

# *The Hulmeian 1985*





# THE HULMEIAN

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# **WILLIAM HULME'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL GOVERNING BODY**

*Chairman:* E. B. Jackson, F.C.A.

*Vice-Chairman:* C. H. Jones, F.I.B.

## *Governors Emeriti:*

Colonel J. B. Coates, C.B.E., M.C., D.L.

D. LI. Griffiths, M.B.E., B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.S.

D. D. Boddington, B.Sc., A.R.I.C.S.

D. A. Boothman, F.C.A.

The Venerable R. B. Harris, M.A.

D. W. Homer

J. D. Marsden

C. B. Muir

R. A. Rainford, O.B.E., M.A., LL.D., F.A.C.C.A.

Professor M. H. Richmond, B.A., Ph.D., Sc.D., F.R.C. Path., F.R.S.

Canon A. R. M. Seaman, M.A., H.Dip.Ed.

W. G. Thorpe, C.B.E., F.I.O.B.

## *Advisory Governor:*

Air Vice-Marshal J. A. Gilbert, K.C.B., C.B.E., B.A., R.A.F.

## *Clerk to Governors:*

Vacant

*Librarian:* F. N. Marsh, B.A. (Manchester)

*Bursar:* Commander G. Straw, F.A.A.I., M.B.I.M., R.N. (retd.)

*Medical Officer:* W. H. Wolstenholme, O.B.E., T.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Q.H.S.



## SCHOOL STAFF

(as at 1 September 1985)

*Head Master:* P. A. Filleul, M.A. (Oxon.)

*Second Master:* M. Loveland, B.Sc. (Liverpool) (*Mathematics*)

Mrs. L. A. Ballantyne, B.A. (Manchester) (*French*)  
R. A. Ballantyne, M.A. (Aberdeen) (*History and Economics*)  
D. A. Bamforth, B.Mus. (Wales), F.T.C.L., A.R.C.M. (*Director of Music*)  
M. I. Barker, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Dunelm.) (*Physics*)  
D. G. Barnes, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Manchester) (*Head of Physics*)  
H. N. Beggs, M.A. (Wales) (*Head of Geography*)  
G. L. Bennett, B.A. (Manchester) (*Head of Art*)  
A. M. Blight, Culham College (*History: Master-in-charge of Religion*).  
M. R. Booker, B.Sc. (Manchester), Grad. I.M.A. (*Head of Mathematics*)  
Mrs. G. M. Brown, B.Sc. (London) (*Mathematics*)  
P. M. Bull, B.A. (Manchester) (*French and Spanish*)  
P. J. Callaghan, M.A. (Oxon.) (*Head of History*)  
J. F. Chudleigh (O.C., C.C.F.) (*Physical Education*)  
J. A. Clark, M.A., Ph.D. (Cantab.) (*Head of Chemistry*)  
Mrs. M. Cruttenden, Liverpool Coll. of Art (*Art*)  
P. Dean, M.A., Ph.D. (Manchester) (*English*)  
D. M. Fisher, B.A. (Manchester) (*French*)  
D. E. B. Golder, M.A. (Oxon.), L.T.C.L. (*Head of English*)  
M. H. Gracey, M.A., M.Litt. (Oxon.) (*Classics*)  
H. V. Grange, B.Sc. (Manchester) (*Physics*)  
G. N. Grant, D.L.C. (*Head of Design and Technology*)  
A. Greenall, G.R.I.C., F.C.S. (Manchester Polytechnic) (*Chemistry*)  
S. C. Grigg, B.Ed. (Loughborough) (*Design and Technology*)  
R. M. Harrison, B.Sc. (Warwick) (*Mathematics*)  
R. A. Haynes, M.A. (Cantab.), M.I.Biol. (*Head of Biology*)  
J. G. Hofton, B.A. (Leeds) (*French*)  
R. L. Houghton, M.A. (Cantab.) (*English*)  
W. Jackson, M.A. (Oxon.) (*Head of Classics*)  
M. P. Jones, B.A. (Lancaster) (*History*)  
S. A. Kirkham, B.Sc. (Manchester) (*Head of Science*)  
C. P. Langford, B.A. (Oxon.) (*French and German: Head of Junior School*)  
R. E. Lytollis, B.Sc. (Loughborough) (*Physical Education and Geography*)  
C. MacLachlan, M.A. (Glasgow), B. Litt. (Oxon.) (*Classics*)  
I. McDougall, M.A. (Glasgow) (*Geography*)  
J. McIntyre, B.Sc. (Manchester) (*Chemistry*)  
D. F. Manning, B.A. (Open), M.A. (Oxon.) (*Mathematics: Director of Studies*)  
C. J. Maudsley, B.Sc. (Manchester) (*Mathematics*)  
R. S. Moore, B.Sc. (Manchester) (*Biology*)  
G. B. Moss, Cert.Ed. (Madeley Coll.) (*Physical Education*)  
R. M. Noel-Smith, M.A. (Oxon.) (*English*)  
C. H. Seddon, B.Ed. (Leeds) (*Biology: Head of Physical Education*)  
L. Sharp, B.Sc. (Manchester) (*Mathematics*)  
I. J. Shaw, B.A. (Sheffield) (*Head of Economics*)  
A. Simkin, M.A. (Oxon.) (*Chemistry*)  
J. H. Thomson, B.Sc. (Manchester) (*Physics*)  
H. W. Timm, B.A. (Manchester) (*Head of Modern Languages*)  
G. J. Turner, M.A. (Cantab.) (*French and German*)  
H. N. Veevers, B.Sc. (Liverpool) (*Geography*)  
A. E. Watson, M.A. (Liverpool) (*English*)  
A. M. Wilson, B.A. (Newcastle), Ph.D. (St Andrews) (*Classics*)  
Mrs. E. Wood, Grad. Northern School of Music (*Music*)  
M. D. Wood, B.Sc. (Manchester) (*Mathematics*)  
Mrs. I. B. Wright, B.A. (Hamburg) (*German*)



## SCHOOL NOTES AND NEWS

No member of the teaching staff left during the year 1984/5, but we had to bid farewell to our Bursar, Lieut.-Commander Stranack, who has been appointed Bursar of Roedean School. Since Ian Stranack arrived in 1979 the physical structure of the School has undergone unprecedented changes, alterations, extensions and improvements. Many of these were Ian's brainchildren; all received the benefit of his painstaking supervision. His astonishing capacity for attending to administrative detail without allowing it to swamp his clear general view of how the School can best use its facilities has transformed our working environment to an extent we may scarcely realise. However, Ian has not only been concerned with buildings. He has shouldered heavy financial responsibilities, he has had to cope with an ever-increasing security problem, and, most recently, he has been a prime mover in the organisation of the Centenary Appeal, which he leaves in a healthy state as his memorial. All this work has taxed his time and strength, yet in his dealings with staff and pupils he has been patient, courteous and good-humoured; nobody could be less of a grey functionary. Readers of this journal will have appreciated the liveliness of his annual report. He and Mrs Stranack take with them our thanks for their involvement in the life of the School, and our best wishes for the future. If we hear that Roedean has bought up large tracts of the South Downs for re-development, we shall all recognise the master-hand at work!

Our new Bursar, Commander G. Straw, officially took up his duties in August, but was a familiar figure in the School long before then. He brings with him experience both of industrial work and of the Supply and Secretarial branch of the Royal Navy. We welcome him and his family at the start of what we hope will be a long association.

In September 1985 Mr I. McDougall joined the Staff to teach Geography. To him also we offer a warm welcome. Mrs Ballantyne has rejoined us after her maternity leave: it is good to have her back again, as it is to know that Mr A. C. Crane, who took her classes in her absence, has obtained a permanent post at North Cestrian Grammar School.

In the 1984 *Hulmeian* we reported Mr Maudsley's marriage. If we now have to report it again, that is simply because, last year, we anticipated the event! We also congratulate Mr Crane on his marriage, Mr and Mrs Booker on the birth of a daughter, Dr and Mrs Clark on the birth of a son, Mr and Mrs MacLachlan on the birth of a son, Mr and Mrs Seddon on the birth of a son, and Mr and Mrs Veevers on the birth of a daughter.

During the year Mr Chudleigh, the officer commanding our C.C.F., was promoted to the rank of Major, and we congratulate him on that.

Hundreds of boys and parents who have profited from the use of Hulme House, Hardraw, over the years, will regret to hear that the two members of staff who have supervised its running, Mr Haynes as Warden and Mr Manning as Secretary and Treasurer, have both decided to take a well-earned rest from jobs which consumed much of their leisure time. They are succeeded respectively by Dr Barnes and Mr Gracey.

The Governing Body underwent some changes during the year. Mr W. W. Land retired after thirty-seven years of service as a Governor. He was also well-known locally as a cricketer and he was a member of the Court of Governors of the University of Manchester. We shall miss the benefit of his advice. Mr J. D. Marsden, O.H. (1950-58) joined the Governors to replace Mr Land. Finally, we were delighted that Air-Vice-Marshal Gilbert became Air-Marshal Sir Joseph Gilbert in the New Year's Honours List. The Governors had, however, a great loss in the death of their Clerk, Mr H. R. Mainprice, of whom an Obituary appears below.

The Founder's Day service was held in Manchester Cathedral on 26 February. The Anthem was 'Nolo mortem peccatoris' by Thomas Morley, and the address was given by Canon P. Vowles, M.A., Rector of St Ann's, Manchester—a welcome quid pro quo for our annual visit to his church at Christmas-tide. As usual, a large number of parents and friends of the School attended.

In the 1983 *Hulmeian* we recorded the early death of Raymond Cox (at School 1971-9). We are glad to report that, in his memory, his mother has donated a silver trophy, to be presented to the winning House in the seven-a-side rugby competition. We were honoured by the attendance of Mrs Cox at Assembly on 19 November 1984 when the trophy was dedicated and then presented for the first time, to Gaskell House.

The Heads of School during the year were M. A. Roland and A. G. Cleary. The Prefects were: N. W. Barber, J. S. Bouchier, A. C.-Y. Cheung, A. P. Fox, H. A. Gardiner, W. P. Hopwood, P. A. Iredale, M. L. Jackson, T. A. W. Jones, J. R. G. McManus, S. A. Marks, A. L. Meadowcroft, C. A. Nelson, V. Pohoomull, M. A. Sever, R. J. Stead, E. P. Tullock, G. P. Wadsworth, R. J. Worthington and G. W. Wright.

We congratulate the following winners of Open Awards in the November Oxford and Cambridge Examinations: R. J. Arnfield (Place at Christ Church, Oxford, to read Geography), M. T. Clarke (Exhibition at Keble College, Oxford, to read Medicine), A. R. Houghton (Scholarship at Lady



Margaret Hall, Oxford, to read Medicine), S. Richards (Place at Christ Church, Oxford, to read Geography) and I. Standring (Place at Keble College, Oxford, to read Physics). J. W. Whittle was given a conditional offer for 1986 by Downing College, Cambridge. Perhaps this is the place to record that Mr Golder, who has administered the conduct of the Oxbridge examinations for many years with unobtrusive efficiency, has been succeeded in this job by Mr Callaghan.

The School had a remarkable year for fund-raising, as can be seen from the various reports below. Altogether some £4,500 was raised for various charities, and tribute must be paid to the boys and members of staff who contributed, in every sense of the word, to such a total. We should also record some successes which cannot easily be accommodated elsewhere in the magazine. G. R. Noble (1B) competed in the British ice-skating championships in London, and gained first place and a gold medal in the Under-12s section. Noble, who is the holder of three British records, also came second in the Junior section of the European championships in Holland. In a national Bridge competition held at Bolton in January, D. Madeley (U6S MPC1) and M. A. Sever (U6S MPC2) came third, and K. M. McDonnell (U6M) and G. W. Wright (U6S MPC3) seventh, out of thirteen teams. A. St J. Dawes (4L) gained second place out of ninety Under-15 competitors in the national finals of the Triathlon, held in May at Staleybridge. Hulmeians are nothing if not versatile.

The 1987 *Hulmeian* will, of course, be the Centenary Edition, and, it is hoped, considerably larger than usual. We have been sent some reminiscences by a number of Old Boys—in this issue we print the Rev. D. F. Newns' article to whet the appetite—and would welcome more. Copy should reach the Editor, at the School, by 1 September 1986.

## **OBITUARY: DAVID AUSTEN BUTTERWORTH**

The School was shocked to hear of the death of David Butterworth, of U6S MPC2 and Byrom House, in a tragic accident in March.

David Butterworth was a fine example of the type of boy who makes up the backbone of a school. He never rose to a high position of responsibility, although he became a House Prefect, nor did he captain a games team: but without boys of his enthusiasm, determination and cheerfulness, Houses and teams could not function. He had an ability to see the funny side of things, and an even temper, which endeared him to all who knew him. Those in his own House, who saw at closer range the extent of his loyalty and spirit, will miss him most, but we are all grieved to have lost him. To his family we offer our deepest sympathy.

## **OBITUARY: MR H. R. MAINPRICE**

The Governing Body, and the School as a whole, have suffered a great loss by the death of Mr Mainprice, who had been Clerk to the Governors since 1967, a position in which he succeeded his father. Both had been principal partner of the firm of Taylor, Kirkman and Mainprice, the Manchester solicitors. Henry Russell Mainprice entered the practice after reading Jurisprudence at Brasenose College, Oxford, and after the death of his father he shouldered the major responsibility with unflagging zest. The practice was extensively involved with Trusts, and Mr Mainprice was closely connected with Chetham's Hospital School as well as with our own. The Governors will sorely miss his administrative efficiency and high ideals of service. He was a devoted family man, and we send our sincere sympathy to his wife and children.

## **OBITUARY: MR J. P. RENNY**

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr J. P. Renny, who was in charge of Physical Education throughout the School from 1944 until his retirement in 1972. He revived the Athletic Sports immediately after the war, and gave active encouragement and assistance in developing 'minority' activities which are now firmly established within the School, including cross-country, table-tennis and badminton. For many years he master-minded the organisation of the Northern Schools Athletics Championships at the White City, and the Northern Schools Cross-Country Championships at Lyme Park.

Mr Renny was also a keen supporter of the Donner Union, the forerunner of the Debating Society, acting as its President for many years. He was a firm believer in the virtues of reasoned argument, and his



own manner was distinguished for its gentlemanly courtesy. He continued to live locally after his retirement and maintained an active interest in the School. Colleagues and Old Boys alike will remember with gratitude his friendship, loyalty and generosity.

## OBITUARY: SAIF ULMULK MURTERZA TURABI

On 29 October 1985 the School received the desperately sad news of the death of Saif Turabi of Form 2C, in hospital following an emergency operation.

Saif was a polite, keen boy whose outgoing, friendly manner had made him popular with form-mates and teachers alike. We had learned to value him during his short time with us, and his death came as a tremendous shock. We extend our most sincere sympathy to his parents and family.

## LEAVERS 1985

(Up-to-date at the time of going to press.)

T. S. Ainsworth (ex-U6A1) to North Manchester College of Education to Study Art and Design  
R. J. Arnfield (ex-UCS PCB) to Oxford University to read Geography  
S. M. Bailey (ex-U6S MPC2) to Leeds University to read Electrical and Electronic Engineering  
J. S. Bouchier (ex-U6A2) to Durham University to read Law  
D. D. Brewer (ex-U6A1) to the London School of Economics  
S. J. Caldebank (ex-U6L) to St John's College of Further Education  
M. A. Cherry (ex-U6A2) to London University to read Philosophy  
A. J. Cox (ex-U6S PCB) to Leeds University to read Pharmacology  
J. G. Crossley (ex-U6S MPC2) to Bristol University to read Chemistry  
B. P. Cussons (ex-U6L) to be a yacht skipper, Castlemaine Marine  
R. J. Goodier (ex-U6S MPC3) to the National Westminster Bank  
A. P. Hall (ex-U6S PCB) to Bristol University to read Veterinary Science  
K. K. Herbert (ex-U6L) to Leicester University to read Law with French  
A. R. Houghton (ex-U6S PCB) to Oxford University to read Medicine  
S. R. Hulmes (ex-U6M) to Leeds Polytechnic to read Computing and Operational Research  
P. A. Iredale (ex-U6S PCB) to Nottingham University to read Pharmacy  
P. F. Jacobs (ex-U6S MPC1) to Manchester University to read Civil Engineering  
T. A. W. Jones (ex-U6A1) to D'Overbroeck's College, Oxford  
M. P. Kelly (ex-U6L) to Manchester University to read Spanish with Portuguese  
D. Leigh (ex-U6S MPC2) to Sheffield Polytechnic to read Engineering and Business Studies  
J. R. McManus (ex-U6S MPC3) to Bristol University to read Economics  
S. H. Marsh (ex-U6S MPC3) to Birmingham University to read Geological Sciences  
S. P. Mitchell (ex-U6A2) to North Manchester College of Education to study Art and Design  
C. A. Nelson (ex-U6S MPC1) to Leeds University to read Ceramics Science and Engineering  
D. L. Phillips (ex-U6A2) to Sheffield University to read Accounting and Financial Management  
V. Pohoomull (ex-U6L) to Cardiff University to read Law and Spanish  
S. Richards (ex-U6S MPC3) to Oxford University to read Geography  
M. A. Roland (ex-U6S MPC1) to Liverpool University to read Medicine  
M. Ryley (ex-U6A2) to Leeds Polytechnic to read Business Studies  
M. A. Sever (ex-U6S MPC2) to Wolverhampton Polytechnic to read Applied Sciences  
W. G. Shone (ex-U6S MPC2) to Newcastle-upon-Tyne Polytechnic to read Electrical and Electronic Engineering  
I. Standring (ex-U6M) to Oxford University to read Physics  
S. Steinberg (ex-U6A1) to University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology  
T. Stone (ex-U6L) to Birmingham University to read Law and French  
P. G. H. Thomas (ex-U6S MPC2) to Lanchester Polytechnic, Coventry to read Combined Engineering  
E. P. Tullock (ex-U6S MPC1) to South Trafford College  
I. A. K. Watt (ex-U6S PCB) to St Andrews University to read Medicine  
S. N. Whitehouse (ex-U6L) to Portsmouth Polytechnic to read Spanish Studies  
J. Williams (ex-U6S PCB) to Salford College of Technology to study Art and Design  
R. J. Worthington (ex-U6S MPC3) to Leeds University to read Electrical and Electronic Engineering  
G. W. Wright (ex-U6S MPC3) to Heriot-Watt University to read Electrical and Electronic Engineering



## SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was on 17 July 1985. The Chairman of Governors, Mr E. B. Jackson, presided, and the principal guest was Dr W. M. Gould, M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.S., D.T.M. & H., O.H. (1944-1952).

The Head Master presented his report. He said that the 1984 public examination results had produced a pass rate of 86% at 'A' level and 74% at 'O' level. He described the work undertaken as part of the Centenary Appeal, outlined the year's successes in sports and other activities, and paid special tribute to the work done for charities during the year. He expressed his warm thanks for the support of the Parents' Association and of the Staff, and praised the contribution made by the outgoing Bursar's 'unceasing energy and ready flow of new ideas'.

After presenting the prizes Dr Gould addressed the audience, drawing on his experiences as a medical missionary in Nepal to present a thoughtful, and at times moving, account of the difficulties faced by the 'third world'. He laid special stress on the inequalities between those parts of the world and our own: on differences in literacy, sanitation, availability and use of natural resources, above all on the unnecessary deaths caused by lack of the simplest medical facilities. He had been instrumental in founding and developing the 'Hover Doctor' service along 112 miles of the Amazon, in all of which there was, for example, only one septic tank. Many other telling statistics, too numerous to set down here, were cited to illustrate the conditions. Turning to possible solutions, Dr Gould cautioned against either easy optimism or despair. Two-year training programmes were operating, to make the people aware of how to diagnose and treat common diseases; extensive immunisation and family planning schemes also existed. Nonetheless there was at present insufficient money to train doctors or build hospitals to a satisfactory extent. Dr Gould applauded the efforts made nationally to relieve the Ethiopian famine, and affirmed his belief, as a Christian, that 'to whom much is given, of him much will be required'. He ended with some words of Sir Winston Churchill: 'We make a living by what we get: we make a life by what we give'.

Dr Gould's remarks received prolonged applause, and Mr Jackson voiced the appreciation of the audience. The proceedings were then adjourned to coffee in the Old Hall.

## PRIZE LIST 1985

### *Special Prizes*

J. A. Barber Prize: E. P. Tullock  
J. A. Barber Prize: (proxime accessit): G. P. Wadsworth  
Eric Barnes Memorial Trophy: H. A. Gardiner  
Caswell Prize: W. H. Johnson  
Geoffrey Cocker Memorial Prize: S. J. Beggs  
Computing Prize: D. R. H. Buxton (Junior), D. A. W. Rogerson (Sixth Form)  
James Gozzard Craft Prize: P. H. Klass  
James Gozzard Photography Prize: D. A. S. Shaw  
D. L1. Griffiths Prize for Medical Subjects: A. R. Houghton  
Halpin History Essay Prize: S. K. Bray  
J. N. Hopwood Reading Prize: D. P. Stogsdill (Junior), A. W. Kloss (Senior)  
Graham Johnson Memorial Prize: J. L. Lighthill  
C. H. Jones Prize: S. A. Marks  
Junior Classics Prize: R. M. R. Ince  
Junior History Prize: R. J. V. Avery  
Library Award: P. A. Iredale  
Colin Midwood Prize: I. Mullins  
Original Verse Prize: (Sixth Form): H. J. Pimlott

Powell Scripture Reading Prize: M. A. Sever  
Watkins Prize: A. G. Cleary and M. A. Roland  
D. M. Williams Memorial Prize for Music: J. L. Lighthill  
Yates Prize: H. J. Pimlott

### *Upper Sixth*

Allman Further Mathematics Prize: I. Standring  
Ancient History: A. P. Fox  
Dehn History Prize: J. W. Whittle  
Design: E. P. Tullock  
Dorrington Latin Prize: K. K. Herbert  
Economics: J. S. Bouchier  
Hewlett Geography Prize: S. H. Marsh  
Knoop English Prize: J. W. Whittle  
Lymer Mathematics Prize: M. T. Clarke  
Music: A. M. North  
O.H.A. Biology Prize: A. P. Hall  
Palmer Chemistry Prize: A. R. Houghton  
Palmer Physics Prize: I. Standring  
Spanish: M. P. Kelly  
Vlies French Prize: T. Stone  
Vlies German Prize: B. J. B. Wetters



### *Lower Sixth*

Ancient History: A. D. Gearey  
S. K. Appleton Biology Prize: F. R. Khawar  
Art: R. D. Markland  
Chemistry: J. E. D. Crews and D. I. Ward  
Design: N. Platt  
Economics: I. K. Lomas  
Engineering Drawing: N. Platt  
Forrest English Prize: A. D. Gearey  
Further Mathematics: N. Platt  
Geography: I. K. Lomas  
German: J. D. Campbell  
Greek: H. J. Minty  
Hawley French Prize: J. D. Campbell  
History: A. D. Gearey  
Latin: H. J. Minty  
Mathematics: D. A. Rodda  
Physics: N. Platt  
Spanish: E. Viner

### *Fifth Forms*

Art: C. W. Timm  
Biology: J. D. Jacobs  
Chemistry: S. R. Platt  
Design: S. J. Beggs  
Caiger French Prize: S. K. Bray  
Hewlett Geography Prize: S. J. Beggs  
German: J. H. Carroll  
Greek: N. B. Keeping  
History: J. D. Jacobs  
Latin: R. D. Nieri  
Mathematics: S. B. Paterson  
Music: D. K. W. Hinnells  
Physics: N. R. Abrahams  
Spanish: J. S. Williams

### *Fourth Forms*

Art: P. D. Awad  
Biology: N. de B. Baynes  
Chemistry: M. Lovell  
Design: D. P. Sproson  
English: J. P. Garner  
French: M. Lovell  
Geography: P. A. Oxley  
German: J. Whittaker  
Greek: M. K. Raynor  
History: M. Lovell  
Latin: M. K. Raynor  
Mathematics: D. Loveland  
Physics: D. R. H. Buxton  
Spanish: S. Pilling

### *Third Forms*

Art: M. L. Ellis  
Biology: R. J. Ketteridge  
Chemistry: D. J. Burke  
Design: M. F. L. Armitage  
English: R. J. Ketteridge  
French: R. J. Ketteridge  
Geography: A. J. Jacobs  
German: M. R. Tallis  
Greek: B. J. Bennett  
History: A. J. Jacobs  
Latin: R. J. Ketteridge  
Mathematics: A. J. Percy and S. Seth  
Music: R. D. Howarth  
Physics: D. J. Burke  
Spanish: C. J. H. Chudleigh

### *Second Forms*

Art: C. S. Blairs  
Biology: I. N. Drayton  
English: O. O. Fajumi  
French: I. N. Drayton  
Geography: B. G. Lee  
History: A. J. Edwards  
Latin: I. N. Drayton  
Mathematics: I. N. Drayton  
Music: A. J. Edwards  
Physics: J. Griffiths and A. S. Partington  
Religious Education: A. J. Edwards

### *First Forms*

Biology: R. J. V. Avery  
Chemistry: O. F. Islam  
Craft: P. J. Davies  
English: F. Williams  
French: R. J. V. Avery  
Geography: G. T. Davidson  
History: R. J. V. Avery  
Latin: R. J. V. Avery  
Mathematics: O. F. Islam  
Music: J. R. Tozer  
Religious Education: R. J. V. Avery  
William Taylor Memorial Prize: R. W. Buckley

**Note:** Two of the Special Prizes are awarded for the first time this year: the Library Award, which goes to the boy who has been of the greatest assistance in the running of the Donner Library; and the Geoffrey Cocker Memorial Prize, which goes to the boy in the Middle School who has expended the most public-spirited effort, during the School year, to the benefit of his fellow pupils and of the Staff.



## BURSAR'S CORNER

It somehow seems impossible that only a year ago I was explaining the plans for the Science Block Centenary development, and now the new facilities have been in full use for the past two Terms! The Chemistry Department is complete and the superb new Biology Laboratory is also in use.

The new Computer Room is in full operation—from about 8 a.m. on most days! The introduction of BBC Micros has been a very popular move, and it is always difficult to squeeze through the crowd around this very well-used facility.

This year's plans involve the rest of the Science Block—the main Physics Laboratory and the remaining Biology Labs. All of these will be refitted and redecorated during the holidays, and new desks are being installed in the Physics Lecture Rooms which will, we hope, inspire the boys to a greater interest in the subject!

The total money which has been pledged to the Appeal is—at the date of going to press—£217,477. This is really a very encouraging sum to have achieved in only eighteen months, particularly during a time of recession, but it does still leave us with some way to go if we are to reach our target of £350,000.

It was as a direct result of the response to the Appeal not having achieved the required target in time, that the Governors were unable to give the go-ahead for work to start on the new Sixth Form Common Room this year. However, the plans have progressed well and Planning Permission has already been granted, with a view to work being commenced in the New Year, with occupation before Christmas, 1986, in readiness for the Centenary celebrations.

The School really *does* need your help to achieve our full aims in time for the Centenary—if you have not yet been able to make a Covenant towards this development scheme, which will be of direct benefit to your son—please *do* consider so doing at the earliest opportunity, to ensure the success of these plans for the future of the School.

Open Days are being arranged during the year so those who wish to see the improvements can come and have a thorough look around to see how their money is being spent. We hope that you will all take the opportunity to inspect our excellent new facilities.

Despite our having concentrated on the Appeal Works, the other maintenance work in the School has also been progressed during the year. Attention has been turned to the Sixth Form Block, where the rooms on the ground floor have been redecorated—several for the first time since the Block was built, some seventeen years ago! The problems (and dust of ages!) encountered when the Classics and English Department's Books had to be moved out so the Painters could move in can be imagined...!

Those who have 'investigated' the Sixth Form Toilets will be pleased to know that they are also under sentence of a good clean-up as soon as we can get around to them, and the tricky task of painting the outside of this Block has also been tackled.

These past six years have been years of change and development at the School. All the works we have undertaken have relied on the Maintenance Staff, and it is only fitting that in this, my last 'Corner', I express my sincere thanks to them for their skilled and efficient work which has enabled us to do so much to improve the facilities at the School, at a minimum cost. I have lost count of the number of doorways they have made, toilets and wash basins they have installed, rooms they have altered and 'black holes' they have illuminated and decorated!

Of course, the hard work of the Cleaners, Porters and Grounds Staff—who have done so much to make the School attractive to the visitor, and respected by visiting teams (and even our own Games Players, if they would admit it!)—cannot be overstressed.

The change-over from 'Family' to 'Self-service' dinners was a major development. It even surprised the Dining Room Staff to find out how smoothly the change-over went, and their ability to offer a very much wider choice of food has greatly improved the enjoyment of those who cook, those who serve and—I believe—those who eat the school dinners. Nothing means more to the pupils of a School than good food, and our catering staff can certainly claim to serve them.

Likewise, the administration staff, who have survived the introduction of a very large number of aids to efficiency—the Computerised Accounting system, the Offset Printer, recalcitrant Photo-copiers, 'two-man' (sorry, person) guillotine, a shredder, and other such instruments of torture—with fortitude and goodwill, in circumstances which would have confounded people of lesser stature.

I have been very fortunate to have had such a good team to work with, and I have the utmost confidence that my successor, Commander Geoffrey Straw, will be as well-served by them as I have been.

It is thus with mixed feelings that I move South. I am assured that Brighton is windy, misty, salty and bracing (and I can confirm that it certainly can snow there!). I am not sure whether all these occur together—but shall certainly look back with happiness on my time at William Hulme's where I have enjoyed so much the challenge of the job, and the friendliness of the people.

I. Stranack  
(Bursar)



## DONNER LIBRARY

We are greatly indebted to the Parents' Association for donating the proceeds of the Summer Fête to the Library for the purchase of books and equipment. During the year an increasing number of books, particularly in History, has been provided by the School, and we are also grateful for gifts of books from Macmillan Education, the David Butterworth Memorial Fund, and Messrs M. Loveland, M. Jones, S.J. Redford and I. Stranack. A further gift came from Mrs. Evans, the widow of J. E. Evans, O. H. (1917-1926), whose kind remembrance of us was much appreciated.

We are looking forward to the relocation of the Library so that all the books can be housed satisfactorily.

P.A. Iredale, who was Prefect Librarian 1984-5, has left to become a pharmacist. We are grateful for the hard work he put in, and welcome A.H. Davenport in his place.

F. N. Marsh

## CURRENT AFFAIRS 1984-85

The following lectures, arranged by Mr I. J. Shaw, were given to the Lower Sixth during the year.

### Michaelmas Term

11 September	'The Sixth Form at W.H.G.S.'. Mr. I. J. Shaw (Head of Sixth Form, W.H.G.S.)
18 September	'The Population Time Bomb'. Mr. M. Goodger (Lecturer, Salford University)
25 September	'The Ice Age Cometh'. Mr. H. N. Beggs (Head of Geography, W.H.G.S.)
2 October	'Blindness'. Mrs. Raynor
9 October	'Business Studies at Manchester Polytechnic'. Mr. M. Webb (Head of Business Studies, Manchester Poly)
16 October	'Ethnic Segregation in British Cities'. Dr. John Cater (Leader, Urban Policy & Race Relations Course, Edge Hill College of Higher Education)
23 October	Half Term
30 October	'Britain's Nuclear Deterrent'. (Dept. of Information Film) 'London under nuclear attack'. (BBC Documentary from Q.E.D. series)
6 November	'Doctor in Nepal'. Dr. David Halpin, M.D. (Old Hulmeian)
13 November	'The Strangeways Hotel'. Snr. Officer Radcliffe (H.M. Prison Service)
20 November	'A Career in Banking'. Mr. J. Woodvine (National Westminster Bank)
27 November	'The Story of Life'. Education Officer, Stockport LIFE Group (Save the unborn child)
4 December	'The "X" Expedition'. George Spenceley (Explorer)
11 December	'Trade Unions and the Economy'. Mr. Carline (Lecturer, Salford University)
18 December	'Forensic Pathology'. W. Lawler, M.D., M.R.C.Path. (Snr. Lecturer Pathology, Manchester University and Home Office Pathologist)

### Lent Term

8 January	'University and Polytechnic Life'. D. Hallows, A. Olive, A. Poole and A. Marsden (recent Old Hulmeians)
15 January	'The Ecology Party'. Mr. Tony Jones (of the Ecology Party)
22 January	'100 Years of W.H.G.S.'. Dr. P. Dean (W.H.G.S.)
29 January	'Remembering'. Professor T. A. Villiers (Salford University)
5 February	'Making Love'. Sex education film produced through the Marriage Guidance Council.
12 February	Half Term
19 February	'Blood on their hands'. Film produced by the R.S.P.C.A.
26 February	Founder's Day.
5 March	'Accident Prevention, The Law and the Driver, and Road Safety'. Sgt. Povey (Traffic Branch, Gtr. Manchester Police)
12 March	'The Non-Stop City Benefit Show'. A production by the Greater Manchester Theatre Company.
19 March	Open Day for Lower Sixth at Manchester University.
26 March	House Music and Drama Production.



## Summer Term

23 April	'Drinking and Young People'. Mrs. G. Elal-Lawrence (Senior Clinical Psychologist, Liverpool University)
30 April	'Nutrition and the British Diet'. Mr. C. Davies (Manchester Health Education Officer)
7 May	'Drug Use and Abuse'. Dr. David Back (Liverpool University)
14 May	Sports Day
21 May	'Current Affairs 1985'. A questionnaire survey of views and opinions. Mr. I. J. Shaw (Sixth Form Tutor, W.H.G.S.)
4 June	'Israel and the Middle East Problem'. John D. A. Levy (Friends of Israel Trust)
11 June	'Nuclear Energy, fact and fiction'. Mr. D. Green (Risley Nuclear Power Development Establishment, Warrington)
18 June	Internal Exams
25 June	'Polytechnic Central Admissions System'. Mr. I. J. Shaw (Sixth Form Tutor, W.H.G.S.)
2 July	'Applying to University through UCCA'. Mr. P. J. Callaghan (Head of History, W.H.G.S.)
9 July	'You and The School, an informal discussion of Rules and Reasons, Policy and Politics'. Mr. M. Loveland (Second Master, W.H.G.S.)

## PROFESSOR DAVID BELLAMY

An important occasion in the calendar this year was the visit to the School, on 4 October 1984, of Professor David Bellamy. His chief academic interest is Botany: until recently he was Senior Lecturer in Botany at Durham University. His enthusiasm for his subject, his skill at communicating his interest in it and his concern for what has become known as Ecology have made him a public figure as a writer and presenter of television programmes on nature and nature conservation, some of which have been achievements of distinction that have been highly acclaimed. One notable example was his winning of the prestigious Richard Dimbleby Award at B.A.F.T.A. in 1978.

Professor Bellamy is also well-known for his unique delivery. At W.H.G.S., having ambled on to the stage in a red short-sleeved shirt and blue jeans to present himself to an audience which included several people who were more formally attired, he made a declaration that he was not Lenny Henry—the best known of his many impersonators. Obviously there is something in Professor Bellamy's manner which provokes imitation. If one considers that humour is the release in laughter of deep-seated tensions, one might ask what it is in his manner which generates mirth. The answer may be that in today's world an individual form of delivery involving full-blooded enthusiasm offers a disturbing challenge to conformity and English *sang-froid*, and that a passionate concern for Nature disturbs our apparent indifference to it.

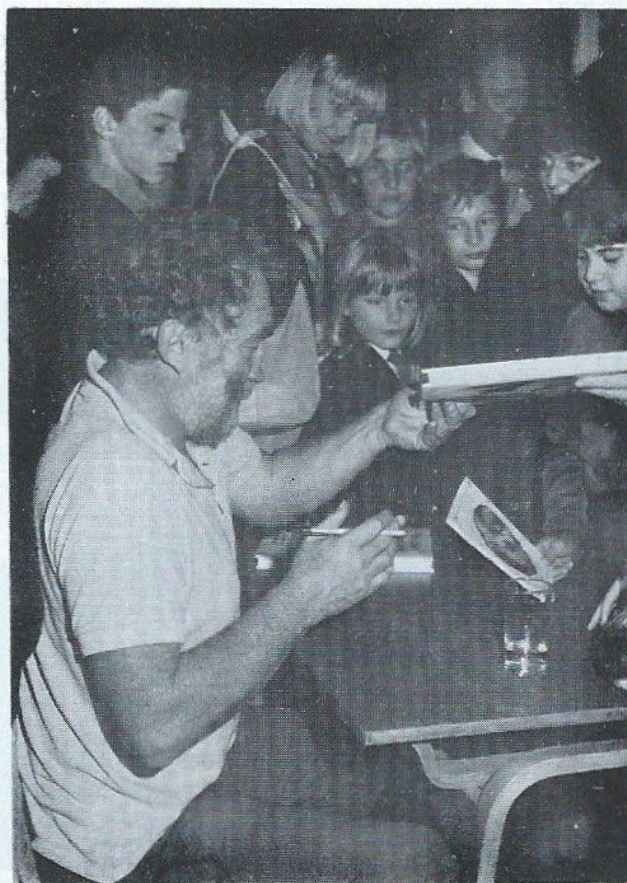
In a talk of nearly two and a half hours, during which he was assisted by numerous colour slides, Professor Bellamy in the first part told his audience 'the traumatic story of the destruction of the planet', and in the second he spoke of 'his excitement at the new cause of conservation'.

He introduced the first part with what he described as the 'parable' of the five foot six inch giant tortoise of Aldabra, one of the Galapagos Islands, revealing how a creature can survive and indeed thrive when it requires little energy and space, few resources and very little water. On the island there are between 160,000 and 200,000, and we saw 472 of them sheltering from the blistering heat with the camera crew! Tortoises which cannot find shelter or food 'become baked in their own jackets' which although resembling tough 'German helmets' are in fact sensitive carapaces. The explanation of the parable in human terms must be obvious: he had told us of a species living thriftily yet successfully, in harmony with its environment, and with effective population regulation.

Professor Bellamy then began to tell 'the traumatic story of the destruction of the planet'. He spoke of 'the greed and folly of Man'. He warned us that 'the environmental bell is ringing', and that we ignore it at our peril. He cited many examples of Man's destructiveness throughout the earth, but his main example was the destruction of the forest, and in particular of the rain forests in South America, which are so important to the earth's climate. We saw how, because of the directness of the relationships between different life-forms, apparently minor disturbances become major disasters. The Amazonian rain forest has been in existence for 100,000,000 years, and mankind is the ignorant, ungrateful beneficiary of the biosphere which it helps to create. The rain forest is an almost self-sufficient eco-system creating a surplus which condenses to form the visible part of the earth's atmosphere, a membrane exuded by the earth to confine and protect the earth and sustain its life. Oxygen, carbon dioxide, nitrogen, ammonia and other essentials are distributed throughout the earth. That this process



happens at all seems miraculous when one hears that less than 10% of the sunlight hits the forest floor. However, photosynthesis is still possible on account of the carbon dioxide which is utilised from animals' respiration. In photosynthesis, plants return water to the atmosphere. And while there is little or no subsoil, vegetation nonetheless survives: dead vegetation is broken down so quickly that it is immediately available as a nutrient.



(Photo: Mr. J. H. Thomson)

Professor David Bellamy signing books after his lecture

Professor Bellamy informed us that one hundred and fifty acres of natural vegetation are being destroyed in the world by Man every minute, and much of that is in the Amazonian rain forest. Crops are replacing forest, but after seven years the crops weaken. The 'shifting agriculturalists' often plant conifers as a source of cheap wood, but apparently they acidify the soil—in Professor Bellamy's view conifers are the root cause of acidification world-wide. One would have liked to press him as to whether or not he was in fact arguing that acid rain is caused by *conifers*. Is not the main cause *industrial* pollution? We were also informed that the destruction of the rain forest means the destruction of a multitude of as yet unclassified plants which could be of very considerable value to human medicine. We are rubbing out the genetic stock.

In the second part of his talk Professor Bellamy took his audience on 'a world tour of positive events', on which we learnt of many instances in which scientific research has brought major benefits that are not damaging to the environment. The events we were told of included: the successful propagation of the bergamot, that rare plant the oil of which is the base of most perfumes—at this point he succeeded in getting some members of the audience to sniff one another—and the peel of which, it has been discovered, can be effectively (and incongruously) utilised in pigfood; the development of the new super sago which is an edible cash crop in South East Asia, and which allows peppers to be cultivated on the same soil—'combination agriculture' was seen as important for the future; the increase in productivity and the insignificant loss to the soil from conventional fertilisers, as opposed to super fertilisers which may produce super crops at first but which eventually lead to eutrophication; the successful decyanisation of fiddle heads; the discovery of a substance in lacewings which can act as an insecticide; and the discovery of sea-urchins which eat sewage off Sunderland. We were told of frog farms for bull-frogs, and of Castro's crocodile farms in Cuba, which provide meat and handbags and conserve the species, and also of the paradox that apparently the only way to save the big game animals of Africa is to start shooting them in order to generate the foreign currency needed by the game reserves. One would have liked to ask why tourists could not be more effectively encouraged to pay to see the animals and to shoot them with cameras.



Further, we learnt that jojoba is now the world's best source of saturated fatty acids. Professor Bellamy announced that many members of the audience who were wearing cosmetics would have sperm-whale oil on their faces. Jojoba can act as an excellent substitute for sperm-whale oil as a base in cosmetics. And it has a petroleum by-product which can be fed to battery hens. Perhaps at that point some members of the audience would have liked to ask some searching questions about the morality of some methods of factory farming.

We were informed about the white, beautiful, destructive water-hyacinth, the most successful of water plants, which on account of careless transplantation by man and its own capacity for 'triffid-like expansion' has become a thick mat clogging ricefields. It encourages mosquitoes, and also the water snail which causes bilharzia. Research proved that it was a phosphophile, but it is very hard to remove phosphates from water. However in China the plant has been manipulated successfully so that the leaf protein supports cows, and in effect one and a half million people now live off the plant. But what about the malaria and bilharzia?



(Photo: Mr J. H. Thomson)

Autographs for A. P. Daley and J. P. Collis

In the case of the blockade by 1,238 people of the access of the proposed site of a reservoir off the river Franklin in Tasmania, which would have destroyed the home of the Tasmanian tiger, Professor Bellamy showed the extent of his personal dedication by his preparedness to be arrested—as indeed he was. He also showed his ability to use the media to assist in a cause. In his view such direct action is sometimes necessary. He also threatened to tie himself to the railings of Number Ten unless Mrs. Thatcher signed the World Heritage Agreement.

The special power of David Bellamy as a speaker was his ability to engage our feelings as well as our thoughts. The 'traumatic' story he had told in the first part of his talk became even more direct and disturbing when he spoke, towards the end, of his contact with a tribe of Amazonian Indians. For 10,000 years it has lived in balance with its environment. The people have long submitted their interest to that environment: they have not tried to change it. They eat the woolly monkey and the toucan, catch piranha, and make the arrow poison curare. However while they refer to themselves as people, the white man calls them savages. Our speaker found the Alca hospitable, delicate in their attitudes, humane, humble, respectful and full of wonder at the jungle world which is their home. He showed us slides of these people, and of the thirteen-year-old girl guide called Oby who befriended him. But he then revealed that even as he spoke their lives had probably already been destroyed, as the deforestation, mining and roadbuilding had been advancing towards them apace. 'When I die, I go to a better place', said Oby....

Professor Bellamy's purpose was to bring us close to such events, and to encourage us to play our part in attempting to avert them. He stressed the importance of education in schools in generating an effective awareness of these matters, and he asked each of us to play his or her part by, for example, writing to a Member of Parliament, and by joining the World Wildlife Fund and local conservation organisations. Professor Bellamy is an inspired contemporary moral crusader, and his subject is arguably the most urgent and vital issue facing mankind today.

R.M. Noel-Smith



# THE SCHOOL PLAY 1984:

## 'MOTHER COURAGE'

(12, 13 and 14 December)

*Mother Courage* is about a war—the Thirty Years' War in seventeenth-century Germany—but also about War in general: War as Business, as a vast economic system, enriching some and impoverishing others regardless of morality. The play turns on two paradoxes. Mother Courage, who profits by the war and pins her hopes on it, survives, but at the cost of her children's lives: her mute daughter Kattrin, who has suffered by the war and has every reason to imitate her mother's instinct for self-preservation, gives her own life in order to save a sleeping town from invasion. Mother Courage lives on, but in human terms Kattrin is the winner.

A large cast of boys, many taking part in a School Play for the first time, rose to the challenge of this ambitious play under the sensitive direction of Mr G. J. Turner. Even those with non-speaking parts had mastered the art (which looks easy until you try it) of being convincing in the background: whilst a feature of the production was its strong casting even in minor roles—for example, S. A. Marks and P. A. Iredale as the two announcers, Iredale also appearing as a cynical General; or J. L. Lighthill's delightfully doddering old Colonel; or S. A. Watters' Peasant Woman, switching neatly from piety to menace once her own interests were threatened. A bleak picture of the human race emerges from the play, and I suspect many parents were impressed by the gusto with which their sons set about conveying this savagery.

The centre of our attention is a small group of characters whose reactions to the war are explored in more detail and who carry a degree of representativeness about them, embodying perennial human responses to suffering and danger. One of the most difficult of these is Yvette, the prostitute who makes a living from itinerant soldiers and finally marries into money. A. St J. Dawes coped well with this part. He had the right combination of wistful innocence and callousness, and added a further dimension by his restrained condemnation of Mother Courage after her haggling over money has failed to save her son Swiss Cheese, portrayed by M. Silgram with a disarming simplicity which is the character's fatal flaw. D. B. Woodroffe as Eilif, the other son, formed an effective contrast to Silgram, being swaggering and hot-tempered, unrepentant and bitter as he was executed for carrying into the brief peacetime the murderous instincts war had taught him.

Two other boys, who played three roles each, deserve a mention. H. J. Clare as the Recruiter, Armourer and Peasant was always audible and had taken great care over technical things like stance and gesture. He was most effective as the Peasant, overcoming his terror of being killed to urge Kattrin on to save his fellow-townsperson. M. Mankelow as the Sergeant, Clerk and Ensign proved to have a powerful, brooding quality which was at its best when he confronted Mother Courage with the dead body of Swiss Cheese, hoping (in vain) that her maternal instincts would impel her to identify her son and so incriminate herself. His line, 'Chuck him in the Carrion pit! He's got nobody knows him', was delivered with a contempt so swingeing as to be quite chilling.

Mother Courage is caught for much of the play in a half-comic, half-pathetic triangle involving the army chaplain (H. J. Minty) and the General's cook (M. I. Aldridge). These two performances were highly impressive. Minty's serious, thoughtful interpretation rose to its peak in his singing of the Song of the Hours, describing the Crucifixion of Christ. Here his gestures, and the depth of feeling with which he rendered Brecht's despairing lyric, were perfect. Everywhere, indeed, his acting was completely convincing, and the Chaplain's wrestlings with his conscience as a man of God caught up in a godless war were vividly conveyed. Aldridge proved an excellent foil to Minty: yet he was more than that. His Cook was pragmatic, wry, worldly-wise, but full of genuine concern for Mother Courage. What began as an apparently stolid characterisation eventually became forceful and sincere. He too shone in a musical item, the song about Caesar, Solomon and 'other famous personages what had bad luck'.

The part of Kattrin is notoriously difficult. It calls for total mastery of mime, gesture and facial expression: by these alone the character has to come to life and move us to applaud her final act of self-sacrifice. M. I. Rosenthal must have worked for many hours to project this part as well as he did. Many notable moments linger in the mind: his glee and gauche efforts to be sophisticated as he tried on Yvette's boots and hat; his cries of distress as he tried to tell Mother Courage that Swiss Cheese was in danger; his turning his head away from Swiss Cheese's corpse; his furious attempt to attack Mother Courage for refusing to give her expensive shirts to help bandage the wounded; his decision to leave Mother Courage so that she can marry the Cook and not be burdened by Kattrin; finally, and most hauntingly, his determination to wake the sleeping town which is threatened by invasion. Here Rosenthal had to climb on top of a house and bang a drum with mounting desperation, resisting all the Ensign's blandishments and threats. When Kattrin realises that she will succeed, even if it costs her own life, she laughs. Coming as it did after a silence broken only by inarticulate sounds, that laugh had a tremendous impact. It set the seal on an outstanding performance.



Mother Courage herself was played by S. Espiga-Ventura, whose expertise was brought to bear on a bafflingly contradictory role, whose ambivalences were recognised by Brecht himself. At some moments of the play we are clearly invited to condemn Mother Courage's selfishness, cynicism and materialism, and to see her implicit and explicit acceptance, even welcome, of war as despicable. Yet if we do this we risk alienating ourselves too far from her: she learns nothing from her children's deaths, but her ignorance must be our illumination; hence some degree of sympathy for her predicament is also needed. Espiga-Ventura realised this and maintained the balance superbly well. In the opening scene Courage appeared as an engagingly bluff, nimble-witted trickster, easily hoodwinking the military authorities and winning our amusement. As her exploitation of other people's limitations had graver and graver consequences, Espiga-Ventura did not drop this initial impression of the character but even intensified it, so that we were disturbed by Mother Courage's inability to see the immorality of actions which, to her, always seemed reasonable in the dog-eat-dog circumstances of war. The climactic scenes—the denial of Swiss Cheese, the arguments with Katrin—were given added irony in this way. The relationship with Katrin was especially rich: Espiga-Ventura conveyed Mother Courage's struggle between love for Katrin, desire to protect her, and exasperation at her blindness to sordid realities, with great poise. The scene where Mother Courage holds the dead Katrin in her arms and sings a lullaby over her was done with genuine artistry, and the final tableau on stage, where Mother Courage hitches herself to the cart and goes on her way alone and unenlightened, was a striking contrast: where, a moment before, Espiga-Ventura had been tender, he was now tough and businesslike once more, and it is a tribute to his acting that this was not felt as a contradiction. We are used to seeing him in comic roles, but what a blessing that his hidden depths did not remain hidden!

I have referred from time to time to the songs in the production, and the contribution of Mr D. A. Bamforth in composing the music must not go unmentioned. His ability to sense the mood of a lyric and to find, in outwardly simple tunes, exactly the right vehicle for that mood, resulted in many fine settings, most memorably perhaps the Song of the Hours, but also Yvette's Song of Fraternisation, Mother Courage's Song of the Great Capitulation and, of course, the final Lullaby. The music was played excellently on the piano by S. J. Beggs.

This was in every sense a group production, and many boys, members of Staff and parents gave long hours of work to it: what appeared on stage was the tip of the iceberg. The driving force behind it all, nonetheless, was Mr Turner, who brought to the production a mastery of the text and a sure sense of theatre which placed us all in his debt.

P. Dean

**NOTE:** Full Colours for Drama were awarded to Minty and Rosenthal, and Half Colours to Aldridge, Burns, Clare, Dawes, Mankelow, Silgram and Woodroffe.

## HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

(15 and 22 March 1985)

Adjudicators:

Dr. Barker (Chairman), Mr. Bennett, Dr. Dean, Mr. Noel-Smith.

Results:

1. Byrom, *Grease*.
2. Fraser, *I'll Ring for More Toast*.
3. Heywood, *Careful Rapture*.
4. Whitworth, *Mother Figure* and *A Talk in the Park*.
5. Gaskell, *Single Fare Only*.
6. Dalton, *Bird in Hand*.

Best individual performance: S. Tucker (Fraser)

### BYROM HOUSE: 'GREASE'

The most memorable feature of the first night of the House plays this year was the arrival of an audience—not the usual half-dozen or so fur-clad Mums and Dads, huddling for warmth like penguin chicks on an ice-floe in the chilly wastes of the New Hall, but a genuine, fully-fledged audience doing its best to pack the place to capacity. It was very cheering to see so many boys from the School supporting the event for a change, and bringing their girlfriends along too. The hum of expectation suggested that word had got round and the word was evidently 'Grease'.



The judges had an inkling of what was to come, having been presented with a hand-written libretto some days previously. The immediate reaction from the critics was: thank Goodness there'll be some music, and the louder the better! Nothing new there, of course—people must have said the same about Verdi's operas. Then, however, we find the music will be taped, not performed; no-one will actually sing, merely move their lips in time to the music. What is to be judged then? Presumably mime, choreography, spectacle, staging, lighting and general enthusiasm on the part of the cast.

The play opened interestingly with an empty stage and a rather fine backcloth in deep blue, courtesy of A. Hopkins. The emptiness was perhaps a touch too drawn-out, the audience becoming apprehensive, if not alarmed. However, enter the protagonists, throwing the action out into the body of the Hall despite the lighting limitations: S. A. Marks as form frump in ghastly pink shoes and ankle-socks, and M. L. Jackson as Mr Macho, all Brylcreem and bubble-gum.

As the action unfolded we were impressed by the use made of the main stage, forestage and the Hall in general, the varied and imaginative movement helping when the script flagged. The musical numbers were very well done. In particular, the four leather boys, J. D. Campbell, G. O'Driscoll, M. R. Turley and J. L. Weston, threw themselves into the choreography with great panache, giving convincing physical performances as '50s hipsters.

The girl 'ravers', on the other hand, were a curious and motley crew. What should have been a group of sex-mad co-eds looked more like a witches' Sabbath. Sandy, pink shoes notwithstanding, began to look decidedly sensuous in comparison. To be fair, A. G. Crowther, looking remarkably like a frowsty Barbara Streisand, was most convincing as the school vamp, suggesting unbridled immorality by merely placing one hand on a hip and twirling a gold lamé handbag in the other. J. R. Marland—he of the voluminous dress and Bunny Girl bow—looked as out of place as a Quaker at a cannibal feast. And what boy would be seen dead with the less-than-divine D. J. Morris and A. Ruia as they competed for the Worzel Gummidge award? No wonder we wore dark glasses in the '50s!

This criticism can of course be criticised itself on the grounds that the judges missed the point, and indeed incongruity in a parody of this nature will always fuel the general hilarity, so fair enough.

Enter the Principal in the form of M. R. Rosenthal, or even vice-versa. But why in total darkness, poor chap? Was this Brechtian symbolism to emphasise his ineffectual nature, or did the actor himself consider anonymity desirable in the light of his opening address?

On now to the high point of the drama: the transformation scene. The Rydell bop was totally convincing—not enough to drink and all of it Woodpecker, very good set, excellent lighting effects, convincing movement and acting, the Principal wandering around like a lost soul in Purgatory adding a nice touch of Chaplinesque pathos. Goldilocks Newton-Marks upstaged everybody with a shameless piece of business involving a bust with a life of its own. With considerable relief we observed bust and boy exit down left, happily together and in that order!

The show ended with a bang rather than a whimper, with a well-staged finale drawing much cheering and applause. The co-producers (Marks and Jackson) must be congratulated on their own performances and also thanked for the hard work they must have put in organising such an ambitious production. The enthusiasm for the project, both inside and outside School, was obvious from the performances of the cast and the audience reaction. In this respect the production did a great service for School drama as a whole, in simply drawing the attention of many boys to the stage who might in normal circumstances not give it a second thought. This was one of the reasons for giving it first place.

### FRASER: 'I'LL RING FOR MORE TOAST'

This was a splendid production of a play which has become something of a regular in the House Drama Competition. It called for a sophisticated balance of tone—successful comedy of manners—without total collapse into silliness—which the actors achieved completely, and they set about the task with infectious zest, drawing a strongly favourable audience reaction.

A slightly awkward opening, with dialogue drowned by the sound effect, and somewhat wooden speaking by V. Pohoomull and N. Lord, was quickly redeemed by the performances of B. N. W. Light and S. Tucker. Light, as the 'jolly hockey sticks' Betty in headscarf and jodhpurs, was a truly over-powering female, dealing briskly with each fresh crisis as news of the overthrow of the aristocracy by a workers' revolution filtered through. He used his facial and eye movements excellently throughout. Tucker as the silly-ass character Charles was superb. His shambling embarrassment when confessing to Betty, 'I love you, dash it!', his writhing self-abasement when pushed aside by those more competent than himself to cope with life, his febrile waving of his tennis-racket (his chief means of emotional expression) as he sought vainly to understand what was going on, were all hilariously funny. The Adjudicators unanimously agreed that he should be awarded the prize for the best individual actor.



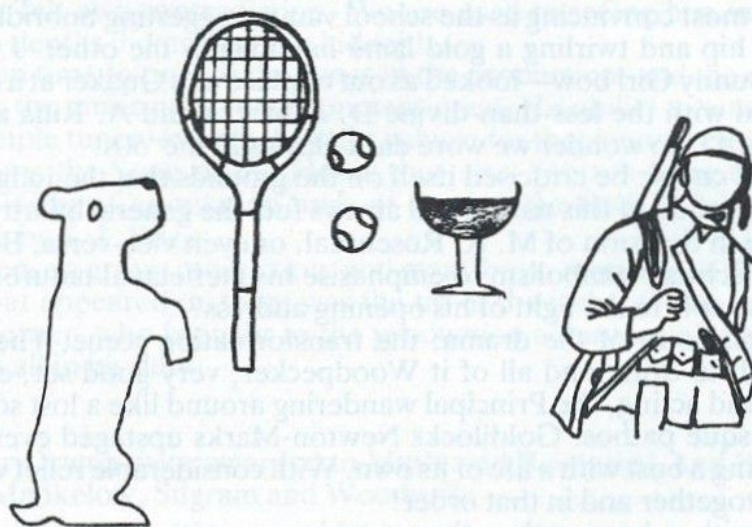
Although it is fair to say that Light and Tucker were the mainstays of the production there was some pleasing acting elsewhere, notably from R. O. Evans as an imperturbable butler proffering round after round of toast to ward off the threatened anarchy. Pohoomull and Lord had warmed up on their re-appearance, the latter catching the necessary arch disdain of Lady Footle for the 'dreadful lower classes' with nicely-judged accuracy. A. Weston-Jones and N. Thompson as the two Communist soldiers who invade the calm of Footle Hall had to cope with some jargon-ridden dialogue, and on the whole they managed to make it sound lively: their argument over who was the more deviationist, ending in their killing of each other, was carefully built up. (Evans's impassive countenance as he covered the corpses with sheets was a real study!) Finally, B. J. B. Wetters made a brief but effective appearance as Betty's father (the possibilities of simultaneous staging were well used here).



**FRASER  
HOUSE**



**1985  
Dramatics Present**



## **I'll Ring For More Toast**

**By Ken Lillington**

The production did great credit to Pohoomull and his team. The pace and timing were first-class, the use of setting and props very good, giving a successful period atmosphere. There was little argument among the adjudicators about the merits of the enterprise, and it was placed second.

### **HEYWOOD HOUSE: 'CAREFUL RAPTURE'**

This choice of play was very suitable: the material was lively and humorous, with a cast of a reasonable size. In general terms this was a pleasing production.

S. R. Watters produced a dynamic performance as Peggy Bowers, the teenage daughter. It was an uninhibited rendering of the easy-going chaotic girl, and his interpretation brought many laughs. His walk about the stage, the chest-forward strutting, and his confidence and presence, won him praise. Peggy's girlfriend Barbara Jane, played by A. J. Wray, brought out well the youthful disdain of the older generation, and her lively, carefree, colourful manner provided the right contrast to the more sober and stodgy adults. P. A. Iredale as Ted Desmond had a difficult role. While he did not look or sound forty-two, he nevertheless managed to create the required sense of embarrassment and awkwardness. Iredale is to be congratulated on his direction of this play, and also on the programme design. J. Lighthill as Joan Bowers made a commendable effort to produce the ironical attitude and calculation of the



mother. Here was an impressively matronly figure. J. W. Babicki was a competent Aunt Laura, but the part needed formidable acting skills if it was to be performed with the strength required to counterbalance the forcefulness of the mother and daughter. J. L. Whitcher was the mother-in-law, a role which in some ways was demanding.

HEYWOOD  
amateur dramatic  
&  
entertainment  
SOCIETY  
presents



directed  
by P. A. Iredale

Scene 1 was in general more successful than Scene 2. The play lost tempo when Ted was in the kitchen, and the recorded fill-in narrative at the start of Scene 2 had poor sound quality, and so was hard to follow. The tempo picked up again only at the ring sequence. However *Careful Rapture* was a strong and enjoyable entry.

### WHITWORTH HOUSE: 'MOTHER FIGURE' AND 'A TALK IN THE PARK'

These two short plays are from the collection *Confusions* by Alan Ayckborne. *Mother Figure* was a good choice because of the liveliness of the play, although it has only three characters. *A Talk in the Park* was of a less overtly dramatic nature.

The props for *Mother Figure* were very good: the splendid pink toy car, Mr Poddle, the green toy on the table, the pram, and the general brightness and variety of colour, all helped to create the atmosphere of the nursery madhouse—along with the clothes rack to add an additional sense of domestic bedlam, and the infant art. Technically this was a fairly accomplished performance: the timing was good, and the actors knew their parts well. There was an effective use of pause. The fact that there are only three characters creates new demands, and they were well met. M. Mankelow as Lucy Compton produced an impressive characterisation of the harassed child-demented mother. 'Her' role was to be in charge, and Mankelow ensured she was. D. K. W. Hinnells was very competent as Terry, producing a pleasing interpretation. The character of Rosemary was well played by M. S. Donnelly.

In *A Talk in the Park*, Arthur was played by T. Barnett, Beryl by M. Mankelow, Charles by N. J. Vowles, Doreen by M. S. Donnelly and Ernest by D. K. W. Hinnells. Both plays were produced by Donnelly.

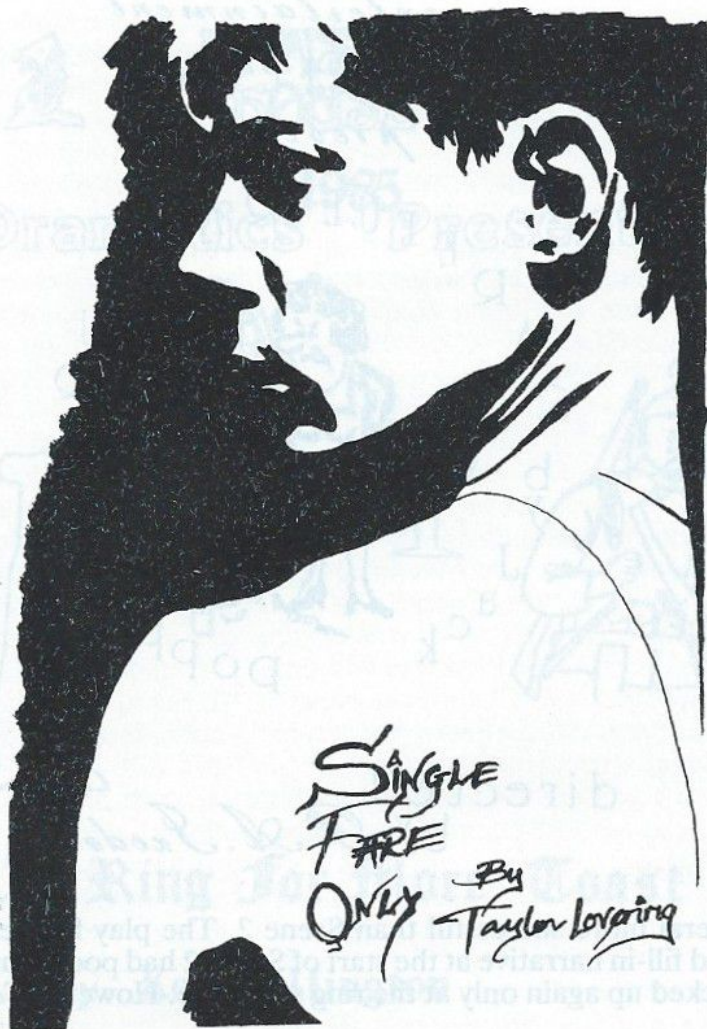


### GASKELL: 'SINGLE FARE ONLY'

'This bubbling black comedy, a chaotic cameo of Liverpoolian life, is, with its raw, almost "street theatre" edge, well-suited as a House play. Rugged and robust, what it lacks in subtlety and loses in trite characterisation, it makes up for in a roaring realism and a fierce dark humour'.

So said the programme, but how did the reality match up? Read on for the answer. . .

The set was excellent, presenting the indoor environment perfectly, and M. A. Roland as Naylor was immediately convincing in his dress, general demeanour and Liverpoolian accent. The same could be said of J. King as Cathy, only more so, when one considers how much dialogue he had to cope with. The long and arduous nature of his role meant that his performance stood out—and the play stood or fell on account of it.



M. J. Lloyd's performance as Bert was beautifully underplayed and his timing was excellent. It was a pity that he had relatively little to do as his acting provided a strong foil to the main characters.

Some of the timing of Cathy and Naylor's exchanges could have been sharpened, and more movement on stage during some of the longer monologues would have helped. The twist at the end lost much of its impact on account of these flaws. Having said that, however, one should add that the positioning of all performers onstage was very sound and the lighting totally unobtrusive in the right way!

This was a carefully crafted production which certainly did not disappoint. The programme was quite right.

### DALTON HOUSE: 'BIRD IN HAND'

The Dalton play was a grisly piece of whimsy that should have been left in peace and not exhumed to curl the toes of sensitive theatre-goers. It is essentially a one-man show for a hidebound don with no imagination who finds a fairy in his filing cabinet. H. J. Minty as the Professor, more Bash Street Poly than Oxbridge, with blue shirt, open neck, etc., did not really capture the essential arrogance of the academic, or his bullying nature, so we did not revel as much as we might have done at his subsequent discomfort at the hands of his tormentor.



A. St J. Dawes as the browbeaten secretary also seemed to have missed the point, playing the part like a benign battle-axe rather than a shrinking violet.

Proceedings were considerably enlivened by the manifestation of A. J. Bramhall as the 'thing'. His costume and appearance were excellent and his actions and delivery suitably inventive. We felt that the confrontation between don and fairy should have been hilarious rather than mildly amusing and, in this respect, the play was not as successful as it might have been.

S. D. Kay was acceptable as the Doctor but the dialogue here was tedious and anaesthetic—sufficient grounds for lynching the author. It was left to P. Aldridge to put the performance out of its misery which he did with commendable fortitude. He looked absolutely right as the daughter and is obviously a promising actor, since our attention was held by his delivery of the inanities he had been compelled to memorise.

Overall the play looked well-rehearsed and well staged, with good set and lighting. We felt the cast deserved better from their author. A final mention must be made of the programme by D. K. Hopwood—keep up the good work!

## STAGE MANAGER'S REPORT

This wasn't really the most interesting or challenging of years for the Stage Staff, with only one production, *Mother Courage*, to deal with. As usual a wide variety of effects and illusions was needed, although the Stage Staff was quite able to deal with the various requirements . . . well, almost!

The main problems with *Mother Courage* were caused by the breakdown of the backstage telephones, which meant that a complex system of signalling had to be developed using flashing 'Exit' signs. Further problems and embarrassment were caused by the partial destruction of the FX tape, ten minutes before the start of the play, so that one particularly enjoyable scene ran: 'Can't you hear the bells?' . . . . . Silence!

Further highlights included a cart rolling off stage and almost crushing the front row of the audience; the test-firing of an over-powerful cannon which promptly disintegrated, endangering everyone in the immediate area; and the impromptu appearance of a bread roll, centrestage, via the lights.

There were also problems on the last night as several members of the Stage Staff were away and about half the remainder had an attack of nerves, but those of us who were left managed valiantly.

However, in general the special effects were successful in a pleasing all-round team performance with a particularly impressive backdrop.

All in all, this was one of the less eventful of recent years, in which motivation was hard to maintain due to long periods of inactivity.

I. K. Lomas (L6A)  
(Stage Manager)

NOTE: R. O. Evans and I. Standing were awarded Full Colours for Drama; Half Colours went to R. Burns, J. C. Cottrell, J. M. Langley and I. K. Lomas.

## SCHOOL CONCERTS 1984-85

Two concerts were given during the year, on 18 December and 21 March, both in the New Hall. The former was the now-familiar Christmas concert, and, as has also become customary, it was much the better attended of the two. It provided a generous variety of orchestral, choral and solo items, with some community carols and a particularly imaginative selection of readings, of pieces by, among others, Herrick, Francis Kilvert and Delia Smith! Soloists were M. Crummack (violin), A. D. Campbell (trumpet) and P. Sharman (violin). The Orchestra played five pieces of which Leroy Anderson's 'Sleigh Ride' was the most catchy and well-received. Gabrieli's 'Canzon Seconda' by the Brass Quartet (P. J. Curran, P. J. Langslow, C. W. Timm and C. P. Williams) was very enjoyable: this kind of sound is still a novelty for many people, but it is a taste easily acquired. The Choir sang eight carols, N. F. Taylor contributing a firm solo treble to 'O Little Town of Bethlehem', and three additional carols by Walford Davies were performed by a group consisting of J. C. Cottrell, P. A. Iredale, R. W. McHale, H. J. Minty, A. Weston-Jones and the writer of these notes: five of the six singers did creditably.



The Spring Concert featured a similar balance of interests. Of the solos I especially liked F. Williams' tuba playing of Mozart's March in A, N. Bhattacharjee giving a superbly assured performance of the Adagio and Allegro from Handel's flute Sonata in A minor, P. A. Iredale's singing of 'Brush up your Shakespeare', the well-known O level crib from 'Kiss Me Kate' (complete with brush!) and S. J. Beggs' organ piece, three sections of Handel's 'Water Music', which well brought out the nobility and expansiveness of this instrument. The Choir had two sharply contrasting items, Morley's 'Nolo mortem peccatoris' which they also sang on Founder's Day, and three west country folk songs arranged by N. Marshall; in these the younger singers seemed to enjoy the bird impressions in 'The Owl'. The Orchestra closed the evening with four offerings, two classical, one—Andrew Lloyd Webber's 'Memory'—modern and lyrical, and one—'La Cucuracha'—unashamedly down-maket.

Thanks must go to all who performed, whether named above or not, and of course to the members of staff who accompanied and/or conducted, namely Mr Bamforth, Mr Golder, Mr Hofton and Mrs Wood. That these people make it possible for their support to go unnoticed shows modesty as well as the art that conceals art.

P. Dean

## JUNIOR SCHOOL MUSIC COMPETITION

(9 July 1985)

Adjudicators: Dr. Dean, Mr. Golder (Chairman), Mr Turner.

This annual competition has established itself as one of the most popular events in the Junior School Calendar, calling forth a degree of partisanship and fierce rivalry that one doesn't normally associate with music, except that brand whose exponents are the harmonic equivalent of international terrorists. There is always the delight of the unpredictable, too: anything may make its appearance, from paper-and-comb to prelude and fugue. A reservoir of unsuspected talent? Well, not always; but plenty of enthusiasm, and some genuine artistry, was on display this year.

First we heard from 2D. M. J. Bird played a fluent violin solo, and S. Sandiford-Mitchell made an extremely brief appearance as a pianist. Following two entrants who refused the fence, four members of the Form sang a song called 'Time Walk', with some dancing. This Form came over as under-rehearsed, unfortunately.

M. B. Ogier made a significant personal contribution to 1C's entry. He played two organ pieces and one on the piano, the last being the best, not surprisingly in view of the relative demands of the instruments. J. R. Tozer played a simple piano piece but showed good control of tempo. The whole Form contributed a recorder item, again of a quite basic kind. Without Ogier they would have been very stretched to put a programme together.

2B were similarly dependent on M. A. Hope and N. F. Taylor, who together were responsible for five out of seven items, of which the best were Taylor's 'Für Elise' and 'Yesterday' on the piano (quite a combination!) and Hope's clarinet solo 'Tattletale', a bright piece with some tricky rhythms which were skilfully negotiated.

The entry by 1A, which followed, was the most ambitious yet in terms of content, and it was obvious that in N. Bhattacharjee the School has a musician of enormous promise. He featured in two group items, but his flute solo, two menuets by Naudot, was an outstanding performance, with the assurance, breath control and interpretative skill of a professional. D. Greer's guitar playing was pleasant to listen to, and F. Williams showed much skill on the tuba, although the piece he chose did not show him to best advantage. As a finale the whole Form sang a song about the School to the tune of 'Edelweiss'. The lyric to this, which contained scurrilous lampoons upon members of staff of an outrageous and astoundingly accurate quality, would have won the prize for best words, had there been one; perhaps they even unnerved the performers, who sang in a rather subdued manner, as if mentally calculating whether the consequences would be a Wednesday or a Saturday.

2C's contribution was as remarkable for imagination and visual appeal as 1A's had been for musicianship. R. Minty's extract from Vivaldi's violin concerto, if a bit blurred in the faster passages, was nonetheless very impressive in tone and came at a good moment following some rather flat early items. However, the *pièce de résistance* was yet to come: the whole Form, in costume and with props, singing 'With cat-like tread' from *The Pirates of Penzance*. Not that a great deal of costume was required, for the pirates at least: or, I suspect, a great deal of Thespian skill; most healthy twelve-year-olds these days can spot a crowbar and a centrepiece a mile off. The infectious glee of the performance was disarming, but it posed problems for the adjudicators, whose brief seems to limit them to awarding marks for the *musicality* of the performances.



O. F. Islam began 1B's entry confidently with a piano piece, but subsequent efforts fell well below this standard, despite undoubted earnest effort. Once again the programme finished with a Form chorus, of which it would have helped to have the words. A good deal of it consisted of frog noises, which were authentic in the Aristophanean manner, but only dubiously musical.

Care for staging was again evident in the singing of 'Do-re-mi' by 1D. The audience was encouraged to sing along, always a brave thing to do, since what happens if they don't? This item began nervously but recovered to a vigorous finish. M. J. Hulston contributed two trombone pieces, but the instrument sounded gritty. G. T. Davidson had better luck on the clarinet, but his tempo tended to go astray. Yet again the programme closed with a Form song, 'Food glorious Food', which was sung tunefully but without the degree of relish (no pun intended) implied in the words. Perhaps the advent of the Fast Food emporium has deprived the young of their taste-buds.

The last Form to enter the lists was 2A, and they would be the first to admit, I think, that they could have done with much more rehearsal. Several of their items went wrong in avoidable ways, or collapsed in the middle. It fell to D. I. C. Capon (piano) and A. J. Edwards (guitar) to salvage something for the adjudicators to mark.

The first prize in the Competition was unanimously awarded to 1A. A number of prizes were also awarded to individual boys. It was cheering to have so many items involving most or all of the Forms, to see the keenness that was put in, with varying degrees of success; and some of the programmes were excellently produced and illustrated. The moral seems to be that the best in this competition is getting better every year, and an early and serious programme of rehearsals is the first priority in future years.

I must acknowledge the help of J. N. Symms of 2A in compiling this report.

P. Dean

## THE GERMANY EXCHANGE, 1984-85

### 1. MANCHESTER. October 1984.

On a sunny Sunday the German party arrived early at Chorlton Street Bus Station. Their bus pulled in at an unexpected terminal stopping point, but Mr. Turner quickly led the English partners to meet their German friends.

The English boys welcomed their German partners, and escorted them to their homes for a well-earned rest. The rest was short-lived, however, as we had to be in school the following day. Monday, the first day, began pleasantly with a speech from the Headmaster, who officially welcomed the visitors to William Hulme's. The Germans were given a guided tour of the school by some Lower Sixth boys, and the remainder of the day was spent as a normal school day.

Our friends from overseas were of varying ages, so on Tuesday it was an ordinary school day for some of our visitors, but for those under sixteen it meant a visit to Manchester City Centre. We hoped they found the trip interesting. The evening brought most of us together skating at Altrincham Ice Rink. It was most enjoyable, and everyone appeared to be having a good time.

Wednesday was a normal day for our younger friends, but those over sixteen had an opportunity to visit the City Centre; we are sure they put their time to good use shopping for souvenirs.

Thursday heralded our first school trip, which was to Liverpool, where we initially visited Speke Hall. Beatle City was a favourite for everyone, followed by the Garden Festival.

We visited Chester on Monday, our second organised outing. This town has so many attractions, one needs to visit it again and again. We were shown round the candle workshop at Burwardsley, where many fascinating candle designs were being produced. Lunchtime brought us to the ruins of Beeston Castle where we ate our sandwiches before spending the afternoon in Chester itself, browsing around the town centre, the Market Place, Eastgate Street and the city walls.

On Tuesday the German party went to see Manchester City Football Club in training—which is fine if you support City! However, the day improved when our friends visited the Air and Space Museum in the city. After school the same evening the usual Soccer match was arranged between the English and German partners. Both teams played well but Germany had the edge and won yet again.

Wednesday was the day everybody had been looking forward to, because we were off to Alton Towers! The weather was surprisingly good, and the amusements were great. Everyone had a wonderful time. Then in the evening, the last for our partners, we all went for the last time to Altrincham Ice Rink, which rounded the day off.

Thursday brought the day of sad farewell, when we all looked forward to meeting up again in February.

A.L. Pope (L6S MPC2)

A.H. Prits (L6L)



## 2. GERMANY. February 1985.

'This is the age of the train' ... With this in mind it was unanimously decided again this year to employ British Rail's services in the hope of shortening the long coach-journey down to the coast. We were disheartened, therefore, by the long delays due to sudden snow blizzards in the south, but glad to arrive eventually at Folkstone after a frantic connection in London and a time-saving change of route—we were, after all, only a few hours behind schedule! Luckily, the cross-Channel services had also been disrupted by the severe weather conditions, and so our intended boat had not left port as expected.

Nobody relished the prospect of a rough crossing, one which promised to be the worst to date, but thanks to the foresight of Mr. Turner with his sea-sickness pills, we remained on the whole seemingly unaffected by the discomfort, although morale was somewhat lacking. (This was quite clearly shown by the fact that no-one ventured up on deck to sing the traditional chorus of 'Rule Britannia').

On the other side of the Channel we had a short and extremely cold wait in the forever deserted town of Ostend (not one of the most picturesque in Belgium), before taking an Inter-City train to Brussels. The remainder of the lengthy journey seemed to go relatively smoothly, most certainly due to German Railways efficiency, and soon we were on the local line to Werl. We had been on the move for just over a day. The patient band of our German hosts was gathered at Werl Hbf. to greet us and take us home.

Monday began very early for everyone with the traditional introduction to school life at the Marien-Gymnasium, and a welcoming speech from the Headmaster, Dr. Bierbaum. The German school day lasts from 07.50 to 13.05, and during the remaining part of the afternoon Herr Köhl briefed us about the very full programme which had been planned.

The first event was, in fact, organised for that very afternoon when the majority of the group took part in the *Stadtrundgang*, an interesting and informative walk around the town, including a visit to the famous *Wallfahrtskirche*—a church visited by thousands of pilgrims each year. Meanwhile older members of the party, who considered themselves experts in getting around Werl, were excused to refresh their minds about personal places of interest.

The following day's full-packed time-table had plenty to offer us in the way of lessons, including an unusual subject for most of us—Pedagogics ... (yes, that's what we thought!) After some mild opposition to Herr Köhl's strict school routine, we found ourselves on the afternoon of Tuesday 12th February 'doing time' inside the Werl JVA (*Justizvollzugsanstalt*), the largest high-security prison in the Federal Republic! But this brief encounter with the law was not a penance for our sins, and the few hours which we spent 'behind bars' turned out to be perhaps the most interesting and informative of all the trips organised this year. We were shown around the prison buildings by the Governor himself, Herr Koepsel, who talked in immaculate English about his rôle in the smooth running of the institution. We visited the prison's own furniture factory, the laundry, recreation area, kitchens, chapel, and finally the Staff Canteen where we sampled some wares of the on-site bakery. A couple of inmates actually invited us into their surprisingly well-furnished and comfortable cells.

Braving the sub-zero temperatures, we congregated early on Wednesday morning to await the arrival of our transport to Detmold, a small town north-east of Werl. In the area outside Detmold lies the *Teutoburger Wald* where our first place of interest was the *Externsteine*, a collection of tall, natural sandstone pillars which were once used as a prehistoric shrine. At this point Herr Köhl mentioned that he came from the area himself, but Mr. Turner was at hand to dispel any speculation about Herr Köhl's troglodytic tendencies.

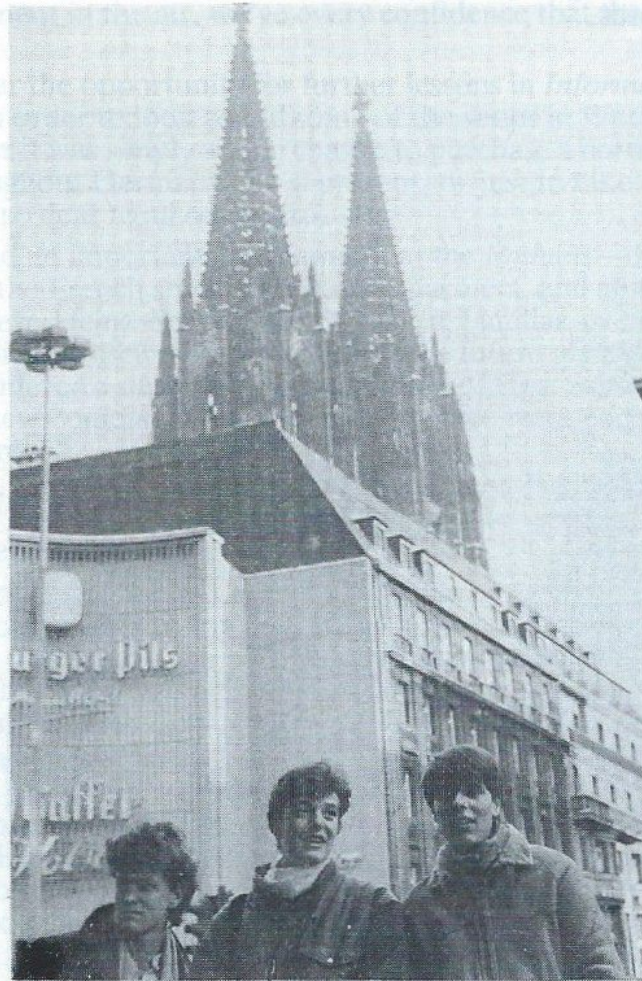
From here we drove to the exquisite Detmold Palace for a guided tour around the immaculately preserved seventeenth-century rooms. Mr. Gracey, making his Werl Exchange debut, came into his own here, showing his depth of knowledge as a Classical historian by explaining to the group the historical significance and background of several intricate tapestries hanging in a first-floor gallery. The final hall, sporting a large collection of hunting trophies and weaponry, was quite interesting but was not sufficiently exciting to revive a generally dull and predictable tour through a rather ordinary building.

A few steps across the park brought us to the town centre where we were free to roam the *Fussgängerzone* for a couple of hours before returning to the coach. Five minutes later we were at our next port of call. A brief stroll up a snow-covered avenue brought us face to face with Hermann—a huge bronze monument of the Germanic warrior towering above the trees of the *Teutoburger Wald* which overlook Detmold. Most of the party paid a small fee to climb the spiral staircase inside the monument and acquired an excellent panoramic view of the surrounding countryside. After a short stay at the monument and an ensuing snowball fight on the way back to the coach, we headed home towards Werl feeling tired but satisfied by an informative and interesting outing.

On Thursday morning we 'Engländer' or *Insellaffen* (literally 'island monkeys' or whatever else we might have been called) took the opportunity to avoid classroom lessons for two periods at least and took advantage of free entrance to the local swimming bath.



The 'veterans' of the Wel Exchange will no doubt particularly hold memories of the unusual custom of *Weiberfastnacht*. This is the day in the *Karneval* calendar on which German females (of all ages) are let loose to do what they wish, within reason of course, to males; we personally witnessed many pranks by *Fräulein* brandishing pairs of scissors. That evening, however, everyone braved the dangers of the marauding women and met at the *Stadthalle* for *Kegeln*. This of course is nine-pin bowling, quite a popular German sport which has featured in the programme for the last three years. But this was only the beginning of the evening's entertainment. Practically straight after the bowling, we were whisked away by the parents of our respective partners and dropped off in Hilbeck, a small village a few kilometres away from Werl. In previous years the youth of Hilbeck have invited the exchange partners to a party at the *Ponyhof* (converted stables). This year was no exception and everyone was delighted to hear that the party at the *Ponyhof* was to be the first of many organised for us over the *Karneval* period. With this somewhat comforting information in mind, everyone went out to enjoy themselves even though they were up against an alarmingly low quality of music. Fortunately the experienced DJ, realising this, made up for it by playing all records at five times the normal (acceptable) volume! Between ten and eleven o'clock the party gradually died down. Some of us went home, some went to other parties and others stayed for the *post mortem*. Foremost in everyone's minds was to get a good night's sleep, ready for the Cologne trip the following day.



(Photo: J. D. Campbell)

Cologne: the spire of the Dom

On arriving earlier than expected in Cologne, we were unleashed for an hour in order to soak up the atmosphere of this world-famous city, before meeting up again in front of the huge *Kölner Dom* at 10.55 ready for our guided tour through the Cathedral at 11.00. The tour was relatively short, but it was less interesting than the marvellous building itself. We were less than impressed to hear the usual jargon about the remains of the three Magi which lie in the priceless golden treasure chest on display. When asked his thoughts on the authenticity of these relics, Mr. Gracey could only laugh. However, no-one can doubt the splendour of the ancient Gothic Cathedral which took several centuries to complete and which, amazingly, remained intact after 90% of the city was razed by bombs during the war.

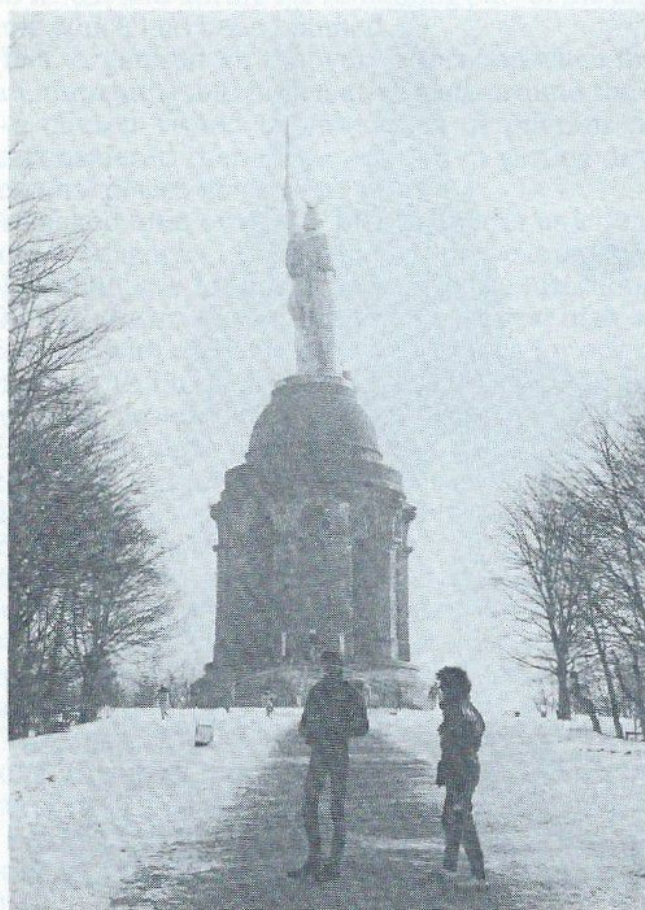


The tour guide advised us to take the opportunity of climbing the 501 winding steps to the top of the bell-tower for a 'heavenly view of Cologne'. We were actually in one of the courageous expedition parties who were firstly robbed of DM 2—for entrance to the tower—and who then made the ascent. When we finally did reach the top, the effort had been well worth it, rewarding us with a spectacular view of the city laid out before us and a real sense of achievement, despite the minor set-back to our wallets.

After the more straightforward descent, we made a quick detour into base-camp McDonald's before making the pilgrimage to *Saturn*, reputedly the world's largest record shop! The remaining time was spent according to each person's taste, but Cologne is second to none with its colourful pedestrian shopping streets and quaint *Altstadt*. Overall the visit to Cologne was as expected—somewhat repetitive and predictable for the older boys but a terrific new experience for the first-timers.

Friday evening was the turn of the Marien-Gymnasium itself to throw a party—we were 'all' invited to the *Oberstufe's* (Sixth Form) *Karnevalsfeier*, although there was some confusion as to the age limit of the entrants! Every *Karneval* party lives up to one's expectations so no more needs to be said here really; all the right ingredients were there and we think that everyone enjoyed it.

The long weekend was spent with the host families. Some people went on further excursions, such as skiing in Winterburg, watching a local football match in Bochum, or participating in more *Karneval* activities in the streets of Düsseldorf, and so on—the variety of activities laid on for all partners made it a worthwhile break where everybody could practise compulsory spoken German without the help of the teachers. It is always a good thing to get away from the other members of the exchange just for a day or two, for recuperation purposes.



(Photo: J. D. Campbell)

#### Approach to Hermann's Denkmal

*Rosenmontag* is a Bank Holiday in West Germany, so of course school was out of the question—this day is the culmination of all *Karneval* celebrations and the liveliest of parties occurred on Monday evening at the UG (*Ursulinengymnasium*, the local girls' grammar school). Needless to say, the English were the star guests once again, but this time with the MG's French exchange partners from Le Mans, who had arrived the previous Friday—we think it was supposed to be fancy dress, but not many people were willing to ruin their reputations and make complete fools out of themselves, even though it was the main day of *Karneval* week.



Tuesday morning was perhaps the coldest of the whole exchange. Fate would have it therefore that on this day we were to spend over five hours out of doors in the small and remote village of Körbecke, situated on the banks of the Möhnesee. It seemed somewhat strange that, even though *Karneval* had officially ended the previous day, the townsfolk of Körbecke were still hosting a procession and other minor frivolities.

The party of French students was also witnessing this spectacle, so we ended up together in a rather full public house overflowing with the true taste of Germany. It was here in the atmosphere of warmth and welcome that we stayed for several hours, indulging in multilingual discussions on a wide range of European topics ranging from the controversy about British EEC payments to the latest Howard Jones disc.

The French coach left Körbecke two hours before ours, so in the time that remained the party met up again and following treatment for frostbite made gradual progress for the coach, stopping *en route* for the occasional hot-dog *Bratwurst* and a few exercises to keep circulation going.

After the journey back to Körbecke, those who were still fit enough to participate went along to the Werl *Sporthalle* for a 'friendly' game of five-a-side football. No such luck! The Germans took the England v. Germany competition extremely seriously and consequently won outright! Naturally our boys had an excuse: 'Well you know Brian, of course on the day we'd had an exhausting time of it what with this, that and the other, which we took in our stride out on the park and although we lacked a bit of enthusiasm and commitment in the air, we've every confidence that the lads'll bounce back and have a better go at it next year.'

On Wednesday, after the opportunity for further lessons in *Informatik* (Computer programming), we had some free time in order to look round some of the shops in Werl itself, if we had not previously had time to do so whether it was simply a final chance to purchase a bottle of the famous *Werler Tropfen* liqueur (renowned throughout Germany) for a present, or just to take a last look at the snow-covered *Fussgängerzone* which is so dear to all our hearts.

Then at 11.00 we had an important appointment at the *Rathaus*—our formal welcome to Werl and to Germany, along with the French students, German partners, and all the teachers, from the Mayor of Werl, Bürgermeister Herr Heinz Sasse. This is also a familiar event in the Werl calendar and a worth-while one: the topic for discussion this year was the future plans for the redevelopment of part of the town. Mr. Turner rendered a simultaneous translation of Herr Sasse's speech, which was very useful especially to the Werl new-comers. After the 'congress' we were each given a key-ring as a pleasant reminder of our visit there.

The following day, however, the local press did not hesitate to draw contentious political conclusions from Mr. Turner's dual translation of the seemingly harmless word *Sanierung* (redevelopment/slum-clearance)!

Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning were then free for us to spend some time at home and prepare for the return journey, or to say goodbye to new-made friends. At all events we all met once again, punctually, at the entrance to the passenger subway at Werl Hbf., some half an hour before the 'expected' departure of the 17.55 *Bummelzug* to Cologne, giving us sufficient time to say goodbye to our host families, take treasured photos, cry, etc. etc.

We had on the whole enjoyed every minute of our short fortnight's stay, and as the time of the train drew nearer and nearer, and as we moved from the station forecourt onto the platform, luggage at the ready, with tears just forming in the corners of our eyes, the headlights of the train could be seen approaching from the distance ... but wait a second ... This was in fact *not* our train ... ours was 85 minutes late and so our route had to be dramatically altered yet again. But luckily we soon caught up with schedule and the remainder of the journey home went quite smoothly, though of course our excitement was a little subdued.

Thanks must go to many people without whose help the 1985 Exchange would not have been possible, including: a helpful employee of British Rail Inter-City Europe; Herbert Grönemeyer for his musical support and encouragement over the two weeks; and a kind barman in Cologne who presented us with several attractive beerglasses. We are all especially indebted to Mr. Gracey for his patience and availability on this year's exchange, and hope that he enjoyed it as much as we did! Thanks too to the host families and the German teachers, especially Herr Köhl and Herr Lemki, for the organisation of what was in our opinion the best Werl Exchange to date. And last but not least thanks must go to Mr. Turner and Mrs. Wright whose enthusiasm and dedication have led to this most beneficial school event, now about to enter its fifth year, and to many further English-German friendships and several subsequent personal visits. We sincerely hope that the Werl Exchange retains the popularity it deserves and that many pupils may also take advantage of its opportunities in the future.

J.D. Campbell (L6L)  
S.J.F. Schofield (L6S MPC2)



## KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA 1984

The largest ski-party ever to leave the school gates boarded the luxury 'Space Shuttle' coach on Friday 14th December amid rising speculation about the lack of snow in Austria. The prospect of skiing on the famous Hannenkamm in Franz Klammer's home town of Kitzbuhel in the Austrian Tyrol seemed remote, but the excitement among the forty-five boys and five staff was self-evident as we motored towards Dover and a midnight sea-crossing. The boredom of the journey was considerably relieved by ample supplies of coffee, cold drinks and crisps from the well-stocked galley at the rear of the coach; a position which was extremely popular with the staff. In addition, the on-board TV and videos made for a relaxed atmosphere and prevented cases of claustrophobia on the eighteen-hour journey.

By 8.00 pm on Saturday we had reached the Austrian border near Kufstein, where customs officials were surprised to see Mr. Grange's 'keep-fit-club' working off surplus energy in the coach park. There was a distinct lack of the white crystalline stuff as we arrived at our hotel in Jochberg, but after a meal of hot soup and local beefburgers(?), we were equipped with our ski-gear, which at least made us feel like skiers. We certainly went to bed dreaming of snow drifts and glistening slopes.

However Sunday morning brought no fresh snow and we were thankful that our coach was ready and waiting to drive us the fifty kilometres to Kaprun, where we were able to ski on the glacier at over 9000 feet. It was worth the half-hour queue for the cable railway which took us over a mile through the side of the Kitzsteinhorn to the Alpincentre and then, via chairlift or cable car, to the top. The view was breathtaking and the skiing excellent. The beginners' groups received their first lessons where the snow was—at the top of the mountain. To their credit, all made rapid progress, which was just as well, because the only way to get back is down.

We had three days of good skiing at Kaprun, apart from a minor blizzard which closed the ski-tows on the lower slopes on Tuesday, but the advanced and intermediate groups, led fearlessly by Messrs. Seddon, Moore and Moss, had just about skied-out the mountain. It was time to look for fresh snow, but this was still proving difficult to find in Kitzbuhel. However, a chance meeting at the Kitzbuhel ice-rink with another school party gave us the location of a less crowded area with good pistes, less than an hour's drive away.

On Wednesday, we decided to take a break from the pistes and visit Salzburg. This proved to be an eventful visit as the coach had an argument with an Austrian vehicle on a narrow bridge and P.J. Rogers almost got left behind in Salzburg. We thought that we would be safer on the slopes at Steinplatte on Thursday, where brilliant sunshine and well-pisted snow combined to give us probably the best day's skiing. Ski tests in the morning were conducted with skill and technical competence by all the boys, who received their awards from the instructors that evening at the hotel. The ceremony was delayed somewhat by a curious incident in which a group of six boys, intrepid heroes all, missed the last tow and had to be brought off the mountain by snowcat. There was a special award for that as well.

Unfortunately, our last day was marred by driving winds and sleet, which made conditions somewhat less than perfect. Even so there were some who ventured out to pack as many last runs in as possible before returning home. The return trip proved as uneventful as the outward one and between more cups of coffee and discussion of the state of C.L. Porritt's black eye, a souvenir from an unidentified mogul, we watched the remaining videos and slept.

All told it was quite the most exciting ski trip that I can remember and, considering the poor snowfall in the area, certainly not as disappointing as it might have been. The coach proved to be quite tolerable as an alternative to air travel and certainly allowed us to take a larger party than has been possible in the past. Finally the thanks of everyone must go to Mr. Seddon and Mr. Moore who organised the trip so efficiently and who conducted negotiations with the tour representative and coach drivers with considerable agility to allow us to ski outside our chosen resort. It should be borne in mind that many ski parties remained stranded in Kitzbuhel where there was not sufficient snow during the week to allow the pistes there to be opened to any extent.

J. H. Thomson

## NORMANDY 1985

In February during half-term the History Department made a return visit to the battlefields and museums around the Normandy beaches. Forty-three pupils were accompanied by Messrs Ballantyne, Blight and Jones of the History Department, and Mrs. Ballantyne of the Modern Languages Department. We left Manchester at midnight on 14 February and made the long journey by coach, crossing from Ramsgate to Dunkirk. We were to stay at the *Centre de sejour* at Caen, where we arrived late on Wednesday evening and were pleased to find that a cold buffet had been left for us although the restaurant had been closed a couple of hours prior to our arrival. We were to find the accommodation excellent—a pleasant surprise to those of us who had suffered nineteenth-century conditions on previous trips.



After a much-needed night's sleep we visited the historic town of Bayeux to see the famous tapestry, now on show in a purpose-built exhibition hall. We then went to the British and Commonwealth Cemetery which has been recently visited by the Queen to mark the fortieth anniversary of the D-Day landings. Lunch was eaten on the cliffs at Arromanches overlooking the Mulberry Harbour, after which we were treated to a film show and a brief history lesson over a microphone by Mr. Blight. We then visited another excellent museum at Pegasus Bridge and ended the day at Ramville cemetery, where one of the pupils visited the grave of his great-uncle.

On the second day of our trip we returned to Bayeux where the pupils spent their francs on souvenirs and confectionery and some of them took the opportunity to examine the impressive Gothic cathedral and the excellent British and Commonwealth War Museum. We then drove to the American Cemetery at Colleville where 14,000 American soldiers are buried. The sight of so many graves containing, in several cases, the bodies of young men not much older than some of us, did not fail to leave a memorable impression. Pointe du Hoc was our next stop, where gigantic craters mark the spot where the U.S. Rangers made their attack. We then went to St Mere Eglise to visit the museum dedicated to the American paratroopers who bravely fought to free the town. After a brief visit to Utah Beach and the large German cemetery at La Cambe we returned to Caen.

We all enjoyed the trip immensely and would like to thank the staff for giving up their holiday to take us.

A. P. Fox (U6A)

## LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW

### *Saturday 30 March*

The party (just thirteen boys this time, rather less daunting than the fifty-three of two years ago) assembled at Piccadilly Station at seven in the morning for the journey to Gatwick airport. The next eleven hours were trouble-free: we safely negotiated London's underground, Gatwick itself, even the Aeroflot flight, to land at Leningrad's Pulkovo airport at nine in the evening local time. Our flight had taken just over three hours: going through passport control and customs, recovering our cases and boarding the coach for the Hotel Karelia took four; and then Katya, the Intourist guide, cheerfully announced a) dinner was cancelled because of the late hour, b) the time was an hour later than we thought because of the early introduction of Soviet summer time, and c) breakfast would be at eight sharp. One of these factors was beyond our control, but friendly persuasion changed her mind on the other two points, which explains why we sat down for dinner at 3.00 a.m. and rose for Sunday's breakfast at nine.

### *Sunday 31 March*

Day tour of the city with Irena, a brand-new Intourist guide, desperate to impress her first-ever party. Questions which she could not answer on the spot were dealt with first thing the next day (St. Isaac's Cathedral is gilded with 100 kg. of gold, the Church of the Resurrection marks the spot where Alexander II was assassinated, how deep the Metro is is a state secret). She gained in confidence over the next few days, amusing us with her serious lecture on Soviet peace policy as well as making perceptive remarks to me about members of our party.

In the evening we all went out in search of Leningrad's night-life. Trolleybus No. 2 took us past the Nevsky Prospekt, so that all we could find was a dingy railway station where we sampled the local coffee (sickly) and cake (surprisingly good).

### *Monday 1 April*

Intourist must have remembered this School's aversion to Soviet museums, for we visited only one in each city. This morning was spent at the Museum of the Russian People, where we made our first encounter with the bubushkas: fearsome haridans, average age ninety, most with violently-coloured hair, their job is to storm down upon the unsuspecting, screaming unintelligibly if you stand against a wall, talk too loudly, or come too close to their precious exhibits.

Lunch was followed by a visit to the Peter Paul fortress (illicit photography inside the cathedral set off another wailing banshee), and the day was rounded off with a concert given by the Red Army ensemble at the Hotel Leningrad's sumptuous theatre: memorable for me because glasses of champagne were on sale in the interval; for most of the boys because it was their first encounter with live and serious entertainment.



### *Tuesday 2 April*

The day began badly. We were to spend the morning at the so-called Friendship House, where Leningrad schoolchildren were to meet and entertain us. In return, Irena informed us, we were expected to entertain them. Could we sing, perhaps? Dance? Play some music? Tell jokes? We feared that the poor girl might be dismissed if we could not comply and so D.J. Matthews was persuaded to offer his services at the piano. In the end, however, he was not called on since the girls from Ireland and Kent managed to fill the programme (the Irish girls carried off a masterstroke by singing a Latin anthem to the Trinity which the Russians politely applauded).

After lunch and a visit to the Winter Palace we were given a few hours free time for shopping and sightseeing. Shopping was easy—straight down the Nevsky Prospekt to the foreign currency shop, picking up fourteen ice creams on the way: what was more difficult was getting past groups of women selling Leningradidas ski hats and shaking off the comrades who wanted to change money at three times the official rate or to pay vast sums for our clothes (we could perhaps have sold our jackets, but how did they expect to buy the jeans which most of the boys were wearing?)

In the evening we transferred to the railway station and the comfortable sleeper express, the Red Star, for the overnight journey to Moscow.

### *Wednesday 3 April*

Our first day in the comrades' capital was remarkably relaxed, with the usual sightseeing tour in the morning and a free afternoon to explore on our own. Red Square was the obvious attraction. Behind Lenin's tomb we could make out the new jet-black busts of Brezhnev and Andropov, but the mausoleum itself was closed for repairs, which begs the obvious question (it seems that during July 1984 Lenin's right ear suddenly fell off). Some of us were fortunate enough to see Mikhail Gorbachev sweep out of the Kremlin in his massive Zil limousine and speed away down the centre lane in the road reserved for members of the Politburo.

In the afternoon we went via the Metro (interval between trains thirty-eight seconds) to the Hotel Rossiya (largest in the world), the interior of St. Basil's Cathedral, the House of Books and a supermarket. There was plenty of ice cream and vodka available, but very little meat (apart from a few scrawny unwrapped chickens flung haphazardly into a refrigerated display) or fresh vegetables.

### *Thursday 4 April*

We visited School No. 69, a specialist English school for children between the ages of seven and seventeen. While the party took in another entertainment I watched a class in action: a group of ten nine-year olds, well disciplined, all interested in the language and all keen to do well. My guide, Denis, in his last year at the school, was very knowledgeable about Britain and its politics, though he found the concept of a party in opposition to the government rather difficult to handle: his ambition, which I hope he may achieve, is to visit Beatle City in Liverpool.

Lunch (a splendid four-course affair at the Hotel Ukraine) led into a tour of VDNKh, the Exhibition of Economic Achievements, noteworthy for two reasons: almost every pavilion we wanted to visit was closed for repairs; and on the way back to the Hotel Sevastopol our coach finally collapsed and we had to be rescued by a party of Danes. We completed the day with a visit to the circus (too tedious for the party's trendsetters, who steadfastly refused to applaud even the remarkable Cossack riders).

### *Friday 5 April*

Our last full day in Moscow began with a visit to the Central Lenin Museum (as if we hadn't seen enough of him already during the week). We were expected to behave like the trained cats we had seen at the circus: do as we were told, listen obediently and say nothing at all. As things turned out we saw only a quarter of the exhibits and ended up arguing with our guides about Stalin, Trotsky, the invasion of Afghanistan and other healthily controversial topics. The museum guide nearly collapsed under the strain, but Zena, our Moscow guide, brushed aside the boys' arguments with the assertion that our study of history was not correct. This condescending attitude nearly lost her the presents she received later that day, but she made amends with an excellent tour of the Kremlin in the afternoon. Most of us went on to visit the large children's store opposite the Lubyanka prison: no Sinclair's Spectrums here, but the toy of the moment was one of those cars which changes direction when it meets an obstacle; Muscovites were queuing to buy it at two roubles a time.

In the evening only four boys eschewed the farewell parties to see the Red Square floodlights, with Stalin's five illuminated red stars atop the Kremlin's towers and the state flags fluttering in an artificially created breeze. Five teas in a cockroach-infested cafe and we returned to the hotel: our night out had cost sixty pence in all.



Saturday 6 April

To the airport for our jet home. Our reluctance to queue came in handy: we were the last of the 300 passengers to board the Illyshin jumbo, and were seated in the only area available, the first-class cabin. 2,000 miles and nine hours later the party, tired, broke, but cheerful and certainly better informed than they had been a week earlier, were safely returned to their parents.

School trips, especially abroad, are often made memorable less by the sightseeing and formal events as by apparently trivial incidents. Some which come to mind include R. Angel's valiant but fruitless attempt to locate one of Moscow's two working synagogues; A.J. Roberts' conviction that the thermostat in his room was a bugging device and his shouting into it 'Can you hear me, Gorbie?' (which was probably picked up by the real bugging device); Matthews showing an interest in Aivazovsky's sea painting in the Russian Museum; R.D. Howarth and A.S. Hogben proving *ad nauseam* that they knew by heart every script from the Young Ones; Howarth being entrusted with his passport for just four hours and still managing to lose it; Katya talking freely about alcoholism in Russia; swapping cottage cheese recipes with Zena (pour a jar of sour cream into a tub of cheese, stir, taste and throw away); or spending the evening watching sport on television, drinking Russian tea from a samovar and just talking. A good trip, and a worthwhile one. I think we'll go again.

P. J. Callaghan

## SPAIN Easter 1985

When I was greeted by my Spanish partner's family at Barcelona Airport, I was introduced to an entirely different way of life from the English.

The culture of Spain is so different that it takes a week to accustom yourself to. A typical day is spent as follows: after getting up and having a breakfast of coffee, toast and plain biscuits, the children set off for school at about half-past eight and arrive at nine, when school begins. The father of the family sets off for work at about the same time.

Most Spanish families have a maid who helps the mother to prepare the main meal of the day and do general housework.

At one o'clock the father and children return for the main meal of the day, which consists of three courses. The first is usually soup or something of that sort. This is followed by the actual meal which is meat and potatoes (with cabbage) or fish cooked in butter. These are the two most common types of food in Barcelona, especially fish, with the city being situated on the sea, so any variation of the main meal is a kind of treat. If paella is chosen for dinner then the first course is left out as paella is very filling and is served with a large portion of chicken. The dessert is fruit, cake or *crème caramel* (and other mousse-type dishes).

School begins again at two o'clock and finishes at five. The evening is spent watching television until ten, when a supper is cooked if required. This is usually *un bocadillo*, which is a large piece of toast with tomato-juice and salt rubbed in, and salad and various meats on top. After supper you either watch more television or retire to bed.

Most days in the city are spent like this, so when weekend arrives, the family moves to a second house either at the beach or in the countryside. Most Spaniards have two houses, an apartment-cum-house in the city—these are like flats, but lavishly furnished and much more spacious and clean than English flats—and a smaller house elsewhere which is more modest and used for weekends and holidays only.

At the beach all the time is spent relaxing, swimming, riding motorbikes along the beach, sailing and playing football, tennis, squash and basketball, the most popular Spanish sports. Work is completely forgotten, and the return to the city is a disappointment.

While the family was out at school or work, the mother took me to see the sights of Barcelona. These were the *Sagrada familia*, a massive church designed by the architect Gaudi which is still being built; *Las Ramblas*, a road leading from the city centre to the port lined with trees, shops, bars and kiosks; a palace, the football stadium, two amusement parks, Montjuich and Tibidabo, on the hillsides; and, in the same area, a castle and a cathedral.

My stay in Barcelona was extremely good and I was sorry to leave as I was made very welcome. It was an experience to witness a different way of life and culture to ours.

S. Pilling (4Y)

**Note:** This year three other pupils—H.J. Clare (4L), A.D. Ryan (4L) and E. Viner (L6L)—also participated in the Exchange Scheme. All four spent three weeks in the Barcelona area at Easter and, in return, looked after their Spanish partners for three weeks in the Summer.

P. M. Bull



## C.C.F. NOTES

Rather than repeat our usual camp routine, and give details of training areas and so on, I feel that a more comprehensive report on the Summer Camp at Warcop, Cumbria, will be interesting.

It is possibly ten years since we last went to Warcop for the Summer Camp; Hardraw is virtually next door and so the choice of Warcop seemed less tempting than some other places on offer. How wrong we have been to think this! The activities and training that were laid on for us were the best of any camp we have been to. It was a great pity, therefore, that we only took thirty-six boys this year, quite a few dropping out for various reasons.

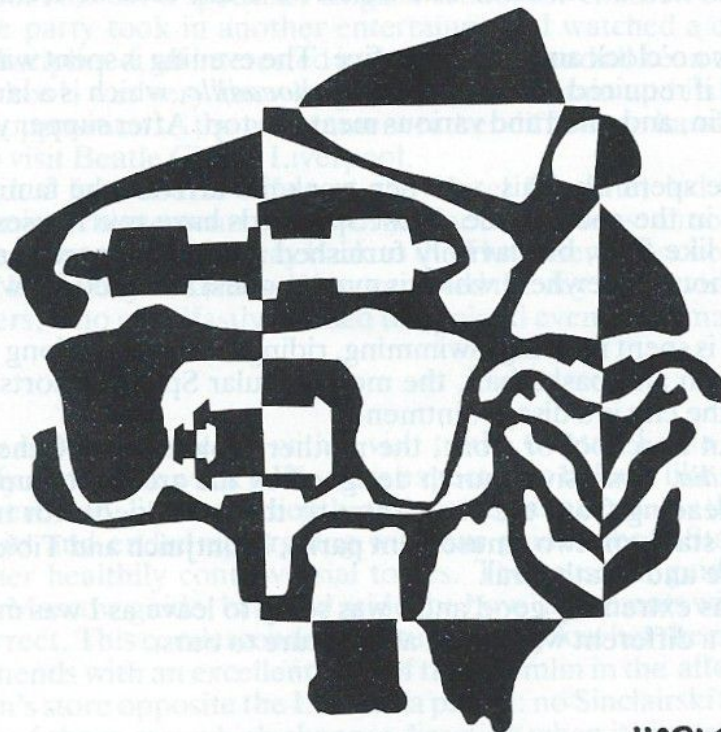
The Commandant at Warcop is a Colonel from the Army Air Corps, and consequently the right man to provide helicopters and light aircraft for training. Our first full day's training was low level flying in Lynx helicopters over the massive Warcop Training Area. Each helicopter took about ten cadets, who were safely strapped in, because the doors were off on each side. When the helicopter was banking to make a turn one felt one's heart coming up into one's throat, and hands automatically clutched the seats. Hedge-hopping and flying down the valleys and in between trees was very exciting, and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone—so much so that most of our boys had three flights during the day. At lunchtime ten lucky cadets from our party were sent to Carlisle for some fixed-wing flying in light aircraft. They reported that they had had a marvellous time. Now we have thirty-six boys who want to be pilots in the Army Air Corps.

Our military training continued and it looked as if we were in the running to win the March and Shoot competition. Our performance on the assault course was outstanding, but then, alas, one of our final three details on the firing had a poor shoot, so we finished in eleventh place out of fifty-six teams competing. A very good performance, but it would have been even better had we won.

Clay-pigeon shooting was a much sought-after activity. Once the boys got the hang of following the bird in the air we saw some very good shooting and many hits. In fact this was so popular that we booked the range for a second go at it.

Our accommodation was hutted and well-maintained, and also pleasantly heated. There were plenty of drying rooms, and the standard of catering was of the highest order. The mixture of military training and adventure training was well-balanced. Most boys had two nights out in the field, and luckily when we were out the rain stayed away. I am absolutely sure that all the boys had a very enjoyable time; the only loss was for those who chose not to come.

J. F. Chudleigh

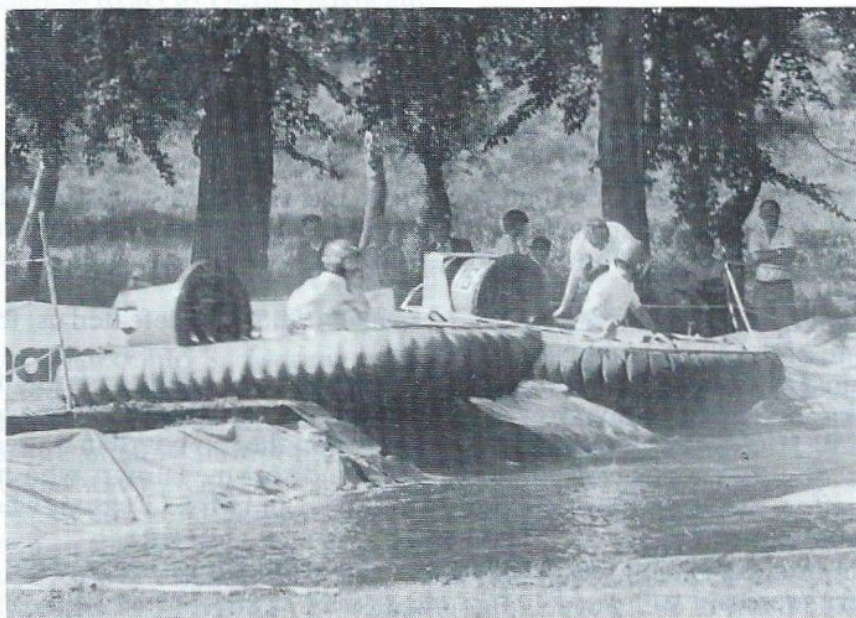


HASLETON  
2C



## HOVERCLUB

Club members participated in only one National Race Meeting and one Hovercross competition this year, having much fun but gaining little success, apart from hitting trees on the Hovercross course in Walesby Forest, Sheffield! An outing to a 'fun day' organised by the National Hoverclub at Colwick Park, Nottingham, in September was also a success, despite the high winds, heavy rain and a choppy lake.



Photographer:  
W. H. CHOI

Schools' Competition J. M. Langley Passing Stranded  
Craft At Entry To Lake

The remainder of the year has been spent refurbishing the Craft very extensively in preparation for the Schools' Competition held locally in Heaton Park in July. Hot weather blessed us for the second year running, and 'Griffon' in its striking new livery performed well, as did the drivers, J. Langley coming tenth and M. Rosenthal sixteenth out of thirty competitors. B.P. oil who sponsored the competition (and the beauty-queen race starter!) ensured maximum publicity by facilitating our appearance on Radio Manchester, Radio Four, B.B.C. TV 'Look North-West' and twice in the *Manchester Evening News*—all in the same week.

A. J. Roberts and I. G. Wakefield were in Canada, so it was left to the remainder of the team, A. Burns and R. Angel, to provide demonstration runs at the Parents' Association Summer Fete, where the Craft gave rides to those who would pay. This was a re-run of a similar contribution to the Charities' Week funds in March.

We look forward to constructing a second Craft next year, our appetite for competition being well and, often, thoroughly w(h)etted.

G. N. Grant



## THE CHESS CLUB 1984-85

The Chess Club has been held every Monday and Tuesday night after school until five o'clock, usually with Mr. Turner but sometimes too with Mr. Gracey. It is intended for anyone in the Junior and Middle School, no matter how bad or good they are, because it is a social as well as a league event.

It is mainly for fun but there is a shield for the winner of most points in the year for the Juniors, and also for the winner in the Middle School. This year B. J. Allen (3Y) won the shield for the Middle School, and A. J. Hill and D. P. Stogsdill (both of 2C) shared the shield for the Junior School. Each winner of a shield is allowed to keep a mini one for himself.

The last few matches were very tense and closely fought. A. Goodwin (1B) (a very near runner-up) was just beaten, by half a point, by Stogsdill and Hill.

But, overall, it was a small but keen group of addicts and we are pleased when anyone joins.

C.R. Egeli (1B)

## First Team Chess

Our top four boards of the Senior (Open Age) team this year consisted of K. McDonnell, B. J. B. Wetters and A. C. Y. Cheung, with myself as Captain. We received good support on the lower boards from H. J. Minty, W. H. Choi, M. Thomas and B. J. Allen. It was to prove to be one of the strongest teams in recent years.

Despite the strength of the team, our perennial rivals M.G.S. still defeated us, though only by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  -  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . This made it one of the closest matches for years.

The match against M.G.S. was our only defeat all season and we were consequently pleased to come second in the Stockport League. I myself was very proud to be leaving after having completed seven years of playing for W.H.G.S. and having won every game on the top board in my last season.

My thanks are due to Mr. Gracey, the organiser, and to Mr. Turner, who has given the team unstinted time and effort this year. Our thanks also go to Mr. and Mrs. Gregson, who have provided us with such excellent food for thought year after year.

As all the top boards are leaving this year I foresee less scintillating results in the 1985/86 season but I wish the team every success.

N. P. Evans (U6SPCB)

## BRIDGE CLUB

After a few years' absence, an attempt was made to revive the School Bridge Club. It began as Heywood Bridge Club last year, and four players continued playing this year. Our first fixture, arranged with the help of Mr Shaw, was at Bolton Bridge Club in January. Four schools took part and out of thirteen pairs myself and D. Madeley came a commendable third.

Encouraged by this success we entered the *Daily Mail* English Schools Cup. Our regional heat took place in Manchester at the beginning of February. Sixteen teams took part, only four of which could qualify. We arrived very nervous but calmed down thanks to Mr Kirkham, who arrived just before the start, and by half-time we had played into third place, mainly thanks to our captain D. McDonnell and his partner G. W. Wright.

A few mistakes in the second session caused our team to drop to fifth place which meant we narrowly missed qualifying.

Our final event was at Bolton at the end of April. We had previously qualified for this and six teams took part, two each from Manchester, Merseyside and Lancashire. We had stopped playing because of the imminent exams, and so our play was lacking in thought and we came a poor fifth.

I would like to thank Mr Shaw and Mr Kirkham for their support and also the players themselves. Now we have rekindled the fire we hope to improve on our initial success in the years to come.

M. A. Sever (U6S MPC2)



## DEBATING SOCIETY

Of the debates held this year, that on the motion 'This House believes that no aid should have been given to Ethiopia' was the best attended. The fact that it was defeated by only two votes bears testimony to the debating skills of S. R. Watters. We thank him for his contributions to the society, and wish him further success in Scotland, where he and his family have moved to live.

Owing to the unfortunate illness of one of our debaters before the first round of the *Observer* 'Mace' Debating Competition for Schools, and the consequent impossibility of finding a replacement at such short notice, the School was unable to take part in this important Competition this year. It is to be hoped that we will be able to field a strong team next year.

Other popular topics for debate were on the motions that 'Meat is murder' and that 'Pop music is a corrupting influence'. H. J. Minty is to be thanked for his many and well-argued contributions, and indeed for his willingness to act as Devil's advocate.

R. M. Noel-Smith

## CLIMBING 1985

'For the rain it raineth every day.'

The School van floated into Snowdonia in a downpour that would have caused consternation in Assam, with roads like rivers and fields like lakes. The crags were luminous green, weeping water and slime in ample profusion, and it was with some despondency that we tethered the van to its moorings at the foot of what was presumably Snowdon, but could well have been Ararat.

The hut at Beady Mawr was a haven of dry squalor, inhabited by several 'students' and little mountains of unwashed crockery. A prolonged scrubbing session removed the latter and brought a glimmer of decency into the sty, after which a desultory meal was consumed from the newly polished troughs. Being out of fresh straw, we were relieved to find bunks provided upstairs. Dr Barker, to his horror, discovered that he had forgotten his sleeping-bag, leaving him at the mercy of those creeping things that lurk in mattresses. This meant sleeping in a protective layer of a cupboardful of blankets with a peg-hammer under the pillow for emergencies.

The driving rain next day sent us flying to Anglesey, aiming for a thin strip of blue sky on the horizon and some newly-discovered sea cliff climbs near Rhoscolyn. These turned out to be unsuitable for our party, being either too easy, too hard, too wet or too infested by bad-tempered seagulls. This meant we ended up bored to tears, frightened to death, soaked to the skin and severely pecked: not an auspicious start to the week. We were also accosted by a wild-eyed Welshman who fell on his knees and begged us to come and stay at his newly-opened Adventure Centre nearby. Shouting above the gale, he assured us that it was ideally situated for wind-surfing, hand-gliding, rock-climbing, abseiling into the sea and so on. We answered through the driving sleet that this sounded delightful but unfortunately we were already booked into Animal Farm on the mainland.

The next escape attempt was to Tremadoc; the Craig Y Gesail or Crag of the Armpit! It was indeed warm and dry and gave a satisfactory afternoon's climbing.

A visit to the Vayrd Arms in the evening was the cause of much hilarity at the expense of A. P. Hall, who slumped down at the table mortally aggrieved, complaining that the landlady had refused to serve him alcoholic or spirituous liquor as he was under age. (A fitting punishment for someone who brags that he still gets away with half fare on public transport!) The landlady, a handsome, no-nonsense Welshwoman, presented a sporting challenge to the charm of the Lancashire Lothario, Dr Barnes. Gliding to the bar with a well-oiled smirk, he assured her that the boy was old beyond belief and was well-known in Altrincham for failing his driving test on numerous occasions. All to no avail. If she didn't actually say 'If you sit him in his pram outside, I'll bring him a cup of warm milk' it was on the tip of her tongue. Deception is the only solution. In future 'Peter Pan' Hall will have to wear a Noddy hat and Santa Claus whiskers, then mop and mow in front of the bar waving a Tyrolean walking-stick and an ear-trumpet. If we simply shout down to him, 'What's yours, Rumpelstiltskin?' it might even lead to a free pint as the Welsh are terribly superstitious about goblins.

Yet more rain drove us to Anglesey again next day. Q. Islam, Hall and R. B. Smith led a selection of the popular V.S. climbs with little trouble and W. P. Hopwood did some energetic seconding. Some unrecorded possibilities were noted and led by Dr Barker. This produced three 'new' routes with quite appropriate names, 'Batman and Boy Wonder' with Smith as second, 'Foghorn Groove' with Islam and 'Gnome's Walk' with Hall.



A Sunday afternoon at the Moelwyns gave us a couple of routes including a nice V.S., 'Hot Pants', led by Smith, before the heavens opened once more.

The third trip to Anglesey was an exciting day's climbing on the upper tier of Craig Gogarth. One side of Holyhead Mountain falls sheer into the Irish Sea, producing one of the most impressive and serious climbing grounds in Britain. The main cliff climbs emerge from the waves, but the upper tier is independent of the tide and more directly accessible. An exposed path several hundred feet above the sea leads to the start of the climbs. Mr S. Ball (O.H.), Dr Clark, Islam and Hall were to try 'Puffin', and Dr Barker and Smith 'Bloody Chimney'. 'Puffin' turned out to be highly enjoyable and 'Bloody Chimney' was very well named. Afterwards followed a mass ascent of 'Dirtigo'. Despite the guidebook protestations that it was better than its name suggested, the final few feet on steep sand gave the old men a few more grey hairs. Islam and Smith, on the other hand, led it all with ease. Everyone enjoyed Gogarth with its unique atmosphere and beautiful setting, far removed from the gloomy mountains.

The second outing to Tremadoc led to a day of epics on Craig Bwlch Y Moch, or (appropriately) the Crag of the Pass of the Pigs. Islam and Hopwood decided to try 'Christmas Curry' and, bedecked with a mass of gear, stampeded into the forest at the foot of the crag with the navigational skill of Colonel Fawcett in the Amazon jungle. Dr Barker found them later at the top of fifty feet of steep mud, clawing at an ivy-covered slagheap, insisting that it was the 'polished chimney' on the first pitch of the most popular route on the crag. A guided tour, with suitable commentary, down the mud pitch and round the corner, led to the actual start. There they were abandoned, Islam, with his back to a slab on which was written, in letters five feet tall, 'XMAS CURRY', bleating querulously, 'Are you sure this is it?' The guide, having rushed from the scene emitting tiny screams of anguish, had abandoned concentration for irritation and found his blood-pressure returning to normal in an unfamiliar briar patch. Eventually he realised to his disgust that the start of his own route was at the top of the aforesaid mud slope. Luckily Ball had thoughtfully included a towel in his gear and boots could be cleansed with a triple coating of farmer's glory before ascending further. The climbing seemed a blessed relief after the orienteering fiasco below, and the first pitch went smoothly up to a final awkward overhang. While the leader danced to and fro under this, Ball, one hundred feet below, engaged in conversation with an athletic looking young person belaying her partner on the route next door. A shifty-eyed Ball insisted the conversation went as follows:

YOUNG PERSON (*rapturously*): By heck, you're a big lad, ent yer! What a pity we're tied up to these two wallies. We could hop into the bushes and. . .

MR BALL (*skilfully managing the rope*): Calm yourself, madam. I am in the process of belaying my esteemed leader who is bravely struggling to conquer yon overhang.

GAGOOOL (*squinting upwards*): Why, is'e yer Dad or summat?

MR BALL (*shocked beyond measure*): Do not be absurd. He is a young member of staff at the famous William Hulme's Grammar School for Young Gentlemen, where I had the honour to be a pupil heretofore. Do you not think he looks like Robert Redford?

GAGOOOL: Gerraway!

Our mortally insulted leader, for ever afterwards 'Dad' to his enemies, pictured a rather different scenario:

BALL (*tripping over coils of slack*): Eh, gorgeous, why don't we tie these ropes to a tree and buzz off to the caff for a drink?

GORGEOUS: Get lost, four-eyes! Look after yer Dad!

FOUR-EYES (*falling about*): Grandad, more like! Actually he's the daft old get who failed to teach me Physics some years back.

FOUR EYES  
GORGEOUS (*together*): Isn't he marvellous for his age?

DAFT OLD GET (*above*): Aaaaaaargh!

(Finis)

After succeeding on 'Christmas Curry' Islam scoured the guidebook for harder things. 'Grim Wall' sounded suitably impressive and he was marched (under escort) to the start. The first pitch went well to the half-way stance. The critics on the road below were pleased and wandered off to the café, cheered by the exhibition of competence above. On their return some time later, it was evident that something had gone wrong. Wandering aimlessly over the upper wall, the rope had passed through three right angles and several ludicrously short running belays. Coefficients of friction being what they are, the rope was now well and truly jammed. Islam was marooned on a small ledge unable to move up, down or even sideways. He waved urgently, pantomiming distress; we waved goodbye and went back to the café for a prayer meeting. We returned with trepidation to find that the picture had changed once more. Two



other climbers had lost patience with the cat's-cradle decorating most of the routes on the upper wall, had climbed up into it and reduced it to more conventional proportions by removing the belays. This had freed the rope to allow Ben Gun to wander dangerously at will once more. Spurning the rock above, he scuttled sideways, disappearing into some overhanging ivy which began to creak ominously. At this point a party on a nearby extreme climb began to look impressed. Happily Allah had now decided to involve himself in the proceedings and divine guidance removed Jack from the Beanstalk and installed him on the rock again. In the meantime the complaining ivy and lack of runners had galvanised the rescue team of Ball and Barker who sprinted to the van, picked up a rope and rushed up the 'easy' way down to the crag top to arrive competing for a coronary. This was just in time to spot Islam a few feet from the end of the route, bellowing to his second, 'Just follow me, Phil, and you'll be O.K.!' It was difficult to resist the temptation to throw him the rescue rope coiled—all 150 feet of it.

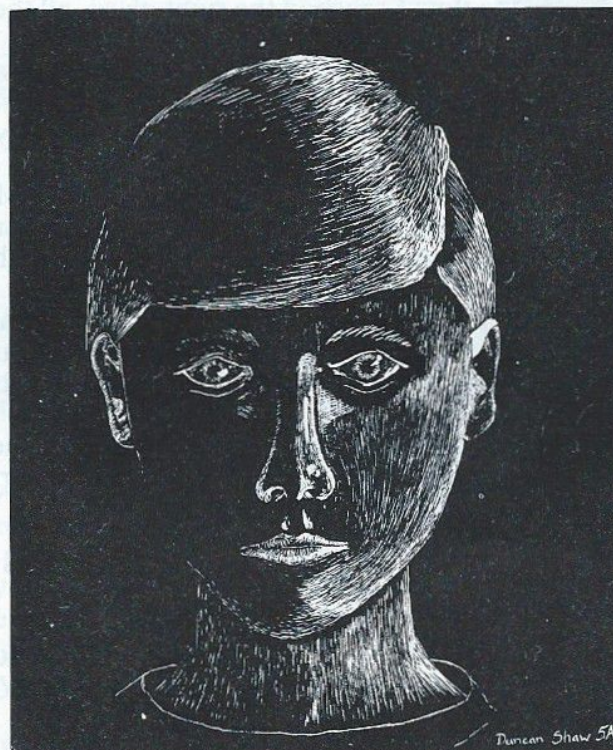
Smith and Hall, meanwhile, were half way up 'Striptease'. On the top pitch Hall also was seduced by the Hanging Gardens and, instead of stepping left on the rock route, enthusiastically scrambled into the bushes like a gerbil entering a cabbage-patch. Eventually he arrived at the top covered in muck and nettles, having done 'The Vegetables Variation', a contender for the title of Worst Pitch in Wales.

The last evening was spent in the Everest Room at the Pen Y Gwryd. Here previous members of Everest expeditions have signed their names on the ceiling. So much easier to read when flat on one's back, perhaps? Later in the night Dr Barnes had a nightmare in which he saw a grinning dwarf at the foot of his bunk trying to tie him into it with a climbing rope. He suddenly realised he was in fact awake and the dwarf was Islam suffering from an overdose of lemonade.

On the way home we called at Craig Y Forwen where Islam led 'The Flue', a strenuous V.S. Hopwood led 'Softly Softly' and Smith and Hall did 'Fido's Redemption', having little trouble on this H.V.S. A mass ascent of 'Route 66', the classic V.S. of the crag, provided a fitting finale.

Despite atrocious weather, this trip was one of the most enjoyable ever. We, the staff, will still be chuckling at the antics years from now—and we reckon the boys will grin a little from time to time in retrospect!

M. I. Barker  
D. G. Barnes  
J. A. Clark





# CHARITIES AND SOCIAL WORK

## CHARITIES WEEK 1985

This year our annual week of fund-raising activities brought in over £2,200 for the charity chosen by the Prefects, the Leukaemia Research Fund. I was very fortunate to be able to justify the Fund's belief in us by handing over this magnificent sum to Mr G. Ray in Assembly on 15 May 1985.

The major single source of money was a sponsored walk on 8 March, in which over forty boys of all ages took part, raising over £600, far more than my most optimistic expectations. One participant's memory of this walk appears below. I extend my special thanks to Mr Grange and Mr Veevers for their efforts.

As in past years, the Junior School did a splendid amount of work. 1B was the most successful individual Form: they raised £250 by a sponsored swim. The Junior School as a whole raised over £800, and without their efforts, and those of the Staff, the grand total would never have been so impressive.

I will not attempt to list every event that took place, but special note must be taken of a raffle for a cricket shirt kindly donated by Lancashire and England star Paul Allott, and of the Prefects' 'Rag Mag' which appeared thanks to the work of T. A. W. Jones.

In conclusion I would like to say I find it very encouraging that the School can raise such a tremendous sum, so soon after raising a similar amount for the Ethiopia Famine Appeal. I thank everyone who contributed in any way, and I assure you that every penny raised will be put to valuable use.

A. G. Cleary (U6S MPC1)

## A SPONSORED AGONY

During the year the Junior School organised a sponsored walk from Manchester to Whaley Bridge as part of the Charities Week appeal on behalf of the Leukaemia Research Fund. As it was on a Sunday and I had the day free, I decided to take part. After ten minutes I had a stitch and was regretting the decision. I was left near the back with \*\*\*\*\* who was begging me to slow down.

We were walking along by the canal, which never ended; it seemed to wind on into infinity. It split into two at Dukinfield. Being out of sight, I took the wrong turning for about 400 metres until a prefect ran up and told me to turn back. By the time I reached the right place, all the people I'd left behind had overtaken me.

As we dragged on, blisters bubbled up on our heels and I found my way by following the trail of blood from those in front, who were going at an impossible pace. Eventually we stopped for lunch and a drink of lovely coffee which left the taste of soil in your mouth, and which you couldn't throw into the canal, because none of the fish would have survived it.

With about six miles to go, we were spurred on only by the whip which Mr Veevers tortured us with. Then the last straw: we passed a sewage farm. There were huge vats containing every imaginable type of waste. The smell made me weak at the knees, and when I remembered my homework as well, I almost collapsed.

I was now shattered and had three miles to go. The backs of my legs became rusty and I envied those who had dropped out earlier on. At last the final stretch came—the longest and slowest of all, it seemed. Finally we arrived at Whaley Bridge and were rewarded with some hot and sticky tomato soup. The pain lasted all week but I raised a few pence.

Altogether 300 pupils and six members of staff took part: Dr Barnes ran the whole way and overtook us at Marple. The total raised was £800—the Junior School's contribution to the £2,000 raised by the School as a whole. The agony had been worth it, after all.

S. J. W. Mackenzie (2A)

## FOR ETHIOPIA

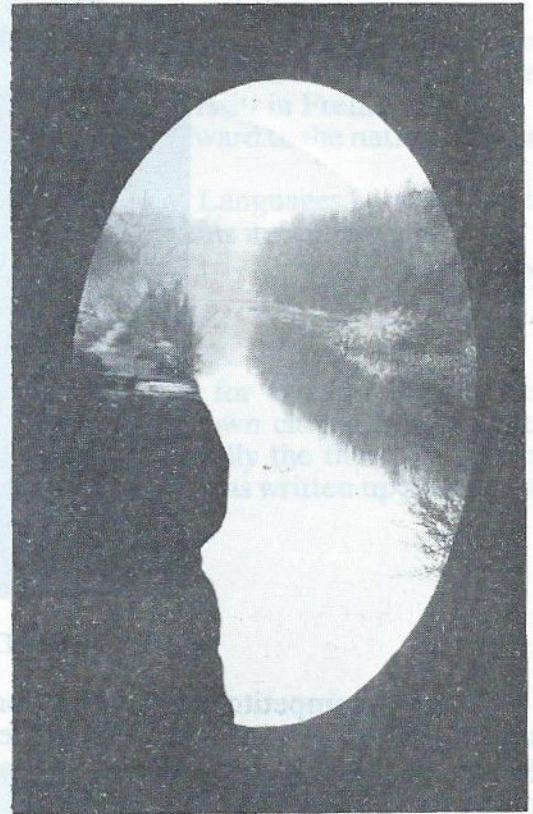
Early in November 1984 the Junior School thought it a good idea to raise some money for the Save the Children Fund's Ethiopia Appeal. Each Form went down to the swimming pool after school and did a sponsored swim. The sum eventually raised was a magnificent £1805. This went to help nutrition clinics and to provide clean, fresh water.





(Photo: T. J. Burden)

A scenic waterway



(Photo: T. J. Burden)

Woodley Tunnel



(Photo: T. J. Burden)

Canal Boats

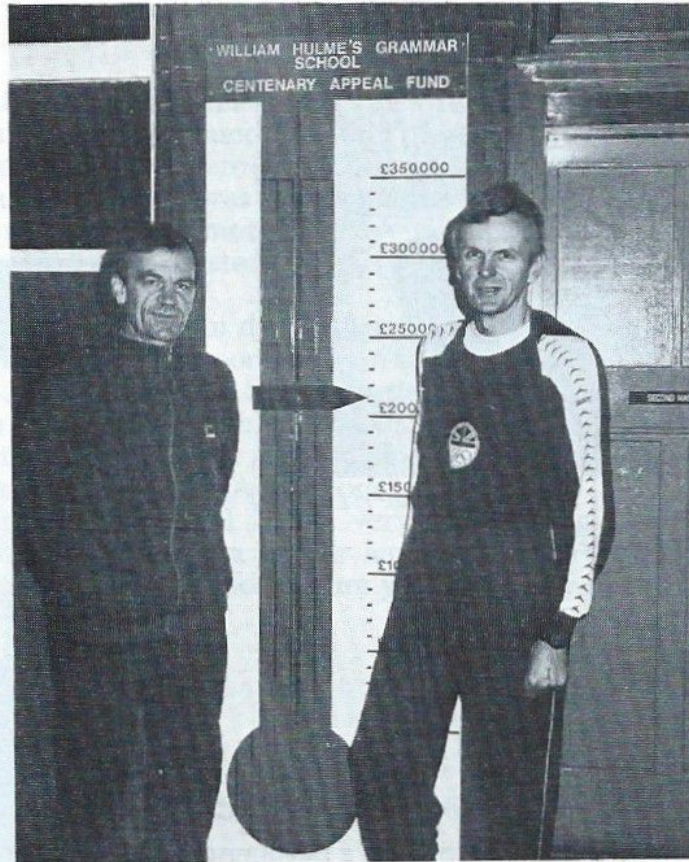
Ethiopia is a poor province; they live a hand-to-mouth existence there, and have nothing to fall back on, so if the rain is late, there is a drought. As there has been no rain for the past four years the situation is desperate. Hungry, thirsty people crowd into the Save the Children Fund feeding stations until the relief workers cannot cope. They urgently need fresh water, high protein food, drugs and sanitation facilities; some of the money we raised will be spent on these. The rest will be divided into £20 units, each of which will buy one of the following: a sanitation pit; one foot of drilling for a new water-hole; one yard of plastic pipe to carry water; one day's fuel for a truck; the necessary chemicals for purifying and cleaning a water head; filters.

Everyone took part with great enthusiasm, and it is hoped this will be the first in a series of Junior School events to help the Save the Children Fund's appeal. Thanks are due to Mr Veevers for his help in organising the activity.

A. Reece (2A)



## LONDON MARATHON



(Photo: Mr J. H. Thomson)

Mr Bryans and Dr Barnes fresh from the London Marathon

Among competitors in the 1985 London Marathon were one former and one present member of our staff. Mr C. E. Bryans is an Old Hulmeian who taught Biology at W.H.G.S. and was House Master of Fraser; he is also a past President of the O.H.A. Dr D.G. Barnes is our Head of Physics. Together they raised £1,285.34 from sponsors at the School and amongst Old Boys, and completed the course in excellent time—Mr Bryans in 2 hours 45 minutes and Dr Barnes in 3 hours 10 minutes.

## VOLUNTARY WORK AT BURTON HOUSE

The voluntary work scheme began in October 1984 at Burton House which is the geriatric centre at Withington Hospital. 14 members of the Upper Sixth decided to join the scheme.

Two options were open to the volunteers: working on the wards or in the recreational unit. Ward duties consisted of chatting to the patients, assisting the nurses(!), tidying the ward, making the afternoon tea and playing dominoes with the patients. Those working in the recreational unit were responsible for devising games for the patients to play, helping run the Classical Music Appreciation Club, read books to blind or partially-sighted patients, helping with arts and crafts and organising controversial debates between the patients (and preventing some of the livelier participants from coming to blows afterwards!).

The volunteers found the scheme very rewarding. For those planning a career in Medicine this provided valuable experience of ward work and a talking point at University interviews. For others the experience broadened their horizons. For the patients too the scheme was a rewarding one as many enjoyed the company of younger people. I hope that the scheme will continue for many years to come.

M. J. Holmes (U6S PCB)

## COMMUNITY SERVICE

Visiting of the elderly and the sick, largely by Junior School boys, continued throughout the year on Tuesday lunchtimes. A card sent to the School at Christmas time from one resident indicated how much the sight of a fresh face and a change of conversation is welcomed. The work initiated by I. Lieberman and M. Roland has continued under S. Marks who has organised the younger boys very efficiently.

A. M. Blight



# COMPETITIONS

## FRENCH SPEAKING COMPETITIONS

An unusual feature of this year was the School's participation in a number of outside events involving the use of oral French. In November 1984, J. D. Campbell (L6L), G. J. O'Driscoll (4L) and B. C. Issitt (2D) took part in a French poetry reading competition organised by the Manchester branch of the Franco-British Society. Campbell was put through to the finals of the senior section (the only male competitor!) in which his interpretation of Jacques Brel's *Les Vieux* won him second prize. Later in the year, ten members of 2D appeared in the Franco-British Society French Play Competition, and although unplaced were commended by the adjudicator for their lively performances and skilful French speaking.

Finally, in April 1985 the regional finals of the Modern Languages Association Spoken Word Competition were held in Middleton. Our School was represented by Campbell, O. E. Wilson-Barnes and D. P. Clarke (both of 5L) and Issitt: the first three entered in German, Issitt in French alone. In a very keen competition in which only four people altogether were to be put forward to the national finals, the boys were awarded certificates of merit.

This activity was a pleasant extension of the contribution of the Modern Languages Department to School life, and it is to be hoped that more boys will volunteer for similar events in future years.

J. G. Hofton

## FOCUS VIDEO COMPETITION

During March, the Photographic Society heard about a competition for Greater Manchester schools, in which they may make a ten minute film on a subject of their own choice. Mr. Haynes suggested a film about horses. This subject was too wide a topic, so eventually the theme of 'Police Horses' was developed. A script board, outlining how the film was to be shot, was written up and sent to the competition organisers.



(Photo: S. J. Schofield)

Focus Video Competition Production team with Chief Insp. N. Brown and P.C. E. Holliday