

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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Editorial.

THE School can contemplate the many kindnesses which of recent years have been done to it, and no less the proud position which it can claim among Liverpool Schools, with a clear conscience. If many have been generous to it, if a few have multiplied their generosity to it, it can only have been because it gave promise of proving worthy of this generosity, and because in passage of time it has steadily fulfilled its promise. There is no conceit in saying this; hard work and devotion are virtues which rightly cause pride, but can never be united with conceit. During the last ten years, particularly, both masters and boys have given these to the service of the School unremittingly, and our present position is the result. To realise this entails a responsibility. When you reach the top of a mountain, you may sit down, and, weather and other circumstances permitting, you will stay there, without effort, as long as you like. But to gain such a pre-eminence as ours is merely to be ahead of others in the race up a moving stairway which is constantly trying to drag us back again. A vigorous effort is required to keep our own level, even, and still more to prevent others from passing us. With this responsibility, however, go two distinct advantages.

In the first place, if there is any honour and integrity in high places we may be sure that no interested malice or sneakish intrigue can rob us of the profits of our position, if only we continue to deserve them. This one condition we shall fulfil. If any school which has by now been left at a disadvantage to us, in matters of material aid and assistances, were, by one means or another, set on an equal footing in these respects with us, it is safe to prophesy that within five years the School would have again made it obvious that it would make better use of further benefits than the rest, and would have secured them.

The other advantage is of a different sort. Only the most consummate snobbery could conceive that any rapprochement between our School and another involves any element of condescension on the other side, or any lowering of our dignity if we make friendly approaches. It is, therefore, without any fear of being misunderstood, or of dragging the School into any relationship of apparent inferiority, that we can express our detestation of a policy of splendid isolation. The large Liverpool Schools have everything to gain from a much closer co-operation. We should welcome, and in this we can claim to speak for all concerned, any suggestions for inter-activity with regard to all or any of the various School Societies. We hope to say more of this in our next issue.

Chat on the Corridor.

WE are sorry to say that Mr. Cunningham Pike, who was seriously ill towards the end of last term, was not able to return to us this term, and we have been without him up to the time of going to press. He has our best wishes for a speedy recovery, which, indeed, we believe will probably have been completed when this appears.



Mr. Dalton, who has been taking his place, has quickly won our cordial regard.



We are indebted to him for the original suggestion of the "Copy" system, one which we very much approve, and we are in hearty agreement with the Governors' action in arranging for merit holidays to be given in connection with it.



We suggest that the most interesting of our contributions this term is the article "Ghosts."—Verb. sap.



The Magazine is losing Laver this term. No long eulogy is perhaps needed of one who has shown himself a zealous and efficient house-captain, an editor of real literary skill, critical discrimination, and untiring energy. In other directions also he has done very good work for the School, notably as Secretary of the Library Committee. We wish him every success in his future life, both in khaki and out of it, and we are very sorry to lose him.



We are pleased to offer a hearty welcome to the new members of staff, Messrs. Duffy, H. M. Brown, Thorpe, and McNeile; Mr. McNeile has taken a Commission in our contingent of the O.T.C.



On Monday, the twenty-fifth of February, the School had the pleasure of seeing a film dealing with our Naval Air Service, at the Palais de Luxe.



We can hardly profess to be satisfied with the result of our competition; the Removes and Sixths, who always were the greatest grumblers about the Magazine's being written by three people, have failed to produce anything.

HOUSE NOTES.

We are very glad to place on record J. I. McKie's brilliant success in his Scholarship Examination at Oxford last December; he obtained a Junior Hulme Scholarship in Classics, worth £100 a year, at Brasenose College.



H. F. Hutchison has been appointed an assistant Editor, in succession to Laver.



The Editors of the Magazine wish publicly to express their thanks to S. Howard, who, for some time now, has undertaken the arrangements for sending the Magazine to Old Boys serving in H.M. Forces; the work is of the most arduous, and Howard has organised it excellently.



We await with interest the result of the new experiment at the Hobby Show.



House Notes.

ALFRED HOLT HOUSE.—We have this term what would be a very pleasant report to make, were it not for the departure of Christian and Fry. Christian, besides adding great glory to the House by his work as Captain of School Football, and Senior Sergeant of the O.T.C., was a great worker also in House affairs, superlatively keen on its reputation, for which he himself was very largely responsible. Fry, though his brother has always been "of ours," is a recent acquisition, and we have very soon realised his value to us. He has been invaluable, both as Gym. Captain and in taking charge of the Hobby Show work. These two losses have rather cast a shade over prospects which were, in all directions concerned, quite good. In the Horsfall Final and Gym. Competition, however, we can still have good hopes. As for the Hobby Show—. The departing Captain leaves behind him his hearty praise of the Football teams. In addition to very successful team-work, we have supplied four men to the Senior Shield Team, and four also to the more fortunate Junior Shield Team.

We congratulate the Captain of the House on his Oxford success; the resultant half, though nearly lost from view, being amalgamated with the Prize Day half, was much appreciated.

THE PHILIP HOLT HOUSE.—This term has been quite uneventful up to now. In football, we have got into the final of the Horsfall, and have a good chance for the Senior League Shield. The Juniors will probably be a good second for their League Shield.

HOUSE NOTES.

The chances of success in the Hobby Show Championship are about nil, but for the Headmaster's Singing Cup are quite good.

The Gym. Team, under the able guidance of Thomas, has been struggling along, under adverse conditions.

Lots of nice people in the Senior portion of the House will be loving and leaving us at the end of the term. We will love them in return.

COCHRAN HOUSE.—The usual way of beginning these notes this term is to say that there is nothing to say; but there is, and what it is, is a record of slackness. There are, however, two bright spots: A full team turned up to face Danson House in the First Round of the Horsfall Cup, but was unfortunately defeated, and we have just escaped the ignominy of the lowest place in the League, by beating Tate House, our one and only victory.

There is, at least, one House Choir in existence, but of it nothing is known. The Gymnasium Team is reputed to be going well, and certain people are said to be making exhibits for the Hobby Show. That is all.

DANSON HOUSE.—Our House, this term, has shown a marked improvement from the point of view of keenness. True, we have not, as yet, carried off any cups or shields, but still our hopes run high. Our football team, very weak on paper, put up a splendid fight against an immensely superior team. At the beginning of the game, one of our half-backs, E. S. Roberts, was unfortunately forced to retire with a damaged leg, so the bare figures, 9 goals to nil, of the final score do not do justice to our superhuman efforts.

The Gymnasium team is practising steadily, and is sure to fight bravely in the coming competition. Our Choir also gives promise of success.

In short, the fruits of our efforts, now, may not be reaped till a few terms hence, but present-day members must not be disappointed, but must keep up that keen spirit which is the sure harbinger of success.

TATE HOUSE.—Our record this term is a little less favourable than it was last. The House has shown a little more eagerness in football and other matters, but much improvement must still be shown. The entries for the Hobby Show are weak. Had everyone in the House responded to the urgent appeals made at the beginning of the term, we could easily have been at the top of the list; as it is, we can only hope for that desirable result. We were certainly defeated in the first round of the Horsfall Cup, but no less than twelve men turned up to play—in contrast to our usual average last term of about 5 or 6. We could not have expected to win after such a term's slackness.

A more melancholy duty is ours now: We are to bid farewell to J. A. Scott. But we wish him well, in a spirit of friendly

rivalry, in his new, and, we can assure him, onerous task as Captain of Hughes' House. Since its foundation, Scott has loyally and enthusiastically supported Tate House, and has been one of its staple supports. The House can sustain no greater loss than his. On going to press, we learn, with delight, that the Junior Team beat Cochran by eight goals to one. We ask the House to remember that though—

" Heard melodies are sweet, those unheard are sweeter."

A House Choir has been formed.

HUGHES' HOUSE.—The House was, unfortunately, beaten by Philip Holt in the semi-final for the Horsfall Cup, but we have really nothing to complain of in the spirit with which the House football has been conducted this term. The Hobby Show has occupied most attention, and it is hoped that the House will make its room a success from the artistic point of view. The House Choir was got together with some difficulty, but it is working now, and we should not altogether despair. We have hopes that our Gymnasium team, captained by Civil, will be as successful as last year's, and perhaps a little more so. Our House Captain, Laver, has left to join his O.C.B., and has been followed by Scott, who comes to us with a great reputation from Tate, and to whom it is to be hoped the House will give its hearty support.



Camera and Field Club.

BEFORE giving an account of this term's activities, mention must be made of several excursions which took place last term.

On November 17th, 1917, Mr. Baxter and Mr. Elliott accompanied some fifty boys to the P.P. Press Colour Printing Works. The three-colour printing process was fully explained, and samples of coloured plates were distributed. Many other types of machine were seen at work, the lithographing process being especially interesting. For this excursion we must thank Mr. Watson of the P.P. Press.

The next excursion took place to Messrs. Earles and King's Oilcake Mills. Two masters and some forty boys visited the works. After Mr. Elliott had assumed an effectual disguise, we entered the mills. Here we saw the making of many types of oilcake, and the extraction and refining of the oil. Mr. Atkinson, an Old Boy, kindly obtained permission for us to make this visit.

About thirty boys went through the works of the New Liverpool Rubber Company. After seeing the washing and preparation of the raw rubber, we watched the various parts of rubber shoes being made and assembled at a great speed by the aid of wonderful machines. Thence we proceeded to the boot department,

where we saw the making of trench-boots, and then left the works after an interesting excursion. For this we are indebted to Mr. J. W. Davies, the manager of the works.

So much for last term. This term, owing to many other School activities, great difficulty has been experienced in arranging excursions, but it is hoped to hold several more before the end of term.

On February 7th, 1918, seventy boys, together with Messrs. Elliott, Baxter, and S. V. Brown, visited the Diamond Match Works. On our arrival, we were divided into two parties. After inspecting the power house, the printing of labels and wrappers was seen, and also the making of the match-boxes. The manufacture and packing of the matches proved most interesting, all being done by ingenious machinery. Our thanks for this excursion are due to all who made it such a success, and especially to the Manager, Mr. W. G. Wright, who so kindly permitted such a large party to visit the works.

Some twenty boys, accompanied by Mr. Elliott, went, on February 27th, through the works of Messrs. A. A. and J. Wood. The printing and ruling of books was seen, and the various types of binding were shown to us. Perhaps the most interesting process was that by which the edges of books were decorated, and samples of this were given to us. The Club is indebted to Mr. R. A. Wood, who explained the working of the various machines, and permitted us to visit the works.

The subscriptions this term have been quite satisfactory, and the attendance at the various outings has been good. All that is desired is a larger number of senior boys.

H. J. S.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

Many members availed themselves of the first excursion of the Society, which was held under the supervision of Mr. S. V. Brown. They visited the Photographic Process Rooms of the "Evening Express."

In the first room they were shown the different kinds of cameras suitable for Press Photography. In the second room, the means by which the photograph is obtained in "half tone," for re-production in the paper.

It is hoped to arrange some outdoor excursions in the summer term.

A lecture on Colour Photography has been given by the Headmaster since the last issue of the Magazine. The lecture was divided into two parts. In the first part the reason why substances looked coloured and the nature of white light was discussed, the latter being shown by experiment to be composed of the three primary colours:—Red, green, and violet-blue. Rays of light passing through each of the three primary filters, and

also through combinations of two of the three were directed upon a coloured picture in a darkened room, and the effects noticed. After this the lecturer showed how these fundamental principles were applicable to Photography. The apparatus used for the production of coloured slides was that formerly used by Mr. Ives, who was an expert on the subject. Three ordinary sensitive photographic plates were exposed through three different specially prepared filters; three negatives being obtained. On superposing these negatives the object was reproduced in its original colours.

The second part of the lecture was given at the beginning of this term. The fundamental principles were again referred to, but the main feature was the starch grain process, for obtaining a coloured reproduction on a single plate.

The Headmaster concluded by saying that he would be very pleased to answer any questions that anyone might care to ask.

A. B. R.

Ghosts.

ALITTLE more than a year ago,—to be exact, in the issue of December, 1916,—the Magazine contained an Editorial which was decidedly self-laudatory. Comparisons were drawn between present conditions in the School and those holding “in the year of grace 1893,” and reference was made to the “strangely foreign atmosphere” of those remote days. As one who has lived in those strange and far-off times, an old boy dares to attempt to present some account of them, and hopes his effort may interest, however faintly, the readers of these pages.

One who returns to his old School after the lapse of a number of years cannot fail to experience a very mournful satisfaction. “Here is the old School again,” we say; “these are the very corridors we trod so hurriedly going and coming, in days gone by; these,—or some of these, at least,—are the rooms in which we sat and worked,—or pretended to work.—in eager impatience for the releasing signal of the ever-tardy bell. But things seem faintly different. What is wanting?” And then we realise that the faces of the boys around us are not those of the past that had, for a moment, seemed so vivid. Our contemporaries are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and even could we bring them back we might not now recognise them in the portly men, fathers of families, citizens of influence, which they have become. It is better to be content with their boyhood’s ghosts, as imagination calls them up once more. And that is what I have learnt to do. The place is full of ghosts: they jostle me in the corridors and sit beside me in the rooms. By my side, at times, my earliest chum, with plum-coloured cap still impertinently askew on his head (for

we are back, Messrs. Editors, in the days before a School Cap), with his lips still puckered in that irritating, almost soundless whistle lounges indolently along the corridor. And I, *mirabile dictu*, am shrunk to the simulacrum of a rather clumsy, short-sighted boy of twelve or thirteen. We mark the place—in the passage between Mr. Smith’s and Mr. Ryan’s rooms—where the door of the Senior Classics Room used to be. And, curiously, we examine the wall opposite, to see whether any trace remains of the dints we are convinced our heads made when good old “Major” threw us out in his indignation over our talkativeness.

But just when we are recalling how “Mush” became excited over the swarm of bluebottles, hatched out in the week-end, which escaped when he opened his desk one Monday morning, I hear alien footsteps and my ghosts are gone.

Ghosts are elusive creatures. Perhaps it might be better, without their aid, to attempt to recall the doings of more than twenty years ago.

First, then, the Magazine. It is quite true that in its thirty years of life it has made great strides. But let us not despise the day of small things. It is nearly twenty-nine years since my first contribution to this Magazine was printed. Then, I confess, I entertained a grudge against the Editor for printing “Roziannite” with a small “r”; let me hope that no such unpleasantness may arise now. The Magazine Editors had, then as now, many difficulties to face. They suffered from dearth of copy. Let me whisper, you Editorial Triumvirate, that the letter about the School Cap, which you marked as a strange sign of the times, was written at the instigation of the Editor of that day, partly in order to fill the number, and partly in the hope of arousing a flood of correspondence in opposition to the views it held. Such devices have before now been the resort of journals with far wider circulation than this.

The Editors of those days suffered also from want of funds. In those times the Debating Society controlled the Magazine, and I can still recall the panic that shook the members of the Society when it became known that the Treasurer had lost a five-pound note sent him, at the beginning of the holidays, for the Magazine Fund. It was a blow from which we only very slowly recovered. The greatest support that we received for our funds came from those soirées which were mistakenly, in the Editorial already cited, regarded as on the same footing as the soirées of the present day. Mr. Book used to make all the arrangements, and the sale of tickets and programmes saved the Magazine from bankruptcy.

Then, the Debating Society. Its tone is not appreciably different now. The partial Old Boy may perhaps imagine there is less speaking to the point now than then. But that may merely be the bias of the laudator *temporis acti*. The officials of the Society were as fiercely heckled in the bygone days as now; they

responded with the same "passive resistance." I remember moving and carrying a resolution that the Secretary should write out two copies of the Rules of the Society (then well over a hundred in number). But it was never done. Our opposition to the duly appointed authorities was fully organised and very active. Of the three leaders of the old Reform Association,—one has lately fallen on the field of battle, another is in a Colonial Church, and the third is merely a revenant. Our attempted reforms would have been very thorough and drastic if they could have been carried through. In our indignation at the way in which our attempts were frustrated, we stole the minute-book from the Secretary's house. You can imagine the suppressed triumph with which we walked down to the Landing Stage in company with the unsuspecting Secretary (are all secretaries simple souls?), one of us hugging the minute-book to him under his greatcoat. You can sympathise perhaps with the open and unrestrained joy with which we flaunted the minute-book in the sight of our dear friend and enemy, the moment when the Seacombe boat was just too far from the Stage for him to attempt to jump. (In those days, of course, it was quite an ordinary thing to jump aboard after the gangways were raised).

There is, however, one great difference as regards the Debating Society between the past of twenty-five years ago and now. We never had any help from any master of the School in our ordinary meetings. Sometimes we heard a paper given by some member of the staff; but those occasions were few and far between.

Then there was the Chess Club. It had its times of adversity, as well as of prosperity. I can recall one dark time, when the numbers fell to seven,—seven, out of a school of eleven hundred. Two or three of us then set seriously to work, teaching small boys games that would lead them at last to the master game, and did it with such success that in a year there were more than a hundred members of the Chess Club, and in two years' time a chess fever disorganised the whole work of the School. In most of the rooms, even in Mr. Owen's, you could see boys studying Knight's moves round the board, or Chess Problems on scrubby pieces of paper when they should have been doing their work. It was at that time that the Liverpool Junior Reform Club had to send us a very strong team in order to escape defeat.

There was also a Choral Society. I remember that rather painfully, because I was hustled into office against my will, and became one of the two secretaries whose chief and painful duty it was to place pickets at all the gates of the School to turn back any singer meanly striving to evade the practice. We may not have been very musical, but I think most of us enjoyed the rehearsals.

School-singing? Yes, we had School-singing and a School song-book, containing the words of such songs as "John Peel," "Forty Years On." Every Friday afternoon we met in hall, the last period, and eleven hundred of us gave tongue. It certainly wasn't music, but it was magnificent. Some of us very clearly remember Mr. Book taking the solo part of "Here's a Health unto His Majesty," with the 'portamento' (mind that word, Mr. Proof-reader!) down to the low note.

If a summing-up of those days is asked for, it might perhaps be done in some such way as this. We had a very fierce pride in our School, a recognition of a rough but quite disinterested sense of honour, and an almost unconscious and dim realisation of the School motto. Our pride in the School led, in one direction, to the putting of Pilgrim Street out of bounds owing to the hot feud we carried on with the Jewish and the Roman Catholic Schools. Our sense of honour was stimulated most of all by Mr. Owen. Old Boys will recall him young and active in body (always so in mind), his kindly look hardening into sternness only on the rare occasion of some detected deceit. His influence on generations of boys of the School has been that which moulded a true manhood, and inspired to more determined efforts after the fulfilment of duty. "Honour Bright" might still represent him in our memories.

H. E. W.

School Verse.

THE SOLDIER.

He fights with might and main,
In sunshine and in rain,
For he expects some gain:
 This soldier man of mine.
Face to face with the foe,
The heartless, wolf-like hun,
He fights; yet his heroic task
 Is endless, and not done.
But a hope like a sparkling beam
 Gleams through his hard-tasked life,
More vivid than a dream,
 For 'tis to end all strife.
For when his work is done,
 Return will he to his home,
And his dear ones, ev'ryone,
 In his thoughts shall ever roam.

MICHAEL BOLLOTEN (II.b).

THE REWARD.

A casual glance, a casual sigh
At the honours list in the Hall,
And the School goes on and forgets
That there are many more to fall.

That list is no reward for those who've paid the price;
For those who fought and made the supreme sacrifice:
But, as I write, I pause, and upwards look
And see an Angel writing in a higher "Honours Book,"
"For God and Right so died these men!"
No words, no song, no poet's pen
Can pay them back for what they've given,
Nothing—except their place with God
In Heaven.

S H.F. (V.a)..

THE LAMENT OF ORPHEUS.

Nymph so rare,	But thou art gone,
Beyond compare,	Eurydice, Eurydice,
To the underworld hath gone,	I'll lie with thee anon.
Thou wert freed,	Eurydice, Eurydice,
But with greed	To see thee once again
Pluto haled thee back again.	I would drive from my heart
No more I'll play,	Those fearful pangs of pain,
I pine away,	To see thee—no—I can't,
My deeds are done.	For thou art dead and gone;
	Eurydice, Eurydice,
	I'll be with thee anon.

MICHAEL BOLLOTEN (II.b).



O.T.C. Notes.

ALTHOUGH the Corps' work has been rather hundrum this term, it has, nevertheless, been very useful and instructive.

Company parades have been held as usual each Tuesday, whilst on Thursday, Platoon I. have been profiting by a series of lectures on map-reading, Platoon II. meanwhile improving their manual and drill. On several half-holidays the Corps has experienced the joys of physical training and bayonet fighting under three enthusiastic N.C.O.'s. As a result of the physical training, the marching has improved, but it is by no means perfect as yet. Some keen, if unpolished, bayonet fighting has been displayed, and an approach to that "spirit of 'ate'" which is essential, is noticeable. So far, we have had no field-days or route-marches.

At the end of last term, Lieut. F. J. Norris gave us a very interesting and instructive lecture on gas, describing the various

kinds of gases, the different gas-helmets and their use, and the methods of giving alarm in case of a gas attack. We ended by thanking "Freddy" in suitable style.

During the Christmas Holidays Mr. Brown, with Sergts. Christian, Scott and Hutchison, attended a course of Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting at the Western Command School, Chester. They came back greatly benefited, and fully determined to teach the Corps the "control" they had learnt so painfully. Hence the half-day parades above mentioned. A fuller account of the experiences of the party at Chester will be found elsewhere.

On Saturday, February 2nd, a Sing-song, at which the Head Master and Mr. Tomas were present, was held for members of the Corps in the VI'ths. No programme had been arranged and the Sergeants were empowered to call upon anybody they chose to render an item. The proceedings were opened by Kennedy, who, after a preliminary canter, treated us to the most well-known item in his repertoire. The ball thus set rolling, Williams sang a song of his own composing, in which one caught profane references to the O.C.'s hat and the S.M.'s moustache. Sergt. Scott then attempted to amuse us, but singing hardly appears to be one of his virtues. Nevertheless his effort deserved the applause it met with. Many items then followed, some good, some bad, some indifferent. All the songs had rollicking choruses, over which the singer received very substantial if not melodious help. The officers had very kindly provided refreshments for us, and thus re-invigorated within, we returned with great energy to the chief business of the evening. Sergt. Hutchison's rendering of the "Sentry's Song" from *Iolanthe* deserves mention. The Head Master kindly sang us "Who is Sylvia?" and Mr. Tomas that popular ballad "Riding down from Bangor." Mr. Doughty and Mr. Brown were, of course, the chief mainstays of the evening. A very enjoyable evening was terminated by the National Anthem and three hearty cheers for the officers. We take this opportunity of thanking them, and of hoping that an occasional sing-song will become a regular feature of the Corps life.

The following promotions have been made:—Cpl. Roberts to be Sergt.; Lee.-Cpl. Brown to be Corporal.

We welcome to the Corps this term Mr. McNeile, who comes to us from Liverpool College.

A less pleasant duty remains to us. We must say good-bye to Sergt. Christian, Cpl. Fry and Cadet Laver, who leave us for O.C.V.'s. Our Senior Sergeant's keenness and enthusiasm will be particularly missed. He did a great deal of work for the Corps, and was always willing to spend his time on anything connected with it. To all three we extend our heartiest wishes for success in their new spheres.

J.A.S.

Remonstrance.

In love, yet not a word to write,
Nor any blithesome song to sing!

I should, were I in such a plight,
Make music out of everything.

Loving may last but little while,
And smiles and kisses soon are sped;
If courtship cannot make you smile,
Think you to laugh when you are wed?

Go, change these sullen brooding days
Or you will lose her, past a doubt;
For sooner than endure your ways,
I'll woo, myself, and cut you out.

J.L.



School Football.

THE School this term has had a fairly successful time. The team on the whole have not played well together, but this is not to be wondered at, considering the paucity of matches. Most of the matches have been scratched owing to inclement weather, O.T.C. parades and various other School functions. The 1st XI., when they all played, were successful, but there was usually somebody of importance crocked. Of course, when the Shield Competitions arrived, the weather, with its usual spitefulness, and the Corps with its usual strategy, managed to take away all the afternoons arranged for matches and practices. The result was that both Shield teams started the Competitions without having played together. Training was held in the Gymnasium twice a week under the supervision of Christian, and twice a week at the field for ball practice. These practices were very poorly attended. It has been very difficult to decide upon the various XI.'s; the colours were awarded as follows:—

First XI.—E. Jones, J. Roberts, A. I. Wilkinson, R. Morland, F. J. Hutchinson, and T. B. Low.

Second XI.—H. F. Hutchison, Coomer, Lunt, Cabrera, Duncan, Buckingham, J. T. Jones, Stephenson, Best.

School v. Collegiate School.

At Fairfield, Wednesday, 14th Nov., 1917.

With an extraordinarily weak team, on a strange ground, in particularly bad weather, we did not show to advantage. Our opponents had a very good team, and we seemed to suffer from "that tired feeling." The score, 5—0 against us, is a fair reflex of the play. Jones in goal gave a good exhibition.

School v. Liscard High School.

At Greenbank, Saturday, 17th November, 1917.

Winning the toss, we set our opponents to face a stiff breeze. From the beginning the School pressed, and shot after shot was poured in upon their goal. Very rarely did they enter our half, but our forwards could not find the net. Half-time scored 0—0. On turning round we pressed, but had a great deal of hard luck. Our opponents were nippier on the ball, but our defence was always sure, until Jones in goal miskicked and let them in. After this reverse, the School could put the ball anywhere but in the net. At last, after much pressure, Lunt scored from a centre from Pate. We tried in the little remaining time to score the winning goal, but the whistle went with the score 1—1. The defence were always sound; Cabrera, who was making his initial appearance for the First XI., played well. It was the failure of the forwards to do anything at close range that was annoying, although Liscard's right back played a magnificent game.

School v. Old Boys.

At Greenbank, Saturday, 24th November, 1917, in fine weather.

By some strange mischance we nearly turned out the whole First XI., Pate being absent. Team:—E. Jones; Roberts, Holmes; Wright, Macleay, Morland; Lunt, Christian, Wilkinson, Duncan, Civil. Christian won the toss, and we kicked with the wind and sun behind us. The School pressed at the beginning, but the Old Boys' defence was sound, Pearson, on leave from France, at centre-half, being brilliant. After a bit, from a centre by Lunt, Duncan scored. The Old Boys scored through their centre-forward; Wilkinson scored for us. On turning round Civil scored twice, and the Old Boys twice. The Old Boys would have been nowhere if they had not had the assistance of Pearson. Score—4-3 for us.

First XI.v. Catholic Institute.

At Greenbank, December 5th, 1917.

Christian won the toss as usual, and we kicked with a slight breeze behind us. The Catholic Institute soon pressed, but Jones relieved with a huge kick, which gave our forwards possession. We pressed, and Wilkinson scored from a corner. Later Christian scored after getting possession near the centre line. Half-time arrived with score 2-0 in our favour. On turning round we had the wind, which had risen, in our faces. This, coupled with the fact that our backs could not keep the ball low, helped our opponents considerably, and consequently the ball rarely was in our opponents' territory. Macleay had hard work keeping the opposing centre-forward in check, and it was only on time that he scored from a mêlée in the goalmouth. Wilkinson performed very creditably in this match.

School v. Collegiate School.

At Greenbank, Wednesday, January 30th, 1918.

For this match with our old opponents we fielded an "under age" XI.; the Collegiate fielded practically the same team that swiped us last term. School: Coomer; Roberts, Holmes; Buckingham, Morland, Cabrera; Lunt, Low, Wilkinson, Duncan, Civil. We lost the toss, and kicked off with the sun and wind against us. Early our opponents pressed, but play veered to our opponents' goal, and Civil scored with a shot from a very acute angle. Pressing, our rivals soon equalised with a goal from the inside right, and a few minutes later again they scored with a shot from the centre-forward. For a time midfield play ensued, in which our halves showed to advantage; Buckingham, although inclined to wander, put in some good work, whilst Morland, assisted by the backs, effectually subdued the inside forwards. Before half-time Wilkinson scored from a centre by Civil. On turning round the play of the team on the whole improved. Everybody played well, although Duncan at times was weak. From a corner, Morland scored with a good shot that beat the goalkeeper all ends up, and Wilkinson put the issue beyond doubt with another goal. The defence was excellent in this half, and Cabrera and Morland were to the fore in breaking-up attacks.

School v. Old Boys.

At Greenbank, Saturday, February 2nd, 1918.

Winning the toss, we kicked with a slight breeze and with the sun behind us. The Old Boys had a good defence, and our team was rather scrappy. Half-time, no score. On resuming, Wilkinson and Civil both shot, but never scored, and our opponents scored through their centre-forward, after a mix-up round the goalmouth. Hutchinson, at left half, played well. Score—1-0 against us.

SENIOR SHIELD COMPETITION.—FIRST ROUND.

School v. Liscard High School.

Played at Liscard, Wednesday, 13th February, 1918.

School: Coomer; Roberts, J. Holmes; Buckingham, Morland, Cabrera; Lunt, T. Low, Wilkinson, Hutchinson, Civil.

For this match it was impossible to decide upon the team until fairly late, and consequently we had some misgivings as to how they would perform; individually nothing was to be feared, but as a team it remained to be seen.

Civil won the toss, and elected to kick up the huge slope. A lot of rain had fallen in the night and during the morning, and the ground was in a fearful state. Immediately on commencing we pressed on the left, but Civil could hardly keep his feet in the slime. We pressed all the time, the forwards being weak in finishing, the only one showing to any advantage being Hutchinson, who gave a good display. From a clearance by their right

back their left wing gained possession, and their outside left scored. A few minutes later the referee (thinking we might equalise?) gave a penalty against us, what for, nobody knows. However, Coomer saved it, and we again attacked. We could do anything but score, Morland shooting twice over the bar, whilst Cabrera, in addition to subduing the opposing right wing, and feeding his forwards, indulged in pots at goal. Half-time arrived with us pressing and score 1-0 against. On resuming we pressed, and shot after shot rained upon the goal, Holmes and Roberts being well in our opponents' half and shooting. The ball hit the crossbar and the uprights times without count, and if the ground had been even an ordinary ground the result would have been somewhat different; and time arrived with the score still 1-0 against.

Thus we said good-bye to the Shield for this year, but on the play we should still be participating in the Competition. The ground (!!) was all against our team, who are used to playing upon a level and smooth pitch, not one with trenches and terraces, together with a slope of about 30 deg. Nor were there any suggestions of touch or goal lines of any sort. In goal Coomer gave a good display, and was not to blame for the goal at all. The backs gave a fine show, Holmes perhaps being the better of the two. Buckingham played his usual hardworking, robust game, whilst Morland seemed to be everywhere at once. Cabrera played very well during the first half and until he was injured soon after the commencement of second half, when he was a passenger and would have been better off altogether. The forwards were perhaps the weakest, but they were far superior to our opponents'. Lunt was too fond of fancy work, whilst Low, although quite energetic for him in first half, could not score through his lack of a shot. Wilkinson was much too dainty, and fiddled about too long before shooting; he showed signs of not being over-trained. Hutchinson played the best game in the whole team, combining well with his partners and dribbling and shooting well. Civil was nowhere up to his usual form, no doubt owing to the ground and the fact that he was against a good right back who played exceedingly well.

JUNIOR SHIELD.—FIRST ROUND.

School v. Oulton Secondary School.

At Greenbank, Wednesday, 20th February, 1918.

The ground was in a terrible state after two days' continuous rain, and the rain continued throughout the match.

Team: Coomer; Campbell, E., Balfour; Stoker, J., McGowan, Wicks; Wallace, K., Motisi, Senior, Baxter, Wilson, G.

Winning the toss, Coomer elected to kick with the tide, and instantly we attacked. We pressed most of the half, with occasional break-aways by our opponents, but Coomer was always

safe. Wicks and McGowan were good at breaking up attacks, the latter also at breaking up the ground. The second half we had most of the play, and eventually Wallace scored. This reverse bucked up our opponents, and for a time they looked dangerous, but this did not last long. Our halves kept their forwards well in check, whilst our forwards had hard luck several times. Towards the close, Senior scored after a fine individual effort, and full time arrived with us through the first round with a score of 2-0.

JUNIOR SHIELD.—SEMI-FINAL.

School v. Bootle Secondary School.

At Greenbank, Wednesday, 6th March, 1918.

Team: Coomer; Balfour, Best, Stoker, McGowan, Wicks; Hindley, W., Motisi, Senior, Wilson, G., Baxter, P.

Winning the toss, Coomer set our opponents to kick-off against a strong sun. The wind, which was very strong, was blowing across the pitch, and rendered good football an impossibility. Our opponents immediately attacked and took the ball almost to our goal line, but our defence cleared, giving Hindley possession well in our half. Then followed one of the most sparkling runs seen. He raced down the touchline, beating three opponents at least, and from almost on a level with the corner flag he put in a beautiful shot which beat the goal-keeper to a frazzle. Talk about jubilation, the School were quite bucked, the man put in at the last moment doing so well after our making such a bad start. The fortunes of the game variated a lot; both goals were visited in turn, but our backs were very steady, Best being very cool. The Bootle forwards were very disjointed, and consequently it was no great difficulty for our halves to give our forwards possession. Our right wing was very effective, and Hindley again had hard lines, the ball going across the goal mouth and nobody there to receive. Another time, after some tricky work by Baxter, Wilson and Wicks, Wilson mulled a good chance by being too slow. Play was carried into our half, and Coomer had to save a strong shot from their centre-half. Stoker played a hard-working game in suppressing his immediate opponent, and had to do a lot of McGowan's work as well, the latter wandering all over the place. Half-time arrived just as we were pressing. On turning round we immediately carried play into our opponents' half, and Hindley, although bullied by a much bigger man, worked hard for a goal, Motisi eventually putting outside. In our half the play looked dangerous, but Best gave our left-wing possession, but Wilson against spoilt our chances, never attempting to follow anything up. McGowan was hurt and had to retire for about 10 minutes, and following a clearance by Balfour, Senior electrified us with a brilliant run down, finishing up with a fine shot from the corner, which only just went over the bar. Our opponents now pressed, and several times they had hard lines, once Coomer was

beaten altogether by a tremendous shot that just went outside the upright. Motisi played very well towards the close, and time saved us from a draw.

Taken all round, our team played splendidly with one exception. The defence was excellent, and Coomer in particular was brilliant towards the close. The halves were good, McGowan being inclined to be lazy before his mishap, but otherwise he kicked and used his head well. The other halves, Wicks and Stokes, did their usual safe game. Hindley was the best forward, although there was not much to choose between him and Senior. Motisi worked hard, but was covered by a much heavier man, whilst Baxter at the outside-left was good, but spoilt by a lazy ineffective partner. Bootle played very well, and deserved to make a draw of it. Thus we won a hard game into the final.

A.F.C.C.

The Play.

ON Tuesday, 18th December, 1917, "The Good-natured Man," by Oliver Goldsmith, was produced as the School Play, after much less than the usual number of rehearsals; and great credit is due both to the actors, and, no less, to Mr. Hickinbotham, for the splendid performance given. We are proud to state that this is the second time that this comedy has been produced in Liverpool. It is our belief that this production quite equalled the first—also by the Institute.

The comedy, although its plot rests on a somewhat hackneyed incident—the misread letter—is, nevertheless, delightful. Its situations range from the purely farcical to genteel comedy, with an occasional serious climax which prevents the heroes from becoming mere mirth-provoking machines.

Hutchison made the name-part, Young Honeywood, a much nobler character (in the romantic sense) than the text indicates, moving the audience more to admiration than to pity. Although there was never any lowering of his standard, either in the Bailiff's scene, or his conversations with Mr. and Mrs. Croaker, he was best in his serious moods, and well merited his applause at the end of his almost tragic scene with Lofty in the Fourth Act.

Williams had one of the most difficult parts. The sententious and self-sufficient old gentleman, good enough at heart, sensible according to the way of the world, but horribly inclined to prosy moralising, was portrayed with great consistency. Williams deserves great credit for making his part convincing, and even acceptable, to us.

As Jarvis, the old family servant, Pym seemed to have found another glove to fit him. It is, perhaps, an unsatisfactory tradition which persists in representing such men, despite the many years spent in the neighbourhood of elegance and polish, as still

rough in speech and unpolished. Granted this convention, however, it must be admitted that Pym excelled in that humorous dryness which it requires.

Roberts we were quite prepared for. He acted throughout as we expected; being virtue—and sloppiness—personified, as Goldsmith may really have intended him to be.

Fry, as a querulous old man, scored a second success, although this part differed somewhat from his first. Of course, the incendiary scene was his most effective, but all through the play he was exquisitely funny. We cannot help mentioning him and his consort together, as they formed a most exquisite example of two parts mutually dependent, each the other's foil, requiring, and in this case getting, not only good individual acting, but also close understanding and combinations. To have said this much should be enough in criticism of Jermy; in his part further praise would mean superfluous repetition. We may only add that he was the best camouflaged, as it were, of the boy girls.

We are sorry that this cannot be said of Thomas (K. St. C.), whose appearance was not girlish. A tendency to declamation, without true feeling, which in Portia was not so obviously out of place, rather spoilt his acting as Miss Richland. It must be remembered that the air of artificiality which overhangs the manners of the eighteenth century, and is most patent where it contrasts, in female parts, with modern freedom, needs very careful acting, if it is not to spoil our appreciation of the characters.

Alexander Thomas, as Mr. Lofty, was very successful. He would have scored a veritable triumph, only in the striving after a perfection of accent and tone, such as would fit the part, he allowed his voice to lose carrying force. Thus some of his most artistic sayings were lost, on the night. He struck home, however, with some others, as "Who am I," and "Meaning me, Sir."

The minor parts were also very praiseworthy. J. T. Jones, who played both the Bailiff's follower, Flanagan, and the Welsh landlady, was good in both, particularly in the latter part, bringing to bear in it a fine accent. Unfortunately, some of this same accent overflowed into his other part, where it was, perhaps, superfluous. Civil took the good old low-comedy part of Timothy Twitch, bailiff. In it he quite shone, catching just the spirit of broad hints to his assistant and clumsy parody of gentle manners in his conduct to "the quality." As Dubardieu, he was sufficient. Once he was even too much, causing, as we suppose, the one "awkward pause" of the play, when Mrs. Croaker quite lost her head, her cue, and would have lost her reputation but for the readiness of her partner.

The necessary, if small, part of the post-boy, and the very funny, but unnecessary, part of the drunken butler, were filled by C. H. Taylor and J. S. Macdonald respectively. Taylor looked, certainly, very "buckish"; Macdonald's strength lay in his "super" beery voice.

Two ladies remain, and having forgotten our manners so far as to leave them until now, we must redeem our reputation by kind treatment. Wardle, D. B., was a most charming and lovable heroine—except when being loved. When her dear Leontine, past-master in the art as he was, ventured to embrace her, she suddenly stiffened and lost her charm. Her elopement scenes, however, will counter-balance this, in our judgment. Garnet (privately known as M. McCallum) was prim to a degree, and succeeded in getting nearer to a young lady's voice, in his acting, than any of the rest.

Conditions for the productions were all very difficult this year. Time was short, and encroached on by other functions. Hard work was the order of the day. After the Prize Distribution (as they call it on the invitations) six noble fellows gave up their evening to the erection of the stage, and the task lasted (with the interjection of Sunday) until late on Monday afternoon. Into that space of time was crowded all those arrangements and preparations which usually precede a dress rehearsal of the School Play, and which some of us joyfully remember to have been spread over three whole weeks, on past occasions, in one delightful series of "scows." Conversation with the self-sacrificing martyrs (Monday, remember, was the Prize Holiday, has so far failed to satisfy us as to which hurt most, being done out of their holiday, working hard, or missing all the ancient prerogative of leisure, during the preliminaries of the Play.

Mr. Hickinbotham was responsible for the performance, as usual. It is very largely to him that the credit is due for the fact that this hurriedly prepared production maintained our old high standard. On the night of the show, R. E. Williams acted as the spokesman of the Cast, in presenting him with a small gift, in token of their gratitude, as has been customary. Two pictures of Venice formed the gift, with the addition of a small speech by R. E. Williams. Replying, Mr. Hickinbotham thanked them, and in their name proceeded to thank the ladies who had helped to costume the "ladies"; to Mrs. Hicks and Mr. Baxter for the music, and to that ever-resourceful assistant the Porter, Taylor. These thanks we are glad to echo.

We thank, also, Mr. S. V. Brown, the "Hidden Hand." His was one of the principal parts, though its action lay behind the scenes, and in the financial department. On the first night he was invaluable as a stay and support to the fearful and timid hearts of the actors.

The stage manager, and furniture removers, or scene shifters as they are sometimes called, cry out aloud for some recognition of what one of them calls "sheer moral and physical *hard work*." Their names are R. E. Williams and Taylor and Macdonald.

It is never customary to sign the Editorial articles and reports, so we leave you, our readers, to guess to whom they are indebted for this discriminating and unbiased critique.

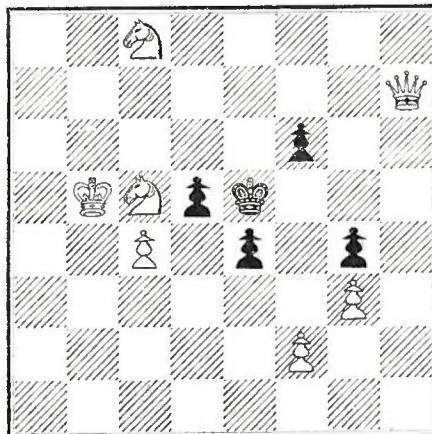
Chess Notes.

HERE is much this term to stimulate our hopes. On February 12th we played the Masters, and they secured the victory. The Staff were able to put only five into the field through unfortunate circumstances, which prevented the appearance of the other players. Corporal Onians, our former Secretary, was present, and played for the Masters. The total score was $4\frac{1}{2}$ games for the Masters and $3\frac{1}{2}$ for the School. All the games were enjoyed, and there was clever play on both sides. The evening was so pleasant that it is hoped the losers will have an opportunity for revenge. A list of the games may be of interest.

Mr. Hicks	2	Knox.....	0
Mr. Thorpe	$\frac{1}{2}$	Kennedy (Capt.).....	$\frac{1}{2}$
Mr. Hickinbotham	0	Jones, F. R.	1
Mr. Eaves.....	0	Cosnett.....	1
Doughty	0	Best	1
Cpl. Onians	2	Adams	0
	<hr/> $4\frac{1}{2}$		$3\frac{1}{2}$

The Chess Problem of last issue was the cause of many headaches amongst VIa, who apparently are not used to such work. It was rather comical to see 18 people with borrowed pencils, dancing round page 26 of the Magazine, all proving that their solution was correct. The following solution is correct: Q—KR5, and was sent in by Best, Cosnett, Frazer, and De Jongh. This issue's problem is as follows:—

BLACK (5)



WHITE (7)

White mates in two moves.

Speech Day.

WE are very glad that it was, this time, possible to hold the Speech Day in the Christmas term. Although again taking place on a Saturday afternoon, which is by no means the most convenient time, were there not a war on, it was free from all the shortcomings which last year we criticised. The whole atmosphere was ten times more pleasant.

In making his report, the Headmaster, as is natural in these days, referred first to the Roll of Honour. Though, despite all our efforts, we had been unable to keep in touch with all of our Old Boys who were serving, yet there were over a hundred and eighty names known to us, of men who had died in that service, and of them over fifty had fallen during 1917. Out of the eight predecessors of the present Head of the School, all holders of University scholarships, four had been killed, Fred Roberts, J. S. Williams, R. Curwen, and Kenneth Scott; and one, J. McWilliam, was lying dangerously wounded.

The outstanding event in the life of the School was the departure of Mr. Owen, who had retired, at midsummer, after over forty years' service as Mathematics Master, for the last fourteen of which he had been Vice-Principal, and a constant friend to the Headmaster, a sure guide, and a loyal assistant. Mr. Groom succeeded him.

The School had regained possession of the Football Shield, after a fine fight with the Collegiate. He wished also to congratulate the Captain of Cricket, H. F. Hutchison, on a very successful season.

The Experimental Fund which had been given to the School, as announced at the last Speech Day, had been, of necessity, unused, owing to the war. He had now to report another benefaction. Mr. Burton Hills had refitted the Dining Room and Kitchen arrangements on a lavish scale, and a complete reorganisation had been effected. Dinners were now under the management of a committee of ladies and gentlemen of the Staff.

For examination results, he referred parents and others to the programmes. Except that the Governors and the parents might feel them some indication of the fine work which his colleagues were doing for the School, he had no interest in them. He had, however, an unusual gratification, in laying before them the past year's record of scholarships won by boys of the School. First, the Head of the School had just won one of the most valuable scholarships awarded by any Oxford College, and he had won it for Classical Studies. There were also six other boys to whom University Scholarships at Liverpool had been offered, either directly, by the University, or through the medium of the Senior City Scholarship Examinations. In their success, the most gratifying feature was that it was distributed over Classics,

Modern Languages, Literature, History, Science and Mathematics. This was in itself testimony to the vigour of the School's intellectual and educational life; and it was a pleasant fact that the Board of Education had recognised this all-round efficiency of the School. Under the Government scheme, the School was now recognised as one whose staff was capable of doing the highest type of work in all departments of school study. The School now held a position in the front rank; its maintenance there rested with the parents.

He saw no need to impress on parents the advantages of a sound course of special study in Science and Mathematics; and the modern studies also he thought sure of support. Even the practical man, the Industrial Napoleon, the one whose voice was heard, crying in a wilderness of inefficiency, would agree that they were urgently needed. He regretted that the Classical Side might seem to need the recommendation of argument. But, if the known advantages of a "classical" education in many professions, and in the highest ranks of Government service, were not enough to convince parents; if the names of nine out of every ten great men of the age, who either rejoiced to have had, or, in some cases, deplored that they had not had, such an education, were not enough; he had yet one argument which seemed to him certain, and that was the contrast between the position of Germany a century ago and her position to-day. In those days, admired and revered leader in philosophy, in art, in literature, for all the world, she was wont to cultivate her thoroughness by sound scholarship, and to be the champion of ideals. Now she had still her thoroughness, her efficiency, but it was divorced from the championship of ideals. So divorced, and alone, it had been able to produce only a new and terrible Moloch, heated and actuated by the consummate perfection of applied science, a monster against which the nations of the world had been forced to summon up all their courage and all their resources.

Surely such a perverse development was not to be the aim of education; and it could not be avoided by making the same fundamental mistake as our enemies. The humanistic side of education was not to be thought of as so much dead weight, to be jettisoned, lest it should retard the progress of efficiency; but rather as the necessary complement and consort of it, without which its life becomes an obscenity and its development impossible. Human affairs, the life of men, and women, and of great nations, were not amenable to mathematical formulæ; their regulation, in the momentous days that are at hand, would not depend upon the knowledge of either applied science, or of modern languages, though all of these would have their place in the work. It would depend upon a knowledge of humanity, upon just conclusions, based on just judgments of the past, and the trained habit of searching for men's souls behind their words. These were the ends to which the rightly named "humaner studies" tend.

At least a whole generation of such students would be found to have fallen out; the gap must be filled. On one side or another, all who can possibly do so should proceed to the Universities. Only the gravest considerations should prevent this; and at least half as many, as go to study the solutions of scientific, technical, or commercial problems, should join the ranks of those who go to study humanity, and to fit themselves to guide the lives of men and nations. When, by the ever friendly interest of Mr. Lawrence Holt, the President of the Board of Education visited us, this was the text of his message: In the battle of life, it is just as ignominious as it is in games, or indeed in war, to avoid risks and play for safety. That was his own governing idea, and he appealed to all concerned to support it, lest Britain in its turn should be led away by the practical man, the organiser, the apostle of efficiency, to dethrone Jehovah and set up Juggernaut.

We have found it impossible, despite our regard for space, to cut short our mention of the above Report. The importance of the subject with which it deals must be our excuse. It not only affects the general political problem, as it were, but most vitally concerns the School itself. When we are looking forward to leaving the School in the near future, and back upon years in whose crowded life it has been a privilege for us to join, in which with our own eyes we have seen it raised step after step into a splendid position, with a promise still more splendid, we may be forgiven for expressing our one great fear, that the unwary impulse of men pre-occupied with alien affairs, and imposed on by the speciousness of some fanatic or other, may yet forfeit that position and that promise. We hope that Alderman Alsop, who was the guest of the day, will pardon us if we presume to criticise his very pleasant speech. But we must confess our utter astonishment that, in his speech, Mr. Alsop seemed quite to miss the whole point, when—"venturing to disagree with your esteemed Headmaster," was it?—he laid stress on the need of efficiency, scrupulous attention to detail, and assiduous hard work. It was not Efficiency, but the divorce of it from Idealism, which was attacked.

After the ordinary business of these meetings had been transacted, there yet remained one thing to do, the presentation to Mr. Owen, on behalf of the Old Boys, of a pocket-book, containing a cheque for two hundred pounds, and a walking stick.

This presentation the Chairman of the Governors made, in a short and feeling speech, after which the School cheered its old master to the echo. Indeed, being always suspicious of the ways of chairmen, and afraid that it would, perhaps, not be given a chance to express its feelings in the natural way, or would suffer the indignity of being called on from the platform, as it were for cheers to order, and not a free-will offering, the School took the bull by the horns; and, after Mr. Danson had presented the

pocket-book, as he made a pause just long enough to be noticeable before proceeding to hand over the rest of the gift, the Head of the School called immediately for three cheers, rather prematurely, as it appeared. Still, as it only meant cheering twice over, no one minded.

Mr. Owen has left us after a long and honoured career as as Mathematics Master and Vice-Principal. He has, himself always loved being a member of our School, as he has been since his boyhood; and his presence here has been a source of help to thousands. Many of his old pupils are now doing him, and the Institute, the greatest credit, filling posts of honour and responsibility in many parts of the world. We have happy recollections of his telling us, as he often did, how So-and-So was now a Governor-General, or some other old pupil, whose name a casual incident had recalled to him, was head of a great business. He was very proud of these prosperous old boys; who, for their part, we are sure, look back, as we, too, must look back now, with respect and gratitude, to the great teacher who has retired from the "active list" of our School, after serving it, as boy and man, for close on half a century. Although the "active list" is no longer honoured by his name, we shall adopt the naval example, and gazette him in our hearts, "Admiral on the Retired List." We look forward to seeing him again, at Speech Days and other great occasions in the life of the School, taking a place on the platform very like his old place, and speaking to us again as he did before. And we know that, even when, in the ordinary routine of term-time, his bodily form is not with us, he will be with us in spirit, and to remember him will be an inspiration for us in our work.

We are all sorry that Mr. Owen has left; and the last day of the Summer Term was a sad one for the School. It would have been sadder, but for Mr. Owen himself, who refrained from dwelling on the pathos of parting. His delightful words of farewell will long be remembered, and his happy similes reflected his whole spirit in life. If, on the more solemn and public occasion of the Prize-giving, his tone was more serious, if his emotion was more plainly put into words, as he thanked the givers of the gift, for it, and for the feeling that went with it, and the Headmaster, with whom he had served so long in friendship, his utterance was none the less noble, nor less fitted to stamp his remembrance firmly in all our hearts for ever.

When a great man leaves the task wherein he has shown his greatness, unthinking people invariably wonder how that task will be carried on into the future. Surely doubt is wrong, in such a matter. A great man's work will live on when he is not. So, with Mr. Owen; the harvests of his sowing will long continue to be gathered; and capable men will carry on, all the better for the great work which he did, in the post which he held so long, to his own credit, and to the distinction of the School.

Concert.

THE good old habit has been revived, and during the term the School has once again had the pleasure of listening to the Misses McCullagh. That pleasure, which even the musically uneducated of us have always felt keenly, was not less this time than on former occasions; although we all missed Miss Helena McCullagh, and Miss Florence also, who, we understand, in view of her marriage, is not so much associated as before with her sisters' music. On this occasion Miss Helen Anderton was the vocalist, and her singing was very much appreciated. We should also like to thank her for singing to the School during the morning before the concert. The soloists were particularly successful; Mr. Walter Bridson proved a capable and sympathetic accompanist.

The proceeds, which were very satisfactory in every way, were sent by the Headmaster to the Lord Mayor's Fund for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors.

The programme is appended:—

THE LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.

Invitation Concert, at 8-0 p.m. precisely.

SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1918.

QUARTET, for Strings, C major, - - - - - Beethoven.

Op. 59. *Andante con moto. Allegro vivace.*

No. 3. *Andante con moto quasi Allegretto.*

Menuetto. Trio.

Allegro molto.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, - - - - - Marcello.

Quella fiamma che m'accende.

VIOLONCELLO SOLO.

(a) *Cantabile* - - - - - César Cui.

(b) *Tarantelle* - - - - - Popper.

SONGS.

(a) "Where go the boats" - - - - - Graham Peel.

(b) "Twenty years hence"

(c) "Soldier, I wish you well."

VIOLIN SOLO, *Havanaise.* - - - - - Saint Saëns.

CHURCH CANTATA, for Alto Voice and String Quartet, - J. S. Bach.

Aria, "Oh, blessed peace."

Recitative, "For who would freely this mortal life lengthen?"

Aria, "To live I wish no longer, for life has lost its pleasure.

Oh, Jesu, bear me hence."

1st Violin - - - Miss ISABEL McCULLAGH.

2nd Violin - - - Miss EDITH ALLENBY.

Viola - - - Miss HILDA LINDSAY.

Violoncello - - - Miss MARY McCULLAGH.

Singer - - - Miss HELEN ANDERTON.

At the piano - - Mr. WALTER BRIDSON.

A Holiday in Chester.

THREE stalwart sergeants, from a certain O.T.C., Pagan, Welsh, and Chisson by name, together with a certain Lieutenant Chelmendely (which is pronounced in the best circles "Chemmy"), arrived, a few days after Christmas, at the station of that delightful old-world city, Chester. They were heavily laden with kitbags, suit cases, rifles, swank, etc., and proceeded in a taxi, after a short delay in finding such a rare article, to their billet. On their arrival, the landlady opened the door, and, after regarding them in a critical manner, made the annoying remark, "Oh! you've come!" Of course they had, but her next exclamation was really alarming. Turning to Lieut. "Chemmy" she said, "But you haven't brought your officer with you!" Lieut. "Chemmy" was rather taken aback at this, but after a little explanation, and many apologies, and much chuckling from the trio of sergeants, harmony was restored. Soon, they found themselves, together with some other N.C.O.s from Bury School O.T.C., seated round an expansive table on which an appetising meal was set out. This joyful company, on the morrow, were destined to go through a course of Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting. Of course, they really did not need such a course, but they thought it might be interesting. If I was to set down all the amusing experiences that those N.C.O.s and officers went through, the account would need the whole of this Magazine, so I shall confine myself to a few of the choice and lighter incidents.

The first morning's work must really be given in detail, and from it you will have some idea of the joys of the course as a whole. The walk from the billet to the Drill Hall was a triumphal progress. Our friends were clad in greatcoats, sweaters, and—shorts! The natives were vastly amused at their appearance, and especially admired the graceful calves of a certain Lieutenant, not to mention his exquisitely moulded ankle bones! Work started promptly at 9 o'clock, and our particular friends were placed in No. 1 Class, under the personal supervision of the Sergeant-Major and they were initiated into the mysteries of P.T. (Physical Training) in the open air, with the thermometer below freezing point!! After a few mild exercises, the seemingly tame and peaceful S.M. suddenly bristled up—his moustache visibly quaked—and roared at them, "To that wall and back run." There followed several seconds of awkward silence, when the brilliant intelligence of Sergeant Chisson decided that the S.M. meant what he said, and forthwith, they rushed off. They scuttled back like greased lightning, and as soon as they were in their places again, they all stood bolt upright to a perfect "attention," like the soldiers they are. The S.M. was not impressed, and in most sarcastic tones, pointing to his cranium, said, "It's here you want it!" Apparently they should have been standing at ease, and it was a sure proof of their

imbecility that they were not! Henceforth, that unfortunate class were often informed that they were badly in need of the "grey matter"!

The next event of importance was their polite introduction to the bayonet. The S.M., rifle and bayonet in hand, asked a certain bright Lance-Corporal what he was holding. "An S.M.L.E. Rifle," was the ready reply, "granted under Army Form, No. ——" "It's not!" emphatically replied the S.M. It was really, but S.M.'s are not partial to contradiction! After much questioning, he discovered that none of them knew what it was. So, amid breathless expectation, as to the name of the strange article he held in his capacious and brawny hand, he growled, "It's a weapon to kill!!!" A visible shudder, in place of the usual "pleased to meet you," greeted this introduction. Then followed a most awe-inspiring harangue. The S.M. "inculcated" the spirit of the bayonet into them, as he so ably expressed it. He worked himself up into a terrifying rage, and the tame group round him were fascinated by the carnivorous glare in his flashing eyes. "Bring the 'Un prisoners to this school," he said; "stick 'em up on them gallows and with the greatest pleasure I'll kill 'em off like the vermin they are, and save the food supply of this country." This over, they began work in real earnest, and were soon transforming themselves into very capable mincemeat machines. Oh! those brave fellows did work hard that morning, and what was their reward—praise, applause? No, not one word of encouragement from that hard-hearted S.M.! The class would have returned to their billets, broken-hearted, but for some pleasing information, delivered in the peculiarly husky voice of one of the other instructors, namely, "Yer coomin' on!" Those kind-hearted words cheered on those hard-working souls through P.T., through B.F., through cold, and through fire, or the "assault course," which I shall explain to you later.

There was a certain officer in the class, who went by the name of Captain Dugsen, and who caused much good-natured merriment. His formula for working up a "hate" in bayonet practice is too picturesque, and too highly imaginative, for such a sedate Magazine as this. One day he had to explain and go through a very stiff abdominal exercise. He gave his explanation at the same time as he himself went through the movements, and the strain on his "abominable" muscles was but too apparent. He was on the floor supporting the whole weight of his expansive body by his arms and "abominable muscles," when in a voice vainly attempting to be calm and clear, but which was really a hoarse grunt, he said, "I'm coming up now." He looked so ludicrous!!

In the course of these studies, our friends were taught a certain amount of anatomy, but it was not to make them doctors, but so that they might know "the best place to stick your so-and-so bayonet in the so-and-so 'Uns.'" The S.M. was really a most delicate and peace-loving man!

Those suffering pupils never heard the last of the word "control," but, really, its effect on the language of Sergts. Pagan, and Welsh was almost negligible. Moreover, it did not prevent Sergt. Welsh from breaking a most courageous New Year resolution, and it is a lamentable fact that "control" did not restrain the reckless card-playing of Sergt. Chisson.

Letter-writing was a favourable pursuit during their "leisure" hours. A certain Bury Sergeant, appropriately christened "Joe," did not, however, seem to reap the fruits he deserved from his copious correspondence to his lady friends in Bury. On the other hand, Sergt. Pagan simply revelled every morning in piles of pretty little envelopes, varying in colour from pale blue to pale pink with oh! such pretty seals!—we presumed that they were from his friends in the army—and elsewhere.

Space is short, and, before I close this short account, I must tell you of our friends on the "Assault Course." The assault course was a field about 200 yards long, about 30 yards wide, and at that time coated with a pastelike concoction of mixed mud and snow. This field was crossed by trenches, varying in depth from 7 to 4 feet. In between these were placed various obstacles, while, scattered about, were stuffed sacks which represented the "'Uns."

On the last morning of this "holiday," our brave friends, the three sergeants, were going over the course for the last time before the inter-team competition. At a given signal, the heroic Capt. Dugsen, our three sergeants (and one or two others) spring up from a 7 foot deep trench, where they had been hidden, and in an approximate (very) line they rush on at the "High Port"; they leap with extraordinary agility a 6-foot wide trench and rush with a blood-curdling yell at the feeble sacks which oppose them in the trench which they are rapidly approaching. Capt. Dugsen, in the true V.C. style, gallantly cheers on his men. However, they can't hear him, because they are all swearing; in fact, the whole lot rush on with one mutual curse—against What? Those poor, weak, bilious-looking sacks. With many "Ughs" and "Oh! you —," etc., the shining steel put those — 'Uns out of action. Still, on they go, and here their gallant S.M. urges them to put some "'ATE'" into it, and not to tickle the next line of 'Uns (or sacks).

The second line defences of the enemy were similarly successfully crossed, but—something has gone wrong. Sergt. Chisson is missing. The line halts and looking back they see Sergt. Chisson at death grips with an 'Un. However, with the help of many imprecations from the S.M. with reference to sticking cobwebs and margarine, and with much tearing of sacking, the 'Un is killed, and the victorious line resumes its progress. They pass even the third line, but then the defence stiffens, and the mud incidentally becomes deeper and more sticky. The line is now crooked; Sergt. Pagan, with his customary élan, ploughs ahead,

closely followed by Sergt. Welsh and Capt. Dugsen, whose language throughout was highly coloured. The remainder are not so vigorous, but after a short tussle they conquer the three 'Uns on top of them, with a well delivered "Long point, short point, and jab, all advancing," and soon they are through! With a resounding cheer from the team and a loud curse of disgust from the S.M., the victors drop into the shelter of a trench, consolidate their position, and prepare for counter-attacks.

Yes! Chester is a charming, quaint, old city!

"EYEWITNESS."

Literary and Debating Society.

THE record of the Society is still one of uninterrupted prosperity. The average attendance, though slightly less than that of last term, has never been ignominiously minute, and there have been none of the unfortunate civil dissensions which perturbed the Society some time ago. On the whole, it has been a mild, but pleasant session.

The Society met on November 21st, 1917, in the Hall, to hear Mr. Ryan read a paper on "Keats." The speaker began by commenting on Keats' beauty of achievement, and the tragedy of his early end. Although not of great inborn genius, his inspiration was drawn from Leigh Hunt and Spenser, and later from Milton, and all his early poems bore promise of coming fame. In his mental agony he received tranquility from Shakespeare; in his indecision, direction of mind from Wordsworth. In "Endymion" could be traced the gropings of the spirit after the ideal, and the influence of Spenser was distinguishable. In the transition from "Endymion" to "Hyperion," there was a change from limpness to virility, from Spenser to Milton, and the latter was not a success because the expression did not accord with the sentiment. His odes were a class apart; there was a deep strain of fervour, and also brooding melancholy, redeemed by the inspiration of the beauty of life, and the eternity of art.

The discussion was opened by Laver, who spoke of the fallacy of Keats' weakness; next, spoke Mr. Russell, who ranked Keats next to Shakespeare. After the meeting had been addressed by Jackson, Scott, Hutchison, and Mr. Wilde, and after Mr. Ryan's reply, a vote of thanks to the reader of the paper was heartily accorded.

The usual Impromptu Debate was held on Tuesday, December 4. The attendance included many visitors, notable amongst

them being Messrs. Wilde, Russell, Ronney, Jude. After the usual effusion by Stern, the Chairman called upon Baxter to open by proposing the motion "That's so." Scott opposed, yet the motion was lost. After many debates of the usual type, and on the usual type of motion, the meeting was delighted by a scathing indictment of one John Horner, Esq., by Mr. Brown, and a struggle betwixt Williams and Mr. Doughty on the inevitableness of some cases, and also of others. After a brilliant speech by Laver, and some remarks by Stern, the meeting was adjourned, to the sorrow of all. A very pleasant evening had been spent, mainly in unwonted and unmerited attacks upon the Secretaries, although there were a number of quite original motions, and very few paradoxes of the vice-versa variety.

On January 22nd the Society, refreshed from its labours of the previous term by a well-earned rest, met to discuss the question of guarantees of peace. Between the passing of the minutes and the commencement of public business, Stern condescended to fill the aching void by a pleasing interlude of ill-directed invective. It met with its deserved result—contempt. Hutchison, H. F., was then called upon to propose that "Preparedness for war is the best guarantee for peace." Basing his remarks on the premise that fighting was man's ruling passion, he maintained that war was inevitable. Therefore, the best guarantee for a prolonged period of peace was complete preparedness for war. He advocated a prepared league of nations. Knox, T. M., in opposition, stated that war was an evil; that preparedness for war was an evil, because it involved waste not only of money but of years of men's lives; that all evils could be abolished or prevented; therefore preparedness for war was not the best guarantee of peace, the reverse of evil. He advocated an unarmed league of nations and a small international police force, and pleaded that instead of wasting millions in instruments of destruction they should be used for higher education, the greatest instrument of construction. McKie seconded Hutchison. The opposer's ideal schemes, he said, fell to the ground by his admission of the necessity of an international police force. Laver brilliantly seconded Knox. He admitted that he was an idealist, but he was convinced that it was the reverse of a military training which killed the intellect, that would restore to a stricken world, justice, freedom, and liberty. Many speakers inveighed against the motion, except Williams, who had supported the Secretarial cause for the first time in his long experience, twice in one evening. Mr. Dalton was requested by Mr. Brown, from the chair, to address the meeting. His speech crystallised the arguments against the motion: "If you, as I do, believe in evolution and the progress of man,

feeling sure that some day he will realise the folly and uselessness of war, you must vote against the motion; if you are not idealists, vote for it." After Hutchison replied to many of his critics, the motion was put to the vote and lost by 22 votes to 11.

A meeting of the Society was held on February 5th, 1918. Though the attendance was not perhaps so large as it might have been, yet it was select, and private business was soon over. R. G. Baxter then proceeded to read a paper on W. H. Ainsworth. After proving to his own, and nobody else's satisfaction, that in many cases the success of an author may be judged by the sale of his books, he proceeded to a consideration of Ainsworth's life, and his relations with his great contemporaries, Thackeray and Dickens. He then commented in detail on his works, and was of the opinion that his earlier works were best. The discussion was opened by Knox, who, like Macaulay, valued the historical novel for the teachings of history conveyed in it. After Laver, Scott, Mr. Hickinbotham, and Mr. H. M. Brown had contributed to the discussion, a vote of thanks to the reader of the paper was heartily accorded, and the meeting adjourned.

A meeting of the Society was held on February 19th to hear a debate on the too great prominence of Classics in modern education. J. W. Brown opened for the affirmative, and began by abusing the Secretaries for having inveigled him into rashly having consented to do so. His chief argument was that Classics were of no value for a commercial training, and that the time spent in learning Latin and Greek was therefore wasted. King, in opposing, made a speech about the beauties of Classics, and pointed out that as it had been said that the average boy never got beyond the use of Lexicons and Accidence, and so was dead to the beauties of literature, it ought therefore to be obvious that not enough time was given to the study of Classics. Williams and Baxter seconded Brown and King respectively; the former attacked the latter, the latter attacked the former (metaphorically, of course). A very interesting debate followed, and the motion was lost by a considerable majority.

An extraordinary meeting was held on Friday, March 1st, to hear the Head open a discussion on "Time." The subject of time, the speaker said, was a very large one, and one on which, moreover, there was not much literature. A distinct analogy and comparison was drawn between the two ideas of space and time, and the fact that they would seem to be almost inseparable. Yet there was one marked difference; space was, as far as was known, three dimensional; the dimension of time could not be

summarily settled at a glance. The speaker then showed the great difficulty of fixing a dimension for time, and clearly distinguished between an object or an event, and our impressions of it. In conclusion, he pointed out that man was master of the present and of the future, and that it was only the poet who could point out to us our goal. A highly involved and off-the-point discussion followed, in which much was talked, and very little said. After a hearty vote of thanks the meeting adjourned.

On March 5th a rather poor attendance, with the President in the chair, assembled to hear Mr. Williams speak of Cambridge and its Colleges. Beginning with Clare, he went over nearly all the Colleges in detail, sketching their history, and scattering over all innumerable amusing stories connected therewith. He concluded by enlarging upon the joys of an undergraduate's life; in his room he is in his castle; there, probably for the first time, could he indulge in the joys of hospitality. He hoped that it would be the lot of many of us to go to one of the older Universities and be able to look back in old age upon its many joys and few sorrows. The lecture was illustrated by a fine series of lantern slides, but Mr. Williams went too far when he said that any one could talk on pictures thrown on the screen. It is only the born lecturers who can please his audience and interest them; and in Mr. Williams we have one such.

Mr. Doughty and Mr. Brown added sundry anecdotes of their own hardly blameless experiences. Mr. Hickinbotham also contributed to the discussion, after which a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Williams for his extremely interesting and witty paper.

We look forward with considerable interest to the last two meetings of what has truly been a stern session.

There have been two "Soirées," or convivial gatherings, this session. The first was held at the end of last term, in connection with the Old Boys. The usual round of the many usual and many unusual and strange songs was well received, and great enjoyment was manifest. The second was held on March 9th, also with the Old Boys. This time a novel scheme was drawn up, whereby the first half of the evening was devoted to pleasant pastimes, and thought-awakening competitions, and a ping-pong championship. Cosnett eventually arrived at the supreme summit of the latter, and Keown and R. F. O. Lee demonstrated their knowledge in the former. The evening terminated in thanks to Mr. Brown, to whom credit for the pleasant time spent is due.

Roll of Honour.

The following names must be added to the Roll of Honour this term:—

Lieut.-Col. H. Leech.
W. A. Wilkie.
J. H. Williams.
Lieut. C. W. Bray.
H. Rogers.
E. Ball.
A. R. Jones.
Lieut. T. S. Reay.

Military Distinctions.

The following distinctions have been conferred upon Old Boys of the Institute since the publication of last term's Magazine:—

MILITARY CROSS:

T. J. Pritchard.
H. Teaz.
J. A. McLaren (Second Bar).
W. D. Raymond.
J. L. Hutchison.
A. G. Dean.
J. McWilliam.
M. T. Sampson.
H. J. Couche.

MILITARY MEDAL:

R. L. Roberts.
B. Black.
A. J. Milliken.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

ALBERT MEDAL:

E. A. Shacklady.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES:

T. F. Tweed.

C. H. Bradshaw.

BELGIAN CROIX DE GUERRE:

C. H. Nicholson.

Valete.

LAVER, J.—Entered 1911; Prefect 1915 (Hughes); House Captain 1917 (Hughes); Editor Magazine 1916; Library Committee 1916; VI.a 1915; Committee L.I.L.D.S. (1915); Secretary L.I.L.D.S. (1916-17); Vice-President L.I.L.D.S. (1917); O.T.C. 1914; Oxford Local Senior (2nd Class Honours), 1915; Matriculation 1916; Essay Prize 1917.

CHRISTIAN, A. F. C.—Entered 1911; Prefect 1916 (Alfred Holt); VI.a 1916; Football (1st XI.) Colours 1915-16-17-18; Secretary School Football 1917; Captain School Football 1917-18; Cricket (2nd XI.) Colours 1915, (1st XI.) 1917; House Sports Captain 1916; Secretary for School Cricket 1917; O.T.C. 1913; L.-Cpl. 1915; Cpl. 1916; Sergeant 1916; Senior Sergeant, February, 1917; Oxford Local Senior 1915.

FREY, E. M.—Entered 1909; VI.a 1917; House Swimming Captain (Hughes) 1916-17; House Sports Captain 1917; House Gymnasium Captain 1917; O.T.C. 1912; L.-Cpl. 1916; Cpl. 1917; House Football Captain 1916-17; House Cricket Captain 1916; Prefect 1917 (Alfred Holt); House Swimming Captain (A.H.) 1917; House Gymnasium Captain 1918; Swimming Club Committee 1916; Caven Swimming Cup 1917.

Editorial Notices.

The Editors wish to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following contemporaries, with apologies for omissions:

Esmeduna, Liverpool College Magazine, Holt School Magazine, Hymerian.

The Editors regret that they have been unable to publish various articles they have received. Perhaps space will permit of their publication next term.