

Against this background, one of the ways in which Vietnam is trying to get hard currency into the country is through tourism. It is in fact much easier to visit Vietnam than it has been since the war; and the recent spate of travel books and articles which have appeared in Britain attest to this fact. Officially however all tourists must be hosted by a Vietnamese tour company and everywhere by a guide. But in reality this requirement is relaxed and backpackers do in fact roam the country quite freely, picking up small fines if they are challenged. Tourism is one of Vietnam's main growth industries.

Such thoughts were far from our minds as we descended towards Hanoi's Noi Bai airport on the Thai Inter jet at the beginning of September. Our high spirits were however fairly quickly dampened when we looked as though we weren't going to be let into the country at all. Stood at the end of a long line of mainly Western passengers waiting to go past the armed soldiers who manned the customs booths, we assumed that we wouldn't have any problems. We had our expensively purchased visas, our customs forms and even the address for our first night - Sophia Hotel where a reservation had been made for us by one of the EC Aid workers who was helping us to find temporary teaching posts. Needless to say, and much to our embarrassment and worry, we were the only people off the plane to be challenged. The vital piece of paper which was missing was a registration card from one of the state tour companies who would host us. We had entered the country, in other words, during a period of restriction: everybody had assured us that this wouldn't be necessary. Fortunately we weren't sent out back onto the plane. Wise to the situation and no doubt used to hapless Western backpackers turning up at the airport, the Vietnamese have provided a tour company in situ to host them. For a mere \$30 we were signed up and driven into town; and our fears that this would mean a compulsory guide wherever we went soon proved to be without foundation.

The airport itself was our first taste of Vietnam. In fact it is more of an aerodrome than an airport. The main building is small, modern and dingy, more like a provincial railway station than an airport, quite a shock after the bustle of Bangkok International airport which we had left only an hour and a half before. There are no proper terminals: you walk off the plane across the hot tarmac to the arrivals part of the building. In between the runways is cultivated land: paddie-fields amongst which are working Vietnamese peasants, identifiable even from the air by their characteristic conical hats.

The airport is about 30km from Hanoi itself and we were driven there by our newly adopted host tour company in a thankfully air-conditioned van. Around the airport there are large bomb craters: the first visible evidence of the war and the heavy bombing to which the north was subjected. Few of them have been filled in. Instead they remain as memorials to the particular attention received by Noi Bai which was one of the largest Vietnamese air bases during the war. Unexploded bombs are still a hazard in the countryside: every few weeks the press carry stories of agricultural workers who have been killed by trying to plough over a long-hidden bomb.

The countryside around Hanoi is very green and very flat with mountains just visible in the background. It took almost an hour to get there. Traffic doesn't move very quickly on Vietnamese roads. Most of it is formed by bicycles and mopeds which clog up the roads and make it difficult for cars to gain any speed. There are also horses, cattle and occasionally a bison, often with a child on its back. Cars and trucks tend to drive right down the middle of the road, blowing their horns at obstacles and swerving to one side in order to avoid oncoming traffic - usually only just in time. But the speed is so sedate that one is rarely actually frightened, another contrast with Bangkok. Fast vehicles constantly have to overtake slower-moving ones and the method of doing this - driving as close as possible and much horn-blowing - is not always immediately successful.

The nearer we got to Hanoi the more there was to see by the sides of the road: the occasional small dwellings turned into long avenues of newly built houses with their year-"1985", "1989" - proudly painted on the front. Indeed the number of newly built houses is one of the signs of the speed of Vietnam's current growth.

Hanoi itself came as a pleasant surprise. It is probably best described as being like a French provincial town in which the clock has been stopped in the year 1930 or so. Certainly it is very French and very colonial. In the old quarter, ochre coloured French-style buildings with red roofs cluster round a series of lakes. The theatre is an exact copy of the Paris Opera House. The streets are wide boulevards, lined, in French style, with very mature trees. It is very picturesque, all the more so for the way in which it is gently mouldering away. Conservation is in fact a big issue in Hanoi; but there was little evidence of much actually being carried out when we were there.

Not everything, however, is French. There are many more characteristically eastern elements: the lakes, pagodas and temples, which are described in the tour books, not entirely inaccurately, as the jewels in Hanoi's crown. The ancient Temple of Literature is especially fine. It has four courtyards, each of which is based around a large pond, leading up to the temple itself. As well as the ponds there are large tablets on which the names of all the students who stayed here are inscribed; each tablet stands on the back of a large stone turtle, symbolic of longevity. This is where the mandarins of imperial Indo-China were educated; today it is preserved lovingly by the communists as a monument to its country's history. Indeed it is a feature of Vietnamese communism that it coexists happily with older Confucian and Buddhist traditions, and there is correspondingly little doctrinal revision of Vietnam's pre-communist history. The past is revered; and, in the eastern fashion, old age still commands respect.

Hanoi has other sides as well. There is evidence of communism in some features of the architecture: modern, Eastern European-style, concrete buildings house the party offices and government ministries; and near one of the lakes is a Workers' Cultural Palace in all its grey splendour. There are several examples of socialist-realist art and statuary; and red banners with the usual slogans. But it is very easy to forget that you are in a communist country. It is too French and too eastern at the same time not to do so.

Like the rural roads, the streets of the city are pock-marked and in a state of very poor repair. Again there are relatively few engine-powered vehicles. The bicycle is the chief means of transport, although the moped is gaining ground. In ten years, we were to be told several times, everyone in Hanoi will drive a car. One hopes not: the bicycle city has many attractions. Not least amongst these are the taxis or "cyclos" - in fact merely large bicycles with large seats over the front wheel for passengers, rather like bath-chairs attached to bikes. You have to haggle with the driver to get a reasonable price and the ride is far from comfortable. Indeed it can be highly dangerous: there are no traffic lights in Hanoi, all vehicles merely drive straight across junctions and crossroads, swerving to avoid each other. Heading straight at an oncoming Russian van, perched in a bath-chair in front of a bike which is being pedalled by a man determined not to swerve to one side until the last possible moment, one often feels that it may have been a better idea to have walked! You just may turn round



anxiously to shout at the "driver" and be met by a mischievous grin. The next time he leaves it even later before he swerves. The Vietnamese have a great talent for bloody-mindedness and losing your temper invariably makes things worse. Trying to cross the road can be even more hazardous.

Our first ten days in Vietnam were spent in Hanoi in a combination of sightseeing and trying to arrange teaching. As regards the teaching we were disappointed. Our best contact was an Irishman, Michael Culligan, who works at the EC Programme for the Rehabilitation of Refugees in Hanoi. In short, this organisation is trying to help the Vietnamese government to bring the boat-people back from Hong Kong and to reintegrate them into Vietnamese life. They have met with some success. There are now no boat-people leaving Vietnam for a hopeless future in a refugee colony in Hong Kong such as the one where Ophelia had worked; and many have returned. Michael Culligan, an economist, works in the credit section which arranges loans for returning boat-people so that they can set up new enterprises in Vietnam. As such he deals on the day to day basis with the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and thus thought that he could help us. As soon as we arrived in Hanoi and moved into the Sophia, we went to his offices just round the corner from us. Here we were met by good news - one ' & of the universities in Hue, half way between Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City and the main university town in the country, would be delighted for us to teach English, which is now the main foreign language, taught to children from their earliest school days. Approval had been given by the Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; if we got permission from the Ministry of the Interior as well, we could leave for Hue on an overnight train.

It was refused; and this was to be the pattern in our subsequent applications in Hanoi - encouragement on the part of the educational establishment, permission from Education and Foreign Affairs, the liberal ministries, but refusal from the more restrictive, not to say repressive, Ministry of the Interior. It was very frustrating.

On reflection it seems that we had two main problems. Firstly we only had tourist visas and, logically enough, the Ministry of the Interior is very suspicious of a tourist who wants to do anything other than tour. This is in fact a catch-twenty-two: there was no way that we could have any kind of business visa unless the government had invited us to teach and that was impossible. Secondly, and more seriously, Ophelia, of American parentage, still has an American passport in spite of the fact that she has spent half of her life in Australia and the other half in Britain. The position of Americans in Vietnam is ambiguous. On the one hand they are encouraged as tourists by the government greedy for the tourist dollars they bring. On the other hand they are treated with suspicion when they are in the country and especially if they are on any kind of business. There are the usual scare stories about the knock on the door in the middle of the night and twenty-four fairly unpleasant hours in a Vietnam prison before expulsion from the country on the next plane to Bangkok. Michael Culligan knew an American English teacher who had received ' & exactly this treatment in Hue only a few months before we arrived. An American tourist repeatedly appealing for permission to teach English is not only bound to be refused but might also be drawing an unadvisable amount of attention to him/herself.

After repeated attempts and subsequent discouragement from both Michael Culligan and indeed the British Embassy in Hanoi on these grounds, we gave up the idea of teaching. In England we had been told that we shouldn't meet problems like this. On the ground in Hanoi we reluctantly felt that the only prudent thing to do would be to call it a day. We had made friends with a Dutchman who was trying to do the same thing as us: even with a European passport he had been refused permission and the Vietnamese students with whom he had already made friends were ordered not to have anything more to do with him. The only thing to do was to turn ourselves into bona fide tourists.

On the subject of Americans in Vietnam, however, it should be noted in passing that problems exist at the level of relations with officials only. The ordinary people could not have been more welcoming and friendly. They knew that Ophelia is American: when you arrive at the hotel you have to give your passport so that they can register you with the Immigration Police, an arm of the Ministry of the Interior. And yet we never met hostility or bitterness. Indeed non-orientals are much more likely to be met with hostility if they are taken for Russians - "Xien Lo !" is the cry - rather than Americans or Europeans. Russians are disliked, not without reason given the ways that they exploited the Vietnamese; and one soon learns how to say "Anh !" or "My !" - "English !", "American !" - in reply to an accusation of being Russian. Given that most Vietnamese are related to at least one person killed during the war and that in the north the bombing was intense, the warm reception with which Americans are met is both remarkable and generous. The ordinary people of Vietnam seem to bear no grudge or bitterness. And you can walk the streets until late at night - not usually very late since everything including bars shuts at 9pm - in perfect safety; attacks on foreigners are virtually unheard of although more common in the more affluent south and Ho Chi Minh City (the former Saigon).

It was ten days before we finally gave up teaching altogether; and in that time we got to know Hanoi quite intimately since it is really very small for a capital city. One of the chief pleasures was the food. Every night we were able to eat big meals in the best restaurants in town - good by any standards - for a ridiculously small amount of money. Vietnamese currency is virtually worthless. The average Vietnamese apparently lives on \$15 per month; \$15 was our average joint daily budget after paying hotel bills! The currency is the dong. Rampant inflation means that exchange rates fluctuate greatly; but whilst we were there the rate was about 10,750 dong to \$1. Given that a four course meal for two including all drinks in a very posh restaurant came to about 40-60 000 dong- \$4-6 roughly - it will be seen that we were able to live in a high style very cheaply. I only got food poisoning once, although it gave me a day and a half of fairly violent sickness and was one of the few genuine low-points of the trip. But according to the Swedish doctor I saw in a surgery at the Swedish Embassy, this isn't rare for a new arrival with an un-acclimatised stomach. And it gave the Vietnamese who worked at the Sophia no end of amusement to see me sitting white faced in their reception, waiting to risk life and limb going to the surgery in a cyclo! The food issue does of course raise the question of exploitation. In defence it can only be said that tourist always pay three to four times the amount a Vietnamese would pay for everything - the same meal would cost two Vietnamese people less than \$1; and that those who live off the tourist trade are amongst the richest people in any community. But it's hard to avoid some misgivings.

Another delight was the children who seemed almost universally bright, sassy and confident. Also their English was flawless. Many of the older generation speak French, a hang-over from colonial days. In the city museum I was literally dragged round by an elderly guide who conspiratorially whispered a constant stream of broken French into my ear and seemed to miss colonial life. But English, the language of international business, is the language of the future and the children



pick it up very quickly helped by the fact that Vietnamese itself is written in our alphabet. "Hello, hello!" four and five year olds greeted us everywhere we went; "Say hello to your capitalist parents!" shouted one girl, who couldn't have been older than ten, after us.

There was evidence of homelessness as well, however; and this seemed to particularly affect the children. On the bright side, one clever scheme has provided shelter for homeless children if they will pay for it by selling the newspapers which are given them. Many of these, aimed at tourists, are in English; and we got very used to being charmed out of a few thousand dong for a copy of the paper which we bought before. Having nothing, these children nevertheless present a happy, confident and most of all cheeky front - always ready to smile, to share a joke, to try a new sales ploy. I'm sure that they will remain one of my most enduring memories of the trip.

After ten days we had practically exhausted Hanoi and given that teaching wasn't going to come off we decided to knock a week off the length of our stay - we both had qualms about getting back in time to do some academic work for our Finals year - and to tour around for the rest of the stay. We also decided to stay in the north, having heard that Ho Chi Minh City and the south would be more like what we had already seen in Bangkok and Thailand on our way through.

To travel anywhere in Vietnam, however, one has to obtain travel permits from, of course, the Ministry of the Interior. These are often refused and have to be paid for even if they aren't. But for once things went according to plan and we got the permission we wanted without even having a guide imposed on us.

Vietnam is long and thin and one of its main attractions is its coastlines, for which we headed straight away - if this was to be a holiday then we might as well enjoy it. As we neared the coast, the landscape changed dramatically; flat, green paddie fields gave way to jagged limestone hills, covered in trees which seemed to spill off them, very much like mountains in Chinese paintings. Ha Long Bay, to which we were headed, is famous for its miniature archipelago of limestone islands in very much this style, which rise out of clear emerald waters. One of the highlights of the trip was our seven hour tour of these islands in a fishing boat which we hired at the quay. Several of the islands contain spectacular limestone caves which we explored, led by the fisherman and lighted only by his small torch. Before we left we bought exotic fruit and bread to eat for lunch, and before we did so we swam from the boat in the warm water. The trip ended with more swimming as the light faded and the boat was anchored in a sheltered bay near one of the islands. At night there were violent tropical thunderstorms which went as quickly as they came to leave bright blue skies the next day and only the sound of cicadas chirping.

This is what Vietnam is like at the moment; totally unspoiled by tourism and offering possibilities for the kind of travel and sightseeing unavailable in countries which are more used to tourists. It will soon change: the new tour companies, the relaxing of restrictions, and the sheer beauty of the country with its marvellous beaches and coastline will surely soon turn it into a prime tourist destination. We were lucky to be amongst the first through - our kind of trip would have been impossible four years ago - and yet were always aware that things were changing daily. There is a great expectation that the US embargo will be lifted in the not too distant future, and already European and American businessmen are visiting the country to survey its potential. It is popular with Australians as well. One Australian whom we met whilst we were travelling down the coast has plans to turn Ha Long Bay into a water-sports park. It is sad to think that the struggling country might be ruined by an influx of dollars rather than developed as it hopes. Everyone wants development; none of the Vietnamese to whom we talked, even the highly educated and informed ones, seemed fully to realise some of the less attractive consequences of development.

In spite of the fact that the teaching didn't work out, our three weeks in Vietnam were undoubtedly a success. It is a marvellous country with remarkable tenacious, cheerful and friendly people. It doesn't, as the Westerners we met often pointed out, deserve the government it has got nor the way it has been treated by its "big brothers", Russia and China. But we were given useful and interesting lessons in what it's like to deal with communist authorities on a day to day basis, as well as being able to see the country before it may be spoiled by ever-increasing development. The development should help the economy and so the ordinary people as well; but it will surely also destroy some of the unique conditions found in the country at present. The trip also gave us a chance to explore Bangkok - we had two nights there waiting for connecting flights in both directions; and with its bustle, enormous temples, food markets and canals it provided very interesting contrasts with Vietnam. I am very grateful for both of the travel awards I received, which helped to make the trip possible; and I hope both St Catherine's College and W.H.G.S. feel that they have been interestingly and profitably used.

Robert Ketteridge.

## IAIN DRAYTON AND JAPANESE

In 1990 Iain left us from U6L to spend a year in China before going up to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to read Oriental Studies. In addition to Chinese, Iain did a crash ab initio course in Japanese on arrival at Trinity Hall (G.C.S.E. in four weeks, 'A' level after six months) and is now taking it on board as part of his degree.

In February this year, the School of Oriental and African Studies at the University of London organised a competition for students of Japanese. Competitors, who included post-graduates and mature students from all over the country, had to talk for several minutes in Japanese on a prepared topic, and were then "quizzed" for a further few minutes, also in Japanese. Iain won the competition, a very prestigious achievement.

In Part 1 of his Tripos this summer, Iain gained a First, was made a Scholar of his College and has been guaranteed post-graduate training as an employee by Toyota, Panasonic and Hitachi after completing his degree.

We offer Iain our warm congratulations and good wishes.

G.J. Turner



## LATVIJA: BUILDING BRIDGES



Mrs. Wright's greeting card from Latvia.

More than 17 million people all over the world are learning German .... from Manchester to Latvia, one of the new Baltic states now independent from the former Soviet Union.

A teacher of German in the Latvian town of Kuldiga wrote to me: her pupils learn English and German and are very keen to find penpals in England. Several of our fifth year pupils have taken up correspondence. We also hope for class to class exchange of parcels with letters, photos, pictures and printed material, so that we can learn a little bit more about each other's countries. In the summer term, our fourth year pupils have recorded a 'radio play' in German; we hope that the Kuldiga pupils will send us their comments, and suggestions on how the play might end.

The link is only just starting, and any William Hulme's pupils who would like to have a Latvian penpal (corresponding in English) will be most welcome to join! Please ask me for addresses.

If we want to look beyond our own city, create understanding between nations, and to build our 'house of one Europe', then every step taken towards young people in other European countries is worthwhile.

Mrs. I.B. Wright.

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## TRIPS WITHIN THE U.K.

### THE FESTIVAL OF LANGUAGES 1992

"They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps"  
(Shakespeare: "Love's Labours Lost")

On the 10th October, a group of twelve pupils and four teachers set off to Warwick University to take part in the Festival of Languages held there every two years. An educational but fun day lay ahead.

We left School in plenty of time to get to Warwick for the opening ceremony at 10.30 a.m. and after this we all dispersed to do and see what we pleased. I headed straight for the Exhibition Hall in which many stands were set up ranging from first introductions to languages to university stalls giving people advice on Higher Education courses. These particularly interested me as I am hoping to continue my language studies after 'A' levels and they gave a lot of helpful advice and useful pamphlets and prospectuses. The Exhibition Hall was open all day but there was a lot more to see. Throughout the day lectures were held in another building of the University and some of these proved very interesting and gave many ideas for taking studies on after 'A' level and pursuing a career in languages. Other activities during the day included scrabble and bingo in foreign languages, a treasure hunt in your chosen language and badge-making, which were enjoyed by all who took part. You could also buy souvenirs throughout the day at the Festival shop. In fact there was always something going on to make sure you were constantly occupied. There was a chance to perform some language aerobics but we were not too keen so we gave it a miss!

To round the day off, at 3.30 p.m. we all gathered back at the entrance and when we were all together we set off back to School after watching what seemed like hundreds of balloons let go in a competition to see whose could go the farthest.

Thank you to Miss McGuinn for arranging the day out and to Messrs. Bull, Gracey and MacLachlan for getting us there and back safely. It was an opportunity not to be missed since we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and agreed it had been an interesting day out.

Anthony Sheldon (L6L2)  
Sarah Holder (4B)  
Vinnie Pohoomull (4X)

### LANDSCAPE HISTORY AT HARDRAW - 26th-28th MARCH

Part of our 'A' level History course deals with the importance and value of the landscape as a historical source. This is an interesting topic, because it gets us away from the more traditional areas of a history course into studying settlement patterns, communications, fields and hedgerows, place-names - i.e. all the ways in which man has changed and adapted the landscape to his use.

One of the best ways of studying the landscape is, of course, going out and looking at it with a critical eye, and so a group of Lower Sixth formers, accompanied by Mr. Callaghan and Miss Tandon, spent a weekend in March at the superbly refurbished Harris House at Hardraw (Old English, meaning 'the shepherd's dwelling'). We were joined by a party of students and teachers from Brentwood County High School in Essex: one of the great features of the weekend was how well both parties got on together.

This was a working weekend, which began on the Friday night with Mr. Crossman of BCHS giving our party hints on how to produce our 'A' level Personal Study, while Mr. Callaghan gave the Brentwood group ideas on revising for the examination which most of them would take in June. Saturday was a strenuous day: we set off early into Hawes (Anglo-Saxon for "house") to assess its development as a market centre for the Dales, and then moved to Bainbridge to look at the old Roman fort and tried to suggest why it was located at this particular point. Further study included Askrigg and Aysgarth (medieval names for 'ash stream' and 'oak wood') and the amazing field patterns at Grassington, which go back to Celtic times. Since this was a working weekend our studies continued into the early evening, with a round up of what we had seen and a general discussion on whether landscape could be studied in isolation more traditional printed sources.

All those who went on this trip found it far more interesting than some of us had expected. We were very fortunate to have two groups from different areas of the country who got on so well together, and we hope that we shall be able to go back to Hardraw during the Upper Sixth. Our thanks naturally go to those teachers who took us to Hardraw, and especially Miss Tandon for the many hours she spent in the kitchens preparing some excellent meals for us.

Richard Pimblott (L6L2)

### CHOIR TRIP TO HARDRAW - 28th & 29th NOVEMBER 1992

During the weekend of 28th and 29th November, there was the first of what is likely to become an annual choir trip to the recently refurbished and updated cottage at Hardraw, now renamed Harris House. Mr. Haslam, Mrs. Brown and Dr. Keable assisted Mr. Dewhurst in trying to keep to what was a tight schedule of rehearsals and outings.

I was amazed to see all the work which had gone into updating the old Hardraw, to which I vowed never to return after my visit in the cold November of 1987 in form 1D! The cleanliness and warmth of the place made it seem into a home from home.



On the Saturday, everyone enjoyed a pleasant walk set by many waterfalls swelled by the previous week's rain. Later that evening we need our torches to explore the very wet Yordis cave in the pitch blackness.

On Sunday morning at 7.30 sharp, all the choristers had the pleasure of experiencing a pre-breakfast run up the adjacent hill led by a very enthusiastic Mr. Dewhurst, while Mrs. Brown and Dr. Keable prepared breakfast. We set off before dawn in the crisp, cool air in time to see the sun begin to rise. It was a pleasant experience, being out in the open so early in the morning before the rest of the countryside had woken up.

After breakfast, we all had a guided tour of White Scar caves with accompanying geological lectures from Mr. Haslam. There were many impressive stalactites and stalagmites formed over thousands of years.

After Mr. Dewhurst had managed to fish the ignition keys out of a locked minibus by inserting through the gap in the semi-open window a bent piece of steel cable kindly donated by the farmer next door, we all had a safe journey home.

Next year the choir hopes to sing carols at the church in Hardraw village for the local people to enjoy.

Christopher Heys (L6S4)

## **FOURTH AND UPPER SIXTH YEARS HARDRAW ART VISIT**

**18th - 20th SEPTEMBER, 1992.**

'Tacky' showers, no beds, no heating and no sun, is what was rumoured to be the current state of affairs for Hardraw. Well, on reflection, the only thing we never actually proved to be a rumour, was the weather. Out of a choice between sketching landscapes in the miserable rain or a candlelit dinner with Norah Batty in Bognor, the latter would be very tempting.

However, spirits were lifted, when after each art session, lunch and then tea were served - only to fall again when the menu was meat pie, a wad of cucumber and a bruised tomato; I thought rationing disappeared in the early 1950's!

On a much more optimistic note, two, or for some people, three excellent outings were enjoyed. The first, on the Saturday, was a visit to the waterfall at Hardraw Force. Before the departure for home on the Sunday, the gaping scar at Gordale was visited. The renowned landscape artist Turner favoured this site for his work, as he did to a slightly lesser extent the Hardraw Falls. Especially on a nicer day, it is not hard to understand why.

The two days of study of predominantly rocky landscapes can only have done good in the way of widening the understanding of media for the group. 'Cliché' of a conclusion or not, despite a few minor problems and my, perhaps, pessimistic first comments, a genuinely good time was had by all.

Mark Knowles (5X)

## **ART TRIP TO LONDON - SEPTEMBER 1992**

On Monday, 28th September the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Form Art groups met early at Manchester Piccadilly. Everyone then crammed into the newsagent's to stock up with food and other necessary supplies for the journey. Surprisingly, British Rail sent us an intercity on time and after getting over the shock we all boarded and took our seats for the vast journey ahead.

As on every other School trip the packed lunches were demolished within the first twenty minutes, and everyone began to moan about the lack of room.

We arrived at Euston Station and rushed into the depths of the underground in order to catch a couple of trains to Green Park. There was then a long trek towards the Royal Academy which seemed to exhaust the Fourth Formers and so we turned up later than expected.

Immediately after entering we went up to see the Alfred Sisley Collection. A French tour guide showed us around and gave us information about the artist and his work. The gallery was kept empty especially for our visit which meant we were given the opportunity to take notes and sketch some of the paintings that appealed to us the most.

We were given two hours for dinner in one of the most vibrant and exciting city centres in the world, and we ended up in McDonald's! Most of us stayed in and around Piccadilly Circus and the sixth formers decided to see the sights around Soho.

After gentle persuasion we returned to the Royal Academy to attend some lectures given by two professional art critics. After we had collected a lot of useful information for our courses, it was time to make our way back to Manchester. Most of us were quite exhausted at the end of an enjoyable and fun day out.

Samantha Waite (L6A5)  
Simon Whittingham (L6L1)



## **'A' LEVEL GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE**

### **SATURDAY, 3RD JULY - TUESDAY, 6TH JULY 1993**

On Saturday morning one minibus full of pupils, rucksacks, sleeping bags and food headed North on the M6 to Lancaster. This was the venue for our first fieldwork exercise.

We investigated pedestrianization and the amount of change in shopping premises in the Central Business District and Andrew Fry discovered that almost half the shops right in the centre had changed name in the last ten years.

From Lancaster we travelled through the villages of Caton, Hornby and Burton in Lansdale to Ingleton observing the services in order to establish which were towns, villages or hamlets. We were amazed to find the large Rover dealer in the small village of Hornby.

After evening meal at Ribbleshead we travelled to Hardraw. Some had not been there since its refurbishment and were pleasantly surprised by its high standards. Well done Mr. Haslam! Each night while we were there we put our results together and after presenting and analysing the day's work we concluded each topic.

On Sunday it rained! Stuart Murray was very wary of the inquisitive cars while we measured the stones in the moraine near Hawes. In the afternoon we trudged through the mist towards the limestone shakeholes but Faresh Maisuria found the best ones close to the minibus. We also investigated the rate at which water infiltrated into the ground and Matthew Newns found it went in faster into the dry peat than he could collect it from the stream at Shivery Gill. We were soaked but we soon dried out back at Harris House.

In the evening Mr. G.H. Jones arrived with the second minibus and we had the opportunity to exaggerate the story of the mist and bogs on the moor.

On Monday we headed to Kendal. Here we carried out pedestrian counts and traffic counts to try and decide where the Central Business District actually was. Debra Segal and Damian Taylor conducted a questionnaire survey of the people using an out of town shopping centre and we compared that with the shops in the centre of Kendal and the fire, police and ambulance. Lawrence Mark refused the guided tour of the police station cells!

In the afternoon we measured the flow in the Cotterdale Beck near Hardraw, which proved very difficult as the weather had been so fine! Mark Schilling looked on in dismay as the farmer tipped a trailer full of stones into the stream channel where we were measuring pebble size!

After packing up very quickly on Tuesday, we travelled to Ingleton and then walked up the dry valley of Crina Bottom towards Ingleborough Hill but were stopped by the impressive nature of the large potholes including Quaking Pot. From this high point we could see the incredible limestone pavement of white scars and we then went across to see the weird stone plateau criss-crossed by vertical cracks. Julian Hope identified the large erratic boulders perched on the pavement.

Then a quick descent led us towards the White Scar Caves where a guide took us along the main passageway which brings the water out from the limestone Plateau above. Daniel Segal and Ben Wood were impressed by the power of the water and the stalactites in the Giant's Battlefield cavern right in the middle of the mountain. It took twenty-five minutes to walk out again.

We were back at School soon after 5 o'clock to unload very quickly and then depart home for a decent wash and some sleep. We really had done a tremendous amount in four days.

Thanks to Sue Roberts who came especially to care for our single female. We all enjoyed the course.

J.H. Hardy.

## **FOURTH YEAR GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO SNOWDONIA**

It all began one cold Monday morning when we assembled in Room U for a quick briefing on the trip. The twenty of us then left the room to go to the coach. There was the usual rush to see which one of us could get to the back first. Carl Gerezdi and Daniel Ramsey were the winners.

Our first stop was Runcorn New Town. This town has a intricate street plan and Alex Warhurst and Marcus Carruli were the first to point out that we were actually going round in circles. We crossed their famous bus way and went up the top of a dry ski slope to get the best view of how the town was actually laid out. There didn't seem to be many things to do there.

Our next stop was Llandudno. We were shading in a map of the town centre to try to find the Central Business District. Paul Bagnall was eager to get to Woolworth's as he had left his pencil crayons at home. The shading proved an interesting task as everyone tried to finish quickly so they could spend time on the beach.

As we arrived at the Snowdon Ranger Youth Hostel we were pleasantly surprised at what a nice place it was. We all had a good meal and were then allocated jobs for the three night stay. The games room was very well equipped. It has a table tennis table and a pool table. Everyone really enjoyed this facility. The meals were of the best quality and I enjoyed the wide choice of dishes.

On Tuesday it was raining and we decided to visit the Dinorwig pumped storage hydro-electric scheme. This is a power station used for any sudden surges in the need for electricity. Andrew Haslam was 'shocked' to find the time it was most called for was just after Coronation Street when most people went to make a drink of tea! This power station is built underground and we were driven in to it in a mini-bus. We were given a hearty Welsh welcome from our commentator Glynis and our driver Noel. In the afternoon when the rain stopped, we went down to the glacial corrie of Cwm Idwal and the glacial trough of the Nant Francon. It was very cold, wet and blowy. In fact Lee Ahern nearly got blown away! This was a very good place to see glacial features. We then headed down the path back to the coach and eventually back to the Youth Hostel.



On Wednesday we travelled to different settlements to see if we could form a stepped diagram of the settlements' importance, called a hierarchy. We were given forms to tick off any services which existed. John Flatman and Imran Khan called out any services they saw. Then Mr. G.H.Jones let us out of the bus to conduct a stream survey. This consisted of measuring the speed, the width, the depth and the size of the stones on the bottom. After one measurement we thought we were finished and could expect an early return to the hostel and Kamron Khan and Tanveer Rahman expressed their opinions when told we were walking five miles back to the hostel and had to make another four measurements! We headed along this footpath by the river, only to find that in places it was knee high with mud. After soldiering on for another five miles we made it back and had a well deserved shower.

We had our usual Summary meeting in the evening but this one was cut short as everyone wanted to listen to the football. In these meetings we pooled our results and copied up any missed work.

On Thursday we travelled home and went to the Eglwseg Escarpment to identify some of the features. Zia Choudry did not enjoy the very steep climb and Mr. Jones didn't enjoy the descent. It was a very cloudy day and very difficult to see the landscape.

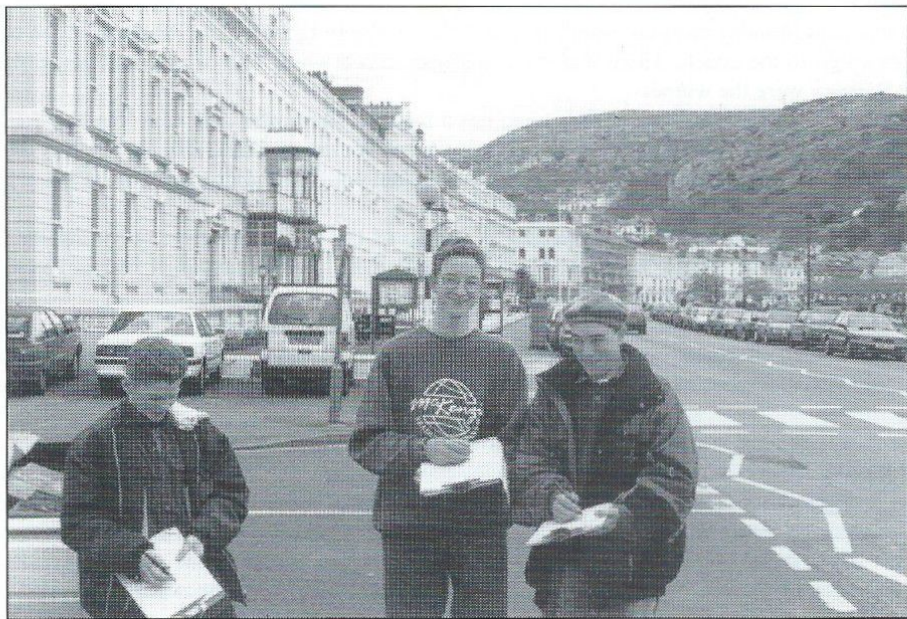
We then went to the Wrexham Industrial Estate and were taken to the top of the tallest buildings and were told about the history of the estate. Then we arrived back at School half an hour ahead of schedule.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Hardy and Mr. Jones for taking us and organising some very interesting events. Also I would like to thank Paul, the bus driver, who not only had to put up with us during the day but also at night. Last but certainly not least I would like to thank the owners and staff of the Snowdon Ranger Youth Hostel who made our stay a pleasant and enjoyable one. Thanks to you all.

Michael Birtwistle (4X)

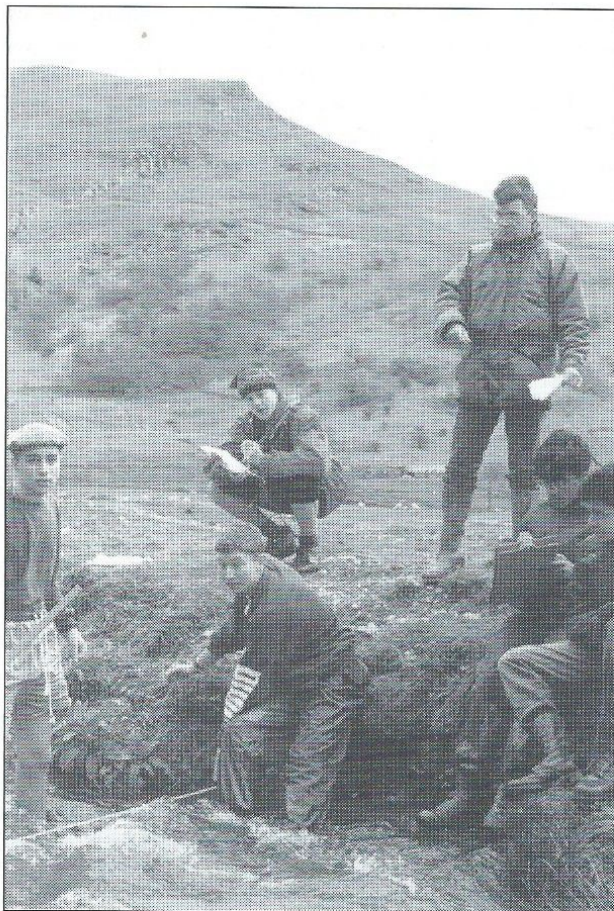


Shaun McCarthy studies an erratic boulder in the magnificent Corrie of Cirm Idwal.



Daniel Ramsay, John Sochovsky and Mark Abadi plotting land use in Llandudno.





Mr. G. H. Jones oversees Mark Abadi and Andrew Haslam measuring the stream cross section.

### LOWER SIXTH ECOLOGY FIELD TRIP: 25TH - 29TH JUNE 1993

It was Friday, the 25th June. Exams had finished for most of the School just one week ago. The summer holidays were only two weeks away. Every member of the School was excited by these thoughts. Every member, that is, except for 13 deeply concerned Biologists who were about to embark upon five days of intense, non-stop, physically and mentally demanding work. Well, that's what these 13 biologists thought of the next few days of their lives anyway.

We left School at about 10.30 on the sunny Friday morning. At least the weather was on our side. Mr. Moore drove one of the vans, accompanied by Mr. Parsons, whilst Mr. Myers drove the other. The journey was uneventful and almost became boring until our first stop. We were given two hours to eat and relax, although most of this time was entirely devoted to eating as most of us were unsure of the meals that lay ahead of us! The break proved to be more than a leg-stretcher as the picturesque sights and friendly inhabitants of the village made us all feel at ease. Thoughts like 'maybe it won't be so bad after all' crept into some people's minds. These thoughts, over the next few days, were going to be proven right.

After the stop we made the short journey up to Preston - Montford Field Centre, our living and working place for the next five days. No sooner had we got there than our suspicions of intense work turned into reality. We were instructed to throw our bags in our rooms, grab a pair of 'waders', make our way to the large pond near the centre and catch as many beetles, called water boatmen, as possible. The algae-covered pond wasn't the nicest of greetings to the course, but it was where the first investigation began. We had to estimate the number of water boatmen in the pond using a technique called the 'mark - release - recapture' method and an equation. It sounded a messy job, wading out into the uninviting pond and catching beetles with nets, but the waders kept us dry and, in the end, I thought it was quite enjoyable. The experiment was as messy as we thought. At least, it wasn't messy for most of us. I'm not sure if he slipped on some mud or fancied his chances at beating the water boatmen on the breast-stroke but Jon Ghazi ended up taking most of the pond back to the centre with him.

Our tutor for the course wasn't with us on the first day but we met on the second day at the start of our lectures. His name was Adrian Boyley. The centre has a large library, with just about everything to do with ecology and more available to all. At the end of the trip I wondered whether Adrian read every book in the library every day. His knowledge of ecology was vast and his teaching was intriguing. I don't know whether it was the ecology itself or the way he taught it, but judging by his jubilant character and witty mind, I would say it was Adrian's teaching which sparked our interests. He certainly made my trip, at least the working part, more enjoyable and I'm sure others would agree.

The other investigations we did on the trip involved quite long journeys into some of the most breath-taking sights I have ever seen. On the Saturday and Sunday our investigations involved the distribution of plants, and the area which we studied offered such striking scenery I thought I would never see the likes of it again. I was, however, wrong. On Monday we began our work on aquatic insects, and their distribution in one particular stream which ran past a small village called



Little Stretton and up into a small valley. We had to walk a few miles along the stream in order to carry out our investigations but I don't think anybody remembers the physical part of the day. Either side of our patch were mountains, covered in vast amounts of heather and bracken, stretching to the limit of vision. A few sheep could be seen and heard, dotted about either side of us. The sound of the cool, gurgling stream beside us and the sight of cloudless, blue sky with the strong sun shining down contributed to this having been, for me at least, one of the best days of my life. It was filled with unbelievable sights and strange feelings and I would have paid the money necessary for the course for that day alone. For me it made the trip and I'm sure many others felt the same. The last day of the trip involved finding the source of pollution of the river Perry which eventually turned out to be a sewage dump. It was a messy job so I won't go into details.

The biologists were right about the work load, the days were twelve hours long and physically and mentally demanding, but the sights they saw, the information they acquired necessary for their 'A' levels and most of all the unforgettable experience which will surely stay with them for a lifetime, outweighed by far those doubts which at first caused problems.

I think I speak for all of the biologists when I say "thanks" to Mr. Moore, Mr. Myers and Mr. Parsons, and especially Adrian Boyley. The course did exhaust everyone - but I know, on reflection, besides its being necessary for our 'A' levels, it was an experience I am glad to have had the opportunity to enjoy.

Craig McElhinney (L6SB1)

## GEOLOGY FIELD TRIP

### MONDAY, 29TH MARCH:

Assembly finished and Upper and Lower Sixth made for the mini-buses. It did not take long (less than half-an-hour) for the keen analytical minds that define geologists to realise something was amiss.

There was only one mini-bus, but the enterprising geologists were not perturbed. Realising that they could not leave until the other bus arrived, they made sure to increase the blood flow of their legs to reduce the chance of cramp on the long journey ahead. The method chosen was in football. Departure was only delayed by one and a half hours. Every cause must have its mascot, every tribe must have its totum, every ideal its icon. Aware of this, Nick Scruton inflated our hopes with something that would inspire us - 'Barr-bara' the blow up sheep!

The party was led by three members of Staff, two members of the Geology department, and Miss Priddle, who, apart from her talents in the field of earth sciences, also makes a career teaching people their own language. Miss Priddle ensured that our field books had enough dramatic appeal. [N.B. Claims that she was only invited because we were self-catering are not true!]

First stop, Eglyseg escarpment Llangollen, not that we'd been here on a G.C.S.E. Geography trip, but there was an eerie familiarity about those light grey limestone cliffs displaying terracing in a valley with fluvial origins though no stream was visible.

After a brief stop in Llangollen we were on the road again. Mr. Haslam's unwillingness to stop meant that Nick Scruton had to use his renowned ingenuity and an empty Shandy bass can.

Next thing we knew we were in the pouring rain, standing on Roche Mutonee observing the effects copious amounts of water have on geology field books. We eventually found the accommodation in Treader Bay. This was no mean feat considering one of our party, we shall call him 'Jock' to protect O'Keefe's name, had lost the address. We had a bungalow between four of us. Being geologists we were used to living rough and could manage with only two bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, living room (three piece suite and dining table) and a colour television with Sky! However, we soon realised that the electricity was on a 50p meter so we were down to the bare essentials, no lights or heat, just the movie channel, and the fridge.

Next morning I heard the sound of Mr. Veevers informing us that the bus was leaving in five minutes and everybody was already on it. "Woke up, fell out of bed, dragged a comb across my head, found my way downstairs and drank a cup and looking up I noticed I was late. Found my coat and grabbed my hat and made the bus in seconds flat. (O.K. I was listening to 'A Day in the Life' by the Beatles when I wrote this, Sorry Paul.)

First Stop Holyhead Harbour.

The damp rock shimmered showing a streaky schistosity and the greasy green surface glistened in the glorious golden sun which peered from behind fluffy white clouds.

Even though the English Department infiltrated our field trip we just list the bare facts in Geology. At South Stack the true power of the wind was demonstrated. Who needs to be an R.A.F. Cadet to fly? We also saw some cracking cleavages. New Borough promised some sagging bottoms, so after lunch at Port Dafarch we set off. Mr. Haslam showed that if you sit in the front padded seats in a mini-bus a huge reduction in speed over speed bumps is not necessary. However, those of us on wooden seats are not in full agreement with this policy.

Day Three - Cemaes Bay, we saw a Malange Structure of the Gwna group. To non-geologists out there that is a right old mess where you can't tell your limestone from your conglomerate, by the way why aren't you a geologist? There was an unconformity where the rock above was not laid down in sink'with that below and sometime later. However, this time gap could be as little as just 600,000,000 years.

At Penrhyamar there are some stromatalites (old bread shaped fossils). We know this because the guide book said so, not because what we saw looked like them. We did our bit to aid coastal erosion at Llanbadrigh black shales in a vain attempt to find some graptolites.

Then we stopped for lunch. Some members of the party were not very hungry so wisely decided to work up an appetite as this would be our only lunch break. The method chosen was football.



Next stop the Lligwybay disturbance and onto Moelfre. Among the fossiliferous light grey limestone a Cephalopod which was 16cm in diameter was seen. After we had gone over the day's proceedings in Mr. Veevers's cramped front room, Mr. Jones's adage 'work hard, play hard' was remembered. However, the 'play' chosen would not be to Mr. Jones's liking, it was football. Unfortunately the inconsiderate local football team was using the only pitch on the island.

Day Four was mapping day where groups of like-minded geologists were dropped off at different places around the island. Not only did we have to map the geological features but we had to find our way back to a predetermined pick-up point, as we explained to the farmer whose field we were walking across, while he explained to us what he meant by no right of way (he let us cross in the end as it was as far back as onwards!).

That evening the pitch was empty so the Lower Sixth took on the Upper Sixth. Damian Taylor would have dazzled us with his football skills if we could have seen him in the darkness. Strangely the arrival of Stockport Grammar 'A' level Biologists heralded the opening of the bar in the holiday camp.

On the last day Adam Clegg and I were to find out that our room mates had been secretly using the HEATER in their room. This was the last day in Trearder and our spirits were low. It had been an eventful, educating, enjoyable five days. We were sorry to leave the small island off the coast of Anglesey as we felt we were leaving a part of ourselves there as well. Especially Bhavesh Patel as the now smooth skin in front of his ears bore witness.

Alex T. Rodgers (L6M)

## FOURTH YEAR GEOLOGY FIELD TRIP

TO BANGOR : 19-22 APRIL 1993

We arrived at School, during our holidays, ready for off. On the way we stopped off at Eglwyseg escarpment near Llangollen and work started. The aim of this trip was for us to complete the course work element of our G.C.S.E. Geology course in the form of our field work note books. At each site that we visited notes and sketches were made of what we saw and deductions were made as to the type of rock and its origin. This is something that we are taught a lot about in the classroom, but nothing beats seeing the real thing in situ. Studying the geology of an area in such detail makes you see so much more than you would normally notice, such as the small fossils of the coral *dibinophyllum* which we saw here. After stopping in Llangollen for dinner and a stop to compare the geology on the opposite side of the valley, we headed up to Cwm Idwal which required a rather boggy walk up, whilst everyone else, it seemed, quite sensibly was heading downwards. Here we were looking at the physical geography of the area, which looks far better in reality than it does in boring old text books. Finally we arrived at the



Cheerful geologists showing that this subject isn't always rock hard.

(Photo: Mr. N. Veevers)

youth hostel in Bangor which was to be our base for the next few days. After getting settled in and eating we spent the evening copying up our notes from the day's work, much to our shock and the amusement of the teachers.

Our second day was spent on Holy Island which started out to look as though it was going to be a rather drizzly wet day, but thankfully it cleared up just as we got out of the van. The first stop was to look at some of the oldest things in the world, not the teachers, but some Pre-Cambrian rocks on Holyhead beach. Our second stop was South Stack, which required a descent of rather a lot of steps which of course required climbing up again. Were these teachers

doing this trip for the good of our geological knowledge or for our health, I ask myself. After a game of beach football at lunch and spending the afternoon looking at more geology at Port Dafarch, we returned to the youth hostel for another evening's work!

Day three was spent on a coastal walk along the beautiful Anglesey coast. The weather was perfect, beautifully warm, for a quite slow walk, as we stopped to examine the ever changing geology on the walk. We discovered a variety of things from tiny brachiopod fossils and fossilised coral colonies to rather larger sandstone pipes. We went back to the youth hostel with a much better sun tan than we started with, everyone was looking rather red but with a lot less energy.

Our last day, in contrast, was wet and dull. We came back home via Penmaenmawr to examine the new road tunnel and the sea defences, and before lunch we crawled up Great Orme in the van and just as the rain started to come down went into Llandudno for lunch and a spot of ten pin bowling. With the oranges we were supposed to have eaten for our lunch we fed the local seagulls. We returned to Manchester tired and with more geological knowledge than we started with, the teachers hope! Many thanks to Miss Priddle, Mr. Haslam and Mr. Veevers for taking us on this trip.

Christina Barnes (4X)



## **THEATRE TRIP - ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA - 16TH JANUARY, 1993**

It is always an interesting experience to watch a fresh interpretation of a Shakespeare play which should open new windows for the audience, and further its understanding of it.

A new production of "Antony and Cleopatra" was seen by a group of Sixth Form Pupils at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, in Stratford-upon-Avon on the 16th January, 1993; and was, overall, an excellent performance of the play about two of the most famous lovers in literature. The acting, in particular that by Claire Higgins, who played the part of Cleopatra, was outstanding: the enchanting seductive Egyptian Queen brought to life as an almost mythical creature, whilst her human qualities were conveyed well. Her "infinite variety" and the power which she wielded over the noble ruined Antony was brilliantly conveyed from beginning to end. Richard Johnson (an actor familiar with the part), portrayed Antony as a noble and infatuated soldier, broken down by debauchery; the sense of tragic inevitability as to his fate was clearly emphasized in his performance throughout.

Equally impressive was Nick Holder's portrayal of the taunted yet genuinely good-natured eunuch, Mardian; the comical side to the character was underplayed and his underlying warmth and compassion was brought out; particularly moving was the scene where he comforts Cleopatra as she yearns to be with Antony whilst he is in Rome; and when he carries out her wish to tell Antony of her death in Act IV Scene 14. Such a scene clearly evoked much poignancy for the audience.

The seductive green and gold scenery provided a mystical, enchanting backdrop to the drama on the stage, and proved very effective in conveying the nature of Egypt and Rome and their two very different ways of life. The music too, composed by Ilona Sekacz, appropriately expressed the idea of tragic love and doom, and added the finishing touches to what must certainly be one of the finest performances of this play ever to be put on stage. I would like to thank Mrs. Treweek and Miss De Vince for organising the trip and helping us to enjoy a very interesting afternoon.

Richard Berd (U6A4)

\* \* \*

## **TRIPS AND EVENTS WITHIN GREATER MANCHESTER**

### **SIXTH FORM HISTORY VISIT TO CASTLEFIELD**

Our study of the heritage industry for Paper Two 'A' level led us to visit the Castlefield complex one Tuesday afternoon in February in the company of Mr. Callaghan and Miss Tandon. It was not our intention simply to look at the exhibits, but to consider what version of the past was being sold to visitors. This was a real eye-opener for many of us. We had believed that museums were fairly neutral organisations, but we soon realised that they tend nowadays to package the past in a certain way, emphasising some aspects of it at the expense of others, and thus creating an overall distortion of history for visitors. Most would come away from Castlefield with the belief that the Industrial Revolution consisted of mighty engines on the one hand and a working class ground down by poverty and the need to work long hours on the other. Both views are of course simplistic, and we concluded that, whenever we visit museums in the future, we have to ask ourselves the question "What version of the past are we being sold here, is it accurate, and has it been jazzed up in order to persuade us to part with our entrance money?" It was an illuminating couple of hours.

Gareth Roberts (L6L1)

### **"HUNT THE PIE"**

On Wednesday, March 3rd, two of our Fourth Year students, Michael Bartlett and Martin Cheung, took part in Granada T.V.'s lively quiz "Hunt The Pie", hosted by Liz Kershaw, and broadcast on May 17th. Though the intellectual standard of the questions was variable, the programme was fun, and Michael and Martin acquitted themselves with credit, winning their round. Martin's slightly "tongue in cheek" interpretation of his experience follows.....

Editor.

### **"EVERY MAN IS THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FUTURE"**

#### **A DEDICATION TO "HUNT THE PIE"**

Spring 1993 - Forms 4X and 4Y were told by several sources that research was being carried out for a new television programme. A researcher by the name of Heather Caine (no relation to Alice Caine of 4Y) would be doing the rounds, selecting two contestants and two reserves.

Yours truly, along with Michael Bartlett, was chosen, with Darren Lowry and James Taylor being the reserves; however, some controversy remains over whether these two actually were the reserves, because minds were constantly changed.



After the meetings, Mrs. Brown leapt to the blower, first phoning Mr. Bartlett, who promptly accepted the offer. Mrs. Brown then phoned me who, after discovering that the date for filming was March 3rd, which was the return date of the German exchange in which I was involved, accepted, thinking nothing much of any tiredness that might have resulted.

The German Exchange was an outstanding success from my own - and many others' - frame of reference. On the last night in Germany, we had a minor social soirée to end our sojourn. On arriving back at my partner's house, I found that I could not sleep so I requested a small night-cap.

On waking up the following morning at 5.15 I discovered that I was suffering from "morning after" effects. This condition was not helped by the glaring 500 watt bulbs burning in my face and my exhaustion.

I should not, however, strive to gripe, because Mr. Bartlett and I came out victors in the ensuing "Hunt the Pie" quiz later that day, hosted by the lively Liz Kershaw.

Ignorance is bliss in some cases, particularly Second Forms or by the time you read this, Third Forms. "Dr. Patel takes 3 horses, 4 cows, 2 whales and a chicken to the abattoir. How many legs are there?" "23" This would trigger off a lot of Second Formers and many others, never to let me forget this dire mistake. My Maths is not quite up to Pythagoras standard, but in the situation, it was surely a fair estimate!

"Chacun à son goût": everyone to his taste - you can't please everyone" - everyone speaks well of the bridge that carries him over - every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. Some people say "Well done!", some say "You can't count" and some couldn't care less.

And that's why it was an academic year of learning and a year of being able to put several interesting assets into my record of achievement, not least my participation in "Hunt the Pie".

Martin Cheung (4Y)

## WORK EXPERIENCE

A work experience programme for Fifth Year students has been introduced this year. Following their G.C.S.E. examinations in June these 16-year old pupils have been encouraged to take a one or two week, unpaid, placement with a local employer. Forty-five girls and boys have been able to participate this summer. Their experiences have been varied and have included medicine, law, pathology, teaching, insurance, engineering, town planning etc.

The young people have benefited greatly from the opportunity. They have been able to communicate with employers, experience the adult working world and perhaps clarify their future career aspirations and possible 'A' level choices.

We are extremely grateful to the employers who have accepted our students - without this generous assistance the scheme could not exist. We hope to operate the programme annually and I would be delighted to hear from anyone who has not been involved this year but feels that they could offer a placement to one of our pupils next summer.

Mrs. G.M. Brown.

The following account was written by Sally Ward who spent two weeks in the Department of Pathological Sciences, Manchester University.

"As can be expected with the largest medical school in Britain, I got lost as soon as I stepped out of the lift on my first day. When I finally found my way to the Pathological Sciences Department (this consists of Pathology, Virology, Bacteriology, Histology, Electron Microscopy etc.) I met Dr. Stoddart who proceeded to guide me around the department including a tour of the 'museum' which contains organs with various diseases and malfunctions, also brains, waxworks of fetuses etc.

In the afternoon Catherine (a girl from Withington Girls' School also doing work experience at the Medical School) and I saw the unwrapping of a bog body. The body is 2000 years old and was a 16-year old girl from Holland. She has been called "The Girl from Yde".

On Tuesday morning Catherine and I went up to neuropathology and surgical histology. We saw various organs, tissues and biopsies which had been sent up from theatre. These specimens were fixed in formalin then embedded in paraffin wax. These sections were then cut on a microtome - an automatic knife which cuts at thickness of 5mm. These ribbons including the specimens were then mounted on slides.

In the afternoon we went to the mortuary in Saint Mary's and saw a baby post mortem being carried out. The baby was 39 weeks and was therefore due to be born a week after it had died. After a thorough examination no cause of death was found and the pathologist decided the fault must have been with the mother.

On Thursday, we went to cellular pathology and again made tissues into sections with paraffin wax, cut them using a microtome and put them on slides.

We then stained our sections using various stains P.T.A.M, Luxol Fast Blue, haematoxylin, mayers haematoxylin and P.A.S.

On Monday, I went to cellular pathology again and stained sections of tibia embedded in resin with blue and silver nitrate.

Then I went up to electron microscopy. There minute sections of tissue are looked at under an electron microscope and photographed. They can be magnified by up to 250,000 times. We also saw pictures of a woodlouse and a bee's knee which had been embedded in a mummy for thousands of years.

In the afternoon we went to cell culture and mixed antibiotics (penicillin and streptomycin) with serum from a foetal calf, proteins etc. to mix with cells from a monkey's kidney to grow a virus in the cells.

During the rest of the week we watched a new test for finding when HIV turns into full blown AIDS which one of the virologists had devised and was trying out on the serum of some haemophiliac patients.



We also split our cells which we had grown then made up a virus which we added to a plate and added our cells. There was a dye added to the virus which appeared as many shades of yellow in all the different wells.

We then measured the amount of colour in each well (there were 96 in total) using a spectrophotometer.

I thoroughly enjoyed my two weeks at the Medical School and it has given me a valuable insight to the work of pathologists and virologists. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Brown and Dr. Stoddart for making my work experience possible."

Sally Ward (5X)

## SIXTH FORM SPANISH DAY AT SALFORD UNIVERSITY

It was a beautiful rainy day on the 18th November, 1992 - just perfect for a game of rugby ... so instead the Sixth Form pupils from William Hulme's went to Salford University to attend several lectures on Hispanic Studies.

We arrived for this Sixth Formers' Spanish day at 10.30 a.m., only just in time to hear an introduction by Mrs. Lomax (St. Bede's). I can still remember the turning of heads and evil glares as we settled into our seats!

Professor Clive Willis (Manchester University) kicked the day off with an interesting talk on languages of the Iberian Peninsula. Just time for a quick coffee before seeing Caroline Shipton from Merseyside Language Export Centre who furnished us with information about the uses of languages after 'A' level. This ran over a little past 12.30 when we had dinner in the university canteen. A chance to pretend to be real students - unfortunately we had too much money and no lentils. In the afternoon came a lecture by Mr. Jeffrey Millward (JMB Spanish) in which he told us all how to improve our Spanish grade. To end the day the group split up because there were two lectures, both in Spanish. The lecture most of us attended was called "España bajo el socialismo" (Spain under socialism). The other lecture (also in Spanish) was about South American literature. All in all it was agreed that it had been a fine day and from an educational point of view, it sure beats kicking balls on a field!

Our thanks go to Miss McGuinn for making it all possible.

M.J. Butterworth and A. Sheldon (L6L2)

## SIXTH FORM GERMAN ACTIVITIES

On Wednesday, January 20th, the Sixth Form Germanists attended the Salford University German Day. Wolfgang Winkler from the Goethe Institut gave his annual update on post-reunification Germany; the pace of change there is so swift that every year's talk is new and always illuminating. After coffee, students had a chance at "off-the-cuff" translating and interpreting - it was interesting for them to experience the difference between these two activities. In the afternoon Professor Whitton, a leading authority on Friedrich Dürrenmatt, talked about the latter's "Der Richter und sein Henker", one of the set books for the Upper Sixth. A useful day.

In March we made our annual pilgrimage to Liverpool University to see their German Department's play. This year was Brecht's "Der Kaukasische Kreidekreis", another set text! We had a lively argument at the interval with some girls and their teacher from another school about the validity of the underplayed acting, but the performance was well worth the effort of two train journeys!

G.J. Turner

## POLITICAL ACTIVITIES

During 1992-93, the Politics 'A' level groups attended the following lectures at Manchester University:-

- "The Labour Party: What Now?" - Prof. David Howell
- "The Conservative Design for Public Services" - Prof. Mick Moran
- "Poverty and the Governance of Britain" - Prof. Paul Wilding
- "The 1992 Election: What really happened?" - David Denver
- "Is Britain a One Party State?" - Prof. Mick Moran
- "How Democratic is Britain?" - Prof. Dennis Kavanagh
- "Government & The Economy" - Sir Terry Burns
- "John Major's Style of Government" - Prof. Dennis Kavanagh
- "The Impact of Europe on the British Constitution" - Prof. Philip Norton
- "The 1992 Election and Labour's Electoral Prospects" - David Denver
- "A Post-Socialist Labour Party?" - Dr. Martin Smith

The lectures were delivered by leading academics and senior civil servants and proved an excellent complement to the U.L.E.A.C. syllabus. In addition to the above, a number of the Upper Sixth attended the National Politics Association Revision Week in April 1993, at Manchester University.

Mr. M.P. Jones.



## **CLUBS AND SOCIETIES**

### **BIOLOGY - NATURAL HISTORY CLUB**

The club aims to encourage anyone with a genuine interest in Natural History and Biology. Numbers have been low this year but we have continued to have weekly meetings both in and out of doors.

During the October half-term a trip was organised to Grizedale Forest in the Lake District. We stayed in a converted barn near the Visitors' Centre and enjoyed a ten-mile walk around a nature trail in the forest. Dotted around the trail were several large wood sculptures of various interesting designs.

Five new nest-boxes were made in February to add to the fifteen already in place around the school grounds. The boxes are visited every week during the summer term and the results sent off to the British Trust for Ornithology. This year there were seven Blue Tit nests and fifty-two young were successfully raised.

Work has been carried out on the new pond at the front of the staff room. This is now settling down and contained large numbers of the water-flea, *Daphnia*. Several junior school groups took advantage of this to observe *Daphnia* and other organisms through microscopes in the laboratory.

Towards the end of term an analysis was carried out on Kestrel pellets found by Mr. Myers. These produced interesting results which will be made available next September.

D.A. Myers

### **CHESS**

The School took part as usual in the Stockport League. The Seniors, captained by R. Smith (U6A3) and regularly assisted by K. Swiderski (U6A3), P.S. Gee (5X), A. Patel (4C), S. Hadfield (4C) and J. Inaba (4L) did not have a brilliant season. They lost all their matches.

The Juniors, captained by A. Greenall (3Y) and including T.J. Rashid (3B), J. Lancaster (2A), S. Balachandra (2A), A. Baga (2B), S. Purohit (2B) and S. Arshad (1D), performed better, drawing with King's Macclesfield and defeating Cheadle Hulme.

The individual winner of the Turabi trophy this year was S. Purohit (2B). The winners of the Form Trophies were 1D for the First Form and 2B for the Second Form.

M.H. Gracey

### **THE COMPUTER CLUB**

The new Information Technology Room has given a fresh impetus to the Computer Club. While the Club has always attracted a reasonable number of members, it has expanded rapidly in recent months. The new membership is drawn mainly from the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 6th forms. The old B.B.C. computers have been replaced by I.B.M.'s. The Club's activities focus on teaching and allow the User to roam through an information service called Windows. Windows has a wide range of applications from writing essays to designing graphs and charts.

The Computer Club uses a system of rotation, allowing certain years priority during the lunch-time. At any one time the Club can accommodate up to 30 people. The technical wizard and supervisor of the Computer Room, Mr. MacLachlan, is regularly on hand with his Computer Room Prefects to deal with members' queries. (The Computer manuals have been regularly consulted by these experts, we are all learning!)

The highlight of the Club year was the official opening of the new building by H.R.H., The Princess Royal during the summer term. Junior members of the Club spent a great deal of time and effort preparing programmes and demonstrations to cover every aspect of the Technology Room. The new facilities are greatly appreciated by all students, and the Computer Club is enhancing the pupils' computer literacy, a skill which has become vital in today's world of Information Technology.

Joe Lewis (L6A3)

### **DEBATING SOCIETY - CHAIRPERSON'S NOTES**

‘What a plight I am in today .... I seem to  
have come to play the orator's part before an  
utterly unsympathetic audience.’

Although the fears of the young John Milton, standing up to debate (in Latin!) at Cambridge, may have found initial echoes in the hearts of numerous Hulmeian orators, whether in School debate or in inter-school competitions, they all, in different ways, succeeded in engaging the sympathies and interest of their audiences.

Debating continues to flourish. Our representatives in the Observer Mace Debating Competition, D. March (U6) and S. Bhogal (U6), may have failed to progress beyond the first round, but many who heard their eloquently argued case down in Staffordshire, where we found ourselves surprisingly drawn, felt that they were slightly unlucky not to do so.



The main in-School event in the Debating calendar is the House Debating Contest. This is reported elsewhere but we would like to express our thanks to the judges, Mrs. Treharne and Mr. M.P. Jones. To re-invoke Milton's words, 'Well have ye judged, well ended long debate'.

The Debating Society, under the capable secretaryship of J. Gordon- Nesbitt and H. Slack (U6), was supported by a vigorous and enthusiastic committee. Debates of varying degrees of seriousness, but of pleasantly high quality, were staged. Would the Society legalise Euthanasia? Did it believe Crime paid? Could it, in this year of a Royal Visit, 'sack' the Queen? Might money buy happiness? The last topic was raised in a debate whose speakers all came from the Second Form and it was a particular source of pleasure this year to see the involvement of more speakers from the Junior School in a Society which is for all the pupils and by no means the exclusive preserve of the Sixth Form.

Disappointing, however, despite some splendidly seductive advertising, was the absence of staff members at School debates. Next year's debating will be under the aegis of Ms. Tandon, but the widest possible involvement would be most welcome.

The standard set in the Rotary Club of Didsbury Public Speaking Competition was again high this year. Entrants from William Hulme's Grammar School were Rebecca Baron (5C) and Jeremy Sallon (4Y) who both presented interesting and entertaining speeches. Rebecca discussed the Royal Family - clearly the theme of the year - with particular reference to the media, while Jeremy gave us an insight into a family life out of the spotlight with a humorous look at his own domestic experiences.

Although not successful in reaching the finals, both competitors put in competent and lively performances and they deserve credit for their efforts in preparing for the evening.

Hopwood Reading Prizes were won by Anna Hope (L6), arguably the finest dramatic speaker the School has heard in recent years, and by Matthew Kay (2D), a worthy winner of the Junior Prize.

It has to be admitted that Milton made a Debating Society a significant feature of Hell but how else, save through persuasive public speaking and the participation of enlightened, open-minded audiences is the democratic paradise regained?

Mr. A.E. Watson.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

### INTER-HOUSE DEBATING CONTEST

The annual Inter-House debate once again took part in the Autumn. This year's judges were Mr. M.P. Jones (Head of Arts) and Mrs. I.E.G. Treharne (Deputy Head of Sixth Form) along with an audience of Fourth and Lower Sixth years. The afternoon witnessed a lively and far more entertaining level of debate than in previous years. The three motions were:

- (I) "This House prefers Sport to Thought"  
Proposed by Daniel Riste and Daniel Marsh of Whitworth and opposed by Allan Bulwich and Manish Das of Fraser.
- (II) "This House think Britain's young have no-one to respect as moral leaders"  
Proposed by Christina Barnes and Sandy Bhogal of Heywood and opposed by Alex Rodgers and Jonathan Lamb of Byrom.
- (III) "This House would cancel Christmas"  
Proposed by Oliver Garside and James Brocklehurst of Dalton and opposed by Paul Harrison and Anthony Baron of Gaskell.

The standard of the first debate was excellent. Both speakers for each House were confident and competent. The team members worked well together and both sides knew their material. Allan Bulwich and Manish Das, however, were far more effective in arguing that thinking is in itself an activity and were very dismissive of their opponents and main argument that an active body meant an active mind. True, Daniel Riste and Daniel Marsh stressed the importance of Sport as means to stimulate the brain; as an outlet for emotion and for the sheer sense of enjoyment. But on balance Bulwich and Das seemed to be more accurate in summing up their main point of how Thought can breed far more tolerance, stability and understanding than Sport could ever do.

The quality of the second debate was not as high as the first one, although all speakers performed well, especially under a lot of hostile questions from the audience. Sadly, Christina Barnes and Sandy Bhogal made a very forceful argument that young people today do not seem to have any role-models in public life! They catalogued the worse abuses of the Royal Family, our Politicians, the Church, the Judiciary and Gutter Press. However, they seemed to have overlooked the value of their own parents and teachers. Byrom's team of Alex Rodgers and Jonathan Lamb themselves missed the role-model Parents and Teachers could provide. They sought only to score points by trying to list as many public figures as possible, but seemed to run out of steam after Prince Charles, Bob Geldof and T.V. Charities. Members of the audience were more forthcoming with inspirational role-models, such as Gary Lineker, Bob Marley, Terry Waite, Mother Teresa of Calcutta, David Bellamy, Richard Attenborough, Esther Rantzen and the presenters of 'Blue Peter'.

Although the last debate lacked a degree of analysis, both the speakers and audience entered into the true spirit of the motion. Dalton, represented by Oliver Garside and James Brocklehurst, had the uphill task of persuading the audience to ban Christmas. They had some strong arguments in favour of the ban, such as the absence of Christian respect, the expense of Christmas commercialism as well as the ever-increasing arguments within the family over the television. However, they were weak with alternative suggestions to Christmas and found it difficult to answer the more flippant questions from the



floor. Paul Harrison and Anthony Baron both spoke well, despite their use of notes. There was a lot of humour in their comments, especially about getting withdrawal symptoms if Cliff Richard no longer released a Christmas single, the "Sound of Music" was not played and the Queen did not make her Address to the Nation. Their arguments over religion, tradition and family get-togethers were slightly repetitive.

Overall the quality of the speeches and the lines-of-argument were very pleasing. Indeed the audience only decisively voted in favour of Byrom's position in the second debate. All the competitors are to be congratulated and the efforts of all the Houses, as well as the audience, are appreciated in making the afternoon such a success. The winning House was Fraser and Sandy Bhogal the best individual speaker.

Mr. M.P. Jones

## HOVERCLUB REPORT

The hovercrafting season has been good this year and hopefully it is going to stay that way. Now we have stopped attending junior school fetes we are concentrating on the racing side of hovercrafting.

At Mere Brow this year we had a fairly good weekend, but of course, there is always the odd mishap. The first day went fine with a good practice session and after lunch a couple of races. After taking a competency test, I was ready to race, but unfortunately not that day. So that meant I spent a very sleepless night till the next day. Little did I know what was lying in wait for me, because as soon as I was on the track I crashed. That was the end of my racing day and the beginning of a long re-building session on Bluebird. There was some serious practice in manoeuvrability to be done by me before the next race meeting.

The last race meeting was an extremely successful one. Howard Ash went out for a practice first and came in to tell us the news about a steep hill as soon as you come off the water and which would prove a problem to some of the less powerful craft. Thankfully this did not include us. Then it was my turn to go for a practice; amazingly I got round the track three times without crashing once. Finally, I had got the hand of racing and went on to come 5th and then 6th in two races. Unfortunately Shahid Hussain fared a lot worse in his race when the craft stalled on the right hand corner and was very reluctant to start up again. That cost him third place in the race which a small shaft driven craft happily took and Shahid took up 6th place in the race.

So now we are looking at a lot of mechanical 'encouragement' to bring Bluebird back to life again for our next race meeting.

Jolyon Guy (3A)

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

"COGITO ERGO SUM ; I think, therefore I am" was the principal tenet of 17th century philosopher René Descartes, the inventor of co-ordinate geometry and with Isaac Newton, one of the founders of modern scientific reason. With this in mind, I ventured to suggest to some colleagues and pupils that a society which encourages the development of thinking and reasoning as essential skills, would be of great value in a School such as ours.

At the inaugural meeting in November, I related the tale of the development of the scientific method, from ancient civilisations such as the Babylonians, the Chaldeans and the Greeks, finally ending up with the Renaissance and the Dawn of Reason. This was followed in January with a talk by Dr. Barker who expressed the view that it was in Man's nature to reason and to find explanations for the way the world appears to him. He gave many vivid examples of our brains' unique aptitude for recognising pattern and form in even the most abstract drawings and he suggested that this may be the true source of our inquisitiveness about nature; that we are instinctive problem- solvers.

At a later meeting, Alex Rodgers discussed the Meaning of Dreams. He reasoned that dreaming could be a way of sorting the vast amounts of information stored by our conscious minds during waking hours and waiting to be processed by our unconscious mind while we sleep. He also suggested that our dreams may be a form of communication between the two halves of our brain, a kind of warning or reminder in the form of a cryptic message which we have to interpret by remembering our dreams. Certainly food for thought here.

At the final, and certainly the best-attended, meeting of the year, Mr. Turner introduced his audience to the philosophy of Nihilism. He illustrated his animated discourse by frequent references to key writers and produced a detailed reading list for those who felt inclined to seek further understanding. Mr. Turner was careful to stress that he did not personally subscribe to the views of the philosophers under discussion and he gave a sober warning against some of the least savoury aspects of recent and modern Nihilistic groups.

We are very much looking forward to next year's meetings, some of which are already in the advanced planning stage. Several members of staff have expressed interest and we hope to encourage more pupils and perhaps visiting speakers to talk on their favourite subjects. It is a society for people who are not afraid to think about new ideas, and who positively thrive on argument and discussion. The essence of any good society is in the quality of its members and the Philosophical Society has been well-attended by such persons.

Your ideas matter. The Society was formed so that we can hear them expressed and so that others will be encouraged to have ideas of their own. The most important part of an education is the development of your ability to think. We think, therefore we are or, perhaps we are, therefore we think. Think about it!

Mr. J.H. Thomson.



## PHOTOGRAPHIC & VIDEO SOCIETY

Due to the large number of burglaries to the Darkroom, this last year has been a poor one in terms of what we have been able to accomplish. Much work remains undone, such as the new promotional video which was due to be completed in March, and very few photographers have been able to process their negatives. However, with the added security measures now in force, we are hopeful that next term will see a return to the good old days of fighting for advance bookings of equipment.

We have nevertheless managed to produce videos of the Royal visit by the Princess Royal to open the Zochonis Centre, copies of which are still available by the way, as well as recordings of the Fauré Requiem.

Photographs taken by the society appear in this edition of "The Hulmeian" and new members are always encouraged to take as many photographs of school events as possible, with a view to publication in this magazine.

Come along to the Darkroom on Wednesday lunchtimes and "develop" your interest in this subject.

J.H.Thomson

## WAVERLEY ELDERLY PEOPLES HOME

For the past eleven years Mr. Blight has shouldered the task of taking pupils to Waverley E.P.H. Unfortunately this year, the numbers fell drastically, with regulars such as Vicky Ash, Louise Shroot, Lauren Crane, Dawn Sing and Laura Smith being the only ones visiting. A brief mention for Fred Richards, who, being in the Upper Sixth this year, had to stop coming because of his 'A' levels, but was a great asset to the Waverley Group and will be greatly missed by teachers, pupils and residents. People often think that spending time visiting elderly people is boring and uninteresting and is merely something to do if you are unoccupied during lunchtimes. For all the regulars (Fred especially) this is the high point of their week too. Many thanks to Mr. Blight for keeping this up for so long, and not cracking!!!

Lauren Crane (2D)

\* \* \*

## WHGS AND "CORONATION ST."

During the Summer Holiday of 1993 our School was used by Granada TV as the setting for "Oakhill Grammar School", where Mike Baldwin sends his son Mark. On one of the mornings in the holiday, some of our pupils and parents arrived at School as "extras".

We already have a "resident" from "the Street" here in the shape of Warren Jackson (2C) who plays Nicky Platt, though in this role he has no connection with the School.

G.J. Turner





## GENERAL OVERVIEW



Senior Cadet, CSM Edward Buckley, Guard Commander Lt. M.P. Jones, and the O.C. Maj. D.M. Fisher.

This was a good year for the Corps, with the usual level of involvement in Camps, competitions and other activities, a successful biennial Inspection, an increasingly high profile at Open Days, and a record level of recruitment at the end of the year. The most unusual and distinctive event in the Corps Calendar this year was of course the inspection of our Honour Guard by H.R.H. The Princess Royal on her arrival at School to open the Zochonis Centre in June. A unique and somewhat nerve-racking occasion passed off impressively and smoothly, thanks not only to the boys and girls themselves but to Lt. M.P. Jones who commanded the Guard and to 26CTT who put so much of their time and expertise into bringing the twenty or more cadets up to the high standard required for such a public duty.

In October the Parents' Association generously donated two top-quality climbing ropes to help us with our adventurous training activities. These, as well as all our other climbing gear, will be made available to other organisations within the School wishing to use them.

The 25m. Indoor Range was closed in February pending major structural repairs. This has meant even less shooting than usual this year, something we greatly regret, since many boys and girls learn a great deal from the formal discipline of rifle shooting. The Old Hulmeians Rifle Section have had to look elsewhere for a range too, of course, but I hope and trust that this will only be a temporary setback.

Meanwhile, the Armoury has been fully brought up-to-date, a water supply and washhand basin have been provided, and the entire area of the stores, armoury and office has been refloored and refurbished thanks to the goodwill of the School. Unfortunately the R.A.F. Section is still badly in need of an office and a permanent store for uniform and training equipment and does remarkably well to function so efficiently in spite of this.

Major D.M. Fisher

## BIENNIAL INSPECTION AND REVIEW

This year was an official MOD Inspection and no stone was left unturned! Fortunately the Staff Inspection had already taken place before the day of the Review in October and therefore we were able to concentrate fully on putting the cadets on show before the reviewing officer. We were particularly pleased to welcome Brigadier ECW Morrison, OBE,



ADC, Commander of our "local" 42 Brigade at Preston, to carry out the Review. After being greeted by an Honour Guard Brigadier Morrison accompanied by the OC, the Head Master, Major David Oak, SO3 G3 at HQ42 Brigade, RSM Harry Williams, our Administration Assistant from 42 Brigade, C/Sgt. Edward Buckley, guests and friends of the Corps, followed a busy circuit of activities, competitions, stands and demonstrations. These included:

- March and Shoot Competition (inter-Section)
- demonstration of campcraft (building and concealing a basha and cooking in the field)
- signals lesson and exercise
- PT instruction and competitions
- Adventurous Training (dry rope work and abseiling training)
- raft-building by the King's Cup Team
- R.A.F. Police vehicle checkpoint and search
- lecture on Airfield layout
- weapon training lesson
- duties of a sentry demonstration
- and as a finale, a rather theatrical but very authentic ambush carried out by senior cadets from the Army Section.

The majority of these activities were conducted and supervised by cadet NCO's and involved boys and girls from both Service Sections. The object was of course to reflect in rather condensed form the wide range of activities which the Contingent typically takes part in during the course of a year's training. The one most significant element absent from the proceedings was flying, which comes naturally at the very top of the R.A.F. Section's agenda, but which is not possible in central Manchester!

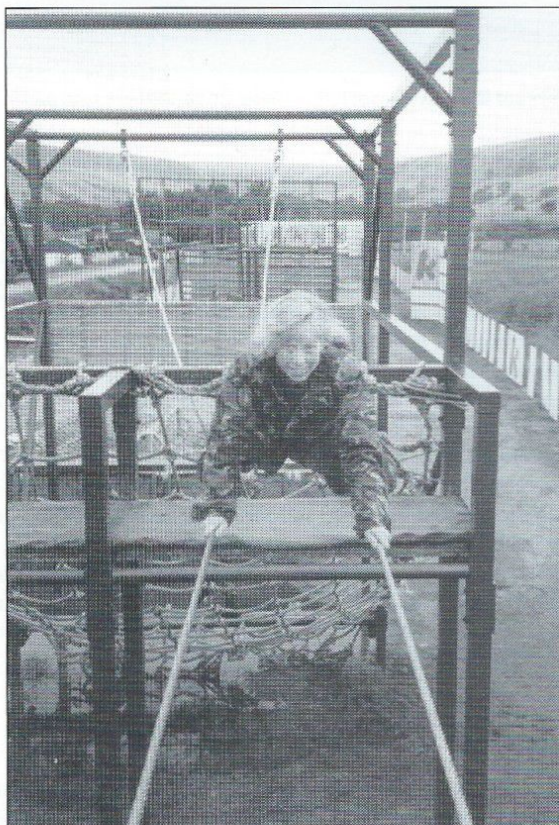
When the tour was complete, the Brigadier addressed the entire Contingent informally on the playing fields and praised all that he had seen and heard in the course of his many conversations during the morning. Lunch at the Head Master's house afterwards gave Brigadier Morrison the chance to talk at greater length to cadets, officers and other friends. The sum total of what he had seen at the School was impressive, I think, interesting, varied and very professionally executed and great credit is due to every cadet for rising to the occasion so enthusiastically. My own personal thanks are due to Brigadier Morrison for making the occasion such a pleasant one, to Major Oak and RSM Williams for their advice and support, to the excellent sergeants at 26 CTT who helped with the Honour Guard and the Ambush, to the Head Master for his hospitality and to Commander Peters, Mr. Gregson, Mr. Seddon, Mr. Hardy, Dr. Barker and others for their assistance and co-operation. They all helped to ensure that the School, in the guise of the Corps, was shown off to the very best effect on this extremely important day.

Major D.M. Fisher

## ARMY SECTION - RECRUIT PLATOON TRAINING

Attendance at Monday afternoon training has been very good, enabling excellent progress to be made through the Army Proficiency Certificate course. Several sessions of drill culminated in a Passing-Out parade at which Major Fisher presented red patches for the cap badge. Next on the syllabus was map and compass work. All cadets passed the course with cadets Cunningham and Flatman obtaining distinctions. The rest of the year was spent covering the many aspects of fieldcraft. In the Fieldcraft Test towards the end of the year all cadets passed, distinctions being given to cadets Cunningham, Hyams, Mason, Nunney and Rahman.

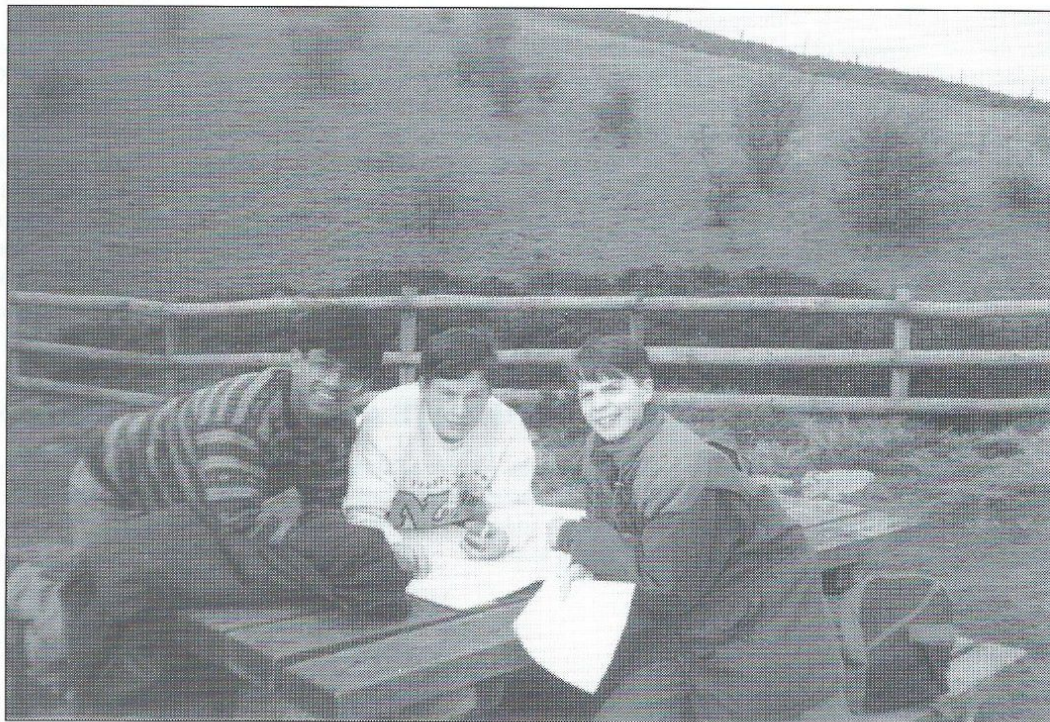
As usual there was one Field Day each term. In the Michaelmas Term the platoon stayed overnight at Holcombe Moor T.C. where the main activities were campcraft and the Krypton Factor Assault Course.



Cadet Carrie Litherland negotiates the wires.  
(Photo: Capt. A. Simkin)



The Lent Term Field Day was spent in the Macclesfield Forest area to reinforce the map and compass work done in the classroom.



Cadets Patel, Flatman and Holden looking confident about their route through Macclesfield Forest.  
(Photo: Lt. M.P. Jones)

The Midsummer Field Day was again spent at Holcombe Moor shooting on the ranges and tackling the assault course.

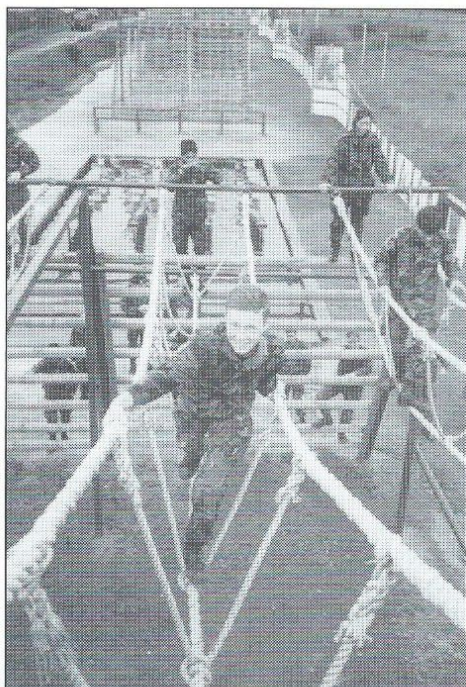
Recruit cadets were also involved in two special events this year. They manned a variety of displays during the Biennial Review and a number also formed part of the Guard of Honour during the visit by the Princess Royal.

There was a healthy turn-out of recruits at both Easter and Summer Camps. No fewer than twelve of the eighteen cadets in the platoon attended Summer Camp at St. Martin's Plain, Folkestone. At the camp debrief all twelve were deservedly promoted to Lance Corporal: A. Caine, M.J. Carulli, M.M-W. Cheung, J.A. Cunningham, A.J. Holden, A.F. Hyams, C.S. Litherland, N.D. Mason, A.C. Nunney, L.R. Owen, A. Patel and A.J.T. Warhurst.

Cadets who were unable to attend Camp should not be too despondent about missing out on promotion. They will need to show next year that they have the determination to succeed and then they will gain their first stripe.

A number of N.C.O.'s helped with the training this year. I would like to thank them all for their assistance with special thanks to R.S.M. Buckley for his overall help.

Capt. A. Simkin, Platoon Officer.



## SENIOR PLATOON TRAINING

The first Field Day in September 1992 was spent at Holcombe Moor Training Centre. The Senior Platoon, along with the majority of the Sixth Form N.C.O.'s took part in a twenty-four hour battle-handling exercise run by their officers. The purpose of the Field Day was to build upon all the military skills that had been acquired throughout the last year of training and from the Summer Camp at Warcop. The exercise included sessions on section battle-drills, patrolling and ambushes. The day ended with the customary conquest of the Krypton Factor Assault Course.

L/Cpl. Anthony Mawson surges confidently across the Burma bridge.  
(Photo: Capt. A. Simkin)



Due to the introduction of Mock Examinations in March 1993, the Platoon's second Field Day was cancelled. Instead an adventurous training weekend was arranged at Harris House, Hardraw in early February. The weekend was useful preparation for Capel Curig Camp at Easter. The platoon had an excellent day and a half's walking through the Yorkshire Dales, ending up at Bolton Castle with a picnic.

Over the last two years of training, I have been very impressed with this platoon. Their regular attendance, smartness and enthusiasm were a real credit. I was particularly pleased with the large numbers who came to Hardraw, Capel Curig and Folkestone and with those cadets who volunteered to help with the Recruit Platoon at Holcombe Moor in July. A number of cadets deserve a special mention: Kathryne Arran and Sally Ward successfully completed a Leadership Course at Frimley Park after an exhausting Summer Camp, and are looking after the Stores in September 1993; James Brocklehurst and Terence Sales did well on Leadership Courses at Frimley Park just before going on to camp; James, together with Andrew Chance, will be helping to run the Armoury and the Signals Stores from September 1993; Terence has also justifiably earned a reputation for keeping the tidiest locker on Camp! Anthony Mawson attended an Army Catering course for cadets during the summer. David Grove, Robert Moodie and Adam Aslam all put in sterling performances throughout the year. Well done everyone!

Lt. M.P. Jones, Platoon Officer.

## ADVANCED ARMY PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATE AND N.C.O.'s CADRE COURSE

During their Fifth Year, the Senior Platoon followed the Advanced syllabus for the A.P.C. This included sections on signals training, receiving and giving of Orders and more specialised sessions on military tactics. Throughout their second year training (May 1992 to April 1993) the Senior Platoon's attendance, enthusiasm and competence was commendable. The Cadre Course included Methods of Instruction and giving a lesson.

### DISTINCTION

K.P. Arran  
J.A. Brocklehurst  
A.M.Chance  
A.R. Mawson  
S.L. Ward

### PASS

K. Anjum  
D.O. Brown  
Z. Marchant  
P. Sethi  
D. Slack  
P. Young  
H. Hay  
S.O. Jameson

### PROMOTIONS (SENIOR PLATOON)

#### FROM CADET TO LANCE-CORPORAL NOVEMBER 1992

Kathryne Arran  
Adam Aslam  
Robert Moodie  
Terence Sales

#### FROM LANCE-CORPORAL TO FULL CORPORAL APRIL 1993

Adam Aslam  
Kathryne Arran  
James Brocklehurst  
William Casson  
Andrew Chance  
Michelle Cowan  
Tarik Djeddour  
David Grove

#### FROM FULL CORPORAL TO SERGEANT JULY 1993

Adam Aslam  
Kathryne Arran  
James Brocklehurst  
Andrew Chance  
David Grove

### MERIT

M.A. Alvi  
A. Aslam  
L.M.E. Borg  
W.H. Casson  
M.H. Cowan  
T.A. Djeddour  
D. Grove  
A.C. Jones  
R.S. Moodie  
M. Parry  
C.E. Reichl  
T. Sales  
A.M. Soper  
D.P. Stansfield

### MARCH 1993

Mohammed Alvi  
Michelle Cowan  
Amanda Jones  
Alison Soper

Amanda Jones  
Anthony Mawson  
Robert Moodie  
Morgan Parry  
Claire Reichl  
Terence Sales  
Alison Soper  
Sally Ward

Anthony Mawson  
Robert Moodie  
Terence Sales  
Sally Ward

Lt. M.P. Jones



## RECRUIT PLATOON

Following the presentation to the Third Year in May the Army Section acquired 40 new recruits, the largest number we can remember. Their first Field Day at Holcombe Moor was a crash-course in basic fieldcraft such as field signals, section formations, basha building and compo eating! They were also introduced to the Cadet Weapon, given tips for their equipment and of course enjoyed some drill! The day ended with a wet walk through the Krypton Factor Assault Course.

Twenty-five of these recruits came to camp in July and their learning curve went perpendicular! They had a great time and put in a tremendous amount of hard work and enthusiasm. I was particularly impressed with Recruits Geraldine Brook, Philip Buxton, Edward Choularton, Michael Dodd, Chris Longsdon, Katrina McKay, Francesca Matthews, Miles Newton, Rachel Nightingale and Colin Ogden. However, the best male recruit was judged to be Guy Brocklehurst and the best female recruits were Frances Edwards and Jane Lawson and they were presented with a small shield at the Camp debrief.

Lt. M.P. Jones.

## THE KING'S CUP



King's Cup Team and Shield, Warcop, 1992.

Standing: Lt. Col. M.G.C. Amlôt, Cpls. David Grove and James Brocklehurst, C/Sgt. Edward Buckley, Sgt. Simon Copsey, Cpl. Gareth Roberts, Lt. M.P. Jones.

Kneeling: L/Cpls. Sally Ward (the first female cadet to represent the School in the King's Cup), Andrew Chance and Dominic Stansfield.

*(Photo: Capt. A. Simkin)*

The competition was once again held at Warcop Camp. Sixteen Contingents or Detachments took part. We were determined to improve on our third position from last year and for the first time the School was represented by a mixed team. All the cadets were to be tested on seven basic military skills.

The format of the competition was very similar to last year. We did well on the Inspection, coming third, with a score of 48 out of 50. However, Ormskirk A.C.F. did exceptionally well compared to last year, and they were joint winners along with Merchant Taylor's C.C.F. with scores of 49. We then rushed up to the Individual Battle Scoring Range (I.B.S.R.) where we were the first contingent to shoot. This proved a serious disadvantage since the practice was not explained to our team and the newly-arrived teams could watch where the targets were. We were extremely disappointed to come last, and were even more determined to make up for this setback. Our revenge came quickly. We put in excellent all-round performances on the Map-Reading (second), the Field Craft (third) and the March and Shoot (second). We were then faced with the daunting challenge of having to beat Merchant Taylor's A team's competition record on the rigid raider boats if we were to stay in contention. Our team had to row a rigid raider across a 100 metre stretch of water, pick up a full jerry-can and return to the starting point in under 4 minutes. It seemed an impossible task but in the best traditions of the Corps, the team excelled themselves. We broke all records to win overall with a time of 3m 58sec. It was fantastic to see such guts and determination. Morale was high when we took part in the Sports Competition (Football and Volleyball) coming fourth



overall. Finally we put in a spirited performance over the assault course, the March and then got the best score on the falling plates range. It was fitting that we came second on this last event and indeed came second overall. Merchant Taylor's A team were worthy winners.

The shield for coming second was presented by Lieutenant Colonel Amlot, Commanding Officer of 5/8 Kings. We had put in a very pleasing performance, first in the Falling Plate and Watermanship, with a competition record; second in Map reading and the March and Assault Course (both an improvement on last year); third in Field Craft and the Inspection, fourth in the Sports and sixteenth on the I.S.B.R. All the Officers were very proud of the team's performance. In the last four competitions we have finished in the top three and no other Contingent has such a record. The team consisted of: C/Sgt. Edward Buckley (Captain), Sgt. Simon Copsey (2nd i/c), Cpl Gareth Roberts, L/Cpls James Brocklehurst, Andrew Chance, David Grove, Dominic Stansfield and Sally Ward.

Lt. M.P. Jones

## ADVENTUROUS TRAINING CAMP, CAPEL CURIG, 1-8 APRIL

### PROGRAMME

THURS. 1ST APRIL	Meet W.H.G.S. 1230 Depart W.H.G.S. 1330; Arrive CCTC 1600
FRI. 2ND APRIL	Check tents, pack day-sac for hill walk, map/compass work, micro-navigation.
SAT. 3RD APRIL	A.M. Expedition preparation (stores, rations, kit, route-cards) Lunch at CCTC P.M. Move to Rhyd-Ddu - Expedition begins.
SUN. 4TH APRIL	Expedition all day - Pennant Ridge.
MON. 5TH APRIL	Expedition all day - Snowdon via Rhyd-Ddu path. Transport from Pen y Pass to CCTC. Endx.
TUES. 6TH APRIL & WED. 7TH APRIL	Rock climbing, abseiling, orienteering, canoeing, mountain biking (cadets choose two or three activities over the two days).
THURS. 8TH APRIL	Clean up billets/stores. Load vehicles. Hand over accommodation. Depart CCTC 1000 Arrive WHGS 1300 Unload vehicles. Dispersal.

Places on Camp were again much in demand this year and we could probably have taken fifty cadets had we been able to provide sufficient adults to supervise them. The weather was a little hostile and affected the Expedition to the extent that the Snowdon route was changed from Rhyd-Ddu to the trusty (and much more sheltered) Miners' Track. Even here conditions become pretty severe, and the wind eventually drove us off the mountains down to the safety of Pen y Pass.

Cadets were introduced to new skills and challenges, all of which required patience, perseverance, courage, co-operation and teamwork, and these qualities were all much in evidence. The leadership of the Senior N.C.O.'s Wayne Mason, Simon Copsey, Edward Buckley and Peter Ireland was of a high calibre and their confidence and experience enabled the younger cadets to respect and emulate them. We shall miss this group of senior boys very much and remember them all for different aspects of their personality. Peter will be recalled chiefly for his legendary fearlessness and his proud ability to bear pain (especially in public places!). Having sustained a deep and bloody gash in his hand after falling off his MTB at some speed on a forest trail, he proceeded to bind the wound tightly with black tape, which he removed only with reluctance. Later, on Summer Camp, while taking part in the assault course competition, he was distinctly heard to yell to another cadet who was struggling to scale the ten-foot wall, "Stand on my head, stand on my head!"

During the week the Contingent was supported in one way or another by Mr. Mel Sherwin, our excellent chef, Sgt. Dougie Yates 26CTT, our unshakeably optimistic climbing instructor, Mr. Nigel Veevers and daughters, Mrs. Fisher, who helped swell our adult ranks on Snowdon, and by Jonathan Greenhowe (sous-chef), Jayne Bond (i/c female cadets), Martyn Bratt and Giles Fisher (MTB leaders) and Mike Wilson, all Old Hulmeians who attended Camp for varying lengths of time to help us out. All this involvement from outside the Camp is appreciated by officers and cadets alike, and greatly enhances the Camp.

James White and Zoë Fisher represented the R.A.F. Section this Easter and James was pressed into service in the kitchens. I do not think he has ever worked so hard before!

Ed Buckley was promoted to CSM at the end of Camp, recognising his unstinting and consistent efforts on behalf of the Corps over four years, his willingness to volunteer for any task and the excellent example he always sets. Matthew Newns also received promotion to Colour Sergeant. He had been an excellent storeman, placid, reliable, efficient and always polite. He had even changed his nationality on Camp so as to become even more tight-fisted - a vital prerequisite for a QM!

Major Fisher



## SKILLS-AT-ARMS MEETING



Our 1993 CSAAM Team.  
(Photo: Maj. D.M. Fisher)

Four cadets represented the Army Section at the annual Cadet Skill-At-Arms Meeting held at Altcar Ranges from 14th-16th May, 1993.

The first shoot involved three separate practices on the Electronic Target Range (E.T.R.) for the Ensign Rifle Match. The highest possible score was 400. We did not shoot well at all, scoring a poor 104 and came 33rd out of 40 teams. However, we improved throughout the weekend. The second shoot for the Montgomery of Alamein trophy involves three rather complicated practices. The team shot fairly well, especially at the 200m targets and scored 137 out of 340, and came 26th. The third shot was for the Earl Roberts Trophy. This required very accurate firing over a sustained period. We did well to score 127 out of 400, but were disappointed at coming 30th out of 40. The last shoot was the Falling Plate knock-out. Unfortunately we drew against the overall winners Sedbergh, who knocked us out in the first round.

Overall the weekend was invaluable in learning about marksmanship principles, safety drills and the need for constant practice. The contingent was represented by C/Sgt. Newns, Cpls. Lewis, Sheldon and Whittingham.

Lt. M.P. Jones.

## CENTRAL CAMP, ST. MARTIN'S PLAIN, FOLKESTONE

Folkestone was a long way to travel to an unknown Camp in an unfamiliar area, so the Contingent of fifty-five cadets, two Under Officers and three Officers arrived at St. Martin's Plain in a mood of healthy northern scepticism. We need not have worried, for although our large numbers of cadets proved difficult to manage on some of the training packages, the standard of training from the four Cadet Training Teams on hand was extremely high and nothing was too much trouble.

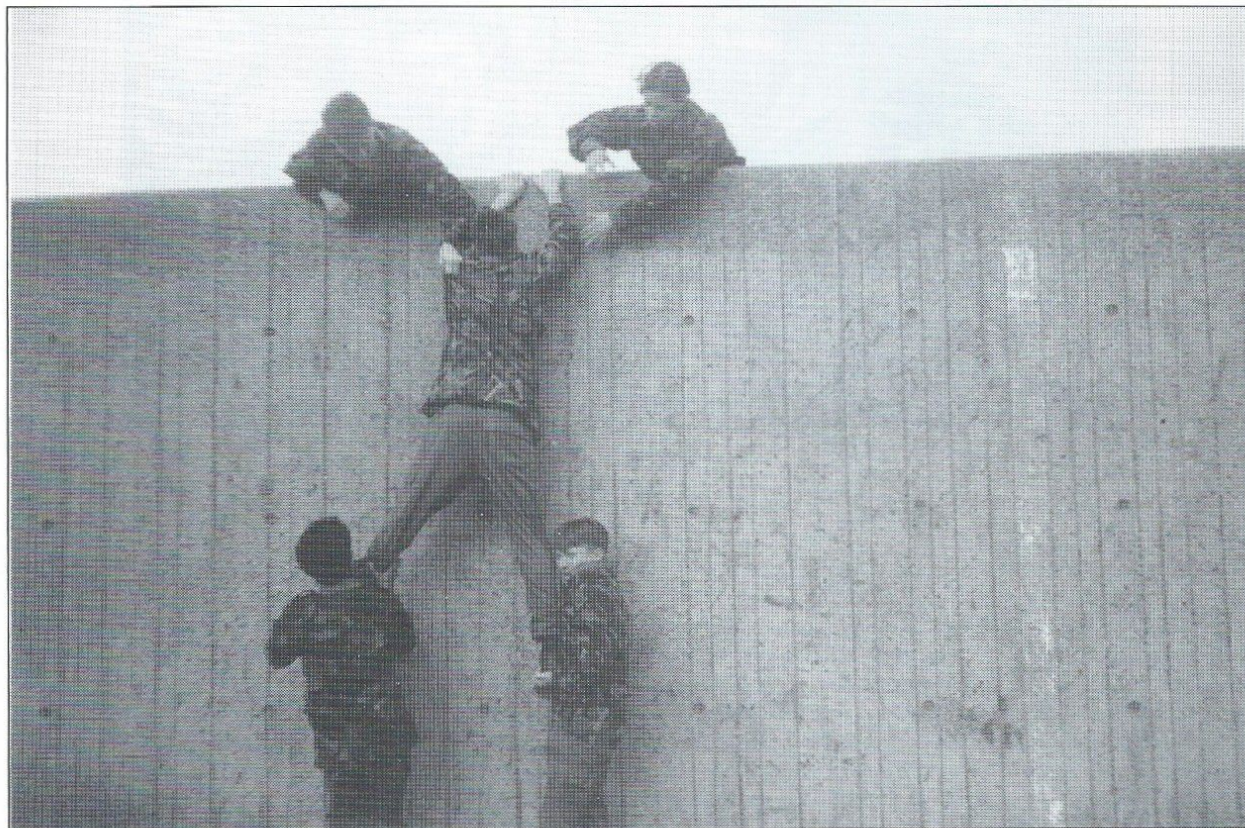
Unusually the consolidated programme provided only four days of training, so on Days One and Six we were left entirely to our own devices. The first day had already been planned. Cadets from the Senior and Junior Platoons gave individual weapons instruction (under supervision) to the recruits, a session which culminated in various competitions designed by Lt. Jones to sharpen up all the cadets' weapon handling skills and to ensure they had fun doing so. In the afternoon Capt. Simkin ran the 30m range while Lt. Jones took over Area B to do some preparation for the following day with the recruits. Amongst the firers, Robert Moodie, Ankish Patel, Alex Warhurst and Alice Caine shot particularly well. A visit from Mr. Loveland was appreciated by everyone with the possible exception of one anonymous Third Form recruit who, on noticing the Second Master observing his activities with interest, asked indignantly, "What are you doing here?"

That night the Contingent bivouacked and took part in a simple exercise. Unfortunately the O.C. had to return to Camp at nightfall to look after his guest.

The following day was devoted to Infantry Skills Training, and after instruction and demonstration, the cadets worked at mine-clearing, a platoon assault on a position and an exciting CQB course where targets pop up in front of them as they patrol through a wood and they have to fire then take cover until it is safe to move on. The recruits set up and ran an extremely effective ambush.



Watermanship and live firing following the next day. The former included canoeing, rafting and paddling, rigid raiders, all with a strong element of fun combined with challenge. Those waiting kept warm by practising various harmless games, including rugby and sumo wrestling (it's all on the video!). The afternoon on the E.T.R. (electronic target range) was successful, if rather hurried. Everyone fired either the CP rifle or the LSW and many fired both. In the competition shoot-out between Cpl Brocklehurst and Cdt Nunney, the Senior Cadet appropriately won but only by a whisker. Both of them gained full marks up to that stage, a feat matched by only two other cadets in the previous two weeks of camp.



Recruit Miles Newton gets over the ten foot wall on the assault course with a lot of help from his friends.  
(Photo: Lt. M.P. Jones)

Back at SMP after dinner the Contingent was taken through the assault course as a preliminary to the Munden Trophy, an inter-Contingent competition we were to enter the following evening. We were only able to enter a single team of six cadets and ours was particularly strong, including cadets from the Fourth, Fifth, Lower and Upper Sixth forms. Twice over the assault course, then ten rounds timed shooting was very demanding but our team gained full points for the assault course leg and shot well, ending up tenth out of the twenty-seven contingents who had entered.

The morning had been spent feeling our way round a normally straight-forward orienteering course in appallingly cold, wet and misty conditions. Under these trying circumstances, we did better than we might have expected and fastest times were achieved by Sgt. Anthony Sheldon and Rct. Francesca Matthews. Both these cadets received presentation shields at the end of Camp.

The signals package in the afternoon of this fourth full day included instruction in and out of the classroom and an exercise within the Camp perimeter. In the evening the team from Royal Signals gave cadets the opportunity of obtaining their Signals Classification (together with the crossed flags badges to sew onto their uniforms). Several cadets achieved this at the first attempt, but full results are still awaited from the Regiment.

The following day's exercise was the culmination of our training programme and brought together much of what had been absorbed during the week. A harbour area was set up in thick woods, sentries posted, patrols sent out then debriefed on their return. The cadets were tactical from the moment they left the four-tonners at the edge of the training area, so they were under constant pressure to listen, concentrate and keep their wits about them. This was almost too demanding for some of our recruits but they just about saw it through.





"O" Group.

Left to right: Gareth Roberts (Platoon Sergeant), Ed Buckley (Platoon Commander), Giles Fisher (Under-Officer), Matt Newns (No. 1 Section), Anthony Sheldon (No. 2 Section), and Pete Ireland (No. 3 Section).

(Photo: Lt. M.P. Jones)

When we moved out of the harbour everyone had to travel very fast alongside open ground, across a track and into a wooded valley where an ambush was to be set. This required another long period of silence, until the enemy appeared below and were efficiently dispatched. From then on life became hard for everyone. As the section commanders tried to lead their sections through a variety of terrains, enemy patrols were constantly attacking and throwing into disarray the tired cadets and making command and control, especially for CSM Buckley, overall Platoon Commander, extremely difficult. All the problems confronted by soldiers in the field were experienced by our cadets: being cold, damp and hungry, having difficulty cocking and firing weapons as the day wore on, running out of ammunition and trying to keep one's morale high when being alternately fired on and shouted at with bewildering frequency! It was a very tough day indeed, especially since, after a lengthy break for the CTT to hand over to the Contingent's own officers and for everyone to eat, we started again with a simplified exercise to try and put right what had not worked so well during the day. With the threat of a long, damp night under bivouacs hanging over their heads, the cadets performed with vigour and enthusiasm, earning the right to a warm bed back in Camp. RSM Harry Williams, our Administration Assistant from 42 Brigade in Preston, took the trouble to drive down to Kent to visit us during the evening and it was nice to hear his complimentary remarks about our cadets and their training.

Weapon cleaning began at 6.30 the next day, as we had to return some rifles kindly lent to us by The Perse School, before they began their exercise at 7.30. Despite the time this was a tremendous effort by our cadets and all the weapons were returned on time. The Perse Officers were delighted with the condition of the thirty weapons we handed back! After breakfast the Contingent was transported to Dover in trucks for a day off before returning to Manchester. Arrangements had been made for us to leave the vehicles in the barracks of the Royal Green Jackets near Dover Castle and it was in the grounds of the Castle that most of the day was spent.



Haversack rations at Dover Castle. Cadets Alice Caine, Laura Owen, Natalie Mason, Carrie Litherland and Abby Hyams.

(Photo: Lt. M.P. Jones)



At the Camp Debrief on this last evening various presentations were made (Best Shot, Fastest Orienteers, Munden Trophy Team) and several promotions and commendations made. Most of these have been mentioned in Platoon Officers' notes, but the following senior promotions need recording: to RSM CSM Edward Buckley, to CSM, C/Sgt Peter Ireland, to C/Sgt, Sgt Gareth Roberts, to Sgt, Cpl Debbie Segal and to Cpl J/Cpl Zoë Fisher. C/Sgt Matthew Newns and Sgts. Jonathan Lamb, Anthony Sheldon and Joe Lewis had received promotion earlier.

This turned out to be an excellent Camp and William Hulme's cadets were once again a credit to the School. There is a handful of recruits who have a little to learn still about respect and discipline and whose attitudes surprised some of our established cadets, but they know now what is expected of them.

I should like to thank Under Officers Jayne Bond and Giles Fisher for coming with us and making the officers' job a little easier.

Capt. Brian Page has left 26 CTT, much to our regret. He and his team have given us the highest possible level of support and co-operation, as well as being scrupulously reliable and efficient always and we shall miss him very much indeed. His replacement as OC 26CTT is Major Andrew Goodall 1 KINGS to whom we extend a warm welcome.

Finally, a word about the Corps's unsung heroes, our hard-working storemen. Following in a long and distinguished line which includes Richard Hulse, Jonathan Greenhowe and Danny Wilks, then Simon Copsey and Edward Buckley, Matthew Newns and Gareth Roberts have run the busy stores all year efficiently and uncomplainingly, and with little reward. This is a very important job and one which in some schools requires a part-time adult. It is many-faceted and challenging and requires organisational and administrative skills, detailed knowledge of our weapons, radios and uniforms of course, the ability to deal with demanding cadets (of both sexes and of all shapes and sizes), patience, good humour, considerable initiative and above all a willingness to devote hour after hour of one's free time to the task. I am exceedingly grateful to all our Storemen past and present. I value their help and their good company very much. Next year the job is being rationalised by splitting the two main areas of responsibility and giving these to two separate pairs of cadets. Sgts. James Brocklehurst and Andrew Chance will look after the armoury and adventure training side of things, while Sgts. Sally Ward and Kathryn Arran will take over the uniform stores. This should lessen the individual burden somewhat, yet provide more cadets to take charge on such high pressure occasions as weapons inspections and uniform issue and stores organisation before and after Camps and Field Days.

Major D.M. Fisher,  
Contingent Commander.

P.S. We are pleased to learn that Giles Fisher has been awarded a Naval Bursary for his three years at London University. Giles left us from U6L in 1992.

—Ed.

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## RAF Section

The Section's meetings after school on Mondays prepare its members for visits to RAF bases, both on Field Days and Camps. Once a term, on Field Days, there is a chance to go flying. Cadet Smith had his first opportunity this year:

Parachute on, safety harness locked, I was ready for my first flight in a Chipmunk. With clearance from the Control Tower we began to move down the taxiway. The noise was horrific, what with the engine and interference from the radio. In a few moments we were lined up with the runway and waiting to take off. I heard the engine get louder as the revs increased. Seconds later we were cruising through the air, gaining height all the time. The ground looked like a model railway, miniaturised and peaceful. Because it was my first flight I couldn't do aerobatics but I managed to take control and line the plane up for landing. All in all the flight was very exciting and enjoyable.

There is a chance to spend a week at an RAF base both at Easter and during the summer. Junior Corporals Vine and Butterworth spent a week at RAF Coningsby in Lincolnshire. After a three-hour minibus journey, including a stop at McDonald's where we were served by a waiter who looked like David Baddiel, we arrived at the base. We were assigned in groups of seven to houses, generally familiarising ourselves with the base.

In the evening we were shown the way by the two senior NCOs to the Junior Ranks' mess, where we had our first meal on the base. We were all surprised by the choice and quality of the food. After the meal we had ten minutes to prepare ourselves for a briefing by the Camp Commandant.

RAF Coningsby is the largest air defence base in Britain. It has three resident Tornado squadrons, a Wessex helicopter Air-Sea Rescue Squadron and an Air Experience Flight, which gave the cadets at least two chances to experience flying for themselves. Some cadets were able to do aerobatics and take control of the aircraft. We were flying Chipmunks, the basic training aircraft used by the RAF.

The next day we were split into two flights for section visits and the drill competition. Among other sections we visited the Fire Station, the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight, Air Traffic control and the Air Maintenance Flight, which was by far the most interesting and where most of the cadets were able to sit in and work on Tornados.

A few days later we chose our work experience options, for which we split up into smaller groups for either a half or full day's experience working in our chosen sections. Later on we went swimming and had the chance to get an RAF swimming certificate. Other activities included a night exercise, a visit to a football match and a day of free time in Lincoln.

The other cadets were from Leeds, Oxford and Edinburgh. They were all CCF and not ATC and the whole camp ran quite smoothly.

Cadet Westbrook went on her first camp, to Lossiemouth, not far from Elgin in the north of Scotland:

We met outside school at 7.45 am and all the new cadets were very excited. The weather was dull when we set off and stayed dull for the rest of the week except for Friday, when it was quite sunny. We arrived at RAF Lossiemouth after a nine-hour journey and were shown to our barracks (i.e. bedrooms).



The activities started on the Saturday and the days were packed full throughout the week, although most evenings were left free. Much of the time was taken up with inter-flight competitions which included leadership courses, getting across rivers using wooden barrels and rope, races on assault courses (which were probably the hardest of all as they demanded stamina, strength and determination) and of course the annual drill competition, which was won by Flight D under the instruction of Sergeant Pimblott.

Other activities included work experience, which ranged from Air Traffic Control to RAF Police and Search and Rescue. Shooting was arranged but you had first to have passed your shooting safety test. This did not prevent Cadet Hodges, shooting for the first time, from gaining his Marksman badge, which he was more than pleased about. Swimming, orienteering and football were also organised. The best part of the camp, though, was the flying in a Chipmunk, which was a novel experience for most cadets.

Overall the camp was successful and enjoyable. All the new cadets, attending their first camp, have said they want to go on the next one.

The RAF section offers cadets experience of a considerable range of activities. One of these is a chance to learn how to fly a glider. Corporal Davies survived this:

After a rather apprehensive beginning, the gliding week turned out to be one of the most exhilarating but gruelling of my life. Every day we averaged approximately seven flights, usually lasting ten minutes each, depending on the thermals. All seven of the gliders were used - the skies looked as though a flock of seagulls was circling above the field all the time.

At the camp everything was very relaxed, which was a pleasant surprise because at all the camps I have been on we have had to wear our uniform and do drill. At RAF Sealand we never took out our uniforms and had the luxury of getting up at the late time of 8 o'clock. The food was very good, if fairly scarce, but we hardly noticed as we were so wrapped up in our gliding.

The highlight of the week was unquestionably when I flew the glider myself or "solo" as the pilots called it. The adrenalin pumps and the sweat floods because you know that there is no instructor behind you in case your life is in danger. You are both totally overjoyed that you are flying it yourself but on the other hand there is the very serious side, that you are relying solely on your own abilities. For me the most memorable point of the flight was the landing when I nearly gave my Pilot-instructor a heart attack. It turned out to be an excellent landing - but it was several hundred metres shorter than the distance most cadets manage to land in.

We spent about ten hours on the airfield a day but they went past very quickly, so quickly in fact that it felt that we had hardly been there at all. I was very sorry when it was time to go as I had made many new amusing friends, instructors included. My gliding licence and group photograph are mementos of an intensely enjoyable experience.

For senior cadets there is a chance to find out whether they can take it when the going gets tough by attending the Air Cadet Leadership Course at RAF Hereford. Sergeant Vickers describes how he found it:

The aim of this course is to give cadets experience in leadership skills. Teaching takes place in the classroom and out in the fields. The latter requires a high standard of fitness. This means that before you apply for the course you take a Basic Fitness Test, which means you should be able to run for one and a half miles in under 11 minutes. Once you have proved this, you can apply for this course. Selection is based on achievements both in School and out of school, your record in the CCF and a report filed by your Section Commander.

The course itself is tough but prestigious. There is almost no free time. The days are long and strenuous. Immediately after our arrival and the allocation of billets, we received a briefing on the format of the course.

It was split into two parts: part one at RAF Hereford and part two in the Welsh countryside. Anyone who did not meet the required standards would have to leave. After the briefing there was an inspection, at 23.55, of kit and the billet. We, the cadets, knew it would be a hard week.

At 5.30 the next morning we did more fitness training. Then we spent the rest of the day on a 20km hike in blisteringly hot weather with loaded rucksacks (sunburn is considered a self-inflicted injury and given no sympathy). The next two days were spent doing drill, going to lectures and perfecting leadership skills, which were learnt both in the classroom and by performing command tasks. Fitness tests were done every morning at 5.30. Anyone not passing was "given the chop" and found him- or herself on the next train home.

The end of the Phase 1 drew near and on Wednesday at 1900 hours the names were read out of those continuing to phase two. The large number of eight people had by now got the chop. Fortunately I was not among them. Throughout Phase 1 I had longed to go home, thinking that I would never pass and grumbling about the various blisters, cuts, bruises etc, which I had acquired.

Most people were doing the same but during the free evening at the end of Phase 1 we began to realise that the combined suffering of everyone in my flight had brought us closer together and moulded us into a team. Team spirit and the moral of our flight soared. I now know that the hardships made us work together better over Phase 2.

Phase 2 was carried out in a muddy field somewhere in Wales, beside a muddy, foul-smelling canal. At Hereford teamwork was applied even to the loading of supplies. All the practice and theory learnt in Phase 1 were about to be put to the test. We slept in bivouacs built by ourselves, ate from ration-packs in a muddy field and washed in a farmer's shed. Throughout, however, cleanliness was most important, not just for your own personal benefit, but also for those around you. We were inspected on a regular basis (after every meal). Dirty mess-tins were hurled away by the officers. Those with dirty fingernails were made to run around the camp - which was rather amusing for those not having to do it.

The leadership exercises were now on a much larger scale and much more difficult. As my confidence grew, I became a more effective leader and started to enjoy myself.

Everyone returned to RAF Hereford and spent an evening of thorough cleaning and kit preparation. This was followed in the late evening by the final de-brief, a one-to-one meeting with the officer in charge of your flight. Your report was read through, your performance throughout the course was discussed and, most importantly, you were told whether you had passed or failed. Most of those who were left, including myself, passed the course and were allowed to take part in the final parade. The final achievement was that my flight (D Flight) was declared to be "best flight" i.e. the one which had worked together best as a team.



The sun has long set on the British Empire. However the odd far-flung outpost still survives with an RAF base. One of these is RAF Akrotiri, on Cyprus. Corporal Hodge was fortunate enough to have the chance to visit this exotic part of the world:

Back in January I was offered a place on an overseas camp at RAF Akrotiri on southern Cyprus. It was an opportunity not to be missed. So in the Easter holidays I travelled down to Luton on my own for the two week camp.

The evening in Luton was spent at "Airbridge House", which was a sort of hotel for servicemen. Next morning we were woken at about 3.00 am to leave for the airport and our flight to Akrotiri. It was hard to imagine that by midday I would be over 1,500 miles away in blistering sunshine. Life on an RAF station overseas is very different from that on a UK base. Obviously the weather is much hotter, so the day begins at 5 o'clock and ends at 3pm to reduce the time spent in the sun. It is mainly due to the guarantee of good weather that the base is so busy. Throughout the year squadrons from UK bases visit Akrotiri for armament to practise. Aircraft practise their firing by shooting at large banners, being pulled 900 feet ahead of the firing point by Hawk aircraft.

The base itself was very large and some parts could only be reached by cycling or getting a taxi. The base had on it various beaches, clubs and cinemas so you could always find something to do. We had many activities to choose from. Activities I took part in included rock climbing, cliff-jumping, sub-aqua, parascending and my favourite - banana boating, which involved sitting on a banana-like dinghy and then being pulled by a speedboat. On another occasion we walked up Mount Olympus, the highest mountain on Cyprus. It was well over 90 degrees but there was snow on the ground. All the above-mentioned activities were done in our own time but, as with most camps, we also went shooting, did work experience and went flying. Unfortunately, for us many of the flights arranged were promised by the officers in the bar and so many never materialised. The flights we did get were brilliant, though. We went up in Wessex and American Black Hawk helicopters as well as flying VC10 transport aircraft. One lucky cadet actually got a flight in one of the Red Arrows, who were out there training and who gave us countless displays.

If I could go back to Cyprus tomorrow, I would. I have nothing but fond memories of what was a brilliant camp, not just for the weather but also for the many friends I made. I would like to thank Flt Lt Keable very much for giving me such an opportunity from which I learnt so much.

The Section is delighted to welcome Pilot Officer Parsons to its ranks. He has already, even before his formal receipt of his commission, enthusiastically joined in the Section's activities.

Much gratitude is, as ever, owed to Flt Lt Keable for the unflagging energy and dedication she devotes to running the Section.

M H Gracey

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## DRAMA



### THE SCHOOL PLAY "MACBETH"

Mr. Lord, and his co-producer Miss Priddle, set their sights high with their choice of Shakespeare's savage masterpiece about ruthless ambition, guilt and revenge in strife-torn eleventh century Scotland. During rehearsals they might well have been forgiven for saying "We will proceed no further in this business", but the final production on December 2nd, 3rd and 4th, was gripping, convincing and thoroughly professional.

'Macbeth' stands or falls by the calibre of the two leading roles, Macbeth himself and his "fiend-like queen". For both of these we were richly blessed in Daniel Riste and Anna Hope. Gaunt-featured Daniel, his eyes now wild, now glazed, had just the right blend of dare-devil aggression, bluster masking a deeper insecurity, morbid introspection, tortuous self-questioning and savage ferocity. His two "mad" soliloquies, with the "dagger of the mind" and with Banquo's ghost, were spine-chilling, with his riveting performance enhanced further by the rhythmic beat of a single drum as if it were throbbing in his "heat-oppressed brain". His change of mind in the scene with Anna from inaction to the "folie à deux" as they prepare for Duncan's murder was a highlight, and in Act V, as he slowly realised that the game was up, he maintained his energy and avoided the trap of mere ranting. Above all, Daniel brought out Macbeth's obsessive self-absorption as he sought desperately, first to implement, then to thwart the witches' cryptic prophecies.



2/3/4 DECEMBER 7.30<sup>pm</sup>

# MACBETH

Adults £2.50 Children £1.50



Tickets for Sale in the Old Hall

by Jonathan



Anna Hope was outstanding as Lady Macbeth. As she hatched the devilish murder she was the cunning schemer totally taken up by her plot which she was then able to "sell" to her husband with utter conviction. But even in her strident speeches of Acts I and II, she conveyed the inner insecurity, even fear, behind the character's determined exterior. This was a sensitive interpretation because when, in the sleep-walking scene, she later proves unable to practise what she has preached ("A little water clears us of this deed") and resorts to repeated, compulsive and futile "hand-washing", we recognise that the seeds of this disintegration have been there all along. Her "mithering", swift, irregular mincing steps and intense agitation in word and movement throughout this scene were particularly memorable - we really felt that we were eavesdropping on a particularly tragic case in a mental hospital. A vibrant performance; Anna is a very gifted actress by any standards.

The rest of the cast inhabited their roles convincingly as well; there was no weak link. Alok Jha (Duncan) was the perfect benevolent ruler, courteous but confident and authoritative, ready to recognise true worth in his subjects and not afraid to be genuinely self-critical and emotional. Alok's clear, calm and warm delivery were ideal for this part, and his stage movements were well managed in the early scenes - he moved easily among his thanes, clearly first among equals rather than setting himself above them. This all makes his undeserved murder the more horrific. Manish Das as Banquo was, like Duncan, Macduff and Ross, very much "Mr. Nice Guy", beautifully spoken in measured, standard English helping his friend Macbeth to come to terms with what the witches have said; again this emphasises the treachery of his later betrayal and murder by Macbeth. Richard Pimblott was just right for Macduff - Richard is always basically of an even disposition but can express anguish and horror when confronted with it on the stage, which gives it more impact in contrast to his normal style! Macduff has to react both to the sight of the slain Duncan and to the news of his wife's and children's murders "at one fell swoop". These were challenges indeed, but Richard brought them off well; the frenzy of the first was a foil to the intense but controlled grief of the second. In his climactic fight with Macbeth he was almost laughing with glee as he cried "Despair thy charm!". Malcolm was portrayed as a down-to-earth Northerner by Tom Donnai, Donaldbain by Jonathan Lamb as a no-nonsense, rough-and-ready soldier. In intelligent, thoughtful tones, Matthew Butterworth as Ross brought out the caring, gentlemanly maturity which the role demanded. This was particularly moving in the scene with Lady Macduff; he will not give cause for scandal by spending the night in her house, even with the innocent and pure intention of protecting her, so he leaves and the whole family is butchered. Nic Owen played Lennox with direct sincerity and outspokenness - his line at the end of the "Banquo ghost" scene, "May better health attend your majesty", was genuine comic relief, with its mixture of fear, bafflement and amusement! He and Ben Myddelton had the difficult task of planning the counter-revolution which will topple Macbeth, and just before the interval too. They did succeed somehow in making these dry bones live. The other thanes were Menteith, played straight and effectively by Ben Myddelton; Siward, played by Jonathan Howarth who caught the audience's sympathy with his gruff readiness to accept his son's death in battle so long as it was an honourable one; and Angus by Alex Rodgers who doubled as the Porter in the famous "Knock, Knock!" scene. In this latter role he was superlative - drunk scenes are always difficult because they can so easily degenerate into farce or cliché; Alex did neither, but showed himself as the experienced trooper he is.



Daniel Riste (Macbeth) sitting on his usurped throne.  
(Photo: J.H. Thomson)



The Witches (Louise Borg, Laura Owen and Michelle Cowan).  
(Photo: J.H. Thomson)



Two other “bit parts”, or more politely, cameo roles really stood out. Claire Reichl was Lady Macduff, a genuine, courteous friend to Ross, a warm-hearted mother teaching her son about misplaced trust with a little wag of the finger and a frenzied, savage vixen when, seeing her son slain and unable to retaliate with her pinned-down arms, she spits contemptuously in the murderer’s face, a brilliant production touch which (dare I say it!) had the edge on Shakespeare’s own stage direction. Rebecca Baron was the Gentlewoman who tells the Doctor about Lady Macbeth’s sleep-walking. Her ironic, throw-away style, her obvious contempt for her mistress and her horror as the truth dawns on her, were beautifully encapsulated; she was a “soubrette” straight out of a play by Molière!

Mr. Lord deliberately told the famous Witches (Louise Borg, Laura Owen and Michelle Cowan) not to be the usual cackling crones but more austere and statuesque. They thus seemed to have escaped from an ancient Greek tragedy, and the comparison is a good one. For the ancient Greeks, our actions are predestined but we must still pay the penalty for them. Indeed, if we know what is to happen, like Oedipus, our very attempts to thwart them may produce the opposite result. The analogy with the Macbeth story is clear, and this was an interesting interpretation. Michelle bravely acted through a severe cold which affected her diction; the overall effect was powerful.

James White and Robin Stephenson were suitably brutal murderers. They made short work of Banquo, Lady Macduff and Young Macduff, but were deprived of some lines in Act III Scene I; Macbeth hired them without an interview! John Foggan as Young Siward, the young soldier whom Macbeth kills just before getting his own comeuppance from Macduff, had all the impetuosity and bravery of youth, receiving his hurts well and truly before. James Vickers had two small but demanding and rewarding parts, as the Sergeant who tells Duncan, while gasping with his own wounds, about Macbeth winning the battle, and the Doctor who observes Lady Macbeth and then tells Macbeth the wise advice for all sufferers from worry and anxiety, “Therein the patient must minister to himself”. He was more successful in the second than in the first, where his wounds seemed very minor, but he acquitted himself with clarity and intelligence. Gareth Roberts as the Old Man in Act II sounded suitably ancient, bending his white head forward as if having it washed by a barber.

Two younger boys did well; Simon Waind as Fleance, who fled for his life at breakneck speed, and Paul Murphy as the insufferable goody-goody Young Macduff. Neither of them fell into the trap of “over-hamming” their assault.

Finally, in the cast, praise is due to the assorted Messengers, Servants, Attendants etc., who are essential to the action and have to turn up to many rehearsals. They often have important lines and speeches, and sometimes (for instance the “cream faced loon” in Act V) put their lives at risk if Macbeth is too much “in the part”! These real “troopers” were played by Asif Majid, Richard Strudwick and Christopher Hewison.

As always, the “backroom boys and girls” played an indispensable role in the success of this production. A particularly memorable feature was the music, partly electronic and suitably atmospheric, composed and compiled entirely by Jonathan Lazarus, partly a “one man percussion band”, Daniel Ramsay, who gave it all he’d got at the start of the military scenes, drowning the noisy tramping of feet whenever the thanes came onto the set en masse! For the third witches’ scene, there was a splendid touch from Mr. Hofton and his stage staff - a great cloud of thick mist (presumably solid carbon dioxide) welling and swirling up from a grating in the apron and “hovering in the fog and filthy air”! But Mr. Lord deliberately avoided gimmicky supernatural effects - Banquo’s ghost, for instance, was left to the imagination. Since only Macbeth sees it anyway (“You look but on a stool”) and since Lady Macbeth explicitly compares this hallucination to the “air-drawn dagger” of Act II Scene I, this decision was obviously a sensible one.

A full list of helpers behind the scenes appears below. To quote the penultimate line of the play, “So thanks to all at once and to each one”.

G.J. Turner.



Anna Hope (Lady Macbeth) in the sleep-walking scene.  
(Photo: J.H. Thomson)



Lighting and Sound:	Dr. M.I. Barker Christina Barnes, Michael Bartlett, Kit Brown, Tomos Cooper, Richard Lamb, Emmanuel Martineau, Andrew Roche.
Stage Staff:	Mr. J.G. Hofton Miss J.A. De Vince Matthew Maunder (Staff Manager) Kathryne Arran, Jenny Colclough (Assistant Stage Managers) Chris Dixon, Sarah Porter (Assistant Stage Managers) Simon Whittingham (Artistic Consultant) Anthony Baron, Lisa Bentley, Zoë Fisher, Oliver Garside, Anisa Gilani, Munazza Jamal, Faresh Maisuria, Sally Ward, with special thanks to Mr. A. Telford, Mr. G.N. Grant and Mr. N.P. Dunn.
Music:	Electronic music composed and compiled by Jonathan Lazarus. Live percussion by Daniel Ramsay.
Make-Up:	Dr. J. Keable, Mr. G.J. Turner, Jackie de Freitas, Carrie Litherland, Laura Owen, Joanne Pollick, Helen Steller, Michelle Swift, Kate Williams.
Properties:	Miss J.A. De Vince
Fight Choreographers:	Peter Ireland and Sébastien Martineau
Costumes:	Mrs. J. Swindlehurst Sophie Crilly, Nicola Miller, Philippa Whittle
Tickets/Front of House:	Miss S.R. Tandon and helpers
Refreshments:	The Bursar



"Macbeth"  
The cast.  
(Photo: J.H. Thomson)



## ‘SMIKE’



The cast of "Smike".  
(Photo: J.H. Thomson)

‘Smike’, a pop musical based on Charles Dickens’ “Nicholas Nickleby”, was performed by members of Staff and the Junior School in the Upper Hall on March 16th and 17th this year. The story of Smike, the pupil at Dotheboys Hall School who wins such sympathy in Dickens’ novel, is set in the framework of a modern school with stern, traditional teaching methods. The Head Master, energetically played by Mr. Goodwin, enjoyed setting his pupils endless tasks and taking boys by the ear! When he asked Smeeton (Anthony Hart, who also played the title role of ‘Smike’) “What do we always say about ruling off?”, Smeeton dutifully replied “Tidy work means a tidy mind, Sir”. (What a splendid school!) The pupils resented being told “Do this! Do that!” so when a new English teacher, Mr. Nicholls (Mr. Hewston, in a fetching green tie) arrived, the children played him up, demanding “freedom of speech”. Mr. Nicholls managed to restore order while insisting that children should enjoy learning. Despite the disapproval of the fussy teacher, Miss Grant (convincingly played by Miss De Vince) he decided to turn “Nicholas Nickleby” into a musical with his pupils. He won the Headmaster over by flattering him into playing the part of Mr. Squeers, “someone with a commanding presence, a certain air of authority, a man of decision, a man quite apart from the crowd.”

The next scene, set in Victorian England, opened with very convincing tears from Belling (Jennie Green), about to be incarcerated in Dotheboys Hall School. Mr. Snorley, played with aplomb by Mr. Thomson, brought two children to Mr. Squeers, who assured him that there would be “no extras, no vacations”, though they both, of course, had “got the youngsters’ interests at heart”. When the mean and crafty Mr. Ralph Nickleby (Mr. M.P. Jones) presented his bashful nephew Nicholas (Mr. Hewston again), the three “meanies” performed a triumphant music hall dance, repeating the by now sinister refrain, “We’ve got the youngsters’ interests at heart”.

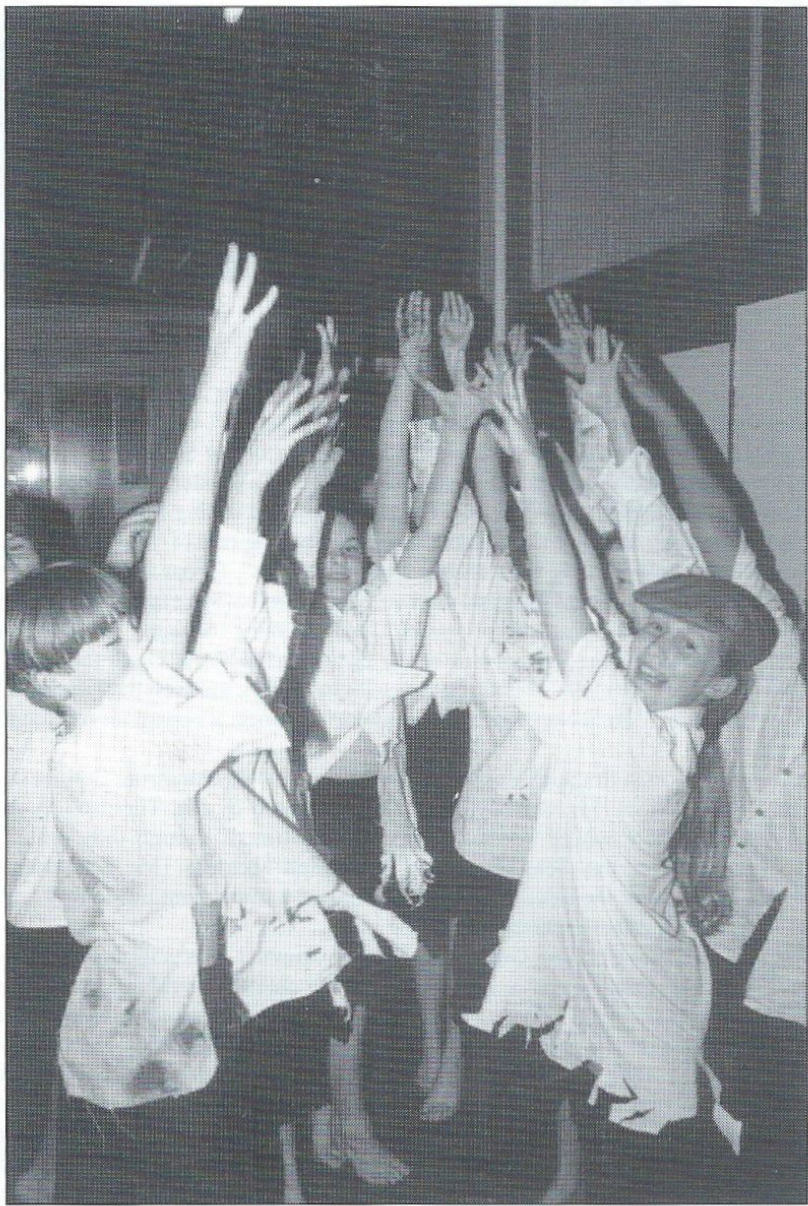
It was difficult to believe that Caroline Grant, Mr. Grant’s daughter, was still at school herself as she played Mrs. Squeers with such convincing sadistic pleasure, as she made sure the children could not reach the tempting food, but were allowed to “smell it from a distance”. Fanny Squeers (Miss De Vince) was much affected by the arrival of the personable Mr. Nickleby. Smike, having been bullied by Mr. Squeers, sang a solo bewailing his life, which was “Killing me inside”. Anthony Hart gave a moving performance here. Nicholas Nickleby consoled him with a punchy number “Don’t let life get you down”, joined by a rousing chorus of the First and Second Year pupils, who played their parts with such enthusiasm throughout the performance. Smike at last began to believe that hope might exist. The second act began with a spirited version of “Dotheboys Rock” (a fleeting vision of Willie Hulme’s Hip, Hop, Hap!). Nicholas Nickleby expressed horror at the thought of not being able to wash (the pumps were frozen) which was a reassuring thought! “Brimstone and Treacle” was very forcefully acted out by all the cast of pupils, with expressions of disgust (though how they managed to sing so lustily after swallowing it was a mystery!) Mrs. Squeers “took against” Mr. Nickleby, calling him a “nasty stuck up monkey... that Knuckleboy” (Mr. Hewston looked downcast). He looked positively alarmed a few moments later as he was pursued first by Mrs. Squeers who told him she could be his “Kind of woman”, impressing a smacking kiss on the reluctant swain’s cheek; then by the rapacious Fanny Squeers, egged on by her “friend” Tilda (Miss Priddle showed an unexpectedly sarcastic side of her character here!). The spurned Fanny created havoc, for which Smike was blamed. But of course our hero put everything to rights, overturning Mr. Squeers’ rule and freeing the boys.



At the end, the scene returned to the modern school, where the children were unaccountably nice to each other, helping to clear up and arranging the benches so that they could see each other. Mr. Hewston pointed out the moral for us all when he sang "You thought that we were always acting" but asked the audience to "believe, believe in what I'm saying". A reprise of "Dotheboys Rock" finished off the play in a suitable energetic and irresponsible way, including, of course, all the adults and "teachers". It was so infectious that all the audience joined in too.

Overall, it was a most enjoyable experience. As so often, it was a communal effort by all involved. Many of the actors have been named but special mention should be made here of Karen Vites as a suitably horrible Wackford Squeers, Joanna Shaw as a winsome and appealing Bolder, Ross Jenkins as Cobbey, Michelle Fearnley as Greymarsh and Levinia Clemetson as the barmaid. The musicians, too, were vital to the production. Edward Barnwell played the keyboards, Howard Jacobs the drums, Colin Harris the bass guitar and Mr. Dewhurst, who was the Musical Director, the piano. Miss De Vince also doubled up as, besides her portrayal of two rather unpleasant ladies, the producer. The success of the performance was a tribute to both her and Mr. Dewhurst and to all those who helped behind the scenes with make-up, costumes, front of House and all those essential tasks without which such events cannot take place.

Mrs. P.A. Treweek



The School Uniform at Dotheboys Hall.  
(Photo: J.H. Thomson)





Messrs. Jones, Goodwin and Thomson have "got the youngsters' interests at heart".  
*(Photo: J.H. Thomson)*



Well, we knew Mr. Hewston was popular, but this is ridiculous!  
*(Photo: J.H. Thomson)*



## HOUSE DRAMA FESTIVAL

### MR AND MRS C J LOWE

When Mr Lowe retired in 1983 after thirty-seven years here (he actually taught Mr Blight!), the last sixteen of them as Second Master, he wrote a letter to the "Hulmeian" which included the words "We hope to remain closely in touch with the School in the years ahead". He and Mrs Lowe have indeed done so in countless ways, not least in their Adjudications of our House Play Festival for the last five years (1989-93 inclusive). Mr Lowe produced a host of plays here between 1949 and 1968 and his wealth of experience, combined with close attention to detail, have informed every page of his and Mrs Lowe's impeccably presented reports. Mrs Lowe too has always played an active part in School life; as the 1983 "Hulmeian" put it, she is "as dedicated to the School as he has been". The present writer had the stage make-up box passed on to him in 1975 by Mr and Mrs Lowe together, after their decades of savouring the "whiff of the grease paint" - the make-up job has now passed in turn to Miss Priddle, Dr. Keable and their gallant team of girls.

Both Mr and Mrs Lowe have been scrupulous in their adjudication reports. They uncompromisingly champion high standards, yet show compassionate understanding (and good humour!) when things go wrong. They will be missed in the adjudicators' chairs, but have assured the House Masters in their letter that they will still want to come to support and enjoy the Festival in the years ahead.

We thank Mr and Mrs Lowe most warmly for their unstinting work as Adjudicators over these last five years. Their report on this year's festival now follows.

G J Turner

## HOUSE PLAYS 1993

### ADJUDICATORS' REPORT

After all the dire warnings about lack of rehearsal time, this year's competition proved to be one of the best we have judged. There were no "disasters", the general standard of acting was higher, production skills were sharper, with a new awareness of the value of lighting different acting areas and the use of the apron stage. The contribution made by the girls was the best so far, and had it not been for Debbie Segal's outstanding performance in 'The Diary of Anne Frank', at least three other girls could have been in with a chance for the Best Actress Award - perhaps their time will come!

The work of the make-up and costume departments was, as always, first-rate; the test of good make-up is when you scarcely notice it because it looks so natural! The care taken over costume was evident throughout - especially those little touches that help to establish a character or mood. As for the lighting and effects department, they deserve the warmest congratulations - and when a telephone fails to ring you can always rely on an experienced actor to fill the breach!

The Houses are to be congratulated on the variety and interest of their programme designs, while visitors to the Competition must be impressed by the warmth of the welcome and the pleasant "introduction" to each play.

On a personal note we should like to thank Mr. Turner for looking after us so well, and thank the School for putting up with us once again.

After due deliberation we arrived at the following order:

- 1) Dalton - "The Diary of Anne Frank"
- 2) Byrom - "Return Journey" & "The Stolen Prince"
- 3) = Heywood - "The Editor Regrets"  
Whitworth - "Out for the Count"
- 4) = Fraser - "The Flaming Blade"  
Gaskell - "South Seas Sighting"

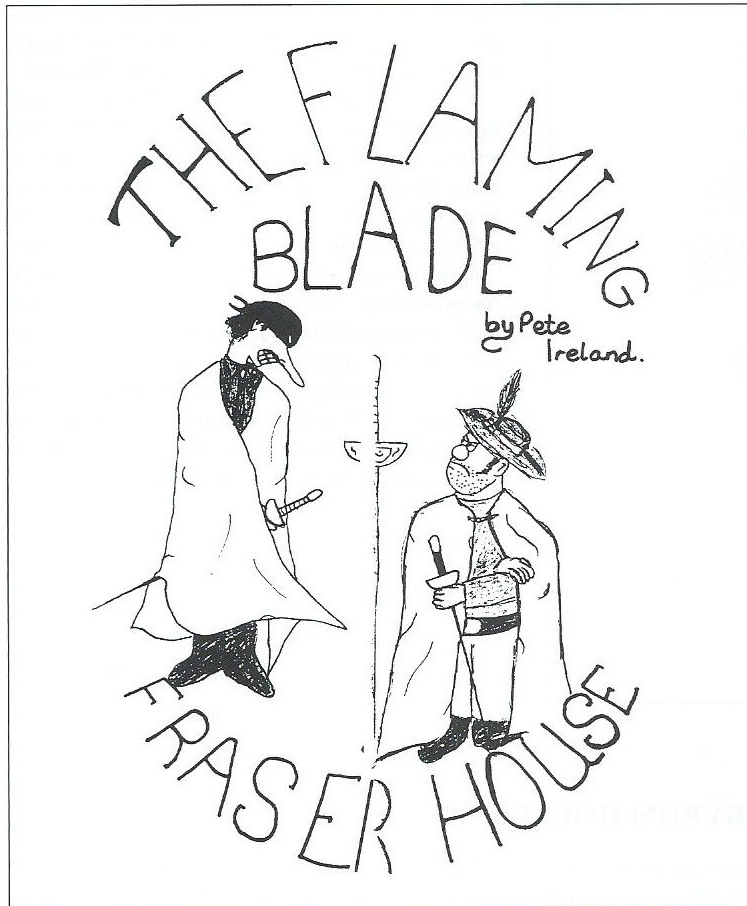
We nominated Daniel Riste of Whitworth for the Best Actor Award and Debbie Segal of Dalton for the Best Actress, with special commendations to Alex Rodgers and Alison Soper, both of Byrom.

Jean & Chris Lowe.



## FRASER HOUSE

The 1993 House Play Competition began very promisingly with a genuinely “home-made” product, written and produced by Peter Ireland, who also swashed a first-class buckle as a performer. “The Flaming Blade” made no pretensions



to be great drama - how could it be when the first sentence spoke of “my love for you is as fresh as the first moment I laid eyes on you”, and a character introduces himself as “Baron Juan Mickaste Rodregez Coff Coff the Second”? We are in the realm of melodrama, where disbelief is willingly suspended, but where pace, straight-forward acting, coupled with outrageous overacting, rule supreme, and where the action moves easily from place to gay bar to countryside to villain’s lair. The whole cast responded to the challenge in splendid style - the wimpish Kevin was transformed into a sparkling Flaming Blade by Sébastien Martineau, who clearly relished both parts, speaking clearly, moving easily and providing a cutting edge whether as chiropodist or swordsman. His betrothed, Caroline, played by Sally Ward, was always very audible, but was perhaps a shade too romantically restrained, though she made up for it with her thoroughly unladylike “Kill’im, you girly!” The afore-mentioned Baron was played by Allan Bulwich, suitably bearded and appropriately costumed, with a nice line in head gear which helped to make an effective entrance with the aid of the statuesque Pedro, Paul Bagnall. As the villain the Baron needed a little more bite - his scenes required those touches of over-exaggeration that are at the heart of melodrama. “Straight” parts were very well filled by Leila Jalali as Sharon

(always audible), and James White as a peasant (appropriately costumed and speaking very much in character). Manish Das gave an excellent cameo performance as the old wise woman, and a delightfully imaginative touch was provided by Edward Buckley and Peter Ireland (again!) as the “horses” on which the final chase took place. Ireland had already distinguished himself in a splendidly staged duel with the Flaming Blade, in which the whole stage and the table-top played their part!

The scene in the so-called gay bar earlier in the play was discreetly subdued, but the “extras” played their part in providing the right setting for the transformation of Kevin into the Flaming Blade, a transformation aided by an excellent running commentary from the pianist, Colin Harris.

The author of the play knew his stuff - a custard pie was effectively applied, the Baron died in appropriately spasmodic agonies and Good triumphed over Evil. Altogether a thoroughly entertaining start to the competition.

## HEYWOOD HOUSE

“The Editor Regrets” by Michael Brett took us into the world of the local newspaper, ruled over by a ferociously efficient editress, played by Christina Barnes; hers was a closely observed exhibition of authoritarianism, softened by occasional glimpses of a gentler nature. She looked the part and made effective use of variations in tone and pace, both when trying to placate an angry businessman and when giving one of her reporters the sack. With a name like Maxwell, the reporter was bound to suggest trouble - and Richard Pimblott saw to it that he did. Looking like a cast-off from “Drop the Dead Donkey” with his long white mack and colourful tie, he played the part of the enthusiastic but accident-prone dogsbody whose memory, on which he prided himself, occasionally failed him. His accusation of bigamy against the fiancé of the daughter of a prominent businessman led to his dismissal. Jonathan Ghazi as the angry businessman was very impressive in voice and bearing, while Melissa Seger was appropriately spoilt and petulant as his daughter; her fiancé, played by Gareth Roberts, was given little to get his teeth into, but could perhaps have suggested a little more of the





smarminess of the practised conman that he turned out to be. A soothing influence in the turbulent world of the newspaper industry was provided by the editress's secretary, Stella, very well played by Louise Borg; she was well contrasted with her overpowering boss, and showed a good range of gesture and tone, especially in her dealings with George Maxwell.

The staging showed ingenuity and imagination, with the two offices at different levels. The secretary had the hardest task in being audible as some of her best moments were played from the back of the stage, while the editress, though always audible, was too often "sideways on" in her big scenes, with little scope for movement. The comic business was handled well, even including an improvised telephone bell - it was unfortunate that from time to time the pace slackened when loss of memory became too apparent. It was, however, a very successful production on which the director, Jonathan Ghazi, and his team are to be congratulated.

## BYROM HOUSE

Byrom has a long tradition of mounting adventurous and unconventional productions for the Competition and this year was no exception - a double bill, taking us from a snow-bound Swansea to a sun-lit China. The choice of Dylan Thomas's "Return Journey" was indeed a bold one, as it is very largely a monologue, with "bit-parts" and "voices-off" adding details to the author's own Proustian journey into the past. Everything hangs on the Narrator (Dylan Thomas himself), admirably played by Alex Rodgers; sensibly he made no attempt to fake a Welsh accent, and although one missed the rolling cadences and the biting alliterations of the "true" voice, he put across a genuine sense of character. He used the stage well, made effective use of gesture, and when it demanded, stood stock-still among the shadows.

The staging itself was inventive and effective - two "back-cloths" represented the war-torn, snow-clad Swansea, and the colourful, crowded Swansea of the youth that he was so anxiously seeking. Equally effective was the use of lighting for specific acting areas - a simple (?) device that cuts out unnecessary scene changing; thus the action moved smoothly from pub to school to promenade to park, where the sunlit town of a romantic past dramatically turned into the cold grey of reality.

Alex Rodgers was given excellent support throughout, with delightful cameo performances from Helen Ralston as the barmaid (partially obscured by her customer), Robert Clyne and Andrew Fry as passers-by, Carrie Litherland as a very lively girl on the prom and Jonathan Lamb as the park keeper. Chris Bell made a good shot at the schoolmaster but did not give his long speech sufficient variety of tone or change of pace. The men in the pub did not always make their contribution clear enough, but were commendably still when silhouetted against the lit back-cloth. "Voices off" are always a problem, and on the night they tended to be muffled by the layers of curtaining between them and the audience - but these were minor blemishes on a production which owed so much to Alex Rodgers' marathon effort and to the expertise of the technical staff.

## Byrom House Presents Return Journey



**By Dylan Thomas**





It would be difficult to find a greater contrast than that provided by "The Stolen Prince", an old faithful written by Dan Prothero. This Chinese fable relies in the first place on the ability of the Chorus to interpret the conventions of the drama to the audience, and this was beautifully done by Alison Soper who used her face, her gestures and, above all, her eyes to confide in us and to allow us to share her impatience with a highly inefficient Property Man, David Hufton. This is a gem of a part for an actor with the right confidence to take his time and the ability to handle a wide range of props with comic ingenuity. He is probably still haunted by the sound of "Quack!", but for many in the audience his paddle in the river and the subsequent foot-drying ritual will remain a delightful memory. Another unusual feature of the play is the on-stage presence of an orchestra consisting of three mouth organs and a cymbal (Charles Ellis, Carl Hope, Daniel Taylor and Matthew Royds); they not only came in on cue, but remained commendably still and inconspicuous when more important action was afoot. The plot itself was very competently handled; David Johnson and Carrie Litherland as Long Fo and Wing Lee made a lively young couple, even if their ability to differentiate male from female baby led to complications (well, it was only a quick peep!). Vickie Fleming did well as the Royal Nurse, in both youth and old age, she spoke clearly and expressed her joy and sorrow unselfconsciously. Hi Tee, the fisherman (Andrew Nunney) and Li Mo his wife (Sophie Stephenson) carried the plot forward with

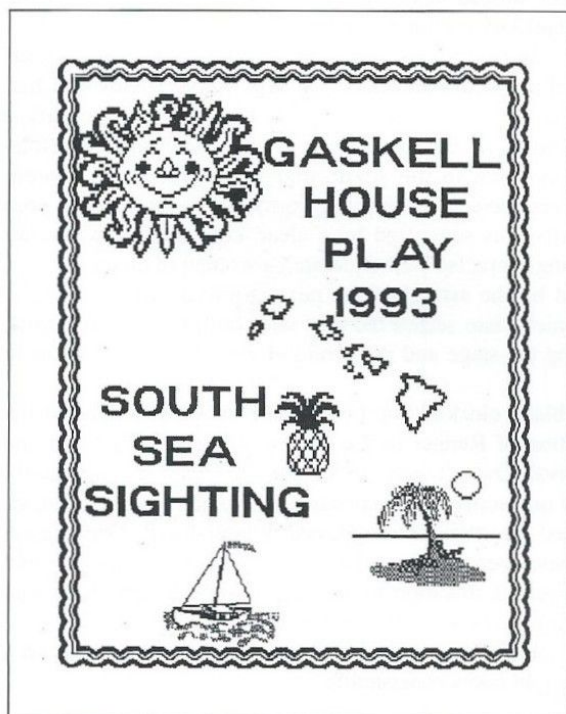
dignity and enthusiasm - their "rowing" was beautifully timed, as was Hi Tee's "swim" to rescue the baby, following his spectacular dive. The baby rapidly developed into a handsome young boy, Joy, smartly dressed in red silk; Carolyn Plowright spoke and moved well, and shared in the parental enthusiasm as Lee Mee, the magnificent duck, caught an equally magnificent fish. Tragedy, however, loomed as the whole family was arrested and sentenced to death for poaching the royal fish. The Executioner (T.J. Rashid) stood impressively at the ready with a glittering axe - but a chain of jade led to the revelation of the young man's true identity, and all ended happily. It was unfortunate that in the closing moments the two soldiers (Robert Clyne and Michael Dodd) went over the top with their "acting", forgetting that comedy requires serious application as well as discipline. This was, however, a minor flaw in an otherwise delightful production which brought the first evening of the competition to a very satisfactory end.

## GASKELL HOUSE

The second night of the competition opened with Gaskell's production of "South Sea Sighting", a one-acter set on board the S.S. "Hulme" as it steamed towards the island of Barhi. Full use was made of the stage in that the apron

represented the area close to the rail of the liner where all the action (or rather, dialogue) took place, while the main stage was occupied by non-speaking, non-acting "passengers", some of whom maintained a commendably statuesque posture throughout the play. After a somewhat laboured and lengthy introduction, the basic situation revealed itself - a group of ladies from assorted social classes getting to know each other, and themselves, under the cheerful eye of a garrulous Welsh steward whose name, Blodwyn, explained a certain limp-wristedness which Phil Tilston exploited to the full. This was a lively and intelligent performance - he rarely, if ever, played for cheap laughs, but provided the pace and the sly comment which gave the play what edge it had. Aaron Greenall, as Barry, was the only other male speaker, and much of his time on stage was spent in jogging and doing keep-fit exercises, presumably in preparation for other activities still to come. However, his very presence on stage did ensure some positive movement.

The female passengers were delightfully contrasted, with Jane McPhillips taking full advantage of the opportunities provided by Mrs. Cambourne-Tullivant for being domineering, snobbish and unbearable! She maintained her "posh" accent well, and made no attempt to hide her scorn for the lesser breeds with whom she was forced to travel. Her down-trodden sister companion dogsbody Hepzibah, with a penchant for highly romantic novels, was well played by Abby Hyams once she got into her stride; it





was a pity that her opening speeches in which the character and situation should have been established, were taken too quickly and too quietly. Her later rebellion was far more effective, especially as by that time she had won over the audience's sympathies.

Jane Lawson, as Petra, must have established a new record in the Hulmeian hair-brushing competitions, but it was magnificent hair, fully appropriate to a Beauty Queen in search of a husband! She was delightfully dumb, but honest with it, and her cockney accent contrasted well with the broad Brummie of Agnes, another no-nonsense rough-diamond played by Bernadette McCurrie. This was another part that developed as nerves steadied and pace and timing improved. Indeed, the class and dialect differences throughout the cast were very well maintained, and gave the play its real bite. The culture contrast reached its peak with the appearance of Frances Edwards as a grass-skirted, garlanded Luke who rather breathlessly indicated the joys that the South Seas might hold for some of the passengers; those who were tempted fell with the minimum of resistance!

It is not a great play, but it was acted with spirit by a cast that made a genuine effort to get under the skins of the well-assorted characters; if it lacked dramatic bite, it was the fault of the dramatist rather than of the producers, Paul Harrison and Saqib Sharif.

## WHITWORTH HOUSE

Dracula is very much the cult figure of the moment, and Whitworth clearly decided to cash in on his popularity with their production of "Out for the Count" by Martin Downing, a play that clearly has an attraction for the Hulmeian mentality

and its love of the macabre! After a brief introduction, the curtain opened to reveal a good interior set, well furnished and equipped. The less-than-happy relationship between the over-passionate Jonathan Farquhar (well played by Matt Butterworth) and the under-enthusiastic Mina Sewer (delicately and perhaps a shade too quietly played by Georgie Goodman) was quickly established, as was the potentially troublesome presence in the house of the mini-skirted Lucy, breathlessly portrayed by Paula Caplan bursting to break the news of the arrival of a Count in the neighbourhood. The audience was quickly made to realise that the house was part of an asylum, one of whose inmates is Rennet, a part that gave James Taylor free rein to develop a whole range of facial expressions and extravagant gestures while clearly expressing his devotion to "The Master". He entered pursued by Bridget (and a rolling pin), a part which Filip Pasterski obviously, and rightly, relished, with his splendid physique and broad Irish accent. After all the mayhem of the ensuing action, it was appropriate that Bridget should have the last word of the play, with the semblance of a return to sanity - and the asylum!

In the meantime social decorum was established with the appearance of Dr. & Mrs. Sewer. Alok Jha had little to do apart from sounding the part and wearing a splendid waistcoat, but he was always clear and more than held his own in the scene that followed. Laura Owen, however, gave a delightful performance as Mrs. Sewer - her maturity was suggested by a clear, cool diction, while her mincingly precise walk indicated a woman of character.

Any suggestion that this could be a serious play is dismissed by the arrival of the next character, whose name is Professor Hertz Van Hyer (did we hear "Salford" at one point?). Daniel Riste seized the part with both hands and a thick German accent; he looked well and moved confidently, always holding the stage and not afraid to use sweeping gestures to emphasise his anxieties about the dangers ahead.

A dense black-out prefaced the arrival of Count Nolyard, a black cloaked Nic Owen. The varied reactions of the Sewer household were well brought out, from the grovelling salutation of Rennet to the instant infatuation of Mina and Lucy; only Bridget and Jonathan seemed unimpressed by the new arrival. Owen's performance as the Count was singularly uneven - fluffs and ad-libs gained a few laughs, but he adopted a quiet and somewhat monotonous tone of voice, and though he showed good reactions at the proper moments he neither dominated the stage nor suggested potential evil. Once again, melodrama demands a serious acceptance of the comic improbabilities, even when it involves proposing to someone like Mina! After a thoroughly unsporting blow to Jonathan's pride, the Count is thwarted by the Baron's disclosure of his real name, but escapes scot-free - apart from what must have been a terrifying encounter with Bridget!

The three producers all had principal parts in the play; they and the rest of the cast are to be congratulated on a production that showed style and imagination, but just failed to hit the right notes consistently.

