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Editor - H. W. MARTIN.

Sub-Editors : R. A. MARTIN. A. C. C. BAXTER.

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Editorial.

IF there has ever been any doubt in our minds as to the potency of omens and signs from on high, that doubt must surely have been removed after witnessing the efforts of the School team to gain the coveted Senior Shield. As far as we are aware, no stream flowed back to its source, no spear-head burst into flame, no statue dripped blood, but the Shield Team was overcome by a pestilence as sudden and mysterious as ever afflicted the citizens of Thebes. In spite of this event no measures were taken to ward off the unspeakable wrath of Heaven. The Sports and Arts Committee were not seen to march in stately procession by the bust of Maecenas, invoking the gods by name. They were blinded by some infatuation. But as the entire School stood filled with expectation in the Stand at Goodison Park, *tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore*, the divine blow fell within fifteen minutes from the end of the game.

Although the League of Public Order is at present more in the nature of an experiment than an institution we would say that its aim is lofty and is worthy of success. Its name is perhaps unfortunate—and we realise fully how difficult it is to choose a name which will express its aims without ambiguity—for the "League of Public Order" will probably be understood by many as a scheme to discourage undue levity on a Bank Holiday. Even among members of the School (we understand from a correspondent) its title has degenerated to the "Anti-Litter League." This is not difficult to understand inasmuch as the prevention of litter offers a practical means of fulfilling the League's aims. But at best the "Anti-litter Campaign" is far from accomplishing the highest objects of the League. It is hoped that the exhibition which is to be held this term will do much to influence public opinion in Liverpool, and that it may help us to realise more fully the meaning of the final clause printed in the membership cards: "To make Beauty prevail over Ugliness."

"The Court of Sweet Peas."

I see them, pensive as with moonlit dreams,
Shy maidens from the warm Sicilian climes,
Dressed in transparent white, and purple hues,
Orange and crimson, lavender, and blues
Of every shade from amethyst to sky;
Some, decked in herald's brighter blazonry,
Scarlet or peach, with emerald fingers cling
Near "Afterglow," their dainty empress-queen,

Who, clothed in rosy violet silk, with wing.
Electric blue, is striving to be seen—
By flaunting high her radiant, fragile face—
Before her court; there's "Evenstar," with base
Flushed primrose; salmon-winged, she is, too;
There's "Windrush," white, with flecks of royal blue;
There's "Fleure," the court coquette, in crimson bright;
And here, demure "Felise," in frills of white;
Here, too, see modest "Lady Jennifer,"
Wearing a gown of scented lavender;
And, yonder, budding "Joy," too young to think,
Shamelessly nodding to a soldier Pink.

"HAUT-BOY."

Chat on the Corridor.

The members of the Literary Circle are deeply grateful to Mr. Hicks for his continued interest and kindness. The meetings are always much appreciated.

On Tuesday, February 4th, a Recital of Schumann's "Carnaval" was given by Miss Margaret Deneker. Miss Deneker delighted all present: both by her exquisite playing and her explanations of the piece.

The School, in common with several other Liverpool schools, though unaccompanied by them, visited the Italian Exhibition, at Burlington House. Prior to our departure for London, the Headmaster gave a short course of illustrated lectures on Italian Painting, and composed a list of the more notable pictures which proved very useful, to all who attended the Exhibition. A member of the party gives his impressions of the exhibition on another page.

Congratulations to W. H. Lindsey on winning an exhibition in Mathematics at Selwyn College, Cambridge.

On the 22nd of February, the School received a visit from Miss Margery Gullan and her chorus. She recited passages from the Old Testament, Shakespeare and Milton and some English ballads. Recitation by a chorus was entirely new to the majority of the audience, but was received with enthusiasm by those who attended the evening performance. The applause from the afternoon audience (composed mainly of adults) was

more uncertain. Miss Gullan suggested that members of a school might profit by an experiment in chorus work. We did not have an opportunity to inform Miss Gullan that we had had some experience ourselves in training 650 voices in a short refrain beginning "Oo-ah—," and that the experiment did not warrant an excursion into Shakespeare or Milton.

We heartily congratulate E. C. Rodgers on winning the Three Mile Cup (Junior), which was open to all competitors on Merseyside.

The House Dramatic Competition was held again this term, the acting being of a fairly high standard. The results were as follows:—

1. "St. Simeon Stylites," by Cochran.
2. "Fossie for Short," by Philip.
3. "The Stepmother," by Hughes.

On the 18th of March, a lecture was given to the Camera and Field Club by Mr. F. R. Onslow, on "Taking Wild Life with a Kodak." The lecture was well attended, and was much appreciated by the audience.

A lecture of the Classical Association was held in the School Hall this term. The Headmaster spoke on "The Roman Soldier."

Another Easter Camp has been held in Borrowdale. We would say with an editor of bye-gone days:

"*εἴθε γένοιμιν* would that I were
In Seatoller, in Seatoller."

The Recitation Prize has been awarded to the following:—

Senior	...	M. T. Owen.
Junior	...	D. A. Jenkins.

It is hoped in many quarters that the Higher School Certificate dress rehearsal is not to become an institution. Much as the kindness of allotting numbers, giving airy rooms, etc., is appreciated, it is felt that this wave of humanitarianism could direct itself along a path other than that of examinations.

It is said that seventy members of the School ran in the Steeplechase.

House Notes.

ALFRED HOLT.—We have shewn a distinct improvement during the last term and I do not think that our present lowly position in the House Efficiency Competition gives a true reflex of the spirit present in Alfred Holt. In football, cross-country running, chess and amateur dramatics we have shewn that we possess the team spirit. The efforts of the majority are more than counter-balanced by the inability of a few hapless individuals who can apparently do nothing but accumulate Wednesdays, homework, detentions and order marks. It is to the erring few that I would appeal through the medium of House Notes. Do something for the House and you will find that you have learnt the valuable lesson of *esprit-de-corps*. D.L.H.

Cochran.—No moralising! No preaching! Hearty congratulations on a very good term's work! H.W.M.

Danson.—The House has done nothing at all this term. We have had least minus marks and least plus marks. We have very little talent in the House, and we are so rather handicapped. but we could have done much better than we have.

There are some who are physically incapable of doing anything in the way of sports, but they are very few. There are now facilities for sports, whereby practically every fellow can do something for his House, and it is up to everyone to take advantage of them.

The House is at present in a very bad way. On the whole the members are too self satisfied. Many think that after getting one or two stars, or turning up to boxing once a month, they have done their duty. A boy has done his job when he has done all he can possibly do, and not before. There are others who feel that they are no good at football, running or the like, and so think that it is not worth taking any of them up. It is much better before giving up hope like this, to try properly and see if it is really true. There is something which each fellow can do, no matter how bad he is at other things.

The House will never do anything worth while until the members think less of themselves and more of the House. E.L.H.

Hughes.—This has been a very strenuous term, and we have been called on to do battle on many occasions. However, on the whole we can claim that our record is good; the flag still flies. For this we must give most credit to the Juniors. They have won the Junior Horsfall Cup once more, and won the Junior Steeplechase very comfortably—congratulations being due to

Robson on finishing first. The Junior House Play was third in open competition; and we were second in the Boxing, almost entirely owing to the Juniors.

Even the Seniors have stirred their aged and creaking bones, reaching the final of the Senior Horsfall and of this term's Chess Competition—which is yet undecided. Our position in the House Competition remains the same after a temporary lapse.

This does not sound too bad; unfortunately there appears to be an epidemic of brain-fag coupled with a tendency towards a crime-wave. If these continue we are past all hope in this, the last lap, but if they are corrected there will be no holding us. What about it? L.H.

Philip Holt.—Last term was full of events. We had a successful soirée. A select few, full of ardour and skill, fought their way to the top of the Boxing Competition. R. G. Santos trained his caste of six patient enthusiasts and pushed them into the finals of the Dramatic Competition. We had most abominable luck in the Horsfall matches. However the efforts of thirty-three perspiring people, who were cajoled, tempted or bullied into trotting four and a half miles, gained for us third place in the Steeplechase.

Since a different House beat us in each event, except the boxing, the total marks gained should have given us a big push in the House Competition. Did we get that big push? We did not! A few bright sparks decided to do away with stars and good reports, and instead concentrated on Wednesdays, late detentions and order marks. Their evil deeds had the effect of cancelling all the hard earned marks which the select few had gained. Once upon a time we were leading by over three hundred marks. Nearly enough to see us over the summer drought. You thought that was simply splendid, as you settled down in your seats. Within a month we had lost over two hundred of the marks, and we now lead by a narrow margin. The Sports offered a good chance of improving our lead. Everybody seemed enthusiastic until it came down to the actual effort of entering for an event. Then most of you let your chance slip. I helped to mark the entry slips, the number of entries from Philip Holt was poor. Poor isn't really the word for it. Any of our successes in the sports are due to the select few. The few who care enough to do something. Are you one of them?

Philip! Seniors—Middle—Juniors! Come on! The Summer term is the last term. This is the last term. Get down to it. Bring that Efficiency Shield to its proper home. H.L.J.

Owen.—There were continued signs last term of that keenness and enthusiasm which must be displayed by a House before any all round success can be achieved. Proof of this has been shown by our steady advance in the House Competition and by the deserved success of the Senior Horsfall team. This term there will be special need for united efforts on the part of all to balance any lack of outstanding talent for summer sports.

M.H.B.

Tate.—We have had a fairly successful term and have done more than kept our position in the House Competition.

The last term afforded three notable School events—the House Play Competition, the House Boxing Competition, and the Steeplechase.

Our One Act play companies, Senior and Junior, did well in the face of many difficulties and our Boxing team put up a good performance.

The Steeplechase however was our great event. We must congratulate P. S. Mason in coming in first in spite of strong competition, and in fact the whole team on their splendid performance. The Juniors also kept up the Tate tradition in gaining a place in their event.

Next term opens with the Sports. Whatever our failings in other directions we have generally managed to do well in the Sports and this year, we hope, will be no exception.

With one more term ahead of us this year let us all determine to mount higher than our usual position of fifth in the House Competition by the end of the year. It can be done! W.H.L.

House Competition.

Philip Holt	...	...	...	...	2,889
Owen	...	...	...	...	2,765
Cochran	...	...	...	...	2,527
Hughes	...	...	...	...	2,525
Tate	...	...	...	...	2,504
Danson	...	...	...	...	2,090
Alfred	...	...	...	...	1,953

Sortes Vergilianæ.

THE Preacher once said, not unjustly, that "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Whether he would admit that there is a time for indulging in an innocent superstition is not certain, but it is, at all events, a pursuit as equally profitable as "casting away

stones or gathering them together." Superstition, in common parlance, is a term applied almost exclusively to crossing a knife and fork, walking beneath a ladder or overturning a salt cellar, and if the name of Virgil were to be mentioned as having a claim upon our superstitions, it is probable that many would be mystified at the connection. Virgil, however (and let it be said straight from the shoulder), is far more successful and convincing in the rôle of magician, which he filled in the middle ages, than as a writer of superior text-books for a Higher School Certificate Examination.

Charles I., we are led to believe, exercised the *Sortes Vergilianæ* with some success. Without inquiring too closely into the actual phraseology of his *sors*, it may well be believed that it was high-sounding, vague, applicable and yet not too applicable. (Even Virgil had to step warily when the Divine Right of Kings was in question.) The success with which Kings and those in high places lighted upon intelligible sentences was indeed remarkable. One can imagine His Highness taking down a well thumbed Virgil and, surrounded by certain of the clergy, discovering "*Stat sua cuique dies, breve et irreparabile tempus.*" The line is a tactful one. No one can dispute the brevity of life, while "*irreparabile*" merely signifies that the questioner is to be a "thorough-goer." But apart from any question of tact, the line is intelligible.

On the few occasions on which the writer has delved into the mysteries of Virgil he has usually been confronted with the statement that Aeneas or Mezentius, or some such person, "ran down to the shore swiftly." It is difficult to explain how "running" is destined to affect one's future career. Had Virgil written "car" or "second period," the harshness of the reading might be lessened to some extent, but the addition of the word "shore" makes the problem one of superhuman difficulty. Perhaps the fact that Aeneas ran to the shore signifies that "someone at some time is going to cross water." But that would be to confuse tea-cup reading with the Science of the mighty Maro.

The novice, however, does not always fail ignominiously. For instance, if the following line is "discovered" before the Summer Holidays, it may be assumed that the School Camp is in the offing:—

"Fili genitus: tum membra toro defleta reponunt."

Again, "*Non haec, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti*" signifies that all hope of a respectable report may be given up for lost.

Lastly, reader, if you have not proved over handy with a rifle before the Annual Inspection (in fact you have dropped it

on parade more than once), the line "*Obstipui, steterunt que comae, et vox faucibus haesit*" will confirm your worst fears.

In conclusion, if you are addicted to "Dukkerin," a Roman *chal* will reveal far more for a modest sixpence than a score of consultations with the standard work of the Middle Ages.

H.W.M.

Cross-Country Running.

RESULTS FOR JANUARY TERM.

- L.I. v. Univ. II. Fletcher's Farm. Jan. 18th. ... Lost 33—45
 L.I.: 1, Rodgers; 2, Mason; 9, Jones, H. L.; 10, Collins; 11, MacArthur; 12, Leiper. Total 45.
 L.U.: 3, Brown; 4, Stewart-Hess; 5, Farid; 6, Parrett; 7, Waring; 8, Cashin. Total 33.
 L.I. v. Quarry Bank School. Fletcher's Farm. Feb. 8th. Lost 27—53
 L.I.: 4, Jones, H. L.; 7, Collins; 8, MacArthur; 9, Rew; 12, Wallace; 13, Stevens. Total 53.
 Q.B.S.: 1, Hedgecock; 2, Newby; 3, Rimmer; 5, Bryant; 6, Holden; 10, Hinds. Total 27.
 L.I. v. Q.B.S. Away. Feb. 26th. Lost 32—46.
 L.I.: 1, Rodgers; 5, Baxter; 8, Collins; 9, Rew; 10, MacArthur; 13, Leiper. Total 46.
 Q.B.S.: 2, Newby; 3, Hedgecock; 4, Rimmer; 5, Bryant; 7, Holden; 11, Hinds. Total 32.
 L.I. v. Birkenhead Institute. March 1st. Away. Draw 39—39
 L.I.: 2, Rodgers; 3, Mason; 5, Rew; 8, Collins; 9, MacArthur; 12, Wallace. Total 39.
 B.I.: 1, Horne; 4, Thomas; 6, Ward; 7, Rigby; 10, Gibson; 11, Shaw. Total 39.
 A friendly run was held at Fletcher's Farm with the North Liverpool Gym. Harriers. A pack of 25 turned out.
 Total points for season. L.I. 288. Others 229.

THE ANNUAL STEEPLECHASE.

The Steeplechase was run on the morning of Saturday, April 5th. 66 Juniors and 51 Seniors finished. The Juniors ran over a 4 miles course.

RESULTS.

Hughes, 1st. 1, 3, 6, 9, 11, 15. Total=45.
 Alfred Holt, 2nd. 7, 8, 19, 20, 25, 48. Total=127.
 Tate, 3rd. 5, 12, 17, 24, 31, 39. Total=128.

INDIVIDUAL.—Robson (Hughes), 1st; Stevens (Danson), 2nd; Davison (Hughes), 3rd; Gibson (Owen), 4th; McGowan (Tate), 5th; MacDowell (Hughes), 6th. Time=24.25 mins.

The Senior course was 5 miles.

RESULTS.

Tate, 1st. 1, 5, 6, 11, 17, 25. Total=65.
 Philip Holt, 2nd. 10, 12, 14, 18, 19, 20. Total=93.
 Owen, 3rd. 9, 15, 16, 21, 24, 27. Total=112.

INDIVIDUAL.—Mason (Tate), 1st; Rodgers (Hughes), 2nd; Baxter (Hughes), 3rd; Booth (Alfred), 4th; Martinez, R. L. (Tate), 5th; Rew (Tate), 6th.

AGGREGATE.—Tate, 1st, 193; Hughes, 2nd, 219; Philip Holt and Alfred Holt, 3rd, 240.

E.C.R.

An Invasion of France.

ONE day I was seized with the noble, if unattainable, ambition to conquer French, once and for all. After mobilising my forces and sweeping away the apparently serious but really weak and factious opposition at home, I made London the base of my operations.

From there I descended on France by way of Dover and Calais, where I met the first serious opposition. I encountered a vanguard of shouting "porteurs" whom I had no sooner warded off than I was faced by the great uniformed army of customs' officials. "Rien à déclarer—rien de tabac—d'allumettes" they fired at me, but a subtle shake of the head secured the blessed chalk-mark and, with a smile of triumph I swept on into the station. Here I was attacked unawares by the rear-guard of the Customs, who apparently wanted to search me for cigarettes, but my all powerful weapon—a blank stare, caused them to retire in voluble confusion.

Owing to the complicated nature of my proposed route towards the capital—via Amiens—some difficulty was experienced in convincing the porter that I did not want a Paris express. He gesticulated violently and, I believe, spoke French, so I tried to beat him at his own game. "Je veux arriver à Amiens," I informed him, and the last word, apparently the only one intelligible, seemed to electrify him and he shot out a string of words which indicated that I had to cross the town to another station.

"Je veux—Je veux," I mumbled hesitatingly.

"Ah! you wish a taxi," he beamed, and, picking up my bag, dashed off to the cab-stand. Thus I was whirled away in triumph to the other station to the Amiens train. Apart from the fact that I wanted neither taxi nor porter, my first engagement had proved fairly successful.

Starting at 4 p.m., the train stopped every alternate seven minutes until 7-20 p.m., when it settled down for a three hours' wait in a snowstorm. However, with all the brilliance of Napoleon in his famous retreat, we pushed on to reach Amiens at midnight. We entered in some disorder, after the ordeal of travelling in a French train, but temporary quarters were obtained in one of the more disreputable hotels. The forced march south was continued by train the next day and a clever manoeuvre, a doubling back from Tergnier to St. Quentin, completely outwitted the enemy's railway authorities and brought the invading force into more friendly country.

However, a couple of days sufficed to show that the resistance of the natives was too hot, and after a brief survey of the

still war-battered town and a few unsuccessful passages at arms (or tongues) with the French, I decided to join the English speaking allies at Lille.

Here, secure from further concerted attack from the French, I was able to inspect one of the great provincial towns of France, walled and fortified during the time of Louis XIV. by the famous —*, and occupied and half demolished by the Germans in the late war. Situated in the industrial area, Lille, like all France is entirely free from unemployment and, indeed, is sore beset to find the workers to rebuild her ruins, which are still, despite ten years' labour, all too many. Here is an instance of the lack of labour and time which hinders French progress. When the Germans retired from Lille they blew up the bridges en route. The attacking allied forces threw a half steel, half wooden bridge across the railway at Lille in forty-eight hours—trams and ordinary city traffic are still using it.

After a comfortable and instructive sojourn in Lille I was emboldened to make a lightning attack on Paris—complete with the English speaking ally. Despite the rapidity of the assault, Paris was fully prepared. Two fine sunny days in Paris, riding or walking along the quays and boulevards left one with a delightful impression of the French capital in the mind, and a horrible buzz of American in the ear. Owing to lack of supplies (chiefly monetary) a strategic retreat was effected to St. Quentin, where the success of the Parisian expedition and other minor sallies—including one to the famous Vimy Ridge—helped me to overcome a good deal of the linguistic opposition.

Experience and confidence soon came and I could, by giving sufficient preparation to the attack, overwhelm shopkeepers by the rapidity of my speech and stand unshaken by their titters at the imperfection of my grammar. But, like all great conquerors, just as my expedition seemed on the road to success, the state of finances became so embarrassing that the attempt had to be abandoned, and I was forced to retreat on London.

Thus ended an invasion of France comparable to that of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany or, perhaps more nearly, that of Napoleon in Russia.

A.C.C.B.

* The writer does not mention who this "famous" person is. We conclude that he is so famous that his name need not be mentioned.

Chess Notes.

ON three occasions this season we have had to field a weakened School team in the Wright Challenge Shield, due to the inability of our opponents to play the fixtures on the dates arranged at the beginning of the season. We have not fared as

well as we might have done, our games with Oldershaw and Wallasey Grammar School both being lost.

The general standard of play in the School is much higher than it has been for a number of years and the members of the Club in the thirds and fourths will probably form the nucleus of a team capable of securing the Trophy for the School for the first time. Your game can only be improved by assiduous practice with players who are slightly better than yourselves.

The House Competition has been delayed by the House Plays. All the games have been keenly and closely contested. The finalists are Alfred Holt and Hughes, the winner meeting Danson for the trophy. It has been suggested that we should have a Chess Library. Any offers of books will be very acceptable.

The School team has consisted of the following :—

Hamilton, D. L. (*Capt.*); Goodman, J.; Martin, R. A.; Marcus, R.; Zalin, H.; Baxter, A. C. C.; Booth, D.;

The following have also played: Penn, H., Wallace, D. A. T., Benjamin, J. A., Nussbaum, J. J., Henry, L. D.L.H.

Leaving School.

(We have intercepted and publish without permission the following letter.—EDS.)

DEAR BILL,

I hear you have decided that this will be your last Term at School and next August you are going to take the plunge into the business world. As, owing to my absence from home, you see so little of me (and hear very little more), I hope you will not regard this letter as another instance of the old-fashioned fussiness of your "poor old Pop." You have educated me so well in the difference between the "good old times" when I was at school, and the present day, that I think I am able to make out something which may be of use to you.

I daresay you are looking forward to August as the time in which you attain freedom, and when I return from this voyage you will very likely be showing what the parsons call the "outward and visible signs" of the change. I suppose you will be wearing a Trilby, or a Stetson, or, away from the office, no hat at all. ('That'll "larn" the prefects, won't it?'). Your plus fours will perhaps be remarkable on Saturdays. You may even be attempting to cultivate "draught-excluders" on your upper lip, and cigarettes will be smoked openly at last—perhaps, as a protest against past repression, *too* openly. Try to adjust any differences of opinion you may have with your mother on these

points as considerably as possible. Remember neither your mother nor I have had the advantages that your up-to-date education has given you. As they say in the melodramas, "As you are strong, be merciful."

But, although away from the office you may display a very successful-man-about-town air, there may be a different character to represent in the work-hours of the day. Then you will be giving (or trying to give) in some quarters the impression of a young man justifying his existence and really earning his screw. A truly "moving" picture, although some of it is in "slow motion"! In other quarters, you will, if I know you, be playing the time-honoured rôle of the rather blasé man of affairs who is absolutely indispensable at that office to which he gives a few moments of his invaluable time and attention. It is fairly to be expected you will try both parts; the danger lies in letting them clash with one another, and in over-acting them—or playing them for too long.

You will find, I think, that business is by no means all jam. There are a few time-honoured School institutions which you will pleasantly miss. No more order-marks! No more Weds.! But, as a set-off to that, there may come, quite illogically, days on which you have to stay late at the office—(always at the most inconvenient times)—or surprising failures of a rise in your salary. No corporal punishment! though, to do you justice, that hasn't troubled you much at School. On the other hand, a "carpeting" in the Manager's room will effect a much more lasting disturbance.

As you told me when I was last home, you may still regard schoolmasters as a "hide-bound set of freaks." You may be right, but you will soon be grumbling about red tape and the fads of Managers and Head-clerks. You wouldn't be healthy if you didn't grumble. The catch-words of your present oppressors—"personal attention," "donkey-work," "poor mutts," and the rest you so vividly rehearsed to me—will be succeeded by the new phrases of your business tyrants, and their little fingers may be heavier than the loins of the Headmaster himself.

There will be no time-table to worry you by its arbitrary way of taking you from a subject you can tolerate to one you hate. But remember, in your new surroundings, there will be, for a time at least, no change of subject at all. You may be complaining of monotony when next I see you—"rotten grind," you'll call it—and I know you'll watch the clock and the movements of the Head Clerk as ardently as you are now straining your ears for the first low mutterings of that "beastly" gong. It will be another grievous injustice that work doesn't end to the moment—or as near it as a dilatory porter will allow. For a

little, you may miss the morning "break"; until (if you're lucky) you wangle time for coffee at eleven. Only one fortnight's holiday in the year! "Quite enough," I can hear you saying, "School hols. drag horribly towards the end of them." Your tune may be in a different key after a year or two.

You will certainly miss the team-work (?) of the class-room; there'll be no-one else working out your problems. No more cogs! Ledgers are not published "complete with answers."

On the whole, however, your chance lies in the fact that you're beginning on a new page. Take your chance. A little extra effort may be worth it. In fact, it may bring nearer to realisation that 2½-litre Bentley that haunts your dreams. Wade in, then, and good luck, lad. Use some of that ability and doggedness you seem to have inherited from your father, and you'll hack through all right. (By the way, if you read this letter out at home, you'd better substitute "mother" for "father" in that last sentence. It'll make for peace.)

Cheerio!

POP.

Boxing.

DURING the past few months, School Boxing has received a marked impetus. The so-called "House" boxing competition of past years has now been established on a basis whereby each House must enter a team of eight, instead of an indefinite number. In this way the unnatural combat of two members of the same House has been avoided. For the first time in the history of the Club, the School team boxed an outside team, and although defeated 8-3 by the Florence Institute, the School put up a creditable performance. The fixture with Quarry Bank School was unfortunately scratched at the last moment by our opponents, but we look forward to meeting them next season.

The practices in the gymnasium have been well attended, and Corporal Pruden of Seaforth Barracks has been acting as instructor. Our thanks are due to Captain O'Brien who consented to act as referee both for the Florence match and our own competition. We are, moreover, grateful to Mr. Sproat for his unfailing care and enthusiasm in all matters concerning the Club.

Winning House in Competition	...	Philip Holt.
Heavy Weight Champion	...	Jones, H. L.
Middle " "	...	May, B. W.

The Italian Exhibition.

WITH trepidation we, who have observed our contemporaries' fall from grace, thus prefix our account. "Comparisons are odorous," but we must be allowed to note in our own justification that articles written previous to this in other vehicles of scandal seem to resolve themselves into descriptions of ursine habits on attaining the top of a pole and a bun, details of courses, and vague allusions to wild doings in the Metropolis in which the name of * * * * * is mentioned. We believe that bears of the performing variety have a distant connection with Italy and realise the pure Italian extraction of Macaroni and Spaghetti (presuming the course included such), but do not understand in what sense "wild doings" can be described as Italian, though no doubt they provided an exhibition. In short we have as yet read no article which had the right to be entitled "The Italian Exhibition," and do not expect to, but in deference to tradition and out of respect for unfortunates who have struggled as we do in the throes of composition on such an inelastic subject, we retain the title and intend to do nothing to justify its existence.

The train journey up to London provided nothing more exciting than the unconscious evasion of their wine bill (sic) by four members of the School. Becoming conscious of their act, however, they still persisted in evading the bill and do so to this day, a fact which we venture to deplore. Initiated into the mysteries of the Tubes by the Headmaster, the country-vokels, provincials, what you will, proceeded to Burlington House, duly gaping at the sights radiated by the hub of the world. Greatly as we are tempted here, we obstinately refuse to be inveigled into a dissertation on the merits of Botticelli, Titian and Mantegna and prefer to chronicle the sufferings of those who were frustrated in their efforts to see pictures, by old women too knowledgeable to view them otherwise than through a magnifying glass. But do not imagine that the Organising Genius allowed the party to stay in the Galleries longer than the respect due to appearances demanded. Sending out runner after runner from his personal escort he gathered in the stragglers (that is to say, those interested in art), and marching at the head, brandishing a small attaché case in lieu of a wand, conducted his circular tour of London with the South Kensington Museum as his goal.

This was the parting of the ways. Westminster Abbey claimed some, the Zoo others, and we can do no more than condole with those who missed the supreme joy of pressing buttons and starting small engines in glass cases for one whole happy

hour. A few daring spirits even invaded the lift and all of us, as the consummation of daring, indulged in tea at Lyons.

Arrived at Euston, behold Mr. Russel of blessed memory ! Transported with joy we shake him by the hand and, even at this late hour, must apologise for the grimy imprint we are convinced we left on his chaste fingers.

Our recollection of the journey down is mercifully clouded, but even so we must observe reticence. Visions of a waiter who spoke German and French and Arabian and acted the intoxicated until his state seemed rather naturally so than perfectly imitated, of persons who alternately laughed uproariously and sank into somnolence, sweetly smiling, of some who consciously and collectedly (or nearly so) *did* pay wine bills, flash before us and flee into darkness before pen, ink and paper.

Somehow we must arrive at a conclusion but we will *not* say, in the manner of moralists, that we came home sadder and wiser, in fact we distinctly recollect coming home exceedingly hilarious and people do say that someone practically refused to leave the train and eventually jumped four feet to accomplish the deed. But no more of this.

Toothache.

By a Modern Shakespeare.

To have it out or not ; that is the question ;
 Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
 The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
 Or to take steel against a host of troubles,
 And by extracting end them ? To pull—to tug,
 No more : and by a tug to say we end
 The toothache and a thousand natural ills
 The jaw is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To pull—to tug—
 To tug, perchance to break ! aye, there's the rub ;
 For in that wrench, what agonies may come
 When we have half-dislodged the molar sore
 Must give us pause ; there's the respect
 That makes a toothache of so long a life ;
 For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
 The old wives' nostrum, dentist's contumely,
 The pangs of hope-deferred, kind sleep's delay,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 For one poor shilling ? Who would fordels bear
 To groan and sink beneath a load of pain,
 But that the dread of something lodged within

The strongly-twisted forceps, from whose pangs
 No jaw at ease returns, puzzles the wits,
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have.
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus dentists do make cowards of us all.
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sickened o'er with the pale cast of fear ;
 And many a one, who bravely seeks the door,
 With this regard, his footsteps turns away,
 Scared at the name of dentist.

G.W.



L.N.U. Notes.

THE programme of events for the various Schools' branches was, as usual, well and interestingly planned, but the meetings have been only moderately well attended by the members from this School. This may be accounted for by the large number of counter-attractions that presented themselves last term.

Early in the term, an interesting address was given by Professor Eggeling on "Herr Stresemann and his work"; while the subjects of "Disarmament" and "The Freedom of the Seas" were dealt with at subsequent meetings. At the annual Speech Competition which was held at Birkenhead High School, our representative, M. H. Bates, spoke well but was unplaced. The final meeting of the session was held at School, where Mr. Manniker of Elsinore spoke on the work of his Summer School.

The meetings of the School branch have been limited for reasons above mentioned, but the ground covered in the joint

meetings has been considerable, and we have benefited much by them. When the School branch continues its work after the Summer holidays it is hoped and expected that with an increased membership it will revive the discussion circle and thus further the work of one of the most important of School activities. In conclusion, we are indebted to Mr. Peters for his unceasing labour and interest in the work of the School branch of the League of Nations Union.

U.F.O.T.C. Notes.

THE past term has been one of steady progress. Discipline on parade is much better, but there is still a tendency for the junior members to indulge in private conversation. Talking on parade is a heinous crime in the eyes of a good soldier. This defect will be remedied before the Inspection which takes place on May 29th.

Our first Field Day of the term took place at Altcar, on February 11th, when the two Certificate "A" Candidates assumed the rôle of opposing advance guard commanders. Although the scheme was not exactly a success owing to the too rapid advance of "A" Coy., it served its purpose in teaching us the main duties of an advance guard. The chief fault was lack of control on the part of guard commanders. After lunch we held marching and band practice.

The second Field Day took place at Thurstaston, on March 10th. No. 2 Platoon and the band acted as a Vicker's Gun section stationed on the summit of Thurstaston Hill. Their object was to delay the advance of an opposing army as long as possible. A noticeable feature during the scheme was the manner in which sections took full advantage of natural cover when advancing under machine gun fire. The soldier who deliberately shows himself within range of a machine gun is not accounted brave.

The Band gave a good display on both field days, but they are obviously suffering from lack of practice and instruments. The younger members are keen; a good sign for the future.

Rifle cleaning has improved, especially among the recruits. There has not been much shooting at the Range, but now that the rifles have returned, we hope to have regular shooting next term.

This year's Camp will be held at Strensall, from July 29th to August 6th. As our numbers are limited to fifty, names should be given to Capt. Thorpe immediately.

D.L.H., C.S.M.

"There is not a fiercer Hell than failure in a great object."

HELL has always been easier of access than Heaven, a fact which merely demonstrates the difference between the top and bottom of an inclined plane. But, "in our day and generation" the plane has lost its inclination to a considerable degree and is now approximately level. Indeed, we are rather promised a safe journey to Heaven, granted perseverance, than a swift and easy crossing (if we presume a channel on which, no doubt, the Devil would provide smooth water *pour encourager les autres*) to the nether regions. The balance of population has changed and the business manager in charge of the Halls of Hades no longer runs up immense bills for curries and horse radish at the local stores and greengrocery. Trippers are not attracted by the prospects of a menu consisting of highly spiced and fiery condiments. In fact, the outlook is bad. Even the weather, affected by the general apathy, has condescended to several spring showers and atmospheric conditions, synthetically manufactured in the Plutonian laboratories, are proving of but little success. For several years now the Church has been faced with the problem of restoring Hell to its position as a first-class department in the religious apparatus and, although the introduction of electric—instead of coal heating—has improved matters, the failure of this treatment is apparent.

But I digress. . . .

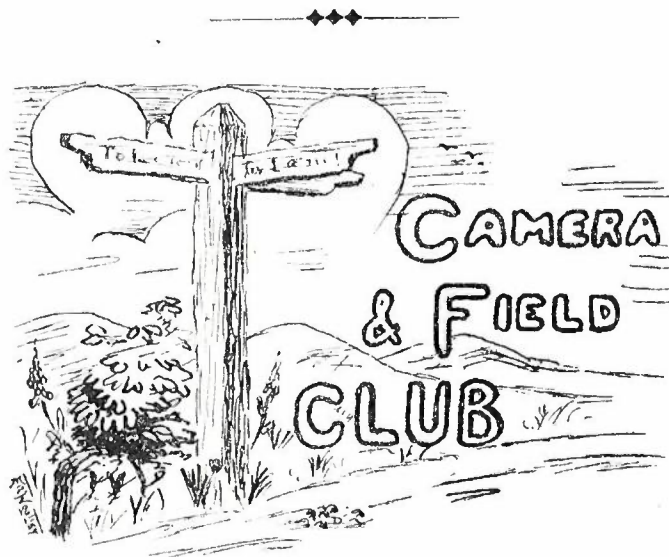
I think, somehow, this "But I digress" is a little terse. No doubt, you desire to know why I have been digressing and if I have been digressing, what have I been digressing from. I will explain.

When beginning this article I had not the slightest intention of discussing Hell. I wished to describe "the failure in a great object." For I have failed in a great object and in doing so, have incurred the Editors' displeasure and occasioned the experience of a "fiercer Hell" than I had even known before, which engendered this dissertation. Which only shows how everything moves in a circle.

To return to the point from which I should have digressed, but didn't, respecting failure in great objects. It is the common fate of contributors to arise with glowing thoughts on "Youth" or "Spring" or "Daffodils," only to find the Dictionary of Quotations barren on these subjects. (For to those who would say, as Sidney does, "Fool! look into thy heart and write," I reply, "Look into the Dictionary and quote." The latter course will be more intelligible.) Moreover "Ease in writing

comes from art, not chance," and art is the ability to choose a subject which is amply supported by quotations, while chance is the manner in which you discover literature waiting to burst forth from your heart; and a very long chance at that! And as for hearts, "Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts." All of which seems to indicate that failure in great objects is due to lack of quotations. The which fact I find to be very true.

After reading over the whole of this business, I believe I have a few useful observations to make. The first of these is, never write about Hell, because it offends decency and respectability to quote at length about it, even if you can; the second, never break off from your subject because you will have the greatest difficulty in concluding either proem or digression satisfactorily, if at all; thirdly and lastly, never quote with a book obviously at your elbow, because the really-truly high-brows object very much to the practice, and suspect you of fitting what you never thought of before and what you never will think of again, to a quotation.



DESPITE the fact that this term has been unusually long, we have had only three excursions owing to the intervening afternoons being occupied with Shield Matches. The three afternoons we were allowed, however, were all utilised for very enjoyable excursions and all, with the possible exception of the last, were well attended.

Our first visit was to Messrs. Francis Morton's Engineering Works, at Garston, an old favourite, which never fails to attract a large crowd owing to the general interest of the works themselves, the kindness of the employees, and the very excellent quality of the refreshments supplied before leaving. The works always seem to produce something new to interest us. I myself have been several times and I can truthfully say that I was just as interested on my last visit as I was on my first. This term the party was particularly interested in a private dock which was undergoing its winter cleaning, the object of which was the removal of an accumulated deposit of from six to ten feet of best Mersey slime.

Our second visit very much later in the term, was to Messrs. Hartley's Jam Factory, at Aintree. This was our first visit to a jam factory, and was therefore anticipated with a good deal of curiosity. But we were doomed to disappointment for on our arrival we were informed that Messrs. Hartley's manufactured all their jams from fresh fruit only and therefore none was being manufactured at this season of the year. Nevertheless, there was plenty to occupy our attention and interest the whole afternoon. Our guide led us along miles of miniature railway lines through vast store rooms, into which only yellow filtered light is admitted and made our heads whirl with his statistics of Messrs. Hartley's output. We saw the numerous machines in use during the jam season, all rather puzzling to the uninitiated, particularly one, which, we were told, was used exclusively for cleaning and shaving gooseberries. After our tour of the works, we were conducted to the firm's dining hall, where we were supplied with tea, which was none the less appetising because we had not actually witnessed the actual manufacture of the jam.

The third expedition was to the Lister Drive Power Station and though not quite so well attended as the other two, proved very interesting. No details are available.

The membership this term has again declined slightly. Remember that if it is not kept up, the quality of next term's final whole-day excursion will suffer. K.B.G.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

We have been handicapped this term by the loss of our enlarging lantern which was having a well earned wash and brush up. It is now back resplendent in black enamel and complete with new devices for simplifying the hard task of the young photographic enthusiast. Let us hope that many will take advantage of its present condition to do some really good work.

The Dark-room, however, has not lain idle. It has been used as much as ever by developers and printers whose work, if not spectacular, is useful and very necessary.

In view of the approaching Exhibition we are looking forward to a very busy term next term. Everything is ready—only the photographers are needed.

See to it that they are not lacking and that the Exhibition is a success.

W.H.L.

The Pursuing Vengeance.

MIDNIGHT.—The blow has fallen. The bright light of day is obscured and murky darkness clouds my soul. As I strolled carelessly along Liverpool's famous Boulevard this fateful morning I had no care in the world and then, as a bolt from the blue my enemy sprang upon me. The single word "Hold!" uttered in fiendish tones, froze me to the ground; as he flashed past, slowed down and sprang from his devilish machine. I stood terror-stricken and listened with sickening heart to his dread ultimatum. Only now some fourteen hours later is my mind sufficiently recovered to dwell on the future.

I am resolved—only a complete disappearance can save me and first I must destroy all my papers, the hardest task of all. Bitter tears of self-reproach fill my eyes as I cast into the flames manuscripts marked by cryptic Eastern signs and perilously adorned in crimson by a loving hand. They bring back many memories to me in my despair. A vision of many old women whose endless chatter drones on and on is replaced by that of a busy tea exchange where merchants discuss with raucous perpetual clamour the current price of their favourite commodity.

Papers and memories disappear together in the flames and I begin to hope that by these drastic means I have destroyed all traces of myself. But there still remains one small possession—a small and inconspicuous book which stirs up poignant, fierce regrets, as I turn its well used leaves. I turn to the last page, and there I find the single word "inattention" repeated many times and accompanied by a variety of famous signatures. These words, even now, assail my anguished soul with bitter reproaches. Perhaps if those words were not there to mock, and those signatures could have found a more worthy resting place on the centre page of my book, my mind would at this very moment be free from care, and I would not toss restlessly on my bed through sleepless nights.

My task which now lies undone would have been fulfilled at its proper time, and this morning's dread scene with its imperative ultimatum would never have been necessary. Yes, the Magazine Editor would have been appeased long ago and his final demand for "Something for Heaven's sake, by to-morrow morning," would not now be driving me to agonies of despair.

4 A.M.—My despair and agony have somewhat calmed and I can now view things in a calm light, but if there is any justice in after-life I look forward with dreadful relish to feasting my eyes on that corner of the nether-world reserved for Magazine Editors. There they sit with bulky volumes full of unsullied

pages, condemned to write perpetual "Editorials," "University Letters," "humourous" articles and "poems," while from afar, like Tantalus, they watch great masters of literature penning masterpieces just beyond their reach. "KEENARG."

Midsummer Madness.

ONCE upon a time there were four boys, one recently completed Higher School Certificate examination, and the last stages of July. The effect of the second on the first, and the opportunity afforded by the last, give me my data for this remarkably brilliant article.

The four boys, whom I shall now refer to vaguely as "we" or even "us," were determined to do something completely mad to restore the balance upset by the H.S.C. We decided on a fortnight's hard work, and dug out four genuine antiques in the shape of bicycles to do it on. The idea being asceticism we took only 15/- and determined to make it do. We were all veterans, so we had no fear; we had even passed the supreme test of a veteran, and mended a bicycle with wool.

For three days we rolled along half-clad, rapidly acquiring sun-burn and losing weight under ideal conditions. On Sunday the weather broke, and we slept in a stable and steaming clothes—at least the others slept—I didn't (which just proves that it wasn't me that snored).

Country people display a strange attitude to tourists, for which we cannot blame them very much, though it is disconcerting. At one of our camps the natives gathered by the hedge, and passed a running commentary. Like this: "— ooh they've got a tent!" (Just fancy!)

"Look! another of them! Four of them!"

"Ooh, look, short trousers! They're Scouts." (D.C. *ad infinitum*.)

Now we couldn't ask our hosts to take the air somewhere else. We had to maintain a vague and polite air. But here two of the gang quit. Retiring to the far side of the tent with the can of water, they roared with suppressed laughter, and drank huge quantities to recover themselves, so that finally embarrassment and cupidity overcame the two remaining exhibits, and we too spluttered and drank copiously.

Here I must pause to do justice to that much-wronged beast, the earwig. Accompanied as we were by an ever-decreasing number from Watford to Buxton, and discovering them regularly in the folds of our tent, we may claim to know them. They are very tractable fellows—all they ask is fried

eggs. Unfortunately our demands coincided, and we descended to brute force to gain our ends. My conscience still pricks me when I think of how John and James Earwig departed this life.

But enough of sentiment ! One day, as we sported coyly with the soap and the idea of getting washed, a native hobbled up to us. After the interview we compared notes and discovered that he was 88, thought we were a wrecked aeroplane at first, and lived there. At the time we could not follow his peculiar patois. So much so indeed, that when he asked for a drink of water, only the word "water" was translatable, and our philanthropist offered him the bucket and the soap. The sage soon departed, evidently believing that we considered him a combination of horse and Eskimo, but willing to make allowances.

The language was always a difficulty, though it was always English. We used to keep on the alert when talking to a countryman ; when it was obvious that none of us understood, I used to say "Yes" indistinctly. It was then the native's turn to misunderstand, and we had him at his own game. But if he looked startled, we followed up with a clear "No." This generally routed them, as they thought we were insane. An uneasy smile, a wave of the hand towards "the big house," and we were once more left alone.

If any feel inclined to try this as a holiday, a few hints will not be amiss. Take enough blankets for two if there are four. It saves luggage, and the same two fellows get them all in any case.

For food, bread and treacle as the basis of your diet. You can mend punctures with some kinds of treacle, and anyway it tends to keep the earwigs in one place.

Writing home is a difficult business. It is best to have a printed form something like this, and make the necessary alterations.

Dear { Ma
Pa
-est
John } The weather is { fine
wet
still here } . We are at
{ Buxton
loggerheads
our wit's end } and are coming { home
out in spots } as { soon
much }
as possible.

My bike is going { fine
cheap } , so I shall be { scorching
simply walking }
home. The natives seem { pleased
surprised
horrified } to see us ; they think

we are { Scouts
mad } . We slept in { a stable
relays } last night, and we
feel { fine
queer
bumps } after it. There was an accident with the
{ Primus } yesterday, but it wasn't { much
me
fatal } .
Yours { etc.
x x x }

L.H.

Hockey.

HOCKEY practices have been held regularly at Greenbank. The team has played seven matches, but, so far, has scored no victory. The first match, against Odyssey, was a somewhat overwhelming defeat : 10 to nil against the School. There were eight Old Boys playing against us, and they had no mercy. The second, against 'Varsity III. resulted in a draw, 2-2 ; Santos and Shaw scored goals. The return match against 'Varsity III. was played at Greenbank. It was unfortunate that we turned out a man short ; 'Varsity won, 4 goals to 2, Duncan scoring both of our goals. We had three matches with Wallasey. The first of these, at Greenbank, was a run-away victory for Wallasey, who fielded a very strong side ; the result was 12 to 2, Santos and Duncan being responsible for our goals. The second, also at Greenbank, was a closer game. We scored two goals, both by Lindsey, but Wallasey managed to notch three. The third match against Wallasey was the most enjoyable of the season, and perhaps the most even of all, even though we lost by 3 goals to 1. Shaw scored our only goal. Another away match was at Crosby, against Northern III. The team enjoyed this fixture also, even though they lost 3-1. Shaw scored again.

It is hoped that, next Winter, when the Hockey season begins again, more of the members of the School will try the game, and we shall be able to register our first victory.

Literary and Debating Society.

THE Society met on Tuesday, January 21st, in the Board Room, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. Mr. S. V. Brown delivered a touching defence to the meretricious criticism of his opponents and thereupon resigned. H. Myers was elected L.H.P.I.C. A vote of thanks to Mr. Brown was vigorously opposed by R. A. Martin and passed by the

Society. The chairman then called upon S. R. Warren to propose that "Music as opposed to Literature and Architecture is the highest form of Art." The speaker with equal felicity proved that architecture was not an art, that literature was music, and that music was derived from the chirping (*sic*) of the cow. J. G. L. Gibbs, in support of architecture, urged the Society to look at Keats and Canning Street, and deduced sculpture to be the highest form of art. H. Myers, in support of literature, asserted that though the masses were asses, the Society was the masses. L. A. Jones said a number of foolish things and H. Zalin paralleled music with Esperanto. M. H. Bates fiercely quoted Spanish; G. Weightman blithely "Sonny Boy." L. Henry spoke intelligently, but D. Booth quoted Gissing. T. Duncan took the Society into his confidence but failed to reveal any definite views. Probably E. W. Hawkins said that the blare of trumpets is not as good as Browning and therefore music is inferior to literature. K. B. Gibson had seen Liverpool Cathedral and H. M. Luft gave a nature parable about cats in the style of Mrs. Gatty. The three main speakers were all irrelevant in their replies. Literature was first with 21 votes, Music second with 11, and Architecture third with 4 votes.

On Friday, January 31st, the Society met in the Board Room with Mr. Hicks in the chair. W. H. Lindsey quoted Rule 6 (a) and R. A. Martin Rule II (b) in an attempt to decide whether it was (a) a meeting, or (b) a Tuesday. Finally a vote of censure was passed on the Headmaster, the Chairman and the Secretaries; H. W. Martin assured the Society that the two former were an infernal machine. The chairman hastened to call upon Martin, R. A., to propose that "The education of the masses is creating an insoluble problem for future generations and should therefore be abolished." He divided education into three parts and proceeded to vindicate himself by quotation. W. H. Lindsey, in opposing, discussed politics and strikes, ending with an amusing anecdote about white mice and heredity. M. T. Owen, seconding the motion, violently attacked Russia and sat down muttering dire forebodings. L. Henry seconded the opposition and advocated education as a deterrent to international suspicion, the "Talkies," and Edgar Wallace. E. R. Bousfield outlined an amusing story about a man, a bath, and rhubarb. A. P. Bates gave a lecture on personal hygiene with some digression on marriage laws. H. W. Martin compared Shelley's conception of the beautiful and good with football crowds. The proposer's reply was mainly an appeal to the Society to alter the present form of education. The motion was lost by 14 votes to 19.

The Society met on Tuesday, February 11th, in the Board Room, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. The Society hastened to show its disapproval of S. R. Warren's pull-over and requested him to leave the meeting. The chairman then called upon Mr. H. M. Brown to give his paper on "Life in England in the fourteenth century." Mr. Brown pointed out the important religious, military and social changes of this period and proceeding to a more particular survey went on to prove the anomalies of the life of Kings and subjects alike. The speaker emphasised the fall of chivalry and the unfortunate position of women. The condition of the Church was examined and a glowing picture of town-life was drawn. Mr. Brown outlined the condition of the serfs and gave some picturesque lines relating to games. He concluded by pointing out that the century lost much of its charm on investigation, and sat down amidst hearty acclamation. A vote of thanks was proposed and carried unanimously and the meeting adjourned.

On Tuesday, February 25th, the Society met in the Board Room, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. The minutes were hotly debated and J. A. Benjamin was elected as a sub-committee to investigate the claims of one "Langdon." The chairman then called upon A. C. C. Baxter to

propose that "The superior sense of the opposite sex is demonstrated by their rational dress." The proposer made out a striking case on behalf of female dress and intelligence. The opposer, J. A. Benjamin, confined to the Society that according to the Oxford Dictionary, rational dress for women consisted in "knickerbockers not approved by churchwardens." L. Henry seconding the motion, urged the male sex to be courageous enough to do without dress like women! J. J. Graneek, seconding the opposition, thought it irrational to wear rational dress in Bold Street and irrational to wear a top-hat or frock-coat in the South Sea Islands. J. J. Nussbaum criticised women. M. H. Bates spoke of the indifference of "MEN" to cosmetics and had a slight skirmish with E. G. Owen. G. Weightman proved by Euclid women's lack of intelligence, and H. M. Luft made the startling statement that thousands of women had gone from wearing fur collars. A. P. Bates spoke ambiguously and J. W. Turner deprecated the expense of woman's dress. S. R. Warren criticised the motion. The proposer vigorously attacked men's conservatism. The motion was lost by 15 votes to 17 and the meeting adjourned.

On Tuesday, March 11th, the Society met in the Board Room, with Mr. Hicks in the chair, for an Inter-debate with Wallasey. The chairman called upon Robbins of Wallasey to propose that "Human nature and the Kellogg Pact are mutually irreconcilable." He discoursed with altruism on the twofold meaning of the Kellogg Pact, with gloom on the immutability of human nature, and finally likened human nature to a turnspit. H. W. Martin opposed the motion at times lucidly, at times cryptically, always calmly. He proceeded to prove his argument by lavish quotation. M. H. Bates, seconding the motion, deplored the continued failure of the moves towards peace. Williams of Wallasey seconding the opposition talked of the "thirst" for coal and the rapid communication between nations. A member of W.G.S. attacked everyone alike, and a second W.G.S. member delivered a few disconnected comments on the "Land of Hope and Glory" and Russia. A third visitor pointed out the changed circumstances of to-day and a fourth babbled gently and vaguely about the immutability of human nature. H. M. Luft quoted Tacitus, while the Society wished he was, and W. Hamling voted for bald-headed men round a table. A certain beardless youth of Wallasey then gave an excellent imitation of Thucydides. L. Henry compared human nature to a cabbage. Gibbs, J. G. L., quoted "Infantry Training," Vol. 2. The proposer declared that the opposition had tried to force suet-pudding down the throats of gold-fish and was generally irrelevant. The motion was lost by 10 votes to 20.

On Tuesday, March 25th, the Society met in the Dining Hall, with Mr. Hicks in the chair, for the Annual Banquet. Private business was waived and the chairman proposed "The King." T. C. Harrop proposing "The Ladies," made a scandalous reference to men being found in the "Queens Arms" every night. A. C. C. Baxter, displaying conspicuously the order of the garter, attempted to define women. J. A. Benjamin toasted the Staff and quoted "Every ass likes to hear himself bray," which he tried to make us believe had no reference to the staff itself. Mr. Doughty described the banquet as a feast of reason. W. Hamling, representing the Russian Army toasted the O.T.C. After an interesting lecture on Communism, E. L. Hartley replied in a *basso profundo*. S. R. Warren proposed the toast of the L.N.U. and talked about nothing in particular. J. J. Nussbaum caused terrific scenes of hysterical weeping by quoting from Burns. D. Booth toasted the S. & A. Club, and Mr. S. V. Brown in reply declared that the Club remained unaffected by the Hatry or Wall Street disasters: they had even purchased a steeple to chase. J. J. Graneek was extremely puzzled as to whether the L.P.O. was the L.P.O. or the L.P.O. J. G. L. Gibbs, secretary of the publicity department of the League of Public Order,

was forced to bring his speech to an untimely end through intoxication. H. Myers shocked the Society by referring to the Headmaster as an attendant devil. R. A. Martin quoted lots and lots of previous Magazines and presented an unbalanced balance sheet. M. T. Owen was short and sweet. H. W. Martin, replying for the Prefects, gave the Society some interesting statistics. H. M. Luft was irreverent and irrelevant. W. H. Lindsey explained most conscientiously the principles of the C. and F. Club. T. L. Davies proposed "The School." C. D. Alergant, in reply, read a short extract from a grand opera he had written for the occasion. L. Henry, proposing "The Chairman," drew a piteous picture of his battles through snow to preside over a ravenous mob. The Chairman replied amid tornadoes of applause. A suggestion that new blood in the chair would be beneficial was greeted with cries of "No, No," and the meeting adjourned to the strains of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

J.A.B.

The Last Long Mile.

THE Crewe express draws noisily into the station of B—. A young traveller, complete with large bag and school cap, descends hurriedly and asks a porter, "When is the train for Ponscam?" "It's waiting now for you," he replies, and our young traveller, knowing no better, believes him and rushes across a very high bridge to a small local platform and boards the train for Ponscam.

"Ah, well! I'm nearly there now," he murmurs (He is a very young traveller). The man in the other corner grunts (he is an old traveller).

In about half-an-hour, the man for whom the train is waiting evidently arrives, for the train leisurely begins to move. Faster and faster it goes, till one would almost believe it was an express train. But, thinks our young friend, "They don't have square wheels on express trains and there is something uncommonly like one beneath me."

The train behaves in a fairly normal manner till the second station is reached. Here the long pause raises doubts and fears in the heart of our friend and he puts his head out of the window. Behold! the engine has disappeared. However there is no cause for alarm. The engine after a long rest comes back with an extra carriage. When all is fixed again, the driver descends to have a talk with the signal man. The entire station staff (one station-master and one porter) join in the conversation which is evidently of a humorous turn. At last the joke must have fallen flat for the station-master is heard to remark "That he (the engine driver) ought to be getting on." With a sigh and a reluctant nod to the guard who is coming to see what is the matter he climbs into the engine and off they go again.

After a few insignificant stops, at each of which our now weary friend gathers his bag and coat in idle optimism, they arrive at another station at which the engine, with the alien

carriage, again leaves them to join a gang of obviously out-of-work waggons. Here, on the renewal of the engine alone, the process of gossiping again takes place, the only difference being that here the stoker is permitted to lean out of the engine and the guard arrives in time to express his point of view. This time, however, the station master is not nearly so keen on the train "getting on," and it is nearly dark when the nightmare journey is resumed. At this point the taciturn traveller in the corner brings blushes to our traveller's cheeks by remarking in a loud tone, full of conviction, that this is a b—line. Thus saying, the lucky fellow alights at the next stop.

When all hope is abandoned and our young friend is seriously thinking of getting out his pyjamas, the goal is reached. More dead than alive he tumbles out on to the hospitable platform of Ponscam, where, after tripping over an incredible number of motorbikes (disguised as egg crates), he is received into the outstretched arms of sympathetic well wishers. After partaking of refreshments suitable to the occasion and locating his hotel, our now slightly delirious traveller turns in with the advice of his betters ringing in his ears, "Next time come via Glasgow, it's much quicker!"

Here we must leave him to the joys that will be his in the coming week.

M.V.V.

School Football.

THE 1st XI. have had a very successful term. Five of the seven games played were won, one drawn and the other lost. We scored 23 goals as opposed to 22 against. We were victorious at Manchester, both at the Grammar School and Hulme, in the first case, avenging a 7-0 defeat and in the second a draw, 4-4. The Second XI. has won every match this season. The Senior Shield Team deserve sympathy. They played ten men in the second half of the final, the team containing two reserves at full strength, and were only defeated 2-0. It is goals that count, however, and Bootle got them. The Junior Team met its fate in the 2nd Round, when the Collegiate beat us 5-4.

Mr. Stell is to be thanked for the instruction and training given to the Senior team. They disliked it at first but discovered its value later.

Mr. G. L. R. Brown and Mr. Pollard have worked hard with the team and are responsible for the splendid combination we achieved.

Thanks are due to Mr. Peters for his successful supervision of the 2nd XI. and to Mr. Reece for his untiring management of the football fixtures throughout the School. w.s.

FOOTBALL XI. CRITIQUE.

SHANKLAND, W. (*Captain and right-half*).—He has kept together the best team we have had for some years, and they have backed him up wonderfully. At first he felt his responsibilities too much to do himself justice, but has played good football lately. Is not definite and vigorous enough in his tackles and does not use his speed to advantage. Distributes the ball well and is at the right place in a crisis.

PARRY, T. G.—The centre-half and back bone of the team. Upsets many an attack by his whole-hearted tackles. Is inclined sometimes to over-do his dribbles, but distributes the ball well. Heading a feature.

JONES, N. M.—In what games he has played he has shown us that he has all the qualities of a first-class goal-keeper. He gathers well and has a good kick.

ATHERTON, A.—Decidedly a big find! He possesses a strong and useful clearance and is thorough and fearless in his tackling. Uses his head well.

ANDREW, T.—Called upon quite unexpectedly he has filled his rôle with great success. Hesitant in clearing, but fast on the ball.

ELLIOTT, S. R.—Not his lucky season. He has a good sense of position and tackles well, but kicks wildly at times.

BATES, M. H.—A good half-back and an excellent spoiler. Feeds his wings well and is a sound defender.

PUGH, H. L.—Makes full use of his speed on the right wing. His ball control is weak and he needs practice. He plays a hard game and has an exceptionally good shot.

MCBRIEN, R. G.—Team jester and inside-right. Apt to hang on too long, but has worried many a defence with his determination and—sometimes—grimaces.

DAWSON, G.—Has really been at home at inside-left; since moved from centre-forward. Uses his head very well and is exceptionally tricky. A good shot but lacks speed and penetration.

THOMAS, H.—Shown at his best at centre-forward after opening at inside-left. Troubled many a defence to distraction and weariness. He has lost a little of his old drive, but is still as clever with his feet. Must learn to head the ball.

BURKE, H.—He has worried as many goal-keepers as the inside forwards. Always works to the centre before parting with the ball. Pretty ball control and a useful shot. Uses his head only to work his moves.

TWIST, H.—Rather more at home as a left-half, but has played remarkably well at either centre-forward or inside-left. Cannot head, but has a neat dribble and a strong shot.

Full colours have been awarded to: Shankland, Parry, Thomas, McBrien, Dawson and Elliott.

And Half colours to: Martin, H. W., Hamilton, Burke, Bates, Jones, N. M., Twist, Atherton, Pugh.

—O—

SENIOR SHIELD.

1st ROUND *v.* COLLEGIATE.

Holly Lodge.

February 12th

Team: Jones, N. M.; Atherton, Elliott; Shankland, Parry, Bates; Pugh, McBrien, Dawson, Thomas, Burke.

Quite a good crowd was gathered on the touch lines when the teams took the field. Shankland won the toss, and took advantage of a slight wind. The Collegiate opened strongly, but our defence soon settled down. It was clear from the first few minutes that a hard fight was to follow. Our forwards worked extremely well, and Burke and Thomas had many fine shots saved by the Collegiate 'keeper. Many breakaways by the Collegiate forwards severely tested Jones, who kept goal brilliantly. Without any score the teams changed over. The standard of football had been remarkably high, and both teams were playing to their utmost.

The second half promised to be even more exciting than the first, and it proved to be so.

Our half and full backs were practically impregnable, although many times hard pressed. Our forwards, playing the free passing game, played delightful football, and we were duly rewarded when Pugh drove a beautiful goal into the net, meeting a centre from Burke without hesitation.

Not satisfied with one goal, we again attacked and McBrien netted a difficult goal, heading in a centre which also came from Burke. Excitement ran high among the crowd, and the cheering took some time to fade out. The Collegiate then attacked with forwards and halves, and fierce football was played in our half. Then with some 15 minutes to go, Jones, when harassed by two or three forwards on the goal line, turned to get an opening to clear, and was pushed with the ball over the line. Many are of the opinion that it was not a goal, but the ball was clearly over. Not even then did the standard of play slacken, but was maintained till the final whistle blew. We had fought hard and magnificently and thoroughly deserved the victory of 2—1.

2nd ROUND *v.* OULTON.

Played at Greenbank.

Team: Jones, N. M.; Atherton, Elliott; Shankland, Parry, Bates; Pugh, McBrien, Dawson, Thomas, Burke.

The play all through the game was far below the standard of the previous round. Passes, what few there were, went astray, and the game became very scrappy. We took the lead about half way through the first half, Dawson taking his time in placing the ball wide of the Oulton 'keeper.

The second half was a little brighter, and the School went ahead through McBrien, who scored with a fine shot high up in the net. The Oulton forwards were ineffective in front of goal, and it came as a surprise when they scored with some 15 minutes to go.

The final score was 2—1.

3rd ROUND v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

Played at Birkenhead, the game was full of thrills, and the standard of play was far superior to that of the 2nd Round. We fielded a weakened team, Jones and Elliott being absentees. The team was : Bates, A. P. ; Atherton, Andrew ; Shankland, Parry, Bates ; Pugh, McBrien, Thomas, Dawson, Burke.

Shankland won the toss and hoping that the elements would not change chose to kick against sun and wind, and incidentally up the slope.

Birkenhead attacked first, but were repulsed and our forwards replied with a spirited raid on their goal. Having cleared, Birkenhead again visited our half, and Bates made one or two fine saves. Birkenhead had very hard luck when their centre-half crashed a brilliant drive against the bar from some 15 yards out, but neither side scored before the teams changed over.

We opened with a clever attack by the left wing, Burke and Dawson being very pretty in close passing. Meanwhile, Thomas proceeded to worry the Birkenhead defence, and it was no surprise when Dawson netted from a pass by McBrien.

Our backs had little to do in the earlier stages of this half, the forwards seldom leaving Birkenhead's goal area. We were far superior at this period of the game, and Dawson and Pugh added further goals. Birkenhead pressed harder in the closing stages and went very near when the inside left dribbled through, only to place the ball outside.

The whistle blew shortly afterwards, and so we passed into the Final, deservedly, for we had fought and won three good games.

SENIOR SHIELD FINAL.

The game was played at Goodison Park, on 31st of March. Bootle Secondary School were our opponents, and the whole School was present at the ground.

After a series of disheartening illnesses amongst the team and reserves, the following were fit to play, and represented the School : Myers ; Atherton, Andrew ; Shankland, Parry, Bates ; Pugh, McBrien, Twist, Dawson, Burke.

Shankland won the toss and decided to kick against a strong wind, hoping that it would not change before the end. Bootle were a big side and quite fast in addition, but our halves were equal to their attacks and some fast and interesting football was played. With the wind at their backs, the Bootle forwards swung the ball about freely, and many long shots went over or round our goal.

We, too, had our share of attacking, Burke and Dawson playing very well together. Pugh sent in some fine centres, and one shot gave the Bootle keeper no little anxiety. Myers played quite calmly when being harassed by two or three opposing forwards, but no shots were ever dangerous. Shortly before the interval, when we were doing more than our share of the attacking, Parry was hurt in a collision with a Bootle player and at half time was treated in the dressing-room.

On resuming, Parry went outside-left, and remained a passenger for the rest of the game.

After re-shuffling the team, we settled down as best as we could to keep the Bootle forwards in check, and we might have failed earlier than we did had it not been for Atherton, who tackled and cleared wonderfully. Handicapped with only four on their line, our forwards played splendidly, and Burke and Dawson did everything but score.

About half-way through the second half Bootle scored. Myers failed to get the ball away, and a poor shot from one of the Bootle players trickled over the line, after hitting the post. One goal down with only ten able players is rather a heavy blow, but our team still played

vigorously and were nearly rewarded when Dawson from some five yards out lifted the ball over the bar. Bootle's 'keeper was rushed quite frequently and there was yet a chance of equalising. Some fifteen minutes from the end, Bootle's left winger sealed our fate, sending home a good drive which gave Myers little chance. The game was practically decided, but we still played to our utmost. No final can be won with ten men, however, and the whistle blew with the score 2-0 in Bootle's favour. It was a splendid game, full of thrills and good football. We lost, but all the team played marvellously.

If only Parry and Thomas— But it is useless to talk of "ifs" and "buts." After a term of victories in 1st XI. games, it was a sad blow to lose the final.

JUNIOR SHIELD.

2nd ROUND v. COLLEGIATE.

Replay at Holly Lodge.

Having been robbed of a 4—3 victory at Mersey Road in the last minute, the School met the Collegiate at Holly Lodge.

Team : Killip ; Murray, Carter ; Foster, Tarlo, Harwood ; Rycroft, Robson, Search, Disley, McGowan.

The Collegiate attacked straight away, and the School defence was for some time hard pressed. Clearances were few and far between and our forwards saw little of the ball until the kick-off again after the Collegiate had opened the score. Search made many attempts to break through, but the Collegiate defence was too strong for individual work. However, after determined efforts by our inside forwards, Search from a difficult position hooked the ball into the net. This was after about 25 minutes' play. The Collegiate team combined well, and the passing, particularly between halves and forwards, never prominent in our team, was good to watch. Not long after our equaliser, the Collegiate went ahead again, but before the interval Search netted from a corner by Rycroft to set all level again.

Within the first ten minutes of the second half the Collegiate had increased their lead to 4—2 without any reply from the School, but untiringly, Search went through on his own and scored a fine goal.

Soon afterwards we were put further behind by a clever goal from the Collegiate inside-right, but after the kick-off Rycroft found the net, shortly before time.

Thus after a draw at Mersey Road, we were defeated by the odd goal in nine.

—O—

SCHOOL v. MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Played at Greenbank. January 25th.

Won 4—3

The team was unchanged from the previous week.

A fair crowd turned up to watch, as a result of the Headmaster's appeal.

Manchester won the toss and kicked with the wind towards the lake. After about ten minutes good football, they were rewarded with a goal. The School then settled down and the struggle began in earnest. Despite our stubborn defence, the Grammar School scored again, and we began to think that they would repeat their home performance of winning 7—0. But from a determined attack, Dawson, after hesitating a little, scored a fine goal, making the score 2—1 against us, and at this point came half-time.

In the second half, the School attacked strongly and many good shots were stopped by splendid goalkeeping. Manchester were strongest at half and forward positions, and once their backs had cleared, the School defence had to work hard to keep out their attacks. Manchester went further ahead to make the score 3—1, and with only 20 minutes to go, it began to pour with rain and hail. Manchester in their own element! Whether we had superior stamina or not is doubtful, but we certainly gave Manchester something to think about in the last stages. We were awarded a penalty for hands and Dawson made no mistake—3-2. Rain still! Our forwards got away again and Cohen closing in, shot into goal, and, rather surprisingly, their 'keeper fumbled and in the ball went, 3-3.

The forwards, however, were not satisfied with a draw, and with some five minutes to go Dawson rounded the backs and placed the ball wide of the 'keeper in the net, 4—3 for Liverpool. Both Thomas and McBrien went close near the end, but no further score was registered.

So, after being down 3—1, with more than half the game gone, the School pulled the game round and won splendidly 4—3. Parry played untiringly and was strong in both attack and defence. The whole team played well and fully deserved the victory.

SCHOOL v. WALLASEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Played at Manor Road. January 18th.

Won 3—2

Team: Jones, N. M.; Atherton, Elliott; Shankland, Parry, Bates; Cohen, McBrien, Dawson, Thomas, Burke.

The School won the toss, and attacked the Grammar School's goal from the start. Wallasey made occasional dangerous attacks but lacked finish. After about ten minutes Bates scored with a well placed long pass up the centre. Soon afterwards, Wallasey equalised, but we again attacked strongly, and after having many shots blocked out, mostly from Dawson, McBrien scored.

The second half was fought fast and furiously, and after taking a further lead through Thomas, we were hard pressed by Wallasey's forwards who scored near the end of the game.

House Football.

SENIOR HORSFALL.

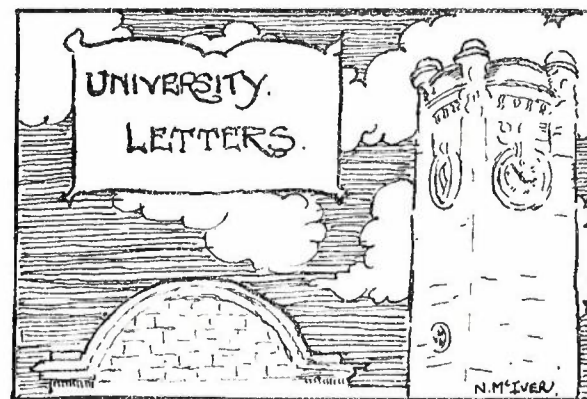
1st Round.		Semi-Final.		Final.
Alfred Holt 10	} v.	Alfred Holt 4	} v.	Owen 5
Danson 1				
Cochran 2	} v.	Owen 7	} v.	
Owen 10				
Philip Holt 4	} v.	Philip Holt 0	} v.	Hughes 1
Tate 0				
Bye		Hughes 4		

In the deciding Final for both terms, Owen beat Tate 5—4 after extra time.

JUNIOR HORSFALL.

1st Round.		Semi-Final.		Final.
Hughes 8	} v.	Hughes 0	} v.	Owen 0
Danson 0				
Owen 3	} v.	Owen 2	} v.	
Philip Holt 1				
Cochran 8	} v.	Cochran 1	} v.	Tate 6
Alfred Holt 3		Tate 6		
Bye				

In the Final for both terms Hughes beat Tate 6—0.



The Aviary,
Oxford,

April, 1930.

The Editor, *The Liverpool Institute School Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

Your correspondent, as faithful as the landlady's gold-fish, must confess that he grows tired of being asked for an Oxford letter when he is in Liverpool, a letter which is difficult enough to write in the best of moods and circumstances. For he must write not only over a temporarily usurped signature, but under a fictitious address. Still, it is some palliation to know that the same irksome duty will be yours one day. This is delightful thinking and we wish you luck.

But one addition to what has been aptly denominated our ornithological Museum is not enough. Two of our queerest specimens, the Creer-bird and the Evans-bird, will have flown

from here by then, and we shall miss their dignity and playfulness and scholarship.

We are indeed like an aviary—sporting birds and bookish birds, birds pensive and birds gay, birds aloof and birds amiable, birds of pretentious plumes and birds of homely instincts. But we are very friendly and respectful with each other; many a glance of unfeigned admiration and astonishment passes between the bars of our respective cages. Occasionally an invisible keeper allows us to meet, perhaps in a place called the Union, where birds of divers species congregate, or at times (my metaphor will be the death of me and I must drop it) by pleasant firesides eating excellent crumpets.

But we are far too staid and mature. The leavening of youth does its best but the proportion is too small. We want hosts of childish songsters (like yourself, sir) with the "from scholastic trammels free" attitude to a University, not as we are now, impressed with the sorrows of life, the claims of work, the uncertainty of occupation, and the importance of being earnest. This Oxford, sir, in spite of lost boat races, the structural instability of Colleges on the High, the preponderance of women undergraduates' bicycles and other peculiarly feminine dangers, is still the most glorious place in the world in which to be young thoughtlessly, to grow older gracefully, to be indolent educatively. But the treatment must be begun when young. Waste not irrecoverable years getting hard and querulous and fixed in other Universities or in other avocations, as most of us here have.

As you may see, I have nothing to say. There is no exciting news, except that summer is coming, and summer in Oxford is very lovely. Our don-birds are still donnish. After all, it is only natural—it is only professors who can "consort with kings, nor lose the common touch." The rest of us are very full of beans. Particulars of what that cryptic plenitude signifies may well be left to the next one who will sign himself,

Ever yours,

J. J. NOXUCHLAVE.

Cambridge,
March, 1930.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

This is to be a letter—not a means of retailing scandal, a brief summary of the activities of the former members of the L.I. who now dwell in this Holy City, this Celestial Abode, this Delectable Habitation, this Hell on Granta—and no presumptuous spirit of self advertisement shall be allowed to creep into it. I hope, Mr. Editor, that this delightful introductory passage will so impress you that you will consent to publish this letter

without making use of your usual blue pencil. But now will I proceed to unfold the tale of the deeds of certain O.B.'s in this quarter of the globe. Of the first L.I., that is to say the most recent acquisition (a valuable acquisition, I assure you, sir) of our brotherhood—we have seen nothing. Doubtless he still reads classics and still looks down with scorn upon other freshmen who are so misguided as to attend "miners." He has also performed at the Union in a debate.

The two little twins from Downing have been extraordinarily well behaved lately—I know not why—I cannot tell for what reason. The only things I can suggest are that the one that wears spectacles has grown fond of trotting down to London and making eyes at Madonna's (*sic*), whereas the one that doesn't wear spectacles—well, I suppose he is too busy playing with his engines in a nice laboratory and dangling over rafts up the river.

Another of our throng endeavours to uphold the sporting reputation of Pembroke; and he wishes me to inform you, Mr. Editor, that his attitude to the League of Nations is that of a benevolent neutral and that his pull-over—referred to in the last Cambridge letter has been considered by Augustus John (and family) to be a wonderful example of modern mosaic art. His knowledge of Gunham—but that, Mr. Editor, is breath of scandal and must not intrude.

Grandfather does not receive overmuch company nowadays, and occasionally he stands aghast at the unseemly levity of some of the L.I. family. But like little Cock Robin—if we don't hurt him, he'll do us no harm—so we leave him to delve into the intricacies of modern thought with occasional excursions into the realms of rhetoric as a relaxation.

Finally, Mr. Editor, it is our pleasant duty to congratulate W. H. Lindsey on winning an Exhibition at Selwyn.

Yours,

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The University Union,
Manchester.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,

Having for some days been haunted by the prospect of having this letter to write, we have at last taken ourselves by the scruff of our moral coat collars, set ourselves down at a table and told ourselves that this letter really must be written, *now*! Having got thus far we turn in search of inspiration to previous victims' efforts at University letters. Let us see . . .

They usually begin with a dissertation more or less witty on the untimeliness of the Editor's request for a letter, or the difficulty of satisfying his request. That is an excellent beginning—only unfortunately, as far as we know, we have not been favoured by such a request.

They then go on to delight their readers with scurrilous pieces of gossip concerning their comrades at their particular seat of learning. This, too, seems to us an excellent idea. Let us consider; there is Mr. Bridge—but Mr. Bridge is at Henley and though he looked somewhat weary with his life there (and we do not blame him) yet one cannot imagine any scandal attaching to his name. No, we must pass on.

Next on our noble muster comes Mr. Whitby. But Mr. Whitby, too, seems to be leading a life of exemplary and distressing virtue and even our imagination is unequal to the task. We pass on.

Ah! Here at last we will find something really absorbing—some thrilling piece of scandal fit to regale our readers' anxious ears. And yet even Mr. Sircom seems to have deserted us this time, and, judging by exam. results has even been working. Ah, me! How are the mighty fallen, etc. (See Mr. Eustace).

And as for the two classical people, Mr. Lyman and Mr. Orchard, we can think of no really exciting news about them. Of course we *did* see two gaily bedight figures leaping on trams or partaking of refreshment (bodily and spiritual) at a Classical Society's ladies' coffee-stall on Rag Day and we *have* heard rumours about the Classical Walks but still Mr. Editor we feel we have trespassed quite enough upon your space and patience and so we will merely sign ourselves in the approved fashion.

Yours, etc.,

QUINQUE SERPENTES.

As from

The Union,

Bedford Street.

DEAR SIR,

Your call is pressing and doubtless your Press is calling.

Presumably you desire an account of the behaviour of the O.L.'s in Liverpool, full of indirect yet none the less definite references to Mr. So-and-So, after the manner of our contemporaries in other Universities. This, Sir, is impossible for many reasons. We number close on sixty, and any one allusion might be interpreted in half a dozen ways and so the point of scandal's sword is blunted. We number so many that the younger of us know little of their elders, and the older know less of the freshers. Mr. Duckworth has been appointed to a post on the Staff, and so the position of seniority is now borne jointly by Messrs.

Stephenson, Solomon, Hughes and Booth. Between these aged stalwarts whom your readers will scarcely remember, and the host of innocent and gaily prattling freshers whom you have handed over into our care so recently that they seem still with you, there exist a heterogeneous crowd of men running all sorts of Societies in all sorts of ways, taking violent forms of exercise, pursuing the philosopher's stone of the modern University, and even at times reading desperately for an examination. Occasionally we see each other, crossing the Quad, seeking recreation in the Vic, or chatting in the Union, and occasionally we hear of a doughty or dirty deed performed by one of our number. But for the most part we are so busy making the most of our few years of life here that we have little time to spend with the friends of our school-days.

And now we must descend to personalities. Mr. Williams is often to be seen cycling energetically through the Quad. Mr. Cashin is always in a hurry. Mr. Cohen on the other hand is never in a hurry. Mr. Stephenson has his eye on the Rome Scholarship, and has passed the first round. Mr. Grieve is business manager for the Dramatic Society, and, we understand, has Liberal tendencies. Mr. Wilson is in favour of Labour (politically at any rate). Mr. Maddock is famous throughout the dancing fraternity as the owner of a spot-light (a dashed annoying instrument at times—ask Mr. Dove). The Rifle Club is supported by the cousins Baxter and Mr. Halliday. Mr. J. R. Winn and Mr. Lishman have deserted Science for Education; the latter still continues to create fresh records for the Pole Jump. Incidentally Mr. Kerr is Captain of Athletic Sports, and Mr. Booth held a similar position in the Harriers' Club during the Winter. Mr. Walker adorns the Soccer field, while Mr. Barlow plays hockey. Mr. Beeston pursues Science and we saw him pursuing a tennis ball the other day. Lastly, Mr. Maiden has just distinguished himself in the world of Chemistry as the man who put levelling screws on his burette stand to make his titrations more accurate (we hope that VIa Sc. at any rate will understand this joke).

Well, Mr. Editor, there you have it, together with an apology for the poor quality of the personal remarks. We are sorry we cannot relate that Mr. So-and-So was rather the worse for Something-or-Other on Panto Day, or that Mr. Blank, a fresher of insignificant appearance, was seen smoking a large pipe on his first day. But it appears quite evident either that the world has become much quieter or else that we have become too sophisticated to notice happenings that once would have been stored up for future anecdote.

With this conclusion we must cease this prolonged babble of

LIOSPHINX.

Correspondence.

(To the Editors, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*).

DEAR SIR,

It would seem to me upon mature and careful reflection that it was about time that this School Magazine was brought up to date. The prevailing impression upon the minds of a great many people seems to be that a school magazine must necessarily be upon the same plane as an American backwoods newspaper of the type immortalised by Mark Twain, which took vegetables, firewood and other marketable commodities in lieu of cash for the annual subscriptions. I should suggest as an innovation a really exciting serial story which should not exceed twelve instalments, since it could then be spread over four years, the usual period for which a boy stops at this School.

Again, one might even, with a little caution, introduce a genuine joke or two, but no! that would be too revolutionary. Do not let yourself in your fever for reforms be too hasty lest you have no "spur to prick the sides of your intent," but only "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and fall on the other."

However, we become pessimistic. Let us rather remember "If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well it were done quickly."

Yours faithfully,
NUNC AUT NUNQUAM.

(To the Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*).

DEAR SIR,

It appeared to me that a deplorable mistake was made in the organisation of the School Steeplechase. It is true, indeed, that the bare running was amply catered for, but the School must have fallen on evil days if it is compelled to concentrate on running pure and simple to the neglect of all these little additions which go far to make a School fixture a delightful social event. In addition to this, there was an amazing disregard of the services of the Staff which amounted to pure waste. There are, according to the Green Manual, thirty-eight members of the Staff of which no more than a dozen, at the most generous estimate, can have been used for the perfecting of the Steeplechase. Some people have been narrow minded enough to regard the annual steeplechase as a race primarily for the boys in the School, but anyone who has the welfare of the Staff at heart must realise that it is *their* day in the year, a day on which Grand Nationals may be atoned for, Royal Leicestershire Plates forgotten, Newmarkets temporarily dismissed, and, above all, a day on which originality and self-expression may be given scope in a variety of pursuits.

I noted with dismay that their several occupations were timed to commence at 10-30 a.m. After having risen to a man at 7-30, bathed at 8, breakfasted at 8-30, shaved at 9, they were actually asked to commence their respective duties at 10-30. Such a monotonous and unimaginative arrangement of the programme is scarcely calculated to foster a bright or interesting outlook on life, and the emotional and aesthetic effect of starting Mr. A. at 10-29 a.m., B at 10-31 is totally neglected in a drab and orthodox catalogue of events. If the entire Staff had been utilised (*vide* "Staff alphabetically," Green Manual, p. 2, 1929 Edn.), I would have little cause for complaint. I append here a suggested programme.

10-30 (on assembling at changing room) all necessary business to be transacted before the race.

Absence Notes	...	...	...	...	Mr. Ellis.
Badges, Ribbons, etc.	...	...	...	...	Mr. Baxter.
Bicycles	...	...	...	...	Mr. Bartlett.
Careers	...	...	...	...	Mr. Hicks.
Children's Cot (O! irony)...	...	...	...	...	Mr. Williams.
Dinner Fees (or, alternatively, "Cup of Tea" fees)	...	...	...	...	Mr. Malkin.
Medical Inspection	...	...	...	...	Mr. Ellis.

Careers, of course, are especially important, as after a stoical attempt, boys become cynics or sceptics and must be catered for accordingly, in life.

11-0 Race begins to the accompaniment of the Wurlitzer Organ played by Dr. Wallace.

11-1 Intercession by Mr. Peters on behalf of the League of Nations Union.

11-15 (At the first brook). Vocal encouragement by Messrs. Sproat, Stell and Stevens—such cries as "Jump it, boy, jump it," or "She's over," would be accepted.

11 (?) Conclusion of Race. Further music by Dr. Wallace.

11-45 Staff would then congratulate teams on good performance, which congratulations would be reciprocated by the runners.

The "Tote," of course, would not be neglected, and a permanent Staff could readily be procured.

The Mistresses might be found pleasant and useful work
rex foemina facti

and the whole event be generally improved. Hoping that these suggestions will not prove barren,

Yours, etc.,

NON-RUNNER.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Mr. Editor, a tale of grief pray hear,
A tale about an incident as yellow as it's sere :
I wrote a few brief verses (they couldn't have been neater),
But the printer missed a word out, and entirely spoiled
the metre.

Let the printer have his fling on certain pages—
For a man must have excitement with his wages,
And a little bit of fun
Is less harmful than a gun,
And diversion for the Magazine presages—

But those pages should undoubtedly be chosen
Where in stolid prose the reading matter's frozen—
Let the printer have his way
Where the metre's not at bay
And the poet of his laurels he can't cozen—

Let the printer have his idiosyncrasies
Where his humour but exhilarates the masses :
Let him have his good clean fun
Where the "Calendar" is done,
But for verse let him with care assume his glasses.

Ever thine,
"ERNY."

(To the Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.)

DEAR SIR,

It seems to me that the Steeplechase might be considerably improved, if a few rules were made. No one seemed to know much about the Steeplechase until a fortnight before the day of the event. Therefore I suggest that the following rules be observed :

1. That the date and venue of the Steeplechase be announced at the beginning of the January term.
2. That all entries be sent in by seven days before the event.
3. That all entrants must have run at least twice during the season of the Steeplechase, unless they have been playing for School teams.

If some such rules as these were made, we would at least know where we stood.

Yours faithfully,
D. BOOTH.

(To the Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.)

SIR,

You published in your last issue a lengthy epistle, written by one of your colleagues, on the rival claims of Soccer and Rugger, and there were included one or two observations which are worthy of notice. Many of your readers must by now have resented, *inter alia*, your correspondent's reference to Public Schools and their methods. We are sorry that he has been compelled to draw distinctions between Rugger-playing Public Schools and Soccer-playing Secondary Schools; for to state that the claims of Rugger should be considered merely because it is played by some Public schools is a reflection, perhaps an unconscious one, on our own School. Personally, Sir, I have still to meet one who has had "to be content with a secondary position in the eyes of the world" because an unkind fate has deprived him of the advantages which we understand are enjoyed by the Public schoolboy and has thrust him into a Secondary School, dependent on the rates.

In putting forward the claims of Rugger, your correspondent has lightly passed over facts which are themselves sufficient cause for objection. He must remember :

- (1) Most members of the School have been accustomed from childhood to play in the Public Parks, school play-grounds or even in less well appointed places. Are they to be expected to forget their training and instinctive devotion to soccer and to adopt a game which cannot be played with comfort in a playground, but only on a first-rate field?
- (2) Bearing in mind the natural traditional preference for Soccer among the older boys, the authorities in a previous attempt to popularise Rugger, introduced it to Juniors, whose minds might be expected to be yet unprejudiced. Despite the support of various experienced members of the Staff, even this scheme failed.
- (3) Your correspondent has sufficient intelligence to realise that for obvious financial reasons only one or two games could be played to an extent which would produce a high standard of efficiency, and the introduction of Rugger, while satisfying the whims of a few would limit the opportunities for playing the more popular game.

Again, Sir, the enthusiasm of all over that "side issue," the Senior Shield, the success of the 1st XI., and the praise-worthy efforts of the Juniors prove that the school's preference for Association football has increased.

In conclusion, allow me to express my sympathy with your

colleague who, though presented with such a catholic selection of winter games as Soccer, Hockey and Fives, has not yet found a suitable outlet for his athletic abilities.

Yours, etc.,

M. H. BATES.

(To the Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.)

DEAR SIR,

You have published in this issue a letter which I was privileged to read, unfortunately and fortunately, before the Magazine went to Press. Unfortunately, because it compelled me to write a reply during that period of complete and perfect laziness, the holidays, when pen-pushing, especially controversial, is odious; and fortunately, because it is not good that mis-statements should be allowed to fester for a whole term without the administration of a cure, if not a preventive.

Since this letter will appear side by side with that of the correspondent responsible for its existence, I can think of no better method, certainly none more lucid, than that of replying to his charges categorically and writing in the form of a criticism or commentary.

"Many of your readers must, by now, have resented, *inter alia*, your correspondent's reference to Public Schools and their methods." This "by now," means, presumably, that my views have been weighed in the balance for a considerable period and found wanting. I, personally, have noticed no such employment of the principles of gravitation on my behalf. Probably these are his own opinions transferred into the plural on paper. Indeed, he goes on to say that *he* is sorry that I have been "compelled to draw distinctions between Rugger-playing Public Schools and Soccer-playing Secondary Schools." Does he then admit of no distinction? Is he so blind as not to perceive any difference at least in temporal, if not in spiritual, qualifications?

"—For to state that the claims of Rugger should be considered merely because it is played by some Public Schools is a reflection, perhaps, an unconscious one, on our own School." Who said "merely"? Not I, who regard it as the acme of absurdity to pursue any course merely with the object of imitation. Your correspondent, realising that I regard the School, in a certain one sense, inferior, charges me with reflecting upon it. Apparently, he can conceive neither of anyone who does not employ the terms "inferiority" and "reflection" as synony-

mous nor of anyone who has sufficient pride in and respect for his own School to admit an inferiority at all. I can do both.

It would be stupid of me to object to straightforward argument but I do not consider as such a misuse of my own phrases. Your correspondent has applied to an individual a statement which I originally made of the School. It is enough to observe that the cap that fits the School would only be suitable for a boy with an extraordinarily large and entirely abnormal head.

The writer speaks of having to forget "training and instinctive devotion to soccer." He appears to have a very, very poor opinion of the adaptability of human nature. I wonder why it is that Mr. Jim Thomas, with all due respect to that worthy gentleman, does not play imaginary trains on the floor of the House of Commons? This is a ridiculous analogy but not more so than your correspondent's statement.

And as for "instinctive devotion," modern youth simply has no truck with that sort of thing.

Your correspondent argues that the scheme has already failed, in which respect my prophetic powers proved stronger than I expected. Now I do not object to an ordinary member of the School not reading my last letter through twice, in fact I approve of it as natural, but when someone sets up to prove me wrong, I expect him to read it through several times and am considerably disconcerted and annoyed to discover that he hasn't read it at all. I did write a paragraph endeavouring to show as clearly as I could why Rugby football had failed, but the writer ignores it either with a fine disdain or in entire ignorance. If he wishes to read it, he may obtain a number of the previous Magazine, I shall certainly not take the trouble to write it here.

"Again, Sir, the enthusiasm of all over that side issue the Senior Shield, the success of the 1st XI. and the praiseworthy efforts of the Juniors prove" nothing except that loyalty to the School is increasing and that we had a good football team this year.

I choose to pass over with a good grace that last paragraph of his which presumed to regard as personal a letter which was not in the least so.

And remain,

Yours sincerely,

R. A. MARTIN.

Cricket Fixtures, 1930.

DATE.	1st XI.	2nd XI.	EXTRA.
May 3	SPORTS.		
" 7		Waterloo... .. H	
" 10	Old Boys ... H		
" 14	M'ch'nt Taylors H	M'ch'nt Taylors A	
" 17	Manchester ... H		Quarry Bank A
" 21	Holt... .. H	Holt... .. A	
" 24	Cowley A	Cowley H	
" 28	Wallasey G.S. H	Wallasey Gm. A	
" 31	Collegiate ... H	Collegiate ... A	
June 4	Warrington ... A		Oulton H
" 7	Half Term.	Half Term.	Half Term.
" 11	Sefton A		
" 14	Representative		
" 18	O.B.'s H		
" 21	Collegiate ... A	Collegiate ... H	
" 25	Warrington ... H	Waterloo... .. A	
" 28	Sefton H		
July 2	Quarry Bank A	Quarry Bank H	
" 5	Staff H		
" 9	Wallasey Gm. A	Wallasey Gm. H	
" 12	Cowley H		
" 16	B'head School A	B'head School H	
" 19	Old Boys H		
" 23	B'head School H	B'head School A	

W. SHANKLAND, Hon. Sec.

Editorial Notices.

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries and apologies for any omissions:—

Cowleian, Wyggestonian, Olavian, Hymerian, Birkenian, Liverpool College Magazine, Alleynian, Ulula, Elizabethan, Esme-duna, City of London School Magazine, Merchant Taylors' Review, Hinckley Grammar School Magazine, King's School Magazine, Wallaseyan, Holt School Magazine, Oultonian, Blackburne House Magazine.

The Calendar.

Wed.,	April 30	Term begins.			
		Sports Heats.	Jun. City Scholarship Exam.		
Thurs.,	May 1	Do.	Do.	do.	do.
Sat.,	" 3	Sports. Finals.			

Sat.,	May 10	Cricket v. Liobians.
Wed.,	" 14	Cricket v. Merchant Taylors'.
Sat.,	" 17	Cricket v. Manchester Grammar School.
Wed.,	" 21	Cricket v. Holt S.S.
Fri.,	" 23	Exhibition.
Sat.,	" 24	(League of Public Order.)
Wed.,	" 28	Cricket v. Wallasey G.S.
Thurs.,	" 29	O.T.C. Inspection.
Sat.,	" 31	Cricket v. Collegiate School.
Fri.,	June 6	Form Competition Half-holiday (morning). Half-Term Holiday from Noon.
Wed.,	" 11	Cricket. Junior House Matches. 1st Rd.
Sat.,	" 14	Cricket. Representative O.B.'s XI.
Sat.,	" 21	Cricket. Senior House Matches. 1st Rd.
Wed.,	" 25	Cricket v. Warrington G.S.
Sat.,	" 28	Cricket v. Sefton.
Tues.,	July 1	Entrance Examination.
Sat.,	" 5	Cricket v. Staff.
Mon.,	" 7	School Certificate Examinations begin.
Sat.,	" 12	School Examinations begin.
Sat.,	" 19	Form Competition Half-holiday. Cricket v. Liobians.
Mon.,	" 21	O.T.C. Field Day. Camera and Field Club Excursion.
Tues.,	" 22	
Wed.,	" 23	Cricket v. Birkenhead School. Term Ends.
Fri.,	" 25	Excursion to Test Match at Manchester.
Sat.,	" 26	Seatoller Camp opens. (Closes Sat., Aug. 23rd).
Tues.,	" 29	O.T.C. Camp opens. (Closes Wed., Aug. 6th).

Old Boys' Section.

Old Boys' Log.

THE SMOKING CONCERTS, this Term, on the 7th February and the 7th March, were not very well attended. They were, however, successful in this respect, that they brought those who were present into closer touch with one another than in the more largely attended meetings that we have had. They were held in the Dining Room and/or the Mistresses' Common Room and thus avoided the chilliness of the Hall. One or two of the older generations of Old Boys turned up and revived memories of the School. A. E. Gordon ('93), H. A. Carroll ('00), S. F. Lambert ('13) were among these returned prodigals. The Rev. W. K. R. Strickland ('25) at the last Smoker showed that a clerical collar does not necessarily imply gloom or heaviness. Photographs of boys and Staff of the first two decades of this Century aroused interest even in those of more recent Schooldays.

The Centenary Players just succeeded in being included in the four chosen for final adjudication in the District section of the Drama League competition, but failed to win first place. This effort seemed to be a great improvement on previous attempts, and offers some reasonable hope of success in the competition in the near future.

"Diplomacy," an English version of Victorien Sardou's "Dora," was presented by the Players on the 27th and 28th March, at Crane Hall. The play was rehearsed and produced by Mr. Hickinbotham and proved a great success in everything but the attendances. Messrs. A. C. Williams, A. B. Tytler, G. C. Ledger and Woodville Francis carried out their parts with the effectiveness we have come to expect from them. It was pleasing to note how well the minor characters were sustained, and in these, Messrs. R. Low, Emrys Williams, T. A. Butler, and H. G. Tyler are to be complimented. It is a pity that fuller support is not given by Old Boys to these productions of the Centenary Players. They are rapidly coming to the front among the Amateur Dramatic Companies of Merseyside, and Old Boys have reason to be proud of them. It has been suggested that those interested in their performances should become Associate members of the Society at a charge of, say, 7/6 a year, with the privilege of having two tickets for each performance of the Players. If this plan is adopted, we hope that it will meet with no half-hearted support.

The Liobians' Cricket Club are looking forward to another successful season under the Captaincy of J. R. Biglands, who

will be assisted in his duties by H. E. Holmes, the newly elected vice-captain. An excellent fixture list has been arranged, and arrangements have also been made with Wass, whereby the Club may have the benefit of his coaching at net practice each Thursday night at the School Ground. The Subscriptions are: for Playing members, £1 1s.; for Playing members under 21, 10s. 6d.; for Honorary and Part-time members, 5s.; with an additional coaching fee of 5/- for Playing members. D. A. Dalgarno, 20 Berbice Road, Mossley Hill—the Hon. Secretary—will be glad to hear of new members, whether Playing or Honorary. A presentation was made and the Club's congratulations offered to the Captain, J. R. Bigland, on the occasion of his marriage, which took place on April 28th.

It should be noted by every Old Boy that the **14th June** is the date for the **Cricket Match** between a representative Eleven of Old Boys and the School, and it is hoped that many will turn up to make the event a reunion.

The Gymnasium Class has had a good season, but for the fact that there have not been enough members. The falling-off in the support of this class is due in part to the fact that the upper Forms of the School do not now take Gymnasium as part of their course. But there are enough Old Boys interested in Gymnastics to make this organisation a complete success and a wider support is required. The matter should be borne in mind next Winter.

For the sixth consecutive year, the **Florence Institute** has been awarded the Shield presented by the Rotary Club for those who have been most successful in the various competitions of the Liverpool Boys' Association. The year has been a good one in most respects. The records show that the various interests have been well sustained and include Camping, Cricket, Athletic Sports, Swimming, Football, Cross-country Running, Gymnastics, Boxing, Basket Ball, Billiards, Table Tennis, Drawing, Singing and Dramatic Classes, Badminton, Joiner's Shop, Boot and Shoe Repairing Class, Medical and Dental Clinics, etc. But there is a deficit of £300 on the year's account. The income from donations has fallen short of that of last year by about £380. If the Club is to be kept up to its present standard, new subscribers are wanted. It would be disastrous if the usefulness of the organisation were lessened at a time like the present when its value should be at its highest. We do not hesitate to press on all Old Boys the claim the Florence Institute has on their generosity. It is the best investment possible. Many new supporters are needed, and increased subscriptions.

We congratulate James Laver ('18) on his appointment as Literary Critic to the *Sphere*. Mr. Laver is steadily making a name for himself in the literary world and in his new work will prove himself no unworthy successor to the late Clement Shorter.

We have had a letter from W. H. Chisholm ('89) and learn that he has succeeded to the post of European Traffic Manager of the Illinois Central System. He regrets that owing to the claims of his work in London and on the Continent, he will not be able to run in the Old Boys' Race on the 3rd of May!

Sir Frank Baddeley ('93), in a recent letter, refers to Mr. Owen. "I always regard him as our inspiration," he writes. "But for him I wonder how many of us would have had our ambitions fired. I take my hat off to him every time."

We have just come into touch again with an Old Boy of the 90's, C. M. Chevalier. In spite of the fact that his letter quoted some doggerel rhymes of the Senior Secretary, written in '92, it is pleasant reading. C.M. took a degree in Law at the Paris University in 1909; he has been more than 38 years in the Municipality of Alexandria, and is now approaching the time for retirement. His chief concern, at the present, seems to be whether, when his term of office is over, he shall live in England, France, Italy, or Egypt. In his letter, he recalls one of the *obiter dicta* of Mr. Burton: "The teaching profession is the most ungrateful profession under the sun." It is perhaps unnecessary to say that we disagree with Mr. Burton's statement in every respect but that of mere filthy lucre.

We have received another letter from David Cox ('22), who is expecting to be moved from Cape Town to Durban. He apprises us of his engagement to be married—to a lady of Bloemfontein. We send congratulations and good wishes to him.

E. V. Barker ('22) sends us another long and interesting letter from Monghyr. He seems to have been having a rather hectic time at Christmas, and complains of both the physical and financial after-effects. He says, "I am swotting Hindustani hard, but don't seem able to make the headway I used to do when learning French." Perhaps if he had someone to tell him "Write it out one hundred times," he might make better progress.

We wish to congratulate W. E. Duckworth on his appointment as Demonstrator in Clinical Dental Surgery at the Liverpool University.

Old Boys of his time will be interested to hear that H. C. Hickinbotham ('26) has just begun his studies at St. Marie's, Rugby, in preparation for the Roman Catholic Priesthood. He seems very fit and enjoying life to the full.

D. Foulis ('27) has been achieving fame lately in the world of Table Tennis. He is by way of being an International Champion, and evidently is a shining light in what we hesitate to call Ping-pong. We hope Foulis and Rotheram will not be too hard on us for our Philistine ignorance.

Members of the Old Boys' Association are asked to note the following alterations and additions in the List of Members for this session:

- '23 Abel, C. M., Greystones, Hunt's Cross.
 '29 Arney, R., Durlston, Olivetree Road, Wavertree.
 '66 Blundell, F. B., Victoria House, Victoria Avenue, Broad Green.
 '29 Borrow, T., 83 Queen's Drive, Walton. I.
 '99 Brew, G. F., 37 Kingsway, Wallasey. I.
 '17 Cain, A. R., 13 Brabant Road, Aigburth.
 '28 Cheetham, J. D. R., 10 Elstow Street.
 '14 Corkill, Dr. N. L., 31 Norwood Grove, Sheil Park. I.
 '26 Creer, J. K., 5 Oak Terrace, Beech Street. I.
 '28 Creer, T. F., 5 Oak Terrace, Beech Street.
 '23 Dillon, C. M., c/o. Kerr S.S. Co., 44 Beaver Street, New York.
 '85 Fraser, R., 56 Naylor Street.
 '20 Gallagher, H., 17 Fern Grove. I.
 '18 Gibson, J. C., 118 Cambridge Road, Crosby. I.
 '13 Gornall, R. W., 101 Dallam Lane, Warrington. I.
 '11 Groom, A. C. H., 22 Stamfordham Grove, Garston.
 '94 Hesketh, C. W., 51 North John Street.
 '95 Howard, W. J., 8 Weymouth Av., Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. I.
 '12 Jones, F. C., Goodmayes, Chiltern Drive, Hale. I.
 '90 Ker, A. M., Borough Engineer's Office, Warrington.
 Killingley, A. V., The Liverpool Institute.
 '28 Lenham, A. H., 124 Rosslyn Street, Aigburth. I.
 '78 Lloyd Barnes, J. E., 34 Castle Street.
 '23 Macdonald, J., Jr., c/o. Veterinary Dept., Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.
 '01 Macnab, A. C., c/o. Surveyor General of Ships, Singapore, S.S. I.
 '24 Macarthur, J. R., 21 Lidderdale Road.
 '98 Martin-Jones, S. M., 18 Truro Road, Wavertree.
 '21 Mayne, J. G., Park View, Victoria Park, Wavertree.
 '01 Morgan, A. R., 26 Russell Road, Wavertree. I.
 '25 Murray, J. G., 10 Barnsbury Road, Walton Hall Av.
 '95 Peck, H. W., Key West, St. Anthony's Rd., Crosby. I.
 '87 Rigby-Jones, H. W., The Ruff, Lathom, nr. Ormskirk. I.
 '69 Robinson, E., Manor House, Prenton, Birkenhead.
 '29 Robson, T. B., 24 Elm Vale, Fairfield.
 '11 Roulston, A., 149 West George Street, Glasgow.
 '25 Sharpe, W. D., c/o. E. Austin, R.R., Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, Canada. I.
 Sproat, R. H., The Liverpool Institute.
 '28 Sutherland, J. S., 22 Orrell Lane, Aintree.
 '29 Walker, E. W., Westmorland Rd., Huyton.
 '29 Williams, Emrys, 24 Rossmore Gardens, Anfield.
 '19 Williamson, J., Ivanhoe, Bilston Road, Aigburth.
 '28 Wilson, D. S., 20 Lynmouth Road, Aigburth. I.
 Wormald, S., The Liverpool Institute.
 '29 Wyles, B. A., 28 Kitchener Drive, Orrell Park.