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Editorial.

"TO bid adieu in these, our last words, to the School Magazine is an unenvied task." With these words our predecessor managed to portray something of that strangely mixed emotion that overcomes a departing editor—and how much more alarming is the metathesis when the very School—by some strange metaphorical earthquake—finds itself transported in its entirety to new surroundings. Here in Liverpool we miss the Alma Mater rather more than we should have expected—but at this present time, with so much confusion, so much disorder abroad, more words hardly make possible any adequate comment. May we, therefore, attempt to convey some measure of sincerity when we say briefly "Good luck, School!"

* * *



NEWS of Scholarship successes heads the "Chat" for this term. We congratulate D. Noden and A. Carr who have won State Scholarships; T. Corlett, E. C. Colville and R. J. Edwards, who won Senior City Scholarships, and A. C. Bridge, B. Downs, D. Ellwand, and H. T. Muskett, who won Margaret Bryce Smith Scholarships.

Our servants of the Crown, Mr. Dawson and Mr. Ledger have departed for "unknown destinations." We sincerely hope that they will return with peace to us soon.

We welcome Mr. A. Frearson (Downing College, Cambridge), an old boy of Manchester Grammar School, who has come to us from St. Clement Danes Grammar School, Hammersmith.

Philip Holt won the Senior Whitehouse Cup on matting. This carpet was magic, if ever a carpet were, and we are of the opinion that fortune's wheel and the ball never span so crazily as they did that day.

During the Summer holiday, decorators blithely banged and clambered about the School building, oblivious to international turmoil. However, the welcome afforded us by the citizens of Bangor made us forget our sorrow on having to leave our newly-painted School.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE (Distinctions indicated in italics) :—

Form 6a.—Carr, A. (*Greek, Latin*) ; Colville, E. C. ; Corlett, T. ; Ellwand, D. ; Felgate, E. M. ; Gregory, G. E. ; Heslop, W. E. (*Greek, Latin, Ancient History*) ; Kushner, H.

Form 6a.C.—Beastall, K. ; Bell, N. H. ; Brooks, R. J. ; Halewood, D. ; Hargreaves, H. ; Nicholson, H. G. H. ; Olsen, R. V. ; Sharrock, R. S. ; Wootton, E.

Form 6a.M.—Billington, G. C. ; Cave, N. ; Gardner, S. ; Hughes, G. T. ; Muskett, H. T. ; Nodan, D. (*French, Spanish*) ; Willis, B. A.

Form 6a.Sc.—Aitken, T. ; Brearley, R. ; Bridge, A. C. (*Physics, Chemistry*) ; Brown, A. R. ; Downs, B. ; Edwards, R. J. (*Physics, Chemistry*) ; Ellis, G. ; Lipton, S. ; Mitchell, W. A. ; Myerscough, F. W. ; Packter, A. (*Chemistry*) ; Reed, C. D. ; Stone, A. (*Chemistry*) ; Townend, G. H. ; Varey, M. P.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE :—

Form Rc.—Alexander, C., Bell, L. E., Bishop, R. G., Brown, A. R., Christian, R. F., Fenton, A. W., Ferguson, R. E., Gamzu, S. J., Gerard, D. E., Hutton, K. W., Kay, J. R., Leak, W. N., Levitsky, J., Lynam, R. E., McCutcheon, J. R., Mackinnon, A. G., Moran, S. F., Parker, A. G., Roberts, R. V., Rose, M. H., Sealey, D. P., Thistlethwaite, J. H., Tyndall, V. C., Young, W.

Form Rm.—Armitage, G. A., Birkett, P., Broster, W. H., Brydon, R. E., Clarke, W. N., Davies, W. B., Denmark, J. C., Devine, J., Franklin, L. B., Gould, M., Hartley, E. A., Horrocks, R., Hugill, W. G., Knowles, C. C., McCulloch, J., Shaw, K. A., Stewart, K., Storey, J. K.,

Form R.Sc.—Appleton, H. A., Barkley, H., Beastall, D., Blackman, S. A., Craig, K., Davies, G. W., De Gruchy, P. R., Dugdale, R. A., Eve, T. R., Hope-Stone, M. L., Levinson, A. C., McGeorge, J. R., Pugh, R. J., Thomas, J. H., Watson, M., Young, W. F.

Form Rx.—Allen, H., Campbell, C., Hesketh, R. V., Howells, E. M., Kirkham, S., Magee, R. S., Parkin, G. D., Rowe, J. S., Saunders, G. G., Willgoose, W. A.

The School Excursion to Oxford.

THE journey to Oxford was made more interesting than train journeys are wont to be by the distribution of brochures describing the train route and the city itself ; and since the sun was bravely shining when we arrived, we alighted from the train in good spirits to find Mr. A. D. Rose waiting to meet us.

Splitting up into groups of ten, we then set out to "do" the Colleges ; and for a couple of hours the scholastic dignity of the quadrangles was ruptured by the chatter of small boys, which was, however, somewhat silenced by the awful sight of so many people wearing gowns. After walking along the bank of the Isis we assembled at Magdalen Bridge to proceed by bus to the Morris Motor Works. Here we watched the amazing feat of producing so many cars in so small a number of hours. Consolation for our aching feet was found in the excellent tea provided.

We spent the rest of our time watching the West Indies Cricket Team playing against Oxford University in University Park, and then we made our way to the station to leave behind us the scene of one of the most successful of School excursions.

* * *

Old Boys' Section.

OUR congratulations to Dr. R. E. KELLY, C.B., B.Sc., M.D., F.R.C.S., who received a knighthood in the last Honours List. Dr. Kelly left the School in 1895, and is a Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgery, a member of the General Medical Council, and of the Army Medical Advisory Board, and a Justice of the Peace. He was the first doctor to introduce inter-tracheal anaesthesia into England, and the first in Liverpool to give a blood transfusion.

We also tender our congratulations to Dr. O. H. WILLIAMS (1900), who succeeds Dr. Kelly as Professor of Surgery at Liverpool University ; and to Doctors L. HENRY, M.D., Ch.B. and H. W. LUNT, M.B., Ch.B., who have been successful in the Primary Examinations for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons.

We note with regret the death of Mr. F. W. HALL, who taught English and Classics at the Institute from May, 1902.

until December, 1931. We feel sure that all Old Boys will join with us in expressing our condolences to his family.

During the past term many letters have been received from Old Boys—including Sir F. M. BADDELEY (Editor 1892-3) and Mr. E. SANKEY (Editor 1926-7) who was the originator of the long controversy between the O.T.C. and L.N.U. Space does not permit us to acknowledge all these letters individually, and we will, therefore, only pause to answer Mr. A. EUSTANCE'S query "What happened to Cochran?" The solution of the mystery is that three Houses—Danson, Hughes and Cochran—are now reserved exclusively to the Junior School, thus leaving only four of the original seven in the Senior Competition.

Also during last term the Head-Master was visited by Mr. W. A. WHITTINGTON (Assistant Manager of the Bank of India, Bombay), and also Sir JOHN BAGNALL, a leading member of the Singapore Municipal Council, who presented a donation of £5 to be used according to the Head-Master's discretion. The result has been the purchase of the Bagnall Cup for House Fives.

Perhaps it was the rather belated advent of Spring that inspired so many Old Boys to poetic endeavour. Unfortunately it is only possible in this number to print one of the many verse contributions that have been received—the rest being held over until the next number. The poem we have decided to print here was the first to arrive, and is entitled "Old Boy Makes Good," by Mr. A. E. BENDER.

There is a famous school in Mount Street
Wot's noted for work an' for sport,
An' Sam Small's youngest son Albert
Copped a "schol" there for a start.
'E started next term in the Third Form
An' in eight years were captain o' school,
But 'e never tried 'ard with 'is 'omework
An' 'e thought nowt o' breakin' a rule.
'E couldn't do much with the Dead Tongues;
'Is Vergil were proper night-mare
But 'e spoke Mathematics like native,
And 'e taught other lads 'ow to swear.
In another two years 'e 'ad left school
An' decided what was 'is career—
'E'd live on t' dole like 'is father
An' spend 'is time swillin' down beer.
But Albert lived too free an' easy,
An' 'e spent dole in very short time;
So, seein' 'e 'ad to 'ave money
The lad started thinkin' o' crime.
A posh 'ouse 'e thought 'e would burgle,

When family 'ad gone out to eat,
But cook 'eard 'im getting through window
An' kicked 'im in face wi' both feet.
But lad wouldn't give up idea
'E said 'onesty weren't good at all
An' 'e dreamed 'e were one o' the Big Shots—
Crippen, Al Capone, Albert Small.
So thinkin' of 'oldin' up someone.
'E went out an' borrowed a gat,
But man 'e 'eld up were a p'liceman
Who turned an' knocked Albert down flat.
Poor lad 'e were taken to station,
An' 'e wasn't let off with a fine,
An' when 'is Pa wants to see 'im
'E asks for "Old Lag Ninety-nine."

(With apologies to Stanley Holloway.)

In our next issue we hope to print a list of Old Boys who are in the fighting services. We ask all Old Boys to co-operate in supplying us with the required information (both rank and unit are required).

* * *

University Examination Results.

June, 1939.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SCHOOL OF LITERAE HUMANIORES.

P. Curtis, Class 2.

E. G. Little, Class 2.

HONOUR MODERATIONS IN CLASSICS.

Class 1—Martin, N. E. Class 2—Ion, R. H., Hawthorn, T.

Class 3—Hughes, G.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Mathematical Tripos, Part 3 (Honours). Corlett, W. J.

Natural Sciences Tripos, Part 1, Class 1, Collett, W. F.

Theological Tripos, Part 2, Class 2, Griffiths, S. C.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

Grace Brown Prize—Waugh, S. D.

Sir John Willox Scholarship—Bone, J. S.

University Graduate Scholarship (Honorary)—Bender, A. E.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Degree of B.A. with Honours in Special Subjects.

School of Hispanic Studies—

Class 2, Div. 1.: Campbell, A. E., Foreman, R. L.,

Waugh, S. D.

Diploma in Commerce: 3rd Year Examination—Martinez,

K. L.

Ordinary Degree of B.Arch., Fourth Year: Penn, H.
 Diploma in Architecture with Distinction: Browning, R. H.
 Diploma in Education: Wallace, D. A. T.
 Diploma in Public Administration: 2nd Year—Brown,
 G. G. H. E.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Degree of B.Sc. with Honours.
 School of Chemistry, Class 1—Bone, J. S.
 School of Biochemistry, Class 1—Bender, A. E.

Ordinary Degree of B.Sc.

Final Examination, 2nd Year, Class 2—Corlett, J.
 Part 1—Crewe, W., Culshaw, G. E., Kelly, E. S.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Degree of M.B., Ch.B.
 Final Examination, Part 3—Williams, A. G.
 Final Examination, Part 2—Partridge, W. H.
 First Examination, Parts A and C—Baruch, U. B. H.

FACULTY OF LAW.

Degree of LL.M.—Bean, G. J.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

Degree of B.Eng. with Honours.
 School of Electrical Engineering, Class 1—Roberts, J. A.

* * *

House Notes.

ALFRED HOLT.—Throughout the past year the House has gained success after success; every member of the House has pulled his weight with the result that the House has added yet more trophies to its former triumphs. I can honestly say that it has been a privilege to be Captain of such a House, and I wish the House and its new Captain every success.

D. NODEN.

Owen.—The House can look back on a very successful year. In Chess, Fives, Senior Sports, and above all in the Hobby Show we have triumphed. A tie has been gained in Swimming and second place in the Gymnasium Competition. The introduction of compulsory games will, I hope, stimulate an even greater effort next year, for there is still room for improvement. The standard has been set. It is up to the House and in particular the Junior members to maintain the level. I wish you all good fortune for the coming year, and I hope my successor has as much cause to be proud to serve the House as I have had.

J. G. VICKERS.

Philip Holt.—The House has had a reasonably successful term. The Senior House Cricket team won the Whitehouse Cup in a very close game with Alfred Holt, and on Sports Day the House came second in each section, as well as in the aggregate. The great disappointment of the term, however, has been the lack of House spirit displayed by the Middle House towards Swimming. More than once the Middle House team was incomplete. This was due to the failure of certain members to inform the Captain of their inability to turn out.

Next term will see the introduction of compulsory games. This means that every member of the House will in a certain measure be called upon to take part in House activities. I look forward to this event, not as a method of forcing "slackers" to show themselves on the football field, but as a stimulus to that House spirit which alone can enable Philip Holt to go on to further successes next year.

H. T. MUSKETT.

Tate.—While our material successes have been fewer this term than those we have previously won, it can be said that the year has, on the whole, been a highly successful one for Tate House. Particular mention must be made of the Junior members of the House who show exceptional promise in every direction and who, I am sure, will spare no effort to maintain the prestige of Tate House in the future.

W. E. HESLOP.

* * *

Valete.

D. NODEN.—Entered 1931, 3x (Tate); Prefect (Tate) 1936; House Captain (Alfred Holt) 1937-39; Captain of the School 1939; Secretary of Library Committee 1937-39; Rugby: 1st XV, 1936-39, Captain, 1937-39, Full Colours, 1937-8-9. F. S. Milliken Prize for History, 1937. Lord Derby Prize for French, 1937 and 1939. Higher School Certificate, 1936, 1937, 1938 (Distinction in French), 1939 (Distinctions in French and Spanish). Senior City Scholarship, 1938. State Scholarship, 1939. Scholarship in Modern Languages at Downing College, Cambridge, 1938.

W. E. HESLOP.—Entered 1932, 3x (Tate); House Prefect, 1937; Prefect (Tate), 1938; House Captain, 1938; Vice-Captain of the School, 1939. Rugby: 1st XV, 1936-39, Secretary, 1937, Vice-Captain, 1938, Full Colours, 1938-39. O.T.C.: Joined

1935. L/Cpl., 1936. Cpl., 1937. Sgt., 1937. C.Q.M.S., 1938. Certificate "A" 1937, Capt. Murray Hutchinson Cup, 1938. School Certificate (exempt. Matric.), 1935. Higher School Certificate, 1937, 38, 39 (Distinctions in Latin, Greek and Ancient History). Senior City Scholarship, 1938. Principal's Exhibition for Classics to Jesus College, Oxford, 1939.
- A. CARR.—Entered 1931, 3x (Philip Holt); Prefect (Alfred Holt), 1937-39. Hockey: 1st XI, 1937-39, Half-Colours, 1939. Camera and Field Club: Photographic Secretary, 1935-39. L.N.U.: Committee, 1937-39, Treasurer, 1938. Philatelic Society: Treasurer, 1937-39. Literary and Debating Society: Committee, 1937-39, Secretary, 1938. MacAlister Society Secretary, 1938. Library Committee, 1938. School Certificate (exempt. Matric.), 1934. Higher School Certificate, 1937, 1938 (Distinction in Greek), 1939 (Distinctions in Latin and Greek). Senior City Scholarship, 1938. State Scholarship, 1939. Exhibition in Classics at Merton College, Oxford, 1939.
- J. G. VICKERS.—Entered 1932, 3x (Owen); Prefect (Owen), 1936-39; House Captain, 1938. Cricket: 3rd XI, 1934. 1st XI, 1937-39, Chess: 1st Team, 1936-39, Captain, 1938. Literary and Debating Society Committee, 1937-38. O.T.C.: Joined 1939. School Certificate, 1935. Higher School Certificate, 1938.
- K. BEASTALL.—Entered 1935, 4r (Philip Holt); House Prefect, 1937; School Prefect, 1938. Boxing: School Team, 1937-39, Full Colours, 1937-39, Captain, 1937-39. Rugby: 1st XV, 1936-39, Secretary, 1938, Full Colours, 1939. Gymnasium: Half-Colours, 1938. Cricket: 1st XI, 1939. Swimming: School Team, 1937-38. O.T.C.: Joined 1939. School Certificate (exempt. Matric.), 1937. Higher School Certificate, 1939.
- G. C. BILLINGTON.—Entered 1932, 3l (Tate); House Prefect, 1937; School Prefect, 1938. Gymnasium: Open Champion, 1938, Vice-Captain, 1936, Captain, 1938, Full Colours, 1938. Hockey: 1st XI, 1936-39, Half-Colours, 1937, Full Colours, 1938. Cricket: 3rd XI, Captain 1936. Operas, 1936-38. O.T.C.: Joined 1935, Cpl., 1937, Sgt., 1938. Certificate "A," 1937, 2nd Class Shot, 1935, 1st Class Shot, 1937. School Certificate (exempt. Matric.), 1936. Higher School Certificate, 1938-39.
- A. C. BRIDGE.—Entered 1932, 3x (Hughes); Prefect (Alfred Holt), 1938. Rugby: 1st XV, 1936-39, Full Colours, 1939. Swimming: Captain, 1938, School Champion, 1938, Full Colours, 1938. Camera and Field Club: General Secretary,

- 1936-38. Arthur Damsell Prize for Arithmetic (Removes), 1935. School Certificate, 1935. Higher School Certificate, 1938, 1939 (Distinctions in Chemistry and Physics). Margaret Bryce Smith Scholarship, 1939.
- E. C. COLVILLE.—Entered 1932, 3x (Philip); Prefect (Philip), 1938. Rugby: 1st XV, 1937-39. Chess: 2nd Team, 1935. 1st Team, 1936-39. O.T.C.: Joined 1935, I/Cpl., 1936. Cpl., 1936, Sgt., 1937, C.Q.M.S., 1938, C.S.M., 1938, Certificate "A," 1936, Capt. Wheeler-Whiting Cup, 1937, 1st Cadet Battalion King's Cup, 1939. Literary and Debating Society Committee, 1938-39. L.N.U. Committee, 1938-39. School Certificate (exempt. Matric.), 1935. Higher School Certificate, 1937-38-39. Entrance Examination to Royal Military Training College, Sandhurst, 1939. Kitchener Scholarship, 1939. Senior City Scholarship, 1939.
- E. M. FELGATE.—Entered 1932, 3x (Danson); Prefect (Owen), 1938. Rugby: 1st XV, 1938-39. Literary and Debating Society Committee, 1937-39. School Certificate (exempt. Matric.), 1935. Higher School Certificate, 1937-38-39. Senior City Scholarship, 1938. Scholarship in Classics at Brasenose College, Oxford, 1939. William Durning Holt Prize for English, 1939.

* * *

Literary and Debating Society.

New Officers.

The following officers have been elected for the coming session:—

President:

THE HEADMASTER.

Vice-Presidents:

S. V. BROWN, Esq.

G. F. POLLARD, Esq.

D. ELLWAND.

J. W. SAUNDERS.

Chairman:

C. H. MOORE, Esq.

Secretaries:

F. W. MYERSCOUGH.

C. V. JONES.

Committee:

S. GARDNER.	T. CORLETT.	D. HALEWOOD	} Re-elected.
B. S. GAFFNEY.	S. LIPTON.	R. BREARLEY.	
H. T. MUSKETT.	E. WOOTTON.	H. HARGREAVES.	
R. G. DENING.			

A. CARR, Hon. Sec.

Bangor.

IT is not quite fair, perhaps, to judge a place by its railway station, especially on Sunday. Yet this was the first thing we did as we emerged from Bangor station, sceptical, yet curious and expectant. It was the same at Oxford; it is the same anywhere when one arrives at the station somewhat unwillingly. A few of the inhabitants gathered round the station with a quite excusable curiosity, under their sympathetic gaze we trooped out with an important yet fatalistic air. In the same spirit we were divided, counted, examined, ticketed and finally given mysterious bags of provisions. Everything was fantastic and un-natural, but we were full of expectancy and impatience and heeded it not. Then it rained. Dazed and wet we were bundled into cars, laden with provisions, kit-bags and gas-masks; still dazed we were ejected after ten minutes' ride, nor far in actual distance from our starting place.

We immediately sobered down, however, and instantly formed a fast friendship with our host. (It is interesting to note that our hosts welcomed us immediately with a cordiality which they have maintained throughout our stay.) They had none of our doubts about the mysterious package called "emergency rations." The delectables—dire indeed would be the emergency in which we would exist on beef and condensed milk—were banished to the larder. Nor did we enjoy the privilege, darkly hinted by the Government, of using one metal plate and mug, and, presumably, of having all our courses from the one platter.

Bangor smiled that day and dried up after dinner, allowing us to view and promenade the pier. We were, however, presented with a postcard to be despatched home that day. It was all very official and obscure, yet its general trend seemed to point to the necessity for our disclosing no information.

This heartened us somewhat, for it was the first indication that in spite of the war things were to continue very much as usual. No other indications were at present apparent, for we had to get accustomed to reporting and eating at unusual hours. We were also seeing the environs of Bangor, and were at the same time learning the art of walking, for walking was compulsory.

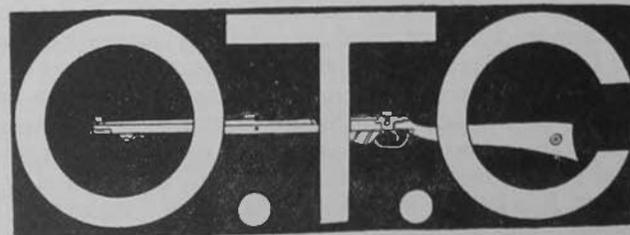
But we gradually became less hostile to Bangor. In our plentiful spare time, when we were not complying with new regulations, which were announced as fast as they could be conceived, we strolled about actually of our own free-will, sat in seats, bowled on bowling-greens, saw sights. The maze through

which we wandered gradually resolved itself into a comprehensible system of streets. We might be looking on a grouping of trees, masonry, and sky reminiscent of pictures of Bavaria, and then turn and be comforted with a scene indistinguishable from our own city docks. The College set on top of the green, sheep-dotted slope, sheds an airy stateliness to the place; yet near at hand the squalid gas-works almost wallow in the involved high-walled streets. The long wide stretches, the tortuous and narrow High, the parkland of the College side, the rugged mountain common are gradually becoming part of us and our thoughts.

At first we had learnt, as I have said, the art of walking by the sweat of our brow; we also learnt that prices were high. Many other surprises struck us in a quick succession, but gradually they slackened off and ceased. As in all places and all human experiences we began to be satisfied, then to be happy, and then at last to look for something at which to grumble. In the extremely congenial atmosphere created for us by the people of Bangor we could find little indeed at which to grumble. The complete change of surroundings, of school, of relations with our friends had established an independence—perhaps a broadening of the mind, a valuable educational experience which at least evacuation has accomplished.

A. W. FENTON (Bc.)

* * *



THE recent political events, both at home and abroad, have proved a mixed blessing. Immediately prior to the inspection there was an inrush of recruits, so that to-day the contingent numbers over one hundred and thirty strong. We have been able to bring into existence a Sixth Form Platoon, a long cherished ideal. In spite of the fact that they have only been members of the Corps since the inspection they have by their enthusiasm made splendid progress, and they should find no difficulty in Certificate "A" next term.

There are, however, two sides to every question, and the events which gave us so many recruits also made it impossible

for the great majority of them to have their uniforms for the Inspection. This was carried out by Brigadier Lathom, D.S.O., Officer Commanding 130th Infantry Brigade. The inspection took place in two parts. In the first we were watched on manoeuvres at Altcar: an attacking force under Sgt. Muskett encountered a standing patrol stationed in front of the main defensive position. As soon as this opposition was neutralised the attack, under cover of H.E. mortar bombs and a smoke-screen, went into the assault and the defence was compelled to withdraw. Brigadier Lathom praised the conduct of the attacking and defending platoons, although, as is only natural in the *confusion de guerre*, there was criticism of small details.

In his report Brigadier Lathom pointed out that the newest recruits could hardly be expected to produce the same steadiness on parade as shown by the "old sweats," but he expressed his complete satisfaction at the instruction of recruits, Certificate "A" candidates and N.C.O.'s. This instruction during this and the next year cannot be too much, because owing to necessities of the Militia and the Territorial Army, the O.T.C.'s are unable to go to camp this year.

The large increases in the armed forces have led to the need for more officers, and we must express our congratulations to Captain Ledger on his appointment to the 9th (2/5th) King's (L'pool) Regiment.

It is with mixed feelings that I take my leave of the Corps; and in a similar frame of mind we offer our congratulations to Captain Ledger. We are sorry that after so many years of keen and active service he must, of necessity, see less and less of the contingent; at the same time we are proud to see his appointment, or shall we say, promotion to his command in the T.A. Past and present members of the Corps will await the day (not too distant, it is hoped) when the three "pips" make way for a "brass hat" and a "crown."

Awards 1938-39.

Capt. MURRAY HUTCHISON CUP (Best Platoon).—
No. 3 Platoon, Sgt. H. T. Muskett.

Capt. WHEELER-WHITING CUP (Best Section).
No. 1 Section, Cpl. K. H. Wilkinson.

The 1ST CADET BATTALION KING'S CUP (most efficient N.C.O.)
C.S.M. E. C. Colville.

EFFICIENCY PRIZE (Cadet).
J. C. Briggs.

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



AS is usual after the Summer Term there is not a great deal to report. Interesting visits have been paid to the Cathedral, the C.P.R. liner *Duchess of Richmond*, the Corporation Tram Depôt, and the Airport.

The excursion to Lancaster and Morecambe took place on Wednesday, July 19th, and, despite the thunderstorm at Morecambe, the excursion was thoroughly enjoyed.

Once again our thanks are due to Mr. Elliott for his continued interest in our activities.

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

Photographic Section.

Two meetings were held this term in connection with the Easter and May Competitions and neither of these received the support they deserved considering the prize which was offered. Thanks to the energies of Mr. Hall, the Dark Room is being renovated, and we now have an enlarger with a mounted screen. Perhaps this will encourage a larger membership, and we wish the new Secretary and the Masters in charge of the Society all the support the School can give.

A. CARR, *Hon. Sec.*

* * *

The Thirtieth Voyage of the "Idomeneus."

ON the grey Sunday afternoon last April the Blue Funnel motor-vessel *Idomeneus*, a freighter of some eight thousand tons, left Gladstone Dock bound for Australia. She escaped into the swift breeze of the Irish Sea unheralded, unsung. She was merely an ordinary merchantman on her thirtieth voyage, setting off for the Antipodes as she has often done before and will often do again. She goes on her way, one of many, a member of the great forgotten Merchant Service, happy in her anonymity. What adventures can she tell, and the men in her, to whom this voyage means merely one more contract to fulfil, one more job to do? Her outgoing scarcely seems the prelude to an epic adventure, as her bows cut through these seas of unrelieved calm. The men in her have grown inured to the great adventure of strange

seas and stranger lands, of hot Equatorial suns, and ports reached at night. Yet it was an epic experience; perhaps not for the "Idom" herself, cold, emotionless, or for the men who guide her; but wonderful enough to be a revelation to the ignorant landlubber who was privileged to go with her, that April afternoon.

It took eleven days to reach our first port of call. During that time new experiences flooded in with bewildering succession. The Chinese "boys" were rather perplexing at first: what is a poor landlubber to do when one knocks on the door, pokes his head through with a bland smile and exclaims "Chow-chow"? But their whole outlook is a refreshing contrast. They have a certain poetic practicality, an idealism that is yet very material. Fung Ching Yui for instance—from Hong-Kong—once said "On June 15th there is the birthday of the Moon. Plenty kites. Plenty fireworks. Everybody very happy . . . very happy." In strange contrast to this inexorable sense of values, came the news of Conscription at home. Yet the Chinese too have their war, and every Chinese national throughout the world, no matter where he may be, contributes to a special war levy. Apparently a large quota of this fund has found its way into the pockets of individual Governors, much to their own profit. The Chinese aboard the ship deplored very deeply the action of the Governor of Canton who, it seems from repute, with bland Oriental dishonesty, sold the city to the Japanese. "Very bad man," said Ching Yui, shaking his head sadly.

So for eleven days we ran through the seas of the West African coast, disturbing the tropical peace of the ocean, schools of porpoise, glimpsing fleeting lands and flying fish as they skimmed the water away from our relentless onslaught. Then one night we passed through a violently innocuous electrical storm to find ourselves off a strange, tree-fringed coastline. A little later we were anchored in the new harbour at Takoradi, on the Gold Coast, surrounded by lighters full of cocoa beans and cheerful blackmen. Through the courtesy of the Buc Funnel agents I was able to learn something of the country, with the energetic assistance of the black chauffeur who drove me round, and made his solicitations about the health of the King.

Takoradi is, alas, no longer an "outpost of Empire in darkest Africa." The Westernisation of the country has driven the jungle far from the coastline. A coolie on the wharveside was whistling "The Lambeth Walk." Advertisement hoardings ran alongside the main road out of the port, and it was decidedly disconcerting to turn a corner and be confronted with the broad smile of a dusky damsel advertising somebody's toothpaste. The main road itself was modernised even as far as "roundabouts," and black traffic police in gaudy uniforms. But there is strong contrast to these signs of civilisation, a reminder that after all the white man's influence goes so far and no further, that Africa is still Africa. There was the stench of the native market at Sekondi, where the car was surrounded by the hopeful smiles of merchants. There was also the bush road: one moment we were travelling beneath trees arched in red blossom, the next we were bumping over earth roads, with the hot air of the bush on all sides, which, if scarcely reminiscent of tigers, certainly suggests mosquitoes. We passed native settlements and the one-room hovels, seeing the family life on the verandah, and little Rastus being ducked under the pump by his big brother. And along the road we nearly run over black youths lolling in the shade, and passed women in bright colours bearing on their heads panniers of bananas, in their eyes dumb curiosity as they looked at us, and a mechanical, poignant apathy.

Such was Takoradi. After twelve hours there we were off again on the second stage of the journey, and crossed the Line on the following day. These were sticky days as we sweltered—or perhaps the word is grovelled—in tropical heat, but we were lucky in passing through the worst so quickly. In a few days we ran into the Cape of Good Hope swell and were approaching South Africa. At half-past two one morning I was aroused by a midshipman who said: "We're just going to anchor in Table Bay." Those words had a strange ring about them. Perhaps it was the night atmosphere. But Table Bay seemed at that moment one of the great names of travel; it stood beside the Avalon and the Cathays of legendary adventure. And here we were on the very threshold of this new world: it was almost incredible. But there it was, visible from the "port," the black waters of the Bay and beyond them an amphitheatre of myriads of lights—Cape Town. That dawn was enchanted. Slowly the light strengthened and the street lights vanished, line after line, tier after tier; and there above the red roofs of the suburbs towered the grey majesty of the Table Mountain. It was a Sunday morning of infinite tranquillity and serenity. The streets were quiet, sunlit and deserted, the air still except for the sound of bells from solid Dutch churches. But soon, too soon, the day was over, and the faery fantasy of the street lights and the darkness of night drove out the sun. The "Idom" was on her way, past the statuesque symbolism of the Lion's Rump and Head, the hills that have long overlooked the Cape of Good Hope and these pioneering seas, the route of Dirk Hartog and Dampier, of Dutchman and Englishmen seeking new prosperity in the southern ocean.

There followed three weeks of the Indian Ocean; of grey, churlish dawns and seas which the rising sun steeped into blueness; of flashing white spray and ribboned troughs of foam; of cloudless nights under a brilliant Southern Cross and Milky Way; of rolling ocean and a bucketing white; or of waters of matted smoothness; of red sunrise which washes the ship paintwork in golden glow; three weeks too of "sugi," that miraculous cleaning mixture; of scrubbing the bridge with coconut shells; of painting; of "dhobey" mornings when the laundry of the whole ship is hung out over hatches to dry; of "turu-to" at six in the morning and "turn-in" at nine at night; of evenings in the smoke room playing darts or ludo, or listening to Chopin and Gershwin played on the piano; of boat drill on Saturday afternoons and night, deck golf contests. And at the end we slipped in early one May morning to the port of Fremantle, and were on the very threshold of this strange, new, Australian Continent.

Fremantle was merely the beginning. We called afterwards at Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Newcastle and Brisbane, before ending the outwards journey at Port Alma, the deep-sea port for Rockhampton, Central Queensland; then homewards bound we visited again Brisbane and Melbourne. These were seven weeks of novel experience, of astonishing, enriching travel. Everywhere I went I met exceedingly hospitable people, overwhelming in their kindness, a great-hearted and great-principled people who believed in making life worth while, in enjoying their work and homes, who hate English arrogance and admire British solidity. The Agents of the Blue Funnel Line treated me more like an ambassador than a tourist and enabled me to see much more of Australia than I should otherwise have done.

Those were memorable days: looking down on the fair city of Perth from King's Park and driving towards the War Monument up a Memorial Drive flanked by trees, each of which represented one of Australia's war dead; "black-boy" in the bush and a rich profusion of

orange and lemon trees in the orchards; carrying about in an Adelaide koala bear farm a small bear named "Billy" who was thoroughly bored with life and looked up at me with a reproachful expression of dumb protest—incidentally these delightful creatures sleep in the day, never drink at all, and only find nourishment in the leaf of the Australian eucalyptus gum-tree; being introduced at the same farm to kangaroos, a dying snake and a performing seal who did wonderful things to a football and barked at his keeper's heels like a dog; looking down from the top of the Shell Building on the pagantry as the Governor-General left the new Parliament House after performing the opening ceremony; introduction to the City of Melbourne, which is certainly the most comfortable city in Australia—Perth we might call the most promising; Adelaide the most beautiful; Brisbane the healthiest; Sydney the greatest; but Collins Street in Melbourne has already its own traditions and atmosphere, no longer one of pioneering youth, but of more settled and tranquil beauty; and then entering what Australians believe the greatest harbour in the world and sliding under the massive frame of the Sydney Harbour Bridge which dwarfed the vessel and inspired a strange sense of insignificance; the great Bridge at night, greyly lit by the glow of city lights, dimly illuminated by the row of electric standards across its span, which is reflected in the black waters below; walking across it or looking down on it from one of the four concrete pylons, awe-struck with the magnificence of its immensity, railway, tramway, roadway and foot-paths flung across the skies; sailing up Brisbane river, past the great abattoirs, past the fashionable suburbs of Hamilton and Ascot, round the curve in sight of the "Hetherington" plying the Bulimba ferry, glimpsing for the first time the city of crimson poinsettia and the State-sponsored Golden Casket sweepstake; scones and honey on the top of Mount Coot-Tha, overlooking the curving river and the wide expanse of what must be one of the world's vastest cities; and then, in contrast, the utter desolation of the solitary wharf, single rail track and the mud-flats at Port Alma, and an atmosphere of complete finality which marked the end of the outwards voyage; the last sunset in Port Alma which dyed the mountains a rich Australian blue; travelling on the "Sydney Mail" from Brisbane Central Station, on a narrow-gauge single rail track across the tree-fringed, cloud-capped peaks of the Little Liverpool Range, through gum-forests glistening in the sun, rain-washed; or travelling on the 8-40 from Warwick to Toowoomba on a rail-coach which had all the appearance of a bus, complete with horn, bonnet, number-plate and conductor; passing through the Darling Downs, past vast paddocks full of countless sheep, past corralled cattle, through brown countryside, scarred with the stumps of hewn trees—the hallmark and also the tragedy of the Australian landscape, through little townships built of corrugated iron, with earth roads and saloons, outside which cow-hands in leather jackets and old trilbies tied up their horses; following the pioneering trail of the outback, Toolburra, King's Creek, Nobby, Cambooya, Spring Bluff, Murphy's Creek, Lockyer; and so back to Melbourne and a visit to the Cricket Ground, when I stood on the Test wicket and stared round at the empty grandstands and the huge scoreboard with a sense of deep awe; taking a sprig of rosemary as a souvenir from the grounds of the first Government House of the State of Victoria; visiting the home of Captain Cook which had been transported, stone by stone, from Yorkshire; a whole host of other memories great and small, people met, things seen, anecdotes heard. Indeed those were memorable days.

But they came to an end; and on July 14th in the late evening the "Idom" cast off from Pruce's Pier, Melbourne, homewards bound

in earnest, with the boat-deck and poop deck full of 256 rams bound for Cape Town. So good-bye to Australia. And once again an opportunity was presented to appreciate the triumphs and tribulations of the sailor's life. They were a fine crew, officers, engineers, midshipmen, seamen, all, men of character and yet an innate kindness of heart, quick to defend their rights, quick to resent encroachment on their privileges, but astonishingly mild in outlook, despite an apparent hardness; they have a rich sense of humour which is considerable atonement for the hardships of their life. It was a privilege to experience so much; to share engine-room stand-by, or stand-by on the fo'cs'le head, leaving Cape Town in choppy weather; to be part—if only for a time—of the Merchant Navy, of characteristic British enterprise. I am very glad I went with the "Idom"; very grateful too to Mr. Laurence Holt and the Headmaster who facilitated and made possible the whole adventure.

So to the home-coming. We crossed the Line and bronzed in the sun, somewhat painfully it must be admitted. We just glimpsed the coastline of Spain at Cape Finisterre. "Channels" fever ran high, as it always does, apparently. We were on the verge of a happy home-coming. So it seemed. But then came the first ominous storm-clouds from Poland which blackened each day. By the time we reached the Channel, the crisis was at its height. In these circumstances we first glimpsed the light of Start Point, Devon, our first sight of England after four months. The next day was Thursday, the 24th, and the ship was still heading up the Channel bound for Dunkerque, on the Flanders coast. The grey mists closed round us fast, and very little could be seen of the English coast obscured by morning haze. Occasionally out of the mists appeared the black outline of a sloop or destroyer standing by; once we saw a submarine; later the German liner *Deutschland* which passed at full speed bound for home ports. In Dunkerque there were grim-faced men and women arguing earnestly and passionately the latest developments at street corners, or in wine-houses. The afternoon papers tried to be cheerful: "Gamelin can break through the Siegfried Line in five days" was the popular rumour. In the Place de la Gare solitary men in conscript blue and tin helmets were indications of general mobilisation. The boulevards of the Place de la Republique were devoid of life, the shops strangely empty. Beds of flowers surrounded the War Memorial. Holiday-makers were returning from the railway station, with regretful steps. But everywhere there was grim resolution and fatalism: "If it comes, it comes, and we shall win; now, as then, they shall not pass."

The next day, we left Dunkerque on a morning of buttercup freshness, and sailed down channel again, bound for Liverpool. All day we passed down the southern coast of England, the famous white cliffs of Dover, Dungeness, Hastings, Eastbourne, the lighthouse at the foot of Beachy Head, the serene beauty of the Seven Sisters in an English sunset. For the first time one could feel—consciously and surely—that after a long journey we were home; perhaps in tumultuous times, but nevertheless home. The illuminations of Brighton and then the rocks of Land's End next day were indeed welcome sights. The ship was prepared for every emergency—all portholes blacked out with canvas so that no light penetrated, lifeboats swung out for immediate readiness, watches kept for submarines from the crow's nest. But the war had not yet come; and we were vouchsafed a secure home-coming. So we picked up the pilot at Holyhead and slid through the mists across the Bay, past the lightships of the Bar, Formby and Crosby, and so home to a strange city of barrage balloons. Thus the thirtieth voyage of the *Idomeneus* peacefully and unobtrusively came to an end.

J. W. SAUNDERS.

Skye.

O, when the sea mists wet the fields,
 Skye, through thunder seas,
 I'll come to thee.
 And oh, when crags and chimneys long
 Down from the storm,
 Far from the cliffs where wild birds wail,
 I'll go beyond the drearest tarn,
 Cold as the rain ;
 Beyond the black pool among the heights,
 Lost to life.
 I'll wander among the naked stones,
 Forlorn as the wind, the roaring wind ;
 And when the deep mists skirt the Isle,
 Skye, thou wilt cloud from me,
 Beyond a thunder sea.

"CYRIAC."

* * *

The Railway Journey.

THERE is a feeling of adventure to be had in going by train on one's holidays. This cannot be experienced in the same way in travelling by car with one's family or friends—people with whom one has been in intimate contact throughout the year.

Of course for short journeys the motor-car is to be preferred, for it goes from door to door, starts when the traveller pleases, and stops where he desires. Stopping at many stations, changing, waiting, alighting at last with the bother of luggage are only a few of the trials which make short journeys by train exhausting and disagreeable.

But for long journeys, even the heaviest and largest car is too small and is inclined to bounce ; the smoothest road is rougher than the well-laid track, and forty miles an hour a more alarming speed than sixty miles an hour in a train. Thus once a year I may be seen boarding a train with hundreds of other people bent on having enough recreation to carry them through another year of city life.

Before boarding your holiday train there is a ritual to be performed which all good holiday travellers observe—I refer to the inspection of the engine. They gather in a cluster at the far end of the platform while the engine sizzles and snorts and sweats like a giant mechanical Alsatian straining at the leash.

The bright twelve-year-old with piping voice informs the world at large that the engine is a 4-6-2 of the "Princess" class, and the middle-aged inspect it with the same set, serious expression as I have noticed on the faces of the middle-aged inspecting the skeleton of a whale in the Museum.

Then there is the anxious choosing of the compartment, hurrying up and down the platform, hesitating, seizing the handle of a door and releasing, consultation and finally taking the plunge. When we have already taken our seats, I often wonder what reasons prompt this person to choose ourselves as his travelling companions. I wait until the train has been going for some time, and the passengers have settled down to amusing themselves during the journey. If he brings out a pocket chess-board or *The Times* cross-word puzzle, I know that he has chosen us for our taciturn or somnolent appearance. If he wishes to talk he has chosen us for our seeming idleness. If his hand goes to his hip-pocket and produces a pack of cards, we may know that, at least in outward expression, we are not particularly sagacious ; and if he sits up and looks and looks and looks at us, as if he were taking notes for a pathological novel, we may write ourselves down for ever as specimens of the abnormal. To be chosen as a travelling companion is, in short, to be made the subject of an illuminating verdict.

There are few things more restful at the beginning of a holiday than a long journey in a swift train, during which the traveller in his corner seat facing the engine and controlling the window does not read, nor even think, but watches the country unroll itself, mile after mile, or as the line bends, swinging on the pivot of a distant church spire or hill-top.

Then comes the excitement of lunching in the dining car, which turns to horror at the sight of the meal, and then to nervousness at our inability to pour the cider into our own glasses and to get more than half a spoonful of soup to our mouths at a time. I am always filled with admiration when I see the waiters, each with two trays, weaving in and out past each other, like folk dancers, while we miserable landlubbers spill half of our soup in a despairing effort to get some kind of liquid to our dry mouths. It is only the soothing rhythm of the wheels which prevents me from going mad, which keeps my nervous tension below the yield point, and as soon as the meal is finished I hurry away from the clatter to the privacy of my corner seat.

Finally, we alight at the clean station and, passing the panting engine on our way to the ticket collector, mentally pat it on the flanks and thank it for a safe journey. And being in a

bountiful mood I gratefully acknowledge the genius of Murdock in creating the poetry of mechanised motion produced by this majestic composition of shining steel. True, its origin is to be found amongst the murk and grime of the early nineteenth century industrialists, but that only goes to increase my admiration for its evolution and its present form. Great things have small beginnings, perfection is born out of chaos.

* * *

The Hands.

THERE was some mystery about his death. His body had been found on the shore in Spain, not far from where he had been staying, but there was no sign of any violence. He could not, therefore, have fallen over the cliff edge, nor had any water touched him, not even from the tide, for he was above the high-water mark. The doctors diagnosed heart failure and that seemed simple enough. But there was a strange, twisted look of horror on the man's face which no one could satisfactorily explain.

Endless suggestions were put forward, all equally fruitless and equally unsupported by any convincing evidence. And then a friend of the dead man, probably his closest friend and one who, until this fateful year, had always spent his holidays in his company since their youth, decided to make investigations for himself. He could not bring himself to accept the fact of his death as easily as the others seemed to do.

As soon as he was free he went to Spain and learned of the place where his friend's body had been found. The shore was much like any other rocky shore, with a high arm of cliff jutting out some short distance at one end of the bay and it was by this corner that the man had apparently met his fate. There seemed little worthy of note and Branwood decided to wait until evening. It was at evening that his friend had last been seen as he left his hotel, and he felt that, if he were to walk along the shore at dusk as his friend apparently had, he might more easily learn the cause of his death. At least there was a reasonable chance.

Towards sundown Branwood set off for the shore and, when eventually he found himself at the foot of the cliffs, began to walk round the last part of the bay towards the corner that jutted out. It was growing dusk as he neared the end of the bay and the moon was low in the south-east, almost full as it must have been a month before at the time of his friend's death. As he approached the spot, the moon was lost to sight behind the

promontory and he was left in the shadowy darkness with only the sharp edge of the cliff end standing out against the pallor of the sky to guide him. Carefully he picked his way between the rocks, half fearing what might happen and yet becoming gradually more and more hopeless of ever finding out what he wanted to know.

He was nearly there now. He could see the end of the promontory only a few yards ahead. He might as well go just that short distance and then he would turn back again. He soon reached the corner, where he paused, straining his eyes out to sea. Slowly he turned his gaze until it met the headland at the far end of the adjoining bay. He saw the lights of a car rounding the point and beginning to move along the curved edge of the shore and his gaze unconsciously moved with them. Suddenly the lights disappeared and re-appeared only to disappear again for a brief moment. Again unconsciously his eyes stopped and focussed themselves on the obstacle which had hindered their sight. Branwood felt his heart miss a beat. The moon was shining directly ahead of him now and there, silhouetted against its light, were two rocks rearing up out of the water.

The mere presence of the rocks was nothing strange; the shore was strewn with rocks and boulders. But these two stood up high above the rest and apart, forming a pair of islands surrounded by the incoming tide. He remembered now having noticed them that afternoon. The tide had been far out then, revealing their common base and he remembered having thought how dangerous they might be to small craft on a dark night at high tide. Apart from that observation, he had not noticed anything particularly strange about them. But now the grim truth was unmistakably forced upon him. There could be no doubt in his mind that it was the sudden appearance of this scene before him as he rounded the corner that had accounted for his friend's death and the petrified contortion of his face. For the action of the currents and whirlpools had so worn the rocks that, seen from this particular angle, they bore a close resemblance to a mighty pair of hands, gloved hands, where the four fingers are in one piece and only the thumb stands away from the rest. The resemblance was the more easily recognizable in the semi-darkness and the outline accentuated by the soft light of the moon behind, so that they looked like the hands of some monstrous deity of the deep stretched heavenward in supplication from beneath the surface.

Branwood's thoughts flashed back to a summer five years ago, when he and his friend had spent two weeks together tramp-

ing in the Black Forest. It was in the middle of the second week when, after spending the day exploring little-used tracks, they had at length emerged on the edge of a lake where stood a solitary cottage, presumably belonging to a forester. They thought it would be a good place to spend the night, if they could and, descrying the owner of the cottage in the gathering dusk out on the lake, hailed him in German. The man heard them calling and began to pull slowly towards the shore. They stood in silence watching his steady, even stroke, when suddenly something went wrong. It was difficult to see in the dim light exactly what happened—perhaps he was seized with an attack of cramp—but in the wink of an eyelid the boat had capsized and the man was in the water seemingly unable to help himself. Nor could Branwood or his friend do anything to help him, although he was but a short distance from them. Neither of them was a swimmer and the sides of the lake sloped down steeply, so that they could only stand in awe-stricken horror watching his frenzied struggling, while their limbs were seized with uncontrollable trembling. After a few moments he sank and did not appear again. The last they saw of him was a pair of hands, gloved hands, stretched heavenward from beneath the surface. He had worn leather mittens as protection against the cold of the water and the chill evening breeze, the sort of mittens where the four fingers are in one piece and only the thumb stands away from the rest.

Branwood remembered how badly shaken his friend had been by the experience and how he had stayed awake at nights talking to him to keep his sleepless mind from wandering. It had so played upon his imagination that for the remainder of their stay on the Continent it had been all he, Branwood, could do to prevent him from brooding and giving himself up to despondency. He had even hinted at taking his own life, so frail a thing did it seem to be and the possibility of its extinction dependent on so slender a thread of chance. But after a few weeks, when he had settled down again to his occupation, he grew more composed and self-confident, though news of deaths and especially of deaths by drowning always had a marked influence on his sensitive mind. As time went on, Branwood felt that, apart from a general nervousness which at times manifested itself more strongly than at others, his friend was gradually overcoming his unnatural obsession. Indeed for some months past he had completely forgotten the event. And then, for the first time for many years, his friend had gone away alone—to Spain.

Branwood turned and began to walk slowly back along the shore thinking. . . .

A. CARR.

"OCEANUM SUBIT""

"Oceanum Subit . . ."

(Writ by an erstwhile poetaster
Upon his tomb of alabaster—
His own posthumous epitaph.)

Like some strange insect on a placid pool,
Or like a withered leaf on weed-green waters
Rested the barque unruffled on a waveless sea.
Silence was everywhere,
The sheets hung slack above,
Beneath the poop a small committee
Planned the next strategic move.
Then, all at once, the helmsman's cry
Rose in anguish to the sky—
"Manoeuvre Board."

PYREX.*

(With apologies to Rabindranath Tagore, for his poem of the same title.)

* * *



The Scouts.

Field Days and Sub-County Rally.

The first field day of the summer term was held at Ainsdale; the time before lunch was spent in the usual chariot races and a game on the sandhills, and lunch was followed by a tracking game.

About a week later, the Troop took part in the Sub-County Rally on the occasion of the visit of the Lord Mayor to the camping ground at Tawd Vale. It was there that our raft—the subject of considerable scepticism at the Hobby Show—had

* That's dished it—Eds.

MacAlister Society.

ON the 15th of June we paid a second visit to the new Philharmonic Hall. The hall was due to be opened in a few days' time and the final touches were hurriedly being applied. Mr. Rowse, himself, again very kindly met us and discussed some of the details of decoration now so much more in evidence than on our previous visit. Our thanks are due to Mr. Chapman for securing this opportunity for us and we hope for a good season's activities next School year, when it is intended to hold further similar visits.

A. CARR, *Hon. Sec.*

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The School Sports.

THE finals of the School Sports were held on Saturday, June 17th, at Greenbank, the heats having been run off on Tuesday, 6th, and Thursday, 8th.

There was only one new record made this year, owing to a strong breeze blowing down the course. As usual, lack of training reduced the competition in the open events, E. J. Rumjahn carrying off four firsts to become Senior Champion. Ties in the Middle and Junior Championships showed forth the keenness of the younger members of the School.

We offer our sincere thanks to Mr. Reece and the other members of the Staff who very willingly put in so much work to make the Sports a success, and also to Wass and Edwin for the magnificent track which they prepare for us each year.

The individual results are as follows:—

High Jump, und.	13½	1, Dodgson, E. A. ; 2, Stocks, E.
" "	15	1, Eagle, P. C. ; 2, Pearson, R. T.
" " Open...		1, Brown, Arthur R. ; 2, Cohen, L. M.
Long Jump, und.	13½	1, Dodgson, E. A. ; 2, Jones, A. T.
" "	15	1, Crisp, S. J. ; 2, Adams, D. J.
" " Open ...		1, Rumjahn, E. J. ; Equal 2, Sanderson, T. R., and Adams, W. H.
100 yards, under	11	1, Humphreys, P. G. ; 2, Hoggins, D. A.
" "	12	1, Rumjahn, R. M. ; 2, Oates, D.
" "	13	1, Roche, D. J. ; 2, Matthews, I. W.
" "	13½	1, Jones A. T. ; 2, Cobban, I. J.
" "	14	1, Comaish, A. P. ; 2, Dawson, D. P.
" "	15	1, Adams, D. J. ; 2, Levey, S.
" "	16	1, Adams, W. H. ; 2, Haugh, A. I.
" " Open ...		1, Rumjahn, E. J. ; 2, Sanderson, T. R. ; 3, Muskett, H. T.
220 yards, under	11	1, Hurley, A. E. ; 2, Hoggins, D. A.
" "	12	1, Rumjahn, R. M. ; 2, Parry, A. P.
" "	13	1, Jehu, D. ; 2, Roche, D. J.
" "	13½	1, Jones, A. T. ; 2, Cobban, I. J.
" "	14	1, Comaish, A. P. ; 2, Crisp, S. J. ; A new record, 28 sec.

220 yards under	15	1, Levey, S. ; 2, Wright, T. D.
" "	16	1, Adams, W. H. ; 2, Price, B. E.
" " Open ...		1, Rumjahn, E. J. ; 2, Sanderson, T. R. ; 3, Muskett, H. T.
440 yards, under	13½	1, Roberts, D. G. ; 2, Dodgson, E. A.
" "	15	1, Comaish, A. P. ; 2, Wright, T. D.
" " Open ...		1, Rumjahn, E. J. ; 2, Sanderson, T. R. ; 3, Cohen, L. M.
880 yards, under	15	1, Hartley, E. A. ; 2, Comaish, A. P. ; 3, Pink, G. J.
" " Open ...		1, Brown, Arthur R. ; 2, Adams, W. H. ; 3, Jones, C. V.
Mile, under	16	1, Cohen, L. M. ; 2, Price, B. E. ; 3, Buckley, S. R.
" " Open ...		1, Myerscough, F. W. ; 2, Brown, Arthur R. ; Jones, C. V.
Hurdles, under	15	1, Eagle, P. C.
" " Open ...		1, Sanderson, T. R. ; 2, Rose, M. H. ; 3, Townend, C. H.
Putting the Shot ...		1, Briggs, J. C. ; 2, Bourns, S. G. ; 3, Bridge, A. C.
Cricket Ball, und.	13½	1, Coker, P. N. ; 2, Morris, T. J. A.
" "	15	1, Adams, D. J. ; 2, Eagle, P. C.
250 yards H'cap		
under	11	1, Harris, A. K. ; 2, Parry, R. W. ; 3, Chalmers, W. D.
" "	13½	1, Jehu, D. ; 2, Roche, D. J. ; 3, Jones, A. T.
" "	15	1, Crisp, S. J. ; 2, McCurdy, J. A. ; 3, Jenkins, N. W.
" " Open ...		1, Adams, W. H. ; 2, Rose, M. H. ; 3, Cohen, L. M.
Sack Race ...		1, Hoggins, D. A. ; 2, France, A. A.
Consolation Mile ...		1, Park, D. F. ; 2, Brown, J. G.
Old Boys' Race ...		1, Walsh, K. G. ; 2, Page, L. G. ; 3, Kemp, M. A.
Egg, Race, under	13½	1, Isherwood, K. H. C. ; 2, Hope-Stone, H. F.
" "	15	1, Giles, A. K. ; 2, Dixon, T. R. J.
" " Open ...		1, Rose, E. M. ; 2, Jacob, B. V.
Obstacle Race,		
under	13½	1, Pink, C. E. ; 2, Harvey, I.
" "	15	1, Barnard, K. H. ; 2, Malone, G.
" " Open ...		1, Rose, E. M. ; 2, Gordon, G. A.
House Relay Race.		
		Senior : 1, Owen ; 2, Alfred Holt.
		Middle : 1, Alfred Holt ; 2, Philip Holt.
Tug of War ...		Senior : Alfred beat Owen.
		Middle : Alfred beat Philip.
		Junior : Hughes beat Danson.
Senior Champion ...		E. J. Rumjahn.
Middle " ...		Adams, D. J., and Eagle, P. C. (Tie).
Junior " ...		Dodgson, E. A., and Jones, A. T. (Tie).
House Championships.		Marks are % per boy.
		1, Alfred, 1.49 ; 2, Philip, 1.28 ; 3, Owen, 1.18 ;
		4, Tate, .80.
Senior House Results		1, Owen ; 2, Philip ; 3, Alfred ; 4, Tate.
Junior " "		1, Hughes ; 2, Danson ; 3, Cochran.
		E. J. RUMJAHN.

Chess.

ANOTHER successful year for the Chess Club has passed, and although the first team could not quite bring off a victory in the Wright Shield Competition, the enthusiasm with which House and League matches have been contested testifies to the general high standard of play.

The final for the Wright Shield resulted in a win for Wallasey Grammar School:—

J. G. Vickers	1½*
E. C. Colville	0*
R. J. Edwards	1½*
W. R. Lund	1½*
A. Hargreaves	0*
C. V. Jones	0
P. R. de Gruchy	0

Wallasey are to be congratulated on their victory, which reversed last year's result.

At the end of the Spring Term there were three Houses left in the competition for the Paul Limrick Trophy, which Owen won, by beating Tate (4 games to 3), and Philip (5 games to 1).

Finally we owe our thanks to Mr. Willot for his continued support, and we tender our best wishes to next year's Chess Club for another successful season.

R. J. EDWARDS.

* * *

Fives.

ALLOWING for the vagaries of the English climate, this term has been fairly successful. Only two matches were played—both against Wallasey Grammar School. In both cases, the home team won.

It has always been a point of wonder what caused the bumps in the second court. Our speculations were put to an end at the end of the term. We suddenly found that the floor had been "dug up" and that a new floor was being set. Are we to hope that in the near future the courts will be covered?

The future of the Fives team seems particularly rosy, especially in view of the number of promising young players, who have been ably coached by the Secretary, M. P. Varey. To him I hand over the captaincy and wish him and the new secretary, J. F. Varey, good fortune in the future. Finally, I thank Mr. Doughty for his advice and steady guidance through a trying period.

Match Results:

June 6 v. W.G.S. at Wallasey ... Lost 103—163 points.
 „ 21 v. W.G.S. at School ... Won 163—117 „

H. KUSHNER.

Cricket Season, 1939.

AT the commencement of the season our side promised to be a strong one, but the results of the earlier games proved that our batting could never be relied upon. Our bowlers have often done their job well to dismiss our opponents for a comparatively low score, yet the batting has always been a struggle for more runs. The success of the School eleven in many games has been left to one or two of the early batsmen alone, instead of a steady contribution of runs coming from everybody.

Vickers has always been the spear-point of our attack, having taken 43 wickets on pitches which have not always been favourable to his type of bowling—the summer has provided us with a majority of wet wickets. Adams, F. J. Rumjahn, and Gregory have given Vickers able support.

E. J. Rumjahn has been the backbone of the batting, being well ahead of anyone else with an average of 40.18 and a total of nearly 450 runs for the season. If statistics are any guide at all, our batting this summer has been far from satisfactory.

The attendance at nets has been very satisfactory, except for the usual slump during the examination period. More attention and practice has also been afforded to fielding, one night alone during the week has been devoted to this phase of the game, while the "cradle" has always had a popular appeal to members of the teams.

Our thanks and due appreciation is extended to members of the staff who have given their time to umpiring games at Greenbank and elsewhere, particularly to Mr. Pincher and Mr. Cretney, who have managed the affairs of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd elevens.

Again, we are also indebted to the excellent coaching by George and Edwin, who continue to keep the good standard of School cricket. Their coaching and advice, both on and off the field, together with the experience we have thus gained, will serve as a sound background for all our future cricket activities.

I wish Muskett, next season's captain of cricket, every success, and hope that he will have many enjoyable hours in charge of such a loyal eleven.

Colours for season 1939 have been awarded to the following:

Full—	P. U. Rumjahn	} re-awards.	Half—	J. G. Brown.
	E. J. Rumjahn			S. Gardner.
	H. T. Muskett			G. E. Gregory.
	A. J. Morgan.			N. H. Bell.
	J. G. Vickers.			M. P. Varey.
	W. H. Adams.			

P. U. RUMJAHN.

First Eleven Batting Averages, 1929.

	Innings.	Not Out.	Highest.	Total.	Average.
E. J. Rumjahn ...	14	3	66*	442	40.18
S. Gardner ...	9	2	47	116	16.57
J. G. Brown ...	14	3	37	174	15.81
N. H. Bell ...	13	3	33	139	13.9
A. J. Morgan ...	17	1	44	216	13.5
H. T. Muskett ...	17	3	45	158	11.28
E. Wootton ...	8	1	14*	57	8.84
W. H. Adams ...	11	0	18	59	5.33
J. G. Vickers ...	9	3	8*	21	3.5
Also batted :—					
P. U. Rumjahn ...	4	0	41	60	15.0
G. E. Gregory ...	6	2	15*	55	13.75
K. W. Gillett ...	3	0	20	36	12.0
K. Beastall ...	6	0	26	56	9.33
S. G. Burden ...	3	0	12	23	7.66
L. E. Bell ...	3	0	18	19	6.33
K. G. MacPhail ...	7	4	7	9	3.0

Bowling Analysis.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Avg.
J. G. Vickers ...	147.5	42.5	399	43	9.22
E. J. Rumjahn ...	76	12	247	23	10.73
W. H. Adams ...	154	18	314	26	12.07
K. G. MacPhail ...	69	4	276	19	14.52
E. Wootton ...	35	7	92	6	15.33
G. E. Gregory ...	90.2	16	271	16	16.9
Also bowled :—					
P. U. Rumjahn ...	10	0	15	5	7.0
D. W. Jackson ...	3	2	7	1	7.0
S. G. Burden ...	4	0	36	1	36.0

Played 18. Won 9 Lost 5 Drawn 4

Score of own side : Byes 70 Leg Byes 31 Wides 1 No balls 4
Total 1,745 Wickets 120.

Score of opponents : Byes 126 Leg byes 14 Wides 6 No balls 2
Total 1,814 Wickets 149.

Catches : Muskett 11, Brown 6, Bell 5, Adams 4, E. J. Rumjahn 4,
Vickers 4, P. U. Rumjahn 2, Gregory 2, Gardner 2, Beastall 1, Gillett 1,
Woolton 1, Burden 1.

Muskett stumped 9.

* Signifies not out.

Second Eleven Batting Averages.

	Innings.	Not out.	Runs.	Highest.	Avg.
K. W. Gillett ...	6	3	135	55*	45.0
L. E. Bell ...	8	2	190	80*	31.6
B. E. Price ...	7	3	74	38*	18.5
S. Gardner ...	2	0	36	36	18.0
S. G. Burden ...	7	1	99	36	16.5
M. P. Varey ...	7	0	71	23	10.14
D. W. Jackson ...	6	2	28	10*	7.0
A. Parker ...	6	1	30	17*	6.0
A. Stone ...	6	0	35	13	5.83
R. M. Rumjahn ...	7	0	37	13	5.28
S. G. Bourns ...	6	0	17	13	2.83
K. G. MacPhail ...	3	0	4	3	1.3
Also batted :—					
J. G. Brown ...	1	0	17	17	17.0
G. E. Gregory ...	2	0	10	6	5.0
E. Wootton ...	2	0	9	5	4.5
— Arnold ...	1	0	4	4	4.0
W. Lee ...	1	0	4	4	4.0
K. Rawlinson ...	1	0	2	2	2.0
R. S. Lappin ...	1	0	0	0	—

* Signifies not out.

Bowling Analysis.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Avg.
G. E. Gregory ...	37.1	18	74	12	6.16
A. Parker ...	33	17	53	8	6.5
E. Wootton ...	15.5	6	39	5	7.8
S. G. Burden ...	61.2	24	126	15	8.4
K. G. MacPhail ...	12	3	27	3	9.0
D. W. Jackson ...	43	15	116	10	11.6
L. E. Bell ...	12	3	24	1	24.0
Also bowled :—					
R. M. Rumjahn ...	8.4	3	16	3	5.3
S. Gardner ...	2	0	7	1	7.0
D. J. Adams ...	10	3	18	2	9.0
P. C. Eagle ...	8.3	1	19	2	9.5
S. G. Bourns ...	2	0	15	0	—

Played 9 Won 4 Lost 3 Drawn 2

Score of own side : Byes 36, Leg byes 0, Wides 0, No balls 1.
Total runs 840 Wickets 68.

Score of opponents : Byes 43, Leg byes 3, Wides 2, No balls 0.
Total runs 556, Wickets 68.

Catches : Gillett 3, Gardner 2, Jackson 2, Burden, Gregory, Rum-
jahn, Wootton, Stone, Brown, Lee, Bourns, and Adams, each one.

Whitehouse Cup Matches.

SENIOR.

Alfred Holt ...	}	Alfred ...	}	Philip
Owen		
Philip Holt ...	}	Philip ...	}	Philip
Tate		

MIDDLE.

Alfred beat Tate in the Final.

- School v. Huyton Extra. Won by 3 runs.
At Greenbank, May 6th. School 143; Huyton Extra 140.
- School v. Cowley Grammar School. Lost by 83 runs.
At Greenbank, May 10th. School 66; Cowley G.S. 149.
- School v. Wallasey Grammar School. Won by 1 wkt.
At Greenbank, May 13th. Wallasey G.S. 102; School 105 for 9 wkts.
- School v. Manchester Grammar School. Lost by 6 wkts.
At Greenbank, May 20th. School 38; Manchester G.S. 48 for 4 wkts.
- School v. Bootle Secondary School. Won by 3 wkts.
At Greenbank, May 24th. School 186 for 7 wkts.; Bootle Secondary School 85.
- School v. Waterloo Grammar School. Won by 73 runs.
At Greenbank, May 27th. School 117; Waterloo G.S. 44.
- School v. Merchant Taylors'. Lost by 6 wkts.
At Crosby, June 3rd. School 161; Merchant Taylors' 162 for 4 wkts.
- School v. Quarry Bank. Won by 1 wkt.
At Mather Avenue, June 7th. School 152 for 9 wkts; Quarry Bank 84.
- School v. Liobians. Won by 3 wkts.
At Greenbank, June 10th. Liobians 121; School 123 for 7 wkts.
- School v. Collegiate. Abandoned.
At Holly Lodge, June 14th. Collegiate 81 for 9 (rain stopped play).
- School v. University 2nd XI. Lost by 71 runs.
At Wyncote, June 17th. University 2nd XI 153; School 82.
- School v. Sefton Extra. Won by 8 wkts.
At Greenbank, June 25th. Sefton Extra 80; School 90 for 2 wkts.
- School v. Collegiate School. Won by 6 wkts.
At Greenbank, June 28th. Collegiate School 62; School 64 for 4 wkts.
- School v. Liobians. Lost by 35 runs.
At Greenbank, July 1st. Liobians 171; School 136.
- School v. Wallasey G.S. Abandoned.
At Greenbank, July 5th. Wallasey G.S. 172 for 2 (dec.); School 31 for 2 (rain stopped play).

- School v. Holt High School. Won by 8 wkts.
At Childwall, July 8th. Holt H.S. 37; School 39 for 2 wkts.
- School v. Cowley Grammar School. Drawn.
At St. Helens, July 15th. School 159 for 6 wkts (dec.); Cowley G.S. 122 for 3 wkts.
- School v. Alsop High School. Abandoned
At Greenbank, July 19th. School 52 for 2 wkts (rain stopped play).

* * *

Prefects' Letter.

LIVERPOOL,

Now.

To the Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

"*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*" wrote my brother scribe in the last epistle to the Philistines. Posterity will justly describe as "Felix" the mortal who knows the reason for certain unnatural phenomena which haunt the confines of the P.R.

Why, for instance, should Mr. Noden ruin our digestion and endanger our eyesight by the pied glory of his pullovers? "Glory be to God for dappled things!" Mr. Heslop, our Vice-Captain—an appropriate title to quote Mr. Colville—and Mr. Noden's foil, keeps his eyes open for a chance of doubling Tate's aggregate, and windows open to the annoyance of Mr. Felgate, who, like Mr. Gardner, actually uses the P.R. for the pernicious habit of work. ("*Facilis descensus Averno.*")

Mr. Gardner, like the small boy, is seen but rarely heard, and prefers the *Guardian* to table tennis, while Mr. Colville—unlike the small boy in every respect—can be both seen and heard as he plays table tennis with all and sundry.

Mr. Vickers, free from the cares of mortals (*i.e.*, the H.S.C.) has given up his angels (the type with dirty faces?) for the O.T.C.; while Mr. Beastall, who has also joined this sinister group, can be rarely seen riotously wasting his substance in the *Picture Post*.

It is a euphemism, sir, to say that Mr. Varey has not yet aroused the Olympian calm and serenity of his colleagues, but Mr. Carr, in quiet contrast, daily performs the ritual of the coiffure with sacred mirror and sacrificial comb in hand, while others hasten to offer up their devotions in a more orthodox manner.

Mr. Muskett will, of course, remain still to wipe the floor, or rather the table, with everybody at T.T. He will retain his avidity for puns, for what Mr. Muskett says to-day, Ronnie Frankau quotes to-morrow. Mr. Billington has not been in the limelight this term. We suspect an affair, or failure, of the heart. We can say no more of Mr. Myerscough than that he leaves doors open, for, sitting, as he does upon your right hand (metaphorically, of course) he might feel compelled to censor our very just criticisms; and we, too, know the Chinese proverb "Man proposes and Mr. Myerscough disposes."

Mr. Bridge, like Caesar's wife, is beyond suspicion, but there the similarity ends.

We hope, sir, that this missive satisfies your craving for the morbid and the sensational. You asked for it, and you've got it.

A. PREFECT.

* * *



OXFORD.

SIR,

An act of moral injustice has been done. All others having wisely fled the country, we who alone stood firm (having lost our ticket for West Africa) are faced with the unwelcome necessity of compiling the Oxford Letter. O happy Editors! who have but to make your demands and then sift the mass of contributions.

The number of Institute men in Oxford increases annually (see advt.), but Oxford is still unshaken. Next year we shall be eighteen in number, and we tender our congratulations to the

five whose efforts made this increase possible, and whose reward will come in October.

Last term was memorable for the School Excursion, which dropped with meteoric force into the placid pool of our existence. Many of us are only now recovering; some, we fear, will never recover. But we have kind hearts, and if we cannot forget, we can at least forgive.

Our society is now graced by the presence of an Old Man of the greatest venerability. Mr. Curtis may occasionally be seen proceeding solemnly up the High, and gazing with sorrowful eyes at the youthful folly manifest all around him. He has given up Balliol in disgust, and is existing in celibate seclusion in a monastery down Iffley way before taking on his head the burden of the mitre. Mr. Hawthorn also has leanings towards the cassock, but his hospitality is still a household word, and his teas will be a delicious memory when all else has faded.

Mr. Tharme is engaged in matters of great secrecy, although, emerging once from his seclusion, he was heard to remark that two can live as cheaply as one, and that the (international?) situation was critical. Mr. Martin is planning a trip to Greece, and in preparation he has made several public appearances dressed in his undershirt—or so it appeared from a distance. He has the misfortune to live, as experience has proved, only a stone's throw from Mr. Leak. The latter is a budding leader of fashion. His jacket is one of the bright spots of Oxford, but in his quieter moments he still plays chess.

Mr. Hughes is perhaps the only man on record to have had his money's worth from the Union, except Mr. Hammer, who has probably declared a net profit on the year. Mr. Leather is seldom seen, except for periodic raids on Keble Library, after which he visits Mr. Burns, but usually finds him out, which we as yet have not succeeded in doing.

Mr. Holmes has a good business head. He has had his bicycle stolen for a nominal fee. He also rows, and his coat of arms is now a crab rampant on azure field, with an oar sinister. Mr. Hargreaves oscillates between the river and his rooms. Shrieks heard occasionally behind his door are alleged to emanate from his wireless set. His alfresco suppers have created a fashion for tea without milk.

Mr. Ion has a retiring disposition. We caught him in his room one day coyly nibbling an apple, which in naive embarrassment he attempted to hide under an umbrella.

Mr. Hopwood still preserves his Pink complexion beneath his attractively bronzed exterior. Take courage, Comrade Cripps! Hopwood Still Stands Firm.

We end with a farewell. Mr. Little is leaving us for a wider sphere, in which we wish him success.

But work calls (not that we shall answer).

Yours sincerely,

J. I. KNOXUCLAVE.

THE UNION,
2 BEDFORD STREET NORTH,
LIVERPOOL, 3.

The Editor, *Liverpool Institute Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

Unlike my worthy colleagues at the two distant and archaic homes of learning, I cannot complain of any lack of material, for there are some 45 Liobians still pursuing their studies here. Nevertheless I find my position somewhat difficult, for these Old Boys may be roughly divided into two classes—those who desire and those who detest publicity of any kind. The former are annoyed if they receive no mention, the latter are incensed at the mere sight of their name in print. While again a third class wish only to appear in an attractive light and shun the breath of scandal. With the knowledge therefore that whatever I see fit to chronicle must offend I have done my worst.

Prominent in Guild life has been Mr. Bender, as Secretary of Debates, a winner of the Leggate Cup for speaking, and Editor of last year's *Pantosfinx*. Mr. Bates has been extremely busy organizing the Social Service Club, and will have his hands full in the coming year as Editor of *Pantosfinx* and Entertainments Secretary. These two are joined on the elected undergraduate controlling body—Guild Council—by Mr. Samuels, Chairman of the Conservative Association, though it is whispered that he is an armchair anarchist and amateur surrealist. Another rumour has it that he is thinking of becoming a naturalized citizen of Eire, so great is his love of things Irish (whiskey and colleens).

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

Our representative in the Commerce department, Mr. Ken Martinez, shaves every month and inhabits a notorious milk-bar. His brother Carlos affects a bristly moustache and has been Editor of the weekly *Guild Gazette*. He has developed the savage eyes natural to a dentist, and his Sing-Song versions of "Uncle Tom Cobley" and "Upidee Upidaa" must be seen to be believed.

A glance at the Liobian Medicals would convince even the *News of the World* of student degeneracy. Mr. Keidan is a rabid Trotskyist, though on one occasion he was heard to describe himself as "a little cherub sent from Heaven to brighten the hearts of all." Mr. Nairn is a fire-eating Halma—sorry, Chess-champion, while Mr. Cooper's skill at billiards is amazing. Mr. Baruch still fiddles around and seems to be perpetually waiting for someone or something to turn up. Mr. Gould believes in maintaining contact with military matters by the O.T.C. and fostering the Entente Cordiale by hitch-hiking in France.

The Architects include the dashing Mr. Thompson, well-known coffee-drinking teetotaler, misogynist, and lover of hard work. Surprise item: he was actually seen smoking his *own* cigarettes the other day. There is also Mr. "Pud" Williamson, who looks as cheery (no B in it) and prosperous as ever.

Of the Arts "gentlemen" Mr. Campbell can execute a fine fandango, but as he holds his conversations in Spanish with Messrs. Waugh and Foreman I can give you no more information about these three. Mr. Thomas, A.W.C., is occasionally to be seen wandering through dark corridors mumbling the incantations of Oz.

Mr. Bywell, the Demon Dentist of Wavertree Road, can perform a truly fiendish war-dance with the aid of a bicycle pump. Mr. Culshaw sings and makes other weird noises; Mr. Crewe sees everything and is seen everywhere; of Mr. Mills I can only record that he plays chess and table-tennis and works, and of Mr. Kelly that he runs and plays table-tennis.

In the Cohen Library (what a Cohencidence), Mr. Cohen, our only Vet., poor pet, may be seen amidst such workers and work-shy as Messrs. Campbell, Thomas, Samuels, and Kelly.

The Commemoration Week programme was a huge success; one noticed that the dances were enjoyed by Messrs. Bender and Thompson, and perhaps semi-consciously by Mr. Keidan. As a faithful reporter I must say that Mr. Corlett is definitely a Ladies' Man and more than came into his own at the Ladies' Prerogative Coffee Hop, which Mr. Bywell found fearfully embarrassing, while Mr. Cooper loudly cursed this new-found liberty of the weaker sex. Mr. Samuels almost won a Scavenger

Hunt and a wheel-barrow race, and Messrs. Keidan, Mills, and Nairn were closely involved in a putting competition at the Wyncote garden party.

Before concluding, let me offer congratulations to those who have obtained their degrees—with special note of Messrs. Bone and Bender, ex-joint secretaries of Lit. and Deb., with B.Sc. 1st class honours, wish good luck to those who are going down, and bid all Freshers a welcome which will soon be official. Finally—a message to the School—please remember your hard-working, long-suffering Old Boys on Panto Day.

Yours, etc.,

LIOSPHINX.

* * *

Editorial Notices.

THE Editors gladly welcome all contributions for the Magazine. Work should be written on one side only of examination paper, obtainable on request from the Editor, and should be sent in if possible by the end of term.

The Editors wish to acknowledge receipt of the following contemporaries and apologise for any omissions: *The Red Rose, Hulmeian, Palesian, Ilkestonian, Wallaseyan, Inkwell, Princerna, Olavian, Anchor, Ruym, Crosbian, Merchant Taylors' Review*, and the magazines of *Holt High School, Ormskirk Grammar School, Blackpool Grammar School, Farraday House*.

* * *

CROSSWORD SOLUTION.

HORIZONTAL.—(1) Disagrees. (6) Ruling. (7) Condition. (9) Istle. (10) Side. (12) Hemp. (14) Eat. (17) Aspen. (20) Snipe. (22) End. (23) Art. (24) Pine. (25) Chant. (27) Ambiguous. (28) Bandit. (29) Badminton.

VERTICAL.—(2) Synod. (3) Exophthalmia. (4) Tulip. (5) Ogre. (8) In. (10) So. (11) Send. (13) Mast. (15) Cid. (16) Pet. (17) Ash. (18) Pen. (19) Entail. (21) Pop out. (25) Cobs. (26) W.G.