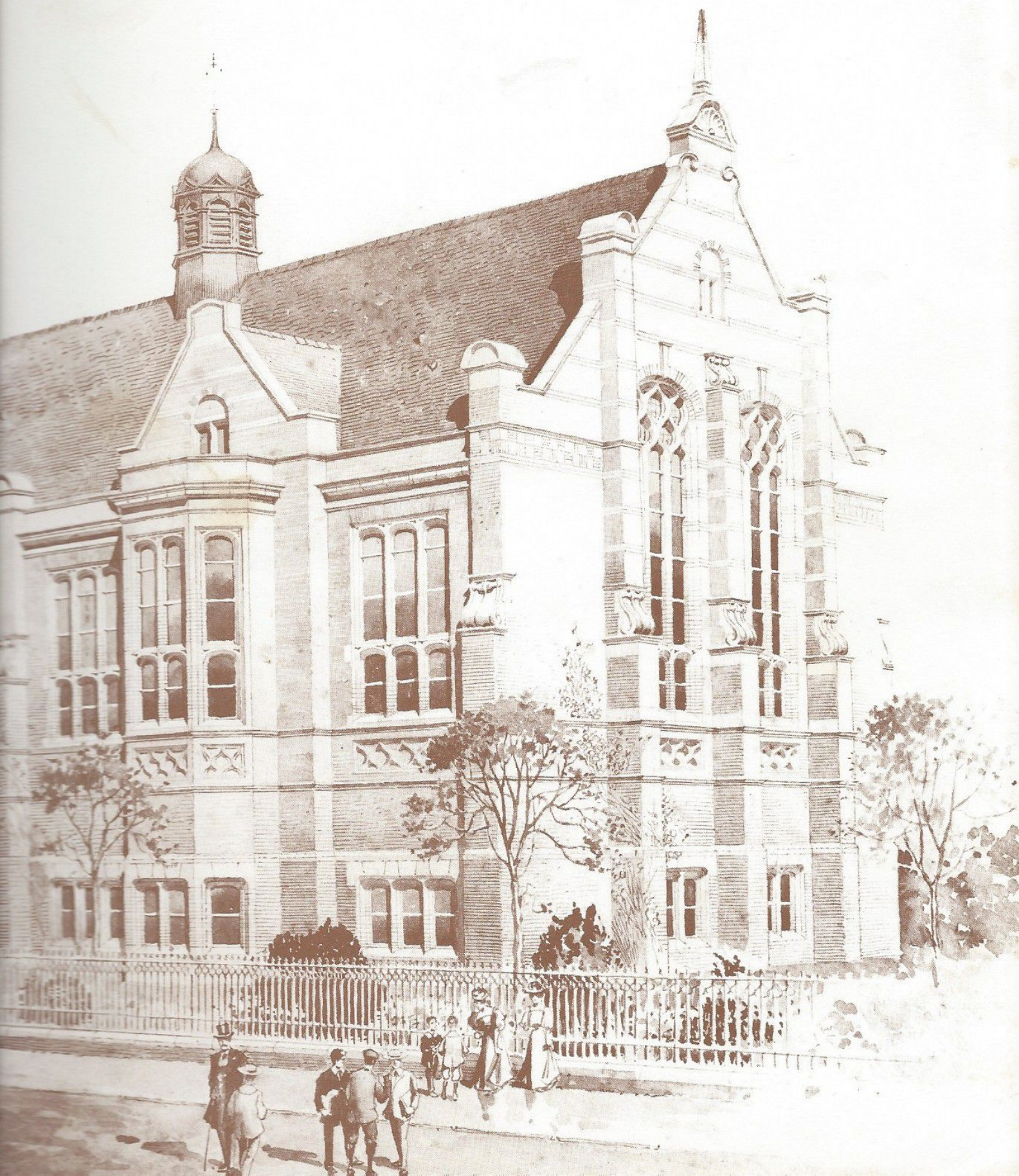


# *The Hulmeian 1984*





# THE HULMEIAN

The Magazine of  
William Hulme's Grammar School

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

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

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

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

D. W. Homer

W. W. Land, B.Com.

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, C.B., C.B.E., B.A., R.A.F.

*Clerk to Governors:*

H. R. Mainprice, M.A.

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

*Bursar:* Lieut.-Commander B. I. D. Stranack, F.I.L., 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 1984)

*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.) (*Geography*)  
J. A. Clark, M.A., Ph.D. (Cantab.) (*Head of Chemistry*)  
A. C. Crane, B.A., (Hull) (*French*)  
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*)  
R. M. McIntyre, B.Sc. (Manchester) (*Chemistry*)  
D. F. Manning, B.A. (Open), M.A. (Oxon.) (*Mathematics: Head of Careers*)  
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*)  
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

At the end of the school year 1983-4 Mr. J. Peat was forced by ill-health to take early retirement. He has been at the school teaching Physical Education since 1953, and since 1972 has been head of Department. All his former pupils, and his colleagues, will regret that we have been deprived early of the company of a sincere, compassionate man and a gifted teacher. A full appreciation of his work appears below.

During Mr. Peat's illness a number of people came to give help in covering his work: Mr. R. O. Maudsley and Mrs. G. M. Brown with Mathematics, and Mr. N. Fenwick with Physical Education. Mr. Maudsley left us in February and Mr. Fenwick in July; Mrs Brown is, happily, staying on. We are very grateful for help so freely given at short notice.

Mr. Peat is succeeded as Head of Physical Education by Mr. C. H. Seddon.

Two other full-time members of staff also left. Miss M. Green, who has been in the English Department since 1977, has been appointed to a senior post at St. Bede's College. Her warmth of personality and astonishing versatility have made an unforgettable impression: again, a fuller tribute appears below. Mr. M. Roden, who has been with us only two years, has nonetheless managed in that time to be a Junior School Form Master and a coach for the 1st XV Rugby and the 2nd XI Cricket teams, as well as teaching History and pioneering an 'O' level Politics course for the Sixth Form. He goes to the History Department of Bradford Grammar School.

We have also lost the service of two part-time members of staff, Mrs. E. Swinhoe (Biology) and Mrs. E. Wallace (Geography).

All these people take with them our thanks for everything they have done during their time at W.H.G.S.

One other retirement, although not from the academic staff, must be mentioned. Mr. J. Saxon has been at the School since 1958, and has been largely responsible for building up and maintaining our audio-visual facilities. It is probable that many boys never suspected Mr. Saxon's existence, but they would soon have noticed his absence. He takes with him our best wishes for a long and happy retirement. An indication of how much work he has done is that no fewer than three people have replaced him: Messrs. D. J. Barber and C. Long in the Physics Department, and Mr. S. Thomas in the Design and Technology Department.

In September 1984 the following joined the Staff: Mr. M. P. Jones (History), Mr R. E. Lytollis (Geography and P.E.), Mr. R. M. Noel-Smith (English) and Mr. A. C. Crane, who was in the Modern Languages Department from 1977 to 1979, made a welcome return during Mrs. Ballantyne's maternity leave.

We congratulate Mr. Maudsley and Mr. Roden on their marriages, and Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne on the birth of a daughter.

The Founder's Day service was held in Manchester Cathedral on 6 March. The Anthem was 'The King of Love my Shepherd is', arr. E. C. Bairstow, and the address was given by the Rev. J. Nicholls, A.K.C., a residentiary Canon of the Cathedral.

The Heads of School during the year were successively L. J. T. White and C. P. Tatham. The Prefects were: D. J. Adams, I. B. Beckett, A. S. Campbell, G. A. P. Dunn, N. R. Fairfax, D. T. Flowers, N. Fryman, P. J. Goodier, S. D. Howe, R. Hussain, W. H. Johnson, I. R. Ladd, S. D. Looker, A. P. Marsden, S. A. Meech, S. Odum, A. S. Olive, A. M. Pollard, A. D. Poole, L-E. Pye, M. A. Roland, R. A. Shotton and W. M. Wallwork.

The annual Charities Week, organised by the Prefects, was held from 23 February to 2 March and raised £1,850 for the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind. This is almost twice the usual sum we expect from this venture, and reflects great credit on all concerned. We should also congratulate Form 5L, who organised various events during November in aid of the World Wildlife Fund, for which they raised £220.

We congratulate the following winners of Open Awards in the November Oxford and Cambridge examinations: M. Artley, Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Christ's College, Cambridge; P. J. Goodier, Scholarship in Engineering Science, University College, Oxford; W. H. Johnson, Scholarship in Mathematics, University College, Oxford; R. A. Ogden, Exhibition in Modern Languages, Queens College, Cambridge; A. S. Olive, place to read History, Mansfield College, Oxford.

We are pleased to record the following awards of Colours: Music (School); M. L. Artley, T. J. Corbett, R. J. Ellis, A. B. N. May, R. A. Ogden, A. M. Pollard: Music (Full); S. J. Beggs, A. P. Fox, P. A. Iredale, J. L. Lighthill: Drama (Full); S. Espiga-Ventura, P. A. Iredale, M. P. Kelly, J. L. Lighthill: Drama (Half); A. S. Marks, H. J. Minty: Stage (Full); A. R. Hopkins, M. Jordan, E. P. Tullock: Stage (Half); R. O. Evans, G. Lieberman, I. Standring.

The Centenary Appeal was officially launched during this School year, under the presidency of Sir Robert Mark. An article giving the latest developments appears elsewhere; this is, however, the place to mention the hard work done by the Appeal Director, Mr. C. Parker-Jervis, and the Appeal Secretary,



Mrs J. Williams, who have been invaluable in ensuring that details of the Appeal have reached the widest possible public. The Editor of the *Hulmeian* has been most grateful for letters and other gifts from Old Hulmeians, following his appeal in the 1982 issue, and will be delighted to hear from any others who have reminiscences or memorabilia to contribute for the Centenary *Hulmeian* and the Centenary Exhibition.

Some changes took place in the composition of the Governing Body during the year. The saddest was the vacancy arising from the death of Professor Sir Arthur Armitage, to whom a tribute appears below. It was particularly sad that we should be robbed of him after so short a time as a Governor. However, we were very pleased that Sir Arthur's successor as Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University, Professor M. Richmond, consented to replace him. The Governing Body was also augmented by Mr. D. A. Boothman, F.C.A. (O.H.), and by Air-Vice-Marshal J. A. Gilbert, C.B., C.B.E., B.A., R.A.F. (O.H.) who became an Advisory Governor. Mr. Boothman is the Chairman of the Centenary Appeal Committee, and was also, in December, elected to be Vice-President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of England and Wales, an honour on which we offer him our congratulations.

We were pleased to hear that Mr. P. J. Wilde, who was on the Staff from 1970 to 1980, has been appointed Head Master of the City School, Lincoln, with effect from September 1984.

### **OBITUARY: PROFESSOR SIR ARTHUR ARMITAGE**

It was with great sadness that we heard of the death on 1 February of Professor Sir Arthur Armitage, M.A., LL.B., LL.D., who had been a Governor of the School since 1981.

Sir Arthur was educated at the Hulme Grammar School, Oldham, and at Queens' College, Cambridge, where he obtained First Class Honours in Law. After a Fellowship at Yale, and five years as a Major in the Army, he returned to his old college as Fellow, then Senior Tutor, and finally President from 1958 to 1970. He was also Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge from 1965 to 1967. In these posts he revealed the administrative and financial acumen that were to serve him so well at Manchester, of which he was Vice-Chancellor and Professor of Common Law from 1970 to 1980.

He came to Manchester at a time when education cuts had hardly begun to bite, but during his tenure of office he was forced to oversee a widespread re-allocation of the University's resources. He was absolutely opposed to any move which, in his view, threatened academic freedom or the right of the University to play its full part in supplying vital manpower for the local and national community. It is a tribute to his championship of these principles that, by the time he retired, he had not only seen the completion of extensive additions to the teaching and residential buildings, but had also secured an extension to the University Library which had been granted the status of a Deposit Library.

He retained an active interest in his academic work; he was elected an Honorary Bencher of the Middle Temple in 1969, and he contributed to standard works on criminal law and tort.

Sir Arthur's consciousness of the needs of the educational world was recognised by the award of a knighthood in 1975, and by the chairmanship of the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals from 1974 to 1976, but he served in wider spheres also. He was the chairman of the Northern Ireland Committee on Legal Education, of the Committee on the Supply and Training of Teachers, of the Committee on the Political Activities of Civil Servants, of the Enquiry into Lorries and their Effect on the Environment, and, since his retirement, of the Social Security Advisory Committee, which replaced the Supplementary Benefits Commission. He was a Governor of the Leys School as well as of our own.

Despite this formidable array of posts most people in Manchester will probably best remember him at the University's graduation ceremonies, where he combined an innate dignity and sense of occasion with a simplicity and warmth of manner that made itself felt as soon as he began his address.

To his widow and two daughters we offer our sincere sympathy.

### **RETIREMENT OF MR. J. PEAT, D.L.C.**

It was with very real regret that we heard that Mr. Peat had decided to take an early retirement following a heart attack in the Summer holidays. This brings to a premature end a distinguished career covering thirty years at William Hulme's, during which time he has not only been responsible for the organisation and development of games within the School, but has also found time for a wide range of activities involving the parents, Old Hulmeians and an ever-widening circle of the general public.

Mr. Peat came to W.H.G.S. in 1953 after graduating at Loughborough College and serving for four years in the R.A.F. His arrival made an immediate impact on the sporting life of the School as he took over the general organisation and administration of games at both House and School level; at the same time he was involved in the steady increase in the variety of games and sporting activities that the School could provide, even when the facilities available were limited to the field and the gym. With the building





(Photo: Patrick Mottershead, Cheadle)

Mr. J. Peat, D.L.C.



of the Swimming Baths and the Sports Hall the possibilities for alternative activities increased dramatically, and part of Mr. Peat's skill lay in the balancing of the available resources, both physical and financial, and in utilising the available manpower. At all times his concern was with the 'ordinary' games player who might have no pretensions to be a School team player but who could be encouraged to enjoy sport at his own level and in so doing to develop hitherto unsuspected skills.

In addition to his gifts of organisation, Mr. Peat was an outstanding coach, especially of Rugger. For many years he has concentrated on teaching the First Forms the rudiments of the game, and his Saturday morning coaching of the Under 12 Practice became one of the main attractions to new parents as they saw the original 'organised shambles' develop week by week into recognisable and remarkably skilful patterns of play—a transformation due entirely to Mr. Peat's enthusiasm, patience and unending stream of advice, encouragement and (occasional) admonition! Parents themselves benefited from Mr. Peat's skills and enthusiasms in the 'Keep Fit' classes that he organised for the Parents' Association, while Old Hulmeians, Lancashire and England lacrosse teams have all suffered under his gentle ministrations in fitness sessions. The transformation of the gym into the present well-equipped 'torture chamber' marks yet another stage in the far-reaching developments of 'Games and P.E.' in the last thirty years.

Apart from all these responsibilities and activities, Mr. Peat has contributed to many other areas of the School's life: as a teacher of Mathematics, an officer in the C.C.F., an arranger of sword-fights for school plays, and, in the days when dancing was more than a spasmodic twitch, as dancing-instructor to the Sixth Form (with 'chopping-blocks' provided by a nearby academy for young ladies). More recently he has undertaken, in collaboration with Loughborough University, some original research on monitoring the growth-rate of adolescents, making use of some highly sophisticated equipment in the gym.

But perhaps the innovation for which Mr. Peat will be best remembered is the Summer School of Sport, which started off quite modestly for one week in the Summer holiday of 1977 with two hundred children taking part in a comparatively small number of activities, and developed into a fortnight covering a comprehensive range of games and pursuits, with evening classes following the daytime programme. The Summer School has become a landmark in the Mancunian year, not least because of the remarkable record of virtually unbroken sunshine. The whole enterprise is a tribute to Mr. Peat's enthusiasm and powers of organisation, an enterprise in which he has been ably assisted by Mrs. Peat, who has herself taken an active role in many of her husband's contributions to the life of the School. We extend our warmest thanks to them both and wish them a long and happy retirement.

C. J. Lowe

#### MISS M. GREEN

Miss Green came to William Hulme's Grammar School in September 1977—and is leaving us in July 1984. These bare dates tell us nothing of her impact on the English Department and on the School at large. Nobody who came into contact with her, even for five minutes, could leave her without some sense of having spoken to a woman whose rare qualities shone out. She saw many opportunities of interest in her job, and seized the chances of extending her own experience, and that of her pupils, with such zest that both sides gained enormously from the undertaking. Her bright, questing tone of voice, the characteristic quick shifts from one problem to another, her ability to see the full range of complexities in whatever she was dealing with—these are abiding impressions of her.

She crammed each day with an astounding amount of energy, devoting her considerable talents to organising the Chess Club, producing plays, singing in the Choir, as well as participating in many trips, both at home and abroad. While the most spectacular of her foreign excursions was to Russia, her linguistic talents were most impressive in France, where her virtual bilingualism was inspiring to hear. Her generous involvement in all such activities was in addition to a full teaching-load in the English Department. All who were taught by Miss Green will testify to her dedication to her pupils, her interest in their development, her willingness to encourage them to do better than they thought they could. During her time here, she has contributed a refreshing liveliness to the English Department, which we shall all miss. She has had the happy knack of being able to insist on high standards of work, whether from a Sixth or a First former, while keeping the friendship and interest of the boys. Since it is often the fashion to esteem teachers by what they do outside rather than inside the classroom, it is a pleasure to record our appreciation of her professional work within the English Department.

However, the main general memories of Miss Green will no doubt focus on her multifarious extra-curricular activities, and perhaps principally the three amazing musicals, each with 'a cast of thousands', which she wrote, produced and directed, to the music of Mr Bamforth. These were truly astonishing in their scope, and to be present at her rehearsals for such productions was delightful and amazing: delightful to see the rapport she was able to secure and maintain with her huge cast; amazing to see her take risks according to the motto of the professional exponents of one of her hobbies: 'Who dares, wins'.



In all, then, her humanity, her energy, her fierce loyalty to the English Department and to the School, her lively, quick intelligence, her readiness to stand up for a boy or for a colleague whom she thought to have been treated with less than justice—all these make her a member of the Common Room whom we shall miss very much. She goes from us to St. Bede's, and we wish her every happiness in her new, demanding post there. We know only too well what we are losing; St Bede's will soon realise their good fortune.

D. E. B. Golder

### LEAVERS 1984

This list is far from complete, but is up-to-date at the time of going to press.

- D. J. Adams (ex-M6C) to University College, London to read Classics  
D. J. Andrews (ex-M6A) to Warwick University to read Politics  
M. A. Artley (ex-M6M) to Christ's College, Cambridge to read Natural Sciences  
I. B. Beckett (ex-M6A) to Reading University to read Typography and Graphic Communication  
A. W. Bennett (ex-M6S MPC) to Manchester University to read Town and Country Planning  
E. J. S. Brown (ex-5B) to work as a management trainee with Trust House Forte Ltd.  
S. A. Brown (ex-M6S MPC) to Birmingham University to read Medicine  
A. S. Campbell (ex-M6S MPC) to Liverpool Polytechnic to read Accounting and Finance  
S. J. Cherry (ex-M6S MPC) to Manchester University to read Physics  
T. J. Corbett (ex-M6S PCB) to Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine, London  
P. J. Dorman (ex-M6S MPC) to Newcastle University to read Medicine  
S. L. Edwards (ex-M6C) to Goldsmith's College, London, to read English and History  
N. R. Fairfax (ex-M6S PCB) to St. Andrews University to read Physiology and Anatomy  
A. G. L. Fong (ex-M6S PCB) to Manchester Grammar School  
P. J. Goodier (ex-M6M) to University College, Oxford to read Engineering Science (in October 1985)  
(Sponsored by I.C.I.)  
D. L. Hallows (ex-M6S MPC) to Sheffield University to read Mechanical Engineering  
A. Harris (ex-M6A) to Sussex University to read History  
S. D. Harrison (ex-M6A) to Liverpool University to read Economic History  
R. Harvey (ex-5Y) to Shena Simon Sixth Form College  
S. J. Hinchcliffe (ex-5Y) to Sale Grammar School  
M. J. Hinnells (ex-M6S MPC) to Loughborough University to read Design and Technology  
S. D. Howe (ex-M6S MPC) to Essex University to read Biological Chemistry  
G. A. Humphreys (ex-M6S MPC) to Sheffield University to read Physics  
N. E. Hussey (ex-M6S MPC) to Sussex University to read Physics with European Studies  
C. K. Johnson (ex-M6M) to Nottingham University to read Physics  
W. H. Johnson (ex-M6M) to University College, Oxford to read Mathematics  
D. Kelly (ex-M6A) to UMIST to read Management Sciences  
W. Kwan (ex-5L) to Xaverian College  
I. R. Ladd (ex-M6S MPC) to Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, to read Chemistry  
G. Lieberman (ex-5Y) to Cheadle Hulme School  
V. J. Lord (ex-M6A) to Liverpool University to read Economics  
R. Magnall (ex-M6S PCB) to South Trafford College of F.E.  
A. P. Marsden (ex-M6L) to Liverpool Polytechnic to read Law  
I. L. Martin (ex-L6S PCB) to Arden College  
A. J. Millar (ex-M6S MPC) to Manchester University to read Civil Engineering  
T. J. Miller (ex-M6A) to Central London Polytechnic to read Media Studies  
S. C. McLoughlin (ex-M6S MPC) to Wolverhampton Polytechnic to read Combined Sciences  
S. Odum (ex-M6S PCB) to Birmingham University to read Medicine  
R. A. Ogden (ex-M6L) to Christ's College, Cambridge to read Modern Languages  
A. S. Olive (ex-M6A) to Mansfield College, Oxford to read Modern History and Economics  
R. D. Pearn (ex-M6S MPC) to Imperial College, London (in October, 1985)  
G. C. Pryor (ex-5A) to Loreto Sixth Form College  
J. N. Reynolds (ex-M6S MPC) to Sheffield University to read Civil Engineering  
N. G. Roland (ex-M6A) to Leeds University to read Law  
K. K. Sarangi (ex-5B) to Urmston Grammar School  
R. A. Shotton (ex-M6L) to Birmingham University to read German and Political Science  
J. M. A. Taylor (ex-M6A) to Manchester University to read Law  
C. B. Williams (ex-5B) to Shena Simon Sixth Form College



## SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was on 11 July 1984. The Chairman of Governors, Mr. E. B. Jackson, was in the chair, and the principal guest was Dr. I. J. Graham-Bryce, O.H. (1947-54), Director of the East Malling Research Station, Maidstone since 1979, and President of the Society of Chemical Industrialists since 1982.

In his report the Head Master, after welcoming Dr. Graham-Bryce, gave details of the 1983 public examination results. There had been a 75% pass rate at 'O' level and an 89% pass rate at 'A' level, 27.5% of which had been at top grade. Fifty-five out of eighty-eight Sixth Formers had gone on to degree courses. The Head Master gave up-to-date details of the Centenary Appeal, and thanked everyone who was contributing for their generosity. He also paid tribute to the Parents' Association Fete, held the preceding Saturday, which had raised £2,000 for use in the Design and Technology Department. He spoke of the School's appreciation of the work done by Mr. Peat, who was retiring, and by other members of staff who were leaving. Without the hours of voluntary work put in by them and their colleagues all the activities which took place outside the classroom would be impossible. He mentioned many of these activities, sporting, dramatic and musical, and described the various trips that had taken or were about to take place.

Having presented the prizes, Dr. Graham-Bryce began his address by contrasting his own last Speech Day here, in 1954, with the present one, drawing particular attention to the technological developments which had taken place in the interval. The 1950s and 1960s had been a time when Science was looked to as the Great Provider, and Science had more than justified that expectation, eliminating disease and hunger throughout the developed world, boosting Britain's exports, able even to some extent to control genetic material itself. But with this growth in scientific knowledge had come increasing public hostility; science was seen as costly, threatening, environmentally damaging and anti-social. He did not believe these charges were justified: they were the legacy of a period in the late 1960s and early 1970s when society had retreated into anti-intellectual escapist fantasy. Two main lessons, in his view, could be learned from this period: first, the idea that life would solve its own problems without our doing anything about them was a delusion—society had to be creative and energetic; and second, science should not be asked to solve social, ethical or political questions, but should instead be praised for its achievements. By the year 2000 even greater demands on the world's resources would exist, and it was essential that we face the challenge and use science intelligently to overcome it.

Mr. Jackson thanked Dr. Graham-Bryce for his remarks, and also thanked the audience for its attendance. The proceedings were then closed, and coffee was served in the Old Hall.

## PRIZE LIST 1984

### *Special Prizes:*

Anderson English Essay Prize: N. Fryman  
Aspinall Religious Knowledge Prize: R. D. Nieri  
J. A. Barber Prize: N. R. Fairfax  
J. A. Barber Prize (proxime accessit): W. M. Wallwork  
Eric Barnes Memorial Trophy: N. R. Fairfax  
Caswell Prize: P. D. Glickman  
James Gozzard Craft Prize: G. A. Lee, M. J. E. Leyland  
D. L1. Griffiths Prize for Medical Subjects: T. J. Corbett  
Halpin History Essay Prize: N. Duckworth  
J. N. Hopwood Reading Prize (Senior): H. J. Minty  
J. N. Hopwood Reading Prize (Junior): L. H. Grant  
Graham Johnson Memorial Prize: A. M. Pollard  
C. H. Jones Prize: M. A. Roland  
Junior History Prize: S. R. Watters  
Colin Midwood Prize: C. P. Tatham  
Original Verse Prize: (Sixth Form): N. G. Roland  
Original Verse Prize (Middle and Junior School): A. K. Zaidi  
Powell Scripture Reading Prize: S. Odum  
F. J. Smith Classical Travel Scholarships: D. J.

Adams, J. C. W. Palmer  
Watkins Prize: C. P. Tatham  
D. M. Williams Memorial Prize for Music: A. M. Pollard  
Woollam Scholarship: P. J. Goodier  
Yates Prize: S. L. Edwards  
*Middle Sixth*  
Allman Further Mathematics Prize: W. H. Johnson  
Ancient History: D. J. Adams  
Art: I. B. Beckett  
Dehn History Prize: A. S. Olive  
Design: R. G. Dalgleish  
Dorrington Greek Prize: J. C. W. Palmer  
Dorrington Latin Prize: R. A. Shotton  
Economics: J. M. A. Taylor  
Engineering Drawing: J. M. Grisman  
Hewlett Geography Prize: V. J. Lord  
Human Biology: S. D. Howe  
Knoop English Prize: S. L. Edwards  
Lymer Mathematics Prize: J. N. Reynolds  
O. H. A. Biology Prize: N. R. Fairfax  
Palmer Chemistry Prize: P. J. Goodier  
Palmer Physics Prize: P. J. Goodier  
Vlies French Prize: R. A. Ogden  
Vlies German Prize: R. A. Ogden



### *Lower Sixth*

Ancient History: A. P. Fox  
S. K. Appleton Biology Prize: A. P. Hall  
Art: T. S. Ainsworth  
Chemistry: R. J. Arnfield  
Design: E. P. Tullock  
Economics: J. S. Bouchier  
Engineering Drawing: N. W. Barber  
Forrest English Prize: J. P. Wheale  
Further Mathematics: I. Standring  
Geography: R. J. Arnfield  
German: K. K. Herbert  
Hawley French Prize: K. K. Herbert  
History: A. L. Meadowcroft  
Latin: T. Stone  
Mathematics: J. R. G. McManus  
Physics: I. Standring  
Spanish: M. P. Kelly, V. Pohoomull

### *Fifth Forms*

Art: L. M. Isaacs  
Biology: D. I. Ward  
Chemistry: D. I. Ward  
Design: J. L. Weston  
Parents' English Prize: H. J. Minty  
Caiger French Prize: J. D. Campbell  
Classical Studies: S. J. Hughes  
Hewlett Geography Prize: R. B. Smith  
German: A. H. Davenport  
Greek: H. J. Minty  
History: A. D. Gearey  
Latin: C. A. L. Ishemo  
Mathematics: H. J. Minty  
Music: H. J. Minty  
Physics: D. I. Ward  
Spanish: S. Espiga-Ventura

### *Fourth Forms*

Art: C. W. Timm  
Biology: J. D. Jacobs  
Chemistry: T. D. Barnett  
Design: P. P. Arnfield  
English: J. C. Cottrell  
French: C. W. Timm  
Geography: D. K. W. Hinnells  
German: S. R. Platt  
Greek: S. G. Robinson  
History: R. D. Nieri  
Latin: J. S. Williams

Mathematics: J. C. Cottrell  
Music: P. S. Sharman  
Physics: A. J. Tidman  
Spanish: J. S. Williams

### *Third Forms*

Art: S. P. Dove  
Biology: L. B. Hope  
Chemistry: N. de B. Baynes  
Design: D. P. Howells  
English: A. R. Tomlinson  
French: L. B. Hope  
Geography: A. G. Hann  
German: J. Whittaker  
Greek: M. K. Raynor  
History: J. Whittaker  
Latin: L. B. Hope  
Mathematics: D. Loveland  
Music: D. M. J. Timm  
Physics: N. de B. Baynes, N. A. Downie  
Spanish: F. M. Qureshi

### *Second Forms*

Art: M. L. Ellis  
Biology: A. R. Rash  
English: M. R. Tallis  
French: R. J. Ketteridge  
Geography: D. G. Greenwood  
History: R. J. Ketteridge  
Latin: B. J. Bennett  
Mathematics: D. J. Burke  
Music: R. J. Ketteridge  
Physics: D. J. Burke  
Religious Education: R. J. Ketteridge

### *First Forms*

Biology: S. J. W. Mackenzie  
Chemistry: C. D. Eastwood  
Craft: D. J. Murray  
English: J. N. Symms  
French: I. N. Drayton  
Geography: R. Leadbetter  
History: A. Pilling  
Latin: I. N. Drayton  
Mathematics: P. M. Sheriff  
Music: D. I. C. Capon  
Religious Education: A. J. Edwards  
William Taylor Memorial Prize: C. J. Whiterod



## BURSAR'S CORNER

Not wishing to monopolise the first half of the *Hulmeian*, I shall be brief this year, as a great deal of the non-teaching staff work has been concentrated on planning and implementing the Centenary Appeal, and the details of that are contained elsewhere in this Volume.

The opening of the new Junior Cloakrooms and the new Metal Workshop all went according to schedule. Similarly, the Computer Classroom's relocation in Room 2 was undertaken to free Room 34 for development.

A considerable time has also been spent on such uninteresting, but essential, tasks as re-wiring, re-pointing of brickwork, roof repairs (Mr. Timm's Office no longer leaks!) and the up-dating of our fire-precautions and emergency exits—not to mention the seemingly regular replacement of our security locks. . . . .!

While there is a continuing need to redecorate, the painting programme is being progressed. Most of the Main Building has now been completed—apart from the stairway—and a start has been made on the 6th Form Block. However, some of these rooms will have to await the Appeal's Development before they can be attended to.

The new entry to the School grounds from the Parkway has been opened. The object of this apparently obtuse way to get into the School from the bus stop is in fact very logical, and has been arrived at after full consultation with the G.M. Police. The Parkway has become somewhat of a race-track—particularly during rush-hour—and those boys who have to cross this road to enter the School have for a long time been at risk from the (nominally) 40 m.p.h. traffic. Since the G.M.C. decided to install a pelican crossing at Platt Lane, it was obviously the safe thing to do to encourage all boys to use this crossing, and it is hoped that this re-arrangement of our access path will help to do just this. PLEASE make use of this facility, and do not attempt to play 'chicken' across this very dangerous road.

Work is also in hand to install an insulated 'inner-roof' in the Sports Hall. The object of this is to overcome the problem which has always been encountered of high condensation in winter—which causes so much water to fall onto the floor that the Hall has to be closed—and the excess heat in Summer which makes the place like a hot-house. This work will be completed during the first couple of weeks of the Michaelmas Term, 1984.

This may not sound like a lot of work for the year, but I do commend you to read the 'Saga of the Appeal' to see where our main efforts have been directed. I am sure you will all agree that we have had plenty of work to keep us occupied, and I trust that everyone will be pleased with the results—both financial and constructional—of our labours.

I. Stranack  
(Bursar)

## THE CENTENARY APPEAL

It was well over 18 months ago that a decision was taken that it would be appropriate to mark the Centenary of the School by making significant improvements to our facilities, designed to make sure that the School is in the best possible position to enter the 21st Century with equipment properly designed to meet the teaching needs of the modern age.

Initial soundings were made, and proposals were invited from the teaching Staff as to the areas which most needed improvement; then came the task of producing costings for the various suggestions, and as a result the inevitable return to the drawing-board to give some sense of reality to the schemes proposed.

After very careful consideration, it was decided—and approved by the Governors—that the major improvements should be spread over as wide an area of interest as possible, while ensuring that each Department to be improved received enough money to make the project attractive and viable.

As a result, the following projects were planned:

(a) Craft, Design and Technology:

A Classroom to be fitted out specially for Technical Drawing (Room K). This was to replace the facility in Room 2, and was designed to bring the whole of the C.D.T. Department into one, easily administered location.

(b) Science Departments:

A complete review of the Chemistry facilities, which had remained largely un-altered for the past 25 years, and which had fallen behind both in respect of the requirements of the Health and Safety Act, and of the modern regulations concerning size of classes.

A complete review of the Biology Department facilities. In the past few years, so many boys are taking-up the option of Biology that a new Laboratory is essential to enable this subject to be taught properly.



The Physics Department requires new audio-visual facilities, and the provision of these will allow extra teaching-space to become available in one of the Laboratories. Also, the three lecture rooms are badly in need of complete renovation, as the seating platforms are in a very poor state.

(c) Mathematics Department:

Although this is one of the major Departments, it has always been the 'poor cousin' where Classrooms are concerned, boys having to move around the School to 'fit in' to rooms which happen to be vacant. The new plan has ensured that all Mathematics teaching will, in the near future, be centred in the Science Block.

(d) Computer Studies:

As part of the re-arrangement of the Science Block, the opportunity has been taken to move the Computer classroom to Room 2, next to the processor, and in a much more convenient place for this developing subject to be made readily available to Departments other than just Science and Mathematics.

(e) The Library:

The importance of the Library in a School of our academic standing cannot be over-emphasised. While we have made very good use of the Donner Library during the past 30 years, the expansion of its facilities has now become a matter of the utmost importance. At the same time, its position in the middle of the Science Departments is not ideal.

It was therefore decided to re-locate the new Donner Library in the area at present occupied by the Sixth Form Common Room. This has several advantages, including:

- (i) nearly double the shelving space
- (ii) two adjacent Rooms, to be used as quiet study areas
- (iii) space for a proper Office for the Librarian
- (iv) space for an 'on-site' bookshop, where paperbacks, etc., can be sold, and
- (v) last, but by no means least, centralising the Library facilities in the middle of the Departments most likely to use its facilities.

(f) The Sixth Form Common Room:

This inevitably meant that a new site had to be found for the Sixth Form Common Room. After much heart-searching, it was agreed that the only possible solution was to construct a new building for this purpose, situated between the changing rooms and the existing 6th Form block. This would be considerably cheaper than building a purpose built Library, and the construction would include provision for a second storey, should further expansion be necessary in later years.

The whole exciting project was next costed. The rather frightening sum of £350,000 was arrived at by our advisers, and the next problem was 'how to raise the money?'

The Governors, after lengthy consideration, came to the conclusion that it would not be fair to parents with children currently at the School to raise the finance for all this by an increase in the fees, since the beneficial effects of these improvements would last for many generations. It was therefore agreed to launch an Appeal—deliberately linked with our forthcoming Centenary—so that these improvements could be contributed to by ex-pupils and those yet to come to the school.

In order best to administer this Appeal, a firm of professional Appeal Advisers was employed, and they became responsible for the planning and running of the initial Appeal. A very great deal of work fell on the School Staff—both teaching and administrative—as all the details of the requirements for the alterations, and the research into the names and addresses of suitable donors, had to be carried out long before we could launch the Appeal.

One of the major tasks was to research the addresses of Old Hulmeians who were not members of the O.H.A. This was not done solely in order to ask for money, but in order to encourage Membership of the O.H.A., and also to obtain information for the Centenary celebrations, the planning for which has already begun.

We next invited a wide range of those on our lists to become Patrons of the Appeal, by taking out a Covenant in advance of the launch-date. The response to this was even better than had been anticipated, and when the great day came—on the 2nd April, 1984—at a Reception hosted by the President of the Appeal, Sir Robert Mark, G.B.E., Q.P.M., M.A., one of our best-known Old Hulmeians, he was able to announce to the assembled company of Governors, Appeal Committee Members, invited Vice-Presidents, and members of the School Staff, that advance contributions had already reached £50,000!

Our next move was to invite all the parents of boys currently at the School to meetings selected by year-groups, at which the whole project was explained, and their support was asked for. The response varied among the groups, but interest was greatly enhanced when it was explained that work on the project is going ahead at the moment and that virtually all boys now at the School (except last year's Middle 6th Form and leavers) would actually benefit from at least half of the improvements.



While the meetings were held in the evenings, work was progressing during the day. By the end of the Midsummer Term, Room K had already been in use for 3 months, and the Computers had been moved into (a rather make-shift) Room 2. As soon as the 'O' and 'A' Levels were over, work commenced on the Chemistry Department. Benches were removed, fume cupboards were ripped out and the installation of the new ones was started. Walls were removed, the lift was increased in size to take trolleys and gas bottles, and the inevitable doorways were knocked out of one wall and refitted in another! Wiring and pipework presented a real problem, as the 'false ceilings' all had to be removed before we could trace the 'runs'—but even before the end of the term the layout of one new Laboratory was in being, the benches having been reduced in size and re-made, and the main fume cupboard extraction-trunkings were installed. Work on this area will be virtually complete by the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, 1984.

In the meantime, the tenders for the construction of the 'Infill' in the field-side of the Science Block were being drawn up. Eventually, the Contract was placed with Messrs. Lovell Construction, a well-established firm of national repute, for the sum of £91,600 (+VAT). Work commenced on 6th August, and by the time this appears in print, we expect to have opened the new Biology laboratory.

It is the Governors' policy only to commit the School to undertake the parts of the project which can be covered financially by the money already pledged, and for this reason the whole concept has been divided into manageable 'portions'. This year, it will be the Chemistry Department, and the 'Infill'; next Spring we hope to be able to renovate the Physics Department and Biology laboratories, and during the Summer of 1985 to build the new 6th Form Common Room. The final stage will be to move the Donner Library to its new home, and then convert the old Library into two Mathematics classrooms. The whole project should thus be completed by early in 1986, in good time for the Centenary, which is 7th January, 1987.

We still have a long way to go to achieve our target of £350,000. If anyone reading this article has not yet been approached—or knows of anyone who would be prepared to assist us in ensuring that we can improve our School for the benefit of future generations—PLEASE contact the Appeal Office as soon as possible—we will be delighted to send full information as to how this can best be done.

I. Stranack  
(Bursar)

### DONNER LIBRARY

As in previous years the Library has been well used. At one time there were some 520 books on loan—a School record. Notably extensive use has been made of the History and Geography departments' books which are now contained in the Library. Over the year at least 100 new books have been added to the stock. Donations of books have been received from many Middle Sixth formers who have left the School, and from Messrs. P. J. Callaghan, M. Loveland, D. Norman and H. Winterbottom: to all of these people, our grateful thanks.

A. M. Pollard, the Library Prefect, has left School and is pursuing a career in aviation after having obtained his private pilot's licence: his place has been taken by P. A. Iredale.

### CURRENT AFFAIRS 1983-4

The following lectures to the Lower Sixth were organised by Miss M. Green.

#### Michaelmas Term

5 October	Mrs. Raynor: 'Blindness' (part 1)
12 October	Debate on the motion 'That a Disproportionate Amount of the World's Finance is Spent on Arms'
19 October	Mr. P. Barberis: 'The British Electoral System'
2 November	Miss G. Redlich: 'Join the Theatre and see the World'
9 November	Mr. G. Spencely: 'The Antarctic Expedition'
16 November	Mr. P. Whalley: 'Writing for Television'
23 November	Two Assistant Governors of Strangeways: 'The Prison Service in 1983'
30 November	Mr. P. Bullness: 'Starting your own Business'
7 December	Students' Union President, Manchester University: 'Students in the 80s'
14 December	Mr. C. Cooper: 'Banking as a Career'

#### Lent Term

11 January	M. Cobb and M. Taylor: 'First Term at University'
18 January	Dr. I. Hilton: 'The G.M.T. Bus Service'
25 January	Dr. J. Simpson: 'Life at Liverpool University'



1 February	Mrs. Raynor: 'Blindness' (part 2)
8 February	Mr. M. Goodger: 'The Population Time-Bomb'
22 February	Ecology Party representatives
7 March	Dr. C. Woodcock: 'A Case-study in Forensic Pathology'
14 March	Professor Richards of UMIST: 'Computers'

#### Midsummer Term

25 April	Mr. J. Cater: 'Ethnic Segregation in British Cities'
2 May	Dr. P. Dean: '100 Years of W.H.G.S. History'
9 May	Dr. J. Walsh: 'Beyond the Double Helix'
16 May	Dr. J. Chartres: 'UCCA and University Interviews'
23 May	Mr. J. D. A. Levy: 'The Arab/Israeli Conflict'
6 June	Mr. Green: 'Nuclear Power'
20 June	Mr. J. Beatty: 'Greenland and Antarctica: a Photographic Survey of two Expeditions'

### THE SCHOOL PLAY 'THE TOWN THAT WOULD HAVE A PAGEANT' by L. du G. PEACH (7—9 December 1983)

This burlesque comedy is a slight work and its choice represented a departure from the School's usual practice of putting on a play of substantial literary merit. It was a selection, however, which revealed a considerable reservoir of comic talent in a cast who, in Miss M. Green's exuberant and inventive production, clearly enjoyed the peculiar challenge of the play: it demanded not only a variety of characterisation and caricature from individual actors but also an acute sense of collective timing. Importantly, they managed to communicate their enthusiasm to appreciative audiences whose participation, in music-hall manner, was required in the second Act's pageant.

The play is set in the 1950s—a period faithfully replicated in costume detail, and sometimes evoked by allusions in the script which were, for many, bafflingly obscure. The long first scene, a droll parody of local government procedure and civic pretensions, is concerned with the debate in council chambers over the best means of celebrating the town's centenary and the subsequent decision to stage an historical pageant. This decision is taken in spite of the vociferous advocacy, by the gruff curmudgeon, Mr. Pool, of a counter-proposal to build a commemorative public lavatory. P. A. Iredale exploited Pool's humour to the full, making great play with his selective 'deafness' and stubborn adherence to his *idée fixe*. The sustained cloacal theme is sufficient to convince the hapless Pethick (J. P. Wilson) that he is at a committee convened to discuss the town's sanitation; his bemused interjection of 'Drains!' chimed plaintively through the meeting.

The calibre of the committee members has already been called in question by the irreverent introductory comments of the glumly sceptical cleaner Maud (G. J. White's rendition suggested apprenticeship in the Hilda Ogden Academy) and in her conversation with the Town Clerk, Small (M. S. Donnelly), who surmounted some early nerves to give a properly busy and officious performance.

Presided over by the ebullient Mayor (S. A. Marks) whose energetic acting and adroit ad-libbing gave a necessary impetus to the play, the meeting is a gallery of provincial characters. Here is the chic but garrulous Mrs. Whirlow (A. St. J. Dawes) whose talent for irrelevance is prodigious and lays the ground for a series of calamitous false entries in the pageant. Here too is the harrassed doctor (M. P. Kelly) snatching time for civic duty between deliveries in a veritable production line of local babies. A different kind of fertility is required of the briskly pragmatic producer of the pageant, Sheldon (A. M. Pollard) who must not only deploy shoestring resources but invent a glamorous history of the town to boot. This must be done in spite of the outraged but ineffectual protests of the local historian, Pilsley, whose ruffled pedantries were splendidly suggested by J. L. Lighthill. Pilsley's academic sensibilities are further tried when he has to play a gloriously pantomimic Devil in the pageant.

The entry of Lady Bliss, wife of the local grandee and patroness of good causes, is a little delayed for effect. H. J. Minty's portrayal of this character as a complex blend of complacent insouciance and nervous affectation, partly conveyed by an hypnotic variety of fidgety hand movements, was an impressive achievement.

A certain first-night stiffness in the opening scene relaxed into a smoother, more polished flow of action on subsequent nights.

The pageant, improbably but gratifyingly incorporating a number of the characters we have now met, goes into rehearsal in the next scene and is realised in its full garish glory in the second Act, as a series of absurd tableaux in excruciating rhyming couplets. There is a long tradition of 'rehearsal'



comedy and burlesque pageant in English —Sheridan's *The Critic* (1781) is a famous example of the genre—and Peach draws upon a rich stock of well-tried dramatic effects.

He also keeps an ace up his sleeve by holding back, until the second scene, the entrance of Lord Bliss and his daughter Mary. S. W. Dutton's Mary, impressed into the difficult role of pageant mistress of ceremonies, handled the daunting job of talking directly to the audience with cheerful confidence. S. Espiga-Ventura's creation of Bliss, both as the present amiably vacuous Earl and, in the pageant, as a series of less-than-illustrious ancestors from the Conquest onwards, was a performance of true comic distinction. His very presence onstage was enough to heighten the audience's expectations of hilarity. They were not disappointed. He had a subtle control of vocal tone, look and gesture and a marvellously assured understanding of the laughter to be milked from the smallest piece of stage business: few actors can have picked up a Brussels sprout to greater applause!

This splendid performance, however, could not have blossomed as it did without the supportive strength and sensitivity of his fellow actors. Pollard particularly, with a wider variety of roles to tackle, was always convincing and could be considered the lynch-pin of the production as a whole. In one episode (in song), which went far beyond the play's normal, cosily limited parody, his depiction of a rabidly puritanical Cromwell was formidably grotesque.

At a more relaxed level, the nifty song-and-dance routine of the Ancient Britons, Iredale and M. Silgram, was as satisfyingly ludicrous as their costumes promised. Meanwhile, their adversaries, H. J. Clare and R. D. Nieri as the entire Roman army, tramped triumphantly into the production.

M. I. Rosenthal, both as a damsel distressed for the want of a husband and as a wife tenaciously in possession of one—invariably an Earl of Bliss—was a delight to watch. So too, in breathtaking 'drag', was L. G. Psaila's Lady Mayoress. Along with her husband she graced the pageant's audience with her presence, thus pointing to Peach's use of the play within a play.

J. R. D. Wiltshire's command of melodramatic bathos in his travesty of Mary Queen of Scots developed well over the three performances and he was ably assisted in his tribulations by M. Mankelow as the boy James.

P. A. Bahfir, A. M. Burns, A. Cohen and P. R. J. McManus swelled to some purpose the scenes which R. C. C. Addy, M. C. Anderton and D. B. Woodroffe had earlier 'constructed' with a studied lethargy completely foreign to the usual habits of British workmen. Predictably, M. I. Aldridge as the Prompter had his work cut out to restrain the enthusiastic incursions of Mrs. Whirlow.

The ingenious set was actually designed by Mr. G. N. Grant, and Dr. M. I. Barker supervised the lighting. Dr. P. Dean was responsible for props and an able stage staff under the direction of A. Harris ran a complicated production smoothly.

Mrs. L. A. Ballantyne and Mr. G. J. Turner more than deserved the presentations made to them for their hard work with costume and make-up respectively. The range of characters and changes, together with the number of female roles, made both jobs particularly taxing this year but the highest standards were achieved.

The primary accolade, however, for a production of verve and fluency which not only surmounted, but made a virtue of, the limitations of the text, must go to Miss Green, whose confident energy and sure sense of effective theatre inspired her cast and ensured a highly enjoyable evening for all.

A. E. Watson

### HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION (23 and 30 MARCH 1984)

Adjudicators: Mr. Grant (Chairman), Mr. Beggs and Mr. Thomson.

The overall standard was very high, making for two highly entertaining evenings. The productions displayed the widest possible range, from Byrom's philosophical *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* to Dalton's *False Pretences*, which was pure farce.

A total of forty-three boys acted altogether, an unusually high proportion of them in female roles, and at least twenty-four boys assisted backstage. The publicity and programmes were of a much higher standard than usual and it is regrettable that audiences were, as is unfortunately customary, small.

The plays were finally ranked as follows:

1. Heywood, *The Headmistress and the Minister*.
  2. Whitworth, *The Deterrent* by C. Mander.
  3. Byrom, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* by Tom Stoppard.
  4. Dalton, *False Pretences* by Paul Reakes.
  5. Gaskell, *Burglar Alarm* by Ian Hay.
  6. Fraser, *The Monkey's Paw* by W. W. Jacobs.
- Best Individual Performance: S. Espiga-Ventura (Whitworth)



## FRASER HOUSE — 'THE MONKEY'S PAW'

We agree wholeheartedly with the producer's observations contained in the programme that the play could be ridiculous and that it challenged the cast to make the characters believable, whilst putting across the horror of the story. Sadly we are of the opinion that they failed on both counts.

The two minor characters were adequately performed, R. Ellis being the suitably apologetic figure doing an unpleasant duty and S. Odum speaking rather indistinctly across the stage in the role of the son of the family. J. Berlyne as Sgt.-Major Morris only had the uniform and medal to convince us of his age. A stoop, moustache, walking stick etc. were needed to bring the character to life and demonstrated very well the reluctance of boys generally to overplay a role. V. Pohoomull as Mrs. White portrayed her distress at the loss of her son very ably, but for a lot of the time was far too weak and inaudible a character to lend anything to the plot. A. S. Olive as Mr. White maintained his accent reasonably well throughout and accounted for most of the movement on stage, but spoke too quickly and angrily to succeed in holding the audience's attention. The cast remembered their lines well and their timing and response to sound effects was good; even the candle went out on time!

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fraser dramatics

Present



# the monkey's paw

By W.W. Jacobs.

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Illustration to House Play programme.

The plot is paper thin and relies not only on good acting but on good stage direction and effects to make it worth watching. The wind howling through all the first scene and drowning a lot of the speech was most distracting and unnecessary; it would have been sufficient to bring the sound up when the door was opened. The door bolt was wrongly placed and obviously had no socket, which made the pretended struggle to free it totally pointless. The handling of the monkey's paw was unconvincing, the more so as Sgt.-Major Morris found it in the fire instead of in his pocket. No lighting effects were used to induce a sense of mystery and the changes of clothing between scenes took too long. This was a brave attempt at a poor play which entertained the audience and held their attention throughout.



## GASKELL HOUSE—'THE BURGLAR ALARM'

This play was entertaining and generally well-delivered with reasonably good timing. It was felt to be one of the easier plays and contained no great heights of performance, with some punch-lines and essential timing points of the plot not sufficiently emphasised. The set was adequate and the use of sound effects was good—with the exception of the telephone sequences, where greater exaggeration of the mannerisms and speech would have helped to clarify the plot.

Some lines at the beginning were a little gabbled by E. Meyrick (Angela) and inaudible by J. Wiltshire (Betty) with the latter also opening a supposedly locked door. R. Ogden's portrayal of Felix was slightly wooden to begin with and he muffled the importance of his opening lines as a result. Despite the inadequacies, these three performed creditably, the play moving quickly and providing some highly amusing moments, among them a leaking 'swag' bag and a tall policeman (J. Bouchier) holding a diminutive burglar (Angela) in a rugby embrace only for her to ask belatedly: 'What are we going to do?'.

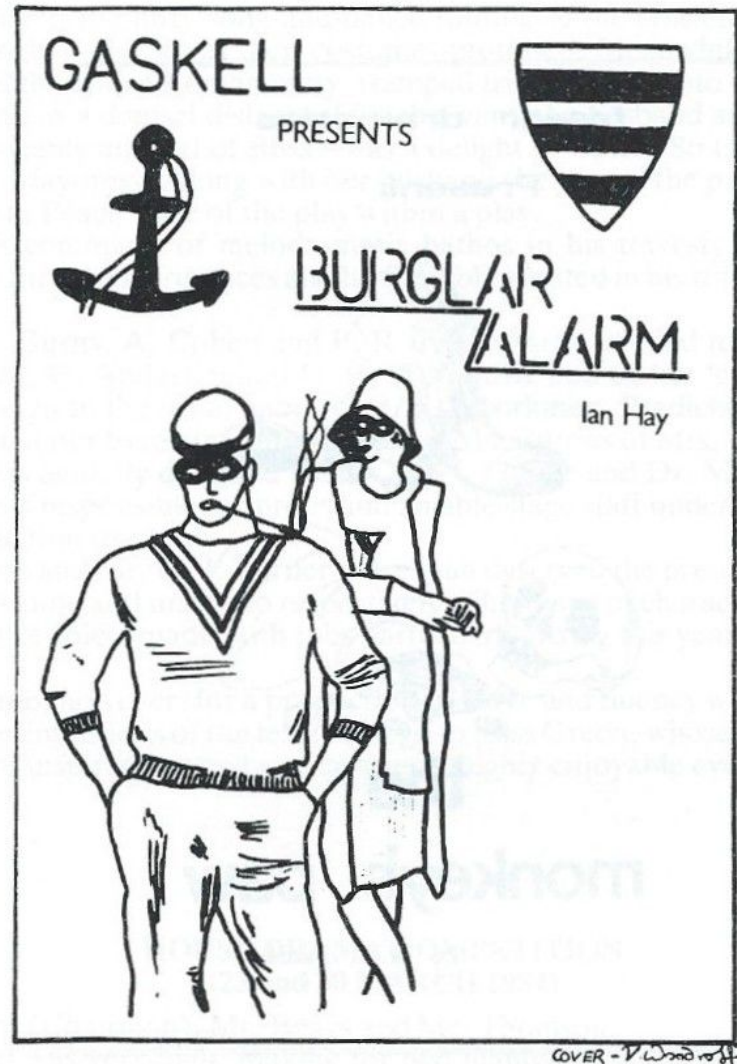


Illustration to House Play Programme.

J. Wiltshire gave an adequate performance, surviving a sticky patch in the middle of the play when he missed a cue. We felt the role could have been given more emphasis by his using a more 'far back' accent and a more aloof manner. R. Ogden was suitably commanding and D. Woodroffe and E. Meyrick played the roles of burglars with the amateurish appearance demanded by the script. J. Bouchier, it was felt, should have 'hammed-up' his role more as is demanded of citizens aping the constabulary—the same being true of H. Clare as the 'policewoman', Irene, though both delivered their lines with accuracy and clarity.

Good use was made of the stage, with props and programme complementing a creditable production.



## DALTON HOUSE—'FALSE PRETENCES'

It was obvious at the beginning that the set needed more props to enliven the scene and, as the play progressed, the use made of the stage was equally unimaginative, being excessively cramped, though with good use of the table as a link between periods in the action and as a means of helping the actors to face the audience.

Nigel (M. I. Aldridge) and Kate (A. St. J. Dawes) gabbled their way through the opening lines and were rather wooden, though their performances improved later in the play, Kate becoming quite natural. Nigel had too even a delivery, shouting throughout and making little use of the props; his row with Kate was completely ruined by giggling fits on both sides.

### False Pretences



# DALTON

Illustration of House Play programme

S. W. Dutton performed adequately in his role as the recorder-playing Virginia with good use of facial expressions; S. D. Hatton as Janice, on the other hand, was not convincingly female—sitting with his legs open to the audience did not help, neither did the wearing of a boy's watch.

A. M. Burns and M. P. Kelly struggled with the very limited roles of Barry and Julian respectively, neither having great success, though Kelly did manage a convincing performance at times. H. J. Minty brought the character of Ronald to life successfully, delivering his lines with good timing and authority, his bra-and-tights routine being the high spot of the performance.

The final exit was well performed and, on the whole, this was an enjoyable, praiseworthy but rather ragged attempt at a difficult play.

## BYROM HOUSE—'ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD'

The house is to be commended for undertaking such a difficult play and for employing such a large cast. A. B. N. May and A. P. Fox in their roles as Director and Producer are to be congratulated for their imaginative use of a plain curtain set and their success in keeping the action moving. The publicity was well done and the programme (of which there were two variations) provided some necessary assistance in enabling the audience to understand the meaning of the play.

The actors in general deserve credit for their fluency and credibility, with A. C. Crowther and M. I. Rosenthal outstanding amongst the minor roles. S. A. Marks was flamboyant as the player and had a good stage presence; there was room here for even greater overplaying of the rôle without detracting from the performance.

A. B. N. May and A. Harris, as Guildenstern and Rosencrantz respectively, complemented each other skilfully, particularly in the quick-fire question and answer sequences, and survived periods when



May was inaudible. A. Harris's début in a major role was impressive and he, too, overcame bouts of slightly gabbled and inaudible speech to give a convincing performance.

In a competition of this sort, the play had poor audience appeal and, despite the Director's valiant attempts to shorten it, was far too long considering the great difficulty which the audience had in finding any discernible theme, as was shown by their restlessness. This fact was of major importance when placing the performance only slightly below the top two.

### WHITWORTH HOUSE—'THE DETERRENT'

This was a well-chosen play which provided adequate scope for these relatively seasoned actors to bring out the strengths and weaknesses of the characters they played. The impact on the audience was immediate and well-sustained through good doctoring of the script, with the exception of the climax, which was felt to be some minutes overdue.

S. Espiga-Ventura as Joseph was dynamic and inventive in his role as the dilatory, armchair-bound, television-addicted husband, employing his full repertoire of postures and facial mannerisms to hilarious effect. His florid countenance after wrestling with the off-stage dog, the distracted dismemberings of tulips and the telephone ad libs, were really memorable pieces of acting.

Muriel, played by M. Mankelow, warmed to 'her' part of the distracted wife as the performance progressed, although he never got used to a wig and really needed other props, such as beads, to provide an alternative focus for his hand mannerisms, which became somewhat distracting. The repetitive throwing of food to the dog could have been more varied and his despair tended to level off midway through the play, instead of being a continuing crescendo. This was, nevertheless, a very demanding rôle which he performed well.

Although a limited character, M. J. Hinnells' 'Gestapo' Vet had immediate impact and was well executed, portraying an extreme example of a country female with maximum effect. The even more limited roles of TV Repair Man and Son were adequately performed by M. S. Donnelly, who unfortunately missed making one significant point about the TV set, even when it was wrongly left uncovered. The producer failed to communicate the moment when the TV set re-asserted its influence by ensuring that the audience could not see the screen clearly, although Joseph's expression went a long way towards remedying this deficiency.

### HEYWOOD HOUSE—'THE HEADMISTRESS AND THE MINISTER'

We congratulate the cast on their bravery in attempting a play consisting completely of female characters and for subtle production touches such as the apt choice of opening music. The cast attacked their rôles with gusto and managed really to look the parts, employing excellent costume details to aid their effective characterisations.

A. Walker adequately fulfilled his brief rôle as the schoolgirl and both he and J. Grisman had an immediate impact on the audience. G. White played his secretary's part well, though he could have been aged a little with a wig, cardigan etc. to enable him to fill his part more effectively. J. Lighthill had an excellent command of the stage and used facial mannerisms and bodily postures to humorous effect. P. Iredale as the Headmistress balanced Lighthill's intentionally nervous portrayal of the young teacher, with a convincingly strong performance as a domineering character, but we felt 'she' was not sufficiently self-controlled for this to be judged a faultless piece of acting. A. Pollard also gave a commanding performance with dynamic and well-timed entrances, managing his high-heeled shoes with admirable skill but, again, his tone could have been more varied. He also failed to give enough emphasis to the moment of recognition of his old Headmistress.

In all, this was a most enjoyable production, skilfully acted by a strong cast, without any weak links and ably backed up by a superb production team. The pronunciation of 'gals' was noted as one of the many examples of minute attention to detail which made the performance such a success.

G. N. Grant  
H. N. Beggs  
J. H. Thomson



## 'ANIMAL FARM'

'Mrs Jones doesn't need too much make-up because she's got to come back as a sheep'. Had re-incarnation arrived at W.H.G.S.? Well, in a way. George Orwell's *Animal Farm* had come back in a dramatised adaptation by Miss M. Green, which she and Mr. G. N. Grant produced on 28 and 29 June 1984, on the School field. The transformation was a daring enterprise: it involved fifty boys, mostly Juniors, and when it comes to a projected overthrow of the existing social order, mere animals just can't compete with an army like that. But the risks were faced: the production was billed as 'the greatest show on four legs', and so it proved.

Miss Green's adaptation boldly did without most of the aids which enable actors to get away with substandard performances. It involved the minimum of settings—an open space bordered by the audience on three sides and by the Science block on the fourth, and filled with large bundles of hay. It demanded no elaborate costumes—the animals wore their own clothes with 'sheep', 'pig' or whatever blazoned on their backs, plus tails where appropriate. Where costume was used, as for the cat (N. J. Vowles, bravely risking being crushed to death by sleeping through the Battle of the Cowshed) or the Cockerel (an energetic E. J. L. Houghton, with ornithological touches straight out of Pathé News) it was very striking, but its rareness helped to underline Orwell's final point in the novel, that human beings are more insidiously brutal because they don't look like brutes. The production called for only basic make-up and lighting, being out-of-doors, and it kept to essential props. Thus, Miss Green and her cast had to work almost entirely through mime, grouping and speaking. The narration, shared among the cast, was done by splitting up single sentences between three or four boys at a time; an initially disconcerting method which rapidly came to seem the natural way of doing it. This use of a narrative framework helped to remind us of Orwell's didactic intentions: from an opening modelled on 'This is the house that Jack built' with its deceptively innocent connotations we were taken on a conducted tour of the basest layers of human nature. Miss Green wisely ignored the often-repeated analogy between the events of the novel and the Russian Revolution, but although the play's last line insisted that 'This is a story about a farm', the question prompted in our minds was 'But is it?'

The production depended for its success on a small number of large roles, and if I cannot mention every single boy individually, that is not because I didn't enjoy his performance. There was no-one who did not make a contribution. However, in the nature of things, some contributions are more equal than others.

A. B. N. May as Old Major had to describe the Utopian vision which incites the animals to rebellion, proving in the process yet again what a good command of timing and pacing of a speech he has. The dream of a Man-less future in which all animals would be free was movingly communicated, and prompted the reflection that W.H.G.S. drama is going to miss May deeply (this was his last performance before leaving). The three main pigs, Snowball (V. Pohoomull), Squealer (J. L. Lighthill) and Napoleon (S. A. Marks) were interestingly contrasting personalities. Pohoomull, a relative newcomer to our stage, spoke clearly and thoughtfully, and in the 'replays' of the Battle of the Cowshed his miming was good. (Although I was sorry to see the use of the slow-motion technique familiar from TV sports programmes; this tended to give the action a slightly ludicrous appearance.) Lighthill's experience as a comic actor resulted in a Squealer whose amiability and persuasiveness as he sought to convince the animals of the rightness of Napoleon's policies were utterly convincing; when Lighthill came out with his plaintive 'Surely, comrades, you do not think...?' we simply couldn't disbelieve him. Marks's performance combined the strengths of his two previous rôles this year, the Clochemerle-like Mayor in the School Play and the terrifyingly sinister Player in Byrom's House Play: his Napoleon was a classic demagogue, clumsy and devoid of any political finesse but irresistible when allowed to bully and cow his hearers into submission. Marks showed us what an astonishing range of characterisation he can command and any teacher would have envied his ability to hold an audience.

Among the other animals there were several excellent performances. M. P. Kelly as Boxer embodied the simple, unquestioning, persevering soul who wears himself out in the service of a cause that discards him as soon as he has outlived his usefulness. Kelly's earnest reiterations of 'I will work harder' and 'Comrade Napoleon is always right' came to have a moving cumulative force. S. D. Hatton's Clover was also straightforwardly sincere and touchingly concerned for Boxer. M. Silgram's Benjamin seemed to be the fruit of a long study of A. A. Milne's Eeyore: his cynicism and Stoicism ('Donkeys live a *long* time!') were well conveyed, and his flash of anger as he tried to bring home to the animals the truth that Boxer was being taken away, not to a rest-home but to the glue-factory, was an effective extra dimension to the role. S. M. Arundel's Mollie, wearing a fur hat and plaited mane which caused some wag to refer to 'Molly Crocket', was a neat cameo; Mollie's harmless vanity was reflected in Arundel's contemplation of the ribbon in his mane. M. I. Rosenthal as Minimus the tiniest pig was endearing, and his beaming face when he had a moment of glory as the composer of *Animal Farm's* 'national anthem' was delightful. A. M. Burns, as Muriel, showed a proper hesitancy when spelling his way painfully through the Seven Commandments.



In a production where the animals acted naturalistically it was an ingenious idea to make the human beings act in an exaggerated way. The three farmers who plot against the animals, Messrs Jones (D. B. Woodroffe, with G. L. Armshaw as a dithery wife), Frederick (P. A. Iredale) and Pilkington (A. W. Kloss), and their associate Whymper (M. I. Aldridge) were all good performances; their drunken staggering and rendition of 'Show me the way to go home' provoked nods of rueful recognition in the audience. It seems fair to give special mention to Kloss and Iredale, who were sublimely funny, in roles which in the 30s would have been played in films by Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford. Their speech and gestures were inflated to cartoon proportions and their co-ordination in silent-film miming was first-rate.

In general the production had so many strengths that its weaknesses seem minor quibbles, but one is worth discussing for the light it throws on the problems of adaptation of a grim political fable for performance by young boys. The most frequent audience reaction was laughter, and only the pedantic could object to this; nobody goes to the theatre to be depressed. But it is very demanding for actors so young and, in some ways, innocent to project the burden of Orwell's novel. To laugh at totalitarianism duping simple faith is to acquiesce in the duping, and at times I felt the production was less cutting and disturbing than it might have been. However, there is a positive side to this criticism: where the boys had to convey the animals' idealism and wistful longing to believe in the dream even as they could feel it becoming a nightmare, their success was complete. Moreover, so much of the staging was impressive in solving the challenges of open-air production and in preventing a collapse into monotonous argumentation: the Battle of the Cowshed; the alternation of popular sympathy between Snowball and Napoleon; the building of the windmill; the scene exposing 'traitors' through enforced confessions, which was genuinely gripping; the special effects when the windmill was blown up; the simple but effective symbolic representation of a storm; the way in which the pigs' transition to human beings was marked by carefully-graded changes of costume and props, so that by the end Napoleon was in evening dress and even the cockerel had a whip; and the excellent party given by the pigs for the human farmers, in which the sham affability was quickly turned by drink into squalid rowing. And so one could go on.

But this was, in one way, a special occasion, and a final paragraph must be saved to explain why. 'Animal Farm' was Miss Green's last production for the School. Tribute is paid elsewhere in the magazine to her work, but for many boys and even more parents, for the last seven years W.H.G.S. drama has been Marie Green. She has produced thirteen plays, some written by herself, ranging from Brecht to the musicals on which she collaborated so memorably with Mr. Bamforth. To those who have watched her in rehearsal, what stands out is the incalculable benefit she has given to so many boys at such an early and formative stage in their lives. Repeatedly she has taken on casts numbering dozens, where others prefer to work on a smaller scale; repeatedly one has seen the delight with which those dozens have discovered the magic of taking part in a play, where even in the smallest role you can feel you have done something only you could do to make the play work. To have given that magic to hundreds of actors is granted only to a few: but it has been granted to Miss Green. Only we know how lucky St. Bede's is going to be.

P. Dean

#### STAGE MANAGER'S REPORT 1983-4

This was an exceptional year for the Stage Staff, with two widely differing productions. The first, *The Town that would have a Pageant*, involved a wide variety of effects and illusions, for instance the scenery which needed to be turned round during the interval, and the cannon which needed firing simultaneously with the collapse of some of the scenery.

The real problems with this play came on the middle night when an electrical fault, discovered half-an-hour before the performance began, meant that the stage was not fully illuminated. This led to a short spell of mass hysteria, panic, and Miss Green saying 'Keep calm!' amid mouthfuls of finger-nail. Fortunately we survived this trauma to prove the truth of the old adage 'Many hands make light work'.

Any scepticism which had existed among the Stage Staff was soon dispelled when it was discovered that they had the opportunity to throw sprouts over the scenery at the actors, a chance not to be missed.

The second production, *Animal Farm*, was unusual in that it was performed in the round on the School field. This created the added task of laying out and collecting in three hundred chairs before and after each performance. Luckily this laborious task was conducted in a light-hearted manner, with a race on the last night to discover who could collapse the most chairs.

The greatest problem, apart from the gradual erosion of the bales of straw, was that, since the play was performed in the round, no scene-changes or effects could occur without members of the Stage Staff being seen by the audience. As the Stage Staff are naturally very shy, this created a little embarrassment when they were quietly sitting in the middle of the arena behind bales of straw with the play going on



around them. We were, however, fortunate in being lent a flash box and capsules. This provided us with an opportunity to develop our own Big Bang Theory and also allowed us to smother the audience twice during the production.

In all it was a good year, and every member of the Stage Staff worked hard to give a concentrated team effort.

E. P. Tullock (L6S), S.M.

### MUSIC NOTES

Elsewhere in the Magazine there are reports of the Concerts given during the year. This time, however, it is necessary to mention the Carol Recital given each year at St. Ann's Church, Manchester. This happened on December 13th last year. For the first time, a group of four brass players, trained by brass teacher Philip Goodwin, took part, playing items in the middle of the programme. Their contribution was much appreciated and it is hoped that the group will play again in 1984.

1983-84 was the first full year for the teaching of percussion at the School. Five boys had the privilege of lessons and practice in the newly constructed 'Drum Room' in the Music Department. The new room is a great asset as the drum kit can be left ready for playing: sound proofing, though, leaves much to be desired. I am assured by experts at the BBC that satisfactory sound proofing against drums has not yet been invented so we shall have to put up with it.

The School continues to enter candidates for the practical examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal School of Music. The names of boys who were entered and passed during the year are listed below:

#### Grade I

M. Grey (violin)  
D. Capon (piano)

#### Grade III

R. Naylor (flute)  
C. Jacobs (clarinet)  
A. Campbell (trumpet)

#### Grade IV

M. Langslow (trumpet)  
R. Jones (trumpet)  
A. Fawkes (euphonium)

#### Grade V

D. Timm (theory)  
S. Dixon (clarinet)

During February/March tentative enquiries were made about the possibilities of linking computer work to electronic music using keyboards. This has now grown into a full scale investigation and it is hoped to be able to offer some electronic music training in the foreseeable future.

D. A. Bamforth

### SCHOOL CONCERTS 1983-4

Two concerts were given during the School year: the first on 2 November 1983 in the Upper Hall, and the second on 20 March 1984, in the New Hall.

In November the programme opened with the Orchestra's playing of Joplin's 'The Entertainer' and Strauss' 'Radetsky March', two pieces of contrasting tempo and atmosphere which allowed the Orchestra to show its versatility. A number of solos followed. J. Curran played Monhardt's 'So soft the silver sound and clear' on a trumpet which imitated the title of the piece with impressive ease. D. Williams gave an accurate performance of the first movement of Clementi's piano Sonatina in C. P. Sharman, playing the Allegro from Handel's Sonata in F on the violin, demonstrated fluency in moving from one tone to another. T. Corbett, also a violinist, gave a beguiling performance of Massenet's 'Meditation', a wistful piece which faces the player with conveying depth rather than intensity of feeling: a difficult task which Corbett accomplished. D. Hinnells, in his trumpet solo, took on the challenge of the whole of Haydn's concerto for that instrument. After a first movement exhibiting a remarkably confident attack, he understandably became short-winded in the second movement but recovered his vigour for the Allegro finale. The tremendous pace of this work daunts even a mature player, and Hinnells gave us a sense of its high spirits which overcame all minor technical hitches. Particular mention should also be made of Mr. Golder's accompaniment on what was billed, with mock modesty, as a piano, but seemed under his guidance to become an entire orchestra. In a complete change of mood we then heard J. C. F. Bach's Trio for violin (P. Sharman), recorder (E. J. L. Houghton) and violin (D. M. W. Timm); the allegretto movement was played with delicacy and grace.



After the interval the Choir sang extracts from Andrew Lloyd Webber's 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat', a musical based on the Biblical story. This work is notable for the catchiness of many of its tunes and the ingenuity, amounting at times to shamelessness, of the rhymes in its lyrics. It is not a piece to be sung with the tongue anywhere else but in the cheek, and the audience seemed to appreciate the Choir's combination of verve and nerve. It ended an enjoyable evening on a (literally) high note.

The March concert opened with the Orchestra playing three fairly sedate pieces: the movement 'la joie' from Handel's 'Fireworks Music', Byrd's 'La Volta' (with notable contributions from Mr. J. G. Hofton, on the flute, and J. P. Curran on the trumpet), and Brahms' Waltz in D, op. 39, no. 2. In complete contrast they played Offenbach's 'Galop', better known to old *habitués* of the Paris Trip as the Can-can. The eyes of some members of the audience strayed towards the stage, but they had to be content with the music.

J. P. Lucas then gave a piano solo, Grieg's 'Watchman's Song', which begins by sounding like a hymn-tune and ends as a more meditative piece: he conveyed both moods well. M. Crummack's playing of the adagio from Corelli's violin sonata in C, op. 5, no. 3, showed to particular advantage in the trills. Following these solos the Brass Quartet—J. P. Curran, A. P. Fox, C. W. Timm and C. Williams, supplemented by Mr. Goodwin on the tambourine—played two dances by Peuerl and two 'Pops for Four' by Chris Hazell, providing appropriate Renaissance stateliness in the first piece and a catchy jazz rhythm in the second. We returned briefly to solos with a sensitive, expressive performance of Haydn's 'Divertimento' in F by pianist S. D. Barnham.

The choir took the stage to sing Bairstow's hymn-anthem 'The King of Love my Shepherd is' (which had also been sung on Founder's Day) and five sections of Pergolesi's 'Magnificat' which is a bright and invigorating composition. In the section 'Suscepit Israel' the bass solo was sung by S. Beggs and the tenor, which interweaves melodiously with it, by A. M. Pollard, and they balanced very well. (Pollard when in the First Form sang a treble solo in this same work, so his appearance at the other end of the scale was a notable *coup*!) After the Choir, A. Fawkes played Mozart's 'Say Ye Who Borrow' on the euphonium, and must have enlarged many people's idea of what that instrument can do. Its only ambassador to the wider world so far has been Jimmy Edwards, but he will have to take a back seat as Fawkes gets older.

Then we heard another quartet, this time for violins (T. Corbett, M. Beggs, P. A. Iredale and A. M. Pollard); they played Handel's delicate 'Sarabanda'. The rumbustious 'Rondo in D, op. 175, no. 1' by Gurlitt was then played on two pianos by Mr. D. A. Bamforth and Mr. D. E. B. Golder, about whose performance it would be impertinent for me to speak. The enthusiasm which was so marked here was continued in P. A. Iredale's and A. M. Pollard's singing of Flanders and Swann's 'The Transport of Delight' (*not* arranged by Bairstow!), complete with headgear and Cockney accents; the audience seemed to like this item especially. A return to more austere music was provided by S. Beggs's organ solo, J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, which demonstrated a growing mastery of the instrument and was also warmly applauded. The note of solemnity was only, however, to be briefly sounded; for the evening closed with a rollicking performance by Form 2A, directed from the piano by Mrs. E. Wood, of Chappell's 'Daniel Jazz'. We were reminded by the programme that the composer urged that this work should be sung 'strictly for fun', and it certainly was. J. W. Babicki and N. Islam were strong soloists, but their colleagues backed them up with infectious vitality. The roaring during the lions' appearances was of a particularly rare quality. I estimated the result at Daniel, 3; Lions, 36. To have a whole Junior Form involved in such a venture was delightful, and brought the concert to a bright close.

The final tribute to the work of Mr. Bamforth, Mr. Golder, Mr. Goodwin and Mrs. Wood (and to that of other peripatetic teachers who remain unseen by the audience) in putting these concerts together is, as always, no mere formal acknowledgement. Only the performers know how little 'their' performances can really be called their own.

P. Dean

## GERMANY EXCHANGE 1983-4

### 1. ENGLAND. October 1983

On Saturday October 8th at about 3 p.m. the third Germany Exchange officially began when twenty-six German boys arrived at Chorlton Street Bus Station. The weekend was left for the partners to get to know each other.

On the first school day, October 10th, the Headmaster gave his annual welcoming speech to the German partners. The rest of the morning was spent by our German guests following their partners' lessons.



In the afternoon a visit to Ordsall Hall was planned. Unfortunately the Germans did not spend very long here because of transport difficulties.

On Tuesday was the first day trip. This was to the Lake District. Included in the itinerary was a guided tour of Dove Cottage (home of Wordsworth), a visit to Waterhead and a trip on the lake, and a visit to the Lake District National Park Visitor Centre, which included a slide show and a walk round an exhibition.

Wednesday was a school day, but the Germans could look forward to an 'entertaining analysis of poems' in one of Dr. Dean's lessons.

In the afternoon all the Germans listened to a Lower Sixth debate on spending on nuclear weapons. It was hard to tell how much they followed the debate, although they overwhelmingly voted that too much was spent on nuclear arms.

On Thursday was the second excursion. This was to North Wales. The highlight of the trip was a visit to the Llechwedd Slate Caverns and a guided tour which included Mr. Turner acting as a German interpreter for a Welsh miner. There was also a short visit to Conway Castle and some free time in the town.

On Friday was the third annual England versus West Germany football match. It proved to be a high scoring event with the Germans eventually winning 4—2. The match however was never completely finished as the Germans walked off after a dispute with the referee with a couple of minutes left.

Monday was the highlight of the exchange. Instead of the usual visit to Alton Towers, a visit to Blackpool was planned. We were allowed about five hours free in the town. The arcades and the Pleasure Beach were the main attractions.

At night a party at Berlin's disco was organised. This was well attended by the Germans.

On Tuesday there was a visit to the Science and Industry Museum for those German boys who had not been on the Exchange before.

Wednesday was the final day of the Exchange. The German partners departed from Chorlton Street Bus Station at about 4 p.m. after eleven days of typical English life.

T. Stone (L6A)

## 2. GERMANY. February 1984.

'Für manche das erste Mal, für andere das dritte Mal'.

Some people believe places never hold the same interest or enjoyment on a second visit, let alone a third. However, the trip to Werl is not merely a sight-seeing trip or the chance to improve a foreign language; it is also a cultural exchange between two contrasting societies and peoples, each thrown upon the other and then left to get on with daily life. This gives the Exchange its fascination; it is about people, their similarities and differences, and will hopefully bring us a better understanding of one another without the senselessness of established prejudices.

Our outward journey to Werl proved, as always, to be a test of stamina, combining an uncomfortable Belgian ferry with a slightly rough crossing; then we staggered into Ostend railway station to find overcrowded trains. Here I must acknowledge the work of Mrs. Wright in persuading some Belgians and later some Germans to vacate our seats. After a short stay in Cologne while we changed trains, the party found itself on the last leg of the mammoth trek, aware that in a short time its members would have to converse in German, if only until they reached the safety of the bed allotted to them. 'I'm going to sleep for two days'—but no-one did!

The next day we were given the welcoming speech from the Marien-Gymnasium Headmaster, Dr. Bierbaum, after which he was presented with the Manchester Coat of Arms. The next port of call was the *Rathaus* and a speech by the *Bürgermeister*, that is the Mayor, Herr Sasse. He explained to us what responsibilities the local authorities have, described the tier system of government in the BRD, and set the scene for our trip to Bonn the next day.

All the trips this year on both sides of the Channel have taken us further afield than in the previous two years. The first trip for us in Germany took us to their 'provisional' capital, Bonn; I think Thiers commented 'Nothing is more permanent than that which is intended to be temporary'. Bonn was... a long way; it was a city of bits, the old University town where Beethoven lived, the embassies and residential areas, the industries on the Rhine, and of course the government block where we stopped to see inside the *Bundestag*. This is an unimpressive building resembling more a district post office than the centre of government for the largest European state, and it had an alarming lack of security. But this provided us with an insight into attitudes about government in Germany, not entrenched in the same traditions as we are in England. The visit then took the form of a coach tour around the areas of the city considered to be impressive. The old town was picturesque and full of character, but elsewhere everything was just clean and new!

Düsseldorf, the next day, was the Germans' answer to Alton Towers or Blackpool, getting us away from the constant sight-seeing and giving us a free evening to take in the atmosphere of a large German





Photo: Herr F. Berning

### The Germany Trip at Kassell

city. This was however preceded by a trip to an Art Museum with a difference, contrasting the 'art' of the Nazi time with more modern exhibits, a stark and interesting contrast. The *Stadtbummel* (walkabout) was very enjoyable and left a favourable impression of Düsseldorf; understandably, the trip back to Werl was more lively than the outward trip.

Soest is only fifteen kilometres away from Werl. It is a traditional old town, reconstructed to most of its pre-war splendour, providing the visitor with a church round every corner, of which we saw just one when Mr. Turner and Mrs. Wright took the English boys on Friday, accompanied by a guide. It is perhaps a town better seen in a small family group, as I had seen it the year before, but then most visits are better in small groups. Soest is probably the best preserved example of traditional Westphalian life in the local area and very well worth visiting for interest and scenery.



Kassel the following Tuesday, on the other hand, was an exercise in endurance. We were first taken on a trip around a German factory, the *Volkswagenwerk* on the outskirts of the city. Those of us who had a picture of a hard-working German labour force were in for a surprise: whether in Germany or Britain, there is no need to work harder than the company makes you! We were not merely given an impression of the factory, but saw the whole thing, it seemed. It was also slightly comforting to note that out of the thousands of machines in the plant we did see two British Vickers Presses. After two hours of constant walking we were in no fit state to experience Kassel, probably the quietest city in the world. And what was next? A walk! Slightly less strenuous than the previous two but nonetheless tiring. It began at the castle which overlooks the town from a hill, then still covered with snow and leading naturally to an expected débâcle lasting most of the way down the slope. The path we took wound its way down the hill through some of Hessen's most picturesque landscapes including a frozen waterfall. The trip back to Werl was naturally a quiet one.

For those English boys in Werl for the first time, most of the second half of the stay was spent getting to know the school methods and ways of life in the family; the more experienced of us however spent much time in the unofficial Sixth Form Centre conversing about more controversial issues in German society. Having been to one English lesson and an assortment of others, I found it surprising that university undergraduates can emerge out of such relaxed chaos. The contrast is between the *elfte Klasse* (equivalent to our Lower Sixth) and the *dreizehnte Klasse* (Upper Sixth), which resembles more a high standard tutorial than a Grammar School class. What happens in the middle seems quite extraordinary.

The exchange is mainly however about life in the family, and on the whole this year seemed to be the best yet for successful partnering. Again 'well done' to Mrs. Wright and Mr. Turner for this, in my case the third year with the same partner. Conversations too become more interesting as you gain confidence with speech, and all next year's participants are advised to spend as much time talking to their partners' parents as possible, not only to practise speech and comprehension but also to sound out German opinion on such issues as the British, East-West relations (Werl is only one and a half hours' drive from the DDR border and is the home for Belgian, American and Scottish troops), or even the War (yes, it's not too controversial a subject, most people are even more anti-Fascist than the British and very willing to talk about it).

Social activity on the Werl half of the exchange is undoubtedly undertaken more as a group event than when the Germans come here, because most partners live near the town. Arranged this year we had the traditional *Kegeln* (ten pin bowling) at the *Stadthalle*, a lively event and a lot of fun; and secondly the return leg of the football tournament with the German First Team again snatching victory from our grasp at the local sports hall. For those unable to take the excitement of lessons every morning, there was also the *Hallenbad* where English partners could swim free, but only a few took the opportunity, even on disco days (Nena while you swim) or warm water days (you might as well bring the soap). To keep up the interest in school lessons, Mr. Turner and Mrs. Wright provided us with a timetable devised to show us where we should go to find what lessons—it isn't advisable to follow your partner around, though Physics in Germany is less complex than here. But you don't learn much of the language from it!

There were two organised parties this year, and a host of private ones. The first was in Hillbeck, a small town near Werl; this helped to break the ice as people got to know one another, old acquaintances were reforged, and for others it was the first of many nostalgic experiences of 1970s music. The second party, this time at the school, was a far more festive occasion with most people in fancy dress. The teachers too entered into the 'no spirits' of things, and the music improved before lapsing into clouds of smoke on the water displacing hordes of English boys from the dance floor. It was fun, if slightly primitive at times.

The remainder of the exchange was on a family or group level, whether it was trips to the Sauerland, ice skating or bicycle rides in the country (yes, I did that at -10 °C).

Few of us were keen to come home when the time came to pack our suitcases, and none of us looked forward to the arduous journey home, accompanied as it was by a bomb scare in Euston Station. On behalf of all the party I should like to thank Mrs. Wright and Mr. Turner for all their organisation and effort and hope they enjoyed themselves as much as we did. The enthusiasm for the trip is best expressed however by the large numbers of boys who wish to return to Werl, not only next February but also in the summer. Whatever attracts a return visit, whether it is language, the people, society, the way of life or simply pleasure and experience, the result is a better understanding and appreciation of the Germans, their life styles and aspirations, and whatever judgements we may make can now be only based on experience.

A. S. Olive (L6L).



## **FOPPOLO, ITALY**

### **(2—9 January 1984)**

It was 3 a.m. on a cold January morning, yet despite the hour thirty-three aspiring skiers and four tired-looking masters boarded the coach for Luton Airport with an air of excited anticipation such as, surely, can only accompany the prospect of a week on the slopes. After the farewells from envious parents we left the School behind on the first leg of our long, but not too exhausting, journey.

When we arrived in Foppolo twelve hours later, after our first hair-raising and stomach-churning experience of the infamous Italian coach-driving, we were greeted as we disembarked into the main square by perfect blue skies and fresh Alpine air. What can better epitomise a skiing holiday? There was a perceptible look of awe on the faces of beginners and experienced skiers alike as they paused to try to take in the atmosphere of the resort and gazed wide-eyed and open-mouthed at the slope that led into the square. I wonder how many saw themselves clad in racing apparel and schussing down the piste at that moment?

After weaving a perilous path through skiers and across the snow—no mean achievement fully laden with suitcases and shoulder bags!—we entered the Hotel Cristallo for the first time. An afternoon of acclimatisation and orientation led to an evening meal that set the trend for the rest of the week—simple but filling—and an early night was welcome to all.

Foppolo is a quite major resort with numerous ski-runs and an excellent network of chair and drag lifts. The Cristallo was perfectly situated, just thirty yards from the central chair lift and nursery slope, so there were no bus rides or uncomfortable walks in cumbersome ski-boots to the nearest lift.

On the first evening we had been kitted out with skis, boots and poles, so at 9 o'clock the following morning all the party lined up in groups, depending on experience, eagerly awaiting the instructors and itching to get on the slopes.

The first lesson is always hard work (not to mention frustrating!) for beginners, although the positions learnt in those two hours were put to extensive use throughout the week. It was, thankfully, only a day before we joined our more accomplished colleagues at the top of the Baita chair lift, although the heights of Monte Bello and the idyllic Carona Bowl were, as yet, just magical prospects to us.

Apart from one afternoon's visit to Bergamo for shopping, each day was crammed with as much skiing as could possibly be fitted in; how true it is when people compare skiing to a drug! Such was the variety of runs that every day brought something new and even more exciting than its predecessor. The week seemed to fly by.

Saturday afternoon saw the slalom and the beginners' chance to pit themselves against the experienced skiers. Alas, it was not to be a fairy-tale victory: the old hand, Miller, deservedly took the spoils.

The quality of skiing was excellent all week, despite the odd icy patch; but what set this trip apart from previous ones was that the night-life was also excellent. Every night something was organised by either ourselves or the couriers, so no-one had even the chance to think of being bored. There are many memories, including Mr. Seddon's first (and almost certainly last!) attempt at ice-skating; the narrowly-failed attempt to break the record of ten people and Mr. Moore on a two-foot toboggan; the fancy dress party on the last night with Wilkinson as the Hunchback of Notre-Dame and Campbell's wonderful baby costume—and how well he talked—being deserving winners over all the other schools in the hostel.

When Monday morning arrived and we were packed and ready to leave, and bidding our new friends farewell, I don't think there was a single person who wouldn't dearly have loved to turn the clock back a week. Still, I suppose that is why the next trip seems such a wonderful prospect.

Finally I would like to say that the timing of the trip was superb: what a refreshing thought it was, over Christmas and the New Year, that when the festivities were over we still had a week in the snow to look forward to. I would like, on behalf of everyone in the party, to thank the masters who made the trip possible and without whom it would not have been such a success.

G. Cleary (L6S)

## **SPANISH EXCHANGE TO SEVILLE AND MADRID**

### **Easter 1984**

The students taking part in the first ever Spanish exchanges from W.H.G.S. at Easter looked on this prospect with some trepidation, not knowing the Spaniards' way of life, their attitudes, customs, or the reception that awaited us. However, embarking on their respective planes, S. Whitehouse (L6L) to Madrid and M. P. Kelly (L6L) and M. S. Donnelly (4L) to Seville, they realised that three weeks of Spanish family life had at last to be confronted. The flight to Seville, although taking about 4½ hours, was especially interesting as we had to make a connection, on an internal flight, from Barcelona to Seville, enabling us to sample Spanish bureaucracy at first hand!



All the boys were given a warm welcome which set the tone for the three weeks, making us feel less like intruders and more like members of our respective families, as we visited places of interest and enjoyed the atmosphere of the *semana santa* Easter celebrations.

This was a successful first Spanish exchange; it introduced us to a different culture in a way unavailable to the normal English tourist, it improved all aspects of our command of Spanish (particularly in conversation), and we hope it laid a foundation for future exchanges.

M. P. Kelly (L6L)

## PARIS AND BRITTANY TRIP

14—21 July 1984

At 4.30 a.m. on a cool, drizzling July morning, forty cheerful and starry-eyed boys along with sleepy parents met at school for the start of a big adventure—a holiday in France. The coach arrived and a register was called—everyone present? Yes, everyone—that is apart from Miss Green. Her alarm hadn't gone off, so with a phone call Mr. Bull solved the problem and it was arranged that Miss. Green would meet us at Birmingham. At 5.15 a.m. the atmosphere on the coach was electric with an excited buzz rapidly changing into an uncontrollable chatter, as the coach left school and parent and boy alike were glad to be away from each other for a whole week.

The coach stopped at Birmingham, where Miss Green boarded, and then made steady progress on the motorway. At about noon we arrived at Dover. In the hour we had to wait to embark, all those packed lunches that had not been already devoured were eaten and we all had a walk to stretch our legs.

During the one and a half hour crossing everyone played on the video games and the one-armed bandits. Beswick felt the perils of travelling by sea but was feeling better when we disembarked at Calais at 3.30 p.m. Everyone then prepared for the six hour journey ahead which included two stops, many miles of typical French countryside and villages and a ride on Autoroute 1. Tired but excited we arrived at the FIAP centre which was to be our home for the next three days. After a snack meal we settled into comfortable rooms. Four people shared a room with one person in charge of the key.

On the second day we woke to find the weather warm and sunny. After a breakfast of a roll and a cup of hot chocolate, which was to be our breakfast for the whole week, we explored the modern town of Evry in our groups. After this a few boys went to explore the old town whilst everyone else went swimming. We then returned to the centre for lunch. In the afternoon we had a conducted coach tour of Paris, seeing most of the famous monuments. On the way into Paris Mr. Langford, our guide, tried to explain the layout of Paris using the image of a bow and arrow. Everyone was totally confused by this and all afternoon tried to visualise this image. However, the tour was still enjoyed with stops that included views of the Eiffel Tower and Les Invalides where Napoleon's Tomb is placed. Here we had a chance to look around and buy souvenirs. The stops also included Palais de Chaillot and Place de la Concorde but at Place de la Concorde our view was obscured by the stands from the Bastille Day Celebrations. We then returned to the hotel feeling hot, sticky and tired.

On Monday, day three, we travelled into Paris and visited the Arc de Triomphe, ascending to the top where we enjoyed watching the cars competing to get round the massive roundabout, and looking round the museum. Next, we walked down the Champs-Élysées admiring the shops and paying a brief visit to the Renault Motor Museum. We then had a packed lunch, or as it was commonly called a jigsaw lunch, most of which was fed to the pigeons, in the Tuileries Gardens. After lunch we walked to Ile de la Cité and those who thought their legs could stand it climbed up the high tower of Notre Dame. We were then given time to buy souvenirs or look round the Cathedral and then we returned to the centre.

The next day was our last in Paris, and one of the busiest. In the morning we went on a River Seine cruise by Bateaux Parisiens which lasted an hour and was very enjoyable. Next we ascended the Eiffel Tower, going right to the top—the view there was exhilarating and quite unbelievable. Then we travelled to Bois de Boulogne, where we had a 'jigsaw' lunch. Afterwards we went boating on the lake and a few boys were stranded on the Island so they had to be rescued by other members of the party. The coach driver then took us to the Arc de Triomphe where we took the Métro to Montmartre. Here we visited the newer of the two Paris cathedrals, the Sacré-Coeur. There was no time to look around the Cathedral so we just browsed at the artists' creations in the Place du Tertre. Here everyone watched with interest a heated argument between an artist and an American lady. We then returned to the centre still discussing the row we had witnessed.

During the night, Morris was taken ill; however we still had to travel down to St. Malo so Morris just had to manage as well as he could. Unfortunately the Wednesday was the hottest day so by the time we reached St. Malo we were like boiled beetroots. We had been told we were staying in a hotel so everybody was looking forward to luxury living, but when we arrived and were shown to our rooms everybody's hopes fell considerably. The rooms were old and the staircase rocked when you walked up



or down it. The building they were in was down an annexe and there was only one toilet, without a seat, for five rooms.

At 7.30 p.m. we went for our first meal and it was just about edible—apart from the soup. However, the meal lasted about an hour and a half so everybody was very restless.

On Thursday everyone came down to breakfast at 8.30 a.m. and saw that Beswick had acquired a black eye during the night; this was due to banging his eye on Marland's head. After breakfast we went to Mont Saint-Michel. While we were there we heard that Cherbourg Port had been closed due to the dock strike so that evening there were a few frantic phone calls made by Mr. Bull. That afternoon we spent on the beach near St. Malo—three relaxing hours in glorious sunshine. In the evening we listened to the top twenty and had a reasonably early night.

On the last day we had quite a lot of things to do so we set off as soon as possible in the morning and our first stop was at the tidal power station on the River Rance which was very interesting. Next we went to Fort La Latte. Shah fell and Miss Green had to take him to a doctor's so he could have the wound dressed properly. While we were waiting we had a picnic lunch. In the afternoon we visited Cap Fréhel which was extremely like Land's End. The afternoon and holiday was completed on the beach at Dinard; here Mr. Hofton took some boys swimming at an open air swimming pool and Mr. Bull arranged for pedal boats to be hired. That afternoon several attempts were made to bury Marland in the sand but these proved to be unsuccessful. In the evening there was a disco while some boys went on a walk round the old town of St. Malo.

On Saturday there was the daunting thought of the long journey home but this went without a hitch. On the boat everybody enjoyed good old English food and the film 'Superman 3'. We disembarked at Portsmouth at 10.30 p.m. and we made a couple of stops on the journey back to school. As we reached school Miss Green was presented with a leaving-cum-birthday present. At 4.30 a.m. we met tired bleary-eyed mums and dads at school, with everybody agreeing that it had been a first class trip; one main reason was the excellent organisation by Mr. Bull, Mr. Langford, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Hofton and Miss Green.

I would recommend this trip to anybody because the contrast between the educational Paris part and the relaxing St. Malo part combined together almost perfectly, making the trip very enjoyable indeed.

P. A. Oxley (3Y)

**Note:** Interesting accounts of this trip were also written by three boys in 2C: M. C. Johnson, P. J. Rogers and M. S. Shearer, but we have not space to print them all.—*Ed.*

### W.H.G.S. TRIP TO ITALY July 1984

The school's first summer trip to Italy for many years was an undoubted success, with both 50 boys (ages 13-14) and 5 members of staff enjoying a twelve day holiday that combined visits to places of great historical interest as well as the opportunity to bask in glorious Mediterranean sunshine.

When the day of departure finally arrived (Saturday July 14), most people were more than a little apprehensive about having to travel 3000 miles overland. However the first glimpse of the luxury coach that was to carry us dispelled many people's fears immediately. It was a magnificent coach and it turned out to be a most valuable acquisition. Inside the coach capacious seating combined with a stereo radio video, air conditioning, toilet and drinks machine, provided an extremely comfortable environment for travelling in.

After the final good-byes had been said we set off on the first leg of the journey—to Dover where the ferry was taken to Zeebrugge. Cliff Richard's 'Summer Holiday' soon got everyone in the right mood for the days to come.

When we landed in Belgium, the longest stretch of driving began, an overnight 18 hours trek through Belgium and Germany and into Austria. It was 6 p.m. when we arrived at the delightful Hotel Aubacherhof for the first 'proper' night of the holiday. Excellent accommodation, beautiful scenery and a refreshingly clean atmosphere were factors high on everybody's list of their impressions of Austria.

An early start the next day (Monday) saw everyone looking as if they had really benefited from a good night's sleep, because the night before no-one on the coach got more than a couple of hours' sleep and as a consequence we were very tired on arrival in Austria.

We arrived in Rome at the Hotel Flaminus after some 12 hours on the road. Literally minutes after arriving we were greeted with a sudden screech of brakes and a loud crash and found a truck in the middle of the road, overturned and smouldering ominously. This had the effect of convincing any unbelievers that the Italians are the worst drivers in the world. Anyway, after a few minutes we cautiously negotiated the road over to the hotel, and after dinner an early night was had by all.



Tuesday dawned bright and sunny (as did every day until we got back to Dover), and after the standard breakfast of rolls and coffee we set off on the 45-minute journey to Rome for our first sights of the Papal City. Hot, breezeless weather accompanied us as sights such as the ancient Coliseum were taken in. After returning to the hotel for lunch, we enjoyed an afternoon at the seaside.

The highlight of the Rome visit came the following morning when we were lucky enough to visit St. Peter's Square when the Pope was giving an unscheduled sermon. Whether one was Catholic or not it was a moving and memorable experience. The other two nights in Rome were spent in two different places: firstly in the Piazza Novona—a huge square full of Italians and tourists alike—where many artists were painting caricatures, and little stalls were set up selling Italian craftwork. On the next night we visited the Spanish Steps, but unfortunately we could only see them from a distance because there was a major fashion show taking place on them.

In seemingly almost no time Thursday arrived and after our thanks had been given to the proprietress of the hotel we set off for our next destination—Sorrento. Four hours later we were surveying the Bay of Naples from the smouldering summit of Mount Vesuvius. The visits to Vesuvius and Pompeii were certainly the most enjoyable excursions for most people. Vesuvius especially was quite breathtaking—'Am I not right, Chief?'

Obviously Sorrento is hardly full of places of historical interest—it is a holiday resort in every sense of the word. Therefore the next three days were spent in a very relaxing manner—sunbathing, swimming, and shopping (in that order, I might add). One full day was spent on the Isle of Capri, with visits to Capri Town, Anacapri and, naturally, the beach. The accommodation in Sorrento was excellent, as was the food. Here at last we were treated to ravioli, spaghetti, cannelloni and other variations of pasta.

On the last night gifts were given to the teaching staff from the boys, and this was followed by a sing-song and a disco, shared with us by a party of Americans.

All too soon it was time to set off home, and at 5 a.m. on Monday we boarded the coach once again, with the overnight stop being Austria once more. The Hotel Edelweiss, about one hour past the picturesque Brenner Pass, proved to be an ideal stopover point, and on Tuesday the long journey through Germany and Belgium was undertaken. On this journey the films that we had purposely stored away were a godsend, in that they broke the monotony of the autobahn extremely well. Fortunately, at Zeebrugge we were able to catch an earlier ferry than anticipated, so we arrived back at school 2 hours early. As everyone descended the coach steps for the last time, the look of remorse on most faces was enough to suggest how good the trip had been.

As one of two sixth formers on the trip, I would like to thank on our behalf boys and teachers alike for making the holiday such a success.

A. G. Cleary (U6S MPC)

### CCF NOTES

Our training during the past year has been rather disrupted due to a clash with academic studies. This has now been rectified and we should settle once again into a steady routine and progress with our A.P.C. training.

The main events during the year were obviously the two annual camps, Easter being taken up mostly with the Duke of Edinburgh's Silver award expedition. This was a trek over rough country (and you cannot get it much rougher than Snowdonia). We covered a distance of thirty miles, camping out for two nights, and being completely self reliant throughout. All camp sites were inspected after the parties had left; a careful watch was kept on all groups throughout, without their knowledge. The final report on all cadets who took part on this exercise was outstanding to say the least. To carry heavy loads over such terrain and for so far was quite an achievement. I am proud to say that all starters completed the course.

To finish off the week we did some excellent rock climbing and canoeing. This was enjoyed by everyone, so just to let everyone know that we were not going soft on them, we finished up with a very strenuous orienteering course. This was obviously much appreciated.

Our Summer camp was at Wathgill, N. Yorkshire, and was once again of a very high standard, with night exercises, plenty of shooting, climbing and canoeing.

The camp R.S.M. was very complimentary after taking our contingent on the square for forty minutes. He thought that we were the smartest unit that he had taken whilst at camp. Incidentally we were not the first contingent that he took.

Whilst at camp we were honoured by the visit of our second master, Mr Loveland, and his wife. They spent a very enjoyable day with us watching all aspects of training in the field; then we returned to the Officers' mess for dinner. I am sure that Mr. Loveland enjoyed his day as much as we enjoyed having him.

We are now hoping to start the new term with a great many recruits, and we look forward to an interesting year's training.

J. F. Chudleigh (O/C)



## UNITED NATIONS MODEL GENERAL ASSEMBLY

In the 1983 *Hulmeian* the School's participation in a mock U.N. Assembly, held at Manchester Town Hall, was described. Earlier this year Miss Green asked us if we were interested in taking part in this year's Assembly, which was again at the Town Hall, on 4 July. We agreed enthusiastically. The subject was the world food crisis, and we were chosen to represent the two most important countries, the U.K. and the U.S.S.R.

On American Independence Day (appropriately) we found ourselves in the grand setting of the Town Hall which reflected the splendour of the occasion. After briefings with allies and opposition we moved into a large conference room for a plenary open meeting. A. S. Olive made a good opening speech for the U.S.S.R. whilst S. A. Marks spoke well on behalf of the U.K. Each country was split into three working groups which were to represent their particular country on certain issues, namely Finance, Agriculture and Food Aid, and the role of trans-national companies. The U.S.S.R. was represented by A.-C. Y. Cheung, M. P. Kelly and A. S. Olive; the U.K. by M. Jackson, A. Jones and S. A. Marks, who raised some controversial points about trans-national companies.

We had two sessions in our working group, broken by a lunch break which offered an opportunity to make friends in other countries and so gain their support in the final voting. During the meeting Miss Green visited all three groups and provided reassuring smiles in times of crisis. The hardest thing to do was to identify with your country's attitudes and argue them objectively. V. Pohoomull was invaluable as the U.K. adviser and M. P. Kelly was very convincing as an anti-imperialist Russian delegate!

It was a very interesting day, with one of the highlights being Iran's withdrawal for religious reasons. We would all like to repeat the experience again next year. Once again, thanks to Miss Green, and to Dr. Nora Davies of the U.N. for her useful advice.

A. C-Y. Cheung (L6A)  
S. A. Marks (L6A)

## CHESS CLUB REPORT 1983-4

It has become a perennial problem playing M.G.S. Their team has always been strong, even on the lower boards, and this year was no exception: our senior team lost its first game of the season to them 1½-5½. Whoever wins this game usually goes on to take the Manchester School's Cup and also has a boost of confidence for the Stockport League Trophy. M.G.S. had the edge this year despite a strong and enthusiastic Whitworth contingent consisting of N. Evans, K. McDonnell and A. Cheung, who all should go on to produce one of the best teams of recent years, although it would be difficult for Evans as next year's captain and number 1 player to emulate P. Conway, who, while at W.H.G.S. seven years ago, was playing for England. You can but try!

The juniors had a successful season, winning the majority of their games and were mainly under the captaincy of D. Allen, a promising player, who will be looking for senior status next year. Junior places were always fiercely contested and this gave the team its good results.

None of the above could have been achieved without teachers giving their time and effort to supervise games which often ended three or four hours after school. Here special thanks are owed to Miss Green who has been in charge of chess for seven years at W.H.G.S. The Chess Club wish her every enjoyment in her new job. Mr. Gracey and Mr. Turner have kindly taken over Miss Green's duties and have supervised many home and away games and our thanks go to them and the other teachers who have helped.

Final thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Gregson who provided such excellent teas. Let us hope that at least one trophy will be the School's next year.

N. Fryman (Captain 1982-4)

## DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society had a very quiet year inside the School, but was, paradoxically, more active in external events. Among debates held during the year were one on the motion that 'Civilization is Advancing back to the Stone Age', proposed by A. B. N. May and V. Evans and opposed by Mr. Turner and H. J. Minty, in which the motion was carried, one on the rather obscure motion that 'Irwell is better than Orwell', proposed by R. A. Walker and A. G. Miller and opposed by M. Silgram and A. B. N. May, which was defeated. A session of Extempore Speaking proved, as always, highly popular, with volunteers having to make two-minute speeches at two minutes' notice on subjects such as that carrots are intelligent, how to make kangaroo pie, and the trials and tribulations of wearing a *toupée*.



Outside School, we distinguished ourselves in two ventures at only slightly more than Extempore Speaking notice: in one case because of a letter going astray in the post, in another because we replaced a school which had withdrawn. H. J. Minty got to the final of the Schools' Public Speaking Competition organised by the Rotary Club of Didsbury and district, and he and A. B. N. May took part in the regional round of the *Observer* 'Mace' debating competition for schools, which was held at the Hulme Grammar School, Oldham, in February. They opposed the motion that the SDP/Liberal Alliance had failed to break the mould of British politics, and were placed runners-up to the home team. The Chairman of Judges, Professor David Marquand of Salford University, a former M.P., made a special point of saying how good our performance had been in the circumstances.

I should like to thank all the boys who have supported the Society this year, particularly May and Minty. I do hope more boys become involved next year, as, like every other society, we depend on new members for our future.

P. Dean

### HOVERCLUB

The club members spent the last Winter and Spring learning how to rebuild the craft's engine, which seized up in the middle of a lake last September, much to the embarrassment of the driver. So prolonged was the exercise that our first competitive outing was the Schools' competition in July, of which more elsewhere.

In addition to roaring around the School field at the end of Term, we took a team to the National Race Meeting at Stanford Hall, Rugby, in late August, when we succeeded in avoiding last place in two out of four races. J. Langley, driving in his first race, leapt away to a superb start from the third row of the grid and was weaving his way expertly through the field, until the craft became a rather splintered sandwich-filling between two other competitors, on the first bend across the river. He managed to finish the race, however, and brought the craft back for extensive hull repairs during the lunch break. A. M. Burns fared rather better, coming seventh out of ten in his first race. I achieved similar success, much to everyone's relief.

We took part in an enjoyable 'fun day' of novelty competitions at Colwich Park, Nottingham, early in September—no serious racing but a good time was had by all, as more boys could actually drive than happens in a full race meeting. We intend closing the session with a visit to a Hovercross meeting in Walesby Forest, Sheffield, in late September.

It is now very clear that, to become more competitive and allow participation by more boys, we need a more powerful engine for the Griffon, and ideally, a second craft. We shall be seeking advertising sponsorship during the Winter to finance this, but please, don't all rush at once!

G. N. Grant

### B.P. NATIONAL SCHOOLS' HOVERCRAFT COMPETITION

This year the School decided to enter the Griffon hovercraft in its second National Schools' Competition, which was held at Cosgrove Lodge Park near Milton Keynes on 8 July 1984. Having practised for three weeks beforehand on the manoeuvrability course set up, we held trials to decide who should drive the craft. I was chosen and felt nervous, especially when it was revealed that part of my job would be to write this report.

I practised on Friday and Saturday—the competition was on a Sunday—at manoeuvrability and retrieving a five-litre can from water. As we didn't have any water I had to practise on land, a very different matter!

We set off at 6.30 a.m. on the Sunday and arrived at Cosgrove Lodge Park at 9.15 a.m. After being scrutineered, we took the craft down to its first test, manoeuvrability. We finished third with a time of 59 seconds and a trophy. As I had not practised enough on any of the other skills, I could not, and did not, do very well. However, we finished 7th overall out of twenty-two schools. We arrived back at W.H.G.S. at 9.15 p.m., packed up and went home happy and satisfied.

A. J. Roberts (4B)

### CLIMBING 1984

The rock climbing course this year saw the emergence of several able rock climbers from the ranks of the sixth form and candidates for the annual trip to Wales were numerous for a change. Despite the departure of two strong leaders, B. P. Cussons and Q. Islam, to Yorkshire and Bangladesh respectively, a strong team could still be fielded. I. B. Beckett and S. Odum batted for the middle sixth, and the lower sixth was represented by A. P. Hall, known in climbing circles as Hall the Fall after a spectacular hiccup





(Photo: Don Williams Ltd)

Mr. Grant and members of the Hoverclub posing for the Press.



on Stanage. R. B. Smith of 5L came with us as Unknown Quantity X, and brought along his elder brother N. Smith, Old Hulmeian and another graduate of Barker's Survival School for Rapidly Descending Leaders.

A pre-watch training session at Stanage Edge in Derbyshire was a useful indicator of ability. Dr. Barker's vision of a restful week trundling up easy routes was exploded as everyone shot up Inverted V (V.S.) with ease. Smith Minor in particular seemed to have been remarkably well taught by Smith Major and, more worryingly, was equipped with chalk bag, 'friends', and other modern cheating devices.

The weather in Wales was awful this year and much time was spent driving here, there and everywhere to avoid the interminable Llanberis rain. The first day at the Moelwyns gave us a couple of climbs between the showers. The Barnes, Beckett, Smith team generated additional excitement by ignoring all conventional safety techniques. The first pitch of 60 feet was extended by Beckett to a full rope length of 150 feet, the intermediate stanc having mysteriously vanished. Unable to proceed further, he tied himself to a small stone and sat on it for extra security—Dr. Barnes, on arrival, was informed, 'I did not want to irritate you by wasting time fussing about belays'. Whilst fixing stronger anchors it slowly dawned on Dr. Barnes that although the rope joining him to the third man was only 120 feet long it had magically stretched by 30 feet without becoming taut. The intrepid X. Smith had seen the rope run out and simply unbelayed himself and followed it: 'I did not want to irritate you by fussing about the rope running out'. Dr. Barnes pointed out, fairly irritably, that simultaneous climbing by two seconds with the leader tied to a brick was not done in the better climbing circles!

The Edinburgh University Mountaineering Club were encamped in the Llanberis Pass and their President, Old Hulmeian D. M. Hainsworth, paid us a visit at the hut, bringing admirers to cook his evening meal and wash up afterwards! It must be said in fairness that in the climbing world the President of the E.U.M.C. has achieved a state of grace comparable with the Headmaster of Eton in the teaching profession or the Archbishop of Canterbury in the hierarchy of theologians, so a certain amount of devotion is to be expected.

Friday was another day of monsoon and Plas y Brenin climbing wall the only dry rock in North Wales. The evening cleared however ready for the Barnes-Booker attempt on the Welsh Three Thousanders. Readers of this column may recall last year's so-called bivouac in which Dr. Barnes came off a poor second. This year he had borrowed the Hainsworth Gore Tex Bivvy Bag, a sort of large blue dustbin liner. On Snowdon summit the concrete eyesore was ringed by scaffolding and as the sun went down this was cannibalised to make a four poster bed. As demolition was progressing a window in the ruin unexpectedly opened and an abusive Neanderthal Welshman put an end to the expected night time of luxury. The heavens opened later as usual but the Bivvy Bag worked and Dr. Barnes slept on. Purgatory was Mr. Booker's lot this year as he donned cagoule, overtrousers and boots inside his sleeping bag. A fairly novel arrangement.

The rest of the party climbed at Tremadoc next day. Everyone enjoyed Poor Man's Peuterey (H.S.) and Christmas Curry (S.) led by Smith and Beckett. In the evening we drove round to Aber to collect a weary Mr. Booker and Dr. Barnes after a successful traverse of the fourteen peaks in dreadful weather. As we began the drive back to the hut at eleven o'clock at night the van developed a puncture. There was some absurd suggestion that the driver had clipped the curb but it seems more likely that the van struck a Welsh hedgehog (*Porcupinus Taffei*) a species notable for their extreme hardness. At least that was the driver's opinion. The tools, jack and spare tyre are carefully concealed in the school vans, presumably to prevent discovery and possible theft by outsiders, but after a lengthy search they can eventually be found. The jack itself is an exceptionally cunning device capable of testing the ingenuity of the finest brains and the jacking point under the van is sensibly positioned well away from the reach of interfering hands. The jack is located on this by merely lying on the road and groping in the dark at full stretch. Turning the jack mechanism is sheer engineering genius. A shepherd's crook is hooked into a small ring and twisted by manual torsion. If this is not obvious a turning tool of pliable tin is provided which one can easily bend into the correct shape. Despite these wonders of modern science no amount of swearing could raise the van high enough to get the wheel off. The double hernia method of lifting the van bodily and pushing the fully extended jack into position was no more successful. Beckett finally solved the problem by a flash of genius. He borrowed another jack from a passing mini-van. A reasonably irritable party eventually resumed the journey. The driver, in an effort to get the party home before dawn, was accused of reckless driving and went into a tantrum until it was pointed out that the boys were wearing their climbing helmets and were belayed to the seats.

On the next day at Tremadoc again Bramble Buttress (V.D.) and The Castle (V.S.) were ascended in the rain, N. Smith leading the latter. Clutch (V.S.) was also done to give the whole party a taste of very severe climbing.

On Monday we drove across Anglesey to climb on Holyhead Mountain. Smith Minor had a fine day leading Cursing Teaser and The Abbey, all at V.S. Beckett also lead two V.S. climbs and Odum and Hall were leading at severe level. The event of the day was Hall's first V.S. lead. The crux of Teaser is a corner





(Photos: S. A. Marks)

### W.H.G.S. Boys at the Waverley Old People's Home



crack with smooth walls. This was subjected to a frantic scrabbling recorded for posterity by an ashen faced Dr. Barker. In the line of fall, Dr. Barnes as second was seen to sink to his knees. 'Is he ducking or praying' we wondered. Somehow the cycling window cleaner technique prevailed and the leader thrashed on to the finish.

A third day at Tremadoc saw a mass ascent of Craig Ddu Wall (H.S.) one of the best Welsh severes. R. B. Smith and Beckett led once more. The Smiths also led through on Mensor (V.S.).

On the final day we called at Craig y Forwen on the way home to Manchester. This is a vertical limestone cliff in a secluded valley near the North Wales coast. R. Smith rounded off a splendid week of leading with ascents of The Flue (V.S.) and Scalar (V.S.). Odum and Hall, with much improved technique and confidence, led The Chimney (H.V.D.) and Softly- Softly (S.) and with Beckett seconded Dr. Barker up The Arete (V.S.).

Although the main purpose of the trip was to rock climb, once again the primary factor making it such a success was the patience and good humour of the boys involved. The staff enjoyed the trip immensely. We hope the boys did likewise.

M. I. Barker  
D. G. Barnes

### COMMUNITY SERVICE AT WAVERLEY OLD PEOPLE'S HOME

For the past eighteen months about twenty boys from the School have devoted their Wednesday lunchtimes to visiting elderly people at this home, which is about five minutes away from us, as the van flies. We usually stay about half an hour, during which time all the boys circulate after talking to the same people they have spoken to in previous weeks. It is this rapport and familiarity that make the visiting enjoyable for us.

Most of the people in the home are Mancunians and it is interesting to sit down and listen to their stories of the city's past. I remember especially one lady telling me that her next-door neighbour attended W.H.G.S. about sixty years ago. On the way to School he and his friend would play lacrosse on what is now a very busy stretch of Wilbraham Road, which was then a small road surrounded by fields.

Some people in the home are from further afield—for instance there is a lady who was born, and lived, in Cairo. These people are especially interesting as they tell us about different cultures and ways of life from our own.

This community service was initiated by I. Lieberman and M. Roland, and I only hope I can supervise it as successfully as they did. I must also thank Mr. Blight, who sees that we all get there and back each week and who helps us talk and feel able to circulate. However, my greatest thanks go to the boys themselves, who turn up week after week. I hope 1984-5 will see even more people involved in this very satisfying activity.

S. A. Marks (L6C)

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

### The Circles of my Mind

Like the concentric rings round Saturn,  
Thoughts spin round unceasingly,  
Circling the honeycomb computer  
At the centre of my brain.  
Each ring is separate,  
Carrying a different thought,  
But now and then a collision occurs  
And ring strikes spark from ring,  
Setting off a fresh sequence of thought  
Initiated by the clash.

The inner ring carries my terrors and doubts,  
Spilling over to the next,  
Where memories of nightmares  
Threaten to eclipse my sanity  
With half-remembered scenes of panic and flight,

Of slaverling jaws and threatening pursuit,  
Of feet unable to run,  
Of quicksands, of sinking, of gasping for breath,  
And of trembling awakenings at midnight.

I cannot tell how many rings there are,  
For as I try to count them  
They dissolve and re-form constantly,  
As my concentration shifts and focuses elsewhere.  
Nor can I switch them off at will —  
All my life the many-coloured rings,  
Crammed with a topsy-turvy jumble  
Of emotions and ideas,  
Are destined to revolve interminably.

H. P. V. Scott-Gall (2A)



### Night Watchman

I must lead the most boring and routine life anyone could possibly dream about. Every morning I grab my butties in my Tupperware dish and get on my bike and cycle to the museum. I check in at the desk and ask which part of the museum I will be guarding. I do this nearly every day.

After I have done this I will go to my position outside the door and sit on the chair there. The lights will be put out apart from the ones near the door just so I could read a book or the Beano, or so that I could eat my butties.

When you're all alone in a large and dark building you get a feeling like when you were young. The time when you get your first bedroom all to yourself and you sometimes ask your Mum to leave the landing light on. When you're asleep she turns it off again but in the dark you think that something horrible is under the bed. It is the same for a night watchman, only the horrible things are robbers.

The heating's quite good and as long as you're wearing a jumper you should be warm enough. My life is so boring I will read my Beano for the rest of the night.

One night this didn't happen; I will now describe what happened from the beginning of the night to the beginning of the morning.

I woke up late and rushed to get dressed as fast as I could. I was still late so I ran down the stairs and decided it was too late to cycle to the museum so I ran to the bus stop. I caught a bus and got off at the museum. I ran into the museum tripping over the steps and hurried to the desk and ran to my chair.

I sat down and just looked at the darkness and thought about the boss writing down: 'R. A. Cowan is to be docked 20p. off his wages for being late for the first time in his whole career here'. Then when I became aware of where I was I felt hungry. So I felt under the chair to find my Tupperware dish. It wasn't there. I felt sick, only I couldn't be sick because I hadn't eaten anything.

I suddenly fell asleep. When I was asleep I dreamed I was dying of starvation. When I woke up I decided I was going to have to read my Beano to calm down. I searched my bag to find my Beano but it wasn't there. So I walked to the desk and asked if I could have a cup of tea which I have never done before.

I thought that doing the same thing every day would be boring but not doing the same thing is confusing and nerve racking and not that much more interesting.

R. A. Cowan (2D)

### From Leaving your House to Getting to School

Trudging and tramping, slipping and sliding through the snow I went. Slowly but surely my bags missing the cars as I passed. The bags were lifted, placed and stacked in the boot before it was closed and locked.

I opened my door with the key and seated myself on the seat. I turned to my left and pulled the seat belt, then placed it into its socket. I sat back and relaxed while my dad reversed back onto the road, then stopped. We changed into gear, then dad steered carefully to the end of the road.

Down the main road we drove sliding all over the place. Then at Manchester we arrived. I thought we were lucky to have survived this far for many had turned back long ago because of the dangerous snow.

Huffing and puffing the pedestrians went, carrying their bags of good buys. Angered and frenzied drivers honked and hooted trying not to be late for work. Eventually we arrived at the station, we scrambled and rushed to catch the bus. We clipped our cards and seated ourselves down on the hard seats guarding our bags.

Soon we arrived at our stop. Everybody pushed, scrambled, pulled, trampled trying to clamber off the bus. Beep-beep! beep-beep! went the green man as it flashed when we had nearly crossed the road.

Over the field, tramping, pounding the harrassing snow we went, paving a path to our school.

M. Langslow (2D)

### Do Not Come Near Me For I Am The Pike

All is quiet around me  
All is still, excluding the trickle of water which appears  
from the bright mirror land above me.  
Nothing moves