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Editorial.

O Sodales, Institutum provehamus laudibus."

BY all means—*provehamus*—let us praise her with praises—*tecta iam remugiant*. For that the roof should shake, even on the evening of Speech Day, when our minds are filled with high and noble thoughts, when our voices are inspired by the eloquence of the speeches, and when our hearts are gladdened by the opportune granting of a half-holiday; or even on breaking up, when relief at the arrival of the end of term, and joy at the prospect of a short period of relaxation, inspires not only our hearts, minds and voices, but also, in some cases, our hands and feet as well; that the roof should shake on such occasions, we say, is good. But that the picture frames at least should rattle a little, on rather less auspicious occasions, is infinitely better.

For it comes easily to swell out the chest and lustily sing the praises of the School, and get that "what stout fellows we all are" feeling, on such occasions as we have described. But it is very much less easy to put our praise into active form; to retain that warmth of emotion when one issues out into the cold, dark reality of Mount Street. But to express one's devotion thereafter in some concrete form, and to retain even a tittle of that emotion, when face to face with reality, is better than all the puffing of the chest, and emotional top-notes that were ever inspired on Speech Days.

Now one very important occasion on which the chest puffers should show that they mean what they say, is on the publication of the Magazine. (Aha! Now he is coming to it!) It is not, of course, an occasion which inspires emotion. It is, indeed, on a far higher plane. It is the final test of those who make high sounding *gaudeamus*; the unmasking of those who say "I will go," and go not, of those who raise the roof with a Carmen *Saeculare* of promise and protestation, and who then betake themselves away to a dark place and hide, when the time comes for them to be taken at their word.

And by now the more astute among our readers may have begun to imagine that the Editor is annoyed over something—and so he is. For over 600 people, on occasions last term, lifted up their voices, and cried *provehamus Institutum*, till the echoes rang again, and the pictures of our pious benefactors shook on the walls. But not one of those 600 but perjured himself; not one was prepared to praise, other than with a puffed chest, and a loud voice.

And now you begin to look about, one at the other, and say "This is a very upstart fellow. Surely this is presuming, in an Editor. We have never been spoken to after this manner before. We have never written a single thing for the Magazine in our lives, but former Editors have never called us slacker, and worthless fellow, chest-puffer and hypocrite who says, 'I will go,' and goes not."

To be sure, you have never before been spoken to thus. Which at once explains your present grave short comings, while affording us some measure of hope for the future. For if Editor after Editor, in the past, hearing your loud protestation, and *Gaudeamus*, and then feeling the bitter sting of disillusionment, had not hid from you his chagrin, and had not refrained from telling you what worthless wretches he really thought you, things would not have come to their present pass. For so often, in the past have you been asked, urged, coaxed, cajoled, begged, beseeched and tempted, to do what is not a *favour* to the Editor, but only a small part of your clear duty, and a fulfilment of your promise made, you would not now need to be reminded that you, and not the Editor, are responsible for writing the Magazine. But, at the same time, we are afforded some measure of hope, in that being entirely unaccustomed to this manner of address, from a mere Editor, whom, you have gathered, in the past, is always a serviceable, grovelling fellow, you may take our words all the more to heart, on that account, then if you were accustomed to it.

But, perhaps, on reflection, the fault does not lie entirely with you, but rather with those who have encouraged you—former Editors, and the present age, which a correspondent elsewhere in these pages describes as being typified by Kinemas and Komfort. And, therefore, after upbraiding you, we would proceed to stretch out the strong Editorial right arm, and aid you to struggle out of the slough into which evil encouragement has lured you.

The chief difficulty, of course, is, that the very regularity of the Magazine's appearance, with type, format, blue cover and arrangement hallowed and fortified by usage of half-a-century, have gulled you into thinking of it as a thing eternal and everlasting, which will go on of itself, and never end, and which, never having had anything from you in the past, needs nothing from you in the future, to ensure its continuity.

And, to a certain extent, you are right; it *will* go on for ever. But it will come to be far other, in time, than the Magazine you know. It will lose freshness and vigour, will shrink and shrivel, dry and grow old, and become no more than a paltry, glorified Green Book, a mere empty record of men and things, with no more life in it than some of you have in you. For not for long can it continue, like Alfred de Musset's muse, to feed itself on its own life blood.

Former Editors have seen this, of course, and seeing, have rushed to print in lamentation and on bended Editorial knee, have begged you to do your best to avert it. Our knee is quite unbending, however, and we beg nothing from you. We are content to tell you in what you err, and how you may atone.

And this how? We had better explain in the form of a parable:—

The Greek word for a Cross Country Run was *ascēs*—from which we make our word asceticism. For the Greek looked on his run, not as a painful penalty, to be endured only under compulsion, but as a virtue, something which made him feel morally fitter. Now we are not concerned, for the present, with how you regard your cross country run, but we *would* point out that the Greek used the same word—*ascēs*—to describe the moral virtue of writing articles for his school magazine. We need labour the point no more, except to deduce the following Editorial slogan—WRITE AN ARTICLE AND FEEL MORALLY HEALTHIER.

This term you must get down to it, and all do your bit of *ascēs* from Fletcher's Farm; but you must not forget to do your bit of intellectual athletic practice as well, above all remembering that you will have the Magazine you deserve, and "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."



Chat on the Corridor.

THE School read with pride of the distinction conferred on an Old Boy, Sir Charles Nall-Cain ('82), who received a Peerage in the New Year Honours.

We quote from the *Liverpool Post* the following:—

"The elevation of Sir Charles Nall-Cain from a baronetcy to a barony gives the Liverpool Institute the interesting record of having had two old boys raised to the Peerage within three years. In 1930, Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield was created the first Lord Wakefield of Hythe.

"Sir Charles, besides many foreign honours, received a Knighthood just a quarter-century ago, and a baronetcy in 1917, on relinquishing the Lord Mayoralty of London. In 1919, moreover, he was appointed a Commander of the British Empire Order."

It is with sincere regret that we bid farewell to Mr. Groom, who retired at the end of last term, after thirty-eight years' work as Master, and seventeen as Vice-Principal, in the School. With his departure, a definite era in the life of the School has closed,

for Mr. Groom impressed his personality on the School to a very great extent. We wish him all happiness in his retirement, and hope that he may enjoy a very well-earned rest. An appreciation appears on another page.

It is peculiarly fitting that the appointment of Mr. A. G. Russell as Head Master of the Holt School, should fall on the eve of Mr. Groom's retirement. Mr. Russell, who is, of course, an Old Boy, and who was on the Classical Staff here, until 1929, when he left us for St. Olaves School, London, is one of a great number of distinguished scholars who are former pupils of Mr. Groom.

We welcome Mr. Russell most heartily back to Liverpool, and though it must be with reservation that we commend him on the wisdom of his choice, in going where he has gone, yet we wish him all possible good fortune under the circumstances, and assure him of our goodwill, for all that.

It is our pleasant duty, at the same time, to welcome Mr. L. A. Naylor, of Caius College, Cambridge, who joins the Science and Mathematical Staff this term. Mr. Naylor was teaching last year at Grange High School, Bradford.

Last term saw several innovations introduced, to which we have not yet quite accustomed ourselves. In the first place, the whole time-table was switched forward a quarter-of-an-hour, so that we now start School at 9-0 and end at 4-5. During the process the authorities succeeded in spiriting away five minutes of the morning break and all the afternoon break! Now while we agree with the change, on principle, such reservations as these do tend to take the gilt from the ginger-bread.

Last term also saw the installation of electric bells, in place of the gong, and of oil-burning furnaces in place of the old coal burners. We reserve judgment; and would only add that economically the result of the changes is seen in the fact that we now need only one porter, Mr. Ormerod having left us for another post.

We congratulate E. W. Hawkins on gaining an Exhibition in Modern Languages, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Members of the Sixth forms again attended the Friday evening study-services for Secondary Schools, held at the Cathedral under the guidance of Canon Davey. This year's session was inaugurated at a very practical tea-party and discussion in the School Dining Hall, and the first service, on

October 7th, was on the occasion of the visit to Liverpool, and to the Cathedral, of the Indian Mission; members of which Mission spoke to the schools of the work of the Church in India, explaining its origins, and progress, and its aims.

On October 27th, Commander Crane, of the Liverpool Ship Model Society, lectured to the whole School on "Cutters and Clippers," illustrating his remarks from some very interesting lantern slides. The lecturer let us in on the ground floor in various matters, from the correct manner of fishing for shark with a bit of rag on a hook, to the secrets of those mysterious ships in bottles which abound in antiquaries' shop windows.

The Merseyside Schools' Music Circle have again arranged a series of first class concerts at very modest prices, this year, in spite of the loss they sustained last year. We would appeal to the School to back up the Circle's efforts, and secure the best musical bargain ever offered, by buying a ticket for the third concert to take place this term.

The Headmaster found it necessary, when he returned to School after a short absence last term, to deny publicly a rumour that he had left to become Headmaster of another Liverpool school. We refuse to believe that it was a case of the wish being father to the thought.

Miss Evelyn Vernon, a former Mistress of Aigburth Vale High School, who has spent some years in Germany, and in German schools, spoke to the Removes and Sixths last term on "Germany To-day." The speaker's knowledge of a topical subject was very thorough, and her manner engaging, and she was listened to with great interest.

The Junior School held its annual tea-party and concert last term, but we were not invited, and we regard with suspicion the fact that they have since told us nothing about it.

The Staff Concert.

The Staff gave their annual concert at the end of the term, in aid of the Christmas Tree for the Children's Hospital, and raised over £8. The entertainment was of the same excellent standard that we have come to expect on such occasions, while there were several new performers in the party. Miss Deakin, Mr. Jones and Mr. Rose catered admirably for the more serious-minded, while Mr. Bartlett's joke about the small boy*, Mr. Doughty's smile, Mr. Ledger's "moosket," and Mr. Pollard's cake of soap, Mr. Hart's hat, and Mr. Hick's voice, more than

*What was that joke?—Eds

amused the rest. The accompanists, Mr. Pollard and Mr. Baxter, worked hard in the background, while the "high and low" playing of Dr. Wallace, a newcomer to such occasions, was enthusiastically received.

Despite the efforts of the manufacturers and, we hear, of the organisers of a certain House Soirée, to boost it, we have it on good authority that YO-YO IS DEAD. It is said that several firms have been ruined through being left with large unsold stocks on their hands. But there is no truth in the rumour that these firms have sued certain members of the Prefect Body, for having killed the goose that was laying the golden eggs. The whole incident, however, provides an excellent example of the need for a study of mob psychology in big business.

During the holidays there has been held an Exhibition of Engravings by Mr. Wedgwood, in the Foyer of the Liverpool Playhouse.

After due consideration, the Editors have decided NOT to follow the lead set by the *Times* and other papers, in forsaking the old "Gothic" for the "Roman" type of printing. Our headings, sub-headings, and text remain as formerly. The Editors felt that in view of the very mixed reception afforded such a slight break with tradition as the installation of Electric Bells, any great departure from the past, in the matter of the general appearance of the Magazine, would surely lead to rioting.

We would very much like to change the format, arrangement and general appearance of the Magazine, and we believe that were the "mould" brought up-to-date, the contents might possibly take on new freshness and vigour. But the responsibility is a heavy one. Even the *Times* saw fit to prepare the public for the change over, by weeks of strenuous advertising and warning, and what can we do, who address our readers but once every term?

We shall welcome the expression of views on the matter from correspondents.

We note with misgivings the fact that the Form Magazine habit appears to be dying out. At one time most forms, between the Removes and Thirds, ran a Form Magazine, but though the Editors searched high and low, last term, they could find none, except in the Preparatory School. We would point out to Form Committees, in the Thirds, Fourth and Fifth, the eminent desirability of running a Magazine, from their own point of view, and that of the Form Competition, and its usefulness, from ours. If any Forms intend to run one, this is the term in which to get started.

Mr. Groom.

Some Impressions of a Colleague.

“When we look back and forgetfully wonder
What we were like in our work and our play”

it is strangely difficult to recall our earliest impressions of those with whom we have had daily contact for the last thirty years. The features of friends from whom we parted many years ago are silhouetted sharply against the background of the past, but daily familiarity has blurred the picture of the former selves of those who are still with us. Hence I feel it very difficult to write about Mr. Groom as he was when I first met him thirty years ago. I have vague memories of a pianist whose accompaniments were a feature of concerts and entertainments given at the School, or by the Old Boys; of a cricketer, whose bowling was erratic, but sometimes took wickets in matches against the School, and who in one such match by an open shouldered sixty runs shook the confidence of the School eleven. Report has also told me of still earlier days when Mr. Groom took a considerable part in the organisation of the School cricket, but at the time of which I write he was more often to be seen on a tandem bicycle, or displaying noteworthy prowess on the tennis courts.

In the whole of my acquaintance I cannot recall that I have ever had a cross word with him. I suppose that in those earlier days he could hardly yet have attained to the philosophic calm with which we have now become familiar, but I cannot remember him otherwise. Since he has been Vice-Principal we have often wondered at his self-restraint. He may have been mildly regretful at times when things have gone wrong, but he has never been irritable, reproachful, or vindictive. Such a temperament smooths the rough places of daily intercourse, and is invaluable for a Vice-Principal—or a husband. We have admired, too, his steadfast loyalty to the School and to his colleagues, and the invariable courtesy with which his instructions have been given. However unwelcome they might be in themselves, they have always come as requests with which it has been a pleasure to comply. Of his life in the class room others must speak. His work elsewhere has always been done thoroughly and well, and with constant regard for the good name of the School. In his earlier days he saw the establishment of a high standard of mathematical scholarship, and in later years he has himself done much to lay the foundations of an equally high classical tradition.

“Vale O Magister.”

THE Headmaster paid tribute on Speech Day to Mr. Groom's qualities as Vice-Principal, and the devotion to duty, and the dignity which he brought to that office. Appreciation appears elsewhere in these pages of Mr. Groom as a colleague. But we are confident that by those who have had the good fortune to be taught by Mr. Groom, it is not for any of these qualities that he will be best remembered. Above everything else, he will always be, for them at least, the exponent of unique teaching methods.

But exactly what these methods were, they will have more difficulty in deciding, for it is sufficiently difficult to put one's finger on their essential feature.

But on the whole we would say that Mr. Groom's chief care was to make his subject a *living* thing, and not mere grammar book stuff, and that it was the sense of life that he imparted to his subject that explains his success.

He accomplished it by making his room a world apart, inhabited by Latin people and Latin customs; a room in which from the very commencement of the first term conversation took place in Latin; a room in which to be floored by an irregular verb was to drive a nail into one's Latin coffin, and to be at the top of the class was to be in the “tenth legion”; a room in which to study Latin was to climb a long, steep hill, and to master each declension in turn, and each irregular verb, was to kill the many dragons which lurked by the way to devour the aspirant to the classics; or, alternatively, to hear the iron gates clang shut behind, as one advanced. It was a room, moreover, on entering which one read that famous inscription over the door, which exhorted one to do one's “donkey-work.”

In such a room, the study of Latin became partly a game; but the whole thing was taken with such great seriousness, that it was rather a trial, a matter of honour, which would discover what kind of person one might be.

And so detached was Room 9, from the ordinary affairs of life, that the customary standards and values did not seem to apply there. In the writer's experience, impositions and such matters were unknown, as being foreign to the spirit of the place. The atmosphere of fantasy would have had to be broken down, to permit the adoption of more material standards.

And on looking back, it is this very atmosphere of fantasy, of which we are most conscious. We remember the class, on their feet, waiting for Mr. Groom to enter, and their “*Salve O Magister,*” with his slow nod, and paternal “*Salvete.*” Or we recall his familiar “*Quis vult scribere hodie in tabula nigra.*”

Or again, we picture the little ceremony which took place at the end of the lesson, when the class formed column by the door, and the leader of the "tenth legion" gave the command: "*Abile a laeva*," and the whole column cried "*Vale O Magister noster*," and again came the slow, paternal nod, and the "*Valete*."

It was in this room, then, that the School's classical tradition was born, and this room that maintained it. It was this room that provided and still may provide, the best reply, to the nit-witted, who persist in reminding us that the study of Latin has no practical utility. We, at least, would thank him personally, not only for the insight he gave us into the spirit of the classics, but also for the lesson of thoroughness, and of satisfaction with a good job well done, which he taught.

And now Room 9, with all that it meant, is gone, and we are deeply conscious of the loss that is suffered by the School as a whole, and by future 3x's in particular. But Mr. Groom is to enjoy a very well-earned rest, and we wish him all possible happiness in his retirement. With that numerous host who have filed out of his room into the corridors of life, year after year, for the last forty years, we would say—" *Vale O Magister*."

"ONE OF THE TIRONES."

House Notes.

ALFRED HOLT.—We are engaged in a huge tug-of-war. At one end of a long rope all the forces of the other six Houses are gathered together, along with the House Competition, and all its numerous host. At the other end is Alfred Holt, pulling with all its might, but only just escaping being pulled over the mark. During the last term we have on the whole, held our ground; the only part of the rope that we held on to last year was the Chess Trophy, and we have won the first term's tourney again this year. We are therefore holding our own in that respect. And we have made some very stout pulls in other directions. Our Senior Horsfall team minus three of the regular team, first drew with Owen, and then pulled them clean off their feet, two days later, at Mersey Road, during a howling gale; and on the following day weary and crooked, but game, put up a good struggle against Hughes, the ultimate winners of the final.

In the Swimming Gala, Curran carried off the Individual Championship, on which we congratulate him, and the team pulled together creditably as a whole.

In Running, again, we have pulled well, having three runners in the School team; and we have only to back up Pike and Rodick this term, to run away with all that the Steeplechase has to offer us.

And the House showed how it could pull together over the Soirée. While the other Houses were advertising Soirées, and meeting with such half-hearted response that they all had to give up their attempts, we held a record Soirée, with an attendance of nearly seventy. Now it is in things like this that a House shows its mettle, and we certainly showed ours.

But the question remains—Why is it that our House, which has manifestly more House Spirit than all the others put together, why is it that we are placed sixth on the mark sheet? And the answer is quite simple. It is, that though we all pulled our weight in the Soirée, there are a large number in the House who are not pulling properly. They have the will to pull, but don't know how to. We lack that cohesion that a good tug team must have. Many (particularly in the 4ths and 5ths) persist in slipping up in the mud of O.M.'s, Wednesdays, and Huk. Dts., simply because they have not taken the trouble to dig their heels in properly, and so they become more of a drag on the rope, than an advantage. Now this has got to stop!

We have got two good terms in front of us, with the Sports, the Steeplechase, the Hobby Show, etc., coming on, and a good deal of slack rope is going to be gathered in by somebody. That somebody must be US!

And the way we are going to do it is as follows:—

1. We are all going to increase our own pulling capacity, by *each* taking up a definite interest, if we have not already got one. Hockey presents good opportunities just now, with the formation of a 2nd eleven; Fives—for those who are quick on their feet; Running—there's no better way of keeping yourself fit; Hobby Show exhibits; and for everybody—without exception—training for the Sports!

2. Having done this, we are all going to *pull together*. Those who slipped up so often last term, and spent hours struggling in the slough of Room 31, are going to be so busy in their new pursuits (see 1 above) that they will have no time to slip up.

So get down to it right away, Alfred Holt; take a good grip on that rope; get your heels well in, and your back straight, and—HEAVE!!!

E.W.H.

Danson.—Though we hold third place in the House Competition, it must not be thought that we have done well; in fact most of what the House has done is open to criticism. We failed lamentably in the Swimming Competition and sent in the

fewest entries of any House. Cross Country Running has never been popular in Danson, and but for the fact that it is now on the same footing as Football, we would have failed in that too, whereas we have found two very promising recruits for the School team. The least that is said about the Gym Competition the better. True, we came third; but we could easily have come second, if the best in the House had turned up and practised. As it was we came third and we heartily congratulate those who responded to their House's appeal and represented us on the night. The failures of this term can be forgotten and if we pull together we can easily climb. To those who have pulled their weight we say "Thank you." Let the consciences of those who have not, prompt them to do more than their share in the future. All we need is enthusiasm.

To those who leave us and they are more than we would desire, we wish the very best of luck. Finally, we must congratulate most heartily the Football team on reaching the final. To play with only nine of the team and to be one man short for a quarter of the game and to be beaten is no disgrace. We only hope we may be able to put out next term our best team against Hughes, whom we congratulate on their victory.

"Play up and Play the Game."

A.P.B.

Hughes.—If the success of a House is indicated by its manifested capacity for obtaining marks, then a glance at the House Competition table shows that we have been most successful during the past term. Now does the House Competition sort out the sheep from the goats? Is the House which soars to the top unquestionably the most successful, and the House which is stuck in the extremely sticky mud at the bottom (bear witness to the stickiness of this mud, O C-ites!) essentially the least successful? Surely this is not so.

What then is the use of the House Competition? It is a means to an end, and not the end itself, as some people think. The success of a House *is*, and does not merely depend on, its "House Spirit." Thus, to determine our degree of success during the past term, we must examine our House Spirit.

Throughout the term it has been very pleasant to see the numbers, and the different boys, who have turned up to the Cross Country Runs, with a wonderful lack of grumbling and unwillingness, as there is wont to be. Again we started the term with a definite vow that we would work to the utmost of our capacity to win both the Senior and the Junior Horsfall Finals, and now we might say with a former captain, "We told you so." In the Gymnasium Competition we all did our best, and that is all that matters.

It was remarked to me, during the term, that the worst (he meant the *best*) part about Hughes was that those who do not play football on half-holidays either run or play hockey. That is our ideal and aim, but there is something which he forgot, and that is that some OCCASIONALLY have a "Wednesday."

I am sure we have been successful.

H.T.

Owen.—While this is no place to launch an attack upon that much abused institution, the House Efficiency Competition, yet it is necessary that its very definite limitations be made quite clear if the House is to realise that its lowly position is by no means an indication of its true worth. Let it be said here that a very admirable House-spirit has been manifest during the past term, and despite its lack of material success the House is very heartily to be congratulated on its enthusiasm. The fundamental fault to be found with the House Competition, as it is at present run, is that in a great many instances, undue reward is given to talent, and insufficient to effort. This is admirably illustrated by the method of dealing with football. We have turned out House teams regularly during the term and the positive reward has been nil. If a House turns out half the first eleven, it receives a fabulous number of marks, and yet it means only half the effort in the latter case. In running, where effort, rather inconsistently we should say, *is* rewarded, we have excelled. This is the only case in which the House's enthusiasm has been recognised, for we have been top consistently during the whole term. Well done Owen!

In the coming term there are two events in which, fortunately, that ogre, the House Competition recognises effort as well as talent—the Hobby Show and the Sports. This is where Owen can shine. I am convinced that if the House maintains the same spirit it has shown throughout the past term, it will soon soar to the heights. It is entries that count and even if you feel yourself to have no chance of winning, remember that merely by entering you are helping the House to victory. All that is needed is a sustained and concerted effort.

Finally, a word in the ear of those who have acquired a habit of getting Order Marks and Wednesdays. Remember that somebody has to run three miles to cancel the ill-results of your misdeeds.

M.T.O.

Phillip Holt.—We may look back with feelings of satisfaction on our achievements of the past term. Our Juniors won the Swimming Gala and also distinguished themselves by reaching the final of the Horsfall Cup. Our Seniors, led by Johnston, upheld the Philip Holt tradition of winning the Gymnasium Cup. We have maintained second place in the House Com-

petition throughout the term and have cultivated a House Spirit, which, I hope, will enable us to reach the top by the end of the year.

Yet there is something far more important than competitions. Competitions are the visible sign of the tone of a House and of its interest in the School activities. Unfortunately, the School as a whole, is greatly lacking in this respect. School exists for something more important than the mere acquisition of learning, and to ignore the privileges open to its members is an act of positive injury. We cannot all play games, but we can all take an interest in School activities by turning up to the School's important matches or by joining the Corps and attending debates. I hope in the future to find some evidence of this among the members of Philip Holt House.

Finally, just a reminder that this term we have before us the Steeplechase, the Hobby Show, and the Boxing Competition, and that it is more than ever necessary for us to do our utmost, if we are to bring the House Trophy to its rightful resting place.

W.W.

Tate.—At the end of the summer term, Tate held second place in the House Competition, and, indeed, only narrowly missed reaching the top. By Christmas, however, perhaps with the idea of making the other Houses a gift of the Competition, we had dropped down to fourth place. There is absolutely no justification for this, and Tate must wake up and make strenuous efforts to reach the first place again. The chief obstacles which we met in the Autumn Term were minus-marks for Homework Detentions and Order-marks. Week after week such advantages as we gained elsewhere were nullified and cancelled by minus-marks, and it is clearly time, now, for these hindrances to stop. In addition to this, we would certainly gain a better place in the Competition if there was a better response to appeals for volunteers for Cross-country Running and Fives.

We must congratulate the Gym. Team on its splendid effort to win the Gym. Competition. They had extremely bad luck in not reaching the first place. The full team, however, will be here for next year's Competition, and, if they keep in good training, they will certainly win it.

During this term, in the Steeplechase, the Hobby Show, and other such activities, we shall have many opportunities to retrieve our position. If every member of the House will do his fair share of the work, we shall certainly see TATE very highly placed in the House Competition at the end of this term.

W.A.A. (for M.P.)

Cochran.—Sad days and dark have overtaken this honourable House, once the glory of the School; but in spite of her humiliation, there are in Cochran House those whose spirit is big and who put forth wholehearted efforts to stay the faster crumbling of the fabric of the House. To such I would repeat the House Motto (established in 1918): "You have done well, do better." The others I would urge to join the ranks of the mighty triers, and Cochran will no longer remain in the ignominious position which she occupies at present.

We should like to express our appreciation to Mr. Thrope for his very helpful and active interest during the term.

— and a Brighter New Year to Cochran! K.J.C.

HOUSE COMPETITION.

END OF TERM TOTALS.

1.	Hughes	2,046	pts.
2.	Philip Holt	1,634	"
3.	Danson	1,429	"
4.	Tate	1,403	"
5.	Owen	1,232	"
6.	Alfred Holt	1,210	"
7.	Cochran	1,169	"

H.T., P.W.

A Fantasy.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.*

PROLOGUE.

"They crept in secretly, muffled and cloaked,
And wandered mysteriously to and fro."

(Old Ballad.)

... And they went, and left us all dotted with bells,
And with oil-burning furnaces down below.

Chorus: Oh weep, Sodales; sob and rage
Thou, L.I.O.B.A.;
Thou, O.T.C.; thou L.N.U.;
Thou powerful S. & A.;
Thou Lit. & Deb., thou C. & F., all
Groan, and bemoan the day.

Protest of the Elders (the Sixths) very knowingly:

"It is not on economic grounds
That we chiefly despise the hateful plan;
(Though Economists say that the world's chief ills
Result from the fight of Machine v. Man.)

*We suspect that this has something to do with the installation of the new electric bells.—Eds.

"Nor have we that vague theoretical fear
Of machines, that many have felt before;
(For discussion of which, for we've no time here,
See "Erewhon" (Butler) chap. 24.)

"But the part we detest in this hideous jest,
And the part which pains us, if anything, more
Than the shriek of the bells, and the smell of the oil,
Is the fact that this thing's never happened before."

Chorus: "Oh! Weep Sodales; sob, etc."

Lament of the Old School:

"For five score years and eight I've stood
In classic calm and antiquation;
And all for this! to fall thus low!
. . . . Electric tintinabulation!"

. . . . on the last line her voice breaks, and she
ends in a howl, writing in a torment of shame.

Chorus: "Oh! Weep Sodales; sob and rage, etc."
Rising to a crescendo; pink and yellow Sports and
Arts Club receipts fly about in confusion; there is a
crackle of rifle fire which becomes gradually louder,
while from the L.N.U. comes a confused babble of
voices, all speaking at once, and all talking nonsense.
The din rises in a terrific surge, and there is a shat-
tering roar, as the school building totters and crashes
to the ground. Then all is silence. The weather
cock stirs itself from the ruins, opens its wings in a
bored fashion, and flies off.

EPILOGUE.

The Spirit of the New-Fangled hovers over the ruins, and
speaks:

"So perish those who would stand still,
For not to progress, is retrogression."

The Spirit flits wistfully about, and stoops to set upright
the waste paper basket by the Junior Yard doorway, which has
been knocked over, with the collapse of the wall; a convulsion
mingled of grief and repentance passes over the school's man-
gled corpse, at this last touch of kindness; and the Spirit flies
off across Duke Street, to perch on the Cathedral, and review
her handiwork.

(And there was a lot more of it like this!—EDS.)

"She Stoops to Conquer."

(GOLDSMITH.)

Crane Hall :: December 20th.

THIS year's Christmas Play was, in a way, a break with
tradition. For the authorities have alternated for some
years between Shakespeare, and modern drama, repre-
sented by Shaw and Galsworthy. We were given to under-
stand that the choice of Goldsmith was due to the fact that they
did not wish to make Mr. Shaw a present of another five guineas
this year, and therefore had resort to an author who is in less
need of his fee at the moment. Now we do not accept this
explanation for a moment; nor do we think that any explan-
ation was needed. Our School dramatics have always been
noted for their boldness, since the days when they "took their
courage in both hands and tried Shaw," and we have nothing
but commendation for their action in breaking, what was to
them, fresh ground, without our presuming to demand an
apology.

And the venture into the 18th Century, or conspiracy to
defraud Mr. Shaw, what you will, was highly successful—and
that despite the fact that the ranks of the School's actors had
been violently thinned down, for various reasons, and that
Mr. Hicks was compelled to work up a much higher percentage
than usual of quite raw material. Only in a few cases were the
actors bothered by Goldsmith's broad, conventional, rather
"laid on with a trowel" manner, and so prevented from really
getting into their parts, and making them convincingly live.
This is the defect, of course, which one might expect, from a
cast accustomed to the true to life, self-acting dialogue of more
modern writers.

But to four of the more important characters this criticism
did not apply. Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle (Hawkins, H. A. and
Robinson, R. H. S.), Miss H. (Watson, R. F.), and Young Marlow
(Ankers), were all excellent, and their acting was as polished as
any we have seen in School productions. Robinson recalled a
former success (as a "Spinster of Lushe") and though he had a
tendency to bob about which was rather worrying, in the
earlier part of the play, his performance, in the scene in the
garden, was superb. Ankers' interpretation and precision were
almost professional, and his was the most finished performance
of the evening. Hawkins, H. A., whom we last saw, as "Puck,"
in Shakespeare, showed versatility by making a convincing
father, while Watson stooped energetically, and made no mis-
take about her conquest. Tony Lumpkin worked exceedingly
hard, and made an effort to introduce some of that vigorous

which the play, as a whole, lacked; but, either for this reason, or through faulty interpretation, he made the mistake of sacrificing consistent interpretation, to mere "gusto," which tended to descend to clowning. Hastings, and Sir Charles Marlow, were floored by Goldsmith's manner of writing, and failed quite to get inside their parts, and so to convince. Miss Neville was always at a disadvantage, especially when acting opposite to Hastings, on account of her height, while lack of volume in her voice caused her to mouth her words a little. But her bearing was charming and she sustained the part.

The "Maid" also looked perfectly charming; but we could not help feeling that unless she can conquer her habit of standing with her hand on her hip, and looking smilingly but vacantly about her, while her mistress gives her instructions, she runs grave risk of receiving notice.

Diggory and his fellow servants were excellent, and talked, sang, drank and smoked with conviction.

The play then was another success, but owing to the comparative inexperience of the cast, and to the fact that one or two either failed to warm up to, or overstepped, their parts, was rather inclined to be patchy. The production, perhaps, would have been better with a slightly more vigorous "tempo."

But we have already criticised overmuch, and we apologise for our trepidation. We would thank the cast, and especially Mr. Hicks the producer, for their labour, and their very enjoyable performance, and once again assure them that, even without the added merit of having been the means of depriving Mr. Shaw of a five guineas fee, "Your play needs no excuse." We would once again compliment Miss Wilson on the expert dressing of the play, and Mr. Baxter on his excellently trained drinking-chorus. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Jones who stage managed, and to Mr. Rose and his friends in the orchestra, who provided light music during the intervals.

Crane Hall

A PROTEST.

A FEW years ago the experiment was made of acting the School Play in the Crane Hall instead of in the School Hall. Since then the practice has continued and seems likely to do so, unless some voice is raised in protest against it. It is with this object in view that I write, and at the very commencement I may say that the opinions I shall express are not only my own but those of a large number, both in and out of the School. There are two objections to the change which I wish to raise, and both, in my opinion, are unanswerable.

It has always struck me, and the conviction becomes the stronger as my own departure from the School draws nearer, that there is a very insufficient bond between the past and present members of the School. What usually happens is that an Old Boy will come into the School now and again during his first year of freedom, but if he comes afterwards it is with that rather shy and halting step which characterizes the stranger. While the idea of reunions and gatherings of such a sort may seem to some to verge on the sentimental, it is impossible that anyone should deny it to be a very pleasant thing for Old Boys to maintain an interest in the School, to desire to visit it, and to join in functions in which they themselves have participated. That such a desire does exist is undoubted, but the scope for its active expression is very limited. The annual occurrence of the School Play is one of the very few occasions indeed when present members of the School and Old Boys can mix freely together, when acquaintances can be renewed, and old associations recalled. Those who are entranced with the professional air of the boards of a legitimate theatre may argue that the same acquaintances can be renewed in Crane Hall as at the School. To such an argument it is superfluous to labour the point that the complete atmosphere is lost by such a change. Memories of school cannot be regained in a theatre.

To me this objection in itself is sufficient to damn any idea of continuing the practice. For those hard-headed ones, however, to whom practical success in the task in hand is everything and sentimental ideas, as they will no doubt designate my first point, nothing, I have another objection and one to which all must cede. As one who has acted in School Plays, both at School and at Crane Hall, and one therefore qualified to judge from bitter experience, I shall state this objection as a quite definite and dogmatic fact. And anyone who has had the same experience will, I am quite certain, and have indeed ascertained in a large number of cases, agree with me. The plain fact is that the Play, as acted at Crane Hall, is decidedly weaker than it would be if acted in the School Hall. It is unfair to the Producer, the actors, and the audience. The play is rehearsed every day for months in advance, either on the platform of the School Hall, or, when that is not to be had, in the restricted space of a form room. And when the actions have been carefully prepared and the volume of the voice practised to perfection, the actors are transferred to an absolutely strange hall, and are set to act on a stage they have never seen before, and whose dimensions cannot but be described as immense after the homely space of the School platform. If it were possible to procure the Hall for some number of occasions for rehearsals, this objection could not be raised. But we are told, and can

quite believe, that such an idea is utterly impracticable, owing to the great expense it would entail. Such being the case, the objection *does* hold good.

I feel that the experience of the last few years would convince the greatest enthusiast of Crane Hall (a hypothetical person, by the way, whom I have yet to meet!), of his mistake. The last play acted in the School Hall was "Twelfth Night." In this we knew every inch of the platform, we had seen, and acted under the old green curtains dozens of times, and what is more we knew exactly where the exits were; we knew exactly how large the Hall was, and how loud we had to speak. The result was we were perfectly confident, and at least gave the best performance we were capable of. On the other hand, the next School Play, "Androcles and the Lion," was acted at Crane Hall. The first time we stepped on to the stage was at a performance for the School, and the whole business was a perfect nightmare. Every single thing was strange. The stage was terrifyingly large (a tremendous drawback to inexperienced actors), the footlights were glaringly brilliant; the exits were known quite insufficiently to inspire confidence; the magnificent Roman scenery with its precarious pillars and wobbly steps we had never set eyes on before; and to crown all it was quite impossible to gauge the correct volume of voice. All these and innumerable other little points prevented the cast from giving of their best. The terrible difficulty of acting properly under such circumstances was admirably illustrated in the last play. All the points I have mentioned were apparent. Time and time again we heard such expressions as "Here he comes," enunciated with hopeful expectancy to a closed door, although on a number of occasions it was, as perhaps one should have expected, merely a vision. At least nobody came until several minutes later, despite the agonised look of the waiting actors. The players all showed that tendency to sidle off the stage which is the outcome of lack of practice on a space of large dimensions, and while some of the actors shouted, others were inaudible. These faults are attributed to a variety of reasons, all of them quite mistaken and unfair to those concerned. They would none of them have been there if the play had been performed in our own Hall.

The advantages, and there are one or two, of procuring Crane Hall, in the face of these points, seem to me to be negligible. One main advantage seems to be that the Hall is so large as to necessitate only one performance. I hope I have shown that this very fact is far more a drawback than an advantage in another and far more important respect. The superiority of the seating accommodation in Crane Hall I must consider a minor consideration. Whatever arguments may be put forward in

favour of the change, those against it which I have tried to tabulate, seem to me to be overwhelming. I write in a serious effort to call the attention of the powers that be, to the very strong reasons why the change should not be continued, and I can assure them that these views are not only those of myself, but of a very large number of others. Next year and all succeeding years let us have the *School Play* in the *School Hall*—its rightful place, and give the actors a fair chance. Let us not be able to say of those who decide in this matter that they have as their motto, *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*.

M.T.O.



Speech Day.

EVERY year, for some time now, has seen some change in Speech Day procedure, calculated to make this event more bearable, and less of an ordeal than it sometimes is, with the result that the affair of to-day is a very different thing from its counterpart of ten years ago. First of all the authorities turned their attention to the crushing that occurred at prize distributions, and severely limited the numbers of those from the School attending. Then the seats were numbered and reserved, which, while it facilitated seating generally, at the same time prevented "gate-crashing" on the parts of parents and relatives. And now this year, having done all they could for our bodily comfort, short of procuring a new Hall, and/or new seats, the authorities turned their ever assiduous attention to bear on our mental comfort, also, presumably on the principle that to have a *mens sana* in a *corpore sano* was no less essential to the proper digestion of Speech Day speeches, than to any other occasion.

And so the proceedings this year, commenced with the singing of "God Save the King," and the calling of cheers for the Chairman of the Governors, in order to allay the funereal gloom which broods over the first half of the evening, until those in the gallery have accustomed themselves to the presence of those on the platform. The move was a complete success, and the extra spontaneity, and feeling even of *comraderie*, which it induced in the audience, was reflected in a considerable brightening in the tone of the speeches.

The prizes were given away this year by Mr. C. Sydney Jones, and Mr. Burton Eills, Chairman of the Governors, presided.

The Headmaster, in his report, recalled the School's successes at the Universities, especially in Classics at Oxford (where twelve Old Boys are in residence, including four Fellows of colleges), and in Medicine at Liverpool. He also pointed out that the Margaret Bryce Smith Scholarships, though closed scholarships, were by no means sinecures, and were awarded instead of Senior City Scholarships in most cases, and in all cases, on the standard of open scholarships. Referring to the present economic disorder, the Headmaster deplored the "disastrous drop in the standard of those entering the teaching profession, as a result of the economies being practised upon it."

He spoke of the work of Mr. Sydney Jones for the cause of Education, and said that he was foremost in all movements connected with youth. He was at present master of the ship of education in the city, and it was encountering heavy weather, but he could be relied upon to concentrate on the essential thing, which was to bring the human cargo safe to port.

The Headmaster also paid tribute to Mr. Groom, Vice-Principal, who was to retire at the end of the term, after thirty-eight years' service in the School. Mr. Groom, he said, besides developing a teaching technique peculiarly his own, and building and helping to maintain a classical tradition second to none, had served the School with great devotion and, as Vice-Principal, had brought a touch of dignity and awe which, might otherwise have been lacking.

Mr. Sydney Jones, distributing the awards, also paid tribute to the high respect in which Mr. Groom's work was held by all who were interested in Education.

Mr. Jones' speech was, in the main, an explanation of the true meaning of Education. The latter, he said, though necessarily founded on, did not consist of, the three "r's," but was rather the ability to *think*, and to admire the good, the beautiful, and the true, which was what we most lacked at the present time.

Doctor Hetherington, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool, and Mr. McKie ('15), Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, moved and seconded a vote of thanks to Mr. Sydney Jones.

The speeches were followed by a programme of songs by Dr. Wallace's chorus, of which it is sufficient to say that the very high standard set in the past, was well maintained, while Dr. Wallace's gymnastics on the piano were much enjoyed.

The proceedings were concluded with the singing of the School Song and the calling of *four* cheers (and we hope that here a precedent has been established for future occasions) for Mr. Sydney Jones.

That New Bell.

THOUGH I am not an antiquary I cherish the things which are old. Old books, old wine, have ever had their hold on me, even when I have been in the very midst of the whirlpool of modern life. When in London I love to wander down back streets, where only the murmur of distant life breaks the hush of their shadowy seclusion. There I will gaze in wonder at a house which sheltered men before the Fire, or turn over the leaves of some dusty old volume in the still more dusty bookseller's shop. There is something about old buildings and old customs which lends them an atmosphere of warmth and attraction. At Christmas time we gather round the fire and repeat the same old greetings, little knowing why we do this. We, like the moth round the candle, are lured on by some unknown force. Perhaps it is that there is so much that is new around us, that something old attracts simply because it is a change. But be what it may, all of us to a lesser or greater extent love and respect that which is old.

There are some avowed modernists who ridicule Dickens and tell us to pull down the Tower of London, yet if asked to give up their bacon and egg for breakfast (not that I am suggesting that the egg is old) will become vehement in support of this life-long custom. Many of us fail to see the beauty in an old building until its existence is threatened. How many men trudged wearily over Waterloo Bridge on their way to business without realising its grandeur and antiquity. Yet if they had known something of its history, I do not doubt that they would have continued on their way refreshed even to withstand the office boy's impudence. Thus it is all important for us to-day to preserve as many relics of past ages as possible, so that in our streets and in our lives we may have a pageant of civilization's growth. For surely there can be no greater cure for pessimism, than to see around us visible evidences of mankind's slow pursuit of perfection.

I admit that "new men are carrying out new measures and are carting away the useless rubbish of past centuries." By all means throw away that which is bad and useless, but surely we can not condemn something fine and noble merely on the grounds that it is old. Sentimentality has for ever been a bar to progress. We allow to continue such centres of disease and darkness as a country cottage because its thatched roof looks beautiful in the sunlight. But after all we cannot blame the ancients for failing to foresee the advent of geysers and electricity. Yet now we have them why not let everyone enjoy them. To preserve something which is old merely because of its sentimental value is the utmost of folly; but that which blends age

with utility and beauty is surely worthy of preservation. Some would have us use electricity instead of the good old coal and log fire, which though a little more trouble certainly repays us for its comfort. Some would have us pull down a fine avenue of trees merely to widen a road. There are always a few fools who carry measures to extremes.

But to bring the matter nearer home; this School of ours is meant to be a place of rest and quiet. Would that it could be carpeted with thickly piled rugs and we could recline on cushioned couches occasionally to listen to the Master's purring voice, as he repeats the oft told tale. This, I say, is perhaps mere phantasy, but for all that we should make the best of what we have. Though we have not lifts, it is hardly necessary that timetables should be so arranged that we have to traverse well nigh a hundred stairs between each period.

Last term, however, the final blow came. Reclining back in a none too comfortable chair, my pleasant stupor was suddenly shattered by a strident, shrieking noise. Unconsciously I turned over with a grunt, taking it to be the alarm bell, but finding myself grovelling on the far too dirty floor, I rose to my feet greatly apprehensive for my well-creased trousers. Then I realised what it was. Of course it was the 'phone. Hurriedly I stepped forward but an icy voice seemed to run right down my spine. "Pray sit down, Smith, I did not say close books." I sat down greatly confused. Still the shrill note went on. I looked around for inspiration, but all I saw was twenty vacant faces. Yes, there was no mistaking it, it was a bell.

Then some bright youth stood up with the longed-for news that the hour of break had come. Going out into the corridor I looked about in search of the cause of all the bother, and then high up on the wall I saw a diabolical electric bell. There it was as large as life and as brazen as a peacock, vibrating its little clatter in the effrontery of its newness. Wandering around I saw that the whole School was alive with them. Not one but many had settled in the abode of rest and quiet. For a while I hoped that it would be merely a flash in the pan, but no; they had come to stay. No more would we be aroused from our reverie, to learn that all our work was over, by the soft musical throb of the gong. How sombre in her majesty, how rich for ever in her tone. Oh, weep salt tears for she is gone.

Gone is she who woke boys, now grown men, from sleep*; she who belowed forth her lovely moan as incessantly the stick bore down upon her lowly back. No more the old-time cry when late at periods: "We didn't hear the gong." No pomp was made at her passing, no speech or gift of gold. She was huddled out of the back door without even a toast. Thus it

*To inform them, no doubt, that their work was over.—Eds.

is that we now have forced upon us this monster of modern worldliness. No one likes her, yet there she stands at every corner leering down at us, as if to say: "Young man, I'll keep you to your studies, you'll not waste public money while I am here." Has no one any respect for the sanctity of custom? Shall we no longer sing Jerusalem or hear the parable of the Sower? I hate that bell and hope she quickly short-circuits herself.

G.E.A.R.

Literary and Debating Society.

THE Annual General Private Business Meeting of the Society was held in Mr. Hicks' room on July 8th. E. W. Hawkins and J. W. Turner were elected as Secretaries, and K. B. Gibson, M. H. Bates, G. G. H. E. Brown, H. R. Johnston, and M. T. Owen were re-elected to the Committee, their number being supplemented by the election of G. E. A. Rice, A. J. Peters, W. A. Ankers, W. W. Davies, and K. J. Carmichael. Mr. S. V. Brown, Mr. H. M. Brown, Mr. Rose and Mr. Doughty, with M. T. Owen, were then elected Vice-Presidents of the Society (Mr. S. V. Brown, Mr. H. M. Brown and Mr. Rose at the same time being elected committee members). Mr. Hicks was unanimously re-elected Chairman. A motion proposed by Mr. S. V. Brown, and seconded by E. W. Hawkins, that minutes of Private Business meetings should only be read at such meetings, and not at the ordinary meetings of the Society, was carried, and the meeting then adjourned.

The first meeting of the session 1932-33 was held in the Board Room, at 7 p.m., on Tuesday, October 4th, 1932, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting of the Society were read after the Secretary had explained that they were abbreviated, owing to the fact that the minutes of the previous session had been mislaid. After minor alterations the minutes were signed. M. T. Owen attempted to pass a vote of censure on the Secretaries, but did not carry the Society, which proceeded to elect officers to fill vacancies caused by the departure of J. W. Turner and K. B. Gibson. T. W. Slade and W. Worgan were elected committee members, and K. T. Carmichael joint-secretary. W. Davies was elected to the office of Lord High Poker-in-Chief. Audible sanction was then given to two Old Boys—Mr. Rew and Mr. Slaney—before the Chairman called upon A. P. Bates to propose: "That Education should not aim at eradicating the willingness to die for one's country." He spoke of loyalty and said it was an ideal which Education should not eradicate. As ways in which one might die for one's

country, the speaker cited "fighting the ever encroaching jungle in rubber plantations," and similar "allotted tasks," and then quoted the School motto—"Born not for ourselves only, but for all the world," finding it somewhat embarrassing, however. He said that like a Tory gentleman, he would say, "To Hell with the rest of the world." The best thing one could do was to work, and the next best thing, to die, for one's country. He waxed sentimental and repeated himself several times before giving place to the opposer, E. W. Hawkins. The latter said that there was only one way to die for one's country—and that was in war. Dying in the jungle was dying for Humanity in general. He in his turn, waxed sentimental, speaking of starving mothers, rickets, and margarine, and said if dying for one's country had caused such things, dying for one's country could not cure them.

The usual historical lecture followed, the speaker concluding that France and Germany would one day follow the example of England and Scotland. Finally, he disagreed with the proposer's interpretation of the School motto and said that *toti mundo nati* could not mean "born for England."

Seconding the proposer, M. T. Owen spoke of the complexity of the motion, and denied that education was going out of its way to inculcate willingness to die for one's country. He said he had recently been in France, and further impressed the Society by quoting Tennyson in moving tones.

G. E. A. Rice said that the proposer had spoken "sentimental tosh" (*sic*). The proposer's ideal, he said, was responsible for the present state of affairs. The distinction he had drawn between being willing to die and actually doing so, he estimated as being so much "eye-wash" (*sic*). Reviling the proposer in this strain, Rice repeated himself several times, and concluded.

When the motion was thrown open to debate, A. M. Bow worth timidly criticised the proposer of the motion. But rapidly gaining confidence he spoke of the docks and Buckingham Palace, and wandering from the point, gave place to P. Curtis, who similarly missed the point, but had resort to the Classics instead. After detailed discussion of the respective offices of the belly and limbs of a Roman soldier, and a certain Greek tragedy of his acquaintance, he concluded.

The Lord High Poker-in-Chief said he would be glad to die, and the Society applauding his intention, he sat down. E. Hall alternatively attacked and supported the motion, while G. G. Brown surprised the Society by stating that he put all his faith in children, before going on to discuss Orangemen, bayonets, and the Union Jack. T. W. Slade took the Society into his

confidence on the subject of outdoor relief. W. H. O'Neil however, refuted his statements and believed Education should teach us the correct way of dying for our country.

The proposer, replying, said that those who had criticised him had been unfair. He then gave a learned dissertation on the mating habits of the mongoose, as compared with those of the common rat, and displayed remarkable knowledge of the effects of margarine on general health. Having embraced a variety of topics, he once more translated the School motto, and urged the Society to pass the motion. The Society, however, refused, and the motion was lost by 6 votes to 13. The meeting then adjourned.

The second meeting of the session was held in the Board Room on Tuesday, October 18th, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, and after much discussion about the use of the word *sic*, a sub-committee consisting of the Secretarial Board was appointed to elucidate the position. M. T. Owen proposed various other alterations in the minutes before A. B. Disley was elected, on a motion by E. W. Hawkins, to fill the office of "Minister of the Atmosphere." Proceeding to public business, the Chairman called on T. W. Slade to propose that "There are more opportunities to be exploited in the art of the cinema, than are dreamt of in Hollywood's philosophy." He said that Hollywood's philosophy was one of divorce and "tarnished lady" themes. There were opportunities for development, he said, in the choice of plots, and in interpretation, as well as on the technical side of film production. The box office loomed too large, to permit sincere art, he said. W. Worgan, opposing the motion, compared the theatre with the cinema, saying that one should instruct and the other should amuse. The cinema, he said, does not depend on technicalities, nor on the perfection of the medium. The speaker's eloquence now deserted him, and after a vain attempt to collect his thoughts, he sat down.

G. G. Brown, seconding the motion, compared it to Yo-Yo, and spoke of Germany "and places like that." He told the Society that he was a lover of children, and split an infinitive, before giving place to E. W. Hawkins, who rose to second the opposition. He quoted an American friend to the effect that Hollywood was just "lousy" (*sic*) with ideas. He pointed out that Hollywood's philosophy really had dreamt of ideas, but simply did not wish to exploit them. He then quoted Molière, Racine, Boileau, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, to prove his point, and, nothing remaining to be said, he sat down. When the motion was thrown open to debate, C. D. Collins spoke knowingly of "goings on" in Hollywood. The Society was shocked and he sat down amid silence. G. E.

A. Rice thought that the cinema was encroaching on the theatre's precincts, while Bosworth thought that the cinema was unsatisfying, and sophisticated. Hawkins, H. A. (minor) told a tale of the effects of fairy stories on the agricultural labourer, and reviled the seconder of the motion. W. Davies spoke of Disney's cartoons, which, he said, represented the highest attainments of the art of the cinema. Johnston disagreed, however, and said that the cinema destroyed the *bonae artes* of the stage play. Mr. S. V. Brown spoke of technique, in art, and spoke of one, Charles Chaplin, which person, he said, had invented cinema technique. The speaker then gave the Society a detailed exposition of cinema technicalities, before the Chairman called upon the proposer to reply. The latter refuted the Opposer's "lousy" (*sic*) statement and went on to discuss asbestos projecting chambers and the influence of the cinema on education. He finally left the motion to the intelligence of the Society, and it was lost by 18 votes to 17. The meeting then adjourned.

The Society held its third meeting of the session on Tuesday, November 1st, in the Board Room, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. Before the minutes were signed M. T. Owen proposed his usual quota of alterations, the Society actually supporting him (*mirabile dictu*). Johnston then questioned the grammatical correctness of the phrase "*Bonae Artis*," and after E. W. Hawkins had shown his ignorance on the finer points of Latin Grammar, and had been rebuked by W. A. Ankers, and after Mr. S. V. Brown had advocated the use of the dative, the reading was altered to "*Bonae Artes*." Owen and Hawkins now indulged in an eloquent altercation on the subject of the use of an historic present which was cut short by the Chairman's intervention, after which Owen proposed yet another alteration in the minutes. The Society did not support him, however, and the minutes were finally signed. E. W. Hawkins presented the report of the sub-committee on the question of the use of the word "*sic*," stating that a deadlock had been reached, and asking for leave to co-opt a third member on to the committee. The Society agreed that W. A. Ankers be so co-opted, as chairman. Hereupon M. T. Owen made a further attack on the Secretarial Board, attempting to pass a vote of censure, but he again failed to carry the Society, and as time for private business had elapsed, the Chairman called upon G. E. A. Rice to propose that "The time has now come to institute in England a Socialistic State." He spoke of the millions of unemployed, rioting, and the incapacity of the Capitalists, as demonstrated by the Cotton Strike, the idleness of shipping and the National Government. He surveyed the rise of Capitalism and the factory system, and appeared to think the fall of the Bastille the turning point in the Industrial Revolution. He said that

Socialism aimed at giving everyone the same amount of money and was the only remedy for our present ills. After advocating nationalisation of Banks and Mines, the speaker concluded by quoting a Scot's poet to the effect that "It's comin' yet, for a' that."

W. Davies, in opposing the motion, asked what was work, and said he did not like it. He then reviled "collectivist folly," and moved the Society by a touching account of a "vicious circle" afflicting rubber plantations, cotton hands, shirts, laundry-men and whale fishers. He compared free competition to gravity. After displaying remarkable knowledge on the subject of a park-keeper's apparel, tenement houses, corporation tram drivers and sausages from Chicago, the speaker quoted Robert Blatchford, and finally, giving up all attempt to keep to the point, he concluded. G. G. Brown, seconding the motion, said that *Peg's Paper* was the backbone of Conservatism, and that Socialism could solve *some* of our ills. As an instance of the ills of Individualism he cited the clash of road with rail transport, and said if any of the Society thought they were educated, they owed it to Socialism. A. P. Bates, seconding the opposer, reviewed the work of the National Government, and said that the "Mean's Test" was a Socialist measure. The Conservatives, he said, had done more for the poor than anyone else, and Finances and Voluntary Hospitals would be ruined by Socialism. On the motion being thrown open to debate, H. Penn spoke briefly about rubber, and blamed the Capitalists for it, while A. B. Disley, putting in a good word for Conservatism, mentioned Louis Blanc, and the Means Test. He was followed by Ankers, who said that many people were Conservatives "out of pure apathy." E. Hall spoke of the new Cunarder, and a new French State-subsidised liner. Socialism alone, he said, could make the Cunard ship float. E. W. Hawkins said he would tell the Society what Socialism meant. Some people, he said, were born to wash dishes, but if they could afford a public school education they were sent to worry Mr. Gandhi instead. Such an anachronism would disappear with Socialism. G. E. A. Rice, replying, said that if the poor man spent his dole on dog racing, did not Lord "Such and Such" spend money *he* had not earned, on horse racing? He spoke of Russia, and exhorted the Society to pass the motion. On being put to the vote, the motion was carried by 21 votes to 19, and the meeting then adjourned.

The fourth meeting of the Society was held in the Board Room, on Tuesday, November 15th, with Mr. Rose in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, and hotly discussed. W. A. Ankers spoke of his village curate, and "Robbie" Burns, while E. Hall protested that he did not read

the *News Chronicle*. Ankers then presented the report of the sub-committee on the use of the word "*sic*," which was adopted by the Society. Time for private business then elapsing, the Chairman called on K. J. Carmichael to propose that "This year of Conferences has proved a waste of labour and expense." The proposer considered the Disarmament Conference, and convinced himself that it was doomed to fail. He then spoke of Germany, and said she was a "fly in the ointment of Disarmament," and went on to quote the *Contemporary Review*, about Russia. He descended to allegorical depths, whither the secretaries could not follow, speaking of snakes wriggling across Asia, swimming the Pacific, and biting pieces out of America. He then spoke of Ottawa, and called it a "world calamity," and of Lausanne. Thoroughly convinced, he sat down. E. Hall, opposing the motion, confessed his own lack of scholarship, but quoted the *Sunday Times* instead. He then discussed Ottawa, Sir Herbert Samuel, the duty on Cod Liver Oil, Russian dumping, "meat schemes," and sheep rearing, and after slandering the proposer, gave way to W. W. Davies, seconder of the motion. The latter spoke of the necessity of world markets for Australia, Canada, and India. Ottawa meant bankruptcy. The Disarmament Conference was a mockery, so long as Russia and Germany stood aloof. H. Penn, seconding the opposer, said that a basic principle was involved, it was the spirit of friendly discussion that was all important. He then spoke of America, the Central European States, the world Economic Conference, and the Cotton Conference, and urged the Society to reject the motion. When the motion was thrown open to debate, Collins and Owen agreed that the important thing about a conference was the underlying idea, and opposed the motion. Brown also opposed the motion, and deprecated the attitude of the Press. Peters supported the motion and pleaded for *laissez-faire*. The Chairman then called on Carmichael to reply. The proposer spoke of the unreasonable attitude of the powers, and urged the Society to pass the motion. On being put to the vote, however, it was lost by 8 votes to 19. The meeting then adjourned.

The fifth meeting of the session was held in the Board Room, on Tuesday, November 29th, at 7-0, with Mr. Hicks in the Chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, numerous minor inaccuracies were hotly criticised. When time for private business elapsed, the minutes remained unsigned, and the Society proceeded to public business, the Chairman calling on Mr. S. V. Brown to deliver his paper on "Lancashire."

Lancashire, the speaker said, was partially civilised, and produced, among other things, cow heels and choral societies. He surprised the Society with the information that the School

Camp lies within the borders of Lancashire, and to illustrate the charm of the county still further, he quoted de Quincey. The speaker then went to speak of Lancashire customs, such as on "pace egging," "egg rolling," and "rush bearing." He then spoke of the Lancashire dialect, and quoted dialect writers such as Bamford and Brierly. Mr. Brown then instructed the Society where they might find the true Lancashire, and after describing developments in the neighbourhood of Blackpool, he concluded. M. T. Owen and G. E. A. Rice proposed and seconded a vote of thanks to the speaker, which the Society carried with acclamation, and the meeting then adjourned.

The sixth meeting of the session was held in the Masters' Common Room, on Monday, December 19th, with Mr. Hicks in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting of the Society were read, and Johnston, Curtis and Owen proposed alterations, which were passed by the Society. When M. T. Owen moved further alterations, however, in the wording of the minutes, the Society was convinced by the Secretarial eloquence, and logic, and refused to carry them. The minutes were thereupon signed, and the Society turned to consider the unsigned minutes of the meeting of November 15th. E. Hall criticised the minutes and was supported by the Society, but M. T. Owen, attempting to effect further alterations, again failed to carry the Society. The minutes were signed and G. G. Brown moved a vote of censure on the Secretarial Board, which was volubly supported by H. Penn, and carried. Audible sanction was then given to the presence of an Old Boy, Mr. J. L. Gibbs, before the Chairman called on P. Curtis to propose that "The guts of the tennis racquet are in its strings." The proposer described the symmetrical beauty of the strings, and spoke touchingly of cats. Mulholland, opposing the motion, said that man could not play tennis with strings alone; he denied that a string possessed symmetry, and said that, anyhow, he preferred dogs. In spite of his arguments the motion was carried, and H. A. Hawkins rose to propose that "The Pyramid of Cheops is superior to the pound of sausage." He urged the Society to consider the motion in silence, and relied on its good sense. G. G. Brown, however, was undismayed by such eloquence, and carried the Society with his plea for the sausage. N. E. Davies, moving that "Megrim in ladies is not proper," said he knew little about ladies; but Cushner, his opposer, knew even less, and the motion was carried. Mr. S. V. Brown, proposing that "Film Stars should not scintillate" (*sic*) said that it was time enough for him to start sinning when he had done his day's work, but Hopkin maintained that stars had always scintillated, and pleaded for similar rights for the Hollywood variety. The Society, more convinced by punning than by logic, carried the

motion. A. B. Disley then moved that "General Coryza is a scourge to the Human race," and though Cohen eloquently begged for a favourable judgment of the General (*sic*), the motion was carried. Mr. Gibbs then moved that "Coffee should be brought round with the roll." After speaking against the motion, at some length, he was corrected by the Chairman, and speedily disproved his own arguments. Against the bewildering rhetoric of the proposer, E. W. Hawkins' appeal to the Society to think of its indigestion, and his touching picture of a certain gentleman bowed beneath the weight of pailsfull of coffee, could avail little, and the motion was carried. G. E. A. Rice and E. Hall discussed "Horses, Water, and Lead pencils," while Johnston proved to the Society's satisfaction "That every drawing room must have its cuspidor," despite the assertions of M. T. Owen that the Victorian lady would never have dreamt of doing "you know what" (*sic*) in *her* drawing room. H. Penn urged the Society to "Prefer the chocolate box to the Mona Lisa," and though W. Davies argued that such a decision would mean the crash of civilisation, the motion was carried. After Rise and Cushner had displayed profound ignorance on the subject of "Carnera's maxilla," G. G. Brown moved that "The Charge of the Light Brigade be earthed as soon as possible." The present L.E.C. charges, the proposer said, were positively shocking, and he then moved the Society with an account of an electrocuted relative. M. T. Owen, who felt himself earthed, or rather flooded, by the proposer's arguments, made vain attempts to discredit them, and the motion was carried.

The meeting then adjourned.

PROGRAMME FOR THE SECOND HALF OF THE SESSION.

- Jan. 24 "Convention is a Social Evil."
Pro., Peters. *Con.*, Brown.
- Feb. 7 "The proper place for the Treatment of Crime is the Sick Ward and not the Prison Cell."
Pro., Johnston. *Con.*, Ankers.
- " 21 "Poetry makes a more imaginative appeal than Painting."
Pro., Owen. *Con.*, Hawkins.
- Mar. 7 "That the attitude of Ireland towards Great Britain has always been unreasonable."
" 21 Paper—Mr. Wedgwood.
- April 4 Banquet.

To Be or Not To Be?

A SHORT STORY.

(The title of this story has nothing to do with Hamlet, nor to the famous dilemma which confronted the noble Prince of Denmark. Indeed, for the ordinary reader, it can refer to nothing in particular, and he is advised to disregard it. For the initiate few, however, it may, perhaps mean something.)

THE story concerns four men from the North, who set out very early one Monday morning, on a long journey to the South. The great, black, ugly station looked even blacker and uglier when they foregathered on the platform, and boarded the express train; but they secured an empty compartment and proceeded to make themselves comfortable. On the way "up" (as they themselves put it, though why, we cannot say, for, as we have said, they were going South) they comforted themselves very strangely. They were all obviously suffering from severe nervous strain. One read Carlyle. One counted the mile posts as they flew past the window. The third also showed his great agitation by alternately reading from a green canvas-backed note-book and murmuring sweet nothings to himself, while the fourth attempted to sooth his nerves by inhaling a narcotic drug.

They changed trains at B—, and, during the process, the sight of many other travellers, suffering from the same nervous excitement as themselves, gave them some measure of confidence, so that during the remainder of the journey, their conversation was brighter. The first two discussed abstruse topics, while the third made irrelevant comments, and the fourth continued with his narcotic.

On reaching their destination, the second member of the party guided the others from the train to a 'bus, and so to the *petite curie*, a famous rendezvous of that land, which he knew of old (for he had journeyed to this land before). Here they all feasted, and gained still more confidence, and parted, promising to meet again on the morrow. Each then betook himself to the palace of the particular local potentate who had been assigned to him; and after waiting endless hours in antechambers, were admitted to the presence, and bent and paid homage to the ruler of the palace who was sitting in state. Each then retired, awe-struck, to his rooms, and to bed, with grave misgivings for the morrow.

During the remainder of that week the four lived partly in the huge, oak-panelled dining halls of the palaces of their respective lords, where they spent countless hours, sitting at the long, massive tables, writing furiously on foolscap, for some

purpose unknown, under the cold, sedate, unmerciful gaze of the lord's satellites, or in the afore-mentioned *petite curie*, where they gathered each day to feast and drown their woes.

As the week wore on, however, their gloom began to lighten. Their daily feasting grew more riotous; they even forsook their usual haunt, to feast in one of less high repute, but where music could be provided at their request, to help cheer their spirits. They began to grow more independent of their respective petty potentates, of whom at first they had gone in such dread, and they did not visit the great writing Halls so frequently. One of them even flouted the express instructions of his particular overlord, by retiring to his rooms, on the outskirts of the town, after the prescribed hour! Further evidence of their growing independence was to be found in the interest they began to take in the Architecture of the place (of which they had heard a very illustrious potentate of their own land, speak highly). They invaded the palaces of many other petty rulers, besides their own, and wandered in the lovely gardens, which, in the language of the place, which the travellers were fast acquiring, are called "backs."

They finally became so care-free as to go to a House of Public Entertainment, which, however, they found very similar to those they knew in their own home country.

And so they were spending their days, when, one day, two of them were summoned to present themselves, and pay homage again, at the palace of their Overlord, who was sitting in even greater state than on the first day, and who asked them many awkward questions, and filled them again with awe and trembling.

And these two returned, and recounted what had occurred to the others, and the latter at once sobered down, and began to wonder with fear when *their* lord would send for *them*, and ask *them* strange questions, and make them pay homage. But they were not summoned; which only made them more disconsolate still.

At last things came to such a pass that they decided to return home. So they all bade farewell to the serving wench at the *petite curie*, and to their "Rooms," and to the palaces of their respective, respected potentates (while the fourth member of the party took care to procure a supply of the particular narcotic preparations of the land), and all boarded the train on the day before the Sabbath, for the North.

On the return journey they tried to while away the time by playing a game known only to the few, but this made them quarrelsome. The first, therefore, went back to Carlyle; the second could not see the mile posts in the dark, so he shut his eyes, and timed the bumps on the joints in the track instead. The third returned to his sweet nothings, and the fourth to his drugs.

They changed trains, and feasted, and felt better. In time they arrived back home, and recounted their adventures to the admiring natives. Then they resumed the old life; the first lost his Carlyle; the second dreamed of his beloved mile posts and bumps; the third stopped muttering, and the fourth reluctantly gave up his narcotic and his funny hat. And they waited, tormented, in suspense, for the answer to their question "To be, or not to be?"

"EHEW."

School's Music Circle.

THE Merseyside Schools' Music Circle Committee continued their efforts this year to provide fine music at a cheap price, for Secondary Schools, despite the loss which their first balance sheet showed last year. Two concerts were given in the Picton Hall last term, and a third is to be held this term.

The artists at the first concert, held on Tuesday, November 8th, were Adila Fachiri (whose sister, Jelli d'Aranyi, was enthusiastically received at the first concert arranged by the Circle last season) and Dr. J. E. Wallace and Mr. Norman Suckling, pianists, who are very well known in Liverpool.

Adila Fachiri (accompanied by Dr. Wallace) played a sonata in G minor by Tartini, and Grieg's sonata in C minor, both for violin and piano, and two short violin pieces by Brahms and Vicentemps.

Dr. Wallace and Mr. Suckling played Saint Saens' Variations for two pianos, on a theme of Beethoven, and pieces for two pianos by Rachmaninov and Arensky.

At the second concert, on December 6th, the artists were Miriam Licette, soprano, and Stephen Wearing, pianoforte.

We do not pretend to be a music critic, and have therefore made no attempt to criticise the music that we listened to. But we do know this; that you could have heard a pin drop while the items were being performed; that nobody was in any hurry to go away at the end; that we ourselves paid 8d. for our ticket, and would willingly have paid double; and that we are going to take care not to miss the third concert this term. There can be no possible shadow of doubt that these concerts are easily the best musical value obtainable, anywhere, and that it is up to us to give all the support that we can to the Music Circle Committee, by turning up *en bloc* to this terms' concert.

E. W. H.

The Music Club.

THE Music Club tended to get left behind, last term, in the struggle for existence that goes on among the many activities in the School, and numbers were disappointing. It is hoped that this term they will be considerably augmented.

Before leaving for Cambridge, Mr. I. A. Jones read us a paper on "Opera." The paper was well delivered and excellently illustrated by friends of the speaker, and the select few who attended, enjoyed it thoroughly.

A second meeting was held on Friday, November 18th, when Mr. Collins read a paper on "Thomas Campion and Elizabethan Music." His paper, dealing mainly with the history of the wedding of music and verse, was exceedingly interesting, and was excellently illustrated by the singing and playing of R. Woan and R. H. S. Robinson. R.J.

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The Classics Revised.

WHILE looking through a contemporary, the "Form II Magazine" (to which we make the customary acknowledgements) we came across the following gem:—

JASON

(The man who fought his father, and went to find the Golden Fleece.)

Said Jason, on launching the *Argo* :—

"Come now, we will ever so far go;
We'll sail into Colchies,
And muzzle those Bolchies,
And bring back the Fleece in our cargo."

Now the re-writing of the classics in this form presents infinite possibilities. Remark how tersely the whole situation is summed up in a few words; how, in the space of a mere five lines, we are placed in full possession of the facts. The whole of classical mythology cries out to be recast, to be given new vigour and life, by the invigorating touch of such a master-hand as lies concealed behind a cloak of anonymity in the pages of our distinguished contemporary. A fortune awaits whoever can seize the opportunity. We will content ourselves with pointing the way; and though we cannot hope to maintain the high standard of the first careless rapture of that we have quoted above, we would suggest as a further illustration of what we mean:—

THESEUS.

(The man who fought the bull in the Laberynth.)

"Said Theseus, on entering the maze,
'My mind has gone all of a daze,
So give me some cotton,
Lest the way be forgotten.
When I find myself in *media res*.'"
We need say no more.

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L.N.U. Notes.

THE past term, on the whole, has been quite successful. The membership of last year has been maintained, and although it is not as large as could be hoped, it is quite normal. We would point out, however, that it is quite impossible to take the risk of asking an outside man to speak to the School Branch when the maximum attendance could be only thirty. Consequently during the term no meetings of the School Branch have been held, though the meetings of the Schools' Branches have been very successful. We appeal for a much larger membership next term.

The officials of the School Branch were elected as follows: Chairman and Secretary—M. T. Owen; Treasurer—A. P. Bates. At the Committee meeting of the Schools' Branches, Bates was elected chairman, and Barraclough of the Collegiate, Editor of *Pax*. We take this opportunity of asking members to support *Pax* as well as they did last year, and see that articles are in early to the new editor.

The first meeting of the Schools' Branches was held on Thursday, October 20th, when Mr. Fred Whelan discussed the

German demand for equality in armaments. As usual he gave a very fine speech which was fully appreciated by a large audience.

On Friday, November 11th, the annual Armistice Day meeting was held in Central Hall, when Lord Grey delivered an inspiring message of hope for the future. About twelve members of the School Branch attended the meeting.

On Monday, November 14th, a debate was held between Aigburth Vale, who were proposing, and the Liverpool Institute, who were opposing, the motion "That the Treaty of Versailles should be reconsidered." Taking into account the fact that our main speaker became indisposed just before the meeting, W. W. Davis and G. G. H. E. Brown made a valiant effort in a rather futile case.

The last meeting of the term was held on Thursday, December 1st, when we were lucky enough to obtain the services of Prof. Bellerby. Pamphlets had been distributed previously outlining his case for "World Order without Armaments," and a large number of questions were asked and answered. At the end of the meeting a motion was passed in favour of Unilateral Disarmament.

We would, in conclusion, like to tender our thanks to Mr. Peters for his great interest and help. M.T.O.

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L. I. O. T. C. Notes.

THE beginning of a new year presented the usual problem of recruiting. A number of new members were enrolled early in the term, but we are still slightly under strength, and more recruits, especially from among those over 15, will be welcomed.

The first field day was held at Thurstaston early in the term, but the turn out was marred by the fact that many recruits had not then been supplied with uniforms. A demonstration of platoon formation and of fire and movement was given by No. 1 Platoon. The lessons taught by the demonstration were admirably put into practice in the ensuing action, when we enjoyed a vigorous and exciting running fight between a rear-guard and an advance guard. The bearing of the recruits was very good, and the Band, under Cpl. Jones, R.N.P. gave a creditable performance. More members will be needed in the Band this term, in readiness for the Inspection.

For the second Field Day we went to Altcar. We started out with greatcoats, and high hopes of good weather. It was as well that we took the former, for a depression from Iceland, and the L.I.O.T.C. reached Altcar simultaneously. To fill in the time before lunch, Capt. Ledger gave us a lecture on the

weapons at the disposal of an Infantry Commander. After lunch, a party visited the butts and were initiated into the mysteries of "bulls," "inners," "magpies," and "wash-outs," by Mr. Hart. On this occasion the Band were hampered by lack of numbers and a surplus of horses, but did very well.

The first week of this term must see a considerable rise in the number of "over fifteens," so present members are urged to persuade their friends to join, and intending members are asked to come and be enrolled as soon as possible, so that training for the Inspection may be started right away. T.E., C.S.M.

—★—★—★—

Duped : A short story.

FRED WILKINS was by no means a coward, but from childhood he had been obsessed by one terrifying fear. When at school he had done well in sports and at work, and very few had ever suspected his secret dread. Now, however, he had made a name for himself in the world of science, and every new discovery he made only served to show him how terrible the next war would be. To such an extent did this fear play upon his mind, that he had gone to the trouble of buying a desolate island on the west coast of Scotland, and he had made up his mind that rather than be compelled to serve in the army he would isolate himself in this lonely spot.

He was sitting round the fire with his family one evening, when suddenly he turned very pale and the paper which he was reading dropped to the ground. For some time the situation in the Near East had been unsettled, but this sudden happening seemed to make war inevitable. British troops had already been called out to stem the tide of revolution, and the paper predicted that reinforcements would be needed from home. For a time Wilkin's brain ceased to function, but slowly he realised that if he was going to escape he would not have to waste very much time. At seven o'clock the next morning he ran down to fetch the paper and there, sure enough, in thick print, were the words "WAR DECLARED." He did not wait to read any more but rushing up stairs he threw a few necessities into a case. Taking one last look round the house he loved so much, he slipped out of the front door and hurried off to the station. On the way up to Scotland he looked out of the window at every station and all the excitement among the passengers made him glad that he had hurried away so quickly. Just after he left Edinburgh he saw a troop of soldiers marching through the streets. A cold shudder ran down his back, and he removed his bowler hat which was pressing on his brow like a cold, tin helmet.

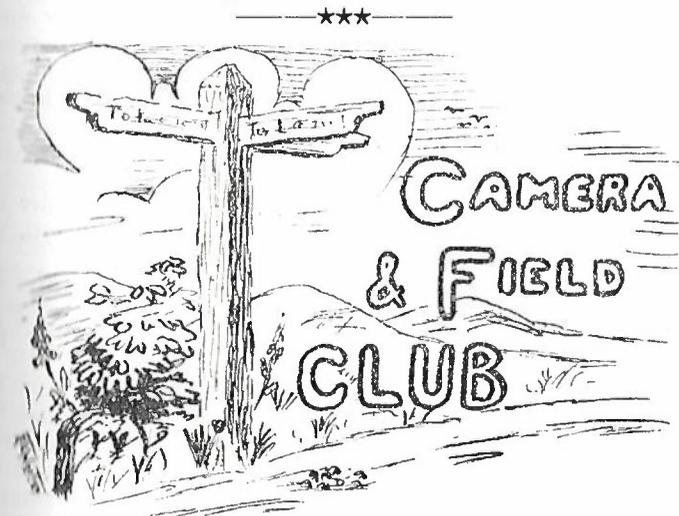
At last he reached the little village of Plinyleven. When he arrived at the deserted old platform it was drizzling with rain. Turning up his coat collar he set out upon the twenty mile walk before him. It was then four o'clock and by walking at a fast pace he hoped to reach the coast soon after ten. From there he could wade across to the island which, though some distance from the coast was only separated from it by shallows. On the way he met no one except a few old farmers returning to a warm fire, and Wilkins answered their enquiring look with one of envy. When he reached the coast he found the tide was higher than usual and it was only with great difficulty that he at last climbed up the bank of the island and collapsed, soaking wet, upon a heap of leaves. In the sleep of exhaustion that came upon him he dreamed of armoured cars and ambulances, while the roar of the waves conjured up in his distracted brain the thundering of machine guns. Used as he had been to comfortable beds he woke up next morning aching all over and shivering with cold. Dragging himself to his feet he looked about him. As far as he could see the barren waste of sea and rocky islets was deserted, save for hundreds of screaming sea birds. He gathered up his few trappings and scrambled over the brow of the hill to the little hut that he had prepared for himself. There he had collected a store of ship's biscuits and tinned beef, and with the few things he had brought, he hoped to last out for at least three months. When he had arranged all his goods in the hut, he pulled off his wet clothes and ran down to the shore to bathe. He felt much better for this and at once set about lighting a fire to dry his clothes. He felt so hungry by this time that he did not realise that he would have sneered at this type of food a little while before. After dinner he sat down and tried to read by the light of the fire; but his thoughts kept returning to the places he had left and the danger he had escaped. That night he rolled himself round in blankets before going to sleep, but even then he had little rest owing to the intense cold.

So he lived, day in and day out, till he judged by the marks he had made on the wall of the hut that three months had passed. His food supply had become very low and by this time he had almost overcome his fear, so that he decided that on the following day he would cross over to the mainland, to find out how the war was proceeding. For the last few days he had been living almost entirely on shell fish and birds' eggs. The rain and the wind had tanned his face, but his hands and cheeks were all torn by the beaks of the birds, who resisted his rapine of their nests. The next morning he gathered up the remnants of his belongings and set off for the village of Pennywith. The village consisted chiefly of the "Pig and Whistle." Wilkins realised

that here, if anywhere, he would find somebody with a knowledge of the affairs of the day. There was quite a jocund company gathered around the log fire and nervously he edged his way into their number. Their sole topic, however, was the merits of Farmer Twiddle's turnips, interspersed with occasional references to the quality of their host's beer. Several times poor Wilkins tried to broach the subject of the war, but every time he drew back. One by one the loungers departed homewards, till at last he found himself on his own, sitting moodily over the dying ashes. He realised that the only thing to do was to sleep the night at the inn. It was a very inquisitive host who led him to his bed-room that night. He quickly got undressed, and was about to turn out the oil lamp, when he knocked his bare foot against a flower pot stand. Glancing down to see what it was that he had touched, the words "WAR DECLARED" met his eye. There, underneath the flower pot was a paper, a little more than three months' old. At first he looked away in fear; but then curiosity gained the upper hand. Bending down, he pulled out the paper, and sitting down on the edge of the bed, he proceeded to scan the sub-headings. What was this he read? No! it couldn't be! But yes, it was! There, in smaller type, beneath the thickly printed words "WAR DECLARED," he read, "ON MUSKRATS"!

He had been duped!

G.E.A.R.



THIS term's programme has been a very full and enjoyable one. Our first visit was to the Exhibition of the Ship Model Society, held in the Bluecoat Chambers. The Exhibition took on an added interest in view of the Hobby Show

which is to be held this term. We were particularly interested in the demonstrations of "placing the ship in the bottle," which, like many other things, is easy, when you know how.

Our second excursion was to Messrs. Jacobs Biscuit Factory, on October 19th, perhaps the most nourishing of our visits. We saw biscuits of every kind being made, from the humble cracker, to the majestic chocolate, and the sample tin presented to us at the end of our tour was not the least enjoyable part of the excursion.

On our next excursion we visited the Liver Buildings. After mounting countless floors in a lift, and climbing endless stairs, those of us who were not suffering from severe attacks of vertigo, had a magnificent view, and a welcome amount of fresh air, for a gale was beginning to blow up from the sea.

On November 16th we paid a visit to Messrs. Evans Sons Lescher & Webb's Drug Factory (which was, perhaps, peculiarly appropriate, with Christmas drawing near, with its inevitable associations of good cheer, and its after effects). There we moved for three hours in an atmosphere of vapourised syrup of senna.

Our projected excursion to Bidston Observatory was rained off, but, Jupiter Pluvius smiling, we hope to go there next term.

On November 30th, the last excursion of the term was held, when we visited Strawson's Mineral Water Factory.

The term has been, on the whole, successful. Our numbers show some considerable increase over those for the previous term, and, remembering that the success of our final excursion in July depends on you, I would urge you all to join again next term, and bring more recruits with you.

Junior Section.

The Juniors have enjoyed several good outings under the leadership of Miss Wilson, including visits to Thurstaston, the Zoo, the Museum, and the Ship Model Exhibition.

Finally, we would like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to all who have helped to make our excursions possible. P.C.

Photographic Section.

In view of the proximity of the Hobby Show, there has not been sufficient keenness shown during the term, and it is to be hoped that the Dark Room will be used to more purpose before the Hobby Show. Mr. Stell has again lent his invaluable support and practical assistance to the Club. There have been several demonstrations by Mr. Stell in Contact Printing, Enlarging and Flashlight Photography, which have all been well attended, but it is desirable that more interest should be shown by the Upper School.

J. MCC.

The Scouts.

THE autumn term was, on the whole, uneventful, and outdoor activities were hampered rather often by rain. One field day only was possible, early in September, and was taken at Childwall Woods, where an interesting programme was carried through. The second field day, arranged for Lathom Park, had to be cancelled owing to the heavy rain. An interesting Saturday afternoon event was arranged in September, in the form of a competition in various Scouting events with the 239th (British Legion) Troop. The chief event was a treasure hunt, in which the visitors were successful in finding and carrying off the treasure, which proved to be chocolates.

The Patrol Competition provided some interesting struggles, and ended in a clear victory for the Bulldogs, a victory which was all the more creditable as the Patrol consisted mainly of new recruits.

Eight proficiency badges have been gained, five for Ambulance, one Electrician's and two Interpreter's. That is quite a creditable start for the first year, especially as the five Ambulance Badge winners were reported to be well above average. The second year, which is starting now, should see at least an equally good crop of First Class Badges.

Gymnastic Competition.

WE print below the report submitted by Mr. James Wilson, who judged the competition. We would once again express our thanks to Mr. Wilson for the valuable experience which he puts at our disposal, and for the time he sacrifices, in judging and reporting, on our competitions.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE GYMNASTIC COMPETITION.

The above competition was held on Thursday evening, December 1st, 1932. The proceedings commenced at 7 p.m., the Headmaster presiding over a very large assembly of parents, friends and boys.

A keen fight for supremacy was very soon evident, and though all seven teams gave of their best, the issue lay between Philip Holt, Tate and Danson, and not until the final item was contested was it possible to declare the winning House.

The final marks for the House Cup were awarded as follows :

Philip Holt	224½ marks.
Tate	223 ..
Danson	217½ ..

Philip Holt and Tate were splendidly balanced teams and it was extremely difficult to prove one team better than the

other. Danson team were led in stylish manner by a very capable leader in J. R. Jackson; indeed, but for one of their team scoring very low marks on the rings, it might have been Danson House for the Cup. This, of course, proves the necessity for each boy being almost equal and the team being sound all through. A concrete example of this is the performance of Hughes House, who although they returned the Individual winner in H. Twist, were low down the list in the total team points, *i.e.*, 201.

The younger boys in the remaining teams were handicapped through lack of physique, but with further training and experience they will be the contenders of the future. Rope climbing item in particular being the item that caused Owen, Cochran and Alfred Houses to lose many marks. The captains of each respective team were very steady and worthy of their position as leaders.

The Individual Gymnasium Championship was exciting and proved to be even more keen than the House contest. It was very pleasing to find the winner in Hughes House, and to H. Twist we extend our congratulations. The following marks will show how difficult it was to adjudicate the winner amongst five boys of exceptional merit.

H. Twist (Hughes)	32 $\frac{1}{2}$ pts.
W. Walker (Tate)	31 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
A. B. Disley (Philip Holt)	31 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
J. R. Jackson (Danson)	31 "
R. Johnston (Philip Holt)	31 "

H. Twist secured his place of merit by his clean and stylish work, and to have five boys capable of performing so brilliantly is surely a tribute to the sterling work of their Gym. Master Mr. H. Stell.

The Old Boys again assisted in the display and gave items on the horizontal bar, also a clever exposition of Swedish Exercises, whilst one of their members, Mr. J. W. Prowting, gave a delightful exhibition of illuminated Club Swinging.

The Games display by the younger boys of Forms 2R and 2B was excellent and proved the benefit and pleasure to be derived from the lighter side of Gym. work. These boys love this side of their School work and think highly of their Master, Mr. Stell, who delighted the large audience present with a fine display on the horizontal bar.

The writer of this report expresses his pleasure at being privileged to judge the contest and to have the good will of all the boys taking part who proved themselves such good sportsmen. To Mr. Stell for his splendid all round work in producing

such fine results, I wish to pay my tribute, and conclude with my thanks to the Headmaster, for his courteous vote of thanks so ably backed up by the boys for the service which I was so happy to render.

JAMES WILSON,
Lancs. and Ches. Gymnastic Judges' Assoc.

Deep Sea Fishing.

I have a prejudice against deep sea fishing which I should say is as enduring as Betsey Trotwood's against donkeys. It has often been a cause of wonder to me why this immortal character of Dickens should have exhibited such violent anger on spying these peaceful animals in front of her house. Perhaps, to quote a critic, because she was one of those people who are so mad in small things, although so sane in great ones. That is to say she had no reasons at all. My prejudice is not of that sort. I have my reasons. And you shall judge if they be not a justification.

It is only now that I can bear to express in words an occurrence which took place some time ago, and gave rise to this particular aversion. It was staying at a resort, which, for the sake of convenience, we will call X—borough, and there met the cause of all the trouble whose name was Brown. I should definitely have identified him, after the incident I am about to describe had occurred, with the Brown of the Tragic Story of the Canoeists, printed in a past issue of this Magazine, but for one fact. That Brown drowned himself. But their manias were so similar, and their behaviour so equally stupid, that I had no hesitation in recognising him as his Twin Brother. The first Brown's mania was for canoeing on rivers; the Twin Brother's for fishing in the sea. As you may well guess he was not long in asking me to join him in an expedition. Now I had, of course, as much idea as the man in the moon of the procedure, but out of sheer good-nature and a wish to be sociable (coupled with the fact that it was quite a bright and jolly day and that I might enjoy the row), I accepted the invitation, although even then with some misgivings.

The first blow fell when he told me with the knowing air always adopted by the expert towards the complete ignoramus (although subsequent events seemed to indicate that the knowledge had just been gleaned from some piscatory manual—*The Complete Deep Sea Fisher* perhaps) that it was unthinkable to go out fishing in broad daylight. We should have to wait till dusk. He said this with such evident anticipatory pleasure that I hadn't the heart to slide out of it, though my enthusiasm, never very strong, was fast dwindling.

The evening, by way of contrast to the day, was very definitely not bright or jolly. To begin with it was exceedingly cold, and to make it worse there was a slight mist. But this seemed to be the ideal thing. With jubilant steps Brown dragged me along to the quay where we hired a small rowing boat—how exceedingly small, too, against that background of black water! And so we set off. We had rowed some time before I gently suggested that we should start fishing. But Brown wouldn't hear of it. We were far too near the shore. So on we went until it was quite dark and the twinkling harbour lights seemed an alarming distance away. Eventually we reached the limit of the bay which was, apparently, our destination, for Brown in a very expert manner drew in the oars, disengaged the rowlocks, and made fast the anchor.

We then began the very enthralling occupation of dropping lines into the water and holding them there until the fish (I have forgotten what sort they were supposed to be) became convinced that the food dangling at the end was there out of benevolent intention. But I soon had reason to believe that they were not such gullible creatures. At anyrate we sat there for what seemed interminable ages without anything happening in the way of fish at all. I grew colder and colder, and more miserable than ever, being only restrained from returning by the enthusiasm of Brown, who was exhibiting an astonishing interest in the proceedings (though, heaven knows, nothing had proceeded at all since we cast anchor, except the time). He had not even allowed me to speak for fear of disturbing what I verily believe to be his fictitious fish. I was, in fact, fast becoming an immovable block when the event which is the climax of my story took place.

I had heard no sound for hours, when suddenly from the direction behind my back came a terrific screeching noise. It had not already been in that condition, I am convinced my blood would have frozen in my veins as the saying goes, when I beheld whence it proceeded. If ever in your remote childhood you have experienced the terrors of the dark, with the wind howling down the chimney and the window panes rattling; if ever you have found yourself stranded in the middle of a busy Paris street with taxis rushing down on you and missing you by inches; if ever you have dreamt that horrible dream of falling down a cliff, and clutching at some support that isn't there; if ever, in short, your heart has performed those acrobatic feats which it is reputed to perform under such circumstances, and come to rest in your mouth—you will have some inkling of how I felt when I beheld a huge steamer, inward bound, bearing down directly upon us. We had no light, of course, and the steamer had no idea we were there. I feel incapable of describ-

ing my subsequent emotions, though I know I was galvanised into some sort of action. To cut a long story short, although the anchor was embedded so firmly as to take great effort to raise, although the rowlocks were missing and the oars invisibly involved with the tackle at the bottom of the boat, we did manage to get out of the way (as you can see) though only just, and goodness knows how. Even then the danger was by no means past. We were no great distance from the steamer and its wash came as near capsizing us as anything could.

It took the sea, and incidentally myself, some considerable time to become calm. At length, however, my heart settled down to its customary position, and I informed Brown, who I thought, looked quite insufficiently abashed, as sweetly as could be expected under the circumstances, that as the steamer had probably disturbed the fish for that night, I intended returning. We spoke not a word on the return journey, and I had ample time to freeze again. I had uttered no word of reproach to Brown, leaving the lesson to sink in itself, but once on terra firma (and what a joy to feel mother earth under one's feet again!) he actually murmured something to the effect that as I had so little interest in fishing, I should have kept a look-out. Considering I had only accompanied him as a favour, his ingratitude left me speechless. I froze him with a glance. I felt cold enough to freeze anything. And thus we parted. I left X—borough the next day, and have never seen Brown since. I think it very probable that he followed the example of his illustrious brother.

If there are any who still have an overwhelming enthusiasm such as Brown had, for deep sea fishing, and are thrilled by the prospect of sitting still in the freezing cold for hours on end in the hope of ensnaring a poor, innocent, and, incidentally, problematical fish, let them do it by all means. But take my advice and don't drop anchor in a spot where ships are likely to pass in the night; but, if you must—take a light. M.T.O.

—***—

Fives.

THE interest of that part of the School which plays Fives has been maintained during the past term, and it was very rarely that the courts could be seen vacant. As soon as the lists were posted, they were filled for the week. We are not yet convinced, however, that the very real enjoyment that can be got out of Fives is appreciated by the School in general. It is always the same rather small and select number who play, and we put it to the rest of the School that they are foregoing a rare privilege in failing to take advantage of the

facilities offered them for a great game. Gym. togs are all that is needed. Courts, gloves, and balls are provided. Any who would like to try the game are invited to see Mr. Doughty or myself and we shall be only too pleased to teach them.

There have been few events of importance during the term. Of the two matches arranged with Wallasey Grammar School, one could only be half finished (the score being roughly level), and the other could not be started at all. Such are the vagaries of English weather. Next term fixtures are being arranged with Hulme Hall, Manchester University, Wallasey Grammar School, and the Staff. The House Competition and Singles Championship will also be held during the term if time allows.

As regards the House Competition, Houses are reminded that there will be a definite time limit for each round, and those not finished will be disqualified. We cannot have a repetition of last year's most unsatisfactory result. We advise those intending to enter for the singles to get in as much practice as possible early on in the term.

Finally, we tender our very sincere thanks to Mr. Doughty for his unwearied interest in the game, involving, as it has, the sacrifice of a great part of his own time.

M.T.O.

Hockey.

THIS season, Hockey has reached a higher standard than ever before. The team, which was ragged at first, has improved immensely under the excellent coaching of Mr. Roberts, to whom we owe a great deal. He has instituted a type of training which is new to us, but which enabled us to score a creditable victory over the Collegiate.

The attendance at practices has been quite good, and as hockey is awarded marks on a similar basis as football, any who are interested may profitably give it a trial, especially as next term we are running a second eleven in order to give more boys an opportunity of playing.

Towards the latter end of the term Mr. Purvis has been enlisted to assist Mr. Roberts, and he has already shown his value as a coach.

As I am leaving, I wish the team every success, and hope that Hockey will continue to flourish as it has begun.

The following fixtures have been arranged for next term:

Oxton	...	Away	...	Jan. 21
Hightown	...	Home	...	„ 25
Northern	...	Home	...	„ 28
Hightown	...	Away	...	Feb. 15

(while there are others that have not yet been definitely arranged.)

L.G.A.

The team regrets to lose L. G. Ashcroft, who has not only given vigorous support to School Hockey as goal-keeper, for the last four years, but has shown himself during the first half of the season, to be an able captain.

R.J.

Cross-Country Running.

ONE result of the so-called "New System" is seen in the great increase in the number of runners turning out at Fletcher's farm on Wednesday afternoons. Only a year ago, 70 was regarded as an abnormal turn-out for one run, but now this is only a normal pack, for as many as 150 have turned out from Fletcher's farm in one afternoon. To such an extent has the number increased that every week the murmur grows louder against our present accommodation, while the School team has already been driven to seek a home elsewhere. At a little expense, and with the necessary permission, the barn which we now use could be divided up into cubicles, and made reasonably comfortable.

Not only has the number of runners increased, but many who once looked upon running as an exercise only to be endured under compulsion, are finding that a half-hour's trot round the countryside can be not only an exhilarating, but also an enjoyable way of keeping fit. It is this which is the encouraging part. Compulsory Games are, after all, only a means to an end. They are merely a system through which many are first introduced to some activity, in order that when they have learned to like it, they will take part in it of their own free will. And there is no doubt that this is what is happening.

At the beginning of the term, many boys brought notes from home, asking to be excused from running, on the grounds that it was too strenuous for them. It would be well to take this opportunity of making the situation clear. There is always a Master present at Fletcher's Farm *who will not allow anyone to run if the weather is unsuitable.** No one is compelled to run or even trot the distance of three miles, which is no more than the distance covered during a game of football, but all are merely advised to keep moving.

On returning to the farm there is plenty of water available, and all should rub themselves down with a towel. Moreover, hot cocoa and biscuits are ready for all as soon as they return every week.

It is quite definitely not harmful, under these conditions, to take part in a run, unless one goes so fast as to strain one's self (and to witness the amble at which all traverse Woolton, puts

*We would take the opportunity of pointing out that this applies to all School games.—Eds.

this out of the question). While, on the other hand, by running with a good style, and at a pace not too fast at first, one develops nearly all the muscles of the body and actually *strengthens* the heart. Lastly, in this age of "Kinemas and Komfort" it will do no one any harm to be hard with himself occasionally.

The increase in the interest and popularity of running has naturally resulted in the improvement of the School team, which has had a successful term. The most important fixture was the run against the Collegiate, when the School was represented by twenty-four Seniors and twenty-four Juniors. The courses were about five miles, and three-and-a-half miles long, respectively, and were by no means difficult, in spite of a hard frost. The Seniors gained a good lead at the beginning, and after the first mile, Kitchen, Rodick, Rice, Pike, and MacDowel, running in a close pack, had no other worry than to know which way to go. Becoming over confident and a little muddled as to the finishing point, they slackened their pace, and thus allowed what would have been a very good finish to be spoilt by the unexpected arrival of a Collegiate runner. Nevertheless, in the Senior run, the School had eighteen of the first twenty-four home, winning by the wide margin of 181 to 452 points. The Junior event was more closely contested, and the School won only by 321 to 346 points, Kemp, Thornley and Rose securing first places for the School. The Collegiate have only recently taken up Cross Country Running, however, and we may expect much greater opposition from them in the future.

In the ordinary School runs, the team is learning that packing is more important than individual places, and has benefitted by this.

RESULTS.

School *v.* Birkenhead Inst. Won 35-44.

School: 1, Rice; 3, Kitchen; 3, Twist; 5, Rodick; 9, Pike; 13, Hastings.

School *v.* Alsop. Lost 46-34.

School: 2, Rodick; 3, Kitchen; 7, Pike; 9, Hyam; 12, McDowel; 13, Mulholland.

School *v.* Oulton. Won 10-35.

School: 1, Rice; 2, Kitchen; 3, Rodick; 4, Pike; 5, Kemp; 7, Hyam.

School *v.* Florence Institute. Won 9-18.

School: 2, Rice; 3, Kitchen; 4, Rodick; 4, Pike; 7, Kemp; 8, Worgan.

The School team has a full fixture list for next term, which may include an inter-school steeplechase, so that all who are keen will find an opportunity to show what they can do. The School Steeplechase will take place this term, and the usual qualification will be required from those entering. G.B.A.B.

Chess Notes.

THE past term has been one of unparalleled activity and progress. A year or two ago the Chess Club was in the worst stages of disorganisation and chaos. But the past few terms have seen a great improvement. At the time of writing we can boast a membership of thirty, a number which we have no reason to doubt will continue to grow during the remaining two terms of the year, to surpass last year's record of forty-nine, which is a membership larger than can be admitted by most other Societies in the School.

The Chess Club now holds three meetings per term, of which minutes are kept. The following are extracts from last term's minutes:—

"A General Meeting of the Chess Club was held in the Physics Lecture Room on Tuesday, October 11th. Private business was discussed. It was decided to hold an Individual Tournament, and that a time limit of two hours be fixed, for each game. An Adjudication Committee, to decide unfinished games, was elected. It was also agreed to hold a lightning Tournament during the term. The Club decided to hold three meetings each term, and to read minutes of previous meetings, at such meetings. A General Committee was elected, to consist, in addition to the Captain and Secretary, of R. Johnston (Ac), W. H. Thygesen (5R) and R. J. Levy (3L); Mr. Willot becoming Chairman."

"The second meeting of the Club was held in Room 44 on Monday, November 14th. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and signed. During the discussion of private business, it was decided that non-members should, in future, be excluded from the Club precincts during hours of play; and secondly, that no set be allowed to be taken away from the Chess Room. The date for the Lightning Tournament was fixed as November 22nd. A vote of thanks was proposed to the Secretary; and the Committee members absent were read, before the meeting adjourned."

The Chess Club Library has acquired three new books, and now comprises: "Chess Player's Handbook" (Staunton); "Chess Praxis" (Staunton); "Morphy's Games"; "Chess Openings for Beginners" (Cunnington); "Chess Sacrifices and Traps" (Emery); "Pitfalls of the Chess Board" (Greig).

The first three are in the School Library. The others may be obtained on application from A. J. Peters. For "Chess Openings for Beginners," we have to thank Mr. H. M. Brown; and for "Chess Sacrifices and Traps" and "Pitfalls of the Chess Board" (both in Holling's Chess Series) we are indebted to Mr. Willot.

The School Tournament has been a decided success, especially in Division I, where the first five places are as follows:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	PTS.
1. Wallace	12	11	0	1	11
2. Peters	12	10	0	2	10
3. Whellan	12	8	0	4	8
4. Baldwin	10	6	0	4	6
5. Nairn	8	5	0	3	5

The second and final round will be played during the first half of this term. In addition to the existing two divisions, there will be an extra one for members who paid their subscriptions too late to enter for the main tournament.

The Lightning Tournament ended in a win for R. Scarisbrick.

The result of the first round of the House Tournament, for the Paul Limerick Trophy, was as follows:—

Owen	} Tate... ..	} Alfred H. ...	} Alfred H.
Tate			
Alfred H.	} Alfred H. ...	} Alfred H. ...	} Alfred H.
Phillip H.			
Cochran	} Danson	} Hughes	} Alfred H.
Danson			
Hughes (bye)			

The result of all this activity has been a distinct improvement in the standard of School Chess. Apart from an unfortunate loss to the Collegiate in our first match, when we were without our first board, our record has been good, as the following results show:—

School v. Collegiate (Sept. 20th).	Lost.
Johnstone	Rafilovitch ... 1
Peters	Ellenbogen ... 1
Hawkins	Wax 1
Mulholland	Stuart 1
Whellan	Glover 0
Scarisbrick	Durrant 0
Davies, W. W.	Shaw 1
	<hr/>
	2½
	4½

School v. Holt S.S. (Oct. 4th).	Won.
Wallace	Higgot 0
Johnston	Mason 0
Peters	Jones, D. K. ... ½
Mulholland	Newman 1
Whellan	Iland 0
Scarisbrick	Horn 1
Baldwin	Evans 0
	<hr/>
	4½
	2½

School v. Wallasey Grammar School (Oct. 25th).	Won.
Wallace	Dorman 0
Johnston	Mace 0
Peters	Collard 0
Whellan	Hardy 0
Mulholland	Rubin 0
Baldwin	Moschiewitz ... 0
Scarisbrick	Slack 0
	<hr/>
	7
	0

School v. Birkenhead Institute (Nov. 8th).	Won.
Wallace	Hunt 0
Johnston	Weston 1
Peters	Marsh 0
Mulholland	Wadlow 0
Whellan	Robinson 1
Baldwin	Young 1
Scarisbrick	Davies 0
	<hr/>
	4
	3

School v. Oulton S.S. (Nov. 17th).	Won.
Wallace	Buckley 0
Peters	Breese 1
Johnston	Branwood 0
Mulholland	Golding 0
Whellan	Kovachich 0
Baldwin	Marshall 1
Scarisbrick	Frodsham 0
	<hr/>
	5
	2

The School has also been playing a second team, an innovation introduced this term. Three matches have been played, two with ten boards and one with eight. Results:—

- v. Collegiate (Nov. 3rd) Home. Drew 5-5.
 v. Merchant Taylor's (Nov. 18th). Away. Won 7-3.
 v. Wallasey Grammar School (Dec. 3rd). Away. Won 5½-2½.

The result of the game v. the Staff on December 2nd was as follows :—

SCHOOL.			STAFF.		
Wallace	...	1	Mr. Thorpe	...	0
Johnston	...	0	Mr. Reece	...	1
Peters	...	1	Mr. Willot	...	0
Mulholland	...	1	Mr. Ledger	...	0
Whellan	...	1	Mr. Doughty	...	0
Scarbrick	...	1	Mr. Mummery	...	0
		5			1

In conclusion, we would extend our heartfelt thanks to Mr. Willot for the keen interest and generosity which he has bestowed on the Club, and its activities.

A.J.P., D.A.T.W.

Boxing.

ATTENDANCE at Boxing last term, in spite of the nearness of the Gym. Competition, was good. With this event over, we look forward to an even fuller attendance this term, more especially from Seniors.

The addition of three sets of gloves at the beginning of the term, and four new punch bags later on, leaves the Club very well equipped. The bags have long been needed, and are a great improvement on the old ones, being lighter and softer.

The Boxing Competition will be held soon after half-term, and it is hoped that a fixture will be arranged with another school, to take place soon afterwards.

Once again we have to congratulate ourselves on having Mr. McEvoy as our instructor, and it only remains for us now to thank Mr. Collins for the time and energy which he has expended on the Club.

A.B.D.

School Football.

THE past term has proved quite a successful one for School football. Of the eleven matches which the first eleven has played, eight have been won, one drawn and two lost. The goal average is still more gratifying, for fifty goals

were scored for the School, while only fifteen were scored against. These figures alone are indicative of the success attained, but when further facts are taken into consideration it is quite clear that our success has been even greater. In only one or two matches have all the regular members of the team taken part. Owing chiefly to injuries, one or more change had to be made almost every week, so that we have been unable to derive the usual advantage of playing the same team for every game. In view of all this the First have done very well indeed. The second eleven of course have been responsible for filling the vacant positions in the first, so that they, too, have been unable to keep the same team for every game. Their success has certainly been less than was expected, but then it is hardly fair to criticise them when such calls were made upon them. The third eleven is always a difficult team to select, especially since there is no opportunity of watching form in the form games. The manner in which they are played makes it impossible. In spite of all difficulties, however, Mr. Bartlett has done exceedingly well with the material he has.

We are deeply indebted to Mr. G. I. Brown for the interest which he has shown in the first eleven. He has sacrificed a great deal of his time to watch practice games and School matches, so that only the best players might be selected. For this and for his continual advice and help we thank him very much indeed. We desire too, to thank Mr. Peters and Mr. Bartlett for their supervision of the second and third elevens respectively. The sole responsibility of organising form and House games has fallen on Mr. Reece, to whom we extend our heartiest thanks for doing this difficult task. To the other members of the Staff who have shown their interest in School Football and have refereed matches or played in practice games we are likewise indebted. In this direction we must make special mention of Mr. Moy, Mr. Purvis and Mr. Pollard.

1st XI v. ALSOP HIGH SCHOOL.

Played at Aintree on October 1st. Won 3-0.

For this, our first game, we had to field a weakened team, which consisted of the following: Bates; Foster, Carmichael; Wyatt, Twist, McGowan; Fairclough, Gibson, Search, Stevens, Colebourn.

Alsop began with a vigorous attack and maintained their efforts for some time. Their forwards combined very cleverly and pressed hard, but failed to score. The School defence played exceedingly well and succeeded in frustrating all the efforts of our opponents, who, during the first half, had considerably more of the game than the School had. Our forwards were unable to make any combined attack because the inside forwards remained too far down the field, thus leaving the centre-forward and wingers without support. The score at half-time was 0-0. The second half witnessed a considerable improvement on the part of the School who now attacked hard. Stevens scored our first goal with a

great shot. Search scored a further goal as a result of a mistake on the part of our opponents' goalkeeper. The third goal was scored by McGowan.

Of the team, the defence in particular played well and it would be difficult to single any one out for special praise. Of the halves, Twist was the most outstanding, while McGowan, after a slow start, rendered much assistance, both in attack and defence. Search and Stevens were the most prominent attackers. Gibson too played well at inside right, but the wingers were definitely weak.

1st XI v. KING'S SCHOOL.

Played at Greenbank, on October 5th. Won 9-0.

The School team lined up as follows: Bates; Foster, Carmichael; Wyatt, Twist, McGowan; Fairclough, Disley, Search, Stevens, Colebourn.

This victory somewhat belies the standard of play on the part of the School. Chester were certainly superior for a time and the School defence were weak in repelling their attacks. Towards the end of the first half, however, there was a distinct improvement. Stevens opened the score and Search added a further four goals before half-time was reached.

In the second half, the School lapsed again and gave a very spiritless display. Disley, Stevens and Search scored further goals, but this was due to the weakness of Chester's defence rather than to the cleverness of our attacks. The School backs and Bates played fairly well, but the wing halves and forwards were poor. The whole team was terribly slow in getting to the ball.

1st XI v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

Played on Saturday, October 15th, at Greenbank. Won 3-1.

Team: Bates; Foster, Wyatt; Gibson, Carmichael, McGowan; Peaston, Worgan, Search, Stevens, Denerley.

The game was robbed of its expected keenness at the outset, for shortly after the kick-off, Carney of the Collegiate, was compelled to retire owing to injury. The Collegiate, however, played exceedingly well, in spite of their handicap and were the first to score. The School recovered very quickly, and Stevens equalised. At half-time the score was 1-1.

The second half was not so keen as the first. Towards the end, the School were undoubtedly the better side, and after repeated attacks Stevens and Search both scored. Carmichael played well at centre-half although he was clearly unused to the position. The rest of the defence also played a vigorous game, while the forwards, although lacking in combination, were forceful throughout.

1st XI v. UNIVERSITY 3rd.

Played at Greenbank, on October 19th. Won 4-1.

The School team lined up as follows: Bates; Foster, Wyatt; Gibson, Carmichael, McGowan; Peaston, Disley, Search, Stevens, Colebourn.

Owing to leg injuries Twist was again absent from the team, and Disley was brought in to fill his place. During the first half, the School did not combine at all well, although the defence played well individually. The score at half-time was 1-1. The second half saw a decided improvement, and the forwards were particularly good, except that Disley was inclined to be slow in following up. Search scored an excellent goal for the School and Peaston added a further two goals.

1st XI v. LIOBIANS.

Played at Greenbank, on October 22nd. Lost 3-4.

Team: Bates; Carmichael, Wyatt; Gibson, Twist, McGowan; Peaston, Roberts, Search, Stevens, Denerley.

The Liobians were the first to score and kept their lead until the interval. Search, however, equalised for the School just after half-time. Our opponents then made several dangerous attacks, their left wing being particularly effective. They scored a further three goals and it seemed as if their lead was to be increased still more. The School, however, rallied very well and Search scored two good goals. A vigorous effort was made to equalise, but our opponents kept the School forwards out successfully.

The defence played well throughout, Gibson being particularly outstanding. The forwards failed to combine smoothly, owing largely to the ineffectiveness of the inside forwards and thus were unable to make any really forceful attack.

1st XI v. UNIVERSITY 3rd.

Played at Wyncote, on Wednesday, November 16th. Drew 2-2.

The following comprised the School team: Bates; Foster, Carmichael; Gibson, Twist, McGowan; Peaston, Wyatt, Search, Stevens, Denerley.

In spite of the fact that the University team was supposed to be unstrengthened, they played a far more forceful game than in their former game with us. Perhaps this was due to the presence of several Old Boys in their team.

The School, as a team, gave a disgraceful display. Individually, the play was by no means poor, although shooting and passing were feeble and inaccurate. In the first half, the forwards failed to keep up the field, with the result that passes went beyond them or were easily intercepted by the Varsity defence. Several shots at goal were made but these were mostly wild and wide of the mark. An improvement on the part of the forwards was noticeable in the second half, but the halves failed to support them, especially the centre-half, who was often misplaced. Search and Stevens scored for the School.

1st XI v. HOLT SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Played at Pitville Farm, on November 19th. Won 5-0.

Team: Bates; Foster, Carmichael; Gibson, Twist, McGowan; Peaston, Wyatt, Search, Stevens, Denerley.

Adverse conditions prevailed so that it was impossible to play any really good football. A strong wind made it extremely difficult to pass accurately, while the heavy rain and the muddy, uneven ground made it impossible to follow the ball quickly. It would, therefore, be unfair to criticise any mistakes that were made. Search scored four goals and Wyatt one. The first half was considerably shorter than the usual three-quarters of an hour, and in the second half, only a quarter of an hour had passed before the referee abandoned the game.

1st XI v. MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Played on Saturday, November 26th, at Manchester. Won 6-1.

The School was represented by the following: Bates; Foster, Carmichael; Gibson, Twist, McGowan; Peaston, Wyatt, Search, Stevens, Denerley.

The whole team looked forward to this game with more than the usual interest and all were determined that the result would be in our favour, in spite of the abilities of our opponents. For most of the

first half the game was fairly equal, although we scored one goal before half-time and missed one or two further opportunities. In the second half, however, the team found its feet in spite of the muddy ground and were decidedly superior. Search scored two further goals and Wyatt three, while our opponents also scored a well-earned goal.

The defence played exceedingly well throughout, although Bates was almost deceived on several occasions when bouncing the ball in making a clearance. The halves deserve especial commendation, for they had to play without the usual support of the inside forwards, who, with the other forwards, kept well up the field. Gibson played an excellent game. The forwards combined very well indeed when once they had become accustomed to the ground, and in the second half particularly took full advantage of their opportunities.

1st XI v. QUARRY BANK SCHOOL.

Played at Allerton, on December 3rd. Lost 3-4.

Team: Bates; Foster, Carmichael; Gibson, Twist, McGowan; Peaston, Fairclough, Search, Stevens, Denerley.

The School were definitely below their usual standard in this game. An uneven ground and a slippery surface may have accounted for some mistakes, but they could not account for all.

In the first half, the School had just as much of the game as our opponents, but our forwards failed to make the best of their opportunities. Quarry Bank scored three excellent goals, but more alertness on the part of the defence might have prevented at least one of them. In the second half, Stevens opened score for the School. Twist scored the second goal from a penalty while Search added the third. Play had now improved a little and the School were having most of the game. Quarry Bank, however, scored a very fine goal on the last minute. On the whole, this game was an unfortunate display. There was certainly no football but a good deal of kick and rush, which was not too clean.

1st XI v. KING'S SCHOOL.

Played on December 7th, at Chester. Won 8-0.

The School was represented by the following: Bates; Foster, Carmichael; Ginsberg, Gibson, McGowan; Fairclough, Peaston, Search, Stevens, Colebourn.

It was necessary to make several changes in the team owing to the fact that Twist and Wyatt were unable to play because of injuries. The changes proved very successful. The defence played well throughout, while the forwards availed themselves of every opportunity. Several illegal opportunities were taken, but these were apparently unnoticed. Stevens and Search scored three goals each and Peaston two.

1st XI v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

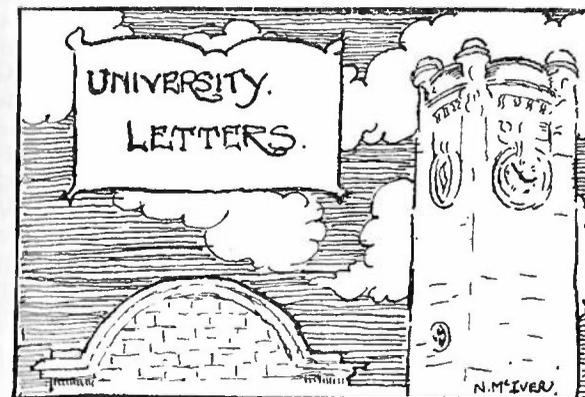
Played at Greenbank, on December 10th. Won 4-2.

Team: Bates; Foster, Barrow; Ginsberg, Gibson, McGowan; Peaston, Twist, Search, Stevens, Colebourn.

In the early stages of the game, Birkenhead forced the pace and kept play in our half, and but for hesitancy and weakness in shooting would have taken the lead. Barrow was uncertain under pressure, but Foster and McGowan were playing well and forced play into our opponent's half. After about fifteen minutes play the School took the lead through Stevens. Soon after, play was spoilt by an unfortunate accident to Peaston, who was carried off suffering from concussion. This mishap knocked the team off their game and as Birkenhead were always dangerous, it seemed likely that the team would suffer another defeat.

In the second half the forwards pressed hard, but too much individual play in attempts to walk the ball into the net prevented us from scoring. Search, however, by sheer persistence scored a good goal. Birkenhead were not long in equalising, but their recovery was short-lived for Search scored two further goals in quick succession.

F. W. Stevens (Rsc.) who left at the end of last term has been awarded half-colours for football.



UNION,
CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

No one ever has, does or will write a University letter in the Union, so that I will make no apology for the address; indeed I think that it is rather a matter for congratulation then apology, for if the Treasurer were to learn of my daring—presumption he would call it—well, that's another story.

Why do we write University letters, anyway—yes, why? That is what we really want to know—Why? Is it to impress the younger generation with the dignity, to awe them with the splendour, to entice them by the hilarity, or to entertain them by the scandal of University life? On the whole, tradition seems to imply the last of these reasons, so that for the moment we must “come all over modern”; the well-known purity of our Society leaves us, unfortunately, devoid of anything even bordering on the scandalous!

As our senior member, Mr. Lindsay, has earned our respect through the tales we have heard of his indescribably dark past. He also seems to have perfected the technique, so dear to Selwyn men, of sleep-walking at the unearthly hour of 7-30 a.m., on Sundays. Compulsory Chapel has a lot to answer for! On

the other hand, Mr. Baxter can always be found at home on Sunday morning; he frequently holds a levée between noon and 1 p.m. Nevertheless his business still "asketh haste," and he has assisted his college both on the track and over the country.

Mr. Jones we once regarded as a busy bee, a brown owl or whatever it is which shuts itself up all day and works (how the word stinks in our nostrils!) We were extremely surprised, faintly disappointed, but on the whole not a little relieved, when first we heard that this was not so. But the frequency of his visits to London and the fact that he has changed from rooms where the landlady has no daughter, to rooms where—well—in another part of Cambridge, have given rise as well to suspicion as alarm. Despite all our pleadings he continues in his new mode of life, and still looks quite well on it. On the whole we think we had better stop here or you will begin to ponder on the accuracy of the earlier part of our letter.

The latest and most glorious piece of news is, of course, that you are soon to join us. At the last meeting of the Society it was unanimously resolved that your literary abilities and scholastic attainments should be duly recognised by the conferment of one of our highest offices. You have accordingly been appointed University Letter Writer for the period of your residence. Please accept our congratulations!

Yours, etc.,

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THE UNION,
LIVERPOOL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings a demand for a "Varsity letter, a thing, Sir, which you call "one small chronicle." Know ye, then, that we of Liverpool are some sixty strong. We are to be found therefore in every walk of life; many are our deeds of valour and chivalry—and yet you beg for "one small chronicle"! As is usual at this time of the year, we have a "betwixt and between" feeling. We have lost many of our stalwarts and the new-comers have not yet blossomed forth to fill their places. But they will, Sir, in time.

However, to business. The shades of the past have departed (though Mr. Kerr, the last time we saw him, could hardly have been described as a "shade"), but many are the positions of honour and trust filled by the old brigade. Mr. E. G. Prysor-Jones holds the money-bags of Guild. Mr. Beeston is the President of the Physical Society, and gave an address on "Terrestrial Magnetism" (but did not invite us to

hear it!) Mr. Williams leads the 'Varsity Harriers from victory unto victory, and is followed—at a respectful distance—by one and a half loyal henchmen, Mr. Burr being there in spirit only, at the moment. Messrs. H. L. Jones, Packer and Dove continue to knock other people about—respectively in the boxing ring and on the hockey and rigger fields.

Of Mr. Henry's gang of medicals we have heard nothing for some time. Perhaps they are lying low waiting for the "great moment" when they will startle the world; perhaps they are training hard for the Pole Jump. They may, however, have been overcome by the advent of Mr. Zalin and a horde of first year medicals. Mr. Wright seems to spend his time alternately asserting that he hasn't been to a dance this term and breathing scandalous insinuations about Mr. Carruthers. We have not seen Mr. Carruthers for some time, but perhaps he returns the compliment. Have you seen Mr. Robinson lately? If so, have you recognised him? What a nice moustache he uses as a disguise!

We have again, Sir, two to uphold the Liobian tradition in the Classics School—Mr. Turner and Mr. D. J. T. Jones—whose names also figure along with those of many other Arts "freshers" on the Soccer lists. Talking of Arts "freshers," Mr. Harrop seems to have a liking for y—: we won't say more, but it was not "yo-yo's."

Well, Sir, we could go on for a long time in the same vein, until we had gone through the alphabet from Mr. Adams to Mr. Zalin. We are sure, however, that we bore you for we have little scandal to relate; nor can we tell, as yet, of doughty deeds of Panto Day. But you will have gathered that we are not an undistinguished band, and that it is with justifiable pride that we can sport the red, the green and the white.

And so, until next term, we remain,

Yours, etc.,

LIOSPHX.

Blackburn Place,
Liverpool.

The Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

Although so near to the Institute, the School of Pharmacy has never attracted very much interest, and has never found its way into the pages of the Magazine.

Members of the Institute are seen to gaze at the plants and pieces of apparatus seen through the windows, but how many think of the Old Boys who are studying herbs, or compounding pills inside?

The latest arrival, Mr. C. D. Allday, is already engrossed in his work. We also have Messrs. G. Cohen, Hoare, W. P. McKenzie and T. B. Robson. Mr. Mossman, when not studying pond life, goes to the other extreme, and pursues astronomy.

This number of us being present, besides numerous other Old Boys, we thought it time that you heard from us.

Yours, etc.,
AESCULAPIUS.

To the Editor *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

Your request, though apparently one of the traditions attached to your office, is not easy to satisfy; but your importunity and the sarcastic reference to a prompt reply from Cambridge, have had the desired effect.

To be brief, Sir, we are eleven, including four Dons (Cambridge Correspondent kindly note), Messrs. McKie, Frazer, Knox and Kneale. But of the bright constellations of the scholastic firmament, who may write? Who dares to pierce the impenetrable mist which obscures their mundane existence? Their fame for ever grows, but beyond that, Mr. Editor, I can tell you no more. However, *Flectere si neque superos Acheronta movebo*, . . . but here again I can tell you little.

Mr. Cashdan, one fears, is a ghost, a legend of the past. . . actually he is buried in law (if the expression be permitted) until such time as he will emerge triumphant with a first. Mr. Martin, of Pembroke, now lives far away and is rarely seen, but by the privileged. Mr. Rew is as versatile as ever; his interests vary from skittles in Summer to the October Club, and L.N.U. in the winter. In the calm seclusion of the Union he views with equanimity the approach of Honour Mods. Mr. Bates continues to lead a sedate life in keeping with the best traditions of B.N.C. Mr. Martin, of Worcester, rows, and at the Union debates has succeeded in catching the eye of the President and the ear of the *Isis* reporter. Mr. Grieve has also risen to eminence there by reason of that fiery eloquence which has brought him fame in Liverpool. So much for a meagre account of what I believe we all are doing. There are two things in which we all unite. We are all sorry that Mr. Groom has left. All of us, in some way, owe him a debt of gratitude, and we take this opportunity of wishing him peace and happiness in his well-earned retirement. Finally, Sir, we congratulate you on your Cambridge success, sincerely regretting that we shall not have you in Oxford.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. I. NOXUCHLAVE.

Correspondence.

To the Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

It has been observed of late that too many school-boys are wearing glasses. The most acceptable explanation for this depressing fact is the large amount of work which has to be done, especially by the older boys, at home in the evening in artificial light. When studying for an examination, work cannot be avoided, but the amount done in artificial light can be minimised.

If boys were to come to School at 8-15 a.m.*, the first half-hour could be used for prayers, notices and form periods. First lesson would then begin at 8-45 a.m. Three lessons, two of forty minutes and one of forty-five, could then be arranged before break, which would be, as now, from 10-50 till 11 o'clock. The time-table would then be unchanged until 3-25 p.m., when there would be a break of ten minutes. This would be followed by two lessons, one of forty and one of forty-five minutes. School would thus end at 5 o'clock. (Might it also be suggested at the present juncture that a great deal of the time now wasted in school, and a great deal of the prevalent noise would be reduced if Masters were to change rooms instead of boys? Reckoning only five minutes wasted at the change of each lesson, and it is often more, at least half-an-hour is wasted per day. This is approximately a total of 14 days per term, which is very unsatisfactory).

Under the proposed scheme the use of artificial light would be reduced to a minimum. In the case of younger boys, all homework could be allotted to the two extra lessons thus introduced. Older boys could dispose of at least a portion of their work during these lessons.

Homework, as we all know, if done properly, is a splendid system, which enables boys to do work independently and individually, and thus to gain confidence in their own ability. Homework, as it is *now* done, crammed into as short a space of time as possible, so that more interesting activities may take its place, is a pernicious system. Hobbies and other out-of-school activities are much neglected at the moment and any desire to develop them should be encouraged, and not impeded by a large amount of homework. In addition, homework is unsatisfactory when it is made compulsory after an afternoon's strenuous football or running. When a boy has played foot-

*We do not necessarily agree with the views expressed in this letter.—Eds.

ball for ninety minutes, or run for five miles, neither his body nor his mind are in a fit state to tackle homework, whatever it be.

Finally I should like to point out that the general state of health throughout the School does not appear satisfactory. In the recent innovation of running on a semi-compulsory basis, it has become evident that something like a quarter to a third of the School have weak hearts. I do not say that homework causes weak hearts, but the cessation of it and the institution of more healthy activities for the evening, would do much to improve the state of these defective hearts. More notice might be taken of that little Latin quip:—

Mens sana, in corpore sano.

Yours, etc.,
E.P.

Editorial Notices.

The Editors beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries and apologise for any omissions:—

Esmeduna, Ulula, Oultonian, Wallaseyan, The Quarry, Olavian, Wyggestonian, Holt School Magazine, Merchant Taylor's Review, Alsop High School Magazine, Liverpool College Magazine, Elizabethan, Caldeian, S.F.X. Magazine, Hultensian, City of London School Magazine, King's School Magazine and Ilklestonian.

Football Fixtures, 1932-33.

Date.	1st XI	2nd XI	3rd XI
Jan. 21	Alsop H.S. ... H	Alsop H.S. ... A	Alsop H.S. ... H
" 28	Quarry Bank S. H	Q.B.S. ... A	Q.B.S. ... H
Feb. 4	L'pool Coll'iate ... A	L'pool Coll'iate H	L'pool Coll'iate A
" 11	Liobians ... A
" 25	Holt S.S. ... H	Holt S.S. ... A	Holt S.S. ... H
Mar. 4	Manchester Grammar School H	Waterloo-with-Seaforth ... A	Blue Coat School ... A
" 11	Oulton S.S. ... A	Oulton S.S. ... H	Oulton S.S. ... A

The Calendar.

EASTER TERM, 1933.

Fri., Jan. 13	TERM BEGINS. Entrance Exam.
Thur., " 26	O.T.C. Soirée.
Fri., " 27	Parents' Day. (Sixths, Removes and Fifths.)
Fri., Feb. 3	L.I.O.B.A. Schools' Music Circle Concert at Collegiate School.
Wed., " 8	MARGARET BRYCE-SMITH Examination. O.T.C. Field Day. Games for Fifths and below. Sixths and Removes at School.
Fri., " 10	Maths. Exam., Periods 1 and 2. English Exam., Periods 3 and 4.
Mon., " 13	O.T.C.—Certificate "A" Practical Exam.
Thur., " 16	Latin Exam., Periods 1 and 2. French Exam., Periods 3 and 4. House Soirée (Cochran).
Mon., " 20	Afternoon Games for 4ths and 3rd re-commence.
Thur., " 23	House Soirée (Danson).
Fri., " 24	Form Competition Half-Holiday.
Sat., " 25	HALF-TERM.
Fri., Mar. 3	L.I.O.B.A.
Tue., " 7	O.T.C.—Certificate "A" Theoretical Exam.
Wed., " 8	Physics Exam., Periods 1 and 2. Chemistry Exam., Periods 3 and 4.
Thur., " 9	House Soirée (Tate).
Fri., " 10	O.T.C. Field Day. Arts League of Service (Collegiate School).
Thur., " 16	Boxing Competition.
Wed., " 22	No Football Fixtures after this date.
Mon., " 27	EXAMINATIONS FOR SIXTHS AND REMOVES BEGIN.
Sat., April 1	Steeplechase. Normal School for non-runners.
Wed., " 5	Form Competition Half-Holiday. HOBBY SHOW.
Thur., " 6	TERM ENDS.

Next Term begins on April 26th and ends on July 22nd.

The Sports will be held at the beginning of next term.

Old Boys' Section.

OLD BOYS' LOG.

ALL who have left the School in the last forty years are asked to note a date—Friday, Feb. 3rd. Mr. F. W. H. Groom, the Vice-Principal, who retired at Christmas, will be entertained in the School dining hall to supper on that evening by the Old Boys' Association. If the hall is filled to capacity with those who, but for F. W. H. Groom, would not have discovered their *own* capacity, it will be a tribute both welcome to him and, for those present, soundly based on a common debt of obligation to a fine and honoured teacher. Please come, and note the date. Tickets from the School office, 2/-. Please call now, or write and enclose P.O. ; we want to know numbers.

The Rev. T. W. Macpherson, of 3 Willow Bank Road, Birkenhead, is an Old Boy from whom we have lately heard. He is of the Sephton age—which is to many even of the Staff, to-day, a kind of palaeozoic epoch—and has been for many years a Presbyterian Minister in Birkenhead.

F. J. Turton (1886) paid a brief visit to the School in November. He was discovered synchronising his watch with Greenwich by means of taking the time, through the outside door, from the clock over the Hall doors. This seemed such a definitely misplaced piece of confidence that one remarked to him that none except a stranger would take the risks involved. He countered by replying that he was an Old Boy recently back in Liverpool for a time, having spent thirty years in Canada, to which he was returning. Mr. Turton left from the Upper Fifth Form, and had several reminiscences of the Masters of his day.

The Rev. A. H. Caldicott, who was a member of the Staff in the nineties, paid a visit to the School in October. Unfortunately Mr. Groom, the Vice-Principal, who was Mr. Caldicott's only surviving contemporary still on the Staff, was away from School through illness on the day when Mr. Caldicott came. He was much interested to see the changes which have come since his day. Mr. Caldicott is Vicar of Warborough, near Oxford.

Lindley M. Fraser (1922) was married on December 5th, 1932, to Miss Elspet Mackenzie of Montreal. They were married in Queen's College Chapel, at Oxford, by the Provost. Miss Mackenzie did wisely in these days to marry an economist; though we feel sure that she had no actual need, in her own case, to choose for a husband one who is no less eminent in his ability to view life as a philosopher. We noticed that Lindley Fraser was one of the five signatories to the Oxford don's broadsheet pressing the Government to a much firmer support of a policy

of real disarmament. Subsequently, Mr. Fraser took on single-handed the task of replying, at a meeting presided over by the Provost of Oriel, to attacks which had been made on the broadsheet. The League of Nations Union notice board in the School displayed a copy of the broadsheet.

Congratulations to Alan C. Williams (1911) on his marriage to Miss Jean Fletcher Collingwood. Mr. Alan Williams has given good service to the Centenary players, and to other amateur dramatic societies, and now one of them has done good service to him, by giving him a wife; she becomes *ipso facto*, surely, eligible to be a Centenary Player. We should like also to note Alan Williams' office as Chairman of the University of Liverpool Society, which exists to quicken the connections between graduates of the University; Mr. Williams is himself a former President of the Guild. We wish all happiness to him and Mrs. Williams.

Another marriage is that of Eric D. Rushworth (1921) to Miss E. Joyce Freeman, daughter of Mr. Sterry B. Freeman, the chief engineer of Messrs. A. Holt & Co. Eric Rushworth's address will be, c/o. Mansfield & Co., Singapore. There are quite a number of Old Boys in the Straits Settlements, and we should be glad to hear from any of them.

Mr. Alan G. Russell (1917), showing a hearty and welcome disbelief in the creed of those who leave Liverpool finally for London, has recently arranged for his return to Liverpool through his appointment as Head Master of the Holt School; he succeeds Mr. Charles W. Bailey. Mr. Russell was on the Staff of the Liverpool Institute from 1925 to 1929, and his former pupils in the Classical VIth have been much gladdened by the good effect which they had upon him. Since leaving the Liverpool Institute Mr. Russell has been on the Staff of St. Olave's School, Tower Bridge, London. He has also acted as joint editor of the new classical quarterly for schools, *Greece and Rome*, and his friends hope that he will continue still to carry out the valuable services which this office entails.

Congratulations also to B. Stanley Roberts (1919) on his recent appointment as Headmaster of Devizes Secondary School. Previously he was on the Staff of the Whitgift School at Croydon. Connections between the Liverpool Institute and Wiltshire have been, so far, infrequent, and we are glad that Mr. Roberts is carrying the flag into the less favoured parts of the country. It is of interest that he, R. E. Williams (1918), who is now on the Staff at Repton, and E. Cosnett, of St. Margaret's School, Anfield, were the heroic three who, as Wardens (or Warden, a unity in trinity) opened the remote Youth Hostel at Idwal Cottage, at the head of the Nant Ffrancon, at Easter,

1931. Their services were so thorough, and their exposure so severe, that they even got a mention at the time in the *Daily Mail*.

The annual tea party given by members of the Staff of the University of Liverpool, who are Old Boys of the School, to those Old Boys of the School who are students at the University, took place on Tuesday afternoon, November 1st. There were fourteen hosts, three of whom were former Masters at the School, and about fifty Old Boys present as guests. This annual gathering continues to be very successful, and gives a much needed opportunity for those in the different Faculties of the University, who in the ordinary course of events may hardly see one another, to meet together and remind each other of a common past—and of their hopes of an uncommon future. Dr. John Hay, Professor of Medicine, and Mr. R. E. Kelly, Professor of Surgery, together with the unnumbered multitude of our medical students, were all present to suggest thoughts of health, if an over-heated atmosphere did not quite manage to do the same. Dr. Hay welcomed those present, and Professor Rice was thanked for the trouble which he had taken in making again the arrangements for the party; these were indeed much appreciated by all who were there.

At the University of Liverpool we see that Emrys Williams ('29) is this year Captain of the Harriers. W. L. Dove ('28) is playing regularly for the Rugby XV, as forward. E. G. Prysor-Jones ('28) is Hon. Treasurer of the Guild, and also Chairman of the Finance Committee; congratulations to him, more especially as he is also, we see, Treasurer of two other University institutions as well, so that clearly he has fortified and consolidated his always reliable arithmetic. A. W. Beeston ('29) is President of the Physical Society; and J. Burr ('30), Hon. Treasurer of the L.U. League of Nations Union branch. The Panto Day *Sphinx* will this year laugh where till now it smiled, as the editor is L. Henry—with Prysor-Jones as his Treasurer; they may go a long way.

There are, this year, 65 Old Boys of the School at the University of Liverpool, of whom 17 went up in the autumn of 1932 as freshmen. Altogether, 22 members of the School, who left in July last, went to various Universities.

W. P. Ellis (1928), who is taking the Oxford Teaching Diploma, F. Bussby (1929), at Wycliffe Hall, and G. J. Grieve (1928), at Manchester College, are additional recruits to the Old Boys now in residence in Oxford. Their total is twelve, if the four who hold lectureships and fellowships are included, namely: W. C. Kneale, who has been appointed to a Lectureship at Exeter College, Oxford; J. I. McKie, Fellow and

Lecturer at Brasenose; I. M. Fraser, Fellow and Lecturer at Queen's College; T. M. Knox, Lecturer at Jesus College, Oxford.

A recent recruit to the medical faculty at Liverpool sends an indirect testimonial to Mr. Groom which we give ourselves the pleasure of quoting: "Other students (than classical) sigh and rack their brains for some means to remember these to them meaningless words: we can afford to smile." It is however to be remembered that even the most powerful memory is housed in a sieve. Still, there is nothing like the "grand old fortifying classical curriculum" for stopping up a few of the holes with permanent sedimentary matter.

T. E. Burke (1927) took his A.I.C. this winter; we congratulate him on this good fruit of a wearisome spell of unemployment, and also on his new post in the laboratories of Messrs. Crawford. To be an expert sampler of biscuits must be for a time at least, an invigorating avocation. We understand that a synthetic biscuit is soon to be on sale in the break.

J. E. Hawkins (1930) has just passed the Intermediate examination of the Incorporated Accounts. In this career he is, under the prevalence to-day of bankruptcies, sure of a living.

Congratulations to Lieut. Col. R. Baron, T.D. (1907), commanding the 55th (West Lancs.) Divisional Train of the R.A.S.C., who has been promoted Brevet-Colonel. Colonel Baron is a Dental Surgeon, and began his military career in the L.I.O.T.C.

R. P. Rankin (1927) has been gazetted as Second-Lieutenant in the Lancashire and Cheshire Heavy Brigade, R.A., T.A. Congratulations to him on his elevation since the days when he was cadet in the L.I.O.T.C. *Quantum mutatus.*

The same also to K. F. Barron (1932), who has been accepted by the 5th King's and is just gazetted as Second-Lieutenant. He held the rank of Corporal in the O.T.C. when he left the School.

Old Boys will please note that the caravan at the School "Camp" (Troutal, Seathwaite, Broughton-in-Furness) is to be let at a guinea a week, with cooking facilities and crockery provided in the house kitchen. (No other use of the house itself is included in the bargain.) The caravan sleeps three, the blankets are warm, and Duddondale is a place for the gods. Good bathing; bring your own gas, if you want to cook by it. Dow Craggs for a short day, Scafell and Lord's Rake for a long one. Could you ask for more? Applications to J. W. Prowting, 3 Truro Road, Wavertree.

The following Old Boys (amongst others—we are sorry the list is not exhaustive) were in the Hall, on Speech Day: Burton W. Eills (1869) in the Chair; J. A. Owen (1870), J. D.

Crichton (1894), H. Dicken (1912), T. M. Knox (1919), H. G. McDavid (1915), J. I. McKie (1918), R. Coope (1911), Richard Holt (1878), and E. Gledsdale (1906), Joint Hon. Secretary of the Association.

We record with regret the death of Mr. George Cunningham Roberts (1880), at Rock Ferry, Birkenhead; he was principal of the firm of builders' merchants, George C. Roberts & Co. Mrs. Roberts, who survives her husband, is a sister of the late Sir William Cain, who was in the School with Mr. George Roberts.

As we go to Press, Sir Charles A. Nall-Cain (C. A. Cain, 1882) has received a Peerage in the New Year's Honours. Sir Charles was prominently connected lately with the creation of the new building in Catherine Street of the Liverpool and Samaritan Hospital for Women, of which he is himself the President.

