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CONGRATULATIONS.

I

Congratulations.

WE have received congratulations on the occasion of our Golden Jubilee from many distinguished Old Boys. We print them in chronological order.

SIR RICHARD BURN, C.S.I. ('89).

First Editor of the Magazine (1886-7).

It gives me great pleasure to send congratulations to the Magazine which is celebrating its Golden Jubilee. Fifty years ago Dale and I had our hopes, but the growth has exceeded the expectations of those who planted the seed and I trust that the Magazine will continue to flourish as long as the School exists.

E. J. PHILLIPS ('89).

Editor of the Magazine, 1888-9.

May I, as one of the earliest Editors of the *Liverpool Institute School Magazine*, offer its present Editor my congratulations on the attainment of its Golden Jubilee? To those of us who helped to start it on its journey in the middle eighties of last century it is peculiarly gratifying to know that it has travelled so successfully and so far.

SIR FRANK M. BADDELEY, C.M.G. ('93).

Editor of the Magazine, 1892-3.

The Jubilee of the School Magazine is a noteworthy occasion and worthy of commemoration. Unlike most literary productions it is not run for profit on a commercial basis. It is written by the boys for the boys, including the Old Boys.

School life in the main varies little as the years go on, and this must provide an element of stability and continuity which is reflected in the pages of the Magazine. Yet the ability of the producers has always been capable of avoiding staleness. To the Old Boys, every number is full of interest. Their own life and activities are revived in those of others. So long as the School exists the Magazine will exist and there cannot be the slightest doubt that it will ever be young in spirit, fired with the energy of youth and its buoyant optimism. A flourishing Magazine is evidence of a flourishing School, and we can confidently expect that in due course the Centenary will be welcomed with no less appreciation and no less abundance of good wishes than this Jubilee.

H. B. JENKINS ('00).

Editor of the Magazine, 1898-1900.

"Hearty congratulations upon the Golden Jubilee Number. I wonder how many other schools have also achieved this distinction."

LINDLEY M. FRASER ('22).

Editor of the Magazine, 1921-22.

My warmest congratulations to the School Magazine on the completion of the first fifty years of its life. May its next fifty years be even more successful.

And now a message on behalf of the School of to-day, from the present Headmaster :—

I congratulate the Magazine on reaching its Jubilee and offer it respectful greetings. We are proud of it and rejoice that it so well maintains the high standards set by its founders. Its influence in the School is great, its appeal to Old Boys is strong. May its second half-century be as full of healthy and vigorous life as its first !

J.R.E.

Preface.

AMONG the congratulations we received was this little letter from Arthur Askey ('16), otherwise known as Big-hearted Arthur, the Resident Comedian from the B.B.C.'s Band Waggon. We print it as a preface—to set the ball well and truly rolling.

DEAR PLAYMATES,

When I was first asked to write a short preface to this Golden Jubilee Number of our School Magazine, I immediately thought I would turn the suggestion down. "They will expect me to be funny" thinks I, and those of you who have heard my efforts over the ether will know that such a thing is impossible.

However, at the risk of making the nicer type of parent withdraw their offspring from the dear old School, I hereby have great pleasure in declaring the Bazaar open.

Since I left the Institute in 1916, the Governors have paid me a goodly sum of money each year not to mention the fact that I was educated—sorry—a scholar there, but now that I am independent—thanks to the B.B.C. and a little blackmail—the secret is out.

I give my Big-hearted blessings to this Number of the School Magazine and My Best Wishes to all Liobians and present scholars—not forgetting the Masters who were there in my time and will admit to knowing me.

That's me—

"Big-hearted"

ARTHUR ASKEY.

Dedicatio.

Accipe, Musa, precor, si quae tibi digna notari
 his quoque temporibus carmina voce cano.
 quinquaginta abiere anni quibus edere chartas
 has placuit nostris et proavis et avis.
 quicquid agunt pueri, successus, gaudia, vota,
 discursus—studium nobile—rite canunt.
 tempus erat cum iam novus hic, mihi crede, libellus
 parvus erat tantum, crebra nec intus erant.
 nunc tamen in primis insignis praestat et huius
 excelsi ludi maximus ille liber.
 nunc legit inter nos senior invenisque puerque :
 trans aequor teritur noster ubique liber.
 scribere te, lector, possis modo, oportet in illo,
 scribat ut exemplo cetera turba tuo.
 moenia dum colimus nostri clarissima ludi
 numquam in peiorem decidat ille locum.

Reminiscences.

WE were very glad to receive the following reminiscences
 from distinguished Old Boys :—

The School, 1879-89.

By Sir Richard Burn, C.S.I. ('89).

(First Editor of the Magazine, 1886-7.)

My recollection of the School goes back nearly sixty years to the Autumn of 1879. At that time it was still divided into the High and Commercial sides, the main difference being that in the former Latin, Greek, French and German were ordinary subjects, while in the latter only a few boys took modern languages as an extra subject, while some of the head boys who wished to prolong their education were coached in Classics and moved over into the Sixth form of the High School.

The High School, which I joined, was divided into Junior and Senior sections, the former starting with a preparatory form, and two other forms each divided into a lower and upper class. The Senior section began with the lower third and included eight classes, as there was a middle fourth, which could be skipped by a few at the top of the lower fourth, while the sixth had no divisions. In the lower fifth boys had a choice of taking either Greek or German, and in the sixth could take the second of these also. In the Junior section a class master took all subjects, while the higher classes of the Senior section went to different masters for Classics, Mathematics, Science, English subjects, French, German, and writing (with book-keeping in some classes).

In 1879 the front of the building, in my recollection, was exactly as shown in the print of 1844 at page 36 of Mr. Tiffen's admirable history. On the left, outside the picture, were two houses with gardens between the School and Hope Street, and the narrow playground had not been levelled, but sloped up to Hope Street, as Mount Street still does. The lavatories were indescribably primitive. When the School of Art was built in 1883 the playground was levelled and extended under the building. We changed rooms every hour and were allowed to run about in the yard for five or six minutes, while most of the masters walked up and down. Mid-day dinner was provided in the basement for boys who were too small or lived too far away to go home. In my early days the basement was gloomy and badly lighted, while the food was not attractive, so I was allowed to take a tin of sandwiches from home and used to run down to the Free Library and munch them over a book. If my finger prints are ever needed they will probably be found greasily impressed on the pages of Kingston, Ballantyne, Jules Verne and Marryat. Later, when I was big enough to go home, I read many books as I walked along.

My first class was the lower second, under Mr. Taylor, whom I picture as a spare quiet person, capable but rather austere, though far from being a tyrant. From him we began to learn French and Latin. Nature study was still nascent, but he had a cupboard full of specimens. We learnt a little about natural objects, chiefly confined and dead things. The upper second was in charge of Mr. A. Brown, who was also in command of the whole Junior section. He was a contrast in personality to Mr. Taylor, being plump and noisy and he used a cane rather freely. A Guy Fawkes day accident prevented me from writing for a week or two, and I was placed at a side desk with another boy whose eyes were delicate. Conversation while the rest of the class was writing was inevitable and I

learnt how much more a cane hurt when the strokes are repeated on the same hand.

In the Senior section my first recollections are of Mr. Francis who took several English sections very efficiently and was much quieter than Mr. Brown whom we had just left. For arithmetic we went to Mr. Seward, a gaunt, dark complexioned man, with a bald head on which was a great scar. He had written a useful book on mental arithmetic and, as most boys were going into business, his methods were directly valuable, besides attracting some of us by their ingenuity. The classical master was Mr. Kennedy, a tall upright man with a genuine love of Greek and Latin literature, but with no natural capacity for keeping discipline, and probably with no liking for the teaching profession. He knew the poetical texts by heart, but in prose confined himself to grammar and we read odd books of Livy, Cicero, Tacitus, Herodotus or Thucydides with no instruction about their bearing on Roman or Greek history. We began algebra and Euclid with Mr. Froyssell, who resembled Mr. Kennedy in disposition. Modern geometry was still looked on with the suspicion shewn by Lewis Carroll in his amusing but rare book "Euclid and His Modern Rivals," where he describes Minos and Rhodamanthos discussing a paper by one of the modern writers. "He has proved prop. 14 by prop. 15, and prop. 15 by prop. 14. In the *viva* we must ask him to prove both." Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Froyssell used to spend the interval between hours standing together at the top of the stairs, instead of joining the other masters in the playground. From Mr. Froyssell we passed to the care of Mr. J. A. Owen, an Old Boy, who is happily still with us, and to whom I think the boys of my time owe more than to any other master, as the lists of distinctions in Mr. Tiffen's book show. His unfailing cheerfulness and gift of exposition, added to his mastery of the subject, and power of holding attention, made him the ideal teacher. Close to him I would place Mr. E. B. Ewart, also an Old Boy, who taught science in both High and Commercial schools. He also impressed his classes as an instructor, especially the boys who did advanced work in the chemical laboratories. The School then possessed practically no apparatus for study of physics, and I think J. B. Dale and I were probably the first two boys to use electrical apparatus at the School.

English subjects in the higher forms were in charge of Mr. Burton, who seemed to me to model his style of talking on Dr. Johnson. In his room were some long, old-fashioned sloping desks of soft wood on which successions of boys had cut grooves running into one another with pivoted shunts so that small shot could be raced down them while we were supposed to be listening to history or geography lessons. My recollection is that Mr. Burton was rather formal and we learnt historical events, rather than causes and reasons. We read set plays of Shakespeare and contrary to the experience of some people those I read at School are still my favourites. And I remember with gratitude the care taken over formal grammar, and cautions against sloppy usages. Mr. Burton was not strong in simple arithmetic, and I can still picture him standing with a chalky finger against his lip staring at a sum in physical geography which he was trying to work out on the blackboard. We all liked and respected him and it was a great shock to hear some years ago that in old age he had slipped from a chair and received fatal burns.

Mr. Book, who died only a year ago, took us for French, and I think his father had been private secretary to Lamartine. He was young, dapper and energetic, and an excellent teacher who instigated the keener boys to read widely outside the set books. One contemporary of mine later took the *B. és lettres* at Paris. Our German master, Mr.

Sachs, was older and could not have been mistaken for an Englishman. Most of his pupils did well and I think he was more successful in encouraging conversations in his language than Mr. Book was.

In the third and fourth forms we went to Mr. Wright for writing and also learnt the elements of book-keeping. He was a rubicund, cheerful person who brightened his subject in various ways. Once he set us to write verses on the assassination of the Czar Alexander II (1881). Even after we had passed beyond his teaching, many of us still came into contact with him, as he was in charge of the detention class. In the Senior section, caning was the privilege (?) of the Headmaster and the ordinary form of punishment was a sentence of being kept in for an hour. Every Wednesday and Saturday, Mr. Wright's room was occupied for an hour under his supervision by the delinquents. These punishments were cumulative and a boy might find himself liable to two, three or more hours which could be reduced by only an hour at a time. If by 1 p.m. on a Saturday he still had three or more hours to work off he had to attend School the whole of the next Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Wright often used to get boys to take notes or do other messages for him on their way home and for such a service gave a "remit" graduated according to the time spent on the message. I once escaped a "Wednesday" by a "remit" of a quarter-of-an-hour. One memorable Monday morning it was heard that the "Black Book" in which the record was kept had disappeared, and it was never recovered.

Two other subjects which should be mentioned are drawing, in charge of Mr. Garland, and elocution. The latter was taught by Mr. Vandenhoff, probably a son of the actor mentioned by Mr. Tiffen at page 25. He had been an actor and was very successful in getting boys to speak clearly and in softening the Lancashire accent.

Nowadays one sometimes hears the criticism that School work does not prepare boys for the long hours of a business career. I do not know the present curriculum so do not discuss that question. In the Senior section we were in school from 9 to 12 and from 1-30 to 4-30 on four days a week and from 9 to 12 on Wednesdays and Saturdays. In the lower fifth we began practical chemistry and did an extra hour after 4-30 on one day. In the sixth, boys who were continuing that subject went to the laboratory for an extra hour at noon on Wednesdays and Saturdays, making 32 hours a week in school, besides home-work which might take up to two hours in the evening.

Examinations form another vexed question to-day. I doubt whether any school had more than we had fifty years ago. Every Saturday morning the sixth did a two hours' paper on some subject, and with the sixth sat alternately one of the fifths doing another paper. Mr. Tiffen notes (page 85) that a boy who had once passed creditably as a Junior in the Oxford Local Examination was entered in the next year as a Senior. But he does not add that school fees of a boy who obtained a first class were remitted for a year and the remission was continued if he was placed higher in the same class in the following year. Some boys took the Junior at least twice and the Senior twice or three times. Occasionally a boy also went in for the Senior Cambridge Local and quite a number passed the London Matriculation. In addition there were examinations conducted by the Government Science and Art Department in mathematics (pure and mixed), chemistry (theoretical and practical), physics, electricity and magnetism and physical geography. A boy might go in for as many as eight of these in a year. Prizes were given for a first class and the School received Government Grants based on the number of passes. In those days the possession of a certificate made little difference to most boys' prospects, and it

seems to me that the multiplicity of examinations had a useful result. The very small proportion of boys who were going to a University became accustomed to them and hardly considered them an ordeal, while the practice in expressing themselves concisely and accurately was helpful for others.

I recollect no tradition in my early days of the School Magazine and Societies mentioned by Mr. Tiffen, or any other association of that kind and the School had no Library. Rugby football teams did well and cricket was played with rather less success. At the School itself there was no gymnasium and no provision for games. A drill sergeant was available for boys who wished to do physical exercises, but he had no apparatus except masks and single-sticks with which we performed under the School of Art. He had been in the 9th Lancers and told us wonderful tales of adventures in the Indian Mutiny. About 1885, as Mr. Tiffen records, we formed a debating society and a chess club for meetings of which we had to stay after school hours. Proceedings at the former sometimes resembled those of Bret Harte's "Society Upon the Stanislaw," and a verse of a parody sticks in my memory:—

"Then W. S. Barker raised a point of order, when
A Minchin first vol. Statics took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a sort of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

The founding of the Magazine raised financial problems which W. D. (now Colonel) Hayward solved by advancing the capital outlay for foolscap paper, gelatine and a bottle of copying ink. The first few numbers were in manuscript reproduced by printing from the gelatine in a large meat dish, but no copies have survived. They were sufficiently successful to justify the expense of type.

The Society also got up concerts in which Mr. Book helped us with his fine voice. Fired by the success of the Old Boys' Dramatic Society we also did a few plays, using a school room as a theatre. It is pleasing to see how far the School has advanced since those days in corporate action outside its ordinary scholastic functions.

During nearly every hour the door of each class room would be quietly opened and the figure of Mr. Sephton, the Headmaster, would appear for a few seconds. At the change of classes he usually stood at the foot of the stairs with a bunch of keys in his hand, and the sight of a key held up was enough to check the maddest rush of a boy trying to be first in the yard. Twenty years after he retired he told me that his first warning that he ought to go was a sudden nervous thrill as he watched a boy dashing down and believed he would crash. At the end of term he visited each class, read out the final marks and announced removes. Except for the interview on entering the School and, in the case of a very few, a disciplinary interview, many boys passed through the School with no other contact with him. In the highest forms those who were taking scripture for the Oxford locals went to him and he lectured on the Greek set books to those who were going up for the London Matriculation. A boy in his last year who was competing for a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge or was taking a special outside examination was treated as if he were already at a University and did not attend regular classes. I often spent an hour at a side desk in Mr. Owen's room, profiting by his help when he had set his class to do an exercise. For Mr. Sephton, boys did problem papers and Latin and Greek proses and they found him a most valuable guide. It was his ambition to see boys get classical scholarships at Oxford, and although the lists show that the School then did better in mathematics and science at Cambridge this was not due to lack of effort by him. In those days the total number of

boys at both Universities barely reached half-a-dozen, compared with over a score to-day. The strong clear English of his translation of the "Saga of King Sverri" recalls to my mind his incisive style of talk, and the notes and *apparatus criticus* of that book are testimony to his wide scholarship.

My recollection of ten years in the School is much fuller of the pleasant things than of the tedium and drudgery that must have worried me at times, and I look back with gratitude for the opportunities it gave, the devotion of the Staff to their duties and the friendships I made there.

* * * * *

Reminiscences

By E. J. Phillips

(Editor of the Magazine, 1888-9.)

The Golden Jubilee of the School Magazine awakens many memories. Those who helped to plant the sapling in 1886 little thought how big it would grow or how long it would flourish. For in the beginning we were faced with many difficulties. The subscribers were fairly numerous but, as we thought, unfairly critical, and the revenue was irregular—an inconvenience which has no doubt long disappeared.

But our chief difficulty was the shyness of contributors. It is a common error of newspaper readers to imagine that an Editor writes nearly everything they like or dislike in his sheet, but in our case this was often the literal truth; and the double task of filling the Magazine and meeting the printer's bill, is still a harassing memory of at least one Old Boy.

The Magazine was a by-product of the Debating Society, which began a couple of years before. The members met once a week in the room of Mr. Sachs, the German master, next to the Headmaster's sanctum, to discuss politics, literature and what not, as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse would say.

I remember papers on Imperial Federation, the Art of Letter writing, the poetry of Robert Herrick, and the character of Hamlet. Considering our youth and inexperience I think the quality of the papers was generally pretty good. For the same reasons we expressed our views with much assurance and, seeing only one side of a question, had little patience with the cross-bench mind. This had the advantage of stimulating the subsequent discussions, and the French Revolution, the execution of Charles I, and the lawfulness of capital punishment would be debated with a forensic heat which gave promise of successful careers at the Bar, though, so far as I know, none of the speakers took to the long robe.

Leading members of the Society, some of whom were actively concerned in starting the Magazine, were Sir Richard Burn, C.S.I., who certainly had the judicial mind, and generally presided over us; H. E. Long and C. V. H. Millard, who became schoolmasters; S. R. Jenkins, an eloquent Welshman who entered the ministry; H. E. Davies, the future City Analyst of Liverpool; Professor Alfred J. Ewart, the botanist, who settled in Australia; and Dr. Lionel Barnett, the Oriental scholar.

They are all scattered now, and some of them are dead. They differed, like the rest of us, in upbringing, politics, religion, and accomplishment, but I think they all had this in common—that they showed themselves in their manhood not unworthy of the noble motto of their School.

In A Vein of Reminiscence.

By Sir F. M. Baddeley ('93)

(President of the Old Boys' Assoc., Editor of the Magazine, 1892.)

As a previous Editor, 1892-3, I have been invited to recall a few memories in connection with the Magazine. I cannot quite recall how Editors came to be elected or selected. There were generally two and I think the Debating Society in some way was responsible for the choice. I do not remember anything of a very striking nature happening in my time as Editor.

To be chosen as an Editor was an event. At one bound we became members of the great fraternity of "The Press" and in our own estimation, by no means humble members. We could claim spiritual kinship with *The Times*. We revelled in the use of the omnipotent "we" in our editorial notes and comments, and made full use of the shelter of anonymity. In this connection I recollect that my colleague and I at one time thought that lunch for such of the School as partook of lunch, left something to be desired, both in arrangement and quality. With the impetuosity of youth, we concocted a letter under a non-deplume, which was duly inserted in the Magazine. The letter was distinctly critical. We thought it very clever, of course. Authority thought otherwise, and they were probably right, and pressure was brought to induce a recantation. We felt it our duty as members of a "free press" to demur and we won our point, although I think we did on more sober reflection soften, so far as we could without sacrificing any vital principles, any heart-burning we may have caused.

It was customary, and still is, for schools to exchange with each other their Magazines. In this way we were able to peruse several similar productions, and I am quite sure our own was quite as good as any other.

The Debating Society could always be relied upon to provide a good deal of material, but when I read the proceedings of the Debating Society of to-day, I think how much more interesting they are now than nearly 50 years ago.

In my time we discussed time-honoured subjects such as "That the execution of Charles I was justified," and "That the pen is mightier than the sword" and so on. As there were only two political doctrines of any importance, Liberal and Tory, there was very little scope for discussion there. Now the world offers a profusion of subjects. Marxism, proletariat, bourgeoisie, collective security, League of Nations, either did not exist or were so much Greek to us. Now they are on the lips of every schoolboy. As a result the Debating Society of to-day is a live thing compared with the Society of my time. I think this is all to the good. The rising generation are born into a new world full of new ideas and the infallibility of youth has much to be said for it. I like to think that being an Editor of the School Magazine had a distinct educational value. We tried to record the life and impressions of our fellows. It is one thing to have an idea, another to be able to express it intelligently and forcefully without discourtesy. On the whole I think all the numbers of the Magazine that were produced during my school days would have passed the test. The present standard is high. Long may it continue.

Forty Years On

By P. J. Rose ('98)

(Editor of the Magazine, 1895-98.)

"How will it seem to you forty years on?" Singing, in chorus we asked one another that question in the '90's. As a partial answer perhaps I may give some impressions of the Magazine in my editorial days, 1895-8. First be it noted that the song was wrong in one prediction. I do not now say that "never a feverish minute strained the weak heart" of the tormented Editor of those days. Now to the story.

The Magazine was a slender publication in a light blue cover and was priced at 2d. Illustrations were rare. We could not afford such frills. One of my chief ambitions (and triumphs) was to pay off an accumulated debt of about £20. We did not despise advertisements. To this day I remember "Sigh no more, Ladies: You can have your combings made up by —." In gratitude to the advertiser I would add his name if I could remember it.

The production of the Magazine was the first of the Editor's trials. By bribes or threats, reports were extracted from reluctant secretaries of Clubs and Societies. Then began a desperate quest for articles. Valuable help came from a few faithful ex-Editors, especially A. P. Banks and H. E. Williams. Occasionally a contribution came from the School. There stands out in my memory "A Dirge" which began:—

"Singing slowly, sadly come the distant years.
Bearing wreaths of cypress, filling me with tears."

The poet, J. L. Barkway, is now the Bishop of Bedford. Such gems, however, were rare; and what could the poor Editor do to fill his pages. Usually there were only two ways open. The first was the time-honoured device of Articles, Correspondence and even Poems written by X or Y or Z *alias* the Editor. The second was to dip into a bag containing a few articles rejected by previous Editors. Truly a hard choice for the Editor—and his readers.

Sometimes, however, the School came nobly to the rescue *with news*. There were giants in those days as in the present. In 1895 we won the Association Football Shield (J. Carmichael, our Captain), and the Cricket Shield (J. L. Hawkes, our Captain). In 1896, J. E. Wright won a Scholarship to Cambridge and in 1900 he was Senior Wrangler, thus crowning Mr. "Johnnie" Owen's great career as a teacher. When these things happened the School had a holiday and the Magazine had "front page news."

At last the proofs were ready and an ordinary paper could have gone to Press. But the Magazine had a Censor appointed because a previous Editor had published, over the signature "Nothing Like Leather," a letter disparaging the beef served in the School Dining Room. The Censor's duty was to prevent such indiscretions. My Censor was our good old English Master, Mr. Burton, affectionately known as "Mouche"; and when the proofs were shewn to him he sometimes exceeded the strict functions of Censor and condemned articles for their literary faults. An Editor pressed for time and money could not lightly sacrifice costly proofs. When we reached a deadlock on points of substance or style I solved it by asking "Do you veto the article, Sir?" "No" came the reply "but you will not publish it if you value your editorial reputation." Under stress of circumstances the article was published, but I appreciate now, better than I did at the time, the kindly intention of my old friend and master.

When the Printer had delivered the issue the Editor with a few assistants went round the class-rooms and sold copies, with the permission and help of the masters. Credit was given, if necessary, and we made few bad debts.

Then began the last chapter of the Editor's woe. Frank criticisms, nay abuse and ridicule, were fired at him from every quarter. There was nothing in the Mag. and it was all bad. In vain he appealed for something better or even for letters of complaint or criticism. All he got out of it was a supply of home-made vitriol to put into his next "Chat on the Corridor."

Times have changed. The modern Editor, I assume, has piles of contributions and pictures to select from. *Si monumentum requiris circumspice*. He has an assured revenue from sales and, I hope, an appreciative body of readers. Perhaps the voices of the Philistines are stilled and the Editor treads a primrose path with a garland on his brow and a bouquet in his hand. If so he has may admiration but not my envy.

The Editor of the '90's took some hard knocks but he gave some in return. It was good fun and good schooling. If any ex-Editor has taken up journalism as a profession I believe he will say in his "look back" that the Magazine was a good apprenticeship for his life's work. For my own occupation of Civil Servant three qualities are said to be essential, namely: (1) Patience, (2) Patience, (3) Patience. I think I learnt at least two of them as Editor of the Mag.

* * * * *

Humbugs

By J. P. Pearce ('98.)

A School Dame sate in a Dame School-house,
In the days of "the Long Ago"!
A boy played—with a little brown mouse
In his pocket—called "Hum-bug Joe."
The Dame, I think, was called Mistress Todd,
Well blessed with kindly knowledge;
The address, you know, was "Five Parkway"
The brass-plate read: "Claremont College."
The Dame! with my Mouse, was very cross,
In this College of High Repute.
—Became *too* cute—so I took my pet
To the LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.

My mother attended the Blackburne House
In Eighteen Fifty-Three.
Her brother attended our Grand Old School,
(As I see from our Pedigree)
My wife—and her mother "BLACKBURNE GIRLS"
—But (I fancy) they've changed their name;
My wife's two brothers—"INSTITUTE BOYS"
Paid tribute to Sephton's fame.

Then the care-free days, for me, were gone
When I felt the taste of the Cane;
Full many a sting is remembered!—
So severe—was the hand of Bain.
"What have you got in your mouth?" (said Bain)
"Oh! Nothing, Sir! Please sir! No sir!"
"Hold out your hand" (said Pedagogue Bain)
"I think that's a *Lie*, you know, sir."
I humbugged Thomas, Harvey and Clark,
I diddled them, time and again,
I munched my Hum-bugs with great content—
But ne'er could I diddle "*Pa Bain*."

There was Lewis, Cowan and Ewart;
Masters, Bickerstaffe and Bailey,
There was Hartley, Ramsey and Blundell—
I managed my Hum-bug, gaily.
But Hughes' keen eye, like Fletcher's stick,
Could terrorise, tingle and smart.
So I left, one day, The Institute—
For the neighbouring School of Art!
So life goes on—and all Humbugs fail,
Happy school-days end—all too soon—
The months slip by and the years are sped,
Like a "Wednesday Afternoon."
The Cathedral Tower is rising—
Here I sit on the lofty crane—
I see a Light in Bickerstaffe's room!
And I wish I were there again.
Now I muse beside my blazing hearth
And I dream about "Hum-bug Joe"
("Little Brown Mouse")—and "THE INSTITUTE"
Of some Forty-eight Years Ago.

* * * * *

The School of the Late Nineties.

By H. B. Jenkins ('00.)

(Editor of the Magazine, 1898-1900.)

It is difficult to realise how different was the educational atmosphere of the nineties from what it is now. Education in those days proceeded upon the supposition that examinations were a perfect means of distinguishing talent and school life might well have been described as "one damned examination after another." Not that we should have dared to have said so; for damn, instead of being regarded as a rather stupidly ill-used and overworked word, was "swearing" and symbolised a wickedness, generally agreed if seldom explained.

Most teachers (there were noteworthy exceptions) were not so much concerned to see that you were interested in their lessons as to see that you did them. Indeed most people believed that to be made to learn things you disliked was one of the most useful preparations for later life and the ideal of discipline in the class-room would almost have satisfied a dictator. That is largely why so many successful people of those days were able, with something akin to pride, to point to their complete lack of success at school. A large proportion of the school

were definitely not interested and went through their school life with the minimum of effort required to reduce punishment to reasonable dimensions; for punishment was of the nature of things—spare the rod, spoil the child. In devising their punishments, it should be said, the Institute had sown some originality. They took the form of having to multiply and divide sums of money so that naughty boys might expunge their naughtiness by acquiring a useful facility for later life.

Curiously enough the strictest disciplinarian in the school was the French Master, Tony Book, whose death was reported not very long ago in Australia, where he had emigrated after his retirement. I have heard several people refer appreciatively to the "drilling" he gave them which undoubtedly was of value to the earnest student of French. The Saturday morning lesson in Henri Bue's French Idioms was aptly described as "the Sixth Form's Weekly Dread." Five or six pages were given to you to learn and had to be known perfectly. This was a severe test for the newcomer but you began them over again in the second year, and by the end of it you almost knew them backwards. Perhaps it did not encourage a love of French literature, but it was of real value on examination day as you could always rely on the examiner playing the game, and we hardly considered a love of French literature to be an ideal, for the French after all were no great class. The Fashoda incident, it will be remembered, took place in the late nineties. Germany in those days was regarded as a rather ominous scientifically trained business competitor—with "why don't we follow their methods" as the Sixth form comment—and not at all as the Military or Naval menace. In the imaginative adventure books of that time—not yet described as "Thrillers"—it was always the French and Russians who were the enemies and the secret invention of dirigible balloons which would come over in thousands to drop bombs on us, aroused a not altogether unpleasant armchair apprehensiveness without any prophetic suggestion of the present sinister reality.

The shadow of the examination was much denser than it is to-day, despite the constant complaints against the School Certificate Exam. The most common school examinations were the Oxford and Cambridge Locals and the most difficult the London Matric. The Northern Universities Joint Board and Standardised Equivalent School Certificate Exams. were still in the dim future and the qualifications for entry to the Victoria University with its Colleges in Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds were very low.

The Institute took the Oxford Locals. The upper fifth prepared for the Junior and the sixth for the Senior, which you took if you were promising first at 16—P. J. Rose, I believe, took it at 15, but that was unusual—and again a year later to try to get a high place on the list; most examinations in those days classified the successful candidates in order of merit. When P. J. Rose or Tommy Lodge was placed "second in England" it was a great event; not of course up to Cambridge Scholarship standard which was a half holiday matter, but sufficiently noteworthy to be recorded on the Honours Board.

I should very much like to know how the standard of the Senior Oxford of those days would compare with the general school's standard of to-day. It was probably too different to permit of a reliable comparison being made. I should expect that boys of the same age would, on the average, now be at least a year ahead of what we were, though they will be without some of the intensive knowledge in the stock subjects: Latin, Greek, French and Mathematics, which we had had so thoroughly drilled into us. Perhaps I should except Mathematics, of which Mr. Owen was then, as for many years before and after, quite out-

standing as a teacher. The masters of the 90's had been born in the 40's, 50's, 60's and 70's, when few reasonably efficient schools had been available and a large proportion of them had had no opportunities for University training. Variations in knowledge and training and therefore in competence were much more marked than they are to-day.

In games we were concerned to have a first team to play the College and sometimes we ran a reasonably good second. We were certainly very much interested in the success of the School team in their matches. But it was mainly something apart from the ordinary life of the School. There was no gymnasium and class games and physical training were not a care to us. An enterprising group of boys founded a most successful chess team, and from time to time a Debating Society grew and languished; but in the main we were a school to get on with the things that mattered, *i.e.*, the examinations.

But that does not mean that we did not enjoy our school-days. Excepting only such rare occasions as when I was rash enough to play my ocarina in one of the rooms in the absence of the master and as a result had it confiscated, I enjoyed every minute of them. And for me, at any rate, there must have been some permanent quality in my school relationships. It is now forty years later and out of the seven who are still alive of the eleven boys I knew best, I class one as my greatest friend, I correspond with or visit four others at fairly regular intervals, and although I have somewhat lost touch with the remaining two, one of whom is in Canada, I still maintain indirect contacts with them as well.

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Twenty Years After

By J. I. McKie ('18)

(*Editor of the Magazine, 1915-18.*)

The Editor's job has, of course, never been a sinecure (perish the vile insinuation!) but one got a good deal of quiet fun out of it (and some fun that was not very quiet) if one had the luck to be helping to edit it about twenty years ago. That was, by the way, very largely a matter of luck. The editorial board was in practice a close corporation, recruited by a process of co-opting assistants, in which the Editor-in-Chief acted as autocratically as the Czar. I rather fancy that the Autocrat himself owed his position, in theory, to an election by the Sports and Arts Committee; but, if so, that was merely a constitutional fiction.

Once chosen as a sub-editor, I don't know that one really did much to justify the air of distinction with which one's name appeared on the title-page (or in those halcyon days of natural publicity, on the outer cover) of the Magazine. Not, at least, so long as one remained merely an Assistant. Certainly there were proofs to correct, mainly of copy which other, and *pro tempore* humbler, mortals (including, *mirabile dictu*, even House-Captains) had written; and that necessitated some frenzied study of the Encyclopaedia, in order to learn how to do it in proper style. And, if one was in good odour with one's Editor-in-Chief, there was always, once at least in each term, the agreeable privilege of accompanying him, as convoy for the precious pages of "copy" or the corrected proofs, to the comfortably remote regions of the Goree Piazza, and up their ancient-looking wooden flights of stairs. That journey to the Printers was always

made on foot, and by way of the more entertaining back streets, in which odd vestiges still linger of the splendours of eighteenth-century Liverpool. There was a good excuse for this route, for it really is—or was—the nearest; but I doubt if it was ever the most speedy way. The old nooks and corners held far too strong and varied an appeal to intelligent curiosity, as one passed through. And that puts it mildly.

One helped also to take the Magazine round the School, when the day of its appearance arrived. That, in those times, was always very nearly the last day of Term—an arrangement which had its disadvantages for some people, but surrounded the whole business, for us, with a genial atmosphere of holidays to come. It also provided the Editor-in-Chief, now and then, with the thrill of wondering whether the hard-used printers would, in the end, get the Magazine printed and delivered in time. Luckily for us, they were very efficient.

Indeed, the difficulty is to find out who did any real work for the Mag. (except the Printers) in those days. The Editor-in-Chief, as I remember, had no very strong claim. It cannot count as work to be privileged to let loose a whole page of uncensored self-styled "sarcasm," "irony," or whatever else one had on one's mind, and to call it an "Editorial;" and I am sure that such was at least the traditional recipe. There was, of course, the Chat on the Corridor: it was probably always thought wise to prevent one's inexperienced and tactless juniors from writing too much of that. In that regard, the wonderful thing was how unfailingly the most tactless Assistant became a master of discretion as soon as ever he succeeded to the Editor's mantle. All of us, who did so succeed, can write ourselves certificates to vouch for that, if this Article itself fails to do so!

That word "article" is a reminder. It was over the writing of articles that we old-time Editors saved our energies. We probably owed our appointment, it is true, to the optimism with which we had addressed our little contributions, in the past, to the awe-inspiring Editor who then ruled. But afterwards? The antiquarians who are now researching, I am told, in the archives of the Magazine, must surely be impressed by the grave and slender elegance of the Magazine, "period 1917" or thereabouts, when they compare it with the swelling—not to say "bloated"—magnificence of present-day issues. No wonder that nowadays the tireless editorial staff has to consecrate its holidays to the preparation of each number!

It can be claimed, however, on behalf of my collaborators, that, when they did put pen to paper, they gave us work of which even the present generation need not be ashamed. We were, perhaps, inclined to be rather topical than imaginative, in our choice of subjects. But Mr. Laver's literary biographer will one day find not a little to reward him, if he searches for the first jets and sallies of his subject's wit, and the earliest samples of that inimitably polished, lissom style, both in prose and in verse, among the old files of our School Magazine. The author of *Belinda* has no need to be shy of owning the authorship of certain lines on the denizens of our prefectorial Olympus. And, though a bright particular star, he was by no means our only luminary. He is, however, if I do not mistake, the only member of that generation's Pléiade to have followed in later life the career of authorship.

We functioned in those days—I nearly, by some accident, wrote "worked"—in the remotest room of the top corridor, furthest from the River. It was the Prefects' Room; and had been such, I fancy, since about 1912. The problem of how to furnish it for that purpose

had been solved very simply. The authorities had left *in situ*, besides the master's desk on its platform, the class-room desks, and the cupboard without which, whatever is in it, no class-room is really complete. We kept the Magazines in ours, and tried to remember to lock it. In my own time, finding ourselves once even more than usually blessed with leisure, we tidied it out, and put in order the surviving copies of the Magazine—a series almost, but not, I think, quite complete, from the earliest issue—which it contained. These were soon afterwards transferred, when the New Library was fitted out, to some cupboards in that; and thereafter—well, I believe there is evidence, elsewhere in this number that they did not get lost altogether!

The New Library, and the first really adequate P. R., were among the more sensational innovations of that age, though it also saw, be it remembered, the Gymnasium. What the School owes to the donor of these benefactions, it was even then hard to measure; and the debt has grown steadily since, if in a less spectacular fashion. But an omelette is never made without breaking eggs, and one or two traditions, I suppose, were broken, when the change to the new P. R. took place. Nice musty ones, too, redolent of all the virtue of the antique age—which doubtless does, as a rule, smell better from a safe distance.

I should hate to lift indelicately the veil, which hides the more frivolous moments of the heroes of that epoch from their modern imitators; but *dulce est desipere in loco*, and, had Mr. Tiffen, in writing his History, added a chapter on the Old P. R. as he knew it, he could, I suspect, have told some odd stories. For he had to endure life next door to it! And even he did not know it *perfectly*. There was, for instance, the day when he came along to protest (not for the first time) that its inhabitants' doubtless laudable activities were really making just a little more noise than was convenient, either for him or for their reputation. "The citizen of a free country" (*ergo*, as he not seldom had to remind us, the citizen of a Prefects' Room) "merely substitutes self-restraint for external control." On this particular occasion, however, he found, most unaccountably, no "citizens" to whom to make his protest. I wonder if he ever knew where they were. They were not in the room, and they had not passed along the corridor outside it.

Two visible marks or tokens of the men of that age should survive, if Time has dealt fairly with them. The door of that room had a pair of very useful holes in it, at a height convenient for the eye. If they remain, they are no doubt still useful, in much the same way as they were. And there was also the seat of a desk, upon which our fore-runners—and we likewise—had procured that our names should be burnt, with little skill, but with much sense of solemnity and tradition. When the room was deserted by the Immortals, the venerable plank could not be left behind, nor could it be stored conveniently in the new P. R. It was a valued relic, and not least so because, among the names it bore, were those of some, whom the War then being waged had already taken for ever from our fellowship. By the decision of the Headmaster, it was consigned to some safe storage—to the Secretary's office, if I recollect aright. What has happened to it since, I do not know. But I hope that it somewhere survives.

Whether or not, it is pleasant to be able to feel (as anyone must, who has seen or heard anything of the School at close quarters recently) that the *spirit* of that time survives. Each of us likes to think that his own generation was the Golden Age; and it is the glory of the School that all of us, older and younger, can justifiably think that.

Editorial.

"THE object of the paper may be briefly stated, it is to let the members of the School know what the School is doing." With these words R. Burn and J. B. Dale launched into the world the new *Liverpool Institute Journal*. With the same words we introduce the Golden Jubilee number fifty-two years later. Our School has traditions among the noblest: we may number among old Scholars many men who have lived not for themselves alone but for the whole world. Yet the links between the past and the present are very few. The Magazine is the sole, sure instrument to unite the inspiration of the past with the hopes of the future. This Journal is, hence, more than a Sixth-form magazine, more than a School record; for the present generation it is the key to a noble heritage, for older generations it is the key to the spirit of a School which, long after we ourselves have left and taken our place elsewhere, must continue to be the source of wisdom and the home of good citizenship. So we emphasise once more that the Magazine should aspire at one and the same time to encourage literary talent, serve as a record for every School activity, and to strengthen the bonds that exist between the Old Boys and the present generation. To preserve those aspirations and fulfil our purpose we solicit once more the co-operation of every individual. We shall rise to even greater success; this is the meaning and the purpose of our Golden Jubilee. A healthy Magazine is the sure sign of a healthy School. The first Editors fashioned an invaluable instrument. Fifty years later may we of this period be able to reflect that we did not fall short, did not fail to understand our responsibility.

Golden Jubilee.

Introduction. In this brief survey of the history of the Magazine we have not attempted to give a full account of every phase in the life of the School Magazine. We have tried to give a broad outline of its spirit and achievements, illuminating the bare text with quotations from what has actually been written in these pages. Our record will be incomplete, imperfect, perhaps in places inaccurate. We have referred only to past Magazines, all our material comes from them. It has been difficult to preserve a lucid perspective of the Magazine's aims, aspirations and character through so many years of change and contrast, but we hope that we shall have made the School—and Old Boys too—conscious of an integral part of School life.

We propose now to reveal a secret. Many **Fifty-two Years.** friends have asked us why we are two years late in celebrating this Golden Jubilee. Actually, of course, the Magazine was fifty years old in November, 1936. Yet readers will observe that this is the fiftieth volume, and it has always been the custom to have one volume a year, counting from November to November. We were hard beset to explain the discrepancy. We thought at first that there might have been a two-years' lapse in publication, but discovered that the many lapses in the history of the Magazine altogether scarcely amounted to one year. Here is the real solution: the Original Volume was intended to cover twelve monthly publications, though the Magazine never actually covered that number of editions. Gradually it became recognised that three publications a year, once a term, was preferable to a monthly scheme. But the Editors, about 1906-7, while only publishing three Magazines a year, continued to consider one volume as twelve numbers. Two years had elapsed before they discovered the mistake they were making. But as a result of their error, Volume XX extended not for a year but from March, 1906 to July, 1909. So now you know as much as we do.

From the Editorial Point of View.

It is an engrossing story that the pages of the Magazine unfold. Let us go back to the very beginning. On October 19th, 1886, J. B. Dale proposed at a meeting of the Literary and Debating Society that a magazine should be produced. In November there appeared the first number of the *Liverpool Institute Journal*, edited by J. B. Dale and R. Burn (now Sir Richard Burn, C.S.I.). One paid threepence for this

eight-page monthly magazine. This is what the Editors gave in their Editorial as the object of the magazine, fifty-two years and more ago :—

"It is intended that it shall contain in addition to one or more leading articles, papers written by members of the School or Old Boys, and also general school news, athletic, etc., the Editors in every case reserving the right of inserting or excluding matter. There will also be notes of the meetings of the L.I.L.D.S. (Literary and Debating Society) contributed by the secretary. If any effusions of a poetical nature are forthcoming a corner will be found for them. Results of public examinations will not be disregarded. **The object of the paper may be briefly stated—it is to let the members of the School know what the School is doing.**"

There, in blunt simplicity, you have what the Magazine has always set out to do. Those early years were naturally difficult for the Editors. Every now and then the Magazine ceased publication altogether. After such occasions the Editors gave sharp admonishments to the School :—

"We should like it to be clearly understood that we do not intend this to be a Vith form Magazine, but a School Magazine."

Those words have become a cliché in Editorials. The original Editors made every effort to popularise the Magazine throughout both the High and Commercial Schools. The title was changed in the second number to the *Liverpool Institute Schools' Magazine*. The price was reduced to one penny. The quality of paper and printing was improved. Yet the Editors could still say in March, 1890, "It is evident that we have formed too exaggerated an estimate of the extent to which the School was prepared to support us in our designs for the improvement of the Magazine." So all the old, old weapons were used to entice that little extra from an unwilling public. Editors always have been—and ever will be, we hope—the same. But in February, 1891, the Editors began a movement that really established the Magazine after four years of precarious existence. The size was increased; a unity and dignity was given to the whole paper by the adoption of "Gothic" lettering in the headings—we still use the same type to-day. The movement was so successful that a year later the Editors could proudly proclaim: "We ordered for our last issue 1,100 copies, and of these over 1,000 were sold in the School alone." Those figures have never been surpassed to this day, though we hope this Jubilee Number will put us back over the thousand again. But the circulation was erratic; within a little over a year it had dropped to 350, which is sufficient comment on those early efforts to produce a Magazine.

The Editors used to delight in the financial details of production. In November, 1893, they proudly reveal a profit of 8/6 on the last edition, and in October, 1895, the Magazine Debt we are told—is now only nine pounds. In January, 1899, this debt is at last cleared off. So the story continues. Gradually the Magazine acquires the characteristics and features that became familiar. In July, 1906, the "ship" cover, designed by W. F. Nathan, was first published; it continued until September, 1935. In December, 1906, the Editors said: "*It has long been our opinion that all that tends towards strengthening the bonds between the Old Boys of a school, and their school itself, is good and right and meet to be favoured.*" In this Jubilee Number we again heartily support that statement.

In April, 1916, the price was changed. The Magazine became linked with the Sports and Arts Club, lost its original direct connection with the Literary and Debating Society. Members of the S. and A. were charged twopence, others fourpence. The Magazine suffered from the shortage of paper. The inferior quality of the paper that had to be used was at its worst in July, 1917. But at the end of the War, the size of the Magazine was greatly enlarged, and the price raised to its present level, a shilling. Since about 1907, the date of publication had been transferred from once a month to once a term. Since 1918 the Magazine settled down, under the financial protection of the Sports and Arts Club, to regular appearances.

Two statements of Editorial policy were made in December, 1918, and April, 1924. "*The present Editors desire to make this Magazine, in the first place, a means of fostering any literary talent that the School may possess, and, in the second place, a record of all School activities.*" "*Few realise that a School Magazine is the result of a natural growth, and its absence is artificial.*" In 1925 appeared the special number to celebrate the Centenary of the School. After this the Magazine resumed regular and unrelieved publication. The Magazine became an indispensable part of school life, became so much a part that it was taken for granted. In 1927 the Editors could say, "Last term there was no editorial. Nobody has commented upon its absence . . .," and summed up the position in these words, "From our respected predecessor in the office of Editor of this Magazine we received a certain warning—'Do not expect anyone either to praise or blame your Magazine. Nobody takes any notice—they just swallow it.'"

It was 1935 before the Magazine changed at all. Then the "ship" cover was removed for reasons of old age, and J. P. Redfearn, then a scholar of the School, designed another. Many

experiments were carried out, before the correct paper and correct shade of green was discovered for the paper. But the design proved difficult to "put across," and so in this very number we have again a new cover.

Literary and Debating Society.

The Magazine owes a particular debt to the premier Society of the School, who actually founded it. For this very reason the Literary and Debating Society have always occupied an honoured place in the Magazine. But the Society has founded its own reputation only by surmounting great difficulties. In the early years of the Magazine it was a flourishing and select Society, despite a reputation for "tub-thumping." Besides beginning the Magazine out of its own funds, the Society ran an annual entertainment, acting with excellent public spirit. Here is the Literary and Debating Society's attitude towards the Magazine, stated in January, 1903:—

"The Society has always directed the Magazine, appointed Editors and discussed important details of management. Members of the Society are proprietors of the Magazine, and the Society's balance is devoted to keeping down the debt of the Magazine. The functions in chronicling events of the School is not that certain boys should have the pleasure of seeing their names in print, *but that a record should be kept of those varied events which make up school life.* The most important function is that of providing a medium through which members of the School may state grievances and suggest their remedies."

In 1904 the Society started on new footing after a lapse. At the first Mock Trial held on March 21st, 1904, the Secretaries proudly assert "We ask 'has it justified its existence?' We reply with the affirmative." Unfortunately immediately afterwards it ceased to exist, and was only revived on September 27th, 1906. In 1909, the minutes were considered of sufficient interest to be printed, abridged, in the Magazine. In March, 1912, the Editor summed up the efforts of the Society in his Editorial with humour, but also with an appreciation of its growing importance.

"We have been amused by . . . the pathetic struggle for existence of the Literary and Debating Society . . . it is still living on, in spite of the lack of support from the Upper Sixth. Its meetings are as noisome as ever, and the interest which it still retains for pseudo-oratory is exemplified by the number of motions which have been proposed for its improvement. Though scurrilous and illogical at times, its leading speakers are developing platform abilities of no mean order, and soon may aspire to the dignity of regular tub-thumpers."

The story is continued after the War. In December, 1918, it was said "Truly, the Society has fallen on lean days, and this is mainly due to the lack of interest exhibited by the Removes and 6 BSc who apparently fail to realise the honour, no doubt unmerited, which a nominal membership confers." Meetings were held in Hall, in the Masters' Common Room and in the Prefects' Room. But it was not until the Board Room, with its own individual atmosphere, was brought into use that the Society became in fact, as well as in tradition, the premier Society of the School. In 1927 a Constitution was adopted—to be altered from time to time—and membership rose gradually. This is the position to-day: those who attended the Banquet given in honour of Mr. Hicks, the retiring Chairman, last April, will acknowledge that the Society is entirely different from other School Clubs. Despite serious opposition, the Society has preserved its own individual character and attraction. May the Society under its new Chairman and with the new blood who annually become members, always resolve to equal and perhaps excel the noble traditions of free speech and good humour that have been laid down by past generations.

The first record of a School match in the **School Games.** Magazine was in the first number. It described a Rugger match between the School and the Royal Institute at Sefton Park. The result was not auspicious; the School was badly beaten, and describing the score in tries, etc. (there was no official system of points then) made it seem worse. But the early records reveal that we had a fine reputation. The first Cricket report came in February, 1888, first Football critique in March, 1888. The early growth of the Magazine corresponded with a wide growth in School sporting activity: the Harrier Club began in February, 1889, Cycling Club in April, Rambling Club in May, Swimming Club in June, Lacrosse Club in December, 1891. In July, 1897, these private clubs were merged into one, membership of which (subscription equalled a shilling) entitled the boy to play in any school game. We consider ourselves an athletic generation, but the present School will find a lesson in these two facts: in July, 1909, 530 boys sent in 2,176 entries for the School Sports; and in July, 1913, the School walked off with the Aggregate Shield for the first Inter-Schools Sports. What about it, School?

The Magazine has had connections with the **School Societies.** School Societies from the beginning. The Choral and Orchestral Society first contributed notes in March, 1890; the Chess Club in December,

1890; the Camera and Field Club, September, 1900; the Cadet Corps in September, 1901. The present Upper Fourth Debating Society may be interested to know that an Upper Fourth Debating Society already existed in the Commercial School in April, 1891. The first article by an Old Boy was called "Some Institute Recollections," by Diogenes (a Very Old Boy) and appeared in May, 1900. Incidentally, the Old Boys' Union began with a "smoking concert" held on March 21st, 1902. It became the Old Boys' Association in July, 1905.

We claim for "Chat on the Corridor" the distinction of being the most accurate record Old Boys have for capturing the spirit as well as the history of school life. This feature which was introduced in November, 1887, and though its title underwent a temporary change to "En Passant" in 1888, it has remained in the Magazine ever since. Here are some excerpts:—

- December, 1887 This anagram: *O pueri nolite stulti* (two words).
 November, 1893 "We were surprised one day last month to see two boys in the Sixth playing that silly game with chest-nuts which has been so popular lately among the Lower Forms. We are sure our readers will agree with us that it is a very childish way for boys in the Sixth to pass their time."
 July, 1896 New School caps appear—indigo serge cap with a badge worked with the letters L.I. in white for the High School, red for the Commercial.
 December, 1896 New Chemical Laboratory is the first in Lancashire.
 April, 1897 £30 is collected on behalf of the Indian Famine Fund. *Non Nobis Solum*
 December, 1899 "We are grieved to relate that our special war correspondent in South Africa has unfortunately been captured by the Boers. We hope, however, that he will soon be released, and that next month a most interesting article will be printed in our pages."
 April, 1908—"The School's playing field at Greenbank is slowly but surely nearing completion." "A groundsman has started work at Greenbank Lane. A new roller and grass-cutting machine have been bought, and the horse for their propulsion is daily expected."
 April, 1909 The O.T.C. blue uniform is changed to khaki. Great-coats are introduced, and the equipment modernised to the latest service pattern. Recruits are to be not less than five feet in height. The first Hobby Show was held on December 21st, with a Dramatic performance of an Irish comedy by Lady Gregory produced in Hall.

- December, 1909 The new cap is coloured green in the High School, red in the Commercial. For straw hats, bands are obtainable, green and blue diagonal stripes in the High School, red and blue in the Commercial School. Prefects are allowed the privilege of decorating their caps with silver braid.
 April, 1913 The House System is started. The original six Houses are Danson, Hughes, Alfred Holt, Cochran, Tate, Philip Holt. In this number appear the first House Notes and University Letters.
 July, 1914 £5,000 is anonymously presented to the School for a Gymnasium.
 November, 1915 The Organ is dedicated to those Old Boys at the War.
 April, 1917 The Library is opened, another benefaction from an anonymous donor, who also presented the Prefects with a handsome Common Room.
 December, 1920 "A Junior Branch of the L.N.U. has made a somewhat belated appearance in the School and we hope it will meet with the success worthy of so great a cause."
 "The School has undertaken to contribute every week to a collection made on behalf of the Florence Institute, where many of the Old Boys are giving their help several nights a week."
 July, 1921 "The School field still remains in a disgraceful condition. It is alleged by a certain person that he saw a Sunday School Treat being celebrated in it. We hesitate to mention the numerous charred remains of fire, which suggest happy picnic parties and dainty teas."
 Centenary Number, 1925 "To those who are not old pupils, the history of the idea so generously planned, so wisely developed, so self-sacrificingly pursued for a hundred years, must serve for a standard of appraisal, and cannot help but elicit a thrill of admiration and pleasure."
 September, 1929 "We are pleased to report very extensive alterations in the external appearance of the School. New windows have been made in the forbidding classical front, and two Fives Courts have risen from the gravel of the Junior yard. In addition, the yard itself has been paved, presumably with the object of giving the Juniors something hard on which to fall."
 January, 1933 Among the innovations this term were electric bells and oil furnaces. Trees are planted in the Lower yard. Promise is made of a creeper.

We could have written pages and pages more, but space, even in Jubilee Numbers, is limited. If Old Boys are desirous of having a really full record of the School's history, there is nothing better than Mr. Tiffen's History, published by the Old Boys' Association, price 5/- from the School.

Roll Call. Here are the names of those who have helped as members of the Editorial Board to found and maintain the traditions of the Magazine. Some names must be absent, because over certain periods the Editors remained shyly anonymous:—

November	1886	R. Burn, J. B. Dale.
"	1887	W. M. Brown, H. E. Long.
"	1888	A. M. Ker, E. J. Phillips.
"	1889	W. J. Armour, A. J. Ewart.
February,	1890	A. J. Ewart, F. Wolde.
May,	1890	F. Wolde, H. C. Hilton.
November,	1890	H. C. Hilton, J. C. Addinsell, W. O. Jones.
October,	1891	F. Wolde, J. H. Addinsell.
"	1892	F. M. Baddeley, A. P. Banks.
"	1893	N. C. Miller.
June,	1895	C. M. Jones, N. C. Miller, C. H. Grimshaw, J. L. Hawkes, P. J. Rose.
February,	1896	P. J. Rose, C. H. Grimshaw, J. L. Hawkes.
December,	1896	P. J. Rose, C. H. Grimshaw, J. F. Wright.
May,	1898	P. J. Rose, H. B. Jenkins, T. J. Williams, T. Lodge, E. G. Turner.
October,	1898	H. B. Jenkins, T. Lodge, E. G. Turner, T. A. Morris.
November,	1899	H. B. Jenkins, T. Lodge, E. G. Turner, K. J. Mackenzie, G. H. Nixon.
December,	1900	H. B. Jenkins, T. Lodge, E. G. Turner, K. J. Mackenzie, R. C. Andrew.
1901-1909 No names given.		
December,	1909	J. Goldstein.
March,	1912	S. A. Morrison, N. M. Kinnish, E. Robinson.
July,	1912	S. A. Morrison, N. M. Kinnish, J. S. Williams.
December,	1912	J. S. Williams, R. Curwen, M. T. Sampson.
April,	1913	R. Curwen, M. T. Sampson, H. H. Shaw.
December,	1913	M. T. Sampson, J. W. Morris, P. O. Limrick.
July,	1914	J. W. Morris, P. O. Limrick, W. G. Ravenscroft.
December,	1914	K. L. Scott, C. Wright, S. A. C. Kielan.
July,	1915	K. L. Scott, C. Wright, A. J. Johnston.
December,	1915	J. L. D. Watson, F. G. Norris, J. I. McKie.
"	1916	J. I. McKie, E. Capstick, J. Laver.
April,	1917	J. I. McKie, J. Laver, C. E. O. Lee.
December,	1917	J. I. McKie, J. Laver, R. E. Williams.
"	1918	H. F. Hutchinson, T. M. Knox, R. G. Baxter, S. Howard.

December,	1919	J. W. Brown, F. C. Francis, H. E. Holmes, J. R. Biglands.
November,	1920	F. C. Francis, H. E. Holmes, J. R. Biglands, G. S. Clouston.
December,	1920	G. S. Clouston, S. Milburn, J. Cross.
July,	1921	G. S. Clouston, S. Milburn, J. Cross, L. M. Fraser.
December,	1921	L. M. Fraser, H. J. Abraham, H. Worthington.
January,	1923	J. M. Kennan, W. C. Kneale, P. J. Baxter.
"	1924	W. M. Williams, A. Wilson, H. M. Taylor.
"	1925	R. O. Williams, F. M. Redington, W. J. Graham.
Centenary Number		H. E. Williams.
January,	1926	E. Sankey, K. D. White, W. Johnston.
"	1927	E. Sankey, A. S. Kerr, L. A. G. Harrop.
"	1928	L. A. G. Harrop, P. C. Burnham, H. W. Martin.
"	1929	L. A. G. Harrop, H. W. Martin, A. L. Boden.
"	1930	H. W. Martin, R. A. Martin, A. C. C. Baxter.
"	1931	R. A. Martin, A. C. C. Baxter, D. A. T. Wallace.
"	1933	E. W. Hawkins, M. T. Owen, G. E. A. Rice.
"	1934	A. G. Page, W. A. Ankers, I. C. Jones.
"	1935	I. C. Jones, P. Curtis, J. A. Roberts.
"	1936	J. A. Roberts, N. E. Martin, T. Hawthorn.
"	1937	T. Hawthorn, N. E. Martin, J. W. Saunders.
"	1938	J. W. Saunders, G. R. Holmes, D. Ellwand.
February,	1939	J. W. Saunders, D. Ellwand, F. W. Myerscough.

It is indeed an honour to append our own names to the Roll that includes so many who have brought honour to the School. We should be glad of co-operation on the part of Old Boys to fill the gap that extends almost entirely from 1901 to 1912.

Epilogue. Our purpose has been to preserve a clear perspective of the Magazine's aims, aspirations and character. We might perhaps have filled our story with greater details by quotations from the literary efforts of each year, but then our perspective might have been lost. We hope we have begun a new period in which Old Boys and the School will co-operate even more closely to make an undoubted success of the Magazine, which has the best opportunity to bring together past and present scholars and to make past tradition a real source of future inspiration.



THE Czechoslovakian Crisis brought about a remarkable week at the end of September. On the 27th the Chairman of the Governors attended prayers and made a statement concerning our preparedness to meet the issues before our nation. Let us quote a few sentences :—

"The peace of Europe, and of the World, stands in jeopardy. . . . If War follows, every one of us in this vital seaport becomes the probable target of hostile aircraft. . . . We must carry on and face our lot with unflinching courage. . . . Never forget that England that day will expect that every man, woman, boy and girl shall do his or her duty and that the honour and life of this School, of this City, and of your Country will be in your hands, and in your hearts will be the only sanctuary of freedom and of virtue."

The situation since Munich has deteriorated. But it is still our hope that we may be spared in the future the gas-masks and insanity of last September.

One memorable event of the term was the visit to the School on October 26th, of Dr. Gilbert Murray, and his wife. Dr. Murray had been giving a series of Public Lectures at the University, and the School Captain, in his honour, gave an *Oratio Gratulatoria* in Latin. Here are one or two sentences: "*Nec tamen in Academiae lucis iamdiu versatus a publicis negotiis discedere voluisti: felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas, felicius ille 'qui miscuit utile dulci'*" *Quamvis haud prospere evenerint omnia quae speravisti, quamvis sint qui vi et armis confisi id commune gentium conculcare videantur, inter bellorum minas strepitumque armorum hoc tibi solacio sit, te 'iustum et tenacem propositi virum' optimi cuiusque laudes meritum."* Dr. Murray replied, partly in Greek; and took away with him the good wishes of the School, expressed by the Headmaster, for future strength to do all that was still his to do.

Among the other events of the term was the institution of P.D. (to wit, Punishment Drill). Though running round the yard is hardly successful in the winter months, P.D. so far has run with efficiency. One dares to suspect that this form of punishment is actually popular, to judge by the regularity with which certain individuals take part. Or maybe we have hold of the wrong end of the stick.

House jerseys in appropriate colours have been introduced, a welcome innovation. Personally we think the black-and-amber the best. But we're probably biassed.

We must congratulate P. U. Rumjahn on his sporting achievements. Not content with an International "cap" for Table Tennis, he has now played hockey for Lancashire, and has been very much in the headlines. We fear to think what might be the next subject of his versatility. We see that E. J. has now been chosen to represent England in Table Tennis. Congratulations!

By the way, we have thirteen Prefects.

Representatives from the School, as usual, sailed aboard the *Flying Breeze* out to the Mersey Lightships just before Christmas. It was rough, *very* rough. Does anybody want to know any more?

More honours have been won for the School by Scholarship candidates at the Universities. Our hearty congratulations to R. G. Britten (Major Exhibition in Classics, Magdalen College, Oxford), J. W. Saunders (Major Exhibition in English, St. John's College, Oxford), D. Noden (Minor Scholarship in Modern Languages, Downing College, Cambridge), W. R. Lund (Minor Scholarship in Mathematics and Science, Clare College, Cambridge), R. J. Edwards (Exhibition in Mathematics and Science, Pembroke College, Cambridge), E. M. Felgate (Major Scholarship in Classics, Brasenose College, Oxford), A. Carr (Major Exhibition in Classics, Merton College, Oxford) and W. E. Heslop (Major Exhibition in Classics, Jesus College, Oxford).

Readers will remark that the Cover has been changed. The new design is by Mr. Rawlinson, the Art Master.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Bowen on his marriage.

This term we welcome Mr. W. G. Cretney, late of Liverpool University, who has come to us from Blackpool.

Officers for the Present School Year :—

School Captain : J. W. Saunders.

Vice-Captain : D. Noden.

School Prefects : A. Carr, J. G. Vickers, K. Beastall, G. C. Billington, A. C. Bridge, S. Gardner, W. E. Heslop, H. T. Muskett, F. W. Myerscough, E. C. Colville, E. M. Felgate.

House Prefects : W. H. Adams, A. R. Brown, G. E. Gregory, D. Halewood, D. W. Jackson, G. Johnson, W. A. Mitchell, P. U. Rumjahn, T. Sanderson.

Association Football—

Captain : H. T. Muskett.

Vice-Captain : T. R. Sanderson.

Rugby Football—

Captain : D. Noden.

Vice-Captain : W. E. Heslop.

Secretary : K. Beastall.

Hockey—

Captain : P. U. Rumjahn.

Vice-Captain : E. J. Rumjahn.

Secretary : G. C. Billington.

Cross-country Running—

Captain : F. W. Myerscough.

Vice-Captain : B. Downs.

Secretary : A. R. Brown.

Fives—

Captain : H. Kushner.

Vice-Captain : M. P. Varey.

Swimming— Captain : A. C. Bridge.

Vice-Captain : J. F. Varey.

Cricket— Captain : P. U. Rumjahn.

Vice-Captain : E. J. Rumjahn.

Secretary : H. T. Muskett.

Gymnasium— Captain : G. C. Billington.

Athletics— Captain : E. J. Rumjahn.

Boxing— Captain : K. Beastall.

Vice-Captain : S. Kirkham.

Chess— Captain : J. G. Vickers.

Secretary : R. J. Edwards.

O.T.C.— C.S.M. : E. C. Colville.

C.Q.M.S. : W. E. Heslop.

Literary and Debating Society—

Secretaries : A. Carr ; J. W. Saunders.

Camera and Field Club—

Secretary : N. C. Harrison.

Photographic Secretary : A. Carr.

League of Nations Union—

Chairman and Secretary : J. W. Saunders.

Treasurer : A. Carr.

Cadets' Chairman : A. P. Thompson.

Scout Troop— Patrol Leaders : F. N. Cave, T. Corlett, H. A. Jones, J. F. Lewis.

Science Society—Secretaries : A. Stone ; W. A. Mitchell.

MacAlister Society—

A. Carr.

Philatelic Society—

Secretary : R. H. Pain.

Magazine— Editor : J. W. Saunders.

Sub-Editors : D. Ellwand, F. W. Myerscough.

Speech Day, 1938.

The Prize Distribution was held this year as usual in the Central Hall, with the Lord Mayor—Sir Sydney Jones—in the chair, the Guest of the evening being the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Liverpool. The proceedings opened with the Chorale "*Now thank we all our God*," after which E. M. Felgate came forward to deliver an address of welcome in Latin. This done, the Headmaster was called upon to make his report. He first

commented upon the happy combination of Church and State that presided over the meeting, and then went on to report on the School's activities during the past year. It had, he said, been one of steady and persistent progress. The School now mustered a record total of 727 scholars; a noticeably high degree of scholastic distinction had been attained, and only 6 out of the 103 boys who had recently left were still without employment. This last fact was in itself a tribute to the School's Leaving Bureau and his one regret was the general preference shown for safe and rather unadventurous positions. He next spoke of the fine ability, character and achievements of Mr. G. D. Roberts, for whose passing the School was undoubtedly the poorer, and of the excellent career of Mr. Hicks who had recently retired from the Staff. He commented on the School's very full and vigorous social life, but suggested that parents might help to revive interest in School games which had been lacking. He then concluded with a tribute to the Staff and Governing Body, whose worth, he said, was apparent in the lasting ties between School and Old Boys.

The Choir then rendered two songs, a carol—"Now every child that dwells on earth," and a Chorus from the *Gondoliers*, after which the Chairman arose to speak. He first eulogised the School's history and traditions, and congratulated it on the great distinction won by such a large number of Old Boys. Further, to the School's early benefactors—and in particular the Holts—our gratitude was due for their exceptional generosity and the School could consider itself fortunate in having so excellent a staff.

Dr. David himself followed. First he apologised for speaking before the actual presentation of the prizes. He expressed his pleasure at being present at any Speech Day, especially at that of a School so closely allied with the Cathedral. In so far as clergymen were usually thought to have stock speeches always at hand for any occasion, he would give the "short" one. He advised three ingredients for success—hard work, without which brains were useless; good sportsmanship, by which he meant the team-spirit rather than a striving for individual brilliance, and above all Honesty. With these words he proceeded to distribute the prizes and awards.

A vote of thanks to Dr. David and to Sir Sydney Jones was proposed by Mr. Lawrence Holt and heartily seconded by Mr. Heathcote. Finally two further songs were given; a second carol by part of the choir, and the "*Sergeants' Chorus*" from the *Pirates of Penzance*, by the whole School. The National Anthem brought a conclusion to a singularly memorable Speech Day.

Old Boys' Section.

The Old Boys' Association Dinner.

On Saturday, January 31st, the Old Boys' Association held their annual dinner at Reece's Café. Sir Frank M. Baddeley, C.M.G., was in the chair.

Previous to the speeches the President took wine with Old Boys of certain periods or qualifications. When he invited those who had ever had "the stick" to rise, half the room did so, amid much hilarity.

In proposing the toast of the School, Alderman James C. Cross had some interesting reminiscences. He recalled "Jack, the hot-chip-potato man"; told how one of his old masters finished up as a theatre manager. Wherever he had travelled he had found old Institute Boys, and very rarely indeed was a failure among them.

The Headmaster responded by divulging the diversity of talent the School could produce, from Albert Coates to Arthur Askey. The traditions rested unimpaired, he affirmed, indeed academic records had been beaten in the past year, by the acquisition of five State Scholarships and eight University awards. The School Captain seconded the reply by enumerating the achievements of various School activities, ranging from the award of "international" caps to the Golden Jubilee of the Magazine. The School, by preserving fine traditions, would always be a noble pillar of the city.

Mr. R. E. Williams proposed the toast of "The Guests," and coupled with it the name of Mr. E. W. Hicks, who retired recently after thirty years with us. Mr. Hicks, in reply, spoke with gratitude of the friendship and good fellowship he had enjoyed in the School. There were things that were "too great and too much of the spirit"; these he had found in his long association with a School that had relegated the terrible word "education" to the limbo of forgotten things.

Mr. A. C. Williams proposed the toast of the Association. He praised the hard work on the part of the Officers which assisted to make a success of such a valuable part of School life as an Old Boys' Association. The President himself had manifold reasons to be proud of the services he had rendered. Sir Frank Baddeley, in reply, quoted passages from Mr. Tiffen's "History" in an estimation of the School spirit in those early days, and an expression of hope for the future.

"Absent Friends" was the last toast, proposed by the President.

There were many trivial happenings during the evening that provide a further key to the spirit that only such a dinner can engender. "Tom" Latimer sang a comic song; a special song in honour of Mr. Hicks ("Woe, woe the Lit. and Deb. Soc., Woe woe, the Sports and Arts Stock . . . Since our Ernie left us.") was sung with much feeling; the "Chestnut Tree" was accompanied with the appropriate gestures, as an indication that modern songs could be just as hearty as "these we used to sing."

The evening left one impression, clear and indelible. The continuity of one School spirit and tradition, preserved despite great change and stress, is a real and vital factor in the maintenance of the present School's prosperity and happiness.

Old Boys' Notes.

With pleasure we record the election of a Governor of the School, Alderman Sir C. Sydney Jones, to the high office of Lord Mayor of the City.

We have had an appreciation sent us by A. E. Ewart ('91) of the life-work of Alfred James Ewart (1872-1937), who has in Australia occupied the Chair of Botany at Melbourne University, who became Dean of three faculties there, and President of the Royal Society of Victorians. His knowledge of botanical problems and his wide researches have often proved useful to the Commonwealth Government.

R. W. Gornall ('11) recently paid a visit to the School. He has given us information on the business position of South Africa. His interests have included work for the Gilbert and Sullivan Operatic Society in Port Elizabeth.

Our deep apologies for certain errors in the last issue. Three of the names should of course have read: Sir S. R. Christophers (now Director of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine); W. J. McCloy; and K. D. White.

Among those who have been appointed Justices of the Peace for the city of Liverpool are two Governors, Miss M. M. Eills and Councillor C. G. S. Gordon, and two Old Boys, J. Sandon Stubbs and Professor R. E. Kelly ('95), C.B., M.D., F.R.C.S. Professor Kelly has also been appointed Vice-President of the R.C.S.

L. Henry, M.D. ('30) is now Demonstrator in Physiology at Liverpool University. H. Jasperson has passed his Ph.D., E. J. Bourner his M.B., Ch.B. Final, Pt. 3.

H. R. W. Lunt has received a commission in the Territorial Force.

H. C. Gill ('32) has at the University attained the success of D.B.H. with distinction.

F. A. Moffatt ('33) was successful in July last in passing the final part of the Grad.Inst.T. examination of the Institute of Transport. He is at present with Liverpool Corporation (Passenger Transport Dept.)

Henry Bedlington ('11) has newly been elected a Councillor. He is the new member for St. Hilary Ward, Wallasey. He is a Vice-President of the Birkenhead and Wirral Branch of the U.K. Commercial Travellers' Association and is a past chairman.

Donald Stott, B.Eng., of the Roads and Bridges Department of Wigtownshire County Council, has been appointed Chief Constructional Engineer for Dumfries County Council.

We read that Albert Coates ('96), the famous conductor and composer, is at present busy in completing his opera—"Gainsborough" which is to be produced in Berlin. The libretto is by Reginald Grundy, also an Old Boy. This is Mr. Coates' fifth opera, the others being "Asshur-Banipal," "Samuel Pepys," "Myth Beautiful," and "Pickwick."

In the New Year Honours list an Old Boy was awarded the O.B.E. He is Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Colonel Richard Baron, T.D., officer commanding 55th (West Lancashire) Divisional Signals, Royal Corps of Signals, Territorial Army.

The Headmaster and Dr. Wallace were among those who gave papers at the North of England Educational Conference, held recently. The Headmaster spoke on the new School Certificate examination, and Dr. Wallace on music in the school curriculum.

D. P. Thomas ('33), student at the Liverpool University School of Architecture since 1933, has won the Honan Scholarship Award. In June last year he obtained the degree of

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Bachelor of Architecture (First Class Honours). Among other awards he has won are included the Ravenhead Scholarship, 1935; Holt Travelling Scholarship, 1936, and the John Rankin Prize, 1936.

E. M. Fry has been awarded his F.R.I.B.A.

Dr. R. Coope ('11) has been made a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and Honorary Physician at Liverpool Royal Infirmary.

Carlos Martinez is Editor of the *Guild Gazette* at Liverpool University. As a result of the Spanish War he has had to leave Madrid University, and begin his course all over again.

A. S. Kerr ('27), at present Surgical Tutor at Liverpool Royal Infirmary, spent last year in the United States on a Rockefeller Scholarship.

Dr. A. J. Gill is a Senior Medical Officer at Tranmere Infirmary.

Professor R. E. Kelly ('95) returns in April from a long and honourable career as Professor of Surgery at Liverpool University, and Honorary Surgeon at Liverpool Royal Infirmary.

* * *

Arms and the Man

By G. B. SHAW.

Presented by the School Players at the Derby Theatre,
on Monday and Tuesday, December 19th and 20th.

ONE might perhaps have looked forward to this production with considerable apprehension. This was Mr. Dawson's first play for the School with a cast new to the producer; Mr. Hicks presents a formidable challenge to those who chose to succeed him. But "Arms and the Man" went across well, preserving the fine traditions that exist. The cast was smaller than usual, but wisely so. The School is remarkably fortunate in the simple but all-important task of choosing the right play. It must not be difficult, must not give those playing women an impossible task; must also have a certain popular appeal out of the ordinary, without being cheap; must be good fun. Not

many plays fulfil the necessary qualifications; fortunate it is then that when we do Shakespeare we do "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and when we do Shaw we do "Arms and the Man." Shaw described his play as an anti-romantic comedy; here, therefore, lies the point of all the dramatic situations. This point had to be put across; on the whole, it was.

Of the three "girls" it is difficult to make comparisons. D. W. Vance as the leading lady should have however first consideration. His Raina was an admirable portrayal; the pace was good, his words never dragged, he never had to be pulled by the rest of the cast. He rose to his big moments very adequately, made love very nicely. Should we look for failings, we might find a certain indecorousness, an exaggeration of expression, and occasional "laziness." But, generally, he possessed stage sense, and an appreciation of what an actor should do. J. Hall was outstanding as Catherine. In his first appearance he was a trifle stiff, in mannerisms and speech, but, when he really "felt" himself in the part, he excelled. The scene with the Major newly come from the wars was delightful; he had the correct air of sagacious matronhood. It is indeed a pity that his voice is changing.

R. B. Chalmers made a remarkable début. His Louka was perk, pretty and, when necessary, correctly insouciant. She (one must call him she here) tossed her head with appropriate scorn and was most thoroughly anti-romantic, though his inexperience made him a trifle declamatory. He was perhaps "typed" from his first entrance, but there can never be too much of a good thing. He shows considerable promise for one so young.

Of the men, and indeed of the whole cast, B. A. Willis was the outstanding personality. We are not acquainted with old Majors, but this portrayal seemed lifelike in every detail, from fumbling about in his coat to whacking his whip. His experience enabled him to get every line across and to put life into the mere "wooden" episodes in the play. His was undoubtedly the most "polished" performance. J. V. W. Tuson as the chocolate-cream soldier, Bluntschli, was at first a trifle mechanical and lifeless, but he rose adequately to the climax. In the last act his blasé sophistication could hardly have been bettered. Gaucherie in the love scenes was an unconscious aid to Shaw's satire.

F. N. Cave was admirably cast as Sergius. His diction, flashing teeth, artificial mannerisms, and general stiffness contributed to a thoroughly apt portrayal. His declamatory style made his pace slow, but his performance was intelligent and balanced. D. Halewood was a tower of strength as Nicola.

His tall, commanding presence enabled him to put his best into what little he had to do. P. J. Gray's brief appearance was remarkable for two things: he clicked his spurs nicely, and in changing from his military mood to his social displayed considerable facility.

The pace of the whole play was much better than usual. Perhaps, indeed, it was too fast. There were several good exits that should have elicited a burst of applause. It was not that the audience were particularly "dumb"; the players were too quick following on. The last curtain too might have been stronger. But these are mere criticisms of showmanship. The general effect was excellent, and much credit is due to Mr. Dawson as producer and to Mr. Ledger, his able assistant. Mr. Young again led the School Orchestra in pleasant interval music. To sum up, we congratulate Mr. Dawson on his first production for us. The School Play has always been out of the ordinary; may he carry on the good work.

* * *

House Notes.

ALFRED HOLT.—The House has been most successful this term. It has brought credit to itself in almost every sphere of School activity and we can look forward with confidence to success in the New Year. D. NODEN.

Owen.—The house has done as well as could be expected in most branches of school activities. We have, unfortunately, been seriously handicapped on the football side by a complete dearth of good players, among the seniors especially. If this failing is not to continue in the future, many more members of the Fifts and Removes will have to take up the game with a little more enthusiasm.

In other sport, we are doing quite well. There was no lack of swimmers from Owen in the swimming sports; the Fives teams, senior and junior, are very promising, and the Chess team has excellent prospects of carrying off the trophy.

Next term come the Boxing and Gymnasium Competitions, and I urge all in the House who will be in either to remember our failure in the Football competitions, and show the School that we are not, athletically, a column of total losses. J. G. VICKERS.

Philip Holt.—Last year's record was so good that the House has rather obviously rested on its oars. We must do better if we are to equal last year's example. Not so long ago we had the

monopoly of the Swimming Gala: last November we were a long way behind partly owing to the absence of talent, partly to the lack of team-work. Our soccer teams have reached the finals of the Horsfall Cups, but in the weekly competition we have sunk lower and lower, due first to the number of our men in the school elevens, second to the apathy of certain sections of the House. Individuals are working like Trojans, and really deserve better help from those who so far have shown no willingness to make our House cock of the roost. Next term we have splendid opportunities: the Gymnasium competition, Boxing competition, the Horsfall finals, the Steeplechase and Hobby Show all give us the chance to get to the top again. It depends on the individual effort of every member. Philip expects that every man J. W. SAUNDERS.

Tate.—The members of Tate House have every reason to look back with satisfaction on the events of the past term. The House teams have all been reasonably successful in their respective games. The Junior soccer team has reached the Final of this term's competition for the "Whitehouse" Cup, and the combined total of the marks gained by the three House teams has obtained for Tate the first place in the Aggregate League. The House Chess team is undefeated, the gym. team is practising keenly and has high hopes of success next term, while the enthusiasm of the Junior members of the House has made it easy to build up a strong Rugby team.

But the most encouraging feature of the team has been the team spirit and willingness shown by all. When so many opportunities are offered, every member of Tate House is encouraged to play at least one game—not because of any particular proficiency, but merely to obtain that satisfied feeling which comes from playing any game in the true spirit. It is this general interest, I am certain, which is responsible for our position in the Aggregate League. While we cannot turn out five members of the School 1st XI, as some Houses do, we have been successful particularly in the Senior section, by consistently fielding full teams of enthusiastic, if not exceptionally skilful players. The members of our Junior Rugby team, too, must be complimented on their quickness in learning a new game, and on the enthusiasm and skill which they show in playing it.

This, however, is merely a beginning. Next term there are events such as the Boxing Competition and Steeplechase in which the team spirit of Tate House will find even greater opportunities than during the past term. W. E. HESLOP.

of self-determination. Groups would become smaller and smaller; anarchy would result, and coalitions begin all over again.

A. Carr rose to support the motion. His text was the cry for freedom which must at all costs be prepared. R. S. Sharrock in a maiden speech questioned the fairness of allowing a child to play with fire, and F. W. Myerscough, also in a maiden, though somewhat paternal, speech, agreed with the previous speeches and startled the Society by saying that freedom was not in the interests of the species and all self-determination must be abolished. Mr. G. H. Tharme, in response to an appeal by the Chairman for speakers, depreciated previous speakers' attempts at logic, asserting that the iron bars of that cult did not always operate. He dismissed the German word for "self-determination," and performed some mathematical juggling about minorities. Different peoples were fitted for different forms of government, and it was better they should choose their own and live separately.

B. S. Gaffney, in a maiden speech, questioned a previous speaker's account of the history of the Sudeten Germans. He was not in favour of the motion. After another appeal by the Chairman, Mr. T. Hawthorn came to the rescue. Internationalism and a World State were undoubtedly our aim and the application of democratic principles to that end logically meant the right of self-determination. The last speaker in public debate was Mr. H. K. Burns. Let's be realists for a change, he urged. Men's actions and thoughts shaped their ends, and just as the community has law to control it, so in life "per se" there was the sense of what is right. Statesmen must be guided by this sense and self-determination must not be suppressed.

E. C. Colville, replying for the opposition, said that no man had absolute freedom and the hopes raised by self-determination were bound to be disappointing. Self-determination was nothing but selfish-determination. E. M. Felgate, having thoroughly abused the opposition, amid a storm of protest, declared that it was the ethical existence of the right of self-determination which was in question; its practicability was outside the scope of the debate. "I have the right to eat bread" he protested, and even if the bread were denied him, the right to eat it still existed.

The motion was carried by 13 votes to 11, several members abstaining.

Debate on Irresponsibility.

A meeting of the Society was held in the Boardroom, on Tuesday, October 18th, at 7-0 p.m., with Mr. Moore in the chair.

After the reading of the Minutes, the Society, with their quondam zest, hastened to suggest corrections. R. G. Britten, in objecting strongly to the phrase "meaning looks and enquiring eyebrows darted about the room," won the support of the Society for his amendment: "meaning looks were exchanged throughout the room," despite the eloquent etymological defence of the Secretarial Board. Committee member absent was J. G. Vickers. The Head Master was also present. The Chairman, after granting audible sanction to the presence of an Old Boy, Mr. R. W. R. Kerruish, called on D. Halewood to propose that "*Irresponsibility in youth is to be preferred to caution in age.*" To-day we wanted progress; a spirit of adventure, of enterprise that tried without being sure of success. The world was hastening towards a crisis; caution would be useless; a sense of irresponsibility could harm but a few, whereas caution would in the final reckoning harm all. Experience was useless in the world to-day. After quoting Bacon eulogising youth

he concluded by saying we must go boldly trusting more to irresponsibility than caution.

C. V. Jones opposed the motion. The lesson of the last war, he began solemnly, had been unlearned by the youth movements of to-day. The appeal of the war doctrine to the youth of Germany had driven the world back to 1914. A cautious man looked before he leaped—and was safe. Caution—he declared in antithesis—is a great virtue, prudence a great attribute. All nations pay tribute to wisdom, which had achieved all progress and all peace. Orthodoxy was no hindrance to progress and caution was the only reliable foundation of policy. J. W. Saunders, seconding the motion, claimed that neither orthodoxy nor wisdom was caution. The opposer's attribution of the world situation to youth was contradicted by post-war governments, all of whom have been led by men far from young. He then defined irresponsibility as a positive fault, caution as a negative. Quoting Dr. Johnson as authority, he said a positive fault was due to generosity, which could be toned down. But caution, a form of cowardice, always meant something was lacking which could not be restored. He pointed out that adventures and discoveries and the pioneers of aeronautics were proof that caution could never surpass irresponsibility. H. Hargreaves jerked up to second the opposition. He quoted an example to prove that examples were very unreliable. Irresponsibility entailed inexperience, caution experience. All progress came from experience.

The motion was now thrown open for public debate. E. M. Felgate, in somewhat cautious tones, decided that caution was safer. Irresponsibility might produce individual triumphs, but more often catastrophe. Irresponsibility was like a ship without a rudder. B. V. Anderson solemnly asserted that young men cannot get a place in the world to-day. The old adage: "If youth could, and old men would," clearly applied. K. Beastall said that irresponsibility was caused by optimism; caution was pessimistic. To oppose the motion was to call optimism a vice, pessimism a virtue.

R. Brearley, with an urbane smile, announced that irresponsibility was scarcely enterprise; caution entailed perspicacity. Foresight won Europe for Napoleon; the lack of it lost him Waterloo. A. Carr startled the Society by saying that Youth if we are to have youth is to be preferred if irresponsible to Age if cautious, if we are to have age. Where youth held the advantage was—it had a whole life ahead. Youth takes the plunge; fools rush in where angels fear to tread; but if successful, who is the bigger fool? F. W. Myerscough then arose, the last speaker in open debate. Bringing out the logic of science, he mentioned the fact that a number of forces acting at random on the same body produce not the slightest result. There was no progress at all if people went to extremes. Uniformity of thought assisted by caution, moved progress forward.

C. V. Jones briefly summed up for the opposition by declaring that all who did not agree with the motion, as well as those who had not made up their minds, must oppose it. D. Halewood replied for the motion by declaring that the Society should not confuse caution with wisdom. He declared that a Jason could get through Scylla and Charybdis. Irresponsibility in youth was certainly preferable to caution in age.

On being put to the vote, the motion was lost by 12 votes to 13.

Papers.

A meeting of the Society was held in the Boardroom on Tuesday, November 1st, with Mr. Moore in the chair.

After the minutes had been read, H. Kushner leading the opposition, secured the deletion of the words "after a recount" at the end of the minutes. After the minutes had been signed, E. M. Felgate arose and read a manifesto, signed by a large number of Committee members, that it was their intention as soon as possible to suggest a revision of the constitution and especially the reform of certain anomalies. A vote of thanks to the Secretaries was proposed by R. G. Britten and seconded by D. Ellwand and duly replied to. But H. Hargreaves was far from satisfied. He tracked down the meaning of this motion to a conspiracy between the Secretarial Board and the instigators of the motion to subvert the constitution! He sat down amid ironic applause and the motion was carried. Committee member absent was J. G. Vickers.

J. W. Saunders was now called upon to offer his paper entitled "*The Mystery of the Dark Lady*." Dispelling at the outset any fond hopes of hearing a detective story, he related Shakespeare's resentment and subsequent pardon for the elopement of his brunette lady-love with his best friend. Then, he pointed out the dividing line in Shakespeare's literary career. He did not think doubt of the Dark Lady's existence fully justified and mentioned that the mysterious "W.H.," the rival, was William Herbert. Dismissing this point as a red herring, the speaker delved more deeply into Shakespeare's early history—his secret and hurried marriage, his three children by Anne Hathaway, and his strange disappearance from public notice between 1584 and 1592. He then propounded the theory put forward by James Joyce, but could not reconcile the date given for Anne's infidelity with Shakespeare's sudden break up in 1601. Nor could he reconcile Anne's alleged proneness to quarrel with the inspired characters of Shakespeare's heroines. Quoting theories of his life propounded by Oliver Baker, the speaker related how by 1600 he had almost exhausted his ability for writing comedy and so naturally turned to tragedy and experimented in verse. Therefore, even though Joyce may explain the change over to tragedy by the influence of a woman, he cannot explain the change in verse-style in the same way. Such a purely mental effort cannot be explained by an extraneous emotional influence. The speaker concluded by reiterating the two main questions—was the woman of influence Anne Hathaway? Was she responsible for the change?

After a short discussion the Chairman next called upon D. Ellwand who was taking the place of J. G. Vickers, to read his paper on "*The Weapon of the Strike*." Quoting the definition of a strike given in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the speaker emphasized its essentially materialistic nature. Nevertheless in modern times much ethical importance is attached to strikes and material needs tend to be overlooked. He told entertaining stories and pointed out that unfounded class-consciousness can be one of the most harmful influences in modern life and to show that strikes are not necessarily confined to the so-called degrading town life. A happy worker is an efficient worker, and the aim of life is not merely to preserve one's existence. Not until the middle of the nineteenth century were definite steps taken to solve the problems of labour by means other than force, and the spirit of friendly and intelligent discussion started then still lives. In spite of sincere attempts even by Capitalists to better conditions, advance has been retarded by external disorder and the proverbial "interesting times" in which we live. But Capitalists have much power to oppose, so that to be successful, a strike must have unity: it must, however, be used only in the last resort, since all stand to lose, and there must be no violence. It can only succeed if in accordance with principles of justice and carried out so as not to outrage any pre-conceived ideals of fairness and decency.

The third and last paper of the evening was given by E. C. Colbille on "*The Military Situation in Europe*." He began by pointing out the many factors involved, and defined the difference between "grand" and "logistical" strategy. Proceeding to the present position, he emphasised the speed at which events move and the stalemate to which opposing forces would rapidly be reduced on the Western front. The surrender of Czechoslovakia did not alter the military situation decisively, though it had a considerable psychological effect. Germany is steadily advancing East towards Russia, and not even Russia can be relied upon for prolonged support, so weak is her military machine. In the event of war France would immediately attack Germany through Spain, while Palestine, unless speedily settled would be a serious menace to Britain, involving Turkey as it does. Much damage can be done to a large fleet in the Mediterranean, though Italy would suffer heavily from sea bombardment. But in spite of apparent equality on both sides, the speaker was convinced that England and France would secure a technical victory. Fresh allies must therefore be sought. Though neutral at present, America must one day throw in her lot with Britain or face her conquerors. Having thus dealt with the situation, the speaker went on to discuss the possible nature of a future war. He declared that the huge armies of to-day inevitably means a long and expensive war. But mere numbers do not win a war so much as conduct and capital. Summing up, the speaker confessed he had not examined any country's state of preparedness, but said we must look to S.E. Europe for the decisive issue, we must not rely on Russia, we must settle Palestine and not expect a short war. Moreover there is too much unfounded fear of air attacks to-day, and this must be dispelled.

After discussion, the Chairman brought the meeting to a close by thanking the three chief speakers.

Debate on Aristocracy.

A meeting of the Society was held in the Boardroom on Tuesday, November 15th, at 7-0 p.m., with Mr. Moore in the chair. The minutes were signed without amendment. Committee members absent were C. V. Jones and J. G. Vickers. The Chairman brought private business to a close by formally welcoming a Vice-President of the Society, Mr. S. Samuels.

A. Carr arose to open public business by proposing that "*The time has come for the abolition of our hereditary aristocracy*," " . . . Care sat on his faded cheek; but under brows Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride Waiting revenge . . . " He asserted that Aristocracy was no longer the rank of the best man but rather the plutocracy. Men who govern should be fit to do so—at present—at present the House of Lords merely retarded useful legislation. These landed aristocrats pulled the strings of industry to suit their own ends and failed to benefit the workers.

R. G. Britten spoke in opposition. "He was a scholar and a ripe and good one; Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading; Lofty and sour to them that loved him not; But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer." The traditional conservative view was that there were three elements in the State, crown, aristocracy, and people, each of which help to build the edifice of unity. Such an administration structure is bound to reveal an outstanding man who could take the helm of State. He said that civilised society bred an intelligent nucleus of individuals on whom culture and all superlative excellence depended. This was aristocracy, present in all great ages. He concluded by calling aristocracy the leaven of mankind's need.

H. Kushner arose to second the motion, "His voice in one dull, deep, unvaried sound, Seems to break forth from caverns underground." He discussed the privileges of the higher aristocracy, shewed how very few took part in Parliamentary debates; asserted that very few men were really qualified for such a great privilege. He pointed out that sometimes it had been necessary to reform the House of Lords with drastic measures. E. C. Colville seconded the opposition. "My good blade carves the casques of men, My tough lance trusteth sure, My strength is as the strength of ten, Because my heart is pure." The point was not the House of Lords; hereditary aristocracy did not include Lord Nuffield; indeed an aristocrat does not necessarily have a title. He pointed out that whereas the Italian soldier was not comparable with the Teutonic, the Italian officer was a very different proposition. Aristocrats were brought up to service.

E. M. Felgate was the first to speak in public debate. It was his contention that there was no practical substitute for a Hereditary Aristocracy. In a monarchy, aristocracy provided the necessary liaison between crown and people. D. Ellwand (Hark! ah, the Nightingale) desired greater equality of opportunity. The time had not come for an internal upheaval but abolition was eventually desirable. Mr. S. Samuels defended the aristocracy at first, who he said were often poor. But he acknowledged that we must have an aristocracy of merit, for surely Lord Nuffield's descendants will not deserve the title. A. Packter revealed that a group of people inter-marrying were not fit to be the chief class, but R. Brearley refuted his arguments and held up republics as the alternatives to aristocracies. S. Gardner, in a maiden speech, mentioned many famous men who were not aristocrats. We have to have a State-head, but the power of the House of Lords should be greatly diminished. J. W. Saunders, comparing England with Athens, said that so long as the former kept worthy of herself, she had nothing to fear: so long as the hereditary aristocracy didn't interfere with our appreciation of justice, we should not take the serious step of abolition.

R. G. Britten arose to reply for the opposition. He asserted that in abolishing aristocracy we should lose the quarter that was irreplaceable, even if we cleared away three-quarters that was bad. The high walls of aristocracy were necessary to ward off barbarism. A. Carr, replying for the motion, agreed that we should have an aristocracy, but let it be one which was valuable. Why retain a quarter that was good to keep three-quarters bad?

On being put to the vote, the motion was lost by 13 votes to 17.

Debate on the Victorians and Ourselves.

A meeting of the Society was held in the Boardroom on Tuesday, November 29th, at 7-0 p.m., with Mr. Moore in the chair.

After the minutes had been signed without alteration, S. Gardner and R. Brearley were proposed as nominations to the Committee in place of J. G. Vickers who had resigned. R. Brearley was elected, B. V. Anderson being unanimously appointed to fill his place as Lord High Poker-in-Chief. There were no committee members absent. The Chairman then read a request for an Extraordinary General Private Business Meeting signed by fifteen members of the Society and announced that a Committee meeting would be held after the general meeting was over.

Proceeding to Public Business, H. Hargreaves was called upon to propose that "The Englishman of the Victorian period was generally happier than the Englishman of to-day." He assured the Society that "Victorian" is not a term of disparagement. He believed that happiness

consisted of innumerable small particles. City life was pleasant in Victorian times; life generally was more restful and free from fears of war. He indicated by numerous examples both in industry, art, and politics the advanced rate of progress. People got real value for their money in those days of skilled craftsmen. The Victorian period was the peak point in English history and we were now, he concluded, on the road down hill. H. Kushner, who now rose to lead the opposition, declared that there was fear of war in the days of Lord Palmerston. After a somewhat lengthy discussion on Lord Grey's reform bill, the speaker devoted himself to reading a large passage of Dickin's "Hard Times" to the effect that fact was all-important in life. Could an age which allowed no flight of fancy be really happy? He mentioned the "slavery" of women, the lack of poor relief and the bad school system. Concluding with a second long quotation about some mysterious "barnacles," both male and female, he decided that his arguments were much stronger than those of the proposer and sat down.

In seconding the proposer, F. W. Myerscough could not see why the happiness of the Victorians was any the less through the absence of the franchise. Respectability was the keynote of happiness and the man of to-day, he rather horrified the Society by saying, did not know whether he was respectable or not! The time had not come to judge the Victorian philosophy of life properly, but it was certainly not so strait-laced as some men think. The half-truths picked up by men to-day were more dangerous than Victorian ignorance. Moreover in contrast to the haphazardness of progress now, then it was more uniform. Therefore people were more contented and consequently happier. S. Gardner, the seconder of the opposition, declared that social conditions of the Victorian period were "a darn sight worse" than those of the 18th century. The fact that they, the Victorians, fought for the franchise shows how much they wanted it. He admitted that the right to vote was not the last word in happiness but, at least, one was more contented to be cooking one's own goose than to have it burned by another. Morals were damaged by the baseness of the workhouse, then the only form of relief.

E. C. Colville, with the air of one who knew, declared that the Ancient Britons got on perfectly well without Milk Bars! The question was not whether we have progressed, he reminded the Society, but whether we were the happier for our progress. R. Brearley next painted a picture of the Victorian Mrs. Grundy. Admittedly conditions were bad but the Victorians were content to wallow in the mire. Any reforms that were made were the outcome merely of a discontented minority. D. Ellwand now entertained the Society with a lecture on biology, in an attempt to show that the aptness of creatures to their environment has a counterpoint in the mental life of a people. We might be more troubled by politics, but we had invented Football Pools to distract us. Thus every nation had a fixed measure of happiness and we could not be happier to-day than formerly. J. W. Saunders thought it cowardly to refrain from voting and unnatural to vote against our own age. A. Packter had come to the conclusion that the motive was peculiar. The difficulty of time involved rendered voting impossible since we were even now in the midst of change.

H. Kushner, in reply, said art had nothing to do with the expression of happiness. What mattered was the ability to criticise art and the Englishman of to-day was more able. Happiness according to Harold Laski, depended on freedom, which was lacking in Victorian times. Concluding the debate, H. Hargreaves said that men were happy who

knew reforms were in progress, and summed up by reiterating his belief that happiness did consist of very small factors.

On being put to the vote, the motion was lost by 7 votes to 14.

Constitutional Reforms.

An Extraordinary General Private Business Meeting was held in the Boardroom on Tuesday, December 13th, at 5.45 p.m., and on Friday, December 16th, at 4.10 p.m., with Mr. Moore in the chair.

The following amendments and additions to the Constitution were passed:—

Rule 6 (c) altered to "That at least one Secretary, or a deputy appointed by the Society, must be present at a meeting."

Rule 6 (h) altered to "That Public Business shall extend from the end of Private Business to 9.0 p.m., but may at the Chairman's discretion be continued for an additional period not exceeding a quarter-of-an-hour."

Rule 6 (v) altered to "That voting be taken by a show of hands, and that one recount at the discretion of the Chairman may be granted."

Additions to Rule 6:—

6 (y) "That if papers are to be delivered, the Committee shall previously decide on the time to be allotted for speakers and discussion."

6 (z) "That in a three-cornered debate:—

(i) The proposers shall be limited to 20 minutes.

(ii) There shall be no seconds.

(iii) The proposers shall have the right to reply limited to 5 minutes."

6 (aa) "That for impromptu evenings:—

(i) A disinterested person or persons be chosen by the Committee to prepare a list of motions or subjects.

(ii) All speakers be limited to two minutes."

Rule 8 (f) altered to "That during Private Business no member may speak more than three minutes, nor more than once, to the same motion."

Impromptu Evening.

A meeting was held in the Boardroom on Tuesday, December 13th, at 7.0 p.m., with Mr. Moore in the chair.

H. Hargreaves was the only member to secure an alteration in the minutes. Audible sanction was granted to two Old Boys: Messrs. R. J. Hammer and A. Grabman. Committee members absent were E. C. Colville, E. M. Felgate, D. Halewood, C. V. Jones, and F. W. Myerscough. The Society then proceeded to Public Business, which consisted of Impromptu Debates and Speeches.

A. Carr was the first to arise, to speak on the "Salvation Army." Expressing his indebtedness to a certain pictorial weekly, he described how Miserable Dick is picked up in the streets by a policeman and is taken to the Salvation Army. First he looks very grubby, is ready to do dirty work, but once he has sat in sinks and is cleanly dressed he is a healthy citizen once more, a great tribute to the Army. R. G. Britten was drawn to propose that "People should learn to blow their own trumpets." Well, one night he was going down Mount Street when he heard mysterious noises, groans, moans, and things like that. Oozing in, he found it was only the School Orchestra blowing its own trumpet. This information and the evidence of the O.T.C. was enough to condemn, that is, to carry the motion. B. V. Anderson, in opposing the motion, said he felt like Everton. This was a bad draw. But the proposer had done his job for him. He urged the Society to heartily oppose the motion. But the Society disagreed and carried the motion.

E. Wootton meandered along on the subject of the School Play. The Society ought to also support it. C. Alexander, in a maiden speech proposed that "Arthur Askey is a greater boon to humanity than Mr. Middleton." Mr. Middleton's appeal was limited to amateur gardeners, while Arthur Askey was quite within our appreciation. Besides we should support our Old Boys. A. G. Parker, giving another maiden speech, opposed the motion. Gardening, he asserted, had a deeper purpose, was of more use to humanity than weak jokes. But he argued in vain, for the motion was carried. J. W. Saunders was then drawn to speak on the "Fashions of To-day." If we were to discuss whether the fashions of to-day were worse than those of previous years, our decision must be ruled by the fact that we ourselves create and are the fashions of to-day. A. Packter proposed a toast to the School Porter, and after narrating a story about the porter and himself, concluded by saying that the Porter was useful, because there had to be someone to ring a bell to stop the Classicists from working. T. R. Eve gently undulated on the subject of the Goodfellow Fund, and B. S. Gaffney arose to propose that "Optrex is pure eye-wash." His brow blackened. Proprietary name, he said, capitalised company, the whole thing was eye-wash. And of course they had to keep the ingredients pure. D. Ellwand sermonised in opposition. Good sight was one of the essentials of life. How else can we see our food? Food was a subject very near to his heart, and had to be cooked properly. Cook's eyes ran the risk of steam, and hence Optrex was very desirable. The motion was carried.

G. E. Gregory was drawn to speak on "Vacuum Cleaners." It was true, he said, that his was a maiden speech. Yet he objected to being called a maiden speaker. He then digressed on the subject of itinerant vendors, who threw dust in your eyes, to prevent dust getting in your eyes. G. T. Hughes arose to propose the health of Herr Hitler. Some people said that Hitler had done considerable harm to Germany, but there wasn't very much for him to harm. His resemblance to Charlie Chaplin, who conferred an inestimable boon on humanity, was one more reason for praising a remarkable man. S. Gardner, with no great willingness, arose to propose that "It is about time someone spilled the beans." Please, Mr. Chairman, was he proposing a toast to them? But, then, with a disgruntled expression, he suggested that the proposer, he meant the opposer, should bring out the beans and spill them. He didn't like the motion at all. The one on vacuum cleaners wouldn't have been so dusty. R. Brearley loudly proclaimed "Vicia Faba-Leguminosae." Deciding not to explain himself, he began to elucidate with calculated incomprehensibility the biological significance of his utterance. With considerable erudition he spoke of the physiology of germination and stunned by his learning the Society defeated the motion by x votes to y.

H. T. Muskett was drawn to speak on "White Mice." White mice of course were not to be confused with white elephants or with the pink and green variety. He concluded by saying something about a white mouse. B. V. Jacob next occupied the floor with a maiden speech in support of the motion that "This House views with disfavour the production of Christmas pantomimes." Pantomimes, he affirmed, were only one long variety act. R. G. Denning plunged into the discussion with derogatory remarks about the hind legs of a horse. The Society agreed with him. Mr. A. Grabman stood up to give a description of a Pair of Scissors. He murmured a lot about Russia and a little about scissors until he was cut short by time. In a maiden speech, A. J. M. Craig proposed that "Train services should be run on new lines." The Cheshire Lines, he said, were getting rusty, and the trains were bumping. R. I. Taylor was going to tell us why he opposed the motion. Placards called

for a square deal, but new lines would be a terrible expense. Further explanation, he felt, was necessary. But the Society thought otherwise, and carried the motion.

H. Hargreaves was drawn to propose a toast to the *Prime Minister*. At that very moment, he disclosed, the Prime Minister was also on his feet, wasting the time of foreign journalists. Herr Hitler was the most important man in the world, and he sent a special messenger to hear dear Mr. Chamberlain, so our Premier must be important. T. Corlett in a maiden speech was coy on the subject of *Milk Puddings*, and J. W. Haulon in another maiden speech was drawn to propose that "*This House sees nothing in ghosts*." He didn't believe in ghosts. S. Learman opposed the motion by giving yet another maiden speech in the form of a long story. R. A. Longmire, making a maiden speech on *Chestnuts*, mentioned Arthur Askey and Stinker. H. Kushner heard with joy that he was to propose a toast to *Sir Oswald Mosley*. He eulogised the scapegoat of his people. His personal appearance was exemplary. His moustache was second only to that of Mr. Chamberlain. R. J. Hammer was drawn to propose that "*A Car(r) be put on the scrap heap*." After eight weeks of Oxford, he was feeling fine, but this Car(r) after only one week was very rusty, was obviously ready for the scrap-heap. G. Cohen arose with much trembling and trepidation. He must confute these allegations. What would the Society do without its Secretary (vociferous applause from the Secretarial Board). With care the Car(r) would last for years. But he argued in vain. This motion was carried with much acclamation.

S. Gardner was unlucky. Again he had to speak, on the *Wild West*. He murmured about the Lake District (that's west), and went on to speak of the west end of London, before passing with facility to lovely maidens on the end of cliffs in the woolly west. This brought him to Mae West, whose advice was "Go West, Young Man." H. Kushner proposed that "*The Cabinet be locked up*." He began by describing things and ended by mentioning things. Mr. R. J. Hammer opposed by affirming that locking the Cabinet up would do little good. Put them in an open-display cabinet. But the Society preferring any cabinet to no cabinet carried the motion. A. Carr proposed the last motion of the evening, that "*The dead Centre of a city is in its cemetery*." His sparking plugs were all right, he revealed, he was not exhausted yet, so let's radiate. Let's accelerate and add one more to the cemetery. He affirmed that one cemetery in the centre of the city was insufficient, but on being told that he was in reverse, he changed gears, and said that the centre of the dead must be the dead centre. Mr. A. Grabman, in opposition, stated that there are the dead who wont lie down, the dead drunk, and the dead right. But on consideration there was only one cure: the whole capitalist system had to go. But the Society carried the motion, and brought the evening to an end.

J. W. SAUNDERS } Hon.
A. CARR } Secs.

* * *

My Friend Postlethwaite.

A Tale of Foreign Affairs.

WE take our politics very seriously nowadays. Doctor Johnson would never have believed that the latest crisis could put us off our food, but then he lived in days before national mobilisation. So maybe you will remember the Gestalian incident of a year or two ago, even though it happened

on the other side of the Atlantic. And speaking about politics, if we are going to discuss the relative merits of Chamberlain and Baldwin, Hitler and Mussolini, hold up to glory our own ideal statesman, I must put in a word for my friend Postlethwaite. He's not a Cabinet Minister, nor a permanent under-secretary, not even an obscure attaché. Indeed the only seat in the House of Commons that he's ever occupied was in the Press Gallery. Yes, he was a journalist. He worked for—what shall we call it?—the *Daily Repress*, and that's not saying much for my friend Postlethwaite. Still, it's a living. I'm in the business myself.

Postle. might have been a Bismarck. Let it always be said of him that he was calm in adversity. I remember only recently—at Bade-Godesborg it was—he couldn't find a line through to London. But he was far from beaten. Among his many accomplishments he knows how to be a telegraphist. So he bribed the girl in the little telegraph office—she was tired out anyway with pressure of work—to let him act as her deputy, while she rested. Naturally he was promptly accepted, and of course the first report to go through was his own. Yes, he has the statesman's astute honesty.

But all this is far away from Gestalia. Let me remind you of some of the details of this little South American crisis. Aziaz was the current dictator of Gestalia, the little State hidden in the Andes. You may remember a picture of him, bald, fat and short. In his naval uniform (Gestalia had three coastal vessels and a battleship, purchased from the United States at the end of the War) he did, however, have a commanding appearance. He had been a doctor, but was too much of a hypochondriac to create confidence. He turned to politics, and was the man who fired his country with slogans like, "Gestalia for Incas," "Let us return to the pure traditions of our Aztec forefathers," "Down with non-Incas." He brought back the Aztec religious rites to Gestalia, abolished Christmas, and was only restrained from a ruthless extermination of all the Christian churches by the action of the American Government who sent two cruisers to pay a courtesy-call at his capital, Vilvadeo. Still, all the same, he was a very important man in his time. By his own personality he had linked in a political alliance all the Indian peoples of the Andean coast, who worshipped him with fanatical ardour, while he flew in the face of Brazil and the Argentine with much impudence and more success.

Postle. and I were sent out, because Aziaz was finding his way into the headlines with alarming regularity. Even the *Daily Repress* was beginning to display in their leading articles

a little anxiety over what Aziaz might do to those British concessions in the Argentine. The other extreme of the Press had long ago been agitating for a defence of vital British interests. The truth was that the United States took a very serious view of the dangers of such a powerful bloc in the southern continent. There was, too, the Panama Canal. Experts who went to Gestalia returned with tales of extraordinary mobilisation. The tension was to be at its highest on the last day of a national congress held at Vilvadeo, to which were invited strong embassies from the Indian States, who assisted in the fanatical parades and demonstrations. If Aziaz went too far on the big day, the United States would have to intervene; and then there might be trouble in Europe.

Still, we must return to Postlethwaite. Every day of the Congress he sent back dramatic reports that made my efforts for a provincial daily seem colourless in comparison. He knew all the semi-official circles, all the sources of startling rumours, all the inner wheels of State. When he shared his secrets with me, I had more to send back than official communiqués and personal observations. The night before the big day he was very pressing.

"Ever heard of Herzales?" he asked.

"Of course," I replied. Everyone knew the right-hand man of Aziaz.

"Inoffensive fellow," said Postle., buttoning his overcoat.

"Ordinary South American bureaucrat raised to dizzy heights by the career of Aziaz. Considerably dazzled by it all. Get your hat."

"What about him?"

"We're going to learn things," was his reply.

Herzales was celebrating at his hotel. With extraordinary familiarity Postle. took his place in the merriment. All the guests were Field-M Marshals, Generals, with one or two Admirals. When the Army had gone home to bed, and we were gathered like old friends around the fire we did learn things. Aziaz had carried out secret negotiations with States in Central America, the other side of the Panama Canal. The outcome was that Aziaz was now the leader of some dozen States stretching from the Mexican border to Chile. On that day (it was near dawn) the Dictator was to travel secretly by his battleship to San Saraguay in Central America, where he would lead several processions. Simultaneously on both sides of the Isthmus Incan solidarity was to be proclaimed, and demonstrations and incidents all along the Canal zone would demand a corridor between the two areas of Incan influence. The situation would then be very grave. The United States would find a solution in time, but the

contingencies in the meantime could not be foreseen. So there we were. Possessed with our information, what would you have done?

It was a bleak dawn in the capital. The Italian skies of the past few days had been overcast. The streets were empty, except for an occasional General or Admiral proceeding to duty in his braid, medals and spurs. Yet one of these minor Caesars might in a few hours transform the world. Our first thoughts were to report the whole story to the American Embassy. But they could not use bodily prevention, and as far as we could see that was the only method that could deter Aziaz from sailing. Once he had sailed, the mischief would be done.

"I might disguise myself as Aziaz," I suggested. "And sail myself."

"Yes, and become eligible for an Aztec execution. No, that won't do."

We paused, and leaned over the stone balustrade that separated the road from the steep incline down to the harbour below. We could see at anchor in the creek the proud battleship in festive array, surrounded by merchantmen with flags flying.

"We might bribe one of the merchant skippers to sink his ship in the harbour mouth, and block it," I suggested.

Postle. did not even reply. The purple darkness of the night was still settled in the western horizon.

"My dear fellow," he said at last, "Here you see the incredible folly of the world. International affairs have become such a matter of intrigues, artificial incidents, and planned crisis that a man like Aziaz can start the whole mechanical struggle in action. Half the world has so bound itself to iron alliances and clockwork strategy that any insignificant factor like Aziaz can give the initial impetus to the machine. That antique out yonder is probably at this moment the most important warship in the world."

The sun came out for the first time and cast long shadows over the white roof-tops.

"But machines can still be upset. Tell me, how many telegraph-lines would you say connected Gestalia and San Saraguay?"

"Five or six overland by Panama."

"Exactly. By Panama. Now, listen hard. I am going to see the American Consul. He will cut these lines across the Canal zone."

"But he can't do that."

"He can. It will be an unfortunate accident. Trees blown across the wires and all that. It will only take about twelve hours to get to the breakage and mend it."

"But I don't get your point."

"You will. Aziaz is but human. He's ordinary, fat, lazy, and a hypochondriac."

I saw the point when the morning paper came out. If there's one thing that puts Gestalia into a panic it's yellow fever. And of course when the stop-press column was headed, "Yellow fever in San Saraguay"

Nobody could get through to San Saraguay for confirmation. An unfortunate accident had broken the lines. The news was reliable enough: it came from the American Embassy who thought it their duty to make public an important rumour.

There is a moral to the tale somewhere; of course Aziaz never sailed. When he heard of the epidemic, he swallowed several doses of his own medicine and cancelled his journey. The Congress ended without the great demonstration. Indeed it ended so much like a damp squib that the Incan movement was never the same again, and the people tired of the present régime and had a revolution. I forget who is their dictator now. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it were Postlethwaite.

* * *



League of Nations Union.

AT the end of last September the country was surprised by the Czechoslovakian crisis. The element of surprise experienced by great numbers of ordinary folk was a grave criticism of the standard of political education. It is the task of bodies like the League of Nations Union to prepare public

opinion for these shocks in which the Dictators delight. Those of the School who read the last edition of *Pax* will remember the articles that provided in June a summary of the factors that might—and did—lead to a serious crisis. The obvious lesson is: join the L.N.U. and get to know. The alternative is to be surprised when the next crisis is manufactured,—there is no doubt that Britain suffered from considerable shock and panic last September—to be unable to meet with equanimity the threats and astute diplomacy of the Dictators, and to feel that such a solution as Munich provided is forced on us and not based on secure understanding. Muddling through is a dangerous policy. As someone has remarked, the last dinosaur to live probably thought he was muddling through very nicely.

Yet there are many who feel that a League which allowed Japan to swallow Manchuria, Mussolini to capture Abyssinia, and Hitler to do as he chooses with Central Europe, is simply not worth support. Yet is the loyalty each citizen feels for his State shattered by military defeat? Should then the loyalty we all felt for the policy of collective security and the noble symbol of international justice and peace be allowed to run away to nothing? The General Council of the League of Nations Union has once more affirmed its belief in collective security and discussion as a basis for agreement. We believe in the necessity for an international conference, and that so far the only alternative to the League has been a very bad muddle.

Mr. Chamberlain is in a unique position. He is able to see the point of view of the "have-not" countries and commands considerable influence in every land. Further, he has the courage to do what nobody else has done. But British foreign policy cries out for sureness, at present leaves most of the country in uncertainty. Some day we will have to stand firm in defence of something: why not therefore make our stand for an ideal that is noble and honest? Why not defend an instrument that will—if let—bring order into the chaos of contemporary life and give mankind the chance to master poverty and disease? Why not defend the League?

Our own branch of the League of Nations Union is entering upon a programme of progress. We are to have a Constitution. We are to study the biggest problem of all—colonies. The next edition of *Pax* will be better than ever. So join the L.N.U. and help to build up public opinion, so that, as someone else said, very shortly we may begin to talk of peace, not appeasement.

J. W. SAUNDERS, Hon. Sec.

The Sixth Form Science Society.

THIS term the Society has been placed on an official basis by the adoption of a Constitution. At the Annual General Business Meeting, held on Monday, 31st October, A. Stone was elected to the office of Joint Secretary, and the other officers were re-elected. At this meeting it was decided that the Society should have a Constitution, and a sub-committee, consisting of the Chairman and the Secretaries, was appointed to draw up a Constitution, which would be considered at the next Business Meeting.

The first lecture of the term was given by Mr. W. H. Doughty, on "*The Senses on Trial*," on Friday, 11th November. This proved very interesting, and novel features were the experiments on members of the Society, which met with varied success. Mr. Doughty tried various tricks, but we were disappointed that he did not produce a rabbit from a top hat.

A Business Meeting was held on Monday, 14th November, when the draft Constitution was submitted to the criticism of the Society. After many alterations and amendments a Constitution was finally settled on and this was adopted.

On Friday, 18th November, Mr. H. C. Pincher gave a lecture on "*Chemistry and Physics in Biology*." He dealt mainly with the effects of osmosis on evolution, and traced for us the development of land animals and birds from the primæval protoplasm.

A small party paid a visit to Messrs. Goodlass Wall's, Old Swan Works, on Wednesday, 16th November. After viewing paints and colours in all stages of manufacture, it was a pleasant relief to sit down to the very enjoyable tea provided for us. The walls of the room, however, afforded a strangely surrealist effect.

For next term we have arranged visits to Messrs. Evans, Sons, Lescher & Webb's Biological Institute, Runcorn, and to Messrs. Beck, Koller, Ltd., Synthetic Resin Manufacturers, at Speke. The Secretaries are endeavouring to arrange other visits and lectures.

W. A. MITCHELL } Joint
A. STONE } Secs.

* * *

The Composite Art.

AT exactly six o'clock on July 7th, 1938, my cousin Septimus made the startling discovery that he was a genius. Having from his early youth been wont to contemplate the joys arising from such a state, and having failed, perhaps through lack of perspicacity, to observe any serious obstacles in his way,

it suddenly occurred to him that he was, in fact, nothing less than a superman. With this added incentive he resigned a post which he had long found irksome and, to his feeble mind, almost impossible, and assuming an eccentric garb he set out to honour the Muse of Poetry with his attentions.

Together with a misunderstood fish-porter from Billingsgate, he launched upon the world a new and original school of poetry which became known later as the Ultra Conventionalist Group, because it required that all poems should be in sonnet form, of single-syllable lines rhyming throughout, and should treat only of political problems of the moment. The artist was allowed only one point of laxity in which to express his individual genius, for he was given freedom of choice in deciding whether the scansion of each line should be the first half of a trochee, the second half of an iambus or either half of a spondee. However, when a few weeks later, Popo—the talking ape who lives in a banyan tree at the Karl Hagenbeck Zoo—discovered the only single-syllable English word to which fourteen rhymes can be found—and six of these are not permissible in any polite company—my cousin and his friend decided to abandon the project.

For a few months my cousin retired into a sulky hermitage, and his next outburst was as unexpected as it was unwanted. It was at the beginning of Christmas week when there arrived at my address a large hamper for which I could at first find no explanation. Imagining that it might mean success in some competition or other, or that an unknown but benevolent relative had decided to contribute towards my Christmas festivities, I made the mistake of giving the delivery man a handsome tip, only to find from the covering letter that it was another of Septimus' efforts.

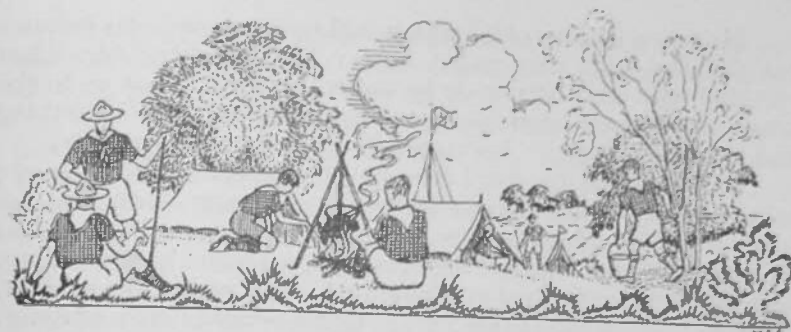
It was, I read, the first example of the new Composite Art, or symposium of all the arts with poetry predominating. It consisted, in the main, of a long screed in a sort of loose verse, parts of which were set to music, or arranged to be read to the accompaniment of original and peculiar compositions of my cousin's. The manuscript was hand-written with large illuminated capitals, and profusely illustrated by numerous efforts in plastic and pictorial representation which were contained in the hamper. The work as a whole was called for no apparent reason "Biography" and set out to prove three points—that there was much evil in the world, that this however was not really evil, and in fact had no actual existence outside the imagination of a certain John Witherspoon, said to be a bank clerk in Chelsea.

As regards style, the poem was written in rhymed couplets, but without any attempt at metre, so that when from time to

time rhymes occurred all the intervening matter had to be considered as a single line. The rhymes themselves were as peculiar as the scansion, for not only were there false-rhymes, eye-rhymes, feminine rhymes, and frost-rimes, but also it was considered legitimate by a sort of secondary suggestion to couple the word "cheese" with "Emile Zola." The work was then subdivided into seventeen distinct episodes each named after some well-known character ranging from Ghengiz Khan and Frederick Barbarossa to Donald Duck and "The Man Next Door." Finally the reader was advised in a short preface to study the poem in complete solitude in order to obtain the full nirvana, but no explanation was offered as to how one was to deal with a particular passage that had been set to music as a part song.

In the hamper itself besides the so-called artistic diversions for appreciation in order to obtain a proper atmosphere—these consisted of a number of so-called landscapes after Constable (in fact a long way behind) and various plastic pieces carved with a pen nib from plasticine and candle-wax—was a miscellany of exhibits whose purpose was to explain particular allusions in the poem. Most noticeable in this collection was a prehistoric phonograph, but the only success I achieved in searching for a record was an envelope containing a fine black powder, and bearing the inscription "Seventeen thousand pieces; is this a record?" Running as a close second to these two was a fearful instrument of original design, labelled "The Last Trump," and embossed with the inscription "*Caesar ad pontem aedificandum curavit.*" It was said to be an exact replica of those that cracked the walls of Jericho, and this assertion was not a surprising one, for it emitted a sound rather like a soldier's valedictory shouted in chorus by the full complement of the Calgary Navy, only louder.

Perhaps, however, I have been unfair to my cousin, so I will try, therefore, to vindicate the family honour which has never been questioned, and perhaps not even mentioned. The poem has two outstanding virtues. On occasion it rises to heights of poetical expression and depths of profound thought never previously surpassed. Such lines, however, are not included in the text, and their existence is only indicated by prosaic rows of asterisks, for, as my cousin explains, it would be blasphemy to degrade perfection to the common level. Secondly, it has the inestimable advantage of eventually coming to an end. It may appear surprising that my cousin should so far observe convention, but there you have it, after two hundred and thirty two pages of closely written manuscript.—THE END.



Scout Notes.

THE first Field Day of the term was held at Tawd Vale on a cold, wet day; the chief item on the programme was the building of a rope bridge over the river, which was swollen by the recent rain. The task was rendered more difficult by the steepness of the banks, and the fact that two "holdfast" anchorages were necessary, since there was no tree convenient. Space is lacking to tell of all the interesting constructional details of the bridge: suffice it to say that its alarming tendency to precipitate any daring adventurers into the river (*quacque ipse miserrima vidi!*) was in no small measure due to the difficulties mentioned above.

There is little to add of the second Field Day at Childwall Woods; it was mainly spent in cooking for various tests, followed by training in mapping and signalling, and, finally, games.

The Wednesday afternoon parades held at Childwall Woods were very badly attended, so that only one more Second Class and one First Class badge was gained. Classes for the Ambulance and Pioneer badges were held, the former taken by Mr. Jones, to whom we must extend our heartiest thanks for his valuable service.

Finally, it is interesting to note that two of our Scouts have been renewing our connection with P. G. Deadman, who was one of the original members of our own troop, by instructing some of his troop in basket work.

T. CORLETT (P.L.)

* * *

Jonathan Nelson.

"JONATHAN, why don't you find something to do?"
"Can't."

"You know, Jonathan," his mother went on, "Nelson would never" But she could not finish. Jonathan had left the room in silence.

He was a curious child who would never show in his features the slightest hint that might betray his thoughts; but when on this bright May afternoon he walked so quickly out on to the lawn, an intimate acquaintance could easily tell that something had taken his fancy. I watched him through the window.

For a minute he stood brooding in the centre of the lawn; soon he came to life, turned the big stool upside down, and sat himself inside. Jonathan had changed his name! Jonathan Nelson, Jonathan Nelson! be brave for you stand in the *Victory*, and the French are lined on the gravel. Get your ships straight, Admiral; that's it! Straighter,—that's better! Now advance. Take up your sword, Jonathan, take up the spade. On, Nelson, on. England expects,—oh, Admiral you've fallen on the grass. That's it, you're in the sea! swim, Nelson, swim for your—

"Hello Jonathan" (It was Billy).

Nelson looked up from the ground.

"Ah, hello, Villeneuve. Get into that bucket. Now, fight."

Villeneuve was startled for a moment, but soon grasped the situation, boarded his flagship and proceeded to negotiate for terms concerning armaments. His manner was most un-diplomatic.

"Put that spade down, Jonathan, or I'm having the rake."

Nelson complied, and Villeneuve stepped out of his bucket to bow. Billy's practical mind had already noticed the absence from his vessel of any form of realistic weapon, and since he had succeeded in disarming his foe down to his own level he now considered it expedient to re-arm on equal terms. So a hasty truce was signed, and having temporarily united their forces the two Admirals executed a joint raid on the greenhouse, from which almost impregnable fortress they bore triumphantly many garden stakes to be utilised as cannon.

The battle was on, and the two fleets manoeuvred for position, the English ships tacking in difficulties from the house door, while the French bore swiftly down upon them, with their sails blown out like white rose petals in the wind. Nelson perceived his disadvantage, and that should he continue tacking he must inevitably expose his ship's side to a devastating salvo from the fast moving French bucket. Consequently he tactfully feigned retreat, waiting till Villeneuve was almost upon him before he wheeled around, and grappled with the enemy. The French commander stood with both feet planted firmly in the sea to withstand the expected onslaught. It was not slow in coming, and with a voice of thunder, and a fist full of lightning Nelson struck at his rival's shining medals. Down they rolled, struggling, into the sea.

This phase of the battle was short, for they soon had to part, while Nelson decapitated an offensive shark and Villeneuve taught an octopus the folly of intrusion.

The two captains then stood up, Villeneuve upon one leg (the other was gone with the octopus), bowed stiffly, saluted, bowed once more, and again fell to amidst the waves with unabated ferocity. During this latter encounter Nelson received in his right eye an almost mortal wound from the Frenchman's active thumb. Horatio immediately deemed it advisable to call a halt to the warfare, that he might rise to his full height, apply a lengthy telescope carefully to his damaged eye, and gazing at the misty horizon of carnations and forget-me-nots declare with all due solemnity that, "Beshrew him, Hardy, but he spied not the slightest suspicion of a gammy leg that might indicate the presence of his worthless French adversary. No, Hardy, he *did not*."

Villeneuve seemed to resent this allusion to his war wound, and galvanizing the injured limb into instant activity he splashed it viciously in the waves, and returned to the attack without allowing Nelson even time to submit the inevitable bow. This deed of unprovoked aggression, although it shocked the Englishman's sense of justice, did not in the least daunt his spirits. Rather did it incite him to even greater efforts, and Villeneuve soon lay prostrate in the brine, with his feet in a sinking bucket and his head upon Nelson's lap.

"Kiss me, Hardy," the dying Frenchman whispered.

"Hardy," commanded Nelson, "Kiss him. Too late; he's dead—"

"Jonathan!" The name sounded unfamiliar and yet so very direct as it rang from the house door. "Jonathan, what are you doing with those sticks?"

Nelson dropped Villeneuve's head, and Jonathan moved to the house to explain.

"You see, mother, Villen— I mean Billy and I—"

"Billy? which Billy?"

Jonathan turned round towards the garden. "Why, here's Bill—"

But Villeneuve's spirit had flown through the garden gate, and his temporal remains were already vanished to dust. The conquering Admiral slowly turned to his ship, and stood it right way up.

Ah! Jonathan Nelson, don't you see

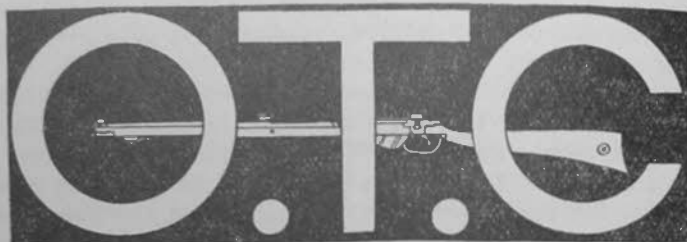
You may have won, but victory

Has vanished with Villeneuve away to tea;

You've schemed and conquered and see what you've won—

A mess to mop up—oh, Admiral, such fun!

S. GARDNER.



THIS term has been one of the most successful periods in the history of the Corps. For we have laid the foundations of a very fine stock of Junior N.C.O.'s, especially by the introduction of a Sixth Form Platoon. To all members of the Sixths I should like to point out that there now exists in the Corps a complete tactical unit staffed only by N.C.O.'s from the Sixth Forms. So far from the Scientists and Moderns we have had a good response; it is now up to the Classics to live up to their traditions.

Secondly in the Practical Examination for Cert. "A," carried out by two Regular Officers from the King's Depot, Seaforth, the Corps entered seventeen candidates, all of whom were successful. For the first time in many years Captain Ledger was unable to be present at Cert. "A" through a severe attack of influenza. However, the excellent results must have acted as a tonic, for the last few days of term saw the C.O. back at School.

Both Field Days this term were held at Altcar, and on both occasions the weather, in spite of all forecasts, was favourable. On the first the Corps watched demonstrations by Cert. "A" candidates on the tactical handling of a fighting patrol. To Senior N.C.O.'s, not ignorant of events at Strensall, the wrong method, as demonstrated, seemed strangely reminiscent of certain operations by the same Section Leader at Camp.

Cert. "A" candidates on the second Field Day were again in the limelight; they were in command of all operations, while Senior N.C.O.'s acted as umpires. Apropos of umpires, the dark suggestion of the C.O. that in that august body a spy existed, is entirely false. Section Commanders found some difficulty in controlling their commands which were unusually over-strength. The Field Day, however, was entirely successful from the attackers' point of view and the defence retired in good order. The real interest in the Field Day was in the photograph which appeared in the Press on the morrow. We are still ignorant, however, of that mysterious personage Captain G. Gge.

Finally, we must compliment the Quarter-Master and the C.Q.M.S. for their work this term in fitting out a large number of recruits. There are two corollaries to this fact: we want to be able to fit out a still larger number of recruits in the near future, and secondly, any past or present members who happen to find that they have in their possession a bayonet, say, or some equipment, are asked to return it as soon as possible to School.

E. C. COLVILLE, C.S.M.

* * *

Music.

THE Choral Society has chosen for the work to be produced this year J. S. Bach's "*St. Matthew Passion*." This is a choral work on the grand scale and one which has been fittingly described as "the deepest expression of devotional feeling that the art of music affords—th music of which is embroidered with tears and coloured with flames and blood." It was first performed in St. Thomas' Church, Leipzig, on Good Friday, 1729, and is written for two separate choirs, each supported by its own orchestra. A performance of the complete work occupies nearly six hours, but for the School production an abridged version will be used and certain modifications of the score are being made. It is hoped that a choir of at least 100 boys will be recruited from the School itself to assist with the work, and that the Hall will be well filled at both of the performances which will be given at the end of the term.

The Junior Orchestra continues to flourish and it was gratifying to note that this year's six members proved themselves capable of assisting the Orchestra which provided the incidental music for the School Play. How that a Violin Class has been formed in the School and some boys have courageously tackled learning wood-wind instruments, it is perhaps not too much to hope that ere long the School may boast a *real* Orchestra of its own.

Last, but far from least, there is the Music Club which, under the direction of Mr. Young, to whom incidentally the musical life of the School is deeply indebted, has not ceased to provide gramophone recitals and talks on music to its members. The Club was never intended to have a large membership, but it is surprising that more boys have not taken advantage of the opportunities it offers. Apart from the regular meetings a member may occasionally be heard availing himself of the grand piano provided in the Music Room, and more than once wierd sounds have been heard issuing thence from wind instruments;

but far more use could and should be made of the room by members of the Club. How you pianists, why not play duets—with another pianist, perhaps, or a violinist or a flautist or even a performer on the harmonica? Perhaps you do not realize what good fun it is: try it for yourselves and see!

* * *



THE last term's activities can be described as quite satisfactory. A visit per fortnight has been carried out.

Excursions to Higson's Brewery, Bryant & May, Letter Sorting Office, Daily Post Printers, and Garston Gasworks, have been enjoyed. The visit to the Letter Sorting Office on November 23rd, proved very interesting and instructive.

Last term only 24 subscriptions were received. If more members of the School join the Club, it will be possible to run excursions more frequently. The Treasurer would be very grateful if the members of the Photographic Section would pay their subscriptions as the Photographic Section receives a generous grant from the funds of the Club each term.

Finally, on behalf of us all, I would like to thank Mr. Elliot for so kindly directing our activities and accompanying our excursions, and I would also like to express my personal thanks to A. C. Bridge (my predecessor) for his willing help and advice.

N. C. HARRISON, *Hon. Sec.*

Photographic Section.

We have little to report. The Society plods on with its small body of members, which neither the influx of new blood to the School nor the advancing age of those already in it seems to have increased. We have had difficulty in organizing meetings this term, but at the beginning of next term we will hold a meeting, to which every member of the School who has any

interest at all in photography will be invited. We will then decide on a programme for the term.

Copies of the new *Ilford News* are now available for the use of the Society and may be had from Mr. Barnard or myself.

Incidentally there may be some pleased to hear that a new system of independent lighting has been fitted in the Dark Room, which makes life there considerably happier.

A. CARR, *Hon. Sec.*

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Carte Blanche.

ONCE upon a time there were five ghost-hunters seated round the blazing fire, when the lights were low, one Christmas evening, vainly trying to conjure up the inspiration for a ghost-story. But we found the atmosphere quite uninspiring. I forget who first made the suggestion—I fancy it was Philip—but we decided at last to go out into the highways and byways, and accost the first passer-by we met. We were to offer him a glass of sherry and ask him to tell a ghost story. You will admit it was a suggestion of boundless possibility. We were in fact giving Fortune a *carte blanche*.

As it happened, at this moment I turned aside the curtain and looked out. It was snowing hard, and the wind was fierce. But as I watched, a man stopped outside, steadied his hat against the wind, and approached to knock at the front door.

"This," said Philip, "is the hand of Fate. There are more things in heaven and earth . . ."

"Excuse me," said the man, "but is this the Jones'?"

He had an unassuming voice. One might call it meek.

"No, it isn't," said Philip, "but do come in. Would you care to tell a ghost story?"

I hesitate to think of the stranger's immediate reaction. But it was Christmas night, so I suppose there were exonerating circumstances. At all events he came in. Very frail he appeared, the snow hazed over his black overcoat. Very elfin. He took off his hat and he was bald.

"Sherry?" suggested Philip, pouring it out.

The little man sat on the edge of a chair near the fire, his glass in his hand.

"A ghost story?" he asked, "that will be easy enough. You see, I'm a ghost myself."

He took a sip, enjoying the surprise with which Philip looked at me, and I looked at Philip, and everybody else at everybody else.

"Once upon a time, long ago," said the little man, "there was a great statesman. He was undoubtedly a great man. Everybody said so. He could always give a well-informed and intelligent reply to questions in the House. Everyone wondered how he was able to keep in touch with so many matters. His great achievement was at the time of the Huilna crisis. Nobody knew why the Central European power should want to claim, Huilna, a town with no particular minority or value. But this statesman remembered that at Huilna were considerable mines of magnesium, which had long belonged to a British syndicate, who could not afford to develop them and hence had forgotten all about them. The statesman made a stand in defence of Huilna, very clever, too. When the true facts were known, he was a public hero. Would have gone to the House of Lords, if he had not died in harness."

The little man paused sadly, reflectively. As he showed no indication of continuing, I interrupted:

"Where do you come in? You say, you are a ghost?"

"Indeed I am," said the little man, "I was his ego, but am now a nameless nobody."

"Who are you?" I insisted.

He sipped his glass meditatively. "A civil servant."

* * *

Chess.

THE Chess Club has enjoyed another successful term, the total membership reaching 40. In the Wright Challenge Shield Competition, the first team has won the three matches played; the second team has won four friendly matches, all that it has played so far.

There has been keener competition this term, in inter-House Chess matches Owen and Tate are the leaders, each having won $2\frac{1}{2}$ matches.

A tournament has been arranged next term for 2nd team members.

Results—1st Team.

v. Collegiate School. Won 6—1.				v. Merchant Taylor's School. Won 7—0			
J. G. Vickers	...	...	1	J. G. Vickers	...	...	1
E. C. Colville	...	...	1	E. C. Colville	...	...	1
R. J. Edwards	...	...	1	R. J. Edwards	...	...	1
W. R. Lund	...	...	1	W. R. Lund	...	...	1
H. Hargreaves	...	...	0	H. Hargreaves	...	...	1
C. V. Jones	...	...	1	C. V. Jones	...	...	1
P. R. de Gruchy	...	...	1	P. R. de Gruchy	...	...	1

v. Holt School. Won 7—0			
E. C. Colville	...	...	1
R. J. Edwards	...	...	1
W. R. Lund	...	...	1
H. Hargreaves	...	...	1
C. V. Jones	...	...	1
P. R. de Gruchy	...	...	1
G. Ellis	...	...	1

2nd Team.

v. Collegiate School	...	...	...	Won	5—2
v. Merchant Taylors' School	...	...	...	Won	$4\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$
v. Wallasey Grammar School	...	...	...	Won	$4\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$
v. Birkenhead Institute (1st Team)	...	...	...	Won	6—1

G. Ellis, A. J. M. Craig, E. A. Ringrose, B. V. Anderson, R. A. Longmire, T. Aitken, E. W. Goulding, D. Halewood and G. G. Saunders have played for the 2nd team.

R. J. EDWARDS.

* * *

The Brooch That Was Lost.

RACHAEL lived *all* alone in a little flat, as many girls *do*. The world had treated her unkindly, and money was one of the things she lacked. However, an old aunt had left her a brooch, worth five pounds—which was insured for a hundred. Rachael often mused over the brooch, and thought how, when the worst came to the worst, the hundred pounds would have to be collected from the insurance company.

In course of time, the worst came to the worst. Rachel was spending her last few shillings. What was to be done? Yes, the insurance company should be done. Rachael's mind was made up, and that afternoon she sallied forth into the high-ways and byways, wondering how to stage-manage the business.

She wandered down to the Embankment and looked at the waters, which were anything but clean. There, by the bridge, stood a little steamer which was about to set out on a hazardous trip to Richmond. It was just what she was looking for—the whole thing could be enacted on that little boat with perfect ease.

Rachael bought a ticket and took her place among the handful of passengers. About half-way up the course, she said to herself, "Now," and with that she got up and looked over the side of the boat. It was quite a simple matter to arrange the brooch and the pin so that it fell into the water—and it did.

In earlier times Rachael had been keen on amateur theatricals and what she had then learnt stood her in good stead now. She threw up her hands and shouted, "Oh! my brooch has gone!"

Kind people gathered round and tried to console her. Some even said they saw it fall, and one old gentleman assured Rachael that he would be able to recognise it again. This was after Rachael had described it to him.

The rest of the journey was a sad one, everyone being sorry for the girl who had suffered the loss. Names and addresses of witnesses were readily collected, and when the landing stage was reached Rachel hurried back to her flat.

As she pushed open the front door, it wedged somewhat; but by pushing more it gave easily, and Rachael walked in. "It's the door-mat that's got in the way," she said to herself. With that she bent down and lifted the mat to put it straight.

Tucked under the mat was an envelope which had reposed there for some days. Rachael opened the envelope and read: "Dear Madame—The policy covering your brooch expired yesterday. Unless it is renewed within fourteen days, etc. . ."

The insurance had run out!

W. N. LEAK (R.c).

* * *

Observations on Yawns.

A YAWN is something that is liable to happen to anybody, and like concussion of the brain or broken suspenders it usually happens at the most inopportune moments. The proper control, dissimulation or disposal of a yawn is not only a matter deserving of some attention, but is an art in itself needing a small amount of technique and a large amount of courage.

In the privacy of the home the worst hazard attendant on yawning is dislocation of the jaw, but at any outside function it may prove calamitous. Every effort should, therefore, be made to reduce the unexpected yawn to a minimum. If it is no more than a young and little yawn, it may sometimes be checked by gritting the teeth and holding the breath while slowly counting up to eleven. If it turns out to be a big yawn, however, this process is usually disastrous. The yawn—thwarted in its natural bent—will trickle out through the eyes, ears or nose, and the yawner will break out into cold perspiration, later leading to spots under the toes, which at once betray him to every experienced eye.

Perhaps it is best to let the yawn take its course and disguise it as well as possible. This may be done by placing one or more hands before the yawn as gracefully as is convenient. If both hands are occupied, as when carrying books in both hands or handing out tea cups at home, the situation becomes more complicated. It is considered bad form to use the foot in place

of the hand, and it is probably better to turn the yawn as quickly as possible into a loud and hearty laugh.

Amid the consternation which will follow this latter development, you may do what you can to think up a due and sufficient cause for your merriment. This may at first prove difficult, but once you have learnt by heart some really humorous anecdotes, you will easily deliver yourself from any embarrassment which might otherwise have persisted.

B. V. JACOB (Bc)

* * *

MacAlister Society.

THE four meetings this term have been devoted to a series of lantern lectures on Architecture. Its history has been traced through the styles of Egypt, Crete and Mesopotamia, and Greece, and the series will probably be continued at some future date. For these lectures we owe our thanks to Mr. Pollard and Mr. Chapman. We understand, however, that despite the great interest and value of the lectures, certain members of the Society, particularly of the Modern and Science Sixths, are not interested in Architecture. Next term, therefore, the four meetings will be devoted to various subjects, which it is hoped will satisfy all members.

A. CARR.

* * *

The Silhouette.

IT is not many years ago since my friend, Roy Derwent, and I were staying at the ancient and only inn of the tiny village of Treswick, in the lonely heart of Cornwall.

It was Christmas Eve, and so we didn't get to bed till fairly late. Our only illumination was a guttering candle, which, when extinguished, seemed to leave a black pall over the room, for there was no moon yet.

It must have been round about twenty past eleven when we got into bed, but it was so cold that we couldn't get to sleep right away. Thinking of this and that, I soon lulled myself into a kind of stupor, when I suddenly awoke with a start. On the wall above the fireplace—just facing me—was the silhouetted replica of a mutual friend of ours—one Harry Marston. The face was perfect in its detail of outline; so much so that I quietly woke up Roy. He started to protest indignantly, but I soon silenced him. "Look," I breathed, "on the wall over there." I pointed.

He followed my finger, and gasped, "Good lord!"

"Peculiar, isn't it?" I asked.

"Peculiar! It's uncanny!"

We fell silent for a few moments, and then the lure of the sheets evidently overcame Roy and he dropped off almost immediately. I couldn't take my eyes off the shadow, and, even when the moon began to wane a little, and a wind arose, I was still staring at that wall. The wind grew, until it was shrieking as if in agony, and the hail was lashing the window panes. Presently, the storm died down, and the moon came out again. Instinctively I looked towards the wall above the fireplace. I was faintly surprised to see that the clear outline of the face had gone and in its place was a vague, shapeless, blotch. I put it down to the moon's changing position.

We went back to London the day after Boxing Day. Quite by chance, we happened to meet Tony Marston, Harry's brother. I told him about that queer episode at the Cornish inn, and he looked a trifle surprised.

"How is Harry, by the way?" I asked.

He was silent.

"Nothing's wrong with him, I hope?" cried Roy anxiously.

"I thought you knew," slowly answered Tony. "Harry was killed on his motor bike on Christmas Eve three years ago," he paused, "at Treswick"

C. ALEXANDER (R.C.)

* * *

Film Society.

WITH the beginning of the new school year the Society found itself bereft both of an energetic secretary and the larger part of its more enthusiastic supporters. This unfortunate circumstance, coupled with a general reluctance to try any sort of experiment, has been responsible for a falling off both of interest and support, but while few members of the School have bothered to associate themselves with the Society, those, at least, whose enthusiasm survived, have this last term enjoyed a choice blend of interest, education and amusement.

The first meeting, held on Thursday, October 20th, at the Blue Coat Chambers, consisted of a lecture by Miss Lottie Reiniger, on "Silhouette Films." Miss Reiniger is the acknowledged expert in this sphere of film making, and her lecture was illustrated both by numerous models used in production, and a completed example of her work. The second meeting, held in the Gas Show Rooms, on Friday, October 28th, was more widely

supported, perhaps inevitably, because of its nature. It consisted of a showing of the film "Great Expectations," and, although there was great diversity of opinion among the audience as to the merits of the film, whether considered in comparison with the original book, or on an absolute standard, the evening was generally enjoyed, if only for the pleasure of criticism.

The third meeting, held on the following Thursday, was a lecture by the late chairman on the subject of "Propaganda by Film," in which he dealt particularly with advertising propaganda, illustrating his talk with examples of what he considered good and bad in propaganda. On the following Thursday the Society again visited the Gas Show Rooms for a showing of four miscellaneous films, but this time with a poor contingent from the School. The last meeting of the term was held on Thursday, November 24th, at the Blue Coat Chambers, and on this occasion the School was represented almost entirely by the Moderns. The meeting consisted of a lecture on "The Film in France," which was well illustrated, and afterwards generally agreed to be both comprehensive and original in treatment.

The magazines *Sight and Sound* and the *Monthly Film Bulletin* of the British Film Institute are available in the Library for all who take an intelligent interest in the Film, and it is hoped that members of the Sixth Forms who find these magazines interesting, will give their support to the Film Society next term. Meanwhile we must acknowledge our sincere gratitude to Mr. S. V. Brown for his untiring assistance to the Society.

D. ELLWAND.

* * *

Philatelic Society

A FAIR number of new and Junior members attended the Business Meeting at the beginning of the term. The Chairman's excellent lecture on "The Elements of Stamp Collecting" was also well supported. The informal meetings and the competitions were, however, poorly attended; and we are sorry to see such a lack of interest among the Senior members of the School. All new members will be warmly welcomed.

Members of the Society are again reminded that the Society's catalogues and enlarged library are always at their disposal; and that we shall be pleased to receive exhibits for the Society's display-frame.

The Society is sorry to lose Burns, who has carried out his task most thoroughly during the past year. We wish him every

success at Oxford. We should also like to take this opportunity of thanking our Chairman, Mr. Folland, for his steady interest in the Society's welfare since its establishment as a School function five years ago.

R. H. PAIN.

* * *

Gymnasium.

THERE were the usual practices on Tuesdays after school during the term, these will continue until about the end of February, when the Competition will be held. Every House must enter a team of four members and each member is required to compete in the individual competition.

I have been disgusted by the lack of support on the part of the School during the last term. To me this is unaccountable, unless perhaps, our senior members have been so affected by the crisis and other political disturbances that they cannot undertake another burden. On Speech Day the Headmaster touched on this subject with a very strong appeal and I should like to point out that in the immediate future there will be a nation-wide campaign for physical fitness. The School gymnasium affords an excellent means to start and it is advisable to start young.

On behalf of those who do attend the practices I extend to Mr. Stell sincere thanks for his continued guidance and instruction.

G. C. BILLINGTON.

* * *

Boxing.

THERE is little to report on the progress of Boxing this term, except to state that it has been good. In the Boxing notice of nearly every Magazine for the past two or three years has appeared an appeal to the School for more support. In the last Magazine this appeal was omitted, with the result that there has been a marked increase in the attendance on Mondays and Fridays.

The Juniors on Monday nights have kept up a steady attendance, and many of them show promise. The Seniors as well have turned up in larger numbers, and the School has now quite a few competent Senior boxers. If these attendances are kept up regularly next term, the School boxing team will be equal if not superior to that of any other school.

K. BEASTALL.

Swimming.

THE School Gala took place at Lodge Lane Baths, on Friday, 14th October. There was a larger attendance than usual, both among the members of the School and their parents and friends.

This year there was a relatively poor number of entries from the Upper School, and consequently the Senior Championship was not so keenly contested as in previous years. A. C. Bridge was the winner. However, the Juniors provided plenty of excitement, and after a hard fight W. H. Adams and H. Allen emerged victorious as joint holders of the Junior Championship. A fine exhibition of swimming was given by Hornby, in the Old Boys' race, which he won in the excellent time of $60\frac{3}{5}$ secs., the race being over four lengths. Another high light of the evening was the School v. Old Boys' squadron race. After a gruelling race, the School won by a touch, only to be informed that they had been disqualified.

The Inter-School Swimming Sports were held on 26th October, and, although the School sent a number of competitors, the percentage of successes was small. The only first place was gained by Hornby in the Old Boys' race. However, I am confident that we shall do better next year, provided that our swimmers maintain interest and train regularly.

Our thanks are due to all the masters who helped to organise and run the Swimming Gala and especially to Mr. Killingley for his constant and unflagging interest in the welfare of School Swimming.

The individual results of the Gala are as follows:—

Four Lengths Back Stroke (Senior): 1, Bridge, A. C.; 2, Corlett, T.
 Beginners' Race: 1, Christian, R. F.; 2, Gray, J. O.
 Two Lengths Back Stroke (Junior): 1, Craig, K.; 2, Adams, W. H.
 Two Lengths Free Style (Senior): 1, Bridge, A. C.; 2, Denning, R. G.; 3, Jackson, D. W.
 Two Lengths Handicap (Junior): 1, Adams, D. J.; 2, Parry, J. S.
 Neat Dive (Senior): 1, Bridge, A. C.; 2, Green, W. F.; 3, Gray, P. J.
 Four Lengths Breast Stroke (Senior): 1, Jones, C. V.; 2, Corlett, T.; 3, Varey, M. P.
 Two Lengths Free Style (Junior): 1, Adams, W. H.; 2, Varey, J. F.
 House Squadron Race (Senior): 1, Alfred Holt; 2, Philip Holt.
 House Squadron Race (Junior): 1, Alfred Holt; 2, Owen.
 Ten Lengths Championship (Open): 1, Allen, H.; 2, Bridge, A. C.; 3, Spanswick, E.
 Neat Dive (Junior): 1, Brown, Alan R.; 2, Range, H.
 Long Plunge (Open): Equal first—Varey, J. F., Brown, Alan R.; 3, Bridge, A. C.
 Four Lengths Handicap (Senior): 1, Bridge, A. C.; 2, Denning, R. G.
 Two Lengths Breast Stroke (Junior): 1, Corcoran, T. C.; 2, Craig, K.
 Four Lengths Free Style (Senior): 1, Bridge, A. C.; 2, Fell, B. A.; 3, Denning, R. G.

Two Lengths Free Style (under 13½) : 1, Moore, R. F. ; 2, Leeson, G. F.
 Obstacle Race : 1, Gordon, G. A. ; 2, Allen, H.
 Old Boys' Race : 1, Hornby, G. ; 2, Robinson, H. A.
 Squadron Race : 1, Old Boys ; 2, School.
 House Shield, Senior : Alfred Holt.
 Junior : Alfred Holt.

A. C. BRIDGE.

* * *

Cross-Country Running.

GENERALLY speaking, ordinary runs were but moderately attended last term, this being mainly due to the fact that inter-House runs do not begin until next term and also to the apathy towards running shown by new boys in the third forms. It is a pity that members of the soccer, rugby, and hockey teams do not avail themselves of the facilities offered at Fletcher's Farm. A few runs at the beginning of the season will go a long way in improving the wind and stamina of members of the elevens and the fifteen.

We have quite a strong School team this season, since only two members of last year's team left at Midsummer ; the lack of individual brilliance in the team is amply made up for by a speedy pack. It has taken a considerable time for the team to find its true form, due probably to an unfortunate lack of fixtures this term. However, the team can look forward to a successful second half of the season with a full fixture list.

SCHOOL v. CHESTER COLLEGE. Home. Saturday, October 8th.
 School : (2) F. W. Myerscough ; (6) B. Downs ; (7) G. H. Townend ;
 (8) H. A. Appleton ; (9) A. R. Brown ; (12) J. F. Lewis.
 Chester College : 1, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11. Result : Lost 44—34

SCHOOL v. OULTON H.S. Home. Saturday, October 29th.
 School : (1) F. W. Myerscough ; (4) G. H. Townend ; (5) B. Downs ;
 (7) G. K. Williams ; (9) H. A. Appleton ; (10) A. R. Brown.
 Oulton H.S. : 2, 3, 6, 8, 13, 14. Result : Won 36—46

SCHOOL v. ST. AIDAN'S COLLEGE. Away. Wednesday, December 7th.
 School : (1) G. H. Townend ; (2) F. W. Myerscough ; (4) H. A. Appleton ; (5) A. R. Brown ; (6) N. A. Hamling.
 St. Aidan's College : 3, 10, 11, 12, 13. Result : Won 18—49

The Junior team will have to practice more consistently if it is to show last year's form. Unfortunately, finding Junior teams against which to run is a very difficult task.

SCHOOL JUNIORS v. OULTON H.S. JUNIORS. Home. Sat., Nov. 12th.
 School Juniors : (2) G. K. Williams ; (3 eq.) J. F. Lewis ; (6) D. F. Park ; (7) S. R. Buckley ; (9) A. P. Comaish.
 Oulton H.S. Juniors : 1, 3 eq., 5, 8, 11. Result : Won 27—28

We thank Mr. Jones and Mr. Wormald for their support of the School teams, and their untiring work at Fletcher's Farm.
 F. W. MYERSCOUGH.

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Fives.

AS usual in the winter months I must deplore the lack of interest displayed by the School. It is true that the shortness of the day is partly responsible. But time after time I have seen the same names three times on one Fives list. This time I cannot blame those who avail themselves of the courts for selfishness. However, I hope to see interest re-awakened at least by the end of February, when the nights will be shorter.

The Fives' team has had its most successful term for some time, winning three matches out of four. The second team played one match and lost it. We must congratulate G. Ellis on his promotion to the 1st IV. He has only played in two matches but has shown himself worthy of his position in the team.

Finally it is my pleasant duty to thank Mr. Doughty for the large share he has contributed towards the success of the team, and also to Mr. H. M. Brown for his kind help.

1st Team		Match Results :	
Oct. 26	v. St. Anselm Hall, at Manchester	Won	6—2 games.
Nov. 9	v. W.G.S., at Wallasey	...	Lost 138—156 pts.
Dec. 14	v. W.G.S., at School	...	Won 151—111 pts.
Dec. 21	v. Oxford University O.B.'s, at School	...	Won 175—97 pts.

2nd Team		Match Results :	
Dec. 14	v. W.G.S., at Wallasey	...	Lost 175—187 pts.

H. KUSHNER.

Finish an outdoor snack
 with a **FRY'S**
CHOCOLATE SANDWICH

Hockey

THIS season has been overcast by the tragic death of Mr. G. D. Roberts. Mr. G. D. Roberts succeeded Mr. Williams in charge of School hockey in the season of 1933; since then the standard and popularity of hockey have risen in leaps and bounds.

Mr. Roberts worked very hard to place hockey on a firm footing; he was responsible for the introduction of hockey colours, and also for placing hockey on the same level as football. Great credit is due to Mr. Roberts for the way he obtained these privileges. He had many set-backs in his efforts for School hockey to which many another man would have resigned himself, but Mr. Roberts had his heart in the game and he took every opportunity to make hockey flourish as an outside activity of the School. Mr. Roberts' wide experience of the game, and the excellent way he imparted this to the boys, have been the prime reasons for the School's most improved hockey. It was with great sorrow that we heard of his passing.

Mr. Willott has very kindly taken charge of School hockey, and we wish him every success.

Out of last term's fixture list two matches were scratched, three won, and four lost.

The support in practices has been very good, but more support is needed from the Seniors.

We are again grateful to the Northern Hockey Club for their invitations extended to us to play in the School games during the Christmas vacation. P. U. RUMJAHN.

Oct. 15th v. NORTHERN IV, at Greenbank. Lost 1—2

Team: Edwards; Stone, Carr; McKeand, Billington, Townend; Wellock, Lucy, Johnson, Spanswick, Lipton.

Oct. 29th. v. WEST DERBY B, at Clubmoor. Won 3—2

Team: Edwards; Stone, Carr; Johnson, Billington, Lipton; Wellock, Allan, Rumjahn, P. U., Spanswick, Leak.

There were several changes in personnel of team, which resulted in strengthening the defence while introduction of Rumjahn, P. U., put life into the forward line.

The match opened with a swift attack from West Derby, which was repulsed by the defence. This attack continued throughout the game; the monotony was only broken when Rumjahn pressed, but, owing to the unevenness of the ground and lack of support from the forwards, his many opportunities were lost until, relying on himself alone, he beat the opposing backs and the goalkeeper by a strong push high up into the West Derby net. The defence were pressed harder and after a spectacular save by Edwards, West Derby scored with a good straight drive.

Our opponents forced the game right up to the middle of the second half. Rumjahn continued to give them a few difficult moments, but their full backs were experienced and not to be tricked until a pass out to Leak brought reward. He scored shooting almost from the goal line. The School attacked for a spell until the West Derby full back took the ball right through our defence and scored. A change was tried; Rumjahn changed with Billington. The School team took heart for the new tactics of each were effective. Billington broke through and scored the winning goal. During remainder of the game West Derby gave the School some breath-taking moments but failed to equalise.

Wed., Nov. 2nd. v. UNIVERSITY II, at Wyncote. Won 4—3

Team: Edwards; Stone, Carr; Johnson, Billington, Lipton; Townend, Rumjahn, P. U., Rumjahn, E. J., Rumjahn, R. M., Wellock.

The University fielded a very strong second eleven and in the early stages of the game the School defence was hard pressed. However, after settling down, School scored twice through Rumjahn, P. U., and E. J., and University replied once before half-time. In the second half our opponents attacked incessantly and despite many good clearances by Billington, University scored twice and took the lead. After this reverse the School again took control of the game and Rumjahn, E. J., scored two good goals on his own.

Nov. 16th. v. UNIVERSITY II, at Greenbank. Lost 3—6

Team: Edwards; Stone, Carr; Johnson, Billington, Lipton; Wellock, Townend, Rumjahn, E. J., Spanswick, Rumjahn, R. M.

Rumjahn, P. U., was not available owing to a wrist injury.

Nov. 30th. v. CHESTER, at Chester. Lost 3—5

Team: Edwards; Johnson, Carr; Wellock, Stone, Lipton; Rumjahn, R. M., Rumjahn, P. U., Billington, Townend, Leak.

Two changes were tried in this game, Stone moving from right-back to centre-half and Billington from centre-half to centre-forward, neither proved effective from point of view of constructive team work.

In this game as usual Chester's original, if not unorthodox methods, upset the School and were successful. Throughout Chester's played a speedy and vigorous game, which was well resisted by the obviously weaker School team. The second half of the game was played in cold, driving rain, with a strong wind and very bad light. No matter what change was made the School failed to gain a lead and during the last ten minutes were severely pressed. The scorers for School were, Rumjahn, Townend, Billington.

Dec. 10th. v. HIGHTOWN, at Greenbank. Won 7—3

Team: Edwards; Stone, Carr; Johnson, Billington, Lipton; Leak, Rumjahn, P. U., Rumjahn, E. J., Townend, Wellock.

Dec. 17th. v. OLD BOYS at Greenbank. Lost 2—4

Team: —; —, Carr; Rumjahn, R. M., Stone, Spanswick; Johnson, Townend, Billington, Mayhew (O.B.), Leak.

Results for Term:

Played 7. Won 3. Lost 4. Goals for 23. Against 25.

Association Football.

THE season opened disastrously for the 1st XI, four out of the first five games being lost. This necessitated sweeping changes, Ferguson moving from centre-forward to full-back, Gregory to centre-forward, to give the forward line more finishing power, and Weedon to outside-right. Brooks well filled the vacancy created at right half. After these changes the School met with greater success, and gained two good victories against University teams. The game against Liobians, however, played in a quagmire, revealed grave weaknesses.

The chief reason for the team's comparative lack of success has been general slowness and failure to run into position for quick passes. During the early games the inability of the forwards to make the most of their chances threw a great strain on the defence, which received very little help from the inside forwards. Moreover, the backs failed to cover and were often out of position.

The 2nd and 3rd XI's have had good results, the success of the 3rd XI being particularly gratifying, as it augurs well for future School teams. With an eye for the present, however, we can but wish them every success next term in the Shield matches.

We are grateful to Mr. Moy for his unremitting advice and encouragement, and confidently hope that his efforts will be rewarded by greater success on the part of the team next term. We thank also Mr. Peters and Mr. Bradshaw for their interest in the 2nd and 3rd XI's, and Mr. Reece for his general supervision over School soccer and his organisation of the House games. It is indeed a pity that the interest shown by these members of the Staff is not shared by the School in general.

Finally, we thank Wass and Edwin for the excellent pitches they have prepared in all kinds of weather.

H. T. MUSKETT.

SCHOOL v. QUARRY BANK. Oct. 8th. Away. **Lost 3—6**
Team: Muskett; Brooks, Adams; Weedon, Sanderson, Gardner; Gregory, Walker, Ferguson, Bell, Draper.

The School had the advantage of a strong wind in the first half, but the Quarry Bank attacks had more point, and our opponents scored first when the unmarked outside-left ran in and netted a cross from the right. The School equalised through Ferguson, but Quarry Bank were soon in the lead again. Their attacks were always more dangerous, and they soon scored a third. Before half-time Ferguson reduced their lead with a good shot.

During the interval, rain began to fall, which made things unpleasant for the School defence, which now had to face the wind. It struggled gamely, however, until Sanderson mis-kicked to present the opposing centre-forward with a gift goal. Quarry Bank came on the attack again

and soon scored a fifth goal. To show that the forwards were still keeping an interest in the game, Ferguson broke away to score his third goal, but Quarry Bank still enjoyed the greater part of the play, and scored again before the close.

SCHOOL v. MANCHESTER G.S. Oct. 15th. Away. **Lost 1—9**

SCHOOL v. COLLEGIATE. Oct. 29th. Home. **Lost 0—3**

Team: Muskett; Brooks, Adams; Weedon, Sanderson, Gardner; Gregory, Walker, Ferguson, Bell, Draper.

Collegiate attacked strongly from the kick-off, Muskett being forced to turn the ball round the post for a corner. From the clearance the School right wing was sent away and Gregory's strong shot was brilliantly saved by the Collegiate keeper, who was, throughout the game, in splendid form. The Collegiate resumed the offensive and the School defence was hard pressed to prevent their opponents scoring. Shortly before the interval, however, the Collegiate centre-forward managed to elude Sanderson and scored from close in.

The School attack was through on many occasions in the second half, but their efforts were spoiled by woefully weak finishing and some good goalkeeping by the Collegiate keeper. The lethargy of the attack threw a greater burden on the much harassed defence and Sanderson, who had had a difficult task throughout, mis-kicked to the opposing centre-forward who scored an easy goal. Shortly before the end, the Collegiate netted a third, after the ball had swung twice across the goal-mouth without being cleared.

The School defence played well and the wing halves plied their forwards with very promising passes, but only Gregory on the forward line seemed capable of a shot. The forwards as a line were slow and failed to combine.

SCHOOL v. BOOTLE. **Won 6—4**

Team: Muskett; Ferguson, Adams; Brooks, Sanderson, Gardner; Weedon, Walker, Gregory, Cohen, Ireland.

Scorers: Gregory (3), Cohen (2), Ireland.

SCHOOL v. ALSOP H.S. Nov. 9th. Away. **Lost 0—3**

Team: Muskett; Ferguson, Adams; Brooks, Sanderson, Gardner; Weedon, Walker, Gregory, Cohen, Ireland.

SCHOOL v. HOLT H.S. Nov. 16th. Home. **Won 5—0**

Team: Price; Ferguson, Adams, W. H.; Brooks, Sanderson, Gardner; Weedon, Muskett, Gregory, Cohen and Ireland.

Muskett lost the toss and the Holt kicked down the slope. Holt were quickly dangerous and from a breakaway their centre-forward shot wide when pressed by Sanderson. The School soon took command, however, and from this point play was constantly in our opponents' half. After 20 minutes' play the School opened the scoring, Cohen placing the ball just beyond the goalkeeper's reach. His example was soon followed by Weedon, who scored with what was either a brilliant shot or a poor centre. The School continued to press strongly and soon Muskett scored a brilliant solo goal. Just before half-time Gregory opened his account with a fine shot following a pass from Cohen. The interval came with the score 4—0 in favour of the School.

Early in the second half, Gregory scored a fifth goal, from close in, following a pass by Weedon. From this moment the School slackened off, and the Holt began to fight back. In their eagerness to reduce the

lead, Holt made the game a little rough and one or two minor knocks were received. Price then made his only mistake of the match. In his eagerness to prevent a corner he handled the ball outside the penalty area and after the resultant foul the School goal had some anxious moments before the ball was finally cleared by a half-back.

SCHOOL v. UNIVERSITY III. Nov. 19th. Home.

Won 4—3

The School fielded the following team: Price; Ferguson, Adams; Brooks, Sanderson, Gardner; Weedon, Muskett, Gregory, Cohen, Ireland.

Muskett lost the toss and the School kicked uphill and against the wind. The game opened with the School attacking very strongly, but with no success. The game then became more even and the Varsity inside-right opened the scoring with a shot which gave Price no chance to save. From the kick-off the School nearly scored through Cohen, but his shot went wide. Shortly afterwards the Varsity increased their lead, the inside-left lobbing the ball over Price's head. A few minutes later Ireland cut down the Varsity's lead with a first-time shot which gave the goalkeeper no chance.

After half-time Brooks equalised for the School with a goal scored from a free-kick awarded for a foul on Muskett. Following this goal, both sides increased the pace and the defences were hard pressed, but there were no goals scored until about 20 minutes after half-time, when Muskett scored from a pass by Weedon. Shortly after this, Weedon had to leave the field for ten minutes and during his absence two goals were scored, one for each side. The Varsity's goal was scored by the centre-forward from a corner, given by Price, following a marvellous save. The School's goal was scored by Gregory following a breakaway on the right wing.

This is the best match the School has played this season, and the whole team worked well together. Sanderson was a stalwart in defence and he was ably supported by the wing-halves Brooks and Gardner who were the starting points of many attacks. Ferguson and Adams were very good as backs, whilst Price was superb in goal.

SCHOOL v. S.F.X., at Mersey Road.

Lost 1—4

Except for Bell being brought in at right-half, and Walker at outside-right, the School team was unchanged.

SCHOOL v. LIABIANS. Dec. 3rd. Home.

Lost 2—5

The ground was wet and muddy, and heavier than for a long time past. Muskett lost the toss and the School kicked off down the slope. Play was even in mid-field for some time, both sides breaking away several times to have their shots saved. After ten minutes from a mis-kick by the opposing centre-half Gregory obtained the ball and scored with a first-time shot. The Liobians began to press hard and Price in the School goal had to make several fine saves before Faulkner equalised. The School at this point were rather slow in tackling and the Old Boys continued to attack. After good combination on the right, however, Muskett put the School further ahead, lobbing the ball over the goalkeeper's head from a difficult angle.

After half-time the School took its customary nap and seemed to become disinterested in the game. Under heavy pressure, particularly on the right wing where Adams had a hard time, the defence was responsible for serious lapses. Second chances were allowed and taking them Faulkner scored three more goals and Hughes one, without reply. In fact, but for some fine saves by Price the score might have been much greater.

SCHOOL v. UNIVERSITY III. Dec. 7th. Away.

Won 5—3

"The Institute had better combination than the Varsity and well deserved their win."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

The team lined up as follows:—Price; Ferguson, Adams; Brooks, Sanderson, Gardner; Weedon, Muskett, Marsh, Cohen, Gregory.

Muskett lost the toss and Varsity chose to kick against the wind. Play was fairly even, but the Varsity centre-forward was always dangerous hitting the upright before scoring from close in. School then attacked on the left and were awarded a free-kick inside the penalty area, after the Varsity goalkeeper had held on to the ball too long. The shot was blocked out and the Varsity started on the attack again. They were awarded a corner but Ferguson cleared and sent Weedon away on the right, who was unlucky in having his shot turned round the post for a corner. This was cleared but a second corner was soon forthcoming, and from this Brooks scored. Two minutes later Marsh put the School ahead, after Gregory had tested the goalkeeper with a strong shot. Following a misunderstanding by Sanderson, the Varsity centre-forward broke through again and scored a lucky goal through Price's legs. Marsh again scored just before the interval when the score was 3—2 for us.

When play was resumed, the light was already failing and rain had started. Varsity attacked strongly, their centre-forward hitting the upright again before their outside-left scored. This goal brought the School back to life and Weedon put the School ahead from a centre by Gregory. Light was now very bad and play was very limited. Varsity tried to equalize but the School defence predominated. Cohen tried a shot, which the Varsity goal-keeper punched out to Marsh who made no mistake with his shot.

* * *

Rugby Football.

THE XV started the new School year with great confidence but, unfortunately, most of that confidence seemed to have deserted the team by half-term. Moreover, the absence of K. Beastall, owing to injury, made necessary a readjustment of the team which resulted in a lack of much needed combination. However, towards the end of the term the XV gained a few well deserved victories and we look forward to next term in the hope of continuing this belated success. But the team must not forget, as it seems only too apt to do, that the last fifteen minutes of a game are just as important as the first; and we know, to our regret, that many games are lost or won in the final quarter-of-an-hour.

D. NODEN.

The teams during the season were picked from the following: Noden, D. (Capt.), Heslop, W. E., Bridge, A. C., Hartley, G. W., Wootton, E., Beastall, D., Beastall, K., Gray, P. J., Briggs, J. C., Parkin, G. D., Gould, M., Bourns, S. G., Jackson, D. W., Olsen, R. V., Felgate, E. M., Colville, E. C., Haugh, A. L.

SCHOOL v. ST. MARY'S. Sept. 24th. Home. Lost 6—33
Scorers : Bridge, Hartley. Half-time 6—10

SCHOOL v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE. Sept. 28th. Away. Lost 9—19
Scorers : Jackson, D. W., Beastall, D., Heslop. Half-time 6—6

SCHOOL v. SOUTHPORT. Oct. 15th. Home. Lost 9—16
Scorers : Bridge (3). Half-time 6—8

SCHOOL "A" XV v. BOOTLE. Oct. 19th. Home. Won 11—9
Scorers : Wootton, Beastall, K., Jackson, D. W. (one converted). Half-time 0—9

SCHOOL v. ST. HELENS. Oct. 29th. Away. Lost 8—35
Scorer : Bridge (converted), (one penalty).

SCHOOL v. OLDERSHAW. Nov. 9th. Away. Lost 0—26
Half-time 0—3

SCHOOL "A" XV v. BOOTLE. Nov. 19th. Away. Draw 5—5
Scorer : Bridge (converted).

SCHOOL v. BOTELER (Warrington). Nov. 26th. Home. Won 6—5
Boteler were playing with a slightly weakened team, with the result that the School XV was superior to theirs in every respect. In the first half the Institute had all the play, and were the first to score through Heslop from a pass from Noden. School were winning 3—0 at half-time, and in the second half was again the best side. Early in the second half they scored again through Heslop, but this try like the first, was not converted. Boteler scored a try in the last five minutes through a good passing movement, and this was converted.

SCHOOL v. OWEN OWEN LTD. Nov. 30th. Away. Draw 6—6
Scorers : Noden, Jackson, D. W.

SCHOOL v. OULTON. Dec. 3rd. Away. Lost 0—19
Half-time 0—11

SCHOOL v. ORMSKIRK. Dec. 10th. Home. Lost 3—10
The two teams were about even, but Ormskirk was slightly heavier in the scrum. Ormskirk opened the score early in the game, but shortly afterwards School equalised through a try by Bridge which was unconverted. Towards half-time Ormskirk gained an extra four points from a drop-kick which left the score at 7—3 at half-time. The School was unable to make up the points in the second half, and shortly before full-time, Ormskirk scored a second unconverted try.

SCHOOL v. COLLEGIATE. Dec. 14th. Away. Lost 3—11
Half-time 0—8

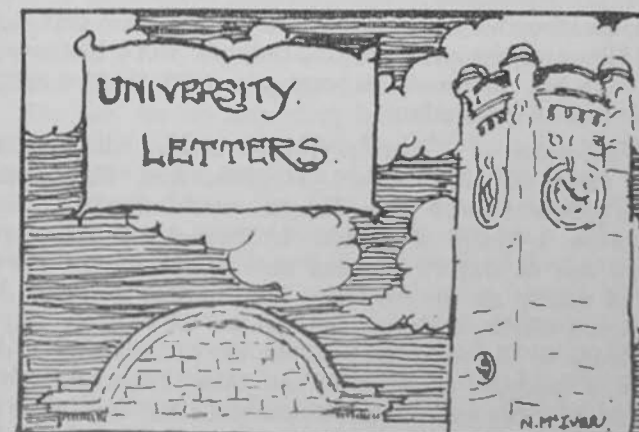
The School XV was slightly weaker than Collegiate, especially in the forwards. The three-quarters were equal to the Collegiate's but in the first half they allowed them to score two tries, without scoring themselves. In the second half School seemed to take heart and they were always pressing into Collegiate's half. But for all their attacking they were unable to make up the necessary points, and it was not until shortly before full-time that MacBurney scored from a good three-quarter movement. This try was unconverted. If the forwards had been stronger, and quicker in the loose, they would have been as strong as the Collegiate forwards,

but their slowness in failing to follow up gave the Collegiate chance to get the ball to their three-quarters.

SCHOOL v. COLLEGIATE OLD BOYS III. Dec. 17th. Away. Won 12—6
Half-time 6—6

The game was played on a very cold day, and the first ten minutes of the game were very slow and uninteresting. After the first ten minutes the game livened up, but neither side was able to gain any definite advantage until Collegiate Old Boys scored from a very fast three-quarter movement. Shortly afterwards the School equalised through Bridge, A. C., who, with the help of the forwards dribbled the ball over the line for a touch down. The School forwards were much stronger than the Collegiate Old Boys' forwards, but our three-quarters had their work cut out to hold the opposition. The forwards gained the School's second try through Beastall, D., but shortly afterwards Collegiate equalised, which left the score 6—6 at half-time. In the second half the School forwards were far superior to Collegiate Old Boys' forwards and the latter were unable to increase their score. School, however, scored two further unconverted tries, one through MacBurney from a three-quarter movement and the other through Briggs from a brilliant individual effort. The game ended almost in darkness.

* * *



OXFORD.

SIR,

You are, as you cheerfully confess, "no gentleman." Yet I was not really surprised at the last paragraph of your letter. I thought it out of character that you should, Editor that you are, send a letter in which you would be entirely pleasant.

In point of fact, there is little to say about our activities last term. After the trying days of September, we were only too glad to treat Oxford as a place of quiet and academic security. Moreover, many of our activities had to be curtailed owing to an epidemic of Infantile Paralysis in the district.

Mr. Curtis has carried out his threat, and has gone to live in rustic simplicity out at Ifley, although the rigours of the life are, we hear, tempered by H. and C. and all modern conveniences. The added sharpness of his tongue is due (so one understands) to licking stamps and envelopes during the candidature of Mr. A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol. Of his ecclesiastical ambitions, little is definitely known. Whether he purposes to become Archbishop of York or remain an honest Socialistic padre in a slum parish is not finally decided. At all events, he will be a prominent figure in the Church. Mr. Hopwood's flirtations are naked and unashamed. He remains a leading Socialist, and is now so fully imbued with the doctrine of his party that more than a touch of the Fascist is discernible in his character. At all events, the disability which he desired to inflict upon a certain Old Boy who was said to be in favour of the Munich agreement, in the limitations it would impose upon his activities, goes far beyond any of the atrocities of the concentration camp. Mr. Leather is a figure of happy mystery. No scandal soils the purity of his reputation. His political outlook is not known, although his cheerful smile is. Alas, Oxford now sees him but little. Ifley and the pressure of academic work has swallowed him up. To Mr. Little we express our most sincere sympathy upon the loss of his father.

The spectacle of "Time's winged chariot drawing near" seems to have affected Messrs. Hughes, Ion, Hawthorn and Martin, in different ways. Mr. Hughes would emulate Simonides and advertise a brand of tobacco by beaming "Four-Square." He is now one of Oxford's young men about town. Elected a member of nearly all the Societies that matter in Jesus, he has become a *bon viveur*, and the uneducated may safely rely upon his knowledge of the wine-list and the art of choosing a dinner. And what a quantity of wine he can take! And what's more he can hold it. The classics have confirmed Mr. Ion in his gospel of the simple life. Like Carlyle, he adds the injunction "Work, Work." His omelettes are excellent. However, he too realizes that all work and no play makes Jack a mere pedantic organism, and he gives select Bridge Parties from time to time.

Mr. Hawthorn is a man of culture and parts. Not only does he go to London to study Greek Art in the B.M., but the juxtaposition of Rabelais and the Bible, Boccaccio and Homer, on his book-shelves show that he is a man of very catholic tastes. His umbrella is the most smartly rolled in Oxford. Yet his grave aspect, and the solemnity of his walk in the best traditions of Lord Morley and the *Guardian* serve to put us all in mind that there are more things in politics and sociology than are dreamed of in

the ephemeral pages of the Left Book Club. And, oh boy, but ain't he jest too, too cute in a tuxedo! Of Mr. Martin it is difficult to speak—so various and inexplicable are his doings. He adds, of course, that necessary touch of refinement and gentility without which our "nameless orgies" would lack distinction. Occasionally he may be seen, with nostrils delicately twitching, taking his constitutional. There is no painting for him to do in the winter. Unable therefore to get wet on the outside, he occasionally gets wet within. His imitation of a hunting horn at such seasons is so life-like that sporting young gentlemen from the House are said to have rallied to the call in pyjamas, in the middle of the night. And they do say that an aged Don in a night-shirt Mr. G. H. ("Roo")* Tharme eats his bloater in seclusion. He is said to be writing a brochure on "Six Ways of Dining at Messrs. J*** L**** for Elevenpence halfpenny." He assures us that his knowledge of the arithmetic of L s. d. is profound. He writes essays, murmurs of Proust and Havelock Ellis, and, occasionally, as secretary of the Oxford University English Society, dines with young poets. His only concession to the uniform of those contemplating the literary life is a bow-tie and an air of hunger patiently endured. But Christ Church has engorged him and we see very little of him. Nor can we do anything but conjecture his reasons for choosing Bach's "My heart ever Faithful" as his theme song.

So we come to the firstlings of the flock or to speak classically those "on whose cheeks the first bloom of dawn is still fresh." They each appear to enjoy Oxford in his own way. Mr. Hammer in the exuberance of youth and St. Peters Hall does everything—rugger, soccer, rowing, and even crashing his bicycle into motor-cars. He is also saving up his Saturday pennies to join the Union. Mr. Hargreaves wears a hat and already knows the craft of giving a tea-party to perfection. Also his way of dealing with tutors is the envy of his seniors. Mr. Holmes—now there you have a mystery. One feels that some mysterious latent force is hidden beneath the blandness of his smile and his amber cigarette-holder. And if anyone wants to buy a kettle, but doesn't quite know how, Mr. Holmes can tell them. Mr. Leak is unchanged by time and place. His pursuits are severely intellectual. Tired out by wrestling with the classics of Greece and Rome, he relaxes upon the classics of France and England. And then there is his Chess—we congratulate him heartily on being picked to play for Oxfordshire. Mr. Burns is a very peculiar bloke. He has "hidden depths"—though he should

*For those not bred on the classics, a character in A. Milne's "Christopher Robin" books.

learn to control his blushes. He came to the writer of this letter and with pleading in his voice, announced that he needed companionship and begged to be introduced into St. H's. The sequel need not be disclosed.

Finally, we were visited during the term by two of our moral guardians, the Revs. F. Bussby and H. Bates. By their discrimination in the important matter of beer and their willingness to put their theories to practical test, you may be assured that they are worthy scions of the Anglican Establishment.

Your obedient servant,

J. I. KNOXUCLAVE.

THE UNION SOCIETY,
CAMBRIDGE,

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Approximately a year ago, it was my painful lot to have to compose a letter about the doings of twelve people. To-day I have to fill the same space with only four as victims and one of those I have seen but once. So don't blame me if I blather a bit at times.

Mr. Scarisbrick researches somewhere and also forgets to come to Old Boys' meetings. At your correspondent's one and only glimpse of him, he poked his face round the door and said "Can I eat my lunch here?" He then proceeded to ask who I was. However, to the venerable researcher, all must be excused. Mr. Scarisbrick also waxed eloquent about the shortcomings of youth. Mr. Collett has also been opening his mouth about the shortcomings of certain members of the Society. If Mr. Collett weighed about five stones less no one would turn a hair, but his arguments, backed up by the onslaught of himself in person, are often too much for the weaker brethren. Mr. Collett has, of course, had a most exciting time. He lost touch with his square in Market Hill on November 5th. Adequate explanation has not been forthcoming but when he also buys reptiles and sports peculiar neckwear (though fortunately not for long), the cause is not far to seek.

Mr. Collett is unfortunately a minority of one at most of the Society's meetings. Mr. Corlett possesses the chair and is very generous, often allowing Mr. Robertson a seat. He stakes a fearful dart, though not quite so skilful in missing the board as Mr. Collett. Mr. Corlett is now progressing far into the dim wastes of Mathematics. He is to be congratulated on his election to the Presidency of Trinity Mathematical Society as on his

handicap which promises soon to reach fifty. He has also blossomed out into quite a seasoned playgoer and was even beguiled by Mr. Robertson to visit a rugger match. His scorn was unspeakable.

Of Mr. Robertson, the tenderfoot of the Society, we must write in conclusion. He spends much of his time walking between his own college and Trinity. The reason is not that he enjoys being in Trinity but Mr. Collett and Mr. Corlett are always so immersed in work as to be loth to leave their seclusion. He played soccer with great energy but not with great success.

Heaven be thanked, this seems to be the end. May I wish you all success with your Jubilee Number.

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STUDENT'S UNION,

2 BEDFORD STREET,

LIVERPOOL, 7.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

We offer you our heartiest congratulations upon holding office during the Jubilee Year of the Magazine. Of course, it's not what it used to be, but then nothing ever was.

Having been through another Panto Day and lived to tell the tale to the wondering thousands, we find ourselves too exhausted to say much (which is probably just as well). All that we can say is that we hope none of those vulgar people who were drunk on the lorries were Liobians, or if they were, that no one knew it.

The Liobians are still holding the fort up here. Mr. Rice keeps all the money for the Geological Society. We hear he has been excavating in the hope of finding an old Roman Mint. Mr. Jones, of course, is President of the Zoo, sorry, the Zoo Club, and Mr. A. P. Bates is rubbing shoulders with Hoi Oligoi as Secretary of the newly-formed Social Service Club.

A rather peculiar occurrence occurred at the end of last term. The occasion was an Inter-Faculty Impromptu Debate and, out of about fourteen speakers, six were Old Boys: Messrs. Bates, Bender, Bone, I. C. Jones, Rice and Samuels. That says a lot for the School Lit. and Deb.

Mr. Samuels blossoms forth with a moustache and a monocle, and Mr. Nairn is playing so much chess (the Test selectors are thinking of giving him Edrich's place in the next Test Team) that he might grow a beard any day now. Mr. Bean is extremely

busy sending condensed milk to Spain and, what is more important, he writes lyrics. Mr. Cooper is very rarely seen, and whenever he is caught, he mumbles frantically about 2nd M.B. For that matter Mr. Bone is seldom seen, he is hibernating for Honours, he says.

N.B.—Fashion Note: At the End-of-Term Dance Mr. Corlett looked simply divine in a double-breasted dinner jacket and a soft shirt. This seems to be all the rage just now.

We are very much afraid that Mr. Roberts must be working. He is never seen at all. It must have been the effect of *Pantosfinx*.

And so to work,

Yours affectionately,

LIOSPHINX.

* * *

Prefects' Letter.

SOMEWHERE IN LIVERPOOL,
ABOUT NOW.

DEAR SIR,

So many and varied have been the events of interest in the home of wisdom and erudition that the unfortunate wight whose task it is to chronicle these doings may well quail before the enormity of his undertaking. However, as a great man, whose name I cannot for the moment re-call, once said "He who hesitates is lost," so here we are.

According to a tradition of long standing, certain of our number ventured forth into the cold dawn of December 23rd to carry the torch of goodwill and Christmas cheer to the steel-stomached stalwarts (ha!) who guard our lightships. They went via the *Flying Fr*—, (I beg your pardon) *The Flying Breeze*; suffice it to say that all did not sing carols, and the fishes in the river did not starve.

Nearer home, in the Prefects' Room, to be precise, we find Mr. Noden winning scholarships, fetching ghosts out of the past to play Rugby for his team, and following a certain long-standing example by giving us the pleasure of his company only at rare intervals. Mr. Muskett plays table-tennis with the most amazing skill, sends postcards at the expense of the Education Committee, and gleefully utilizes the P.D. system as a training ground for his footballers. Mr. Heslop, we see, but rarely. He has a uniform and a lot of books, and, strange to say, uses both. Mr. Saunders also acquires books; more books, in fact, than we have ever before seen with one person. He also works, and evolves highly

subtle systems designed to make his humble disciples work. Mr. Saunders stops Mr. Vickers working (something wrong here but I can't quite put my finger on it). Mr. Vickers, incidentally, now does chemistry with a bewildering series of forms, and plays table-tennis in the intervals. Mr. Muskett and Mr. Vickers are naturally incorrigible rivals.

Mr. Beastall has met Nemesis at last, in the form of an opposing forward. We have heard stories about the fate of this forward, but we dare not repeat them. They concern Mr. Colville and his useful bulk, and in the telling one may detect the word "pancake." Mr. Colville, by the way, works quite considerably and has been known to feed fishes. Mr. Carr still combs his hair and argues, but apparently bemoans the loss of a certain marble. But that is another story. Mr. Myerscough may be observed from time to time pacing the floor and muttering strange words. He is our Secretary and Treasurer, hence a man to be avoided.

Of the tall, ascetic Mr. Felgate, we have little to say. Like his classical colleagues, he works, and resents the absence of the gift of Prometheus from our stove. Mr. Bridge reads strange books with deceiving titles, objects to the absence of windows in the P.R., and eyes Mr. Billington's locker in a highly suspicious manner. Mr. Billington has strange urges and a poor memory, both of which may with a little imagination be connected with Mr. Noden's locker.

Mr. Gardner, the quietest and least obtrusive of our number, works with the most surprising consistency, plays table-tennis with grim determination, and objects to Mr. Noden's pullover.

And thus, our task ended, we leave you, signing ourselves,
A. PREFECT.

* * *

Editorial Notices.

THE Editors are very glad to receive contributions from all sections of the School and will give every article due consideration. All work should be written on **one** side only of examination paper and should be received by the Editors not later than one week from the end of term.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries and apologise for any omissions; *Ruym*; *Anchor*; *Ilkestonian*; *Bootleian*; *Red Rose*; *Merchant Taylor's Review*; *Pincena*; *Oultonion*; *Inkwell*; *Hulmeian*; *Olavian*; and the magazines of *City of London School*, *Ormskirk Grammar School*, *Holt School*.

Calendar.

Spring Term, 1939.

Tues., Jan.	10	Term Begins.
"	17	Field Day for O.T.C.
Sat.,	21	Old Boys' Dinner.
Tues.,	24	G.P.O. Film Show in Hall at 3 p.m.
"	31	Gymnasium Competition.
Wed., Feb.	1	Margaret Bryce-Smith Scholarship Examination.
Mon.,	20	School Examinations Begin.
Sat.,	25	Half-Term Holiday.
Thur., Mar.	2	} Junior City Scholarship Examination. Field Day for O.T.C. and Scouts (Friday). Games at Mersey Road on all three days.
Fri.,	3	
Sat.,	4	
Tues.,	7	Certificate "A" Theoretical Examination.
Thur.,	9	Parents' Meeting (Fourth Forms and below). 7-30 p.m.
Fri.,	10	Parents' Meeting (Fifth Forms and above). 7-30 p.m.
Mon.,	13	Boxing Competition.
Sat.,	18	Hobby Show.
Sat., April	1	Steeplechase.
Wed.,	5	End of Term.

Next Term begins on Tuesday, April 25th.

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