war attitudes, represented by a demonstration by students against the Bodenoffensive (ground war) which had just begun in Kuwait.

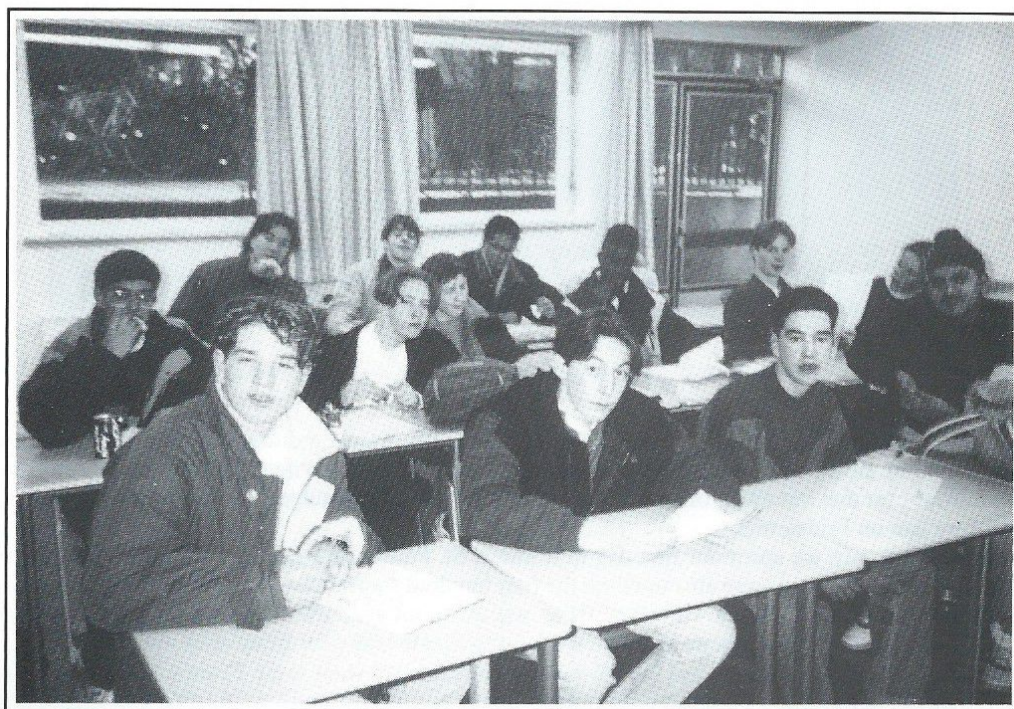
Our final full day began with a fun outing to the Unna ice skate rink for some rest and relaxation to recover before the journey home. Then we returned to Werl for a final look around the town for presents for our hosts and our families in England.

Although a cheer was let out as the train pulled out, I think most people were really sorry to be leaving. After a near perfect journey as far as Ely, the train broke down, resulting in a two hour BR bus trip to Peterborough Station. We finally arrived at Manchester Piccadilly, two hours late, all ready for a huge meal, a few hours' sleep and a real cup of tea!

Giles Fisher (L6L)
John Beckett (L6L)



Outside the Eissporthalle (ice rink) in Unna. (Photo: G. J. Turner)



7.50 a.m. means Lesson 1 for Hulmeians staying at the Mariengymnasium—note the semi-darkness outside!
(Photo: G. J. Turner)

SKIING TRIP - SAALBACH

The night entertainment varied. On the Sunday we could do what we wanted. The next night, we went tobogganing on the longest toboggan run in Europe. It was a brilliant experience, and after many falls and bruises, my partner Maria Jobling and I finally made it down the hill.

Other night events were swimming, in which Miss Smith showed us her synchronised swimming, ice-skating, bowling and a local disco in which our tour-guide Jackie showed us that she could hold her own on the dance floor.

On the second to last day everybody had to take part in a race where they could show what they had learnt over the week. Times for each individual person were recorded and certificates given out. Unfortunately my run was a bit of a disaster and I succeeded in knocking down all the poles and landing on my behind, stuck in a fence

After the bowling on the Friday night, it was a mad rush for a job hated by everybody - packing. Clothes were found in the most peculiar places, suitcases were bulging - impossible to close - and presents were packed for relatives.

The next morning we were given half-an-hour's lie-in and could do what we wanted. Some ski-ed, some shopped and others generally lazed about.

At 3.00 p.m. we set off, saying our goodbyes to the picturesque village of Maria Alm and heading towards Salzburg Airport. We arrived in Manchester at 9.00 p.m. on the 22nd February, tired, bruised but happy.

The trip was enjoyed by everybody and I hope to go again in the near future.

Rebecca Baron (3A)

ITALY: EASTER 1991

The Easter trip to Rome was thrown into chaos just a few days before we left because our travel company suddenly collapsed. Thankfully, other arrangements were successfully made, and therefore on a cold, wet Wednesday morning we departed as planned. The ferry crossing was quiet and we drove throughout the rest of the day, not arriving at our first stop in Austria until 9.30 at night. We stayed in a Gasthof in the small village of Sistrans which was situated in the hills above Innsbruck.



Mr. Callaghan musters his party in Rome. (Photo: I. E. G. Treharne)

Waking the next morning to make an early start to Rome, we discovered that although it was mid-April, it had snowed during the night. However, as we journeyed south the weather turned warmer, the snow melted and the sun shone. We discovered to our cost that travelling on Good Friday meant that we were subject to long delays and we did not reach our hotel until very late on Friday night.

Like all good tourists, we spent our first day in Rome at St. Peter's and the Vatican Museum which includes the Sistine Chapel. Those who wished were able to climb the four hundred steps to the Dome of St. Peter's, from where there is an incredible view of the city of Rome. However, there was also a lift available for those who could not face the stairs. Later that day we visited the Spanish Steps and then went on to McDonald's for some refreshment.

The next day was Easter Sunday and therefore some of the group went to St. Peter's in order to hear the Pope's blessing. The remainder of the group went to the Colosseum and Forum which are close together and yet illustrate two very different aspects of Roman life. The afternoon was spent at the Villa Borghese Gardens which were magnificent. The following day was spent visiting the small villages which surround Rome. We went to Tivoli which was where the Emperor had his summer residence and Frascati which is renowned for its wine.

On Tuesday it was time for us to begin our return journey and everyone dreaded being cooped up in the coach again for about twenty-five hours. However, arriving in Sistrans where we were once again to break our journey, we received a very warm welcome from the owners of the Gasthof. Wednesday morning was spent sight-seeing in Innsbruck and was made memorable by various members of the Lower Sixth raiding the hypermarket in order to ensure that they brought their maximum alcohol allowance back into Britain!

By Thursday afternoon as we drove through Manchester we thought that in a few minutes we would turn through the School gate. However, the coach got a flat tyre on Princess Parkway, but eventually we arrived back.

Everyone was most grateful to Mrs. Treharne, Miss Tandon, Mr. Lord, Mr. Watson and Mr. Callaghan for organising and supervising the trip.

Heather Stephenson (L6Cl)

THE 1991 SPANISH EXCHANGE TO SALAMANCA

This year's Spanish Exchange was many months in the planning: from September the previous year onwards schools all over central Spain were receiving letters and phone calls as I made an attempt to set up a new exchange. In particular I was keen to establish a link with a city such as Madrid, Avila, Segovia or Salamanca; in this region the kind of Spanish spoken is pure and relatively free of local variants. The previous exchange was a good school in Barcelona, but I knew that a change would have to be made when pupils started to come back with a strong influence of Catalan in their speech. During the 1980's Barcelona became more conscious than ever of the separateness of its culture from that of Spain; with the Olympic Games of 1992 taking place in Barcelona one can expect this to increase even further. Therefore I was delighted when a chance phone call from the mother of a former student at William Hulme's led eventually to the highly successful 1991 Exchange with the Colegio Montessori in Salamanca, a school which places especial emphasis on the learning of foreign languages.



First day at Colegio Montessori. (Photo: P. M. Bull)

Since Salamanca is situated many miles west of Madrid and possesses no international airport it was clear that a teacher would have to accompany the party, a need which was less problematic than in the past since Miss McGuinn, our additional Spanish specialist, had recently been appointed by the Head Master. There are other benefits for a pupil produced by the presence of a familiar teacher on Salamanca soil, of course, and these may become evident in the course of this article.

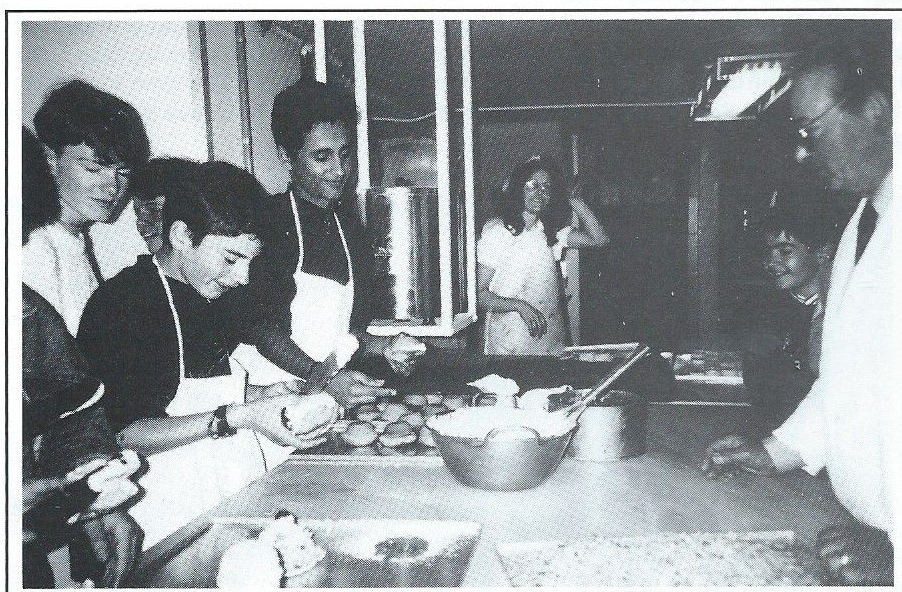
Recruitment of pupils for the exchange began in September and therefore took place at the same time as efforts were being made to find a suitable school. This naturally led to uncertainty in the minds of parents and pupils and some dropped out of the scheme on the way, but by Easter a party of just six was confirmed.

We set off from Ringway Airport to Madrid full of apprehensions and general excitement. The British Airways scheduled flight was punctual and so was Manuel the taxi-driver, who was waiting for us as we passed out of customs. We arrived around midnight at the school to be met by the parents, their sons and the school's headmaster. It was surprisingly cold and windswept, but the good intentions and warm welcome on the part of the Spaniards was evident.

During the first week our pupils had the opportunity to settle in with their families without the chore of attending school each day, as just over a week of holiday was left. I met by chance in the Plaza Mayor or elsewhere several of our pupils during this time and found to my pleasure that the settling-in period was taking place without problems. A few phone calls to each of the hosts confirmed this. For me this week was an opportunity to become acquainted with a new town. I was well aware that Salamanca had a rich history, that it boasted a university as old as Oxford and Bologna, and that for

centuries it had been the intellectual and literary centre of Spain: Cervantes, Fray Luis de Leon, sixteenth century debates over the treatment of the "Indians" in South America, Unamuno, etc. What I should not have doubted was that it was also just like any other Spanish town with its bars, restaurants and discotheques. This is what both delighted our pupils and caused them considerable relief, as they had been somewhat dismayed before departure on being shown postcards and tourist brochures of the city which portrayed little other than an elegant eighteenth century square, its universities and its two cathedrals.

By the second week, when the new term at Colegio Montessori began, everyone had found their feet and it became clear that our pupils had all been fortunate in their partners, and possibly more important, in their partners' parents. With all W.H.G.S. pupils meeting together again officially for the first time I was given an opportunity to be informed in detail of each pupil's circumstances. Our pupils visited one or two lessons some days but as often as possible I took charge of them myself in order to answer questions, give advice or take them on trips. Some of the Spanish pupils were about to take exams and all the others had normal schoolwork to do (including homework), so I was asked by the Headmaster to provide some activities to keep our pupils occupied at least some of the time out of School. This took the form of a questionnaire on their exchange, a quiz on Salamanca and various language tasks designed to help them communicate more effectively with their hosts. From the questionnaire I discovered that they were finding the food "surprisingly good" and their families "very understanding if I couldn't explain something, and if I didn't understand something they explained it in a different way". They liked the way everyone knew each other and that everyone lived relatively close to one another. One boy thought originally that Salamanca was not going to be exciting, being so small, "but it is easier to get from place to another and it is not just full of churches and cathedrals but has discos and clubs and bars (for Fantas)". Another pupil liked the way his partner could speak quite good English so if he could not understand him, he could express it in simple English for him.



Jorge Gallina and Ketan Misra showing how it's done at the cake factory. (Photo: P. M. Bull)

During the first week the host families had taken our pupils on several of their own trips, but once the new term began it fell upon the Colegio Montessori staff and myself to arrange excursions. We had one full day trip to Madrid to see Real Madrid's Santiago Bernabeu stadium, the Torre Picasso skyscraper, the Retiro park, the Prado Museum, the Spanish Cortes (parliament) and, finally, the Puerta del Sol and Callao where the major shops (and McDonald's) were situated. The following day we went to the ancient and aristocratic town of Alba de Tormes, close to Salamanca. Here, before viewing the withered arm and heart of Santa Teresa, we were treated to a speech by a friar in the purest and most elegant Castilian I have heard - for the first fifteen minutes at least, all the party were as attentive as any group of schoolchildren in such circumstances could have been. What is more, they understood almost everything. Other attractions in this town were the ancient castle, a pottery and a long lunch. The two other excursions were briefer: a tour around the historical part of Salamanca, including a visit to the students' cafeteria, and a highly successful visit to a cake factory which culminated in everyone attempting to decorate a cake with cream and almonds.

There seemed to be fairly near unanimity at the end of the exchange that at least three weeks would be a better length of stay than just two. The Colegio Montessori's headmaster expressed his opinion that eventually he would like exchanges to last for as long as a term or even a year; this statement, though, is founded on his own school's policy of bi-lingual education. In the Colegio the recently-introduced policy is that all pupils from the age of three years receive half of their education in Spanish and the rest in English; consequently by the time these pupils reach eleven or twelve years of age they should be almost as competent in English as in their mother tongue (at this stage they may then begin to study, for example, French or German). Such a long exchange would present many difficulties at W.H.G.S., of course, as regards the curriculum and continuity of preparation for external examinations, but it is certainly a thought-provoking idea.

However, once our boys had been practically forced into Manuel's waiting taxi on the final afternoon, dragged from the embraces of various mothers and grannies, we were able to make progress across the hot Castilian plain to Madrid and our return flight home. I should like to express my thanks to the parents and boys who made this exchange so successful. It is certain to be repeated and the hope that it will expand and continue for many years to come. The participants were: David Davis, James Goodall, Thomas Hukins, Ketan Misra, Richard Pimblott and Anthony Sheldon.

P.M. Bull

LA ROCHELLE TRIP 1991

JULY 16th

After many months of waiting the time had finally arrived for us actually to go to La Rochelle, the place talked about so much in "Tricolore". We all arrived at School full of eagerness and excitement to get to France. We and all the luggage got piled onto the coach for the long journey to Portsmouth for the ferry.

We managed to arrive an hour early for the ferry, so thanks to a good idea of Miss McGuinn's we spent the spare hour at the fun fair at Southsea.

Once on the ferry we were shown up to a room where we were supposed to be sleeping that night. The ferry crossing, luckily, was smooth, but it was also very cold, even indoors which made the already near impossible task of getting some sleep even harder. I was however able to snatch a couple of seconds' sleep.

JULY 17th

We arrived in Cherbourg in the early morning to be greeted by some dull weather. On the way down to La Rochelle we stopped off at a small village in the middle of the French countryside and had our first attempts to try out the language. After this small break we carried on the rest of the journey to La Rochelle.

When we finally arrived at La Rochelle it was beautifully warm and we could not wait to get our gear on and head down to the beach. After a bit of messing around organising the rooms we actually managed to get our first try out of the beach at Les Minimes, only a short walk away from the youth hostel. Sun tan here we come!

After a very hard afternoon lying on the beach we came back for our first proper meal at the youth hostel which, it has to be said, did not go down to a great reception. We then tried out the showers which were rather too refreshing (they were ice cold), only for the brave or completely mad. We then retired for some much needed sleep.



Trip across the harbour in the "bus de mer". (Photo: D. M. Fisher)

JULY 18th

Our first outing of the trip was to the market at La Rochelle to do our market project. We were given a list of things to find, questions to ask, prices to find and many other tasks all aimed at making us use the knowledge of French that we were supposed to have. The French people were very friendly and helpful and seemed to be quite pleased to hear us using our little French, although it did get quite embarrassing sometimes. Once we had completed our tasks at the market we had a little free time to buy our postcards, stamps and have a look around; after a bit of navigation we managed to find our way back to the meeting place and also to lose our first person.

We had our dinner in the hostel and headed down to spend the afternoon session on the beach. We were working hard on this trip, honestly!

In the evening we took a ride on the ferry across the harbour to the port at La Rochelle. There was a music festival on that night and a market which were very busy. We spent time wandering around the market stalls. You were able to pick up some good bargains from the market; bartering to lower the price is also a recommended practice. We caught the ferry back across the harbour and returned to the youth hostel to attempt to get some sleep.

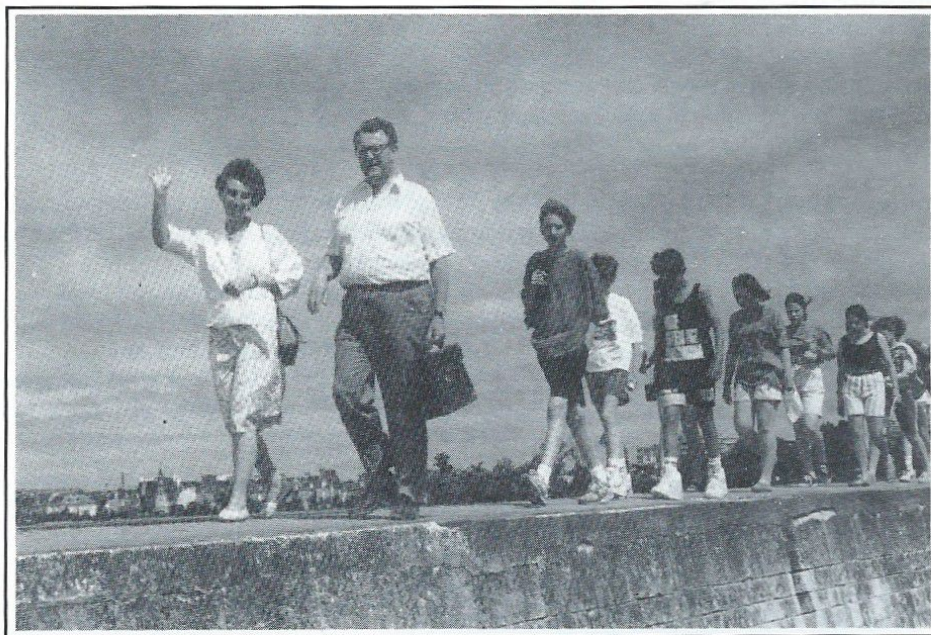
JULY 19th

We were to visit the cognac distillery in Camus, about an hour's drive from the youth hostel. On arriving at the distillery we were met by a guide who gave a guided tour around the distillery in English.

The smell of the brandy haunted you all around the factory. After we had been shown around all the parts of the factory, we returned to the bar where the Staff were given a tasting of the Camus produce and we were given a goodie bag containing all sorts of things.

The next port of call was at Saintes where we had our packed lunch by the river and visited some of the Roman ruins. The weather which was a bit dull at first had now perked up and the coach ride back was incredibly warm. We returned with a bit of time to spare so we managed to put in another hour or so on the beach.

That evening we put in some time doing our diaries. It has to be said that the cricket match between Mr. Fisher and Mr. G.H. Jones was rather more interesting, though some of the girls found the young German men at the youth hostel even more so!



En route for town along the harbour wall. (Photo: D. M. Fisher)

JULY 20th

We returned to the centre of La Rochelle, to follow Mr. Fisher's and Mrs. Ballantyne's quiz. This consisted of a list of instructions of things to find, directions to follow and many other little tasks all again geared at getting us to use our French. We had good practice to do this when we managed to take the wrong road, or was it the directions that were at fault?!

Prizes were awarded for the best answers to the quiz out of each group. The prizes went to Jeffrey Pearson, Daniel Taylor, Sarah Holder, David Grove and Vivienne Priestner.

The afternoon was spent catching a few more rays of sun on the beach.

That evening we visited the aquarium at La Rochelle. The aquarium, which is the biggest in France, contained many strange and interesting aquatic displays. They had some tiny little fishes going right up to some rather large sharks, all in all quite an interesting evening.



Mrs. Ballantyne answers questions about the Market Project. (Photo: G. J. Turner)

JULY 21st

We visited the Ile de Ré on our last full day at La Rochelle. The Ile de Ré, a small island, is reached by a large toll bridge stretching out across the sea and is very picturesque with lots of beaches, but was also very green in the middle.

The only town on the island, Saint Martin, was visited in the morning and we were given some time to wander round. We carried on our journey to the far side of the island where we climbed up the lighthouse. It was a very long climb up and very painful on your legs, but the view across the beautiful island was well worth it. We then headed to a beach on the Ile de Ré. It was not as sandy as the beach at La Rochelle, but the sea was warmer and we had the beach almost to ourselves. It was this afternoon that the teachers began to get slightly more active. Mrs. Ballantyne braved the French waters and Mr. Fisher attempted some climbing, while we spent the afternoon messing on the beach and then returned to the hostel for tea and an evening session on the crazy golf course.



Claire Babington and Victoria Ash hard at work on their Market Project. (Photo: G. J. Turner)

JULY 22nd

Today was our last day around La Rochelle. The morning was spent doing some last minute shopping in the town and the afternoon was spent either at the beach or in the youth hostel for those who had had enough of the sun and the rather large plague of ladybirds that had hit La Rochelle that day. We also visited the hypermarket that afternoon to get some provisions for the way home. We left La Rochelle later that evening.

JULY 23rd

On the way home prizes were given to the people who produced the best diaries, which we had been working on all week, in their group. These prizes went to Kamron Khan, Helen Steller, Matthew Royds, Michelle Swift and Sam Burney.

After a long journey we arrived home to the Mancunian rain, very tired and looking forward to a good meal and a few good nights' sleep. A very good time was had by all. Many thanks from us all to all the Staff involved.

Christina Barnes (2A)

FESTIVAL OF TENNIS - AUSTRIA 1991

During the May half-term break, a party of sixteen boys and girls of different ages and abilities took part in a Festival of Tennis in the Tyrolean resort of Seefeld situated fifteen kilometres from Innsbruck. The Festival was organised by a new travel company, Aspects of Leisure Limited, who are based in Burley-in-Wharfedale, and who specialise in school trips, particularly tennis and golf.

We were impressed by the lavish facilities which this small resort enjoys. The tennis was held in the Swedish Tennis School which boasts eight indoor courts and four outdoors. The indoor courts feature the recently developed bross-slide surface which consists of granules on a tough carpet base closely resembling shale in its properties, but with a truer bounce. The outdoor courts were high quality shale and we also had the use of clay courts at the Seefeld Tennis Club just across the road.

Travel was by luxury coach, which fortunately included a video and a toilet. We were picked up from our School on Saturday and arrived at our hotel twenty-five hours later. During our stay, together with 160 pupils from 18 schools, we received one-and-a-half hours coaching per day from (mainly) English-speaking coaches who maintained an unswerving

belief in the benefits of developing good top-spin. Pupils were instructed in groups chosen according to ability and the staff were similarly instructed if they wished. A packed lunch, of rather meagre proportions, was provided and in the afternoon, pupils took part in a mixed-doubles tournament. This was again organised in several ability groups, but within each group there was a wide range of abilities. Consequently, some pupils found themselves playing with a partner of a considerably lower (or of course higher) standard. Nevertheless, it was an enjoyable activity and many won through to the top of their group.



Tennis Festival, Seefeld, Austria 1991. (Photo: J. H. Thomson)

The hotel accommodation was very good, being clean and wellappointed, with en-suite facilities in every room, and the meals were excellent. The lavish buffet breakfast was particularly impressive and our host was as genial and friendly as we could have wished. The evening entertainment was a bit disappointing, consisting of a walk through the village to a small and expensive disco, but once we found the nine-pin bowling alley, we were much happier. The village also has a 75m long indoor swimming pool with jet streams, rock islands and sauna facilities in the Olympia Sport Centre.

All in all, it was a very worthwhile experience, particularly for the opportunity to enjoy the facilities in a country as scenically beautiful as Austria and where tennis receives, along with other sports, a high degree of prestige and priority. It will be interesting to see how the Austrian Davis Cup team perform in September in the light of the excellent facilities which are available to them.

J.H. Thomson, P.M. Bull.

THE RUSSIAN TRIP - AUGUST 1990

Readers are reminded that the following five articles were written almost a year before the epoch-making events of August 1991.

RUSSIA 1990

On arrival at the airport, a confusion of voices and flowers, and suddenly I am bundled into a car by two burly men, and find myself bowling along the highway to the city of Moscow. I fervently hope that the pupils of whom I am supposed to be in charge are still being looked after by Miss de Vince and Mr. Gracey, who, thank goodness, can speak Russian fluently. For we are on the return trip of the Russian Exchange.

Russian Exchange? Nothing out of the ordinary in that, is there? After all, French, Spanish and German exchanges have been taking place for years. However, only very recently have foreigners been allowed to visit Russian families in their homes, and to travel freely, at least in Moscow. In all my journeys on the metro, I scarcely even meet a foreigner; rows of Muscovite eyes scan me wherever I go.

What are my impressions of Moscow? First, the amazing hospitality with which we are treated. My host, Miroslav Paslovsky, an English teacher (thank goodness!) lives in a one-roomed flat near the centre of Moscow. I have that one room, all to myself, for the whole of the two weeks we are there. My host sleeps on the floor in the kitchen, where we also eat. Tremendous preparations have been made to entertain us during the past months. We are taken to the circus, to a football match, and to Zagorsk, its dark blue onion domes, scattered with golden stars, resplendent in the morning sun. We are entertained to supper by different families, the tables groaning with caviar, sausage, cheese, fruit. There are songs and incredibly long and fulsome toasts to our enduring friendship etc. etc., washed down with "Champagnski". It is not until the end of the trip that I realise that what we take for granted has involved enormous effort and sacrifice on their part. We are at the farewell "disco" at one of the schools. There are profuse apologies because no ham could be found for the buffet meal, though "we have been to every shop in Moscow. We know you English always have ham sandwiches at your discos."

Because, of course, there is the other side of Moscow, the terrible poverty and anger. The supermarkets really are empty - great echoing halls with a few bread rolls or slabs of lard arranged on the solid shelves. One image remains in my mind. On the way to the metro there is a patch of wasteland. On it, there is a large pile of melons. One evening we return late, in the dusk, to the flat and pass men sitting by the melons. What are they doing there? "They are guarding their melons. Many people would like to steal a melon. Melons cost a lot of money so they must guard them, all night." People are mugged, not for their money, but for their clothes, especially if they are foreign. Not for money, for money is virtually worthless if there is nothing to buy. There are long queues at tobacco kiosks or vodka shops whenever anything is sold. One day Miroslav gathered everyone round him on a street in Moscow, and almost instantly a queue had formed!

There is also anger. No-one wants us to visit Lenin's tomb (though we do). Why, many Russians ask, why do we, who have so much land, have to import cigarettes from Azerbaijan, tinned ham from China? Perestroika! What does it do for us? A taxi-driver says, "You all from England? What do you come here for? There is nothing to see."

But.... there is, much to see and much to remember. On September 1st, the day before we returned, the schoolchildren arrive at their schools for the beginning of the school year. The little girls are dressed in black, with white aprons; the little boys in blue suits. They gather in the playground, each holding a bunch of flowers for their teacher. Music plays, I speak a few words to them all, over the microphone. They stare curiously at the strange foreign visitor, then, the senior pupils each take a new girl or boy by the hand, and lead them to their first lessons.

At the airport the English party, by now separated by the barrier, croon "Blue Moon" to the Russians, who reply in a haunting echo. Sentimental? Well - this is Russia.

P.A. Treweek.



The group, with Mrs. Treweek and Mr. Gracey. (Photo: R. J. V. Avery)

MONEY TO BURN

Imagine, if you will, that you are an English tourist in Moscow. A faithful Stalinist, you have ignored the locals, who have offered you thirty roubles for a pound, and exchanged your pounds officially for ten roubles each. This is, after all, more than generous as a pound is only worth one rouble. And what better to do with money than spend it?

You round the corner, only to see your bus pulling away, but never fear, because another one will appear in approximately thirty-six seconds. However, when the bus arrives, it will inevitably be straining under the weight of about 300 grannies-in-headscarves, all employed to ride on buses all day for the sole purpose of keeping the driver employed. Half the bus unloads onto the pavement to let one granny off, and then rushes back on before the doors snap shut. You decide to walk from here.

On the approaches to Red Square mobs of unshaven skinheads, sports bags full of memorabilia hung round their necks, prey on unsuspecting tourists. Before you notice them, you are surrounded. In unison they ask you an incomprehensible question. While you reach for a Russian phrase book, one member of the gang swaps the five-pound note in your hand for a Red Army belt, whereupon you realise that the question spoken in English with a Russian American accent was, "How vama baay meeletary bairlt?"

This incident suggests that it is better not to flaunt one's Western-ness: a lucky tourist with a Nikon round his neck is likely to be accosted by the aforementioned gang with sports bags round their necks; an unlucky tourist may be mugged and stabbed - Moscow is becoming increasingly dangerous since some Russians resent Western affluence more and more as their own economy crumbles.

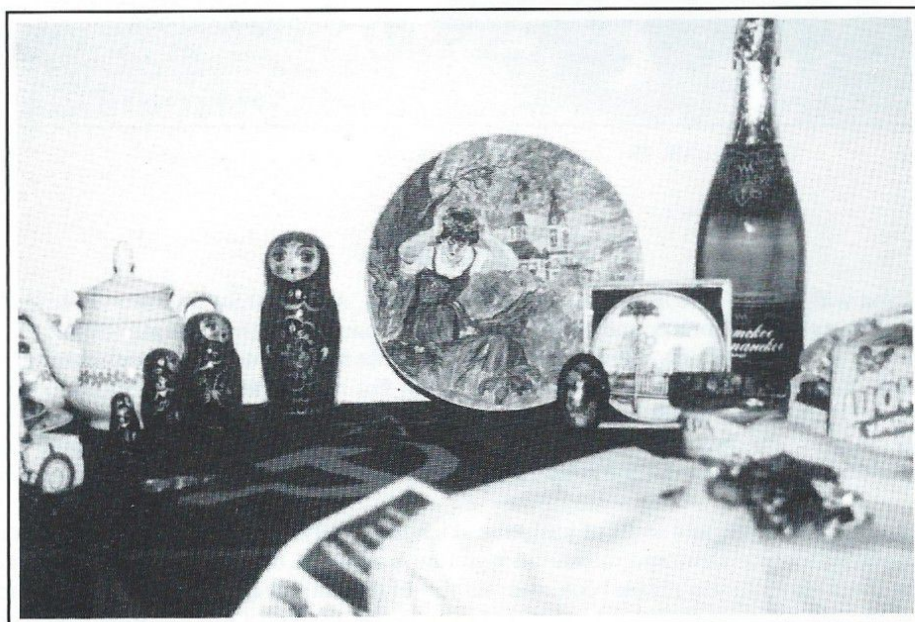
Having finally arrived at the shops, you realise that those Muscovites not engaged in riding on buses are doing the shopping. On closer inspection you deduce that they are doing the queuing, as there is apparently very little to buy. It seemed to me that the problem is not so much one of not having the goods to buy as of not knowing where to buy them. Because the economy is not run on a "supply and demand" basis, a shop is likely to be sent a massive consignment of, say, coffee. There will be long queues for a couple of days and then there will be no more coffee for a few months. Good vegetables



A selection of Russian "Realia". (Photo: R. J. V. Avery)

are in short supply, although farmers may sell their quality produce (at fifteen times the normal price) in private markets. Even if the foreigner does spot a bargain, he may need a Moscow citizen's pass, designed to stop outsiders travelling to the city, where goods may be more plentiful than in their own towns. An exchange partner may be useful here, although a foreign bank note would probably suffice. But in general, what does reach the shops is of little interest to the tourist, so after buying some dirt cheap propaganda posters and badges, you leave the shops feeling dejected on one hand and holding far too many spare roubles in the other.

It's lunchtime and you're feeling peckish, so where's the best burger bar in town? MacDonald's is situated in the former Pansion Square, where people were killed at the guillotine. Now it is called Pushkin Square and they make people queue up for three hours before killing them with Big Macs. But time is scarce, so you decide to sample the culinary delights of a local restaurant. While the waitress is trying to make her sign language understood, your eyes drift over to a table. Your hunger immediately disappears when you see two red steaks on a plate.



A selection of Russian "Realia". (Photo: R. J. V. Avery)

A trip to the Arbat or Izmailovo open air market is worthwhile as these places sell beautifully painted Matrioshka dolls, Palekh boxes, and brooches for any available currency. Incidentally, "currency" is used here in its loosest sense - sterling, better still dollars or Deutschmarks, cigarettes, even the trainers off your feet - all these are of much better value than the trusty rouble. Most of this barter is highly illegal, so beware of Militon, but black marketing is a way of life and, as they say, when in Rome.... For example, a car may be bought for 10,000 roubles, after a long wait, but may be 20,000 - 30,000 roubles on the black market. I explained it to my exchange partner that in England a car would cost about £5,000 whereas a Lada would cost about £3,000, but she completely failed to grasp the subtle irony of my humour.

Having been totally ripped off in your own currency by a tradesman, you remember that you still have a huge pile of roubles to dispose of. It should be obvious by now that there is no way of actually spending it so you have the chance to fulfil one of your lifetime ambitions: you could give it to some old dear in the street; you could burn it; or (and this is my favourite) you could change it all into one rouble notes and throw it sky-high in the middle of Red Square.

R.J.V. Avery (U6M)

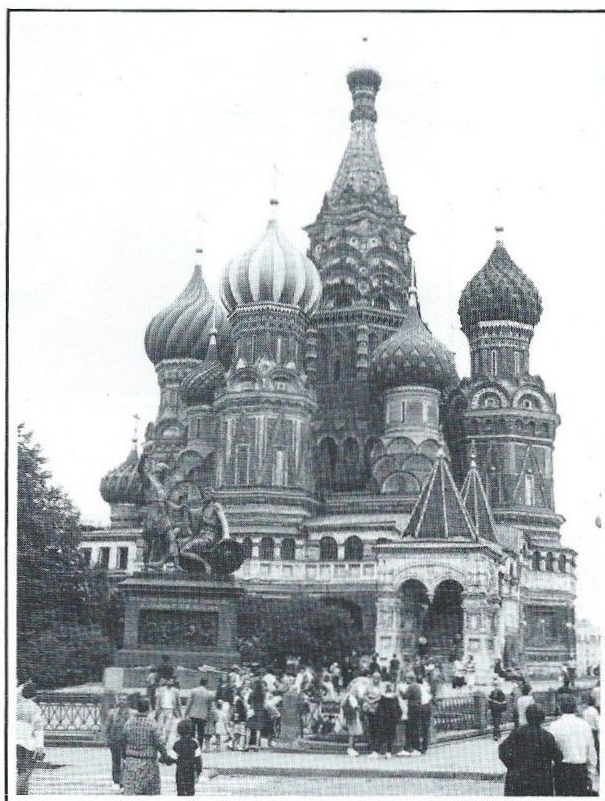
THE RUSSIAN EXCHANGE - MOSCOW - A POLITICAL VIEW

National independence in the Baltic States, a crippled economy - few realised in the exchange party how interesting it was to go to the Soviet Union at such a politically sensitive time. We will be able to look back in thirty years and recall a trip to the Soviet Union in 1990, a year when communism was effectively reversed with the adoption of the plans for a 'free market' economy and democratic pluralism. This, however, was a plan for real democracy - not the democracy talked of by Marxist ideologies, which was the right to choose between different communists, not different parties.

To understand how fortunate we were to be staying with a Russian family, it must be highlighted that only two years ago it was strictly forbidden for Soviets to allow foreigners into their homes. We therefore gained a unique insight not only into typical Soviet life but into their political views.



A typical country church. (Photo: R. J. V. Avery)



"Onion baroque" at its most impressive.
(Photo: R. J. V. Avery)

The majority of Soviets - we were led to believe - are seriously disillusioned by Mikhail Gorbachev. Whilst he is portrayed on Western television as a 'champion of peace' (indeed at the time of writing he had won The Nobel Peace Prize), at 'home' he is seen as out of touch with common people and their needs. There appeared a broad consensus that 'Perestroika', far from improving the economic lives of people, is making life worse. The mother of my partner compared the present time to ten years ago: "There's much less available in the shops than there was before. The queues are much longer." Soviets are unable to console themselves that the future will be better because the present is hurting so hard - they have little confidence in predictions that in years to come life will be easier as it is harder now than for a long time. Such sentiment is commonplace among Soviet families.

This disenchantment has spread through Gorbachev to a general dissatisfaction with communism itself. Lenin, the father of 'the Great October Socialist Revolution', is no longer considered a demi-god and many think it is only a matter of time before he meets the same disgrace which befell Stalin. Such is the level of disquiet, especially among the Muscovites, that people are now campaigning for the return of the Romanov dynasty - and the Russian Tsar!

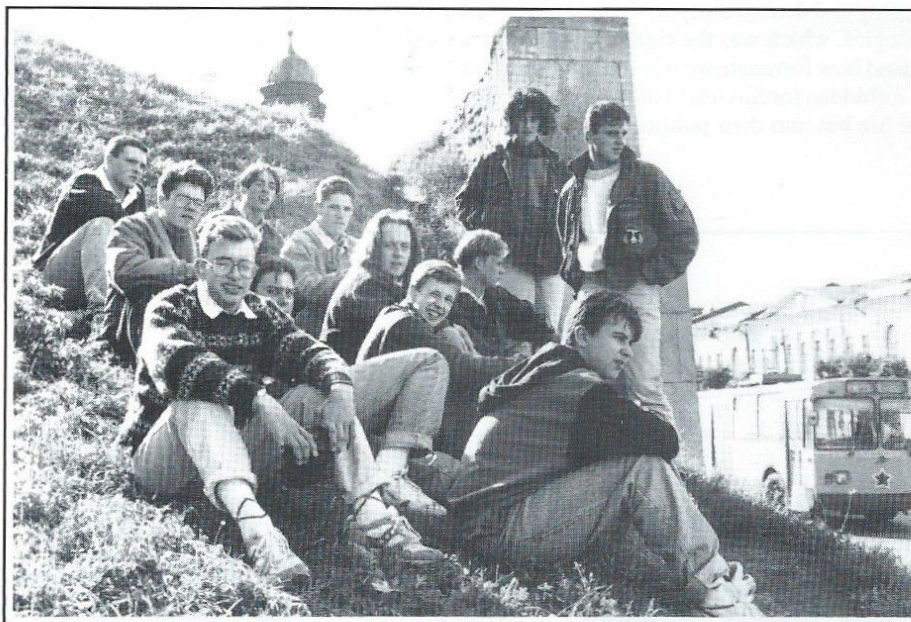
From a Western viewpoint it is not surprising that Soviets feel this way, for the drawbacks of a communist society clearly overshadow any benefits. There is complete economic inefficiency : there is now adherence to the basic 'supply and demand' law and thus there is a shortage of basic foodstuffs which results in the infamous 'Soviet queue'. Similarly

it's hard not to believe that the main aim of the Communist Party is to further its own power and authority : there seems no correlation between what people want and what the government does. Impressive looking buildings, which we are told cost millions of roubles, are built for the Communist Party when the flats around them are in a terrible state - and in need of repair. Indoctrination, which we thought was something out of history books, is still manifestly present. Admittedly, the unsubtle large posters on every street corner have gone but one cannot go into a classroom without seeing a portrait of Vladimir Illyich Lenin or go down a street without noticing slogans on buildings, such as "Power to the workers".

Contrastingly the benefits that can be gained from communism are regretted by the people. They do not appreciate the apparent fairness of new egalitarianism and the respect for fellow human beings which is the result. They are much more likely to dwell on the hypocrisy of Mikhail Gorbachev being a dedicated Communist but living a life of luxury.

The Soviet people are among the friendliest and most hospitable that I have ever met. One can only hope that the reforms, now in progress, are successful and beneficial to the Soviet Union and its people - and that the constant worries of the average Soviet are lifted once and for all.

Andrew Reid (U6A2)



Pause for breath. (Photo: R. J. V. Avery)

CAPITALIST OR COMMUNIST

The crisis now facing the crumbling Soviet economy has been widely reported by the Western media. On our trip to Moscow we were able to see this situation at first hand. One could not fail to notice the queues, the shortages and the black market racketeers of the Soviet Union but these were merely the symptoms of much greater economic problems.

The Soviet Union has had a very different economic system to our own since the "Glorious Revolution" of 1917. It was and, to a greater extent, still is an example of a Command Economy, the fundamental difference to our own being that the Free Market interactions between the consumers and producers are to a large extent stifled by state intervention. Instead Central Planners decide what is to be produced, how it is to be produced and for whom. It used to be that all firms were owned by the state and merely fulfilled the set quotas of the planners. Such a system requires massive bureaucratic organisation and great in-depth information and co-ordination. Yet these planners are notoriously corrupt and inefficient, failing to deliver the most basic of goods to the Soviet people.

For the people so used to queuing and shortages, the way of life is fast becoming unbearable. Now that Gorbachev has allowed people to speak out they are increasingly willing to protest for change. I myself witnessed Moscow's taxis, on strike, blocking the road inside the Communist Party Headquarters and the homeless sleeping under makeshift polythene tents protesting at the lack of suitable housing. They welcome Capitalism with open arms or rather the riches that the system has brought the West. The closest thing they have to our entrepreneurs are the black market racketeers who are the plague of tourists. They cautiously approach you with the questions, "You are English? You have dollars? You want Russian....?" With hard currency you can buy almost anything ranging from militaria to a Pepsi. The rouble cannot be exchanged for foreign currency. The ordinary Soviet person can only stare in amazement at the expensive Western goods on the display in the notorious Berioska shops and plush hotels. Their view of the West and therefore Capitalism is very idealistic. They seem to believe that once the system becomes Capitalist all the luxury goods of the West will immediately become theirs. Competition (in economic terms rather than sporting ones) is a concept they have yet to learn and, just as the East Germans are perhaps soon to find out, Capitalism does not mean riches for everyone. Unemployment, massive price rises and increased poverty looks set to accompany this change as the state withdraws its support which had previously propped up inefficient and backward industry. There is undoubtedly going to be a hard price to pay for past mistakes.

Andrew Goodwin (U6A3)

MY IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA

Our English Exchange Party arrived at Moscow Airport on Sunday, 19th August 1990 at 4.00 p.m. As we had had trouble with our Visas, we did not get out of the airport until 8 o'clock.

On the way to my partner's home I noticed how there were no houses, just massive blocks of flats and dirty streets. There were not many advertisements, and the only one I saw was a big English sign advertising "Austin Rover Metro" but it can't have been successful as there was not one about, just Ladas! This was my first impressions of Moscow, big tower blocks and very ordinary cars, all of similar colour.

I was asked if I was tired but, as it had been a really short day, Moscow being three hours ahead, I was not. We ended up staying up until 4.00 a.m.

We were told that night not to say no to anything which we may have been offered, as it was very impolite. And so, in the interests of Glasnost, that night and for the rest of the two weeks we had to stuff ourselves with indigestible food.

Our first excursion was to Red Square where we saw the Kremlin and the beautiful St. Basil's Cathedral with its gorgeous domes. Later on in the trip we went to see Lenin's tomb and actually saw his body. I still don't believe it; I think it is a model. Most of the other trips were to churches which were being rebuilt and so were swathed in scaffolding all around them.

On the penultimate day in Russia we were taken to a supermarket where I saw nothing on the shelves except eggs, milk and cheese. There were also very large queues!

One night some of us bribed our Russians to take us all to McDonald's where we waited in a queue for two and a half hours just to be served with half cooked burgers, which for a "Big Mac" cost 20p. We paid for our Russian partners' food, this being a great treat for them.

On Sunday, 2nd September, we flew home to Manchester where I ate my first 'non-stale' packet of crisps for two weeks! I'm sure we were all glad to be home!

Philippa Whittle (3B)

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SENIOR SQUAD RUGBY TOUR TO BOSTON & NEW YORK U.S.A. OCTOBER 1990

THURSDAY 19th. After some eighteen months of planning and preparation which involved a wide range of fund raising activities such as a sponsored swim, a sportsman's dinner and even a gala opera evening, we were finally standing on Piccadilly Station waiting to board the midnight train to Boston U.S.A. via Gatwick Airport. An air of excitement was all round, people acting the fool. Only the staff managed to behave in a civilised manner! On the train the first job was to nominate a PIG. This post of 'general dogsbody for a fixed period' naturally went first to the tour captain Gary Noble. For his period of office the PIG was recognised by wearing a policeman's helmet and sunglasses at all times. The rest of the train journey is now under the Official Secrets Act.



1st XV American Rugby Tour Party. (Photo: J. H. Thomson)

FRIDAY 20th. As we passed through the London underground and on the train to the airport, heads turned, mainly looking at the PIG who was sporting the tour t-shirt and Union Jack shorts. On hitting the airport we hit our first problems. The first was that passport control couldn't find an empty page in Reuben's passport. The second, more serious, was with Mr. Mallinder, something to do with his visa. A tall official took him to one side and we feared the worst. However Mr. Mallinder smoothtalked him like only true Yorkshiremen can do, the C.I.A. man weakened and our man was in. We were beginning to realise that we would soon be in America. After a short speech from 'Skip' the role of tour PIG was handed

over to the ever popular and genial Tosh Greenhowe. The plane journey was eventful; the lads were making no headway with the stewardesses despite Matt Sowerby's best chat up lines, so we began training in earnest with an onboard popmobility class. We arrived in Boston, all in hats and sunglasses (compulsory kit) and waited for transportation. What should arrive but the typical American school BUS - big and yellow. We then took a short ride through Boston to Brookline High School to meet our hosts. From the outside the school looked impressive, being classical in style, fronted by a playing field which always had something happening on it and over the road from a very large sports complex. Inside resembled the kids from "Fame" set - indeed the man in charge of Rugby, ex-pat Iain Ryrie, is also Head of Drama. The boys were delighted when some of the hosts turned out to be girls from Iain's drama class. We all moved off slowly and met up later for the first party of the tour. We (the staff) did not see the boys that night; I think they had a quiet get-together round at someone's house.

SATURDAY 21st. We all met at the school for training, except that is for Mr. Seddon, he claims he couldn't find us! The morning was bright and sunny, we jogged up to the training field. Mr. Jones walked part of the way, clearly jet-lagged. We all looked rusty but things improved and morale was high. After showering back at the school we went on a tour of Boston with our hosts which lasted into the evening.



Senior Rugby squad in New York. (Photo: D. J. Mallinder)

SUNDAY 22nd. The day of the first game. Confidence was high which resulted in a less than useful warm-up. However, after a few stern words from the wise greying manager, we managed to concentrate our efforts. The first ten minutes were poor but then the forwards woke up and started giving the backs good ball. The first try was a cracker with full-back Gaz Jameson coming into the line with so much pace that the defence just watched him go past to score. Fred Baama converted with ease which was the start of a great tour for the young inexperienced player. The next try came from Johnny Johnson who broke off a ruck and powered over. Fred then sealed it with an individualist try, running from fly-half selling dummies. Rob Goodall came on as a replacement and was inspired, carving holes in Brookline's defences, however support was slow as the whole team were too shocked to react. The evening's entertainment started at the School with a Pot Luck Dinner, everybody brought something to eat and it all went down well. Then to the speeches and presentations - Mr. Dunn reeled off quotes from the graffiti on the Boston underground and then gave the premier hearing of the "Ah yes" - very long pause, which went down in history and has been used in after dinner speeches worldwide! Good news for Mr. Myers, he managed not to spill any food on his tie. From here on to another party.

MONDAY 23rd. Journey to B.C. (Boston College) to meet new hosts, all were students at the college. Some of us were in the college halls of residence and others were in student houses. Many people found it hard to resist the hospitality and friendship of Brookline. Mr. Jones advised us to see what a college in the States was like and compare it to ours. Incidentally this small college of 10,000 students had mega facilities such as a football stadium as big as Wembley, an Olympic size swimming pool, ice rink and indoor courts and gyms for just about every sport - poor Yanks!

TUESDAY 24th. There was a slow start to the morning, with people not wanting to expend too much energy as we had the game in the late afternoon. One or two managed to make it to breakfast in one of the college's refectories. Also breakfasting were some of the American football squad. Never before have so many giants been seen in one place. They were huge but very athletic: There are one hundred and fifty in the squad with thirty or forty of these coming in at over 6' 5" and sixteen stone plus. So to the game; after finding the pitch we prepared it, removing boulders, covering up manholes, putting out cones to mark lines and constructing the posts, which arrived in the back of someone's car. Rugby is definitely the poor relation in college sport. The weather was getting worse, it looked like thunder, probably Mike's excuse for exploding at his own players. Triviality was forgotten and we began work on the opposition. It was now quite dark and the rain was torrential. This affected the game as handling was difficult, however determination proved vital in the tries which came from Andy Hollingworth and Dom Smith. Fred's conversion was aided by the wind; it blew the posts to one side. We ran out narrow victors. The meal in the evening was a lively scene and cabaret acts from Tosh, Messrs. Jones and Mallinder will live in the memory.

WEDNESDAY 25th - Again there was a slow start to the day, nothing to do with the night before of course! Mr. Jones was particularly upset as on the night before he got separated from the main group and had to walk eight miles (his judgement of the distance) home in the rain. Most people spent the day sight-seeing and shopping in Boston. We (the staff) headed off down the Freedom Trail, the well-marked route of Paul Revere. Of course you can't visit Boston without calling in at Cheers, and the management provided us with a very pleasant lunch. We also visited the old fish market, now a fast food hall where you can have just about any type of food imaginable. Many of the lads came back from their shopping with classic American clothes obtained at bargain prices. Andy Hollingworth even had an American hair-cut and then spent the rest of the tour impersonating Tom Cruise. The evening was our last in Boston so we made the most of its hospitalities, and they are plentiful. We had a fantastic time with both Brookline and Boston College and we were sad to be moving on.

THURSDAY 26th. Travel to Poughkeepsie, N.Y., a four hour coach journey, longer than expected due to some creative route finding. We disembarked and immediately began a game against one of the biggest teams in the world which included a prop of twenty three stone. Vassar were well prepared, right down to a choreographed entrance and pre-match presentations. When the game got underway our fatigue and a strange interpretation of the off-side rule enabled Vassar to build up a convincing lead, our only points came from Fred's penalty. The second half was much more productive. The scrum began to hold its own largely due to the introduction of Mike and Mal. The ball was moved away quickly which gave the backs opportunities and great support from a back row of Tilston, Johnson and Sowerby kept the game fast. This soon had the big Vassar forwards in trouble and tries came for Mike Wilson and Andy Hollingworth, converted by Fred Baama.

FRIDAY 27th. An early start for a tour of New York city - Tilston didn't make it. Johnson and Noble mislaid passports and money - not so captain sensible. The sight seeing included 42nd Street, 5th Avenue, Time Square, the top of the Empire State Building (many phoned home from here), Greenwich village, the twin tower of the W.T.C. and a ferry ride to the Statue of Liberty. A fine example of British trading was seen as Pat Cassidy bought a "Cartier" watch, it had been endorsed 007 - it self-destructed on being wound up. We all wish him luck in Europe 1992. We got the late train back from Grand Central Station; back in Poughkeepsie the local police were having trouble with a car alarm in the station car park. They couldn't turn it off. Up stepped Matt Sowerby and the job was done.

SATURDAY 28th. Morning free, many people travelled to the vast shopping mall to spend up on the last day. Others watched Vassar play lacrosse. In the afternoon we played Seaton Hall College, New Jersey who were visiting Vassar. Our objective was to stamp our authority on the game and return to England with a win. The opposition were very physical and this became more apparent as we widened the score. Many players tried their luck, one of our members assumed the role of tour Panda after tangling with someone a little larger. The forwards gave quick tidy ball and the backs ran riot. The aim was to get the ball wide as quickly as possible so when Rogers dropped it he had time to pick it up again. Apart from this he did supply one very good try and could have had more. Others came from Tilston and Cassidy with conversions and a penalty from Baama. In the evening the tour management made presentations, first to Reuben Segal who worked hard in the planning stage and was largely responsible for getting the tour off the ground. Cheers Reuben! Lee Tilston was deservedly best player on tour; other awards went to Steve Veitch, Johnny Johnson and Matt Sowerby, who as always was not short of something to say thanking the School and the management in a moving speech. From there we went to a leaving party at a student's house. There was a world record attempt at the most people in a single room. We believe the house is now condemned.

SUNDAY 29TH Search unsuccessfully for Cassidy's exit visa, pack up and travel to Kennedy Airport by coach, where we were to witness silly behaviour at its best by the two worst tour pigs, Cassidy and Rogers. On arrival at Boston Airport we were greeted by the girls from Brookline High who were offering a birthday cake for skip. Mr. Rogers was almost arrested for suggesting there was a bomb inside.

MONDAY 30TH Back to England - back to reality, strikes, cancellations and bad weather. The journey by train for those who made it was a little uncomfortable as we lay in the mail carriage. However, an altogether great experience, we would all encourage younger members of the School to take the initiative and arrange a tour regardless of their sport. It was well worth the effort and we wish you the best of luck. Thanks to all involved.

Gary Noble, tour captain
Peter Dunn, tour manager

LETTER FROM CHINA

Iain Drayton left School in the summer of 1990. He took a year out and spent nine months at the University of International Business and Economics in Beijing in order to gain a thorough grounding in the language before going to Trinity Hall, Cambridge where he will read Chinese. Earlier this year he sent a letter to the Modern Languages Department and below is the main substance of what he wrote.

16 January, 1991

I have now been in Beijing, China, for almost five months, so here is a note to let you know how I am getting on.

Studying at this university is quite unlike any experience I have ever encountered. I suppose that this is due to the extreme poverty in which we all live. My university is said to be the Harvard of China. However, I fear that in comparison with Western standards the actual buildings themselves leave a huge amount to be desired.

All of the foreign students - all twenty of us - share tiny, sparsely furnished rooms, with concrete floors and plaster walls and with two mosquito nets over two beds. There are two students to one room. In addition we each have a desk. My father came to visit me in December and he was horrified by the living conditions. Furthermore, my room is situated next to the 'latrines'. I am sure that by now you will not be surprised to learn that they are simply holes in the floor. But I should not complain. In the Chinese dormitories there are seven students to a room of the same size.

We study five days a week, three hours each morning. There were originally nine students in my class - American, Australian, Japanese and myself. Alas, owing to difficulties with the language, we are now whittled down to three, myself

and two Japanese, both of whom have already studied Chinese for at least one year. Nonetheless, I am coping. We are studying at quite a pace. There are some students from Leeds University at the Foreign Languages Institute in Beijing, and after four months all my class was at the same standard as they were after their first year. If all goes well I should have quite an advantage when I start my Course in England next October. I'm actually quite lucky because the only way I can communicate with my Japanese friends is by speaking Chinese, so I'm getting all the spoken practice I need.

The Chinese of course don't celebrate Christmas, although I took two weeks holiday (they don't seem to care too much about attendance in class here). However, from January 18th we have a six week Winter Vacation during which is celebrated the Chinese New Year and Spring Festival. I seem to be doing little more than holiday, though they may be giving us a test of some kind. The only 'difficulty' is writing, which I had to teach myself. And as for grammar, it is relatively easy in comparison with any of that in French or German!

On Friday when I finish class I shall leave immediately for Canton. It will take almost 36 hours on the train, but to travel from one end of the country to the other costs only the equivalent of £14. Everything is so cheap here. Then I'll go to Hong Kong with a friend and, after five days, fly to Osaka, Japan, alone, to stay with a friend. Michael Shearer (O.H.) has spent the last six months in Taiwan. On January 26th he moves up to Osaka to study Japanese for another few months so we have arranged to meet sometime in February. I shall return to Hong Kong about February 10th and then travel up to Shanghai to spend "New Year" with a Chinese family, that of one of my friends here at University, and then finally back to Beijing by February 20th. We resume study on March 1st.

As regards actual life, or impressions gained of Chinese life, I am slightly disappointed. Because nobody owns anything there is a lack of respect for one another's property, let alone one another. Westerners are given preferential treatment - a lot better than that given to the indigenous population . . . Enough. Or the note will have expanded almost to something akin to an 'A' level essay.

Best regards,
Iain Drayton.

MARBURG INTERNATIONAL WORKCAMP - JULY 8TH - 27TH, 1991

Within two days of being there I had forgotten all about my twenty-nine hours of 'A' level exams. Unfortunately, I had forgotten how to speak German two years before that, so I was apprehensive when I arrived in Germany to work in an international workcamp, helping to look after local children on the council's holiday childminding scheme. Our first week was designated as free-time, so that we could get to know each other - ten of us in all from Poland, Holland, Algeria, Italy, many from France and nobody else from England, meaning that I had no choice but to speak German. Luckily, it took a few days for everyone to gain confidence with their German, and because they were foreign, it was easier to make up words and use grammarless sentences. If they didn't understand me they would just nod politely, as I had been doing to them, and hopefully think it was their lack of vocabulary at fault, not mine.

During the other two weeks we had to work, but had nothing arduous to do, because a full programme had been arranged: donkey rides, swimming trips, a puppet theatre, cartoons, a farmhouse excursion, and so on. All this, plus food and transport, cost parents a mere £13 a week.

Our duties were just to help or play with the children in their activities, perhaps football, model-making, or hut building. In return for our help we were given free food and accommodation, including six meals at restaurants, and money for entertainment, so it was possible to spend nothing but the plane fare, making it much cheaper and much more interesting than sitting on a beach in Benidorm for three weeks. Even bus fares into town were negligible, as we were able to hitch-hike with ease. The free entertainment was best, for example, strawberry picking, which was, for obvious reasons, only available at night, and whereas our conversations in pidgin German must have seemed bizarre to a native listening in the street and our topics of conversation rather boring, the challenge of speaking a foreign language made everything more enjoyable.

I would recommend a workcamp to anyone, and there are many to choose from all over Europe, in many cases in agriculture or renovation. As a language exercise it is excellent, but not infallible, because it is necessary to find a common language in situ, and that may, even in Germany, be English.

Richard J.V. Avery (U6M)

Any Sixth Former interested in work experience abroad is encouraged to ask Mrs. Derham about it. She has many contacts and is always ready to help - Editor.

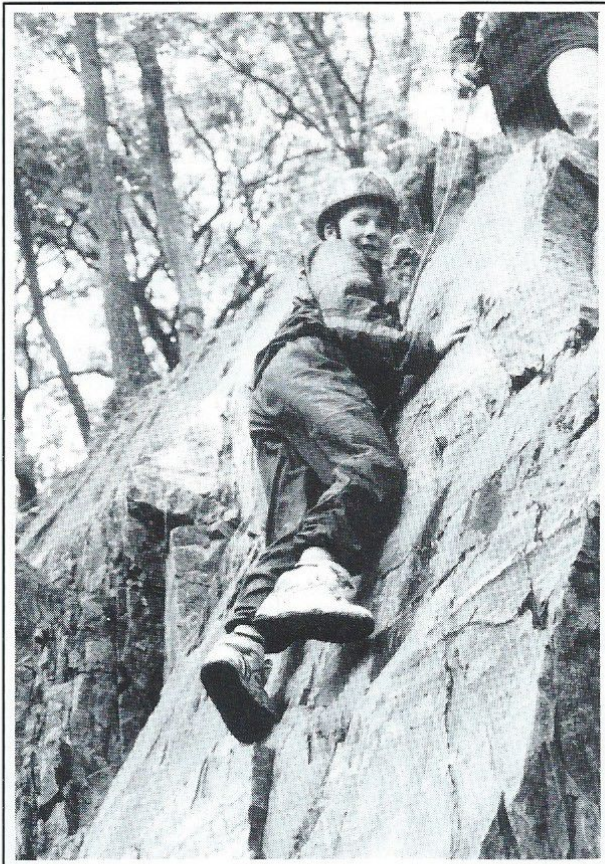
TRIPS IN THE UK

LAKESIDE

Following the School examinations the annual Junior School Adventure weekend was held at the YMCA National Centre at Lakeside on the shore of Lake Windermere.

79 pupils and 6 members of Staff took part in a variety of activities including rock climbing, abseiling, canoeing and raft building. Everyone had a good time despite being constantly wet due either to the weather or to the water activities.

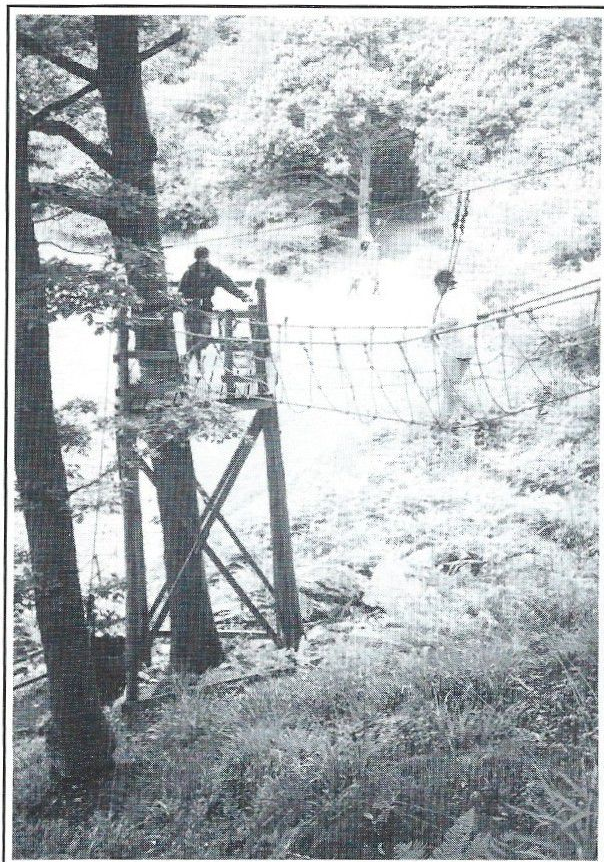
G . M . Brown



JUNIOR SCHOOL VISIT TO LAKESIDE

We left School at about 4 p.m. to go to Lakeside - the outdoor pursuits centre by the side of Lake Windermere. When we arrived we found that our sleeping arrangements were in individual wooden chalets with eight in a chalet. After we had unpacked we did our first activity which was orienteering. There were several courses around the park, of varying difficulty. When we returned we were given a drink and then sent to our chalets. However, no-one got much sleep that night!

The next morning we were given a cooked or cold breakfast and were told our events for the day. When we were rock climbing/abseiling it was raining very heavily. This made everything very slippery but we still had a very good time. In the afternoon (after another nice meal) we went on the aerial slide over the lake and on the ropes course. The aerial slide seemed slow when I looked up from the ground but from the top it seemed very high up and very fast. We were clipped on so we could not fall but even so it seemed a very long way to the ground and jumping off the edge of the platform for the first time was terrifying. The ropes course was an assault course, made out of rope and wood and the idea was to get along it without touching the floor. None of us managed to do it! Parts of the ropes course were easy but parts were difficult, especially the confidence steps. There were flat, square pieces of wood which were placed quite high up and a large stride apart. You had to step from one to another. However, the only problem was the longer you



looked at them, the more you became convinced that you could not do it. Some people did not manage to do them at all.

That evening, after tea we went on a fell walk. When we reached the top of one of the local fells we had a game of kickstone. When we returned we went to our chalets. Everyone got more sleep the second night and most people had to be woken up the following morning.

After breakfast, on our last morning, we went Canadian Canoeing. When we had paddled around for a while we had a game of ball tig in the canoes and then came back and had our final meal at Lakeside. After lunch we went raft building/racing. This was very good and we had to design, build and paddle our own raft. When we had all got totally soaked rafting we went back to our chalets, finished packing and then returned to the gate and got on the buses to take us home.

Sarah Cochrane (1A)



DESIGN TRIP TO LONDON

It was cold, wet, windy and very early - 6.35 am to be precise. At the station the W.H.G.S. gang gathered like the walking dead waiting for late arrivals.

We left Piccadilly on time; the lack of conversation on board the train was superseded by the occasional snore. I must say that most of the party woke up when the driver announced the buffet carriage would shortly be closing and there was a mass stampede in that direction.

We arrived at Euston on time (well done B.R.!) and travelled via the underground to Leicester Square and then a short walk took us to the Design Centre.

At the centre we were split into two groups. The first went for a lecture about how the centre runs whilst the remainder played on the computers where you could design your own painting or sail the Atlantic singlehandedly. We then went upstairs where there were many aspects of modern day designing covered in the exhibition such as the special environment section which was concerned with elements that were "environment friendly". There was also the "Young Designers Centre" which catered for our age group, it included some excellent G.C.S.E. projects produced from pupils around the country. Before we left we just had time to look at the slide collection and the wide selection of books that could be purchased.

Work first started on it in 1884 and it was finally opened in 1894. It has a central span of 197 feet and a clearance of 131 feet when open. It is made mostly out of iron and steel. Millions of cars, people and marathon runners pass over it each year and many ships pass under it each year. John Wolfe-Barry and Sir Horace Jones designed it. Have you guessed what it is yet? Well, for those who have not, it's Tower Bridge, where the design group went after we had made our way, via the Underground, from the Design Centre.

When we did cross the bridge it was by an unusual way - the walkway joining the top of the two towers. From there you can see for miles around and most of the historic points of London.

When the bridge was first opened it worked using hydraulic cylinders which can still be found in perfect working condition in the Tower Bridge Museum. Well, what do they use now? I hear you ask. The bridge's mechanism, like most others, is now running off electricity.

After the walk round Tower Bridge's Museum we found the nearest benches and settled down for lunch. Lunch...! It was more like Alfred Hitchcock's famous film, BIRDS!!

Anyway despite the behaviour of certain members of the group during midday feeding time we managed to avoid being detained by the Beefeaters in the adjacent tower and were allowed to make our way to the Design Museum.

Once the group was issued with small, purple stickers with the Design Museum logo printed on it, we went inside. The museum was of new architecture and the interior was very modern and stylish. Inside, we were greeted by our guide who talked about the exhibits and why the museum was set up. After the usual game of "Silent Question Time" we went upstairs to the first floor. There were many extremely modern exhibits and one of the largest was a new type of telephone booth. The design was very colourful and very neat, but somehow I could hardly see a similar box in Manchester or any other major city in this country! We were then swiftly moved upstairs to the second floor. This was the main part of the museum.

There were many very intriguing and educational exhibits which we were told to make notes about, the main reason being that Messrs. Dunn and Grant wanted to sneak off and have a quick round of coffee and biscuits! When they came back, everybody quickly found something to do. The most popular exhibits seemed to be in the form of communications, leisure and transport. With only five minutes before leaving the museum everyone was writing down their final notes, or should I say, buying their last packet of twiglets from the museum shop!

We travelled back to Euston on the very overcrowded tube train. At Euston, everybody rushed to the nearest fast food restaurant they could see and bought what they could with their remaining money. We all met up with the Art Group and after almost colliding with a luggage transporter, we all boarded the departing train. After only an hour, there was a mad rush for the buffet car, which, by the time we had finished with it, had hardly anything left to sell to anyone.

An hour and a half later the train pulled in at Piccadilly Station. Both groups ran off the train to be welcomed by overjoyed parents who could hardly wait to see us!!!



Simon Jones (4L)
Nick Goddard (4L)
Chris Hodge (4L)

ART TRIP TO LONDON 1990

We left Piccadilly Rail Station at 7.30 a.m. minus two people - Richard Smith and Mike Swindles. The train journey was good and we arrived in London around 10.00 a.m. We alighted from the train and made our way to the tube station where we caught a tube from Euston to Green Park. We walked from there to the Royal Academy where the Monet exhibition was. After queuing for about fifteen minutes we went inside. We split up into small groups of about two or three people. We then toured the exhibition and made notes on the paintings for our Art Appreciation folders. The exhibition itself was quite interesting and we spend around two hours in there. At 1.30 p.m. we left the gallery and had an hour for lunch. After our sandwiches and crisps we set off for the Tate Gallery where we spent the afternoon. I have to say that I thought the Tate Gallery was much better than the Royal Academy. In the Tate, pictures ranged from old masters to more abstract ones that looked like something which anybody could do! Some of the sculptures on the floor puzzled a lot of people, especially the one that looked as if somebody had just spilt a few pots of white paint. After making our notes on this exhibition we caught a tube back to Euston and boarded the train home at about 5.00 p.m. along with the two people with whom we did not come; they had managed to make their own way to London and catch up with us.

David Kemp (4B)

THE CITY SCHOOL, LINCOLN EXCHANGE

As in recent years a small number of Lower Sixth pupils took part in an exchange with the City School, Lincoln. Early in the Midsummer Term Jayne Bond, Melanie Clare and Victoria Clarke spent one week at the City School. During the week they were hosted by their exchange partners from Lincoln, Caroline Egg, Emma Wainwright and Caroline Wilson. As well as following a full timetable at the City School, visits were arranged to the Cathedral and to the Guild Hall where the students were entertained by the Mayor.

Just before half-term the second half of the exchange took place with the three Lincoln girls spending a week at W.H.G.S. Melanie Clare was unable to host her partner but Heather Stephenson was able to take her place. During the week the Lincoln girls had a guided tour of Manchester University (thanks to Mr. Pattison), visited the city centre for shopping and, with their exchange partners, went on the Granada Studios Tour.

The two weeks gave the students an insight into a different type of school in a very different environment as well as the opportunity to make new friends. My thanks go to Mr. P.J. Wilde, Head Master of the City School and formerly a teacher at W.H.G.S., for enabling the exchange to take place.

A. Simkin

LOWER SIXTH FORM TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY OPEN DAY

We arrived in Cambridge about mid-afternoon on the sweltering July 4th and set off to find our rooms. They were what is known in the Cambridge lingo as "sets", meaning two rooms, a sink and a toilet within walking distance. I am reliably informed that such luxury is not usually open to humble undergraduates but is offered instead to the not so humble rich or clever.

There were a couple of hours to kill before our meal and so we decided that we should have a look around. After an hour or so of filing through the beautiful courtyards and gardens, the general consensus was that we were impressed with this little intellectual Eden. Trying to convince ourselves that we could remain objective about such things as course content and teaching style became difficult. "Oh well, forget that. Let's go for a relaxing punt!", we decided. It soon became obvious that on your first attempt the words relaxing and punt are by no means synonymous due to the need for constant veering, swerving and gesturing to survive in the cut and thrust of the Cam. It was fun, although much to our dismay no-one actually fell in. Hunger was beginning to set in, so we returned with some trepidation to "our" colleges to sample the delights (or otherwise). To our relief, the food was both palatable and filling. With our boilers stoked and a free night to fill, it was time for us to see what Cambridge was like after dark. Surprisingly, Cambridge after dark was rather Mediterranean. I think this impression arose because of the excessive warmth, narrow streets and the large number of foreign tourists. The night passed pleasantly enough though, helped along by some happy Americans celebrating their Independence Day.

The following morning we ate breakfast and spent the morning looking round some more colleges. In the afternoon we each had different functions to attend, most of which involved a meticulous account of the admissions policy and a meticulous run down of the syllabuses of each department. The talks themselves seemed to me to be a bit pointless because most, if not all, of the information was available in the University literature. Happily, we all managed to remain conscious, despite the very high temperature. Then at about five it was time to set off home and, reluctantly, we squeezed ourselves into the mini-van.

The trip helped remind us of entrance policy etc. but I think more importantly it gave an opportunity for us to figure out what we wish to do in future. On behalf of those who went, I would like to thank Mr. Beggs and Mrs. Treweek for an ideal way to end a School year.

P. Cain (L6M)

LOWER SIXTH FORM TRIP TO OXFORD

On Tuesday, 25th June a party of twelve Lower Sixth formers went on a one day visit to the University of Oxford. We set off from School at 7.30 a.m. and arrived at 10.30 outside New College, where we happened to meet a former member of staff, Mrs. Parsons. At this point, the group split into two: the prospective arts candidates went to New College, while the prospective science candidates visited the University science laboratories before going on to Brasenose College.

The scientists' day consisted of a walk around Oxford, quite an enjoyable meal in Hall at B.N.C., a discussion about entrance procedure with the tutor for admissions, Dr. Peach, a tour of the college's somewhat cramped student accommodation and discussions with various subject tutors before they met the others outside Blackwell's bookshop.

The prospective arts candidates heard two brief talks on entrance procedure at New College before dividing up into subject groups, namely Classics and History, and visiting the appropriate dons in their rooms. We met up again for lunch in Hall and then went on a whistle-stop tour of most of the other colleges before leaving Oxford with the scientists at around 3.30 p.m.

Although college and faculty open days do not provide potential candidates with much information which cannot be gleaned from prospectuses, they do provide the opportunity to get a taste of the atmosphere of Oxford, to meet undergraduates and dons, and to ask any relevant questions. We would like to thank Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Simkin for their organisation and supervision of the trip.

Michael R. Clark (L6C1) & Robert D. Gee (L6M)

HARDRAW

The last eighteen months have seen considerable changes inside the old place. With the generous support of the Parents' Association, we have been able to upgrade many of the basic facilities to make the Harddraw Centre a more comfortable place to stay. New pine bunks have been constructed for all the bedrooms, separate washing facilities have been provided for boys and girls including electric showers and the large school kitchen has been completely refitted with new cookers and units. Thanks are due to Mr. P. Dunn for the work done in constructing the bunks and the new kitchen.

There are now discussions going on as to what will be the next step and it is likely that there will be even greater changes to modernise the place with the possibility that Harddraw will become much more integrated with the rest of the school. I wish my successor as Warden well in his task of taking Harddraw into the future and I would encourage staff and pupils to support him by taking every opportunity to enjoy a real contrast to the urban sprawl of Manchester.

I would finally like to thank all those who have helped me over the years while I have been Warden, especially my wife, without whose help the place would never have been fit to visit.

D. G. Barnes

2A AT HARDDRAW - 13 JANUARY 1991

The day finally arrived. We had been wanting to go to Harddraw for ages and had at last found somebody mad enough to take us. The excitement was showing all through the day. Everybody was even less keen than usual to work.

The time eventually came for us to depart. All the bodies and the bags were piled into the van in such a way that everybody, especially those of us at the front, had their legs squashed under the mountains of luggage. I think most people were wondering what the place would be like.



2A on top of the world on their Harddraw trip.

We discovered that it was quite a large and cold (!) house which had its own Games Room where we spent most of the evenings playing snooker and table tennis at which Miss McGuinn turned out to be an expert player!

The next day we came down to breakfast in dribs and drabs until about 10 o'clock. Then everybody went to get ready for the long walk - "long" being the operative word! We set off in earnest up the track by the side of the house. The ascent was fast until we reached snow where everybody stopped to snowball the teachers - especially Mr. Haslam!

The hike was 6-8 miles long. We climbed up Shunner Fell which was covered in snow (and this was where the snowball fights came in!). When we reached what seemed like the top, we had lunch and then played "Hunt the Bag". The best part of this game was protecting the bag - by throwing snowballs at whoever dared come near.

We walked further uphill since that was the only way the path led. When we got quite high on the path we turned and looked back on a breathtaking view of ice-capped hills.

The strange thing about the hike was that to one of our normal miles there were about four of Mr. Haslam's miles. The next "three" miles were cold - "cold" being the understatement of the decade! The water that had soaked people's clothing felt like ice and large icicles developed on certain people's shoelaces. We were very glad when Harddraw loomed into sight - the next three hours were spent thawing out frozen limbs.

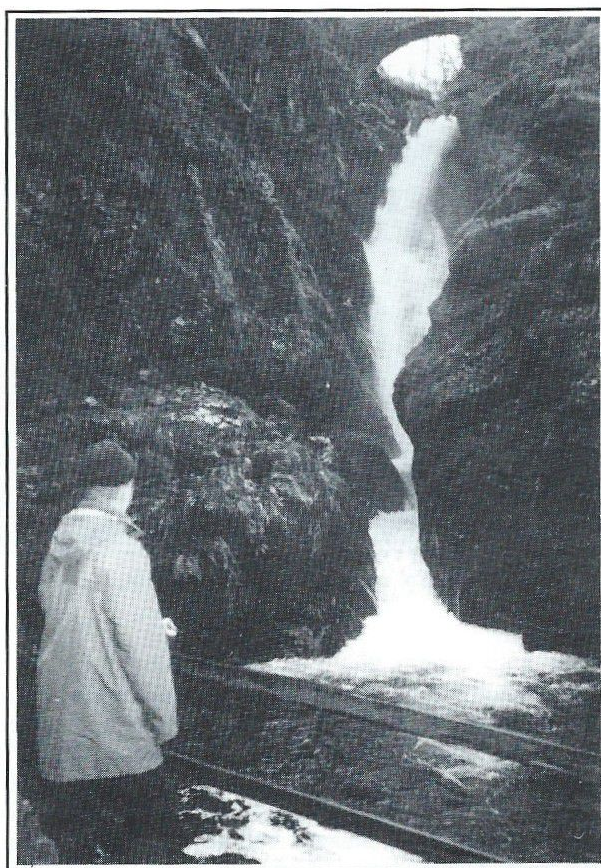
The next day we got up late and just managed to get some breakfast. We loaded our bags back into the van and left Harddraw at about ten o'clock. We drove to Malham Cove and walked across the limestone pavement down to a large overhanging cliff where we watched a climber almost fall off.

The enjoyable weekend was not even marred by a flat tyre on the van on the way back. We returned to School on Sunday at 6.00 p.m., two hours late, but after a weekend like that, who cares?

Christina Barnes, Shivaji De, Daniel Gent & Andrew Kelly (2A)



“See amid the winter snow . . .”



ECOLOGY FIELD STUDIES

As many convalesced after Lower Sixth exams, the ‘A’ level biologists prepared for, went to and came back from Preston Montford near Shrewsbury, accompanied by Mrs. Statham, Mr. Moore and Mr. Myers. We departed on Friday, 21st June in the School mini-bus and the overflow was divided between Mrs. Statham and Mr. Moore’s cars.

We arrived at Shrewsbury for approx. 1.00 p.m. and there were two hours to eat, shop and sight-see or lounge about. Such a beautiful picturesque town, with Tudor style shops and houses with cobbled streets, contrasting with many modern shops, was the last we would see of a town for four days.

By 3.00 we were back in the mini-bus on the way for the remainder of the journey to Preston Montford. As we crossed the cattle grid we were greeted by the sight and smell of cows grazing in fields, surrounding the centre. "Trapped!", I thought, but not for long.

Apart from the television, which worked for the first night only, amenities were good. There were two arcade games, Chess, Scrabble and other board games available. 4.30 was the highlight of the day for it was time for tea and "stickies" - a term used by Adrian, the warden and our lecturer for the course - a man who used such phrases as "Ecky thump". We were free to wander in and out of the pantry for tea and coffee when we liked.

Down to work; and I heard many state that they had never done such a day's hard work in their life. We averaged about twelve hours work a day. Briefly, studies included a study of the heather moorland of Shropshire, which allowed a beautiful view of surrounding countryside; the study of "Ashes Hollow" - a stream running through the Long Mynd Hills; and a pollution study of the River Perry. The course was definitely worthwhile and invaluable for its contribution to our 'A' level work - the course, including a few school lessons, comprised the whole ecology section of the syllabus. Adrian went over all the work very thoroughly, after which we would then jump into the mini-bus and drive off to our location for the day's field studies. Waterproofs were hired by some, but were not very useful for those who were totally immersed in water when they fell in.

Overall it was very good; the only thing to do now is the "write-up" of the experiments carried out.

Erica McInnis (L6S2)

SPANISH PLAY AT BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY - FEBRUARY 1991

"Las Bicicletas son para el verano"

The Sixth Form Spanish pupils set out intrepidly and excitedly on a cold, windy morning. The Upper Sixth who had studied the play, "Las Bicicletas son para el verano", were well-informed about the story-line, whereas Philip Wynne and I were a little unsure about whether we would understand a word of it. However, the prospect of visiting Birmingham University did not dampen our spirits and we looked forward to meeting others who were studying Spanish at degree level and 'A' level.

The journey was smooth and not too long. We soon arrived at our destinations amidst an unexpected fall of snow and a large building loomed ahead. The University appeared at first to be rather daunting but as soon as we stepped inside we were made welcome and at ease. Before the play started, we had a few minutes to look around and explore the building that we were in. Hundreds of students darted about clutching books and bags knowing exactly where they were going, but we tended to look a little lost.

The actors participating in the play were members of a company called "Circulo Hispanico" and were a mixture of English and Spanish. However, the majority of them were English, though I hasten to add that you really could not tell. The acting was brilliant and so was the scenery. It was entertaining and also humorous, a really excellent version of the play. (Plus the fact that Philip and I almost understood everything!)

A group of satisfied but weary students eventually had to leave after it was all over, but thanks to Mr. Bull and Miss McGuinn the trip had certainly been a day to remember and one that I shall not forget.

Melanie Clare (L6L)



Andrwe Seymour (5X)

OUTINGS AND VISITS IN GREATER MANCHESTER

SPANISH SIXTH FORM AFTERNOON AT SALFORD UNIVERSITY

On a Wednesday afternoon in November the W.H.G.S. Sixth Form Spanish students attended various Spanish lectures held at Salford University. All the lectures were naturally given in Spanish. The first lecture was in a large hall, where all the students from all the schools which attended were present. This lecture consisted of forty minutes of facts and figures about Spain's economic and regional growth. After a twenty minute break everybody was split up into different sets according to a lettered piece of paper handed out on arrival. This was to ensure that each lecture was attended by at least one person from each school (there were nine speakers but only enough time to see three). Despite this ingenious system, all the W.H.G.S. pupils managed somehow to see the same three lectures!

All the lectures were based upon modern day Spain and 1992 and lasted approximately twenty minutes each. The first which I attended was a talk about Barcelona and the 1992 Olympic Games being held there. The second and my own personal favourite was about the 500th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus and Spain's effect on America. The third and final lecture was about Seville and its exhibition in 1992.

All three talks were well-prepared and interesting and much was learnt during this highly enjoyable and entertaining afternoon.

Many thanks must go to Miss McGuinn and Mr. Bull for arranging this outing.

R. Lavorini (U6L)

SPANISH PLAY AT SALFORD UNIVERSITY

Early on in the year the Sixth Form Spanish students were taken by Miss McGuinn to see a play called 'Bodas de Sangre' at Salford University. 'Blood Wedding' as it is appropriately called in English is a tragedy about a wedding day which leads to bloodshed when the bride-to-be decides that she cannot go through with the wedding and runs off with her former lover.

We arrived in plenty of time for the performance and were eagerly awaiting it. We took our seats in the hall, read our programmes and then relaxed to let the actors do all the hard work. The play was in two parts and after the first part we went to the cafeteria and discussed the play. We came to the conclusion that the play would have benefited from some better acting. However, when we returned for the second part of the play the acting suddenly improved, after the actors had got over their first night nerves.

When the play finished we came out of the University and discussed a number of topics, not just the play. Although the Upper Sixth formers who had already read this book said after the first part of the play that they could have acted it out better themselves, even they agreed that overall, it was a very good performance and an evening full of memorable events.

Philip Wynne (L6L)

THE SIXTH FORM GERMAN TRIPS

There were two educational trips for the Sixth Form German students during the year, the first being to Salford University for two lectures. Here we heard a lecture on 'Das wiedervereinigte Deutschland', the re-unification of Germany. This was an interesting lecture and, as there was a great chance of our getting an essay on this subject in the exam, we all made reams of notes - ever hard-working, the W.H.G.S. German student!

After this we wandered around for a while eating our self-made, very large, packed lunches and choosing with which of the two possible lectures we should grace our presence after lunch. We chose right - it was our very own Mr. Turner, giving a lecture on an Upper Sixth Form set text: Heinrich Böll's "Und sagte kein einziges Wort". Even though L6L was not studying this book, we still found it interesting and even took notes. Though the other lectures were less memorable, the day was useful, and our thanks go to Mr. Turner, co-organiser of the whole conference, for taking us.

The second educational trip was to the Lesser Free Trade Hall on Monday, April 15th, the last day of the Easter holidays. Here again the standard of the lectures varied. The first of the good lectures was by Professor Kenneth Whitton of Bradford University (Prof. Whitton is an expert on the late Friedrich Dürrenmatt, of whom he was a personal friend). In this lecture he made a plea for better accuracy in German grammar and, most of all, traditional vocabulary learning. Everything he said was very true and the method of teaching he talked about as being the best to adopt was similar to the method we are already used to. Again we scribbled notes like mad and came out of the lecture determined to remember all he had said about learning grammar and vocab.

The second and for many the most enjoyable lecture was by Peter Willig of Birmingham University Education Department; he is the Chief Oral Examiner for one of the Matriculation Boards, and his informal lecture gave a lot of very useful tips for coping in oral exams. He also gave some very funny examples of what not to do in an oral exam, such as telling the examiner not to be nosy when he asks your name!

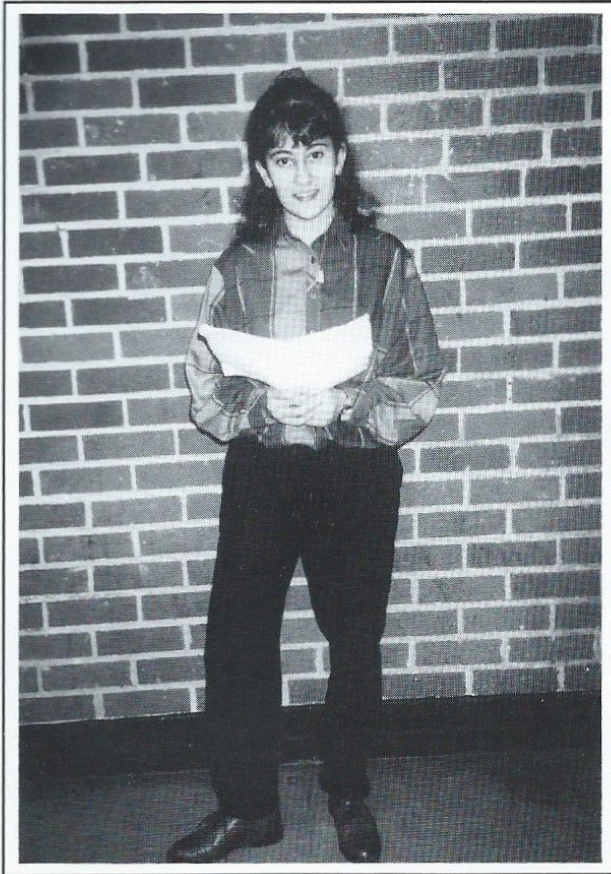
On balance, two very valuable days.

Richard Mattison (L6L)

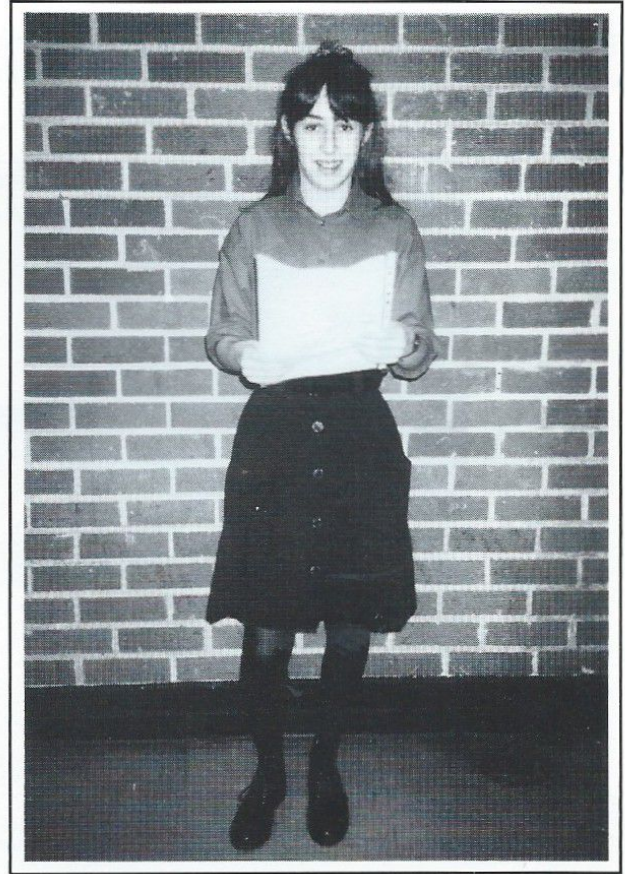
HEATON MERSEY FESTIVAL

At Priestnall School in March, Leila Jalali (3L) won the Trophy for German Verse Reading in her age group, with Michelle Swift (3Y) running a close second, a very pleasing achievement for two of our young Germanists. Although they did not achieve first or second place, Olivia Dunbar and Nicola Ravenscroft were highly commended, in a very competitive field, for their dramatised duologue, and Olivia likewise for her monologue "Don't start", by Pam Ayres.

G.J. Turner



Leila Jalali, winner of the Middle School German Reading Trophy at the Heaton Mersey Festival. (Photo: G. J. Turner)



Michelle Swift, runner-up to Leila at Heaton Mersey. (Photo: G. J. Turner)

THE LATIN AND GREEK READING COMPETITION

Thursday, 7th March : the Classical Association Greek and Latin Reading Competition - a meeting of the best speakers of Greek and Latin from the Manchester area. With one exception: the competitor from Lancaster, who travelled all the way, in his own time and at his own expense. His first question was "Is there anywhere I can freshen up?". This said it all. Everyone's nerves tightened a notch : here was a competitor, an opponent, who had washrooms in his school!

There were in addition competitors from Withington, Manchester High and, of course, the unavoidable Manchester Grammar School. The scene was set and the competition got under way. The adjudicators first announced that they wished to hear the competitors in reverse alphabetical order. I was unable to restrain a smirk as Chris Williamson got up and approached the podium.

The reading of Latin and Greek is really something else. Without some appreciation of the intricacies and nuances of the language, it really does sound rather funny, and, I'm sorry to say it, Martian. As I took the podium, thoughts of my initial amusement (and awe) as Mr. Gracey gave us the lead the week before came flooding back. But, at the moment of truth, I, along with the rest of the William Hulme's contingent, gave the Cicero my all and put up a good fight. The Lancastrian beat us. But Michael Clark won the Greek verse category. He deserved his victory. The only comforting thought for the rest of us was that Manchester Grammar won nothing.

Joking aside, though, it was a good experience for all of us. Although we did not all win prizes, we greatly enjoyed it. Thanks from all of us must go to Mr. Gracey, who organised the whole affair. I hope to do better next year. Washrooms are an essential part of the School's new building programme!

S. McConnell (L6C1)

ANNUAL OPEN EVENING AND MORNING

This regular feature of our School life, held this time on Saturday, November 3rd and Wednesday, November 14th, always involves so many Hulmeians that it was felt worthy of a report, at least for one year, in the "Hulmeian". Some departments have submitted summaries published below, but they were by no means the only ones to offer activities or exhibitions. Every subject was represented, as well as a wide range of "extra-curricular activities".

- Editor.

MODERN LANGUAGES

As usual the Language Laboratory was brought into action to give parents and young people some mind-bending drills, and there was a display of materials in Room 13. Selected thespians from 3A (David Byrne, Jenny Ellis, Rebecca Kingston and Melissa Seger) also produced a short play in French, "Au restaurant" - alias Room 14! Most of the Modern Languages teachers were around to answer questions and explain what we do.

G.J. Turner.



"Saynète au Restaurant". La Serveuse (Melissa Seger) takes the orders for dinner from three very French customers (David Byrne, Rebecca Kingston and Jenny Ellis). (Photo: G. J. Turner)

MATHEMATICS

Over half of IB took part in the activities in Room 33. Most of the children worked enthusiastically at making polyhedra models with calendars for 1991 printed on them. The most popular (and complicated!) one was a dodecahedron, a regular solid consisting of twelve pentagonal faces. Other pupils investigated the strange properties of a Möbius strip, a surface which has only one side and one edge! On display were a selection of text books, some complicated polyhedra models, with strange names such as great stellated dodecahedron and many other maths puzzles/games.

An enjoyable time was had by all.

T.J. Pattison.

PHYSICS

There was a very pleasing response to my request for volunteers from the Second Forms to help in demonstrations of experiments and over the two days approximately sixty boys and girls were involved. 2A and 2B provided the pupil power on the Saturday morning and 2C and 2D on the Wednesday evening. In fact we had so many pupils wanting to take part on Wednesday that my arrangements for feeding them wilted under the strain and one group had to be temporarily abandoned in MacDonald's in Chorlton until an extra chauffeur could be despatched on a rescue mission. We also had help from several third and fourth year pupils who insisted in taking part even though I had intended to use only second years. Mention must also be made of the Photographic Society members who organised themselves to give demonstrations of photographic and video work.

The pupils were involved in demonstrating experiments as diverse as microelectronics, pinhole cameras, dynamics trolleys, air track experiments, magnetism and the Archimedes computer. It was a source of great satisfaction that the pupils rose to the challenge and the staff were able to take a back seat and leave all the talking to them, which they did in a most impressive manner. To watch the second form pupils explaining the intricacies of microelectronic circuit boards to visiting parents was a wonder to behold and it almost had me convinced that they knew what they were talking about.

My thanks go to all the pupils taking part. I am sure that they benefited from being thrust under the spotlight and I am also sure that the School will benefit from the enthusiastic impression they created. My thanks also go to all the Physics Department Staff for their efforts over the two days.

D.G. Barnes