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Editorial.

OUR sympathies are divided between the Editorial pioneers of days gone by who had to produce an Editorial from the depths of their own imagination, and the readers who were compelled to endure it. Now that the writing of this strange literary feature has been reduced to a fine art, we feel that a little judicious indexing and cataloguing would ensure the patient reader a more delightful gateway into the gardens of volume XLII. On looking up "Fives Courts" or "Lower Yards, Paved," in our editorial Encyclopaedia under the sub-headings: (a) Recommendation; (b) Deprecation; (c) Appreciation, we would then proceed to delight the minds of young and old alike with a masterly survey of last term's events, without the shadow of an excuse.

As far as we are aware, however, no compiler has set his hand to this important work, so that again we must endeavour to state our own humble opinion. The Fives Courts have been used on every possible occasion by members of the School and by the temporarily more adept members of the Staff. We are extremely grateful to the donor.

From our classical retirement we timidly suggest that the "Lower Yard, Paved" is an engineering feat, but we assert without hesitation that it is a failure aesthetically. On every wet day we have looked with wistful eyes for the old "bird's-eye view of England"—in vain.

We will conclude by anticipating certain sharp criticism from Form Committees in the Lower School. "Why have we no articles in the Mag.?" We will merely plead that in spite of our versatility we find it a little difficult to penetrate the thoughtful brow of Smithkins, 2M, and then give utterance to verses that will capture the ardour and spirit of the Seconds and below. The remedy is obvious—write something yourselves.

"Notre Dame des Fleurs."

She walked the Nazareth garden; the faint stars,
Pale in the glory of the summer night,
Trembled above Her; at Her feet the flowers
Flaunted their lofty painted heads, bedight
In silken splendour. Hidden nightingales,
Thrilling their tender, passionate song oft' told
Throbbled from the flowering trees. And all around,
The thousand perfumes from the neighbouring wold

Steeped Her pleased sense in fragrance sweeter far
Than costly scents sprayed in proud Herod's rooms
By dancing girls. Then on a rustic seat
She sate Her down, and watched the many blooms.
Beside Her—gleaming white, or red-besprent—
The roses genuflected, lilies bent
Their chalices, that mingled cream with gold,
Paying to Her their homage manifold.

"HAUT-BOY."

Chat on the Corridor.

The School learnt with pride the distinctions conferred upon three Old Boys, in the New Year Honours List.

Among the six new Peers: "Sir Charles Wakefield, Bart., C.B.E., LL.D. For public and philanthropic services."

Sir Frank Morrish Baddeley, Kt., C.M.G., Chief Secretary to the Government of Nigeria, has been made a Knight Commander (Civil) of the Order of the British Empire, and Mr. Courthorpe Wilson has been made a Knight.

It is with sincere regret that we bid farewell to Mr. Eustace, and we wish him all success in his new post. An appreciation appears on another page.

We welcome Mr. E. J. Frank who comes to us as Senior Classics Master. Mr. Frank, who was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, had a brilliant career at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he gained the Porson prize for Greek Verse.

Speech Day was the occasion of a momentous departure from the past, but we rejoice to think that the restless spirits of the eighties and nineties, to whom the word "suffragette" was but a disturbing whisper, were doubtless placated by the inspiring and eloquent address of Miss Eleanor Rathbone. On no occasion since the "tumult and shouting" of 1925 have we been so conscious of our past, and it was indeed fitting that scenes so familiar to the old "Institute" should be recounted by one whose interest in the city is quickened by her work and by her ancestry.

The Headmaster, in his address, dwelt on the importance of German in the School curriculum, and also advocated the award of Matriculation on H.S.C. rather than on School Certificate. The latter part of Miss Rathbone's speech dealt with the need for spirit and enthusiasm of present scholars to be directed in after life to the social problems of the world without. Mr. C.

Sydney Jones then proposed a vote of thanks with his usual felicity.

After the award of prizes, two scenes from Molière's "L'Avare" were given by the Upper School. E. L. V. Fitch made a real and convincing Harpagon. The School Choir then sang Purcell's "Paisest Isle" among other pieces, and the evening was concluded by singing the School Song.

The Upper and Lower Sixths have again been privileged to attend the Headmaster's course of lectures on "Architecture." Their educational value is inestimable, and even the least impressionable among us have developed a feeling for St. George's Hall.

On the 16th October we enjoyed a visit of the Comte du Croze. He spoke in his native tongue on "Provence and Provençal Songs." In spite of our own linguistic imperfections we caught the atmosphere of the Sunny South which only a native can convey.

On the 31st October, the Senior part of the School spent an enjoyable evening at the Junior School's party. The Science Remove wandered in familiar pastures during the first part of the entertainment. Our "Arch-Villain," Mr. S. V. Brown, successfully revived the mystic and occult arts in the form of a "Black Magic" entertainment. With many a dark and cabalistic expression he juggled with his wonted plausibility—but *on this occasion he was only playing at juggling.*

During the second part of the evening, the Junior School players acted a version of Euripides' "Cyclops." We were delighted and impressed by a sprightly band of satyrs whose youthful mirth and vigour reminded us (who knows?) of our own palmier days.

On the 9th of November, the Rev. A. P. Banks, who left the School in '85, spoke to the Sixths on the "Colour Problem." Mr. Banks, whose parish is at Alagama, Ontario, spoke with the confidence that comes of first-hand knowledge and experience, and we gathered that Mr. Banks was not lacking in wit during his sojourn at School.

Professor Roxby, of Liverpool University, visited us on December 13th, when he spoke on "South Africa." The School heard the lecture with interest and appreciation.

Mr. Baxter was not at the organ on that memorable morning. We take this opportunity to remark, however, that a little sprightly music on entering Hall would be widely appreciated.

The membership of the Sports and Arts Club was 540 last term.

Towards the end of term, Miss Irene Saddler gave another of her delightful recitals. Miss Saddler's visits are always appreciated by the entire School.

School Christmas cards were an excellent idea, well executed, but badly received by the School. It may be true that the majority of the School did not care to break with the conventional Christmas tree and snow topped chalet, depicted on the ordinary Christmas card, but every boy should have bought at least one. May they have better luck in 1930!

We note with pleasure the increased enthusiasm of the members of the Literary and Debating Society. As nine o'clock draws near, the simultaneous rising of a dozen would-be speakers is reminiscent of the clamour on the parade ground. It is hoped that even more members of Removes will attend the meetings this term.

On December 8th, Miss Makin's Carol Concert by the Thirds and Junior School was held. We trust that it was a great success. Speaking as denizens of Mr. Eustace's room we should say that it was a *very* great success.

After one morning's experience of "the gong," we feel that the following innovations would be quite consistent:—

- (a) Chop-sticks in the dining-hall.
- (b) Pig-tails for members of the Staff.

Mr. Eustace.

WHEN Mr. Eustace came to the Institute in 1920, the disorganization caused by the War had not entirely disappeared. It had been a common thing, while the war still continued, to see Prefects in their last year at School preparing themselves for military service. Two would march about the Upper Yard with a long tape stretched between them to represent a platoon, while a third tried to develop the military

voice by giving orders. They might ordinarily have been looking forward to the University or to business, but their careers were interrupted in a strange fashion. Many of the Masters left us for the army; and when a young man went, his place had sometimes to be filled by a clergyman or someone too old to fight, who, although not in peace-time a member of the profession, had taken up teaching as a form of national service. It would be very wrong to suggest that the standard of education fell. Some of the older boys whom we saw performing their curious evolutions gained University Scholarships in the intervals of their soldiering, and very many won credit for their School. But there was inevitably a certain disorganization which can be seen from the fact that before Mr. Eustace there had been a succession of three or four masters on the Classics side in as many years.

With Mr. Eustace's arrival the good work, which had never ceased in the Classical Sixths was consolidated, and that section of the School enjoyed considerable prosperity. To speak of what is only part of the work of a good School, and perhaps not the most important part, about a dozen old boys owe to Mr. Eustace their opportunity of going to Oxford. Many more have to thank him for a sound classical education. In illustration of the high standard which he set, it may be amusing to tell a story of his first VIAC. This particular form had enjoyed to the full that rest which comes in VI B between the School Certificate and the Higher Certificate. When asked what place they had reached in the Greek Composition book, they without hesitation tried to extend their rest by going back a little. The next time a prose was set, one member of the form who had kept his old version resubmitted it, but was surprised to receive a lower mark for the corrected copy than he had secured for the original. Clearly there was nothing to do but to take things seriously.

Those whom he taught will remember best Mr. Eustace's devoted work for the School. They will wish to place on record their appreciation of his sympathetic teaching of the Classics, from which they gained a genuine liking for the study of ancient culture. But if, because of his retiring disposition, he is better known to his old pupils than to the School at large, he is remembered also by many others as a kindly personality of their School days. There are few ways of securing that one shall be remembered to compare with that of being a successful comedian in a Staff play. If you don't believe it, ask the Secretaries of the Old Boys' Association what are the incidents about which they hear most often.

All who have been at the Institute in Mr. Eustace's time will regret that he is leaving us, and will unite in wishing him every happiness in the post to which he goes. W.C.K.

House Notes.

ALFRED HOLT.—Congratulations are due to the Football team on the splendid fight which they put up in the Final of the Horsfall Cup. If the same spirit prevailed throughout the whole of the House we should now be cock-house instead of having meekly to hold the wooden spoon. Be up and doing! House spirit and enthusiasm are infectious. See to it that next term the House awakes from its three years' sleep and is walking the heights sublime. D.L.H.

Cochran.—A few of you may remember a motto which was introduced into the House some years ago, and which a former House Captain quoted with great success:

"You have done well, do better."

Each member of the House must form his own opinion as to whether we have done well. My sole desire is to remove the self satisfaction that comes of second place in the House Competition. In so far as this Competition is a record of *true* House activities, we must make a more determined assault on first place. I would write an impassioned appeal for a sterner attempt this term, if I did not realise the futility of appealing to anyone on anything through House Notes. Those who wish, take this to heart, that to do anything worth accomplishing requires a miraculous combination of individual and corporate effort. It is the former which we have noticeably lacked, for our teams invariably work as teams.

This term is a full one. When we come before the all-seeing judge at the end, I sincerely hope that we will be worth saving because of seventy righteous men within the city, and not ten or less. Righteousness, of course, indicates a penchant for cross-country running, a keenness to enter the boxing competition, and similar acquired tastes.

Finally, we take this belated opportunity to thank our old House Master, Mr. Russell, for his whole-hearted service to the House during his four years at School. We wish him success at St. Olaves. It is our pleasant duty to welcome Mr. Pollard to the service of the House with Mr. Thorpe. We hope he will enjoy it. H.W.M.

Danson.—This last term, we have been successful in the Gym. and Chess Competitions, and in a House Soirée. Danson, at the soirée, almost managed to lift its wheels out of the rut of lethargy in which it is firmly embedded. Now that our wheels have turned a little, next term we have got to pull ourselves out of the mire altogether, and then, once we are on the move again with our superior speed, power and endurance, we will be able to outdistance the other Houses, and get to the top of

the House Competition. We must not have any friction, and each wheel has always got to move easily and quickly. E.L.H.

Hughes.—There is life in us yet, though it did not appear so at first. We have had an exciting term going up and down the ladder of the House Competition, and we now pause in the middle to see what next. Having risen from the depths, let us ascend to the heights. Let us abjure Wednesdays, homework detentions and similar frivolities, as unworthy of our manly spirits, and let us plod along on cross-country runs, join the Corps, learn to box, and generally be of use. We must remember that the first three places are harder to gain than the bottom three.

Congratulations are due to the Junior Horsfall team; go ye and do likewise. L.H.

Owen.—From the material point of view the House has only been moderately successful this last term, for the loyal efforts of a few, at games and on School, have been outbalanced by the continued indifference and carelessness of the majority. At football the Senior XI. were narrowly beaten by a more sensible team, and the Juniors lost heavily to an undoubtedly better team.

The keen work of four boys deserved a better fate in the Gym. Competition, and we congratulate them on their efforts.

That there is talent in the House is quite evident, and if the debit champions devote their extraordinary prowess to the good of the House we shall make better progress this term. But remember, the term will be long, and we easily tire, especially if we work hard. M.H.B.

Phillip Holt.—There is only one thing that we can be sure of keeping this year. With the help of a few enthusiastic supporters, who turned up to practices, the gymnasium team re-won the Cup. Mind we keep it next year. As some of you may know, however, our Horsfall team was beaten in the semi-final. It was a noticeable fact that no one turned up to cheer on the team. So far, none of the House activities seem to have been patronised to any large extent by Philip Holt members. Most of you just lean back and say "I'm glad we're top, good old Philip!" Have you thought of doing your little bit.

Here are a few answers to some obvious questions: "What! Turn up to cheer on the team? I've something better to do." "It's no use turning up to boxing, I can't box." "I've never been on a cross-country run yet. Anyhow, I couldn't run more than a mile." "I've only had a few minus marks; I've done my bit, I refereed once."

There are lots of others which you know yourselves.

Put aside some of your personal feelings. Remember you're in a good House. Enter for some events in the sports, run in the steeplechase, learn to box. There's one other thing you can do, learn to play chess. I don't suppose many of you knew we had a chess team, did you? Well, we have, and if some more people had learnt to play, we would have had a chance of winning the Chess Trophy.

Do something, keep on doing it, and we will stay where we started—on top. H.L.J.

Tate.—During the greater part of this term we have managed to hold the fourth position in the House Competition and it is disappointing to have dropped to fifth in the last week. However, we were third in the Gymnasium Competition and we have won the final of the Senior Horsfall Cup; the glory of the latter being rather marred by some cases of non-attendance at Junior House matches. We are being pulled down steadily by our School work. Homework detentions are far too numerous in Tate House and unless this is corrected next term we cannot hope to regain our lost position and mount higher in the House Competition. See to it that this is corrected next term!

We are all very sorry to lose Mr. Eustace, who has been a real asset to Tate, and we can only wish him every success in his new position. W.H.L.

House Competition.

(For term ending December 20th, 1929).

1st	Philip Holt	1,748	marks.
2nd	Cochran	1,546	"
3rd	Owen	1,429	"
4th	Hughes	1,390	"
5th	Tate	1,318	"
6th	Danson	1,259	"
7th	Alfred Holt	1,074	"

W.S.—P.R.H.

Hockey.

NOT as many boys have availed themselves of the new venture as there might have been, if all expectations had been fulfilled. Those who have given a trial to the game, however, have had a thoroughly pleasant term's experience and have made good progress in knowledge of the game. Practices have taken place every Wednesday and Saturday,

except for the two or three times when the ground was hardly fit. The first match was against the Staff and resulted in a win of 10 goals to nil for the Masters. The School team could not hope to cope with the robust and hustling methods of the other side, but managed to have more of the play than the score represents. The second match was against University III., and again resulted in a defeat, 5 to 1. This match was a much more even affair than the first, and showed that the team had improved much in the interval. Both sides were pleased with the game, and the Varsity team have asked for two fixtures for next term. Odyssey (a team of players in Messrs. Holt & Co.'s office) have arranged a match with the School on February 8th, at Greenbank. Other fixtures are being arranged. More boys are invited to come and try the game. There are a few sticks to spare for those willing to give Hockey a trial. Beginners should turn up at Greenbank any Wednesday or Saturday at 2 o'clock.

D.P.H.

Carmen Jocularare.

Hockey's a pastime not so simple,
 Played by a band of glorious men;
 Never a sign of smile or dimple,
 Stern the hearts in our one and ten!

Yes, and a captain bold and daring
 Drives us against our quailing foe.
 He is a full back, all unsparing;
 Sings in his own sweet voice like so—

"When I first took my hockey stick out,
 I said as I looked round about:
 'It's one to a million
 That any pavilion
 Has seen such a warrior stout.'

Full backs have no fear of the foe—
 A fact we in every game show—
 But a sorrier sight
 Than a forward aflight
 We trust that we never may know.

"We may not attain the sublime,
 We may be made subjects of rhyme,
 But it's quite manifest—
 As we all can attest—
 That hockey's the game for our prime.

If for a heart so pure and manly,
 You with romantic passion yearn,
 Ask in august Ac. for "Stanley,"
 Where will ye good tidings learn.

"ERNY."

Cross-Country Running.

WE have made a fairly promising start for the season. We out-ran the Florence Institute, and had a close run with the University, losing by only a few points. Against the North Liverpool Gymnasium Harriers, however, we had a weak team, and suffered a heavy defeat.

RESULTS.

School v. L.U.

School: 2, Mason; 3, Rodgers; 7, Booth; 8, Baxter;
 9, Collins; 13, Macarthur. Total=42

L.U.: 1, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11. Total=37

School v. F.I.

School: 1, Rodgers; 2, Mason; 3, Baxter; 4, Booth.
 Total=10

F.I. Total=34

School v. N.L.G.H.

School: 3, Mason; 6, Booth; 9, Collins; 10, Rew; 12,
 Macarthur; 13, Jones, H. L. Total=53

N.L.G.H.: 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8. Total=27

Practices have been well attended. E.C.R.

Inter-School Swimming Gala.

THE Inter-School Gala was held at Picton Road Baths, on Thursday, October 24th. The School's exhibition was by no means outstanding and the Seniors and Juniors both achieved no higher position than that of fourth. We are glad, however, to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. W. F. Tunnington, to whom we are indebted for his services as a coach of the School swimming team. On the other hand we are sorry to admit that the standard of swimming in the School is very low and can only hope that an improvement will ensue during more seasonable weather than the past term has afforded.

RESULTS OF THE GALA.

Senior.					Points.
T. J. Parry :	1st	Neat Dive	6
	3rd	Running Dive	2
	3rd	100 yds. Breast Stroke	2
	3rd	100 yds. Back Stroke	2
Total					12
Junior.					
R. F. Coggins :	1st	50 yds. Free Style...	6
B. J. Philips :	2nd	Running Dive	4
Total					10

T.G.P.

◆◆◆

The House Competition Orders Its Tomb.

(I offer no apology to Mr. Browning for this impertinent attempt. I feel that he would be the first to realise the number of qualities that are common to the Bishop and our friend the Competition, such as inconsistency, irrelevance, and a desire to be remembered long and lovingly on earth. The sole difference is that the Bishop probably was remembered lovingly, if not long. The features of the House Competition to which reference is made would certainly die without a tear. The H.C. would have its "Horses and brown Greek manuscripts" in the form of marks for "Stars," but in spite of my equestrian disabilities I should prefer a horse to a mark for a "star." I should take some pride in the animal. The Bishop, we are led to believe, died slowly, and I suppose we must anticipate the prolonged death sobs of our friend.

A subsidiary reason for these lines is to appeal against "the deep, rich, whispering sound; the murmurous shuffle." An impressive silence would better beseech the awe-inspiring statement that such and such a House has lost two marks for misdemeanour.)

LIVERPOOL, AFTER THE REFORMATION.

"Vanity!" saith the preacher, "Vanity!"
 Ah me! my sons, I bid ye now farewell.
 Wednesdays, and matches scamped, and Order Marks;
 Nay! Do the "Poors" keep back? All sons, I wot,
 All minus marks that did adorn my prime
 I hear not—gather round my pillow head:
 E'en so; ten years ago my glory blazed,
 When they did hang me by the office door,
 And all admired; I beg you, boys, let not
 My poor frame hanging wither on the wall
 While "Cochran" down to "Alfred," every House,

Mould'ring betrays my death with ne'er a sign
 'To show how I was once the School's desire.
 Set me i' the gallery where, by Milton or
 By Shaw, I may but drink the organ's note,
 Where, on a Wednesday morn, as was my wont
 I heard the deep, rich, whispering sound,
 The murm'rous shuffle, as my name was called:
 "House Competition! End of term result!"
 Sons mine, but promise me I may not fade
 In pale oblivion by the office door,
 But in the gallery, so fair it was!
 Wednesdays and Order Marks . . . My sight grows dim.
 A curse upon the members of the Sixth,
 The vile upstarts who tried to rend you, sons,
 From me. More powerful they who were my friends;
 They guarded us, kept Wednesdays, Minus Marks,
 In bonds so fast that none from School could break.
 Did I say in the gallery, sons? Not I.
 Place me beside the fives courts in the yard,
 Where sergeants roar their orders on parade.
 Corps Marks, stand ye behind my canopy?
 Ye were my true boys; would ye see me die
 With ne'er a tear?—but, I shall die revenged;
 Recruits and Campers ne'er a mark shall get!
 But stay, I hear the shuffle in the Hall
 On Wednesday morn. Alas! So fair it was!

WIN.

◆◆◆

Gymnasium Notes.

A GREAT deal of work has been done in the Gymnasium throughout the term, although the tendency to concentrate on the parallel bars and the horizontal bar rather than on the less ostentatious but more valuable Swedish exercises is to be regretted.

The House Gymnasium Competition for the Plevin-Grieve Memorial Cup was held on Thursday, December 5th. Competition among the Houses was keen, but Philip Holt, with its greater experience, won by a good margin of points. An item of particular interest was the swinging of illuminated clubs by an O.I., J. W. Prowting. The Competition was well attended, and the occupants of the gallery are to be congratulated on their unwonted silence and restraint.*

The School's thanks are due to Mr. Stell for his unfailing energy and interest in the competitor's work. We also thank

* (O Tempora! O Mores!—Eds.)

the Old Boys and Mr. Pollard for his excellent musical accompaniment.

HOUSE RESULTS.		INDIVIDUAL RESULTS.	
1st	Phillip Holt.	1st	H. L. Jones (P) ... 33
2nd	Danson.		(H. R. Lunt (P) ... 31
3rd	Tate.	2nd	(B. W. May (P) ... 31

H.R.L.

L.J.O.T.C. Notes

THIS last term has been one of the most successful we have had for years. The drill is very good, but discipline throughout the Company is becoming slack as the younger cadets are inclined to regard the parades as periods off School. This fault must be rectified this term.

Our first Field Day of the term was held at Altcar, on October 15th, when the scheme was that of advance guards of two opposing armies gaining contact. One platoon of the force advancing from Liverpool lost their lives capturing a rabbit in enemy country, much to the annoyance of the gamekeeper. Although the zero hour was badly arranged and the battle as such was a failure, Certificate "A" candidates were given practice in leading platoons.

Certificate "A" practical examination was held on October 22nd, on which occasion the Drill Squad would have done credit to a regular unit and was a great help to the candidates. The latter, however, still lacked self-confidence on parade. We congratulate the seven cadets who passed, and hope they have done as well in the Theoretical examination.

The second Field Day took place at Thurstaston, on the 22nd of November, in dubious weather. No. 1 Platoon acted as a rear-guard fighting for information about an enemy force divided into four armies, and took advantage of the facilities provided by the Common for concealment, without exactly transposing themselves into turnips. As an action the experiment was successful, but the written messages left much to be desired; and the defence was not sufficiently enterprising. The manoeuvres ended with a forced march from Thurstaston to West Kirby, which broke all previous records, and we accord to the younger cadets the praise they deserve for their marching on that eventful day.

The Corps concluded a good term's training by holding a Soirée on December 11th. The officers gave a sketch, in which Mr. Hart and Mr. Ledger were responsible for numerous cases of hysteria in the audience. Sgt. R. A. Martin gave a lecture on

"Architecture," which was much appreciated by the Sixths and the Headmaster; and Sgt. Nussbaum's orchestra rendered some of the latest dance tunes. "Cadet Peter of Liverpool" entertained us, once again, with his banjo. Songs and impromptu lantern lectures occupied the remainder of an extremely pleasant evening, which was brought to a finish by the singing of "God Save the King."

We have now a very good Company, slightly over establishment, and have come to the end of a successful term. As Cadets who joined at Midsummer are now experienced to some extent, this term should be even better. Make it so.

SHOOTING.—Last term, shooting was at a standstill owing to the condition of the rifles. This term, however, the rifles will be back from Ordnance and a new system of attendance at the Range is to be introduced.

E.L.H.

After the Theatre.

AH! Fairies, whither away so soon? Must you, perforce, leave me friendless? May I not linger awhile in low-browed coppice, in mossy dell or glade with you? Why should my sojourn in the realms of fantasy be as ephemeral as your life is eternal, my delight brief as I would have it long, my belief in you transient, and yet how sweet to keep?

Long has my imagination ranged unchecked in realms unpeopled with realities, and wandered in and out of doors barred close to grey-haired Wisdom and Sophistication, long have I deserted the hard and thorny path of learning to enjoy the unfenced spaces, the slender waving trees, the fern spread grass of Fairyland. Must I now depart from you and your kingdom, exchange the undoubting and unquestioning glance for the critical, brilliant eye which envisages the world before a brain steeped in the lore of sciences and divers tongues. The choice is yours. Tell me, may I stay? . . . Away with books, pages, printing, figures, calculation, away with all the impedimenta of a cultured age. May learning perish! Let science rot deep buried neath the pyramids of Egypt!* Burn wiseacres, and scatter their ashes on the four winds of heaven! Fairyland for me.

I would not take your tender tiny feet down the long, flagged passages and halls of ancient learning, your sylphidine forms lost amidst the gloom, as you cower against the fluting of some mighty column; I would not soil your filmy wings with the gathered dust of ages, nor sully your bright raiment with the stale-smelling mists of the past. Not for your ears the hard

* (We have often heard this sentiment expressed more pointedly.—Eds.)

accents of the philosophic Stagirite, but the low-sung airs, the dainty melodies and soothing strains of fairy instruments.

I am fated, then, to lead a double life, learning claims me, but I would be with you, your phantasmal world draws me but I must return to a life where actuality reigns supreme. My period of release draws to a close, I must go now, must leave you. Farewell, friends, farewell, farewell, until we meet again, farewell.

“The Great Adventure.”

WITH their customary boldness the authorities once again chose a modern play for their Christmas production. The spirit of Arnold Bennett's “The Great Adventure” is not easily grasped, for whilst the plot is purely fanciful, the impression created by the actors must be that everything is real and capable of happening in actual life. It was because this effect was so truly given that the production was successful. The cast was admirably chosen; the two main characters were temperamentally suited to their parts, and the minor characters were allowed free scope for individual interpretation—with the result that one wondered if the play was chosen for the actors.

The part of the eccentric and retiring artist was played by Fox, whose voice and manner were perfect. His movements on the stage were natural and he has the invaluable gift of knowing where to put his hands. He was well supported by Penn as Janet Cannot. Some found the latter too noisy, but it is certainly not the quiet type of widow who uses the *Matrimonial News* as a medium of courtship. In the domestic scenes, Janet was at her best and our only regret was that she did not wear a wedding ring.

A number of minor parts were very good and gained an undue importance by the effect they created. Dr. Pascoe and Ebag were most notable, the former, for a judicious blending of curiosity and a good bedside manner, and the latter for an entirely original portrayal of a Jewish picture-dealer. Fitch, as Cyous Carve, tried very hard to be middle-aged and business-like, but he had neither the height nor the voice for his part. He would have been a very poor auctioneer. R. A. Martin, as Texel, seemed to have learnt much from the modern cinema and gave a very amusing exhibition of the speech and manner of an American. Rayner, as Lord Leonard Alcar, was not so successful. He had the traditional costume of the aristocracy with the mannerisms and air of a shopwalker, and in the last scene sat down when the only lady on the stage had stood up.

The clergy were all very clerical. John and James were very good curates and drank tea with conviction. Father Looe,

on the other hand, was a parish priest rather than a man of influence and a fashionable preacher, and certainly did not seem the type to snatch a corpse from Lord Alcar's beloved “Westminster Abbey.” His sister, Honoria, was true to type, rather attractive and very womanly, but a source of great irritation to Carve. The brothers Horning showed very little family resemblance. Edward would have been a good undertaker, and Peter was certainly a poor journalist.

The dressing of the characters was, as usual, very effective and was due chiefly to the good taste of Miss Wilson. Once again she succeeded in transforming three ordinary boys into three very feminine women. Minor faults were perhaps more numerous than usual, but seemed to be due to some uncensored flashes of individual genius. Cyous Carve's soft hat was the most notable mistake, but it is also very improbable that a wealthy artist would possess a suitcase bearing another person's initials.

It is not often that a School Play has been so fortunate in its actors, and Mr. Hicks is to be congratulated on his discovery of fresh talent, and on the genius which year by year constrains a score of wayward wills to the fulfilment of one purpose. Such minor faults as we have noticed did not seriously affect the play, and the excellence of the principals was sufficient to redeem almost any deficiency elsewhere. The producers have no reason to regret their preference for the modern drama, and we are convinced that this preference has now become a tradition.



L. M. U. Notes.

WE have enjoyed an interesting and eventful term, and our sole regret is that the membership is not larger. Our first two meetings were held in conjunction with the Merseyside schools' branches, when Mr. C. W. Jenks, of Cam-

bridge, spoke on "Some Aspects of Geneva," and Mr. Paul Harris of the National League for the Prevention of War delivered an address on "Why America Needs a Big Navy." Mr. Harris, who was returning to America from Geneva, spoke in a fresh and vigorous manner, and his speech was much appreciated. Our first branch meeting consisted of a gramophone recital before a diminutive audience, when a recording of Viscount Cecil's speeches was heard. The last joint meeting was addressed by Mr. Maddison, a veteran stalwart of the cause.

It seems strange that a School which has such a reputation for impromptu debate should not provide a more eloquent branch of the L.N.U. We do not wish for a moment to turn the L.N.U. into a training ground for witty repartee, but we would discourage the tendency (which, incidentally, is of two years' standing) to remain mute throughout the meetings. There are a few members, indeed, who regularly air their views, but the Branch would stand on a far surer basis if the younger members would ask questions point blank to solve their difficulties. The habit of enjoying meetings in pleasant silence will certainly die hard unless a conscious effort is made to the contrary, and the effort would certainly be made with most effect by the sparkling debaters from the Removes. The programme for next term will be as instructive and entertaining as this, and the Treasurer, E. L. Hartley, will be glad to receive all subscriptions.

In conclusion, we would thank Mr. Peters for his assistance and untiring efforts in furthering the interests of our branch.

H. W. M.

Reminiscences.

IT was in '17; I stole along the corridor with furtive step, my infant frame thrilled with anticipation, my fingers trembled with eagerness; the zest of conquest filled my soul. Now at last I would master the secret of that letter-lock, which had resisted my most determined efforts long after its fellows had capitulated. With the deft touch of an expert I twirled the shining discs, the rings loosened; success was at hand—Ah! what was that? My hero, Baxtus Raster approached with manly stride—I am caught! (Historic Present). But there, even at that early age, I gave indication of the brilliant mind which was later to illumine my scholastic career. "What are you up to, youngster?" came the dread query. "Nothing, sir," I quavered with cherubic face upturned, "You see, someone has taken my lock and I'm trying to find it." "Ahem," the mighty one replied, "What was the key?"

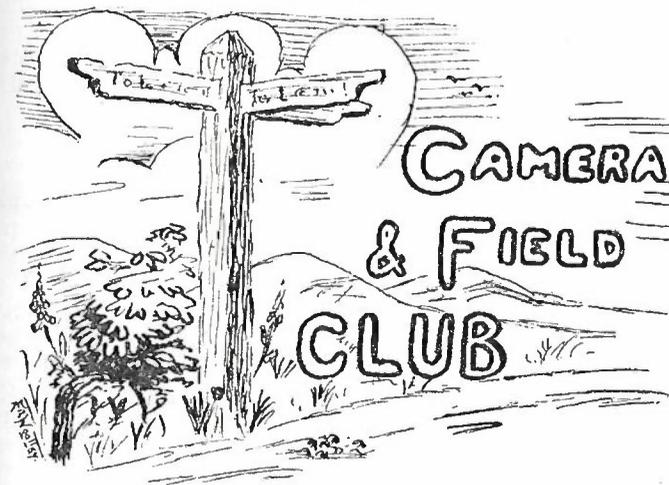
"Solo 'sir" came the prompt reply. At this he grinned, and with twinkling eyes jerked out "Well, good luck."

I turned back to my task with eyes swimming with hero-worship, and then—great snakes, it was a three-letter lock.

G.S.W.

Vale.

BRIDGE, N. K. Entered School 1921, IIIx. (Philip Holt); Prefect, 1928 (Cochran); School Chess team, 1927-8-9, Secretary, 1928-9; O.T.C., joined 1928, Lance/Corporal 1929; School Certif., 1925; Higher School Certif., 1928-9; Samuel Booth Prize for Greek, 1929; Margaret Bryce-Smith Scholarship, 1929.



FIELD SECTION.—SENIOR BRANCH.

AGAIN we have had a successful term! The programme has been a large one, and has included several excursions which were either entirely new, or at least new to the majority of our members. All, except the first, were well attended, and on several occasions members have been reluctantly compelled to seek their entertainment elsewhere.

This term's excursions have been as follows:—

Lever Bros.' Soap Works, Port Sunlight.

Tate & Lyle's Sugar Refinery.

Goodlass, Wall & Co.'s Paint Works.

Daily Courier Offices.

Paton Calvert's "Matchless" Works.

Corporation Car Sheds, Edge Lane.

Jacob Bros.' Biscuit Factory, Aintree.

Evans, Sons, Lescher & Webb's Chemical Works.

Garston Gas Works.

A Telephone Exchange.

All the above proved very interesting to those who attended. Our thanks are due to Messrs. Stell, Elliott, Eustace, and Stevens for their kindness in accompanying us. We are extremely sorry to lose Mr. Eustace, who has done such good service to the Club, but we are pleased to welcome to our ranks Mr. Stevens who has been with us on nearly all our excursions this term.

Don't forget to keep up the membership, and persuade as many of your non-member friends as possible to join! Remember that the more members we have, the cheaper and better will be the final excursion in July.

JUNIOR BRANCH.

The Juniors are again more enthusiastic than the Seniors as far as membership is concerned. They have enjoyed a profitable term under Mr. Bartlett's guidance, and have visited, among other places, the Meccano Works, a never failing source of interest to all our members.

K.B.G.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION.

This term has been very successful for the Photographic Club. The dark room has been engaged on nearly every possible occasion, and Mr. Stell's demonstrations, especially that on "Flashlight Photography," have been well attended.

This is an excellent state of affairs, but I would like to see more enlarging or copying done. The term's work has been most encouraging and I hope that the dark room will be used next term for more advanced work than ordinary developing and printing.

W.H.L.

Literary and Debating Society.

THE Annual General private business meeting was held in Mr. Hick's room in July. Mr. Hicks was voted chairman and R. A. Martin and J. A. Benjamin became secretaries. The Society then announced its decision not to leave two places on the committee vacant for the Remove members. The existing members of the committee, therefore, namely W. H. Lindsey, J. J. Nussbaum, and T. C. Harrop, were supplemented by the following: G. J. J. Gibbs, M. H. Bates, E. Hartley, H. Myers, S. R. Warren, J. J. Graneek and D. Booth. The meeting then adjourned.

The first meeting of the 1929-30 session was held in the Board Room, October 1st. Sharp criticism was aimed at the Minutes of the annual general private business meeting, and Mr. S. V. Brown was elected Lord High Poker in Chief. Thereupon the chairman called upon J. J. Nussbaum to propose that "The decay of British Imperialism is inevitable and will be a benefit to all mankind." The proposer discussed the Colonies and Southern Ireland, eventually coming to the conclusion that no Empire went on for ever. M. H. Bates, in opposing, divided mankind into three groups and proceeded to vindicate the Empire by quotation. J. A. Benjamin, seconding the motion, while accusing the

Society of boredom, declared the Empire was a theft. L. Henry seconded the opposition, cast aspersions on the proposer and spoke of the I.N.U. and the British Empire as synonymous. E. R. Bousfield lectured technically on Egypt and India and H. Myers served up the usual classical lecture, seasoned with a Scotch joke. W. H. Lindsey was irrelevant and critical, while D. Booth declared that passports would be required to Scotland if the British Empire disappeared and therefore supported the opposition. A. C. C. Baxter translated Ind. Imp. and remained unbiassed. J. J. Graneek referred to Socrates, uttered a platitude and subsided. In reply, the proposer, as usual, relied on the good sense of the Society. The motion was lost by 38 votes to 17. In a few words the Chairman complimented the Society on its fluency and the meeting adjourned.

The Society met on Tuesday, October 15th, in the Board Room, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. The chairman, in a pointed speech appealed to the Society to curtail private business, but despite his eloquence, the position of the Lord High Poker in Chief and the cost of a copy of the Constitution were debated at considerable length. The Secretarial Board was then censured. The chairman then called upon D. Booth to propose that "A Life in the Colonies offers more opportunity to a young man than a life in England." He spoke feelingly of health as the main object in life and quoted some plain facts about emigration, finally urging the Society to emigrate *en masse*. T. C. Harrop, in opposing, warned the Society that reduced fares to the Colonies were only a trap for the unwary and deprecated the high price of cabbages. Seconding the proposer, L. Henry deplored the extreme youth of the last speaker and spoke intelligently. R. A. Martin, seconding the opposition, accused the Society of being epicurean at heart and quoted G. B. Shaw. When the motion was thrown open to debate, J. J. Nussbaum urged the Society to stow stoics, and H. Zalin spoke of fields for his scope (*sic*), H. Johnston described the motion as silly, while A. G. Peters championed the cause of biology. H. Myers revealed no definite views, and was vigorously criticised by E. W. Hawkins. H. W. Martin informed the Society that he spent edifying five minutes in Employment Bureaus and opposed the motion. C. D. Alergant said that the Colonies were only fit for criminals and farmers. A. C. C. Baxter spoke ambiguously of William Blake, and W. H. Lindsey increased the Society's doubts on the subject. G. G. H. E. Brown disparaged Epicurus, and M. H. Bates, Ireland. The Society then woke up to D. Booth's reply, which was mainly concerned with a digression on money. The motion was lost by 10 votes to 27.

On Tuesday, October 29th, the Society met in the Board Room, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. After the Society had quarrelled over questions of grammar and the writing of notices, private business was concluded and the chairman called upon Mr. Brierley to give his paper on "Government, Ideal and Actual." Mr. Brierley opened his peroration by quoting copiously to prove the degeneracy of a civilization which was the ruin of natural man, and proceeded to conduct an intimate investigation into the life and habits of early inhabitants of the earth. The speaker emphasised the point that the ideal government is defensive and not aggressive, and spoke of the relationship which ought to exist between the Government and industry. Taxation was touched upon and, incidentally, a solution of the unemployment and emigration problems produced. Mr. Brierley waxed sarcastic at the expense of the School building, and denounced political parties as a curse, while expressing his confidence in a firm majority of the people.

He concluded with a declaration of his aims and sat down amidst enthusiastic acclamation. On the chairman asking for expressions of

opinion, E. L. Hartley enthused over Motor taxation and was crushed by Mr. Brierley. Mr. Walling, D. Booth and H. Myers put their questions and were successively answered by Mr. Brierley, whereupon a vote of thanks was proposed and carried, and the meeting adjourned.

The Society met on Tuesday, November 12th, in the Board Room, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. H. W. Martin called in question the secretary's latinity, which was not blameless, and a lengthy discussion took place concerning the position and qualifications of the Lord High Piker in Chief. H. W. Martin was elected as a sub-committee to investigate the question. The chairman then called upon J. J. Graneek to propose that "In our National life the Poet is more important than the Scientist." The proposer's main argument was that while the Poet provided an attractive channel for the presentation of original ideas, the Scientist had never produced anything original. He also criticised the Society generally. The opposer, E. L. Hartley, insisted on expounding his new definitions of the Poet and the Scientist, and spoke enthusiastically of the introduction of "Force" and the "Talkies." H. W. Martin, in seconding the motion, asserted that Literature was England's own peculiar heritage, and did more to convince the Society than the two principal speakers. W. H. Lindsey, seconding the opposition, misused a quotation from Shakspeare and invented a fatuous American. The motion was then thrown open to debate and J. J. Nussbaum pointed out its futility. He had, apparently, a fellow-feeling for "Froggies." R. A. Martin went into raptures over the food of the soul and declared that science had no case. H. Myers, in support it seems, spoke of the hotel tipping system. E. R. Bousfield, who believe in opposition, discussed new jawbones. E. L. V. Fitch conceived of science and poetry as inter-dependant, but of poetry as the essential. E. W. Hawkins and R. Johnston both supported the motion with youthful ardour. Hereupon the chairman split an infinitive and required J. J. Graneek to reply. The proposer again laid down the law without prospect of contradiction, stating that the Poet was the teacher and the Scientist the pupil. The motion was carried by 25 votes to 22 and the meeting adjourned.

On Tuesday, November 20th, the Society met at Wallasey Grammar School, with Mr. Pattmore in the chair. Private business being waived, the chairman called upon J. J. Nussbaum to propose that "The House of Lords be abolished." Nussbaum was oratorical and colloquial by turns, ineffective always. He quoted a popular song, to wit, "I'm the cream in your coffee," inveighed heartily against the House of Lords and concluded in characteristic style by appealing to the common sense of the Society. The Hon. opposer of Wallasey discoursed with equal ability on *raison d'être*, fanatics and freethinkers, and deduced the chief importance of the Lords as preventive. He had an inclination to belittle the House of Commons. The Hon. 3rd speaker of Wallasey created a furor by stating that the strength of a chain is in its weakest link. He embraced jingoism and atrocities in his speech. The Hon. 4th speaker, M. H. Bates, made a pessimistic comparison between the Commons of England, unchecked, and Rome deprived of a Senate. He refused to countenance a modification of the Lord's constitution. On the motion being thrown open to debate a beardless youth of Wallasey arose and quoted Thucydides with great effect. Another member of W.G.S. read an address; R. A. Martin spoke, and H. Myers referred the Society to the Athenian Democracy. A. C. C. Baxter and two Wallaseyans successively arose and aired very airy opinions while C. D. Alergant insisted on discussing the Channel Tunnel Bill. J. J. Graneek spoke of the stability of attached pillars of the church, and E. R. Bousfield quoted previously stated opinion. A Wallaseyan spoke of benevolent

despots, T. C. Harrop of the French Revolution, and another Wallaseyan to the point. S. R. Warren and J. G. L. Gibbs were short and sweet. The opposer was called upon to reply, which he did in two lengthy quotations. In his summing up the proposer indulged in an unconstitutional duel of repartee with the opposer and was irrelevant. The motion was lost by 29 votes to 6. The chairman then welcomed the visitors and the meeting adjourned.

The Society met in the Board Room, on December 10th, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. Messrs. S. V. Brown, H. M. Brown and A. D. Rose were elected vice-presidents and S. R. Warren temporary Lord High Piker in chief. The impromptu debate was proceeded with. J. G. L. Gibbs utterly confuted M. T. Owen with his defence of Neolithic, although the latter employed a Gothic joke, while E. G. Wright proved his silence to be of a higher carat by defeating J. Goodman. H. M. Luft and R. Lyons argued respectively over the virtues of the fire-lighter and the chip. S. R. Warren proved to the Society's satisfaction that "The Blackburne Arms is a more deserving institution than Blackburne House," despite E. L. Hartley's spirited defence of beauty parlours. In a discussion of Plus Fours and Fives, J. Leiper overcame G. Weightman mainly by an ingenious use of rhetorical pauses. L. A. Jones connected an abacus with a Monday afternoon siesta, but lost his case to J. J. Graneek, who delivered an invective against the financial mind. E. L. Roddick coupled red ties and immorality with Socialists. H. Myers wandered. M. H. Bates spoke under a misapprehension, but T. C. Harrop, proving Mr. S. V. Brown to be non-Chinese carried the Society. R. A. Martin dared the Society to produce (a) a lobster, (b) an Egyptian, while D. Booth astonished all with his marine knowledge. E. R. Bousfield and G. Alexander championed the causes of nasal catarrh and the talkies. The latter lost on a split infinitive. C. Luft and J. G. L. Gibbs spoke of trunks, trunks and trunks. After a discussion of cabarets, bananas, and the O.T.C. the meeting adjourned. R.A.M.

FIXTURES FOR THE SECOND HALF SESSION.

- Jan. 14 Debate. S. R. Warren will propose that "Music," J. G. L. Gibbs that "Architecture" and H. Myers that "Literature" is the Highest Form of Art.
- „ 28 Debate. "That the education of the masses is creating an insoluble problem for future generations and should therefore be abolished." Pro. R. A. Martin. Con. W. H. Lindsey.
- Feb. 11 Paper by H. M. Brown on "Social life in England at the time of Chaucer."
- „ 25 Debate. "That the superior sense of the other sex is demonstrated by their rational dress." Pro., A. C. C. Baxter. Con., J. A. Benjamin.
- Mar. 11 Debate with Wallasey Grammar School: "That human nature and the Kellog Pact are mutually irreconcilable." Pro., W.G.S. Con., H. W. Martin.
- „ 25 Banquet.

A Xmas Story.

TIMOTHY THOMPSON went to bed early one night for reasons unknown. Timothy was, as all children are on nights such as this, very excited, and he wanted to be up early the following morning, for he felt sure that something would arrive for him. He had been good, very good he thought, all through the year at home, at school, at work and at play. So, as I have said, Timothy Thompson went early to bed.

For some time he lay awake thinking restlessly of all the toys and presents that other girls and boys get at Xmas time. He thought of his playmates at school. "What would their's be like?" After a while, he fell asleep.

Six o'clock must have chimed out louder than it had ever done before, for on the last stroke Timothy woke, and generally he had difficulty in hearing the last stroke of nine on school-mornings!*

It was dusk. Timothy heard the foot-steps of returning revellers, or may be some early workers, along the cold street.

He pulled on his dressing-gown and slippers, and gently, timidly and shakily opened his bedroom door. All was quiet.

He crept to the top of the staircase and peeped down. No! He—he hadn't been!

Poor Timothy sat down on the top stair to wait. "What a thrill for mother and dad when I show it to them" he mused, "I hope they don't see it first!"

He heard the rattle of milk cans and the carts on the road outside and then—just before he fell to sleep he heard something fall in the hall below and the retreating steps of someone's feet. "He's come!" he cried, and forgetting that he was the only one in the house awake, ran madly down the stairs, straight to the front door—picked up the envelope and read "If undelivered, please return to LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE, MOUNT STREET, L'POOL.

"It-it-it's c-c-cum!" mumbled Timothy. W.S.

* (If this story is strictly true, as we believe it is, Timothy must have been a pretty fast worker after 9 o'clock.—EDS.)

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Chess Notes.

THE Club is in a flourishing condition due to the keenness of a large number of beginners. The School team has not fared as well as it might have done owing to calls on the players by other School activities. The House Trophy has again been secured by Danson House, who have held it for the last three years. If sufficient entries are received, a Knock-out Competition, similar to that of last year, will be held next term to encourage the wealth of talent among the young members of the Club.

D.L.H.

A Broad Experience.

HAVE you ever contemplated a quiet holiday on the Norfolk Broads? Such a holiday should not be entered on rashly; for the Broads, especially the Norfolk Broads, are long, twisting and full of catches for the unwary beginner. You may be fortunate enough to obtain a docile yacht, but every little yacht has a will of its own and often becomes uncomfortably obstinate. I am thinking of three poor fellows who would not be advised.

Having hired a clean, trim little yacht, they meditated a restful holiday. How were they to know that it was the slowest and most deceitful vessel on the Broads? On the first day, in the face of a raging gale, they had to push the yacht out into mid-stream before sail could be hoisted, but in a trice they found themselves back upon the bank. The attempt to remain in mid-stream was eventually abandoned and sail was hoisted on the spot with the result that the boat immediately scudded as fast as the wind into the opposite bank.

After a time, the little yacht persuaded the crew that they had mastered her, but she had still some tricks to show. As soon as they began to tack against the wind she became perverse again, and for every yard gained on the starboard tack they lost two on the port. With a little judicious towing, however, they had covered a hundred yards by dinner time. The first meal on board took a long time to prepare, for as soon as the Primus stove was well alight, the wash from a passing speed-boat knocked the kettle over. The first meal on board, by the way, was partaken of on dry land. Later, the wind dropped, and the boat answered her helm obediently, leading the crew to believe that the shrew had been tamed, that her ways were known, that there was nothing to fear—until they met with a low railway bridge which crossed the stream. While they were considering the nature of the bridge, the wind quickened and the yacht flew forward. The crew knew the book of words by heart. Down came the sail; the mast was lowered; but in the general consternation the counterbalancing weights were forgotten. The mast was lowered in time, right on the skipper in the well of the yacht. Now the skipper being a strong, kindly man did not fly into a rage, but merely said, "How careless of you fellows."

Then came the lull before the storm, for until the next to last day of the voyage, she gave of her best. At Potter Heigham, locally known as "Pore 'am," we came to a bridge built of reinforced concrete in the classical style, *i.e.*, three Roman arches supporting another, over which a road runs. The only way to navigate this bridge is to shoot through the low, but highest, central arch. The crew sailed full tilt at the arch,

pulled down the sail swiftly, and lowered the mast in orthodox style, but the yacht deserted them at the critical moment. The mast rose a little, lost its head, and the pennant in addition, while the yacht simply shook with laughter. In the evening, while the crew was still recovering, the wind and tide changed, so that they had to row and tow their yacht through reeds, marshes and mudholes into Yarmouth Yachting Station.

The crew arrived home sad, tired, and full of their experiences, but when asked if they contemplated a second expedition, they replied, "Most certainly." They are now planning next year's voyage. I wish them luck.

H. L. JAY.

Boxing.

THE Boxing practices this term remind one of Charles Lamb's poem "The Old Familiar Faces." They are by no means the worse for that, however. Members of the club may be divided into three classes.

1. The team, which has turned up with commendable regularity and has worked hard.

2. The mildly interested, who invariably put up an excellent fight against the dummy.

3. The juniors, who turn up in large numbers and box, if not scientifically, at least with great enthusiasm.

It is difficult to gauge the team's standard of boxing as we have had no fixtures with outside clubs during the past term, but we may say with certainty that the technique and boxing sense of each individual has greatly improved through his own constant practice and the sound advice of Mr. Sproat and Corporal Crottie, of Seaforth. Members should take note of the Inter-House Competition, which will take place on Thursday, March 13th, and also of the fixture with the Florence Institute, the date of which will be announced at the beginning of term.

A word to the hesitant who are inclined to peer through the doors of the Gym., rather than take an active part. The Boxing Club is in no sense a mutual disfigurement society. Naturally, one cannot expect to avoid punishment, which may vary according to an opponent's disposition, and one's own defence, but which is always exhilarating. To quote from Colonel Campbell's excellent book: "In spite of pain you must continue to box on, to keep your self-control and judgment, to hide from your opponent any distress you may be in. To think and act in these circumstances requires that cool, indomitable pluck and fortitude which boxing calls forth and develops, and which truly makes it—the noble art."

The Club will welcome all new members.

H.W.M.

A Bout at Fisticuffs.

SCENE: The Stadium, a great, bare building, with absolutely no pretence at decoration apart from a vivid advertisement for "Higson's" and an exhortation to join the Territorial Army. Steel girders, unconcealed by stucco, or imitation pillars, support a curved roof of corrugated iron from which none-too-brilliant electric lamps depend. Colour is represented by the brick walls, which are painted a detestable vermilion. The erection as a whole, you understand, is no beauty spot. The actual ring, however, is brilliantly lighted by numerous electric lights, arranged indiscriminately and with no respect for symmetry. One forlorn gas lamp still remains, for reasons unknown. They are, perhaps, sentimental. The seats which are hard and wooden according to my experience, stand in straight rows on an almost unsloped floor. Evidently the management believes that craning of necks stimulates enthusiasm. The spectators for the most part, are not drawn from the ranks of our wealthiest citizens, on which account their praise or blame is all the more effective. I have two neighbours, namely, the Man on my right and the Man on my left, who continually exchange comments and abuse to my extreme discomfiture and annoyance. I do not mention the fact of my annoyance to them, however. I fancy they would not appreciate a polite request for silence.

To proceed.

Enter a referee, the two combatants and numerous seconds armed with the usual paraphernalia of the ringside. They occupy the ring. Their entry is not unnoticed. It is, in fact, acclaimed by noises which range from the cacophonous to the merely unpleasant, and an interval ensues during which the intimate friends of the boxers make their presence known with unmistakable energy and enjoyment. The referee endeavours to assert his authority, fails and announces to such as can hear "Johnny Cuthbert, of Hull, Al. Wallace, of Warrington."

The gong goes, the fight begins. The boxers spar for an opening (I believe that is the official phrase). As an opening does not appear, they begin to box.

Man on R.: "Go it, Al."

Man on L.: "'It 'im, Johnny."

My neighbours have not yet observed their opposite points of view; a recognition occurs subsequently, with unpleasant results to myself.

Meanwhile, one combatant has the other in a corner of the ring, they clinch but the aggressor breaks away with a right hook to the jaw (good, I am acquiring the vernacular), an action which causes heated argument in the auditorium.

Man on L. : "Foller 'im up, Johnny."

Man on R. : "Keep yer 'ead, Al."

They do, with dire consequences for Johnny, who has not reckoned with an opponent surpassing in guile. They clinch again and Johnny appears to be holding.

Man on L. : "'Ere, ref., d'yer want a pair o' specs.?"

Man on R. : "-----!"

My neighbour on the left is obviously of a much milder disposition than he on my right. However, for the moment they are united in a common cause.

The fight proceeds with more or less equal mischance and good fortune on either side. But the air becomes visibly thicker with tobacco smoke and invisibly thicker with other things, also smouldering.

Eventually, the bout is completed and the referee pronounces his decision as a draw. I venture on a suggestion to my neighbour on the left that the verdict was not a proper one.

Man on L. : "Proper verdict! —! —!!? * —!!"

I repeat the proposition to my neighbour on the right.

Man on R. : "Proper verdict! ———!!!??*?* —!!!"

Tyranny.

With apologies to the shade of Mr. James Hogg.

Gong in the corridor,
 Ear-splitting is thy roar,
 Awful thy thunder—it near deafens me!
 'Torture from China's race,
 Cursed is thy dwelling-place,
 'Thank God I'm not in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Deafening the schoolboy crowd—
 Hate gives it energy, Hate gave it birth.
 Where is the softer BELL,
 Sweet as an asphodel?
 Come, Bell, we pray thee—return to this earth:

Then, when 4-30 comes,
 To us, in Latin glooms,
 Clear and full-welcome will thy ringing be—
 But, gong from China's race,
 Cursed be 'Tyr dwelling place—
 Oh, that the porter may soon bury thee.

School Football.

SO far, this season, the 1st XI. has had ill-luck, and consequently a none too successful score board. The team had to be re-modelled and has only a few of last year's players. In all, nine matches have been played; we have scored 31 goals and had 36 scored against us; 3 games have been won, 5 lost and 1 drawn.

The 2nd XI. captained by H. W. Martin has enjoyed unalloyed success. Four games out of five have been won by substantial margins, the other was drawn. It is interesting to note that 30 goals were scored as against 10.

Mr. Sproat has again rallied the "bantams," and after a fairly successful season, we wish his team the best of luck in the Junior Shield.

We thank Mr. Brown and Mr. Peters for their careful supervision of the 1st and 2nd respectively, and Mr. Reece for providing games on every pitch every Wednesday and Saturday, and for general organisation of all School football matters.

W.S.

SCHOOL v. ALSOP HIGH SCHOOL.

Played away, October 5th.

Lost 0—1

For the first game of the season we fielded the following team: Coleman. Andrew, Elliott; Bates, Shankland, Parry; Peaston, McBrien, Thomas, Twist, Dawson.

Shankland won the toss, and the School had the advantage of a strong wind. Play was even up to the interval, neither side going close. Thomas, however, when well placed, shot at the "keeper."

In the second half, Parry went centre-half. The School attacked strongly, but could not just get there. From a break-away Alsop scored, after Coleman had put in some fine work. The School were unfortunate in losing Dawson late in this half, for he went off with a bad cut on his forehead.

SCHOOL v. HULME GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

At Greenbank, October 12th.

Drew 4—4

School: Coleman; Andrew, Bates; Shankland, Parry, May; Pugh, McBrien, Thomas, Twist, Burke.

Dawson and Elliot were unfit and we fielded the above side.

We lost the toss, but little advantage was to be gained. Hulme scored first, but soon afterwards Twist equalised. At half-time the scores were level 2—2, Thomas scoring a fine goal to set us level. After the interval we were slightly the better side and added 2 goals by Parry and McBrien, but unfortunately they were only equalizers and we could not take the lead.

SCHOOL v. WARRINGTON.

At Greenbank, October 19th.

Won 7—1

The team fielded was : Coleman ; Andrew, Elliott ; Shankland, Parry, Bates ; Peaston, McBrien, Thomas, May, Dawson.

Warrington won the toss and kicked towards the Pavilion. They scored after 15 minutes, but Dawson quickly equalised. Before the end of a scrappy first-half, Thomas gave the School the lead. In the second half the ball became slippery and the School took full advantage of Warrington's weak football. Thomas (2), McBrien (2), and May added goals for us.

SCHOOL v. WALLASEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

October 26th.

Lost 5—2

The Grammar School's ground was under water and so the game was played at Greenbank ! (Few boys realise how fortunate we are in having the grounds we possess.)

The School fielded the following side : Coleman ; Elliott, Bates ; May, Parry, Shankland ; Peaston, McBrien, Dawson, Thomas, Burke.

SCHOOL v. VARSITY (L.I.O.B.'s).

At Greenbank, November 13th.

Lost 7—8

Team : Coleman ; Disley, Elliott ; Shankland, Parry, Bates ; Cohen, Twist, Dawson, Thomas, Burke.

The Old Boys won the toss and kicked, occasionally, with the sun at their backs.

Dawson scored a good goal after ten minutes' play, but the Varsity soon equalised. At half-time, 3—3, Elliott went outside left, for his knee gave him trouble, and the team was shuffled a little. We tired a little in the second half under the strain of a heavy ground and weighty opponents, but managed to keep fairly level, the Old Boys winning by the odd goal in 15 !

Dawson, who played very well at centre forward, scored 3, Burke 2, and Twist and Cohen one each.

SCHOOL v. MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Played at Manchester, November 16th.

Lost 0—7

Team : Coleman ; Bates, Elliott ; Shankland, Parry, Twist ; Cohen, McBrien, Dawson, Thomas, Burke.

Shankland won the toss and we kicked with the wind. The ground was very heavy and the School were "at sea." After some 10 minutes, Manchester scored and added a second later. The School forwards were weak on nearing goal and Manchester's goalkeeper had little to do. The score was 4—0 against us at the interval.

In the second half the School defence strengthened considerably and though we failed to score, Manchester added 3. Twist played an outstanding game, but there was no weakness in the whole team. A smaller margin would have been a fairer result.

SCHOOL v. COLLEGIATE.

At Greenbank, November 23rd.

Won 2—1

Team : Coleman ; Hamilton, Bates ; Shankland, Parry, Twist ; Cohen, McBrien, Dawson, Thomas, Burke.

The game started half-hour late. Collegiate won the toss and kicked with a chilly wind. We attacked first but were repulsed. The Collegiate were then presented with a gift goal, a pass from the left

escaping Coleman's notice. We had a fair share of the game and were rewarded by a fine goal, scored by McBrien. The score remained 1—1 till half-time, and changing right round we attacked the Collegiate goal continuously. After some good passing by our forwards, McBrien gave the Collegiate keeper something to think about and finding it too much for him, Dawson had little difficulty in putting the ball over.

SCHOOL v. CHESTER KING'S SCHOOL.

At Chester, November 30th.

Lost 2—7

The team was : Coleman ; Hamilton, Bates ; Shankland, Parry, Twist ; Cohen, McBrien, Dawson, Thomas, Burke.

No further report will be given except that Cohen and Dawson scored for us.

House Football.

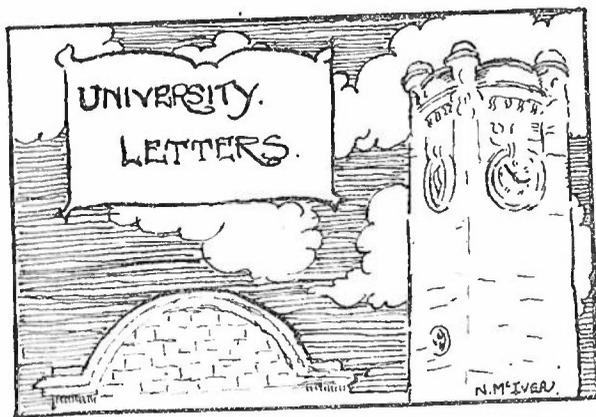
Results of last term's competition for the Horsfall Cup :—

SENIOR.

Ist Round.	Semi-Finals.	Finals.	Winner.
Tate ... 5	Tate ... 3	Tate ... 6	Tate.
v.			
Cochran ... 1	v.		
Philip ... 8	Philip ... 1		
v.	Hughes ... 2	v.	Alfred ... 4
Danson ... 1			
Owen ... 3	Alfred ... 4	v.	Alfred ... 4
v.			
Hughes ... 5	Alfred ... 4		
Alfred	3		

JUNIOR.

Ist Round.	Semi-finals.	Finals.	Winner.
Tate ... 7	Tate ... 4	Cochran ... 6	Hughes
v.			
Alfred ... 4	v.		
Cochran ... 10	Cochran ... 5		
v.	Hughes ... 7	v.	Hughes ... 12
Owen ... 1			
Hughes ... 12	Hughes ... 12	v.	Hughes ... 12
v.			
Danson ... 3	Philip ... 3		



The Union Society,
Cambridge.

DEAR SIR,

To us, whose communications from the editors of periodicals have a regrettable habit of beginning with the dismal words: "The Editor regrets, etc.," your summons came as something of a shock, and taken unawares we made a rash promise to break a wise and prolonged silence. But even now we are not entirely immune from the temptation of retailing scandal about our fellows in this Other World, this Higher Sphere, this Fools' Paradise, this Cambridge to which we have been translated from the dark corridors of our former Mount Street home.

We were engaged in a quiet game of cards when Mr. White first knocked timidly at our doors, craving admission with that strange mixture of shy deference and precocious humour so becoming in the Freshman. He makes a most welcome and valuable addition to our community, and Saint Peter is privileged to count among the classical scholars of his House one who has already given proof of his enthusiasm by reading his Dean an inspiring homily on the narrowness of the Anglican Church. We admire Mr. White, and he has learnt the local conventions as to Bridge and other matters with remarkable celerity. Mr. Stray, to whom life becomes every day more real and more earnest, continues to bear aloft the lamp of scholarship in Downing, and is nobly assisted in that task by his comrade in arms and brother in crime, Mr. Foulkes. If these two gentlemen are not very careful they will make a reputation for their college. They evidently avoid the haunts of the flighty, as last term we saw nothing of either of them, except the rear view of Mr. Foulkes propelling a bicycle in the opposite direction.

Mr. Burnham, one of the more ornamental features of Pembroke, has recently acquired a rather curious pullover, which

has given rise to some speculation. It is decorated with small flags and some doubt exists as to whether it is a misguided birthday offering, an adapted antimacassar, or merely evidence of Mr. Burnham's enthusiasm for the League of Nations Union. To inquire might possibly show a certain want of tact, so the problem must remain unsolved. Mr. Sankey added further to his notoriety by proposing in the Union a motion that "This House would rather spend a Sunday in Paris," and seems to have been both funny and vulgar. He also distinguished himself as bottom of the poll in the Union elections. He sits on the committee of the University Liberal Club, captains one of the minor Pembroke soccer XI's, and lives in the smallest rooms in Cambridge.

This is a depressing note on which to close, Mr. Editor, when it would better become us to dilate upon the joys of independence, and convince you, sir, and certain of your colleagues, of the desirability of joining our select circle. We wish you every success in your efforts and look forward to your future housewarmings.

Floreat Domus!
D.Y.

Liverpool,

8/1/30.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Yes, this, like all Oxford letters, is written in the turmoil of a vac. in Liverpool. But never did we feel further in removed spirit from the calm of Oxford than now. Your demand for a letter is never welcome, Mr. Editor. It is never more unwelcome than in the fortnight after the fortnight before. We were just returning heavy hearted to our books. We had decided for perhaps the tenth time that the holidays were over. Then came your demand. On with the motley again. We are sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Editor, but we must refuse. Surely there are some among your readers who will rejoice to find the vile tradition of humour in Oxford letters for once deserted. Yet we hardly know of any other medium through which to put before you our life in Oxford. Our melancholy is but a passing phase. The thought of work undone agitates us but for a while. We soon remember our glorious licence and relapse into serene vacuity.

Pardon, Mr. Editor. For once we have spared you our humour, yet already we have written a paragraph of what our predecessors have usually dignified with the name of philosophising. Still, it has calmed us. Now we shall tell you what we hope you long to know. There is little to say. Quiet

industry has been our watchword. Perhaps Mr. Evans and Mr. Creer have occasional fits of panic, but for the most part they turn despair to comfort and lie further back in their armchairs than they did last year. The others are more energetic. Mr. Willott bids fair to row in Toggers for John's, next term, and Mr. Harrop is Merton's dashing centre-forward. Mr. Williams has taken over the torch from Mr. Evans at the Union, and he has hopes that Mr. Cashdan will rally to his support next term; though it is whispered that the place to look for Mr. Cashdan in the Union, when he joins, will be the billiard room. So varied are the pursuits of our little band, Mr. Editor. And we have yet to remind you of our Dons and of Mr. Bartlett. Unfortunately we can tell you little of them, but we believe that if their comings and goings are not known to the rabble, it is because they are hard on the track of the Beautiful and Good, each in his own branch of inquiry.

Contemplating their devotion, Mr. Editor, we will leave you.

Ever yours,
J. I. NOXUSHLAVE.

The University Union,
Manchester,
Dec. 16th, 1929.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,

Hearty greetings to yourself and all the little Sub-Editors* from THE FIVE who represent the Institute at Owen's College, that home of learning otherwise known as the Victoria University of Manchester.

Perhaps in this, our first bulletin, it will be advisable to introduce ourselves. But personal modesty (and other things) compel us to remain anonymous, so we shall adopt the method of designation by numbers, not unfamiliar to readers of Edgar Wallace.

Number One left school in the dim past, and is our veteran. He is studying, in his more serious moments, with a view to entering the ministry. Number Two plays the piano with wondrous skill and, not undeservedly, is secretary of the Musical Society. His ambition—who knows? He was seen one day this term bearing a large bunch of flowers in the direction of Ashburne Hall. Now Ashburne Hall . . . !!

Number Three is taking up Theology, when he has finished with Indian Clubs. He once discoursed to the Philosophical Society on "Language" (now what can that mean?) Number

Four is secretary of the Classical Society. His chief pastime is walking in Derbyshire and getting soaked (only with rain, Mr. Editor).

Lastly, Number Five is our Fresher, and—would you believe it? another theologian. Many a rumour has come to our ears of his doings at Lancashire College, but we can keep a secret.

There, Mr. Editor, now you know us. But space and time forbid further revelations; life is too short to tell you all we might say. So, with best wishes for the festive season,

Au Revoir till our next instalment,

"QUINQUE SERPENTES."

* (N.B.—The venom of the *Quinque Serpentes*.—EDS.)

Palace Green,
Durham,

December, 1929.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,

You will doubtless wonder at the strange address affixed to the head of this letter, but be assured that near it dwell several Old Boys known to yourself.

For many years we have viewed with admiration the efforts of the other two Universities, and at long last we in Durham have decided to send you a letter, choosing as our opportunity the time when the number of Liobians has been suddenly and considerably augmented.

Mr. O'Neil, we hear, has been dining out with the Principal of the leading ladies' college. However, we say nothing of that, although strange rumours came floating through of paper hats and false noses in connection with the occasion. But this event only shows one side of Mr. O'Neil's great versatility. He has actually been seen playing "rugger," and he is now in strict training for a cox, in the fond hope that he will cox the Senate boat to victory next term.

While on the subject of boating we must mention that Mr. Marsden was seen on the day of the races ambling along the tow-path adorned in a blazer that is a cross between a pyjama jacket and the cover of a packet of seeds. We are only just recovering from the shock that we received on beholding this sartorial oddity.

Mr. O'Neil's brother in distress, Mr. Wilkinson, is always merry and bright, and was particularly so on the occasion of a victory for his college in the Love Pairs.

Of Mr. E. B. Jones, we have temporarily lost sight, and cannot now give you any information.

Mr. Bussby is living a very quiet and sober life in comparison with his brethren down the Bailey, although he can be seen in

a startling blue blazer, and can sometimes be heard muttering various collocations of gutturals beneath his breath. He says he is speaking Hebrew, but we are very much inclined to doubt his statement. He is also wandering in a maze of codices and papyri and talks in the strangest of ways about the strangest of subjects.

We up at Durham have heard of Mr. Eustace's departure, and, as we all owe him a vast debt of gratitude, we offer him our most sincere good wishes for his work in his new sphere. We only hope that more of his products will come and swell our ranks "up North."

Yours sincerely,
JOHN CHAD.

◆◆◆
Correspondence.

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

DEAR SIR,

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things," but, while agreeing with the Walrus, we feel that the time has come to speak of a particular matter which appertains neither to cabbages nor kings and which concerns the School alone. The writer of this letter has for long felt that as one of the leading schools in the City of Liverpool and moreover as one situated in the North of England, the Liverpool Institute does not fulfil its functions in regard to sport. Rugby Football is played by nearly all her contemporaries, certainly by those who stand on an equal footing with her, and yet the School alone stands aloof and continues to devote her energies to Soccer.

To adduce the superior status of Rugby as an argument in favour of its adoption may seem snobbish to you, sir, but it is a fact worth consideration that the game played at Public Schools and Universities is Rugger and in so far as THE game played at the aforementioned academies of learning is not soccer, the Liverpool Institute must be content with a secondary position in the eyes of the world.

Tradition will, of course, be argued in opposition to the introduction of a new game, but, strange as it may seem, there are no hide-bound laws by which tradition is not permitted to err, and in this case we boldly state that the School's tradition is defective. It is impossible, however, to prove this to everybody's satisfaction, and I trust the 1st XI. will not resent the assertion that they would unhesitatingly cast their votes against the change.

"That it has already failed." We take the liberty of quoting this fragment of a fictional but decidedly

probable argument because we can disprove its claim to any intelligence whatsoever. Rugby football was bound to disappear, if played solely as a third and fourth form game, because the team was necessarily transient and therefore quite inexperienced, and would certainly never have resisted the encroachments of soccer, if continued through the School in opposition to a game of long-standing. The two games cannot flourish side by side with any hopes of producing a prize bloom.

When the abandonment of soccer has previously been mooted in select circles, someone has always produced, from the depths of a capacious conscience, the statement that no fixtures would be available for a Rugby XV. This is not true. And while it is true to state that the adoption of Rugger would disable the School from producing a team capable of victory against first-class opponents for at least two years, we can also claim members of the Staff who have played or still do play the game, and would, no doubt, be prepared to direct their efforts towards the perfection of a School Rugby XV. in as short a time as is consistent with sound training.

We are sure, sir, that you, at all events will join with us in deprecating the efforts of those who would persevere with soccer merely in order to retain the Senior and Junior Shield. It is quite ridiculous to argue that a side issue should carry any weight in the determination of a main policy and it displays an even more obtuse conception of the case to describe the Senior Shield as anything but a side issue.

We trust that this letter will not be without influence in deciding the future policy of the Sports and Arts Committee

And remain,

Yours sincerely,
R. A. MARTIN.

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

DEAR SIR,

Is it not scandalous that in the heart of this seat of learning which so proudly boasts of its scholastic accomplishments, we should find placed above the office door in a most conspicuous position, the words "SECRETARY'S OFFICE"? Who is responsible for this eyesore? Had the signwriter run short of paint or had the authorities run short of money? The omission of the apostrophe is hardly to be excused anywhere, but is, in a school, unforgivable. A few yards away in still larger letters are written the words: "THAT THE SOUL BE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE IT IS NOT GOOD."!

Yours faithfully,
E.R.B.

Editorial Notices.

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

Cowleian, Wyggestonian, Olavian, Hymerian, Royal Air Force College Gazette, Birkonian, Liverpool College Magazine, Ruym, City of London School Magazine, Quarry, Elizabethan, Esmeduna, Oultonian, Merchant Taylors' Review, Hinckley Grammar School Magazine, Wallaseyan, Blackburne House Magazine, King's School Magazine, Holt School Magazine, Ulula, Alleynian.

Calendar.

EASTER TERM, 1930.

Mon., Jan.	13	Term begins.
"	"	27 C. & F. Club Lecture. Mr. R. F. Paul, 5 p.m.
Thurs., "	"	30 House Soirée (Philip Holt).
Tues., Feb.	4	Piano Recital, 8 p.m. Miss Margaret Deneker. "Schumann" (Carnaval).
Thurs., "	6	Latin Exam., Periods 1 and 2; French Exam., 3 and 4. House Soirée (Hughes).
Fri., "	7	L.I.O.B.A.
Tues., "	11	O.T.C. Field Day.
Fri., "	14	English Exam., Periods 1 and 2.
"	"	21 Dramatic Competition. Judging.
Mon., "	24	Form-Competition Half-holiday on first three fortnights.
Wed., "	26	Margaret Bryce-Smith Exam.
Fri., "	28	Dramatic Competition. Public performance.
Sat., Mar.	1	Half Term.
Tues., Mar.	4	Maths. Exam., Periods 1 and 2.
Thurs., "	6	House Soirée (Alfred Holt).
Fri., "	7	L.I.O.B.A.
Mon., "	10	O.T.C. Field Day.
Thurs., "	13	Boxing Competition.
Tues., "	18	Lecture: "How to take Wild Life with a Kodak," Mr. F. R. Onslow. 8 p.m.
Thurs., "	20	Physics Exam., Periods 1 and 2; Chem. Exam., Periods 3 and 4. House Soirée (Owen).
Wed., "	26	No Football Fixtures after this date.
Mon., "	31	Examinations for Removes and 6A commence.
Sat., April	5	Steeplechase (morning). Normal School for non-runners.
Mon., "	7	Form-Competition Half-holiday on last three fortnights.
Wed., "	9	Term Ends.

Old Boys' Section.

Old Boys' Log.

THE General Meeting of the Old Boys' Association was held on Friday, the 4th October, 1929, at the School. There were more than 100 members present. The Annual Reports of the Secretaries and Treasurers were read and adopted, and the Balance Sheet for 1928-29 was accepted. The following officers were elected for 1929-30: **President**, Sir Donald MacAlister of Tarbert, K.C.B.; **Hon. Secretaries**, H. G. McDavid and H. E. Williams; **Hon. Treasurers**, J. L. D. Bryson and H. J. Tiffen. **Committee**, N. Booth, A. Cohen, G. M. Coomer, H. Dicken, E. Gledsdale, H. E. Holmes, G. K. Lunt, T. R. Morgan, J. W. Prowting, A. Tunnington, J. A. Twemlow, A. C. Williams, and N. Wood. Messrs. E. Gledsdale and A. C. Williams were elected as representatives of the Association on the War Memorial Exhibition Committee.

There was a lively discussion on the question of re-arranging the colours of the Old Boys' Tie. The recommendation of the Committee, that the colours should be altered in consonance with the vote taken by postcard, was strongly opposed by R. W. Bray ('01) and C. E. Cowley ('79), who spoke with enthusiasm about the old colours of dark-blue, red and gold. Finally, the matters was referred back to the Committee.

Representatives of the Association for the Old Boys' Shield contests were then elected: **Senior**—H. G. McDavid (Capt.), A. Tunnington (Sec.), F. W. Reece, G. M. Coomer, and J. C. Worgan. **Junior**—E. Tunnington (Capt.), A. Tunnington (Sec.), F. W. Reece, A. Cohen, and J. C. Worgan.

It will be seen from the above account of the General Meeting that the matter of the colours is still in abeyance. We presume that will produce another spate of correspondence on the subject. We should be glad, however, if members, other than those at a distance, would reserve their arguments for the next General Meeting when the question will be again discussed.

The first **Smoker** of the Term was Ladies' Night, on the 1st November. There were more than 150 present. Mr. S. V. Brown, aided by several confederates, gave an exhibition of that Black Magic that was introduced to the School by Mr. Whitehouse. We understand that some of the more susceptible members of the audience were considerably agitated by the horrors of the decapitation. No restoratives, however, were needed, and Mr. Brown's explanations seemed to be accepted with an air that argued a generally expert knowledge.

"O'Flaherty, V.C." was given by some of the Century Players. Mrs. Carstairs, Miss Elsie Smith and Tommie Latimer wrangled with admirable Celtic excitability, and G. J. Grieve tried vainly to soothe them. The play was a great success. So was the dancing in the Gym.

The second **Smoker**, on the 3rd December, was not so well attended, only about 30 turning up. It resolved itself into a sing-song in the dining-room.

A function that was such a success last year was repeated on the 28th October—a re-union of all **Old Boys** of the School at the **University of Liverpool**. Old Boys on the Staff entertained about 45 undergraduates to tea. Professor Twemlow pointed out that there are at present 52 Old Boys taking their degrees at Liverpool and 13 on the Professorial staff.

The usual **Old Centurions' Dinner** was held on the 23rd of November, at the School. The attendance was not as large as last year, the numbers being under 50. P. J. Rose, C.B., Assistant-Secretary for Scottish affairs, was the guest of the evening and proposed the toast of the School in a very interesting speech. His theme was a consideration of the changes that have taken place in the School in the last 40 years or so, and a discussion as to whether it could really be regarded as the same School. To the relief of those present, his trained, analytic mind finally decided that we could drink the usual toast without any mental reservations. The thanks of all those present are due to Mr. Rose for his visit and his speech.

The usual **Old Boys' Dance** was held on the 21st December, at the School, when there were about 140 present. It was a complete success, and two of the subsidiary clubs benefited by it to the tune of £7. Messrs. S. V. Brown and G. D. Ellis are to be thanked for the work which made the event so successful.

Our thanks are due to those **Old Boys** who helped the **School Gymnastic Contest**, by giving a display between the competitive items. Their efforts were highly appreciated by members of the School. Additional members would be welcomed by the Old Boys' Gymnastic Class, which meets on Wednesday nights, 8 to 9-30, in the Gym. The subscription is 5s. a Term, and the Secretary is J. Baldwin, 57 Newsham Drive, Newsham Park.

On the 6th and 7th December, at the School, the Century Players gave Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." A. B. Tytler was the producer, and the play was a great success. We print below a criticism by Mr. Hickinbotham.

We offer our congratulations to the three Old Boys who figured in the New Year's Honours List. They are: W. Court-hope Wilson ('82) who becomes a Knight; Sir Frank Baddeley

('93) who is among the new Knights Commanders of the British Empire; and Sir Charles Wakefield ('78) who receives a peerage. Three Firsts in the "Greats" of public service.

The Secretaries have received, this last Term, an unusual number of interesting letters from Old Boys. It is impossible to do much more than print a few extracts from some of them, and we regret the lack of space more this issue than ever before.

Sir Donald MacAlister of Tarbert, in a letter accepting the office of President of the L.I.O.B.A., writes: "Please convey to the Association my sincere thanks for the honour they have done me in electing me President. I shall value the honour highly, and accept it humbly." We think it is the Association that is honoured in having such a famous Old Boy as its President. Sir Donald has recently retired from the position of Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and is now living at Cambridge. Presiding at the General Medical Council on the 26th November last, he said he had been for forty years to the very day a member of the Council and for 25 years its President. That constitutes a long record of valuable service.

Foreign correspondents have been busy in the last few months. L. T. Burgess ('12), in advising us of a change in his address, adds a comment on apathy shown towards functions arranged by the L.I.O.B.A., and continues: "This lack of interest may be transient, and perhaps increasing responsibilities and diverse attractions may be assigned as the reasons. Whatever they are, as an Old Boy whose interest is as keen as ever it was, may I hope that the present and coming years will knit the Association more closely and strongly in the traditions and memories of a very fine old School. They are mainly the consequence of the activities (whose influence is still felt) of that capable and most efficient man—a luminary of the best type—'Old Vic,' as he is known affectionately to those of us who had the privilege of his acquaintance and guidance." Mr. Burgess also mentions "those earnest workers in the cause of the Association, my old friends, Messrs. Tiffen and Hickinbotham, to whom we Old Boys owe a very real and deep gratitude."

W. W. Jenkins ('13), of Singapore, writes warning us of his approaching leave and intention of coming to England in early March. We hope he will not forget to call at the School.

David Cox ('22), writes from Capetown, where he is now stationed. After Malta, the rawness of Cape Colony seems to strike him. He says, "The scenery is superb, but Capetown itself suffers from the disabilities of a small provincial city. There is very little about it that is original; just an inferior imitation of something that is much better. Another thing I notice is that everything is so very new. Some of the old

Dutch houses are very interesting, but they only date back a couple of hundred years at the most and there are not very many of them." Cox says he is now on the Electrical side (in the Eastern Telegraph Co.) and has "finished the soul-destroying job of operating for ever."

J. B. Johnston ('19), writes from Durban, and is evidently in good form, but he does not give much news. He talks scandalously of his old class-mates, but we refrain from printing that part of his letter from fear of the law of libel. He thinks he may have been forgotten because he was not one of the very iniquitous crowd to which he refers.

Basil N. Evans ('12) sends a long letter, most of which we are including in this number. He tells us of his marriage, of which we print the announcement, and comments on the increase of vitality in the O.T.C. "They have evidently been taking a much advertised form of Salts." He continues, "The O.T.C., as I knew it, was a real credit. I wonder how many of those who participated in the Knowsley Parade before King Edward, came through the war, and how many of us are still serving in one way or another. Amongst other ordinary Police work, part of my job is to teach Native Police to be soldiers. I have a native L/Sergeant who is a retired R.S.M. from another native regiment in Rhodesia, and he does most of the donkey work. We put the recruits through in squads of 24 and if sometimes heart-breaking, it's interesting work. It takes an average of 3½ months to train 'em and they never forget."

Letters from Egypt seem to come oftener than from any other quarter infested by Old Boys. E. Gregory ('22) and T. E. Mason ('22) have both written recently, but as their letters are mainly composed of scandalous comments, we refuse to print them. Both grumble about climatic conditions, the former at Alexandria, the latter at Zagazig. The contrast between their letters and that of C. C. Lawes ('25) in this matter of weather was striking. Lawes writes "The weather is at its best now, with the temperature at about 35 degrees and sunshine all day. It makes one feel energetic." Lawes gives some impressions of the effect of the crashes in Wall Street on business in Montreal, but on the whole is quite optimistic. He also gives us the name and address of an Old Boy whom he has met recently in Montreal: P. L. Pratley, who left in '02. Pratley's principal work to date has been the designing of many bridges in Canada and the United States—in particular the new bridge over the St. Lawrence, at Montreal.

R. B. Woodward ('11), who called at the School early last year, writes from Suez, and explains his inability to be present at the meeting of October 4th, by saying he received the intimation of it on November 2nd at Aden. If any of his School

generation would like to get into communication with him, the address that will always find him is: Chief Engineer, M.V. *Athelmonarch*, c/o. The British Molasses Co. Ltd., Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

Harry Owen ('01), who was present at the Old Centurions' Dinner, has given us details of his career since leaving School. After serving his articles with a firm of Accountants, he qualified as an Incorporated Accountant in '09. In '12 he secured a post in the Civil Service and entered one of the Treasury Departments, *i.e.*, the National Insurance Audit Department, where he now ranks as a Senior Assistant Auditor.

J. M. Scrymgeour ('93) seems in the course of his business to have travelled rather widely. The variety of his experiences seems to justify printing a large extract from his letter. It may be of interest, not only to his contemporaries, but also to boys of the present generation. He writes, "Shortly after leaving the School at the end of the winter 1892-3, I was sent to Jarrow-on-Tyne (the home of the Venerable Bede) to learn the art of paper-making, and was "through the mill" there for 5½ years. Whilst I was so occupied, a young Swiss came over from Basle for the same purpose, and after my apprenticeship was completed I went to Basle to join my friend, then working in his father's paper-mill. I stayed one year, learnt German, and then had an opportunity of going to Portugal—near Lisbon—as undermanager in a paper-mill owned by a Glasgow firm. There I stayed 1½ years, got to know Portuguese fairly well, and came home. As I was not successful in getting suitable work at home, I took a steerage passage in the S.S. *St. Louis* for New York, entering the U.S.A. as an immigrant and suffering the experience of Ellis Island before the beauty-parlours had been installed. My ticket took me to a paper-making centre at Holyoke, Mass., and within 24 hours of landing at New York I was at work in one of the mills. In this town I stayed three years, when one day I got a cable from a paper-mill in Holland (I had been in correspondence with this mill before leaving home, but had since forgotten its existence) offering me a job as under-manager, which I accepted. I travelled back to Liverpool on the *Cedric*, November 4th, '04. After six months in Holland, I came back to the Tyneside district as Manager with the firm to which I was first apprenticed. For the last 18 years I have been in business for myself, specialising in a branch of paper-manufacture."

Nicholas Size ('81), of Buttermere, has been writing about the history of Lakeland. A pamphlet, "The Epic of Buttermere," contains the history of that neighbourhood in a compact and interesting form. Mr. Size has followed this up with fiction, and in "The Secret Valley" he tells, in story form, the record

of a stand for freedom against the early Norman kings, in Cumberland and Westmorland. The book is published by Messrs. T. Wilson and Son, Kendal, at 2/-, and has been well reviewed.

A. E. Robinson ('89) has sent us some extremely interesting letters, mainly about the School of his day. When we have more space at our disposal, we hope to publish some of his reminiscences. In one of his letters, he mentions Henry Bell ('75), formerly General Manager and now on the Board of Lloyds Bank, and recalls that he was one of the founders of the famous Liverpool Old Boys' Rugby Football Club. Mr. Bell "never played for the School fifteen, as he was not good enough, but afterwards played for Ireland." We must have had rather a high standard at the School, then. Mr. Bell, we regret to say, is in a nursing home, suffering from a poisoned hand.

Other letters have been received from H. J. Vickers ('13), who has returned to Peshawar—"Where I am to enjoy the dull and prosaic duty of re-writing Police Rules"; J. S. Sutherland ('28), who, after a brief experience at sea, has now "swallowed the anchor"; C. J. Marsden ('29), who is at Durham and is glad to hear he has "a good successor between the sticks"; and several more.

On his visit here in November, P. J. Rose presented us with some of the early numbers of the School Magazine, beginning with No. 1, Vol. I, which was entitled *Liverpool Institute Journal*. No. 3, Vol. I., which is the next of those given us, is headed *Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine*. We should be glad to have No. 2, if any Old Boy of generous instincts happens to possess a copy. The numbers given to us extend from November, '86 to May, '90. Our thanks are due for these interesting early numbers.

One or two Old Boys have visited the School this last term. C. H. Barber ('09) paid us a short visit. His address is now the Home Farm, Byford, Hereford, and he is Agricultural Agent to the present High Sheriff of Herefordshire. His brother, E.C. ('07), is now at South Parade, Stockfield, Northumberland. L. Moreton Parry ('86) also came in to get information on the teaching of Physics; he is now the President of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain. The Rev. A. P. Banks ('93), who is now at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, in the course of a month's stay in England paid us several visits, in one of which he spoke to the boys of the Upper Forms on his work in the Virgin Isles. We were interested to notice that he still retains his embarrassing faculty of remembering the exact date of birth of all his contemporaries and his annoying habit of producing the information at the wrong moment. His memory is uncanny.

It is interesting to note that three Old Boys who left the School in the same year, '96, have each attained a high position in municipal affairs in Wallasey. They are: the Mayor, Alderman J. G. Storey; the Chairman of the Finance Committee, Councillor F. H. Thornton, and the Chairman of the Estates and Housing Committee, Councillor J. B. Lloyd.

We offer our congratulations to R. T. Evans ('25) on passing the Law final examination.

It might here be mentioned that the following Old Boys are holding various offices at the University of Liverpool: A. S. Kerr, Treasurer, Guild of Undergraduates; A. D. Baxter, President, Engineering Society; N. Booth, President, Science Association; M. Solomon, President, Jewish Students' Society; A. Wilson, Chairman, Labour Club; G. J. Grieve, Chairman, Liberal Association; and H. Wikeley, Captain, Chess Club.

We hear that Sir Frederick Ratcliffe, who has had to undergo two serious operations, is well on the way to a complete recovery. We offer him our congratulations and good wishes.

Marriage.

December 7th, at Kimberley, South Africa, BASIL N., son of Captain and Mrs. D. T. Evans, presently of Valparaiso, Chile, South America, and formerly of Hallville Road, Mossley Hill, to DORIS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Chambers, of Kimberley.

An attempt is being made to revive the branch of the Association of Old Boys in London and the neighbourhood. F. C. Francis ('20) has agreed to act as Secretary, and all Old Boys within reach of London are asked to unite in making the effort a successful one.

We draw the attention of all members of the O.B.A. to the following arrangements for the coming term. Notices will be sent out, but these announcements are intended to serve as an additional reminder. There will be, it is hoped, two Smokers—on the 7th February and the 7th March; members are asked to make each of these a success. The Century Players have entered again for the Drama League Competition. They are giving "Wits and a Woman," a Cavalier play of the time of the Civil War, by J. E. Cairns, a Birkenhead schoolmaster. The play will be presented at the David Lewis Theatre, on the 29th January, and Old Boys are asked to turn up and support them. They have booked the Crane Hall for the 24th and 25th of March, but the play has not been chosen. Will members keep those dates free? At the General Meeting, it was announced that the Cricket Match between a representative team of Old Boys and the School was fixed for the 14th June, '30, and it was hoped that the occasion might act as a reunion of Old Boys. We wish

all Old Boys would note the fixture. If notice is given to the Secretaries, there will be tea provided at Greenbank.

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

- | | | |
|-----|---|----|
| '85 | Brooking, J. H. C., 2 The Park, Mitcham, Surrey. | L. |
| '12 | Burgess, L. T., c/o. Irrigation Dept., Colombo, Ceylon. | L. |
| '14 | Coonan, T. F., c/o. Standard Marine Insee. Co., Rumford Street | L. |
| '09 | Dowler, F. V., 38 Station Road, Wallasey. | L. |
| '24 | Duckworth, W. E., 9 Larkfield Road, Aigburth. | L. |
| '24 | Heron, E. G., Hayesleigh, Howard Drive, Grassendale. | |
| '00 | Jenkins, H. B., 21 Guessens Rd., Welwyn Garden City, | L. |
| | Herts. | L. |
| '17 | Killender, C. G., Blengfill, Brookhurst Rd., Bromboro'. | L. |
| '83 | MacAlister, Sir Donald, Bart., K.C.B., Barrmore, Lady Margaret Road, Cambridge. | L. |
| '01 | Owen, H., Rossendale, Folly Lane, Swinton, Manchester. | L. |
| '18 | Reid, Dr. J. K., 51 Shrewsbury Road, Birkenhead. | L. |
| '93 | Scrymgeour, J. M., Windyhaugh, Brampton, Carlisle. | L. |
| '15 | Stowell, J. H., Hartwell, Lynnbank Road, Wavertree. | L. |
| '73 | Whitnall, W. E., Woodside, Heswall Hills, Birkenhead. | L. |
| '01 | Winstanley, H., Easby, Mersey Road, Aigburth. | L. |
| '74 | Young, H. S., Dunnottar, Crosby. | L. |

Any information with regard to the names and addresses of Old Boys will be welcomed by the Secretaries.

Deaths.

We regret to have to note that the following Old Boys of the School have died in the past year: Charles Pye, of Casalini, Milford, Stafford, who left the School in 1868; W. H. H. Davidson, of 109 Hartington Road, who left the School in 1913; and Ronald O. Leask, of 15 Wellesley Terrace, who left the School in 1920. Our sympathies are extended to the relatives.

THE CENTURY PLAYERS, AND "THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE."

The famous History of the Knight of the Burning Pestle at its first performance, more than 200 years ago in London, was a failure, because the topical allusions and satire of contemporary authors were resented. At its last performance in Liverpool it was a success, in spite of the fact that we know very little of the shrewd hits dealt to Seventeenth Century letters and fashions. These facts tend to shew that there is distilled into the play a genius which has carried it safely past temporary animosities and made it "not for an age but for all time."

The thing is boisterous fooling, and consequently has appealed to amateur companies as a production that plays itself. This is true only in the sense that it is easier to make something of Hamlet than of Horatio, of Shylock than of Antonio. A production of the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" that ends only in making "some quantity of barren spectators laugh," is easy, but it is not a good production. The play must be presented for what it is—a work of art. Thus the beauty of the scene in Waltham Forest where Jasper and Luce sing together must be dealt with as faithfully as the rest—regarded as an essential part of the whole and not merely as an interruption in a continuous stream of merriment. All this makes really good production very difficult and it is for that reason I congratulate those concerned in a very great success.

It is the custom of a dramatic critic to deal *seriatim* with the actors, saying who, in his opinion, was good and who not so good. I prefer the method of the music critic who regards the orchestra as a whole. Therefore I refrain from giving a list of eighteen people and praising them one by one. They were all good, and, of the "soloists," those whom I have known and watched for some years delighted me in surpassing the standard of previous productions. The hard work they have put in—in the past and in this play—has borne good fruit indeed. Those who remember "Tilly of Bloomsbury" and other early productions will agree that there has been a great development. It was a pleasure too, to welcome new faces: W. Francis, R. Lowe, T. A. Butler, and the future Old Boys, S. S. Fox, J. R. H. Fowler, H. O. Jones, A. D. Peters, and T. D. Williams—all worthily did their share in helping to make a thoroughly good show.

I should like to express my admiration for the costumes and the staging, which must have meant for Miss Richardson and for W. Turnock much thought, time, and hard work. The effects were picturesque, and what is more, they were right. The music was carefully chosen and those songs that were especially composed were beautiful and in the true spirit of the fashion and time of the play.

The Producer, A. B. Tytler, has every justification for being pleased that, by means of an excellent cast, and not least through his own enthusiasm and dramatic *flair*, he has staged an artistic and thoroughly enjoyable presentation. E.B.H.

BUSHMEN.

MY claim to be able to give fairly authentic details about "Bushmen," is based on the fact that the world's supply of Bushmen live in our Protectorate and those territories immediately adjoining our S.W. and Western boundaries.

Bushman country starts about 80 miles west of Gaborone and I've seen lots of Bushmen.

First of all, I would ask the readers of the Magazine to think and speak of black humanity as "Natives" and *not* "Niggers." When I hear a person out here talking about niggers, I know that person does not understand, or have any sympathy with, the native. There are too many of this breed already and the word "nigger" is used in an offensive way that is by no means justified.

Anyhow, to get on to the Bushmen. Authorities appear to agree that they are a very ancient race and probably the longest resident of extant races in Africa. There are reasonable grounds for belief that the Nile Valley was occupied by a dwarfish race, of Bushmen type, long before the Caucasian people settled there. The name Bushman is a misnomer. It was the early Dutch in this country who called them "Bosjesman," which incidentally is their word for the orang-outang in the Dutch East Indies. The Hottentots call the Bushmen "San," and the other Bantu races call them "Barwa," "Batwa," or "Abatwa." From what I can make out from the Bushmen themselves they call themselves "Khuai" (the "K" being pronounced with a cerebral click) and in their language (if you can call it one) this means "Man."

What colour he would be if he were washed, it is hard to say, but in his normal condition he is a dirty yellow colour that sometimes looks coppery and always has a faint undertone of red. Both men and women average about 5 feet high and are slim and wiry with lean limbs, drooping paunch and small hands and feet. His skull is small and low in the crown; but its ratio of breadth to length is somewhat greater than that of other African races and is not unlike a European's. The slope of his face is also not unlike our own. He has a broad forehead, prominent cheek bones, eyes placed horizontally but slightly on the oblique, ears without any lobes to them, very flat nose slightly turned up at the tip, wide mouth, projecting jaws and lips moderately everted. (Sounds like a police description, doesn't it?) *He does not have the characteristic Negro smell.* His lower jaw is very small and the upper and lower teeth meet. His skin has a dry, wrinkled appearance, sometimes falling in folds over the stomach and larger joints. This is said to be due to the fact that there is very little fat under the skin. But on the calves and buttocks there is an astonishing growth of fatty tissue, especially in the women, and this gives the little people a grotesque shape which is unmistakable, even in the distance. The hair is woolly and rusty brown (it becomes grey in age) and is arranged in tiny tufts with bald patches in between, for all the world like the grass that grows in the Kalahari.

South of the Zambesi (in other words in the Protectorate) I've seen, in addition to the true Bushman, groups of Masarwa, the progeny of Bushman mothers and Bantu fathers; and Katia, a very degraded and now rare people, who some say are a variety of taller Bushmen, and others, to my mind, more correctly, say are descendants of Bushman fathers and captured Bantu mothers. The Dutch call them "Vaalpens" (Vaal is a greyish brown colour; "pens" means belly).

The Bushman is nomadic and lives in the wilderness with hardly any organisation, industries, dwellings or clothes, and only very primitive weapons. He plants nothing and, except for an occasional dog, keeps no domestic animals. In bad weather he shelters in a cave, or underneath an overhanging rock, or even in a hole that an ant bear has made. If none of these is available, he bends down a few shrubs and ties them together, piles grass on the top and pokes himself and his worldly possessions inside. He can curl up his limbs and flexible back in a small hole as easily as a dog can.

Water is scarce where he lives, but he carries it in ostrich egg shells and sometimes buries it in the ground. He makes fire by twirling a pointed stick in a notch cut in another piece of wood and not by rubbing a stick along a groove as some Bantu do. He has given up the very ancient method of cooking with hot stones, for he has discovered how to make unglazed pottery by moulding ant-heap clay inside a rush basket and firing the two together. His arrows are made of reeds and, though sometimes tipped with bone, are mostly so with iron. He has no use for anything that he and his women cannot carry, so all he possesses is his bow, quiver, arrows (I forgot to mention that they are poisoned), knobkerries, sandals, a couple of skins or a kaross, an iron knife and a digging stick.

So far I haven't drawn a very attractive picture of my friends, but now I'll say that he is the world's Champion Hunter. He can run like a hare, has a wonderful eye and an uncanny instinct for finding his way, and as a tracker and in practical knowledge of veldcraft, he is unbeatable. His bow averages about 2 ft. 9 ins. and the arrows about 2 f., so he has a very short range of action. But he takes and camouflages himself with feathers, grasses, leaves and a touch of white clay and with wonderful skill in imitating the walk and cries of wild things, conceals himself in very short cover. Then he patiently worms his way so near to his object that he can hit it with his poisoned arrow. He instantly drops, so that he doesn't scare the wounded animal into a gallop. Instead it just looks round, sees nothing and perhaps only goes a little way. Then the hunter retreats the same way he came; gathers his family together and when the poison has had time to work, takes up the spoor of

his game and when he finds the carcase, camps alongside it until there is nothing left. He also catches game with snares and pits. *He is not a cannibal*, but if there is nothing bigger or better he does not mind making a meal off snakes, mice, insects, roots or berries. At the same time he is a past master in the art of enduring hunger and thirst, though if he has to go hungry for a long time there is a big shrinkage of the fat in his calves and buttocks.

He is a shy, improvident, merry soul, with more intelligence than most people think; and, in his way an artist and a musician. He makes a rude fiddle out of a gourd and a couple of bits of twisted sinew, and seems to enjoy the "music." I don't need to say much about Bushman rock-paintings, because they are world-famous, but anyone who has seen them must wonder at the pigments they use and their high degree of skill in portraying a "live" animal. I must admit that when it comes to human figures, I am reminded of the attempts of small boys on their first slates.

Of the Bushman's mentality and spirituality, practically nothing is known. Missions are impossible, because Bushman live in small and widely scattered groups. I remember reading that a well-known pioneer philologist named Bleek discovered that Bushmen have an elaborate mythology akin to that of the Australian aborigines. Their practices show that they have some sort of religion. They bury the dead lying on its side, facing the East, in a hole scooped out of the Western side of the grave and pile a cairn of stones on the mound. For some obscure reason, they cut off the terminal joint of the little finger of their left hands; but they do not practice circumcision.

The language of the Bushman is largely monosyllabic. It has nothing to do with Bantu tongues and its relation to Hottentot is very remote. I understand they have no numerals beyond "3." It is full of clicks, gutturals and strong aspirates. There are about six different kinds of clicks very much like what people use when they drive horses, call fowls, feed pigs and utter notes of commiseration, but it is almost impossible for a European to combine such sounds with consonants as parts of a word.

That's about all I know except that the race seems doomed to speedy extinction.

BASIL N. EVANS.