

the drying qualities of the paint is found. In the laboratory the raw materials are also tested, any doubtful batch of material being tried by a sample cooking, the reaction being observed and the products examined to find out whether the material may be relied upon to produce a resin of the high quality required. Routine tests are also carried out on all raw materials; they are tested for colour by comparison with standard tints, for viscosity by Ostwald and disc viscometers, for acidity by the delicate pH meter and, in the case of solvents, for flash-point. The finished products are also tested in the same way as those of the experimental reactions to check their quality.

Leaving the laboratory, the party went to the rosin stores and the solvent pump house, being regaled on the way with stories of the frequent occurrence of stones, layers of earth and old boots in the Spanish rosin, and thence to the kettlerooms, the heart of the factory. In the kettlerooms the main reactions are carried out in large stainless steel or glass-lined 'kettles,' heated by furnaces below and fitted with large electrically-driven stirrers, with condensers, thermometers, carbon dioxide pipes, evacuating apparatus and inspection windows through which could be seen clouds of swirling vapour. The process is here translated from the laboratory to the factory, the kettles taking the place of the laboratory three litre flasks, and the cresol-formaldehyde kettles, swirling maelstroms of red caustic fluid from which rise blinding vapours, that of the laboratory beakers. In these kettles takes place the fantastic dance of the molecules; rings join into pairs, the pairs form chains, the chains lengthening and interweaving, twisting and twining, form the complex final resin.

When the reaction is complete the molten resin is pressed out by carbon dioxide, obtained by evaporating the solid in a confined space, into drums or into flat pans, where it solidifies and is broken up and packed into bags for despatch. Some of the resin is sent out as a solution in xylol or white spirit, and for this it is pressed into thinning kettles, large vessels fitted with heating jackets and condensers, where the resin is dissolved by the action of heat. The resulting solution is then filtered and run into drums for transport.

The visit to the thinning kettles terminated our tour of the factory, a place of strange, clinging resinous odours which, when smelt again, will bring back pleasant memories both of the visit to the works and of the excellent tea which was served in the canteen afterwards. The factory as a whole gave an impression of smooth efficiency and harmony which would be hard to better anywhere, for the employees were most helpful and obliging, being always ready to answer the questions which were put by members of the party. This, with everything else in the factory, made the tour a most memorable occasion, and left the party much food for thought concerning this most pleasant and interesting visit.

R. W. KING.

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Editor - - { N. J. PAGE
 E. R. OXBURGH

Sub-editors - { C. G. DODD
 P. RITCHIE

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EDITORIAL

In "The Third Man," a novel by Graham Greene, Harry Lime attempts to justify his peddling of penicillin in these words:

"In these days nobody thinks in terms of human beings. Governments don't, so why should we?"

This surely is a specious argument designed to stifle the promptings of an uneasy conscience. but it seems to us that there may be some truth in an observation so wantonly misapplied.

The complexity of twentieth-century civilisation fosters collectivism at the expense of the individual, and, no doubt, many of the restraints placed upon every one of us in the interests of the community as a whole are inevitable. Christian doctrine demands the abnegation of self and encourages the spirit of service; it is right that the individual should not profit at the expense of his neighbour. Unfortunately, however, the "community" tends to become an abstraction—an agglomeration of statistics, and one may perhaps be forgiven for asking sometimes "Who is my neighbour?" A definition of equality in terms of economics alone is unsatisfying; neighbourliness implies an adjustment of human relationships, an adjustment which cannot be obtained by administration alone.

Education itself is suffering from this worship of statistics and from a passion for administrative tidiness, which all too frequently is associated with equality. Sound administration is of inestimable value to a community, but it should never become an end in itself. If we may parody an old proverb: administration is a good servant, but a bad master.

The words of Harry Lime have a significance, too, for those of us at School; however complicated and mechanical modern life appears to be, we must never allow ourselves to forget the importance of human relationships.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

On July 23rd, the School Orchestra gave a concert in honour of Mr. Hillman, who retired at the end of the summer term. Mr. Hillman himself conducted many of the items on the programme and contributed a violin solo.

When the School returned in September, we soon discovered that many of the classrooms had been re-numbered and that masters' name-plates adorned the doors. For some days it was easier to find a master than to find a room.

On October 19th, a Student Christian Movement Conference was held at Quarry Bank School. Questions, which had been previously prepared, were submitted to the panel for discussion.

On November 11th, a party of Sixth Formers went to the David Lewis Theatre to see a performance of Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire" given by La Troupe Française.

This year it was decided to produce a School Christmas Card. Our thanks are due to Mr. Reed, who designed the crest, and to the School Photographic Society, who were responsible for the inset. The winning photograph was taken by G. A. O. Davies (M.6A). Consolation prizes were awarded to I. H. McGregor (6 Asc), W. J. Sutherland (M.6A), and W. B. Kendrick (A.Sc.).

Rehearsals for the School Play, Shakespeare's "Henry V," have been in progress for some time. Production is expected early in February.

On December 17th, the Music Club entertained the School in Hall. The Society is to be congratulated on the excellence of its programme and its accomplishment.

We welcome to the School the six new masters who joined the Staff in September: Mr. F. J. Boote, B.A. (Manchester), Mr. J. G. Buckley, B.A. (Cambridge), Mr. J. Edwards, B.Sc. (Manchester), Mr. H. Engler, G.G.S.M., A.R.C.M., Mr. E. J. Green, M.A. (Cambridge), Mr. N. Lloyd; also M. Terrier from Southern France, who will be with us until July.

Unfortunately, we have to say good-bye to Mr. G. C. Ledger, who has been a member of the Staff for nearly thirty years, and to Mr. Watterson, the chef, who has performed culinary miracles during the dark days of war and rationing. They take with them our gratitude for their loyal services and our best wishes for their future happiness.

OBITUARY

When Miss Makins was taken ill a few weeks before the end of the summer term, none of us had any suspicion that her illness was as serious as it turned out to be. She gradually became worse and died at the end of September: the Headmaster, Vice-Principal, members of the Staff and Prefects represented the School at her funeral.

DORIS NOEL MAKINS was here for over 40 years and devoted herself unsparingly to the service of the School. She taught in the Preparatory School until 1945, and when that department ceased to exist became form mistress of one of the third forms. She was competent and reliable in her work, and right up to the end showed the liveliness and freshness that had always distinguished her teaching. Her charm of manner, her sense of humour, almost whimsicalness, were qualities that endeared her to all, and we greatly miss her. Our sincere sympathy goes out to our former Vice-Principal and Mrs. Doughty.

ROBERT WILLIAM MERVYN DAVIES came to the School in September, 1940, and before leaving in July, 1949, had won an Open Scholarship in Classics to Pembroke College, Oxford. He was doing his National Service in the R.A.F. and was within a week of his discharge and looking forward to going up to Oxford in October, when, on the 5th September, the aeroplane in which he was flying crashed and he died soon after from his injuries.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to his father and mother, whose only child he was.

We regret also to announce the death of R. H. BOYD of Upper 5 Science, who was drowned at the beginning of the summer holidays at the age of 15. Boyd came to the School in September, 1947, and had shown qualities of intellect and character that had made us look forward to his promotion to the Sixth Form this term. We extend our sincere sympathy to his parents.

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held on Friday, December 14th, 1951, in the Philharmonic Hall, when the prizes were distributed by the Rev. Canon J. S. Bezzant, B.D., M.A., the Chancellor of Liverpool Cathedral. After the address of welcome, delivered in Latin by E. R. Oxburgh, a Prefect of the School, the Headmaster arose to make his annual report.

He expressed his dissatisfaction with the age-restriction clause, whereby no boy was eligible to sit for any part of the General Certificate of Education until he had reached the age of sixteen. This ruling not only added to the difficulties of school organisation, but also compelled boys to "carry" subjects at an elementary level for one, or even two years, while they were studying advanced work. He referred to the mediocrity encouraged by the refusal to indicate on the certificate any difference between ordinary achievement and a pass with distinction. After all, it was the duty of a grammar school to train intellect as well as character, and he saw no reason why intelligence should be unduly handicapped. He deplored such limitations upon freedom, which contributed to the frustration among those connected with grammar school education. Lip-service was often paid to teachers, but actually they were, for the most part, ignored in matters of policy. This was indeed a strange world in which we lived.

The Headmaster paid a moving tribute to the work of the late Mr. Stanley Wormald, and expressed his deep sorrow at the tragic death of Miss D. N. Makins a few months before she expected to enjoy her well-earned retirement, after over 40 years of devoted service to the School. In conclusion, he thanked the Governors, the Vice-Principal, members of the Staff and the boys for their loyal co-operation. This had been one of his happiest years.

After the audience had shown its appreciation of the rendering by the Senior Choir of Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers" and "Ten Green Bottles," arranged by Dr. J. E. Wallace, the Chairman, Mr. Lawrence Holt, spoke of his family's long association with the School, and of the pride he took in its service. He urged the boys actively to support their country in these difficult and dangerous times. The School sang "The Vagabond" (Vaughan Williams) and "Toreador's Song" from "Carmen," after which the prizes were distributed by the Chancellor of Liverpool Cathedral.

In his Address, Canon Bezzant said that it was not a bad thing for boys to learn to live in a large community, such as a big school. There were bound to be some boys with great and marked gifts, who would become leaders. Ability and natural endowments were no basis for conceit; they were a trust and a responsibility. The school and the home were two educational influences, each reacting upon the other. Ill-advised action on the part of the home could hinder the school in the work it was trying to do. Moreover, parents should resist the tendency to believe that their own child could do no wrong. He would even say that the acceptance of a certain amount of injustice ("when it concerns yourself, and not people for whom you are responsible") does no very great harm.

Canon Bezzant concluded by reminding the boys that there was one thing far more important than success or failure—that was to live and work so that friends would never need to make excuses for them, or their school to be ashamed of them.

The Vote of Thanks was proposed by Mr. H. N. Lowe, O.B.E., the Deputy-Director of Education, and seconded by Mr. F. W. Reece, the Vice-Principal of the School, after which the Junior Choir charmed the large audience with its rendering of "The Roadside Fire" (Vaughan Williams) and Schubert's "Cradle Song." Most appreciated of all was the happy and humorous collection of "Nursery Rhymes," arranged by Dr. Wallace. A memorable occasion ended with the singing of the School Hymn, "Lo! the Sound of Youthful Voices," to the tune of Cwm Rhondda.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

We acknowledge, with apologies for any omissions, the receipt of the following magazines:—

The Crosbeian, The Alsopian, Blackburne House Magazine, Ruym, The Wallaseyan, Calder High School Magazine, Holly Lodge High School Magazine, Holt High School Magazine, The Warrior, Los Angeles, California, The Quarry, Esslemay.

HOUSE NOTES

TATE

The majority of the House has again been content to rest on last year's laurels. This attitude is well illustrated by the lack of interest displayed by the House in the Swimming Sports. It is deplorable that, out of one hundred and forty members of the House, there were only seven boys who were sufficiently keen to enter the competition. Indeed, there was only one Senior competitor.

The Tate team has once again retained the Chess Trophy. We were narrowly defeated by Philip Holt House in the final of last summer's Basketball Competition. This year the Seniors have again reached the final round and the Juniors have won their first match. Both our Cricket teams reached their respective finals last season, but each was defeated by Owen House.

We welcome one fifth of our number as newcomers this year and expect from them the same enthusiasm and interest as was shown by last year's new members. An effort must be made on the part of every boy, Senior or Junior. Our customary weakness in Outdoor Sports must be remedied.

With this accomplished, we cannot fail to reap the highest honours.

R. B. MORRIS.

HUGHES

The House again distinguished itself in the School Sports, winning the Senior Championship, a feat accomplished by the efforts of one or two members of the House. For the second year in succession we have had the open champion in our ranks, and I should like to congratulate P. L. Pearson on being the victor ludorum.

Both the Senior and Junior teams were beaten in the first round of the Cricket Championship; the Chess Competition brought us a similar fate.

The House gave only meagre support to the Swimming Sports, and the deplorable lack of interest is shown by the fact that out of the 108 boys in the House, only five entered the competition.

We have an opportunity to redeem ourselves in the forthcoming Basketball, Football, Hockey, and Cross-Country Competitions, but our effort will not be successful until every boy participates in these activities. K. J. WARBRICK.

ALFRED HOLT

A desultory survey of recent achievements could lead to the erroneous conclusion that there has been a lack of enthusiasm in the House. The real reason for our failure has been the paucity of Sixth Form members. The resulting lack of experience in our Senior teams has inevitably lessened their chances of victory.

The achievements of the House in the Sports were marred by a poor entry from the few Seniors we had, and redeemed by the fine individual performance of R. E. Iredale, who became Junior Champion. In competing for the Whitehouse Cup for Cricket, both teams were dismissed before the finals, but provided hard games for their conquerors. This term's brightest event for Alfred Holt House was the School Swimming Sports, in which J. W. Palucci, the House Swimming Captain, was the Senior Champion. In the Basketball Competitions, the Junior and Senior teams were both dismissed in summary fashion, but the Chess team proved its worth in losing to Philip Holt only by a very narrow margin.

If the enthusiasm now engendered does not wane, and if members cultivate a definite sense of responsibility to their House, this should be a more successful year for Alfred Holt.

G. H. JONES.

DANSON

Although handicapped by being one of the smaller houses, we have done comparatively well in recent competitions. We were defeated by only 14 runs in the semi-final of the Senior Whitehouse Cup, but unfortunately the Juniors were defeated in the first round.

In the Swimming Sports, both Seniors and Juniors were placed fourth, which was also our position on aggregate. These results were obtained by six boys, who are to be congratulated. In the Basketball Competitions, the Seniors have had a gratifying win over Alfred Holt House, while the Juniors have not yet had a game. The Chess team were soundly defeated by Tate House, who have now won the trophy.

It is to be hoped that all members of the House will support the various competitions and not leave the burden to be carried by the energetic and enthusiastic few.

R. S. PRICE.

PHILIP HOLT

Since the last publication of the magazine, the House has met with moderate success. We achieved second place in both the Senior and Junior sections of the sports, and were winners on the aggregate. In the Basketball Competition we defeated Tate in the final and hope once more to acquit ourselves well in this direction. So far this term we have taken part in the Swimming and Chess Competitions. Despite the fact that we were badly supported in the former, we were placed second; in the latter competition we were soundly defeated in the final by Tate.

In recent years, the football, hockey and cricket trophies have eluded us. I am convinced that here also victory can be ours, provided that the necessary effort is forthcoming. If the House is to regain the proud position it once held, there is a need for both an active interest on the part of new members, and an increase of enthusiasm from Senior members, especially the Sixth Formers.

E. DAVIES.

OWEN

The House has met with mixed fortune in recent events. We were soundly defeated in the first round of the Basketball Competition, but here, as in the match for the Silver Knight Trophy, which produced a like result, we were drawn against Tate, the ultimate winners of both competitions.

We distinguished ourselves in the Swimming Sports by winning both the Senior and Junior sections. I should like to take this opportunity to thank the many boys who so ably swam for Owen on that occasion.

The House is fortunate in that all members give of their best when necessary, a fact which ensures our continued success.

N. J. PAGE.

SCHOOL 1st XI CRICKET TEAM, 1951

The season began with an experimental team, the result of hurried researches during the Easter holiday. Many of the veterans of the past years had left, and new blood had to be found and trained. The early matches showed the difficulties—two games won, two lost, and one drawn. It is rather surprising to note that in the matches lost, E. G. Jones made his two highest scores of the season, fifty-one and seventy-four.

Of these early matches the most outstanding was the first, resulting in a victory over the University. The School scored 106 for nine declared, and then dismissed the University for 93 runs, a feat due mainly to Ashby's four wickets for fourteen runs.

During the first half of the season the School team played two matches against the Old Boys. The first was an easy victory for the School—J. H. Ashby exploited the weakness of the Liobians' batting and claimed eight wickets for twenty runs. The second match nearly went to the opposition, owing to the bowling of former School fast bowler, D. W. McKay; but the School captain, K. R. Jones, forced a draw with his twenty-five runs not out.

The team improved as the season progressed; instead of the onus being carried by the few experienced batsmen, new players were scoring runs. However, there still seemed to be the need for a good change bowler to support K. R. Jones when Ashby finished his opening spell. Nevertheless, the team reached the halfway stage in the fixture list, with the fairly respectable record of—won three matches, lost three, drawn four.

In the second half of the season the side showed how it had benefited by the earlier experiments, for it did not lose one match; in fact seven out of the remaining ten matches were won.

Of these, the most exciting was the defeat of Calday G.S. by two wickets. Although three of our star players were not available owing to examinations, Calday were dismissed for 72 runs. J. C. Mitchell, captain for the day, took five wickets for nine runs, and Heyes took four for eleven; the School lost four wickets for twenty-two runs, but T. W. Shaw with a hard-won ten runs, and Lewis, who had to retire hurt for a while when he had scored five, with twenty-three not out gave the side a narrow victory.

The most convincing win of the season was at Chester, where the School team defeated King's School by nine wickets. The supremacy of our bowling can be seen from the following figures: J. H. Ashby, nine overs, five wickets for four runs; J. C. Mitchell, four overs, none for none; K. R. Jones, five overs, five wickets for six runs. In short, King's School were dismissed for fourteen runs, and we replied with seventeen runs for the loss of one wicket.

The team finished the season with the highly satisfactory record of having played twenty games, won ten, lost three, drawn seven. It will be interesting to see whether next season's team will be able to reach this standard, for unfortunately half the first team have now left School.

The most successful of the other School teams was the Under 13 XI, who kept their unbeaten record until the last game of the season. After a poor start, the second XI improved and achieved five consecutive victories. The Colts XI started the season well, but after the first few games they lost their form, and later results were rather disappointing.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Webster, Bowker, Rowell and Parker for their unfailing interest and encouragement, also to Mr. Edwin Wass, our coach, umpire, and groundsman.

RESULTS, 1951.

	P.	W.	L.	D.
First XI	20	10	3	7
Second XI	12	7	5	0
Colts	11	4	7	0
Under 13 XI	7	5	1	1

CAMEOS

K. R. JONES (Captain)—A very sound captain, whose placing of the field was always effective. His all-round ability was shown in steady batting, successful fast bowling, and extremely accurate slow bowling.

J. H. ASHBY (Vice-Captain)—The School's most successful bowler. His fast bowling, which he could maintain for surprisingly long spells, brought him fifty-three wickets in eighteen matches. An excellent slip fielder, he took seven catches, a total exceeded only by the wicketkeeper.

E. G. JONES—The School's most successful batsman. A good stroke player, particularly strong on the off-side, he was always able to defend or attack as a situation demanded. A brilliant fielder at point or gully.

J. C. MITCHELL—An all-rounder who atoned for his slightly disappointing batting by much improved bowling. A safe and reliable cover point and mid-wicket fielder.

E. S. OWENS—A generally reliable wicketkeeper and a useful and imperishable batsman. In the season he made thirteen catches, and one stumping, giving away an average of only four byes in each match.

TURNER—Early in the season he opened the batting with only moderate success. Later, when he batted further down the list he was able to indulge his natural inclination to forceful batting. A useful change bowler and a safe fielder.

DALTON—A slow leg-break bowler, who maintained moderate accuracy; only the absence of "sticky-wickets" deprived him of a better average.

LEWIS—A good left-hand batsman, very strong on the leg side. An excellent boundary fielder because of his fast sprints, quick pickups, and accurate throws.

Also played: McCullagh, T. W. Shaw, Heyes, Morris, Bruns, Harding, K. J. Warbrick, Corrin, Parry, M. A. Pearson, and Edleston.

School Colours re-awarded to: K. R. Jones, E. G. Jones, E. S. Owens.

School Colours awarded to: J. H. Ashby, Mitchell, Lewis, Turner.

Half Colours awarded to: Harding, McCullagh, Dalton, K. J. Warbrick, Edleston.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	Innings.	Out.	Cent.	Times No. of		Score.	Runs.	Average.
				Not out	High			
E. G. Jones	18	3	5	74	426	23.4		
K. R. Jones	18	2	7	66	412	25.8		
Lewis	13	3	3	39	189	18.9		
Turner	17	4	2	60*	221	17.0		
T. W. Shaw	5	2	—	15*	46	15.3		
Mitchell	20	2	2	46	233	12.9		
E. S. Owens	13	4	1	26*	103	11.4		

*Denotes "not out."

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs.	Averages.	Most
						wickets in a match.
J. H. Ashby	192.3	73	53	346	6.5	8 (for 20)
Harding	29	13	8	58	7.3	4 (for 31)
K. R. Jones	175	55	46	368	8.0	6 (for 15)
Mitchell	56.2	20	15	142	9.5	5 (for 9)
Heyes	29	8	6	81	13.5	4 (for 11)

B. PARRY (Hon. Secretary).

HOCKEY

This season we have been unfortunate in that five out of nine fixtures arranged for the first team have been cancelled, owing to the inclement weather.

We have had remarkably good support from the Sixth Forms, but the response from the Juniors has been inadequate if a Junior XI is to be formed. This apparent apathy on the part of the Lower School is especially disappointing in view of the fact that we now have a number of School sticks. Among the new players, Morris has already had startling success in the First XI goal.

The new fixture with the Cadet Training Ship, "Conway," is most welcome, particularly in view of the large proportion of men's clubs on our fixture list.

Both the first and second teams have performed creditably to date, and we hope this standard may be kept up throughout the current season.

I must thank Messrs. Willott, Parker, Rogers, Engler and Boote for their help in the present season.

The first team has usually been: Morris, K. J. Warbrick, E. Richards, E. Davies, Evans, R. T. Owen, P. L. Pearson, O'Connell, J. C. Mitchell, Osbourn, Leadbeater.

Also played: Makin.

RESULTS (To date).

	P.	W.	L.	D.
First XI	4	2	1	1
Goals for 17—Against 6.				
	P.	W.	L.	D.
Second XI	3	2	1	0
Goals for 7—Against 5.				

J. C. MITCHELL.

FIVES

The total number of boys playing fives now exceeds 150. This means, unfortunately, that only one court can be allocated to each boy during a term. It is hoped, therefore, that, wherever possible, doubles matches will be played.

The team, selected as a result of trials held at the beginning of the term, has been very successful, defeating a Wigan Grammar School side by eleven games to one. A home match against Hulme Hall had to be cancelled because of rain.

Plans for the remainder of the School year include Senior and Junior House matches and a ladder competition.

House Captains are urged to consider the selection of their teams carefully, as the standard of House matches has, of late, been very poor.

E. DAVIES.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

At the start of the present season we were pleased to see that, in addition to the regular cross-country runners of last year, there were several new enthusiasts attending the Saturday morning runs; thus the team was strengthened by the greater competition for places.

Our success is illustrated by the results of the matches held so far this term; the School has won three and has been placed second in another two. In addition to these inter-School races, three open cross-country championships have been held this season. In the "Dan Cumella Cup," open to all Merseyside schools, we gained third place. In spite of strong opposition from many Merseyside schools and boys' clubs, the team was fourth in the Sangster Cup, and would undoubtedly have been more successful in this and other races if there had not been such a paucity of Seniors in the club. Our team in the Senior races consisted mainly of Juniors, and although the Junior team ran well enough to be placed second in the Liverpool and District Boys' race, they cannot possibly be expected to compete successfully against far older competitors.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that sixth formers and removes will in future give their support to the club, in order to raise our standard to the level of previous years.

M. A. PEARSON.

BOXING

The inability of other schools to match our weights has confined the team to a training programme this term, but several contests have been arranged for the new year.

At present the club is suffering from a predominance of younger over older members. Heavier boys from the Upper School would be a distinct advantage in arranging fixtures next term, and a more attractive evening would result if older boys would join.

I wish to impress upon prospective members that no one is allowed to enter the ring until he has been coached to a reasonably proficient standard. The novices at present in the club show promise of developing into highly efficient boxers, and it augurs well for the future that the club is attracting younger boys, who can be given a sound grounding in the art of fisticuffs.

Sgt. Highton is still in charge of training, and Mr. Schofield comes along every Wednesday evening to superintend the club and arrange the sparring practices.

It is hoped that the School will continue to give its support to the team in both home and away matches, for the enthusiasm of the members is such that the high standard of previous years is sure to be maintained.

P. L. PEARSON.

ATHLETICS

Poor weather marred last year's athletic season, and reduced the number of School matches to one. The School Sports Day was an exception, for it took place on a perfect summer afternoon, but performances were only moderate, and no exceptional achievements were recorded.

Three weeks later the Inter-School Sports were held. The School did not distinguish itself, for the only successes were achieved by the relay team, which was third, and by L. Lewis, who was third in the 220 yards. The Juniors fared better, and our relay team is to be congratulated on winning their race against strong opposition. K. Thompson was third in the Junior 880 yards, and Catt tied for third place in the High Jump. The weather on both evenings was appalling, but a very high standard was reached and several new records were established.

A week later the School had a match against Wallasey Grammar School. As usual it was raining, and a strong wind hindered the runners. The School started well, L. Lewis winning the 100 yards Senior in 11.4 seconds; Wallasey struck back by winning the High and Long Jumps. The 440 yards followed, and P. L. Pearson was successful in a very close finish. The time of 54.2 seconds bettered the existing School record by four-tenths of a second. The shot and discus went to Wallasey, but L. Lewis and J. Broadbent won the 220 yards Senior and Junior respectively. K. Thompson took the 880 yards Junior for the School, although Wallasey gained further successes in the half-mile and mile Senior. The last races of the evening were relays, which the School won, only to be beaten on aggregate by 108 points to 100.

Next season promises to be successful, since our athletics team is virtually unchanged from last year. Their greater experience should stand them in good stead in 1952. Mr. White is only too willing to coach boys for the sports, and the opportunities offered by him, especially in field events, where our main weakness lies, should be seized next year. Good performances can only be achieved by fit and keen athletes, and it is to be hoped that last year's competitors are keeping in trim by joining in cross-country runs, or other suitable winter sports.

P. L. PEARSON.

LIOLIANS A.F.C.

The season opened on a promising note for the Old Boys' Soccer Club. We had a supply of good recruits from amongst people who were members of the School last year, and all are doing well in their respective spheres. In particular, Goodall earned a regular place in the 1st XI from the commencement of the season until he went on National Service in October, and Snelgrove, after distinguishing himself as a goal-scorer with the 2nd XI, is now turning out regularly with the 1st team and should do well.

It is early yet to prophesy our final placings in the leagues, but all four teams are holding their own and should finish the season amongst the top teams in the competitions. The 3rd XI is our sole representative left in Cup Competitions but the two higher teams, particularly the 1st XI, although defeated were not disgraced.

The weather has not been kind to us this season and in common with the School, it has been necessary to postpone a number of games.

Liolians Football Club is already under a debt to the School. Through the generosity of the Headmaster we are allowed the use of the Mersey Road pitches and are therefore given the opportunity to function as an active limb of the parent Old Boys' Association, and Messrs. Reece and Morgan give us invaluable help and guidance in the many problems which beset an amateur sports club. But we look to the present members of the School to provide us with the new blood which we must have year by year to continue our existence. The backbone of the Club is not only the star of the 1st XI, but also the enthusiastic and loyal member in more humble spheres, who is equally appreciated and considered. Therefore we want every member of the School who enjoys a good, sporting game, irrespective of his ability, to join us when he leaves School and help us to put the Liolians Club into the higher circles of amateur soccer—a position which befits the dignity of our School. We will always be pleased to provide interested persons with a game during School holidays or at other times when this does not interfere with School soccer, and will welcome support from anybody who may not feel disposed to participate actively in our games.

SWIMMING NOTES

Last season, membership was high enough to enable us to hold two meetings every week at Cornwallis Street Baths.

The School Swimming Sports were held at Picton Road Baths on October 9th. They proved successful, and the inclusion of more novelty events—at the instigation of Mr. Rowell—was popular. The attendance, especially from the School itself, was very encouraging.

The results of the Gala were:—

Senior Competition: 1st, Owen, 147 points; 2nd, Philip and Alfred, 87 points.

Junior Competition: 1st, Owen, 68 points; 2nd, Philip, 62 points.

Aggregate: 1st, Owen, 215 points; 2nd, Philip, 149 points.

Cochrane: Form 3c.

The individual championship was won by J. W. Paulucci.

During the last summer term, the School had a match against Quarry Bank, Collegiate and the Holt at Lodge Lane Baths; the final positions were:—

1st, Liverpool Institute; 2nd, Quarry Bank; 3rd, Collegiate.

We were not so successful in the Inter-School Gala, and finished unplaced.

Mr. Tait conducted Life-Saving classes last term, and we are pleased to announce that twelve boys have gained Bronze Medallions. We thank him, and hope he will continue the good work. We should also like to thank all members of the staff, especially Mr. Forbes, who helped to make the School Swimming Sports a success.

B. GILLBANKS.

CHESS CLUB

Both Senior and Junior sections of the Club have met regularly this term; the Junior section on Mondays in Room 18 and the Senior section on Tuesdays in Room 43. The main interest in the Senior section has been in the House Knock-out Competition. The "Silver Knight" was retained by Tate House, who beat Philip Holt in the final.

The School team has played four games so far this season, winning three and losing one. We must not give up our efforts to regain the Wright Challenge Shield.

Two members of the team, C. K. Mackinnon and P. D. Barnes, have been honoured by their inclusion in the Lancashire County Junior Correspondence Chess Team to play in the British Chess Federation Championship.

Thanks are due to Mr. Willott for running the Junior section of the Club, and to Mr. Booth for his help to the Senior section and the School team.

The following have represented the School in matches this term: C. K. Mackinnon, Barnes, Wolfson, R. Jones, Morley, D. Canter, P. Best.

C. K. MACKINNON.

C.C.F. (ARMY AND BASIC SECTIONS)

Ample proof that the Corps has not lost any of its former keenness and ability is given by the results of the Certificate "A" examinations held on December 3rd, when five out of six candidates were successful in Part II and nineteen in Part I. This is a very good performance, and all concerned are to be congratulated.

In the summer term, the Corps was inspected by Brigadier Sanders, who gave an excellent report, commending particularly the efficiency of the N.C.Os.

In an attempt to introduce a competitive spirit into the Corps, the section leaders now wear white lanyards, and at the end of the term the cadets in the most efficient section will also be given this mark of distinction.

We should like to extend a welcome to Lt. F. J. Boote. I am sure the experience which he gained during his war service will prove to be of great value to the Corps.

A suggestion has been made that the band should be re-established. Any cadets who are interested should see Cadet Kennedy immediately. It is also hoped to start a signals section in the near future. Shooting takes place at Mather Avenue on Saturday mornings, and all cadets must shoot at least twice in the year.

I should like to see more boys from the Removes and Sixths joining the Corps, for when they have to do their National Service they will find that the basic training given by the Corps will be helpful to them. If the numbers warrant it, a special squad will be formed composed only of these recruits.

Finally, I should like to point out that cadets must wear their uniforms for all parades; failure in this requirement indicates a general slackness in the Corps.

K. J. WARBRICK, R.S.M.

SUMMER CAMP, 1951

This year, the C.C.F. (A and B Sections) annual camp was held from 31st July to 8th August at Kimmel Park, near Bodelwyddan, Flintshire, famed for its Marble Church.

The main body under the command of Lt. Schofield arrived by coach on the Tuesday, to find that Captain MacDonald's advance party, which had travelled out by train the day before, had taken possession of the contingent's lines and equipment and that they had done all the necessary work.

After an introduction to the numerous ambassadors of the insect world, who had decided to occupy our tents, the new arrivals quickly sought out the N.A.A.F.I. and the most direct route to Rhyl.

Training began the following day, after an address by the Camp Commandant and an exhibition of footdrill by cadets from Eaton Hall O.C.T.U.

The cadets had previously decided upon the kind of training they wished to undertake, the majority doing infantry training under the Officer Cadets from Eaton Hall. Others did either R.A. training or signalling, the signallers learning all about wireless and other signals kit, while the Artillery trainees enjoyed an aeroplane trip and a day out at Oswestry. The "infanteers" did much valuable preparation for War Certificate "A," and included in their training a night exercise. At the end of the camp the standard of the R.A. training was shown when an exhibition shoot was given by the cadets, who had been taught gunlaying and firing. The standard of their demonstration spoke for itself.

Our thanks are due to Captain MacDonald and Lieutenant Schofield for their help and interest during the camp, and especially for giving up their time.

K. J. WARBRICK.

C.C.F. (R.A.F. SECTION)

Last July we regretfully said farewell to F/O Willan, D.F.C., and we should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks for his energetic support. We welcome F/O Buckley and P/O Preece, who joined the Squadron last September.

At the annual inspection held on July 18th, the Unit was complimented on its keenness and efficiency by Brigadier Sanders and Wing Commander Dawson, the inspecting officers.

During the year, thirteen cadets obtained their C.C.F. (R.A.F. Section) certificate of proficiency, thus bringing the number proficient to more than half our total strength.

We extend our congratulations to Cpl. Cook on obtaining a Flying Scholarship; also to Cdt. Ashcroft on passing the examination for aircraft apprentices at the R.A.F. School, Halton.

Last term, Flt./Lt. Howlett, an old boy of the School, recounted his experiences in the R.A.F. as a jet fighter pilot. On the second of his two visits, the School's Liaison Officer, Sq./Ldr. Steel, showed us a film on life at Cranwell.

A number of cadets attended courses at R.A.F. Halton, and also a special gliding course at R.A.F. Lichfield. Field Day was held at R.A.F. Hawarden, where all cadets flew in Ansons and Oxfords. An interesting day ended with an exciting journey home, when the bus left the road and ploughed into a wood; fortunately, nobody was hurt.

We should like to thank our O.C., Flt./Lt. Watson, and the other officers for the interest they have taken in the unit; our thanks go also to Mr. Hughes for expert Morse tuition.

W. J. SUTHERLAND, Flt. Sgt.

SUMMER CAMP, 1951 (R.A.F. SECTION)

At 1100 hours on Thursday, 26th July, 28 cadets of the Liverpool Institute C.C.F. (R.A.F. Section) assembled under the clock in Lime Street Station. This traditional ceremony marked the beginning of another summer camp, to be held at R.A.F. Cottesmore, Rutland. The contingent arrived at its destination at about 16.00 hours, and the rest of the evening was spent in settling down in the new environment and preparing equipment for the coming week.

On the following day, the party was given a general introduction to the activities and organisation of the Station. The cadets found that an interesting programme had been arranged for them, including lectures on meteorology, navigation, and wireless, and films on aircraft recognition, together with some practice in shooting both .303 and .22 calibre rifles. A visit to the R.A.F. Station at North Luffenham was arranged, where the cadets had the opportunity of inspecting Spitfires and Vampires.

Morning parade took the form of a march past, but on Sunday a church parade was held, when all the C.C.F. Cadets marched the one-and-a-half miles to the picturesque little church in the village of Cottesmore. During the service, the vicar told the Cadets that R.A.F. Cottesmore had been one of the main bomber stations in that part of England, and that a chapel in the church had been dedicated to the airmen who had lost their lives on operations.

On Monday it was our turn to be let loose in Rutland, the process being known as "Operation Roadhog." The purpose of the exercise was to foster initiative. Cadets were taken several miles in trucks, given a number of questions concerning the locality, and finally had to find their own way back to camp.

All the Cadets flew in Ansons and Prentices; after flights in the latter, it was noticeable that the faces of some Cadets were for some reason an unusual shade of green.

During their stay, many took advantage of the magnificent Rutland countryside, some being shown round the large manor house and estate in the nearby village of Greetham, and some round the vicarage at Cottesmore. A number also visited Oakham, the county town of Rutland, and spent some time in the interesting Norman hall.

After an exciting and enjoyable week, the Cadets left the camp by coach for Rugby. The return journey was uneventful and comfortable, and at 13.00 hours on Tuesday, 2nd October, the contingent arrived back in its native city.

We are grateful to the Royal Air Force for its efficient management of the camp, but our thanks must go also to our own officers, Major Bowen, Flt./Lt. Watson and F/O Willan for their unfailing interest in our welfare.

W. J. SUTHERLAND, Flt./Sgt.

SCOUT NOTES

The 1951 Summer Camp was held near Greenhead, Northumberland, and despite some very mixed weather, it proved one of the happiest camps in the Troop's history. It was remarkable in that almost everyone could find something to interest him in or around the camp, beyond the normal run of camp activities; the Roman Wall was not half a mile away and several hikes of exploration were made along parts of it: the Tifalt burn running past the camp site was used for bridge-building practice, but it also became the haunt of the troop anglers, who, being mostly younger members, were frequently to be found fruitlessly fishing its waters, when they should have been scrubbing billy-cans.

A newspaper, the "Camp Times," was edited by the Assistant Scout-Master and appeared four times during the week—a most successful experiment, which we hope to repeat in future years.

There were in all thirty-two Scouts at camp, and the two Scouters were assisted by Mr. P. Quine, an old boy, who looked after the first aid. When the camp dispersed at the end of the week, we were sorry to say good-bye to a number of old friends, the Assistant Scout Master, R. W. Rochester, and Patrol Leaders Osborne, Hurst and Collier—we wish them well in University, farm and office.

King's Scout Gee, Patrol Leader of the Swifts, attended the camp only a few days after returning from the World Scout Jamboree in Austria; he had been selected to go as a representative of South-West Lancashire.

Back at School once again, the vacancies which had been left in Patrols were filled up from boys on the waiting-list, which is now unfortunately longer than ever. These recruits, however, have now all been invested, and those who have not already gained their Second Class Badge are well on the way to it.

Early in the term, the Behn colours camping competition was held, but the Troop team, being placed second, failed to retain the trophy which they had previously held.

In conclusion we should like to thank Mr. Haig, our Scout-master, for his unflagging energy in running the Troop, Mr. Smith, our treasurer, and Mr. Watterson, the chef, for providing tea on Friday evenings.

E. R. OXBURGH.

MACALISTER SOCIETY

The customary excellence of papers read at Society meetings has been maintained at each of this term's four meetings.

At the first, R. W. King, an old boy, spoke on "The Advance of the Atom." He gave an account of the origins and development of the modern atomic theory of matter and then discussed the mechanism of both the Uranium and Hydrogen bombs.

D. A. V. Dendy's paper dealt with the history of musical instruments; he was particularly informative on the Woodwind section. The last two papers were read by members of the staff. Mr. Walker's on "Dew Ponds," showed that even these seemingly prosaic objects could amply reward investigation. Mr. Bentliff's was, in many ways, the most interesting of the four; he traced the ritual pattern in drama from pre-history to the sixteenth century, with particular reference to the Ancient Greeks.

The School play has interfered with attendances, but the innovation of serving tea between the paper and the discussion has proved very successful.

N.J.P., R.S.P.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The standard of debating is now higher than it has been for some years; this is because many of the Society's veterans have matured into skilled debaters, while more seniors have begun to take a very welcome part in our activities.

As there must be "heirs to the glory," however, it is with concern that we view the almost complete lack of interest shown by the Removes and Upper Fifth forms, who have sent only a solitary silent representative to this term's debates.

Debates so far held, and their results, are:—

Sept. 25th—"That the Hollywood star system is incompatible with the film as an Art-form." Pro.: G. H. Jones. Con.: P. M. Howlett. Carried 24—13 (3 abstentions).

Oct. 10th—"That this House advocates the termination of the partition of Ireland." Pro.: E. Richards. Con.: J. E. W. Morris. Defeated 7—13 (8 abstentions).

Oct. 23rd—"That this House admires the American system of Education." Pro.: M. V. Kennedy. Con.: C. E. Sissons. Defeated 4—24 (4 abstentions).

Nov. 13th—"Les Anglais—ils ne sont pas humains." Pro.: G. F. Bilson. Con.: P. Ritchie. Defeated 15—21 (2 abstentions).

Nov. 27th—"That this House welcomes the advent of television to the North of England." Pro.: S. Shiebert. Con.: N. J. Page. Carried 17—16 (3 abstentions).

Finally the Society kept Christmas with appropriate festivities on December 11th, when a session of impromptu speeches was held.

Apologising in advance to those whom we are reluctantly forced to omit, we must mention some of those speakers who have contributed to the success of the session. One of the most pleasant surprises has been the emergence of S. Shiebert as a main speaker, original in thought and coherent in expression. He was particularly effective in combination with P. Ritchie, another skilled debater. C. E. Sissons and P. R. Lunt have interesting and arresting styles, and from the floor we have heard much of E. Davies, a model of suave urbanity. B. L. Jones was prominent among maiden speakers, from all of whom we expect great things.

S. Shiebert was elected to fill a vacancy on the committee and P. M. Howlett makes a most vigorous Lord-High-Poker-in-Chief.

During the absence of secretary, G. H. Jones, at Cambridge, his junior colleague, G. F. Bilson, was ably assisted by P. Ritchie, a very energetic and efficient deputy secretary. Mr. E. J. Green, whom we were pleased to welcome, paid us a visit on November 13th.

Finally we should like to express our sincere thanks to our long-suffering Chairman, Mr. C. H. Moore, and to Mr. D. G. Bentliff, our Vice-President.

G.H.J., G.F.B., P.R.

MUSIC CLUB

At the Annual General Business Meeting held last September, the following officers were elected: President, the Headmaster; Chairman, Mr. L. A. Naylor; Treasurer, Mr. D. W. Rowell; Secretary, W. J. Sutherland; Librarian, J. R. Parry; Committee Members, D. A. V. Dendy and G. H. Jones.

Last term the usual fortnightly gramophone recitals were more miscellaneous in character. One welcome innovation was a concert of vocal records, and it is hoped that this will become a regular feature of the recitals.

The Music Club Library is open every Friday from 12.45 p.m. to 1.45 p.m., and books can be borrowed for periods of four weeks. The library also possesses records which are frequently played at meetings. The Club has a chamber group, which meets on Fridays in the music room. Recently the members have concentrated on Telemann's "Suite in A minor for Flute, Strings and Continuo." The group's repertoire is already expanding, and it is hoped that a concert will be given next term.

The recitals given by members have, unfortunately, not enjoyed the support received by the recorded music. It is encouraging to note, however, that members of the Lower School are taking a more active part in the Club's activities, and I should like to assure any boys interested in music that their support will always be welcomed.

W. J. SUTHERLAND.

THE ORCHESTRA

At our Summer Concert we reluctantly said goodbye to our friend and leader, Mr. Hillman. After the farewell concert, the orchestra assembled in the Music Room, where the secretary presented him with a bound copy of Handel's Violin Sonatas on behalf of the members.

We opened the new School year by welcoming Mr. Engler, both as music master and as our new conductor. His professional knowledge has brought improvements, and we hope to perform at the School play.

Violin and Cello classes cost only seven and sixpence per term; we are always ready to welcome and help new members, and we invite more support from the School.

D. A. V. DENDY and J. R. PARRY.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Last July, the Society parted with its founder and Chairman, Mr. G. M. Willan, who left us to take up a teaching post at another school. Whether urbanely operating as projectionist, or presiding informally over a meeting of the Committee, his enthusiasm and energy knew no bounds. We are fortunate in having as his successor Mr. J. Edwards, under whose guidance the mechanism of the Society has again commenced to run smoothly.

Meetings of the Society have been held regularly after School on Tuesdays during the Autumn Term. All the meetings have taken the form of film-shows, the most notable being a Crown Unit production entitled "The Cumberland Story," which dealt with the reorganisation of the Cumberland coal mines. Attendance at these meetings has generally been good, but more support could be given by the Sixth Form members of the Society.

It is hoped to arrange several lectures for the Easter Term, when other School activities will not be charming away so many of our Senior members.

The Library contains a large and varied selection of pamphlets, magazines, and maps, which are available to all members of the Society. The librarians would like to see members making more use of this source of valuable geographical information.

E.R., G.H.J.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Four meetings have been held so far this term. Mr. Rogers read his very amusing paper on elections in the time of George III and Mr. Macdonald spoke to us on "Old Maps," illustrating his remarks from his own collection. The two film shows we have had contrasted sharply. The first dealt with the stone and bronze ages, whilst the second covered more recent events, among them the Yalta conference and the preparations for D-Day.

The Society would welcome more support from senior boys, particularly from those members of the Sixth Forms who do not take History as a main subject.

N. J. PAGE.

SIXTH FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY

The past year was a most successful one for the Society. Our thanks are due to the former Secretary, K. J. Warbrick, for arranging the many interesting lectures and visits, and to the former Treasurer, B. W. McGuinness, whose enthusiasm was responsible for the record membership of one hundred and ten.

During the autumn term lectures were given by Mr. McMin, from the Liverpool School of Hygiene, on "The Relation of Microbe to Malady," by W. R. Sefton on "The War against Dirt," by J. Jeffrey on "The Colours of the Stars," by Mr. Day on "The Manufacture of Fuse Powder," by Mr. Naylor on "Explosives" and by Mr. Brierley on "The Calendar."

On September 19th, we had the pleasure of witnessing a demonstration of a magnetic tape recorder. Recordings were made both of voices and of musical instruments, and as the proceedings were conducted throughout in a spirit of light-heartedness, the meeting was generally accepted as one of the most enjoyable ever held by the Society.

To date one visit has been made this session, that being to B.I. Cables Ltd., at Prescott. There the Society saw the various processes which lead up from the refining of the pig copper to the production of the finished cable. A visit is due to take place in the near future to Lever Brothers at Port Sunlight, and after the General Certificate of Education examination during the summer term, it is hoped that arrangements may be made for a whole day's visit to a factory of scientific importance, which it would not be possible to visit in the ordinary course of events.

The meetings this term have been well attended, but the Society would welcome more members from the non-science Sixths, to whom a general knowledge of the applications of science is just as important as to those who specialise in the subject.

G. G. PARRY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Since the last issue of the Magazine, the annual excursion has taken place, and for the third year in succession the Society was blessed with a perfect summer's day. The major part of the outing was a ramble through the picturesque woodland of Ingleton with its many waterfalls. Many exposures were made, in spite of the difficult subject matter.

The new session opened with the General Meeting, at which Mr. R. G. Walker was elected Chairman, Mr. W. H. Jones as Treasurer, G. A. O. Davies as Secretary, and J. d'A. Jeffery as Assistant Secretary.

During the summer term an unusual competition was held, namely to prepare a print for the School Christmas Card, and the entries, which were all of various parts of the School building, were very satisfactory.

In order to promote interest in Photography, the Society is displaying a member's print on the notice board each week, and I hope that original enlargements will be forthcoming.

Various lectures and demonstrations have been held throughout the term, and in the New Year the Society will have the pleasure of hearing several outside lecturers talking about their own particular branch of Photography.

In conclusion, I should like to thank all those who have devoted their spare time to the Society, and in particular to our Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Jones.

G. A. O. DAVIES.

MODELS SOCIETY

The Society continues to maintain a good membership and a comprehensive programme of activities. There have been talks on various aspects of model making and the use of technical equipment, and a most interesting lecture by W. Ferdinand on wireless control of aircraft. The Society's library is well patronised and is steadily being enlarged, though the conditions under which it functions are not all that could be desired. The end of term Social Meeting, with refreshments and films, came as a successful conclusion to the year's activities.

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

Meetings this term have been reasonably well attended, although a higher membership is very desirable. H. G. O'Connell has been appointed to the Committee, and it is therefore not surprising to find the Society invested with a new title: "The AM 1 Club."

So far this term we have had two informative talks, designed to appeal mainly to junior members: "Arranging a Stamp Collection," by P. M. Howlett, and "What Should I Collect?" by Mr. Lloyd, together with a junior Stamp Quiz, in which V. Munro gained first prize. The 1951 Best Attendance Prize has been won by J. E. Sharp. The most successful meeting this term has been the Stamp Auction, held on November 21st, which has benefited the funds of the Society.

The final meeting of the autumn term is expected to take the form of a film-show: "The Philatelist's Story of Oil," which should prove of great interest to all present.

Special thanks are due to our Chairman, Mr. R. T. Jones, and to our Treasurer, P. M. Howlett, the former for his encouragement, and the latter for most valuable suggestions and advice. It is to be hoped that the present interest in the Society and its activities will be continued next term.

G. E. SILVERMAN.

CHRISTIAN UNION

This term, lunch-hour meetings have been held as usual each Wednesday. A series of papers on the miracles performed by Christ has been given by members of the Sixth Forms. These talks have, on the whole, been both interesting and profitable. Recently a few have gathered for prayer at 8.45 a.m. on Wednesdays as a preparation for the lunch-hour meetings.

On various occasions since September, we have welcomed as speakers the Rev. F. R. Schofield, whose subject was "Paul and Agrippa," the Rev. E. M. T. McClellan, who spoke on "The Way of Life," Mr. Branse Burbridge, who based his talk on Acts 2, verse 42, and finally Bishop H. Gresford Jones, who addressed the term's largest gathering on the subject of "Zacchaeus."

On Friday, October 19th, a party of Sixth Formers attended a Student Christian Movement Conference at Quarry Bank High School. Questions which had been previously sent in by schools were answered by a Brains Trust comprising a headmaster, a Church of England minister, the principal of a Baptist College, and a Bishop. Although the nature of the questions asked did not permit a reply satisfactory to all, those who attended the Conference found the discussion lacking in neither controversy nor interest.

Attendance at this term's meetings have varied from forty to sixty, including a contingent from Blackburne House. We have been glad to see a number of new regular members and should like to extend a warm invitation to all senior members of the School to join us in this brief lunch-hour meeting when our thoughts are turned to those fundamental problems of life which, of necessity, concern us all, whatever our own particular beliefs. Finally, a word of thanks is due to Mr. Watson who has so whole-heartedly and wisely given his guidance and advice.

R.T.O.

SKYE—SUMMER 1951

Our party of six left Liverpool on Sunday, 19th August. We spent our first night in the North British Hotel in Glasgow, strategically situated for catching the 5.46 a.m. from Queen's Street Station. The beds of the hotel proved over-luxurious for Page and Oxburgh; fearful of being smothered in their soft embrace, they arose and passed a pleasant night upon the carpet. The journey to Mallaig really set our excitement mounting—mile after mile of splendid scenery and enough walking and climbing to last a short lifetime. At Mallaig we boarded the steamer which was to take us to the Kyle of Lochalsh. It was due to start almost at once, but time is of little account

in Western Scotland. Two hours passed leaden-footed. We, whose days are spent in urgency and haste, bore the delay with what patience we could muster. At length we left Mallaig, and again the splendour of mountain and loch spread prodigally around us. From Kyle we took ferry to Kyleakin on Skye itself. A "Skye Transport" bus took us thence to Sligachan. An islander received it and, having taken too generous a gulp, was not asked to partake again. Macrae's bus took us the last eighteen miles from Sligachan to Glen Brittle. Thirty-two people occupied a bus built for sixteen, and approximately thirty-two cases and rucksacks filled the remaining space. The road is notorious. The driver, through long experience, knows each rut by name. We passed over a wooden bridge. The bus stopped. "Dash!" said the driver, "That plank has gone again." He replaced the plank and we drove on.

We were unable to see the Black Cuillin because of mist. Next day too was very misty, but we climbed Sgurr Alasdair by its stone shoot, seeing very little of the view and finally getting a soaking in heavy rain. I had better describe the Black Cuillin at this point. They are mountains composed chiefly of gabbro and partly of basalt. Gabbro is the roughest rock on God's earth, so corrugated that the skin is soon torn off the fingers (and woe to the knees of him that wears shorts!). The mountains are in the form of a main ridge with several subsidiary ridges on either side. The main ridge is only eight miles long, but so contorted and difficult that only a select few among expert rock-climbers can traverse it in a day. The average height of the ridge is 3,000 feet and Sgurr Alasdair (some 3,300 feet) is its highest point. The climbing is the best and the scenery the most savage in Britain. From the ridge on a clear day one can see many of the islands of the Hebrides and many mountains of the mainland.

During our fortnight's stay we climbed between fifteen and twenty of the Cuillin. All of us (except one) did at least one rock-climb on the rope and under the guidance of expert climbers. The best achievement was Oxburgh's, who led up the difficult West side of the Inaccessible Pinnacle in stockings on a greasy day. The weather was not kind to us. We had only one day of warm sunshine and perfect visibility. On almost all the other days mist robbed us of the views for which we longed, and heavy rain (or hail) damped our persons and, to some extent, our spirits. What joy though when the mist that had tantalised us all day suddenly parted and the peaks appeared like islands upon a swaying sea of cloud! Leech and I had such a view on one occasion. We had reached the top of a peak and sat there in ignorance of what peak it was and hoping against hope for the mist to part. And sure enough it did and we saw Alasdair and Dearg and Dubh na da Bheinn, and knew we sat on Sgumain. We clambered along the ridge to Alasdair and from there were privileged to behold "The spectre of the Brocken." Our own shadow was thrown by the sun on the cloud mass below and appeared in the centre of a double band of light which contained all the colours of the rainbow. This is a rare phenomenon and we consider ourselves exceptionally fortunate.

One evening we went swimming in Loch Brittle. The water-temperature was well below 60° and we did no sun-bathing. We also felt lurking apprehensions about the sharks which had been seen close inshore two days before. As I swam, the ridge shone in the evening sun over a foreground of blue water. Moments like this are worth a fortnight of poor weather.

We stayed at Glen Brittle House, once a shooting-lodge of the MacDonalds, a most excellent place. The food was enough even for an Oxburgh's appetite. There was only one bath, usually occupied by Peter Best. On the few occasions when he was not resting there, we were forced to bathe two at a time. The one who sat on the plug and leaned on the taps came off worst in this arrangement. In the evenings the intellectuals (Best, Page and myself) played chess, and the frivolous and superficially-minded, Slippery Ann. The other guests included several interesting personalities. One was a Marathon runner who, while we were there, ran eighteen miles, part-way over a mountain track, in a gale, in something over two hours.

On the last evening of our stay two of us had the sad task of going out with a stretcher-party to fetch one of our fellow-guests down from where he lay unconscious and seriously injured on one of the climbs of Sron na Ciche. Helping carry a stretcher down a steep scree slope is the hardest work either of us has ever done. The jolting descent must have proved an agonising ordeal to the injured man, because he partially recovered consciousness when we began to move him.

In general our visit to Skye was a great experience and we shall certainly return. Mr. Bentliff deserves our gratitude for his organisation and leadership, and Mrs. Macrae for her kindness and tolerance of our exuberant ways.

D.W.R. (on behalf of D.G.B., P.B., R.H.L., E.R.O., N.J.P.)

TAFFY WAS A WELSH TRAIN

Last summer I went with three other members of the Engineering and Transport Society on a Youth Hostel tour in Wales; Youth Hostel tours are among the activities of this Society; others include regular meetings in School and day-trips in local fields of transport interest. We cycled to Dolgelly, where we stayed, and then used our bicycles to visit two neighbouring railways, hidden in the deep valleys of Wales.

The first, the Vale of Rheidol Railway, starts at Aberystwyth and runs up the valley to its terminus, Devil's Bridge. The first thing that brings the imagination back from Owen Glendower and black-hatted Welsh witches is the fact that this line, although of narrow gauge, is run by British Railways—that alien administration which penetrates even darkest Wales, and claims to govern a railway which should by rights be run by such a company as the Cambrian National Railways. Its crest should portray a dragon rampant, strumming a harp, or chewing a leek. But all was typically British Railways—the vivid red and cream coaches and the filthy locomotive, which, in the days of free enterprise, had its brass fittings sparkling and its paintwork bright. British Railways do not seem to care about the appearance of the locomotives, for you cannot travel on another railway that gives better service—it is Hobson's choice.

The seats were hard, and the rail joints seemed uncommonly uneven as the train clinked steadily up the valley. At length, having arrived at the terminus, everyone alighted and rushed off to see the Devil's Bridge—one of the many Welsh Sixpenny "concerns." After much peering to obtain a glimpse of the bridge without paying, we gave up the quest, cursing those strategically planted trees. We returned to the station, and the train trundled down the valley back to busy Aberystwyth. Then back we toiled on our bicycles, eagerly looking forward to our plain but wholesome Youth Hostel supper.

Next day, we went to see the Tal-y-Llyn Railway, officially described as "the oldest surviving passenger-carrying narrow gauge railway in the world;" quite a formidable claim! It is privately owned and the rolling stock is bright and clean, in spite of ninety years of service. The livery of the coaches is a mellow maroon, with unobtrusive gold lining—such a contrast to the "strawberries and cream" on the Vale of Rheidol Railway. There is an old-world atmosphere about the line—no streamlined locomotives! The little engine, built in 1865, is spick and span, painted in a fresh apple green, lined out in scarlet. Perhaps, however, it is not quite as efficient as the ugly little engine we met at Aberystwyth, for once it had to back to take a run at the gradient ahead, and another time a stop was made to raise sufficient steam to continue. We eventually covered six and a half miles.

The Vale of Rheidol Railway was very business-like and efficient—but so coldly impersonal and typical of the lack of human element caused by nationalisation. It contrasted sharply with the Tal-y-Llyn Railway, which had the charm of antiquity that always prays upon the imagination, and which carried me back to a bygone, pre-nationalisation, age.

P. L. TAYLOR (BM 1).

WEIHNACHTEN

Durch die scharfe Luft vom Winter
Läuten Glocken laut und lang,
Freude von dem nahen Münster
Bringen sie mit frohem Klang.

Weihnachtslieder, Lob dem Gotte,
Hallen über Schnee und Eis;
Funkeln vor uns helle Klötze,
Zischt der Saft des Holzes leis!

Nun Familien mit dem Kindchen
Sitzen bei dem warmen Herd
Und erzählen Weihnachtsmärchen,
Die erfreuen unser Herz.

Weihnachtsbäume vor den Fenstern
Kann man sehen weit und breit,
Friede bleibt in allen Ländern,
Voll Wohlwollen ist die Zeit.

Schutzgeist dieses heil'gen Festes!
Wenn es wirklich dir gefällt,
Breite aus das Halleluja
Über Himmelreich und Welt!

H. G. O'CONNELL (6 AM 1).

OXFORD LETTER

The Aviary, Clouduckkootown.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,—It is my custom when called upon by you to disclose the secret life of the inhabitants of this illustrious pile, to express my trepidation at the task, and disinclination to perform it. If I do not write, I must face your terrible wrath. And whenever I have written in the past, inevitable and painful consequence, great suffering has been mine at the hands of my infuriated subjects. Now, however, my safety is assured. The merits of the pseudonym have been explained to me, so that the truth in all its horrible nakedness can be set down with impunity.

Some of our number here must remain untouched by my poison. No slander can touch the lives of our learned Senior Members, Messrs. McKie and Kneale, for they are wrapped in the unassailable armour of philosophy. Mr. Dodd and Mr. Noonan, too, residing on the Olympian heights of graduate status, are now far beyond the temptations which beset those living under the gloomy shadow of the Examination Schools.

As always, B.N.C. is the real stronghold of the Old Boys, and therefore of vice. Admittedly, we can impute little to the immaculate Mr. Bardsley. But the Devil made his last appearance in England at B.N.C., and who shall deny that "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman?" At the other end of the sartorial scale is the outspoken Mr. Cass, clad in boots and dungarees, who has decided not only to call a spade a spade, but to lend his efforts to digging for winged victory. His precocious knowledge of the ancient tongues enables him to translate with comparative ease: "Gallia est omnis divisa in tres partes," which augurs well for Finals.

As for Mr. Gallimore, our Chairman with the "laugh," he remains the same as ever. We need say little more. Everyone knows. He splutters his way around the city on a newer and even more noisome motor-cycle, and in

the recent arctic weather, he attributes survival to his little woollen hat, in which he has frequently been mistaken for Santa Claus by the delightful infants of Cowley. Affixed to his devilish machine is a naked metal grating, whereon Mr. Kennett, of Oriol, has been seen bearing him close company. This gentleman hates walking at the best of times, but in any case, his evident enjoyment of this torture would suggest that he is either a masochist or a modern victim of the Inquisition, for his sins are manifold and obscure.

Just across the way from Oriol, at Merton, lives Mr. Wilcox. He manages at all times to look like an advertisement for Saville Row. This perfection of dress may spring from his lasting academic fame, which has helped to make him the very epitome of rectitude and clean living. Virtue is a dull subject for my class of informer. Ah! but Mr. Topp, the inspiration of many of Hogarth's scenes. Behind a placid, innocent countenance he hides much from the world. His activities at Jesus are largely confined to hirsute experiments since he learned the old Spanish adage: "Un baiser sans moustache est comme une soupe sans sel." He also rows and plays poker. Alas! he is a bad loser, and often gives way to bursts of uncontrolled passion. If the Proctors are still searching for the person who recently tried to burn down the Union

Mr. Cashdan of the long hair is also a rowing man. He has been seen practising in his rooms with a bull-whip, and so is evidently in the running for slave master of the "Leviathan." However, Mods. approach. We shall no doubt see even less of his cheery face.

The majority of our other members skulk in the shadows. Afraid of the light, they cannot model their lives on the precept "*μηδὲν ἄγαν*." Mr. Pierce is too often seen at low dance halls in this metropolis, and sometimes flits south to the Smoke. As an apology for such riotous behaviour he asserts that wordly pleasure laced with a modicum of intellectual work is the recipe for a long and happy life. The seven rings under his eyes point to a life short and miserable.

It is rumoured that his other half at St. Edmund Hall, Mr. Strapps, continues to live. Through him a popular theory that the Martyrs' Memorial remains inviolate has been exploded. Prompted by strong literary impulses, Mr. Strapps plans to replace this monument surreptitiously with an imperfect replica, as a final challenge to the Baconian school of critics. We compliment him on his originality.

The last of our merry number is Mr. Jones, rarely seen in daylight, but always distinguishable by his red shirts and bristling moustachios—these have no political significance. At Wadham he still reads Law, so we are told. The only possible reason for this weird pursuit must be that he wants to make sure how far he can go.

More, Sir, I am unable to say at present. Our five, fine new moths, Messrs. G. Jones, H. S. Dodd, Roberts, Thomas and Wray, all clamour to burn their wings on the bright lights of Oxford. As yet they are unharmed, but time will soon change all that.

But you have seen enough, and the curtain must be drawn again.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

KNOXCLAVE.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

Cambridge.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Dear Sir,—Never is the human mind more acutely aware of its grievous limitations than when attempting a eulogy of such protean talent as now demands universal recognition in these pages. The elusive epithet calculated to render that particular nuance of idiosyncratic excellence is sadly lacking, so that our dithyrambs can at best be merely suggestive of the glorious galaxy

confronting us. And so, having now expressed our diffidence at tackling so grand a theme, what could provide a more impressive opening than the herculean feats of Mr. Eedle on the field of hockey?

Truly, Pindar himself could never have done justice to the prodigious deeds performed by Mr. Eedle in the realm of sport. By brandishing his hockey-stick in helicopter-like fashion, he has been known to force his opponents to an admission of defeat two minutes after the opening of the tournament. Mr. Durband, from the lofty seclusion of his unlicensed digs, continues to rebut the sycophantic pleas of leading publishing firms; his undoubted literary skill will serve no lesser ideal than Mrs. Dale's Diary. Also at Downing are Messrs. Bootle and Williams, both of whom positively exude domestic felicity, the former revealing, incidentally, astounding skill in dealing with the more diminutive members of our species. The latest adherent to Hymen's cause is the uxorious Mr. Nott who manages to combine conjugal bliss with a rare virtuosity in strumming a guitar. Mr. Sharpe, despite his friend's apostasy, has avowed himself to a celibate life—at least till Tripos days are far behind.

Mr. J. Evans's archæological studies have now carried him from Spain to Turkey, where he has become a fervent troglodyte. He has been known to jump from his cushion and speed away towards the horizon on his motor-cycle, driven by some inexorable intuition. Bedecked in a fez and burnous, he will swoop down on some tiny portion of desert, scraping away for hours until, at long last, he can return, perspiring triumphantly, with some nondescript stone. Since Mr. Bell's advent to the Cambridge scene, his squirely millinery and steadily developing rolling gait have won him many admirers. But who could remain unimpressed by this venerable figure who, with equal facility, attains distinction in the realm of rowing and of English essay? Rumour has it that Mr. Pugh, in secret emulation of Mr. Bell, was seen indulging in some midnight tubbing. The story somehow lacks the stamp of authenticity, but who knows if indeed he may some day bask in palmy glory for rowing against the Other Place? Mr. R. Evans, a newcomer to Pembroke, hides his foibles behind an impenetrable cloak of Gallic fervour. His conversation can cover most topics, but is never more scintillating than when appraising the sporting fortunes of Pontypridd United.

Oddly enough, Mr. Leak is not the constant companion of Mr. Evans their names might lead us to suppose; he seems far too preoccupied with his tutorial commitments. His companion at Westminster is the proselytizing Mr. Marsden who this term swooped down on Cambridge, radiant in the nimbus of an M.A. (Glasg.), only to suffer the greatest of disappointments on being informed that such an honour was not fully recognised in Cantab. circles. A conversation with Mr. Donald Henry (né Tynan) invariably develops into a monologue, with his interlocutor occasionally venturing some expletive interjection. By sheer force of eloquence, he will make the most recalcitrant verbal opponent change political allegiance in the limited space of one afternoon-tea.

At Selwyn, Mr. P. Jacob, as sartorially impeccable as Mr. Hechle is hirsutely immaculate, entertains the secret ambition of being proclaimed the Best Dressed Student for 1952. We wish him luck. Over a year ago Mr. Hechle, the Thespian in our midst, threw himself body and soul into the production of a College play; it will have reached the audition stage when the producer qualifies for his M.A. The last of the Selwyn triumvirate, Mr. J. Jacob, is content to take a back seat as befits the doyen of so noble a band.

In the vacation, Mr. Hodson of Queen's was seen cycling through the Landes in the most chic of shorts; his quest was allegedly ornithological, but did ever so slight a goal warrant such speed? The monolithic frame of Mr. Boss continues to race from Lexicon to boathouse, where his dexterity with an oar makes even Mr. Bell feel humble.

Mr. Sweeney, recently earned supervisory commendation for quoting his Spinoza in the original. For three months he has been on the verge of taking up squash, but only on the understanding that the tempi are slowed down to adagio. The scope of Mr. Waddington's quotations was, for a time, the admiration of all his friends. Everybody was baffled by such a range of

erudition until, in one unguarded moment, he was caught—pouring over the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Mr. King, a newcomer to Caius is never more intriguing than when offering his own version of how the atom should be split.

But now we must close. The encomium is over, the panegyric complete. Such is the present state of our illustrious gathering. We can only ask you to send us talent of equal calibre to swell our signal ranks.

Yours dutifully,

MUSHJOTE.

THE PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,—Once more I take up my poison pen to dip it in the ink of venom, and on my sheet of papyrus scratch the scandal of the Prefects' Room. Already I am doomed; the bleached skeletons of my predecessors loom horribly before me—but write I must, and write I will, be the penalty as dire as the Head Boy, Mr. R. B. Morris, can make it. As Chief Tormentor it is his task to stoke the Prefectorial furnace; he is one of the few prefects who can light a fire by gnashing his teeth. His formal garb is a loose-flowing smock of doubtful dimensions, which is believed to have been his fancy dress for a hectic night at a recent Belringers' Ball. His mathematical antics are watched with bemused indifference by his second-in-command, Mr. Page. This gentleman's prime consideration in life is into how many delightfully unusual positions one can contort oneself with a little ingenuity and several window-cords. He is jerked into a more vigorous existence by week-ends and the impending publication of the School Magazine. In this latter task, he is cheerfully hindered by his co-editor Mr. Oxburgh, the only member of the School who can hop around the gym. on his head. Not only will he try anything once, but he always survives to try it a second time. He enters everything with immense enthusiasm—even the Prefects' Room at nine o'clock in the morning, and can be seen swarming happily up and around this room any time after four. Mr. B. L. Jones is unmoved by such phenomena, because for all his classical learning, his spirit is back in the days of the privateers. He has ineffectively proposed that walking the plank be adopted as a prefectorial punishment, but, failing this, challenges the arm of the law by riding a bicycle without many of the necessary appliances, and at the slightest provocation swinging savagely at the prefects' heads with a hockey stick. Some confusion has been caused by the multiplicity of Joneses in the Prefects' Room, but nobody could confuse Mr. G. H. Jones with anybody else. Like so many others, this gentleman has a distinguished rôle in the School Play, but his recent trip to the South has given rise to the rumour that his portrayal of Pistol on the stage will shortly be overshadowed by his portrayal of Billy Bunter on the television screen.

The wrinkled features, stiff bearing, and old-world courtesy of Mr. E. Davies bear witness to a distinguished scholar now approaching senility. He has again made his annual pilgrimage to take the waters at Cambridge. Almost as ancient is Mr. Warbrick, who spends much of his time in the Science department, dressed sinisterly in a white overcoat. His macabre air has led him to be regarded as a distinguished practitioner of medicine—this of someone whose only cure has been that of kippers. He intends to take medicine when he gets to a university—the sad result of overwork in School.

Mr. Ashby is an accomplished actor, and has been performing at one of the larger Liverpool stores as Santa Claus. He carries his props in his pullover, a copious garment of large cubic capacity, generally full of false beards, wigs, and noses. What need does the histrionic talent of this gentleman have of such spurious devices? In direct contrast is Mr. Mackinnon, who pioneered the chess-board pattern of pedestrian crossings. The adoption of the zebra design came as a hard blow to his hopes, but he was effectively dissuaded from tearing up the white plastic strips. He is also an illusionist, to which anyone who has had to search for the prefects' milk can testify.

Mr. Bozman is the School football captain, but achievements are kept concealed by his unassuming modesty. His goal-scoring feats are well known however (being two in number, one on the end of each leg). A famous ancestor did some sketches for one of Dickens' early books—indeed a distinguished family.

Mr. Richards is a newcomer to the Land of Boz, and until the Prefects' Social, he was labouring under the delusion that there is only one kind of Congo—the heel! This discovery will no doubt lead to some fascinating manoeuvres on the hockey field, where this gentleman fills the gap normally occupied by a left full-back. Mr. R. T. Owen also plays hockey, and is a Christian, as his union will confirm. His air of childlike innocence led the prefects to place their financial affairs in his hands; thanks to his resulting affluence, Mr. Owen can no longer be described as either childlike or innocent.

The chirpy Mr. E. G. Jones was the wandering troubadour of the Prefects' Room until he was told too firmly where to wander. Since then, he has devoted himself to chirruping on festive occasions only, and to playing fives in a clever disguise as a wasp. This is achieved by wearing a gaudy, striped jersey—used on other occasions as a towel, chest-protector, and padding cloth. A fives associate is Mr. Best of the shaggy mane and anthropoidal amble. He looks as virile as he says he is, and rumour has it that even the parting of his hair is the track of a bullet; it certainly looks like it. His jaw juts forward aggressively, and his whole bearing is quite definitely belligerent.

Mr. Mylchreest plays the organ, but sternly refutes the unkind suggestion that he graduated to this position from performing on the top. Life is too short for this gentleman to play all the melodies he would like to, and the prefects' curriculum fortunately too intense for them to stop and listen to him. He takes his pastime seriously however, as does his musical accomplice Mr. Sutherland, known affectionately to his friends of the Music Club as "Synco-pating Suthie." Considering that he has to study most of his symphonic scores while gliding, his talent for musical criticism is considerable. He assures the rest of the prefects that his gramophone will sound much better when he learns how to wind it. Mr. Leeming, a renowned sporting figure, might well be able to help him here. This gentleman's stoop is not academic, but is caused by a habit of picking footballs out of the back of the first team net. He is well known for his green roll-neck sweater—which makes him the only prefect with a roll-neck.

The volatile Mr. Price is never happier than when dissecting one of his disgustingly defunct dogfish, or letting loose savagely reptilic hamsters among his poor fellow-prefects. His bellowing bawl at his pets' successes echoes hollowly around the prefects' vaulted haunts, only to be interrupted when the marauding creature turns on its ring-master. Mr. G. A. O. Davies will probably make a witty remark at this juncture. It is a pity that all his remarks are delivered at such moments. His reflections, however, demand a ponderous respect, to which people readily yield, it being better to bear the full weight of Mr. Davies' remarks than the full weight of Mr. Davies. Mr. Parry is a relative of the vice-captain, and is generally known as "Norming's Cuzzing." We are glad to say that his scientific pursuits have not left him semi-illiterate—instead, he has adopted the fullest measures. His child-like simplicity is most touching; he even entrusted the prefects with the use of his table-tennis bat; it is to their credit that they have only lost the handle.

And now my task is finished. Flight is my only resource, and the knowledge of a duty fulfilled my only consolation. I remain, Sir, yours, as always.

K.T.A.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,—I write to inform you of the discovery of a new element, Tedium. Though for some years chemists have been aware of a great number of tedious salts, the element has never before been isolated.

For security reasons (Defence of the Realm Act, 1966, caput 1), information concerning tedious nitrate, a violent explosive, cannot be published.

Fortunately, however, no restrictions are imposed concerning tedious compounds; and it is hoped the public will try the new tedious drugs shortly to be made available at pharmacies. Tedious sulphonamide has proved highly effective in the treatment of hæmophilic thrombosis, though its precise action on the blood-vessels is not yet defined.

Experiments have been started to ascertain whether tedious citrate might relieve cases of *plumbum oscillans*, a complaint distressingly prevalent among the younger pupils at grammar schools.

The scope of Tedium and its derivatives, however, is by no means limited to medical fields. Athletes will learn with interest that a tonic containing tedious cyanide was recently supplied to a cross-channel swimmer. While he did not reach Calais, it was instrumental in his crossing the Stygian flood.

Among its domestic applications is a wax organic derivative whose manufacturers claim that it may replace the elbow-grease in floor-polish.

Experiments are also in progress to employ Tedium in petrol-lighters where the spirit is willing but the flash is weak.

It had been hoped that tedious di-bromide would prove itself a valuable anti-knock agent for aviation fuels. But after a test-flight, the pilot was heard to say something about "Knock three times and ask for Joe."

Many civil servants are already being injected with tedious sulphate. By inducing double-sight it enables them to fill quadruplicate forms in half the time.

Perhaps the most amazing property of tedious salts is their effect on oil-paintings when included in varnishes. Imagine the attention excited at the Royal Academy on varnishing day, when a "Madonna and Child," so treated, gradually transformed to an impressionist style, then back to realist, thence to neo-impressionist. As I write it shows a couple of triangles and a piece of wire.

Thus, Sir, you may realise we are in the presence of a discovery comparable in significance with radar, atomic physics, cup-hooks, or Stephenson's invention of rockets.

My colleague calls me. Much work lies before us. We have not yet placed Tedium in Mendeléeff's periodic table, partly owing to its valency of nine. (Cf. Waspé and Stungen). I must return to the laboratory, where the sizzling test-tubes await me.

Obediently yours,

LAVOISIER D. LINKHORN, Sc.D., R.I.P.

THE FUND

Figures are dull things to most people; but if you happen to be a treasurer or a mathematician or, as in my case, both, they can sustain quite a compelling interest.

Take, for example, our School Fund, with its weekly quota of one and one-eighth of a penny per boy. (On second thoughts, perhaps "consider" would be a better word than "take"!) Supposing the total on the School register to be 960 in round figures, this basic quota provides a target subscription of £4 10s. 0d. per week. Now let us look at the actual figures for the first ten weeks of this term (Autumn, 1951).

Six of the items read: £4 9s. 10d., £4 10s. 8d., £4 11s. 7d., £4 10s. 1d., £4 10s. 0d., £4 10s. 5d. Total, £27 2s. 7d.; average, £4 10s. 5d. Remarkably consistent, don't you think? The other four items, though not quite so steady individually, give a total of £17 17s. 3d. and an average of

£4 9s. 4d. The aggregate for the ten weeks is thus £44 19s. 10d., averaging out at £4 9s. 11-8d. per week—just one-fifth of a penny short of our target figure.

It is not, of course, suggested that these statistics are illustrative of some inexorable or unrelenting mathematical law. But they have served at least one useful purpose: they have enabled me to comply with the Editor's request to write a few words about the Fund!

A.H.

LIMESTONE COUNTRY

During the Easter holidays a party of sixth formers under the care of Mr. Willan spent six days hostelling in the limestone district of Yorkshire. The primary object of the trip was to study the topography which results from the weathering of this type of rock.

The lowest strata of the area are Silurian slates and grits, followed by the Great Scar limestone, the "Yoredale series," and finally Millstone Grit. The most interesting features were found, naturally, in the Great Scar limestone, which, when eroded, had formed a platform 400—600 ft. thick between the Silurian rocks and the Yoredales. The surface of this platform contained many swallow-holes, including the famous Gaping Ghyll and the now infamous Pen-y-Ghent pot. Parts were severely dissected by the formation of "clints and grykes," and elsewhere Silurian erratics were perched on pedestals of limestone. All these irregularities result from the solution of the rock by the slightly acidic rainwater.

The streams which disappeared down the swallow-holes formed a complicated underground network of caves and passages, before reappearing at the base of the limestone. In the White Scar Cavern we followed the course of such a stream and saw plenty of stalagmites and stalactites, and associated formations. On the last day of the trip we tramped along a "dry valley" with a "dry waterfall," before reaching Malham Cove, a sheer limestone cliff 200 ft. high with a stream issuing mysteriously and in full flood from the base.

The Yoredale series consist of alternate bands of limestone and shale; many fossils were seen in the former. We went to Hell Gill—headstream of the Eden—which has formed a fantastic gorge 6—15 ft. wide and 75 ft. deep in one of the limestone layers of this series.

On the first day we climbed Ingleborough, descending in a snowstorm, which, by the following morning, had transformed the north face of the mountain into a wonderful wall of sparkling whiteness. By contrast, the gloom of the Yordas cavern which we explored in the afternoon, relieved only by flickering candles, seemed all the darker, and combined with the noise of an underground waterfall to produce a most eerie atmosphere. The fourth day proved the wettest, and only half the party ventured to visit Aysgarth falls. These three were fortunate, for they reached the falls just as the sun appeared behind them: the water and spray caught the sunlight forming a golden halo of dazzling brilliance.

Next day a morning trudge through blinding snow brought its afternoon reward, when from high above Wharfedale we saw the roof of England glistening under a brilliant sky, with Pen-y-Ghent majestic in the foreground. On the day of our return we dawdled too long round the wonders of Malham: but a providential delivery van brought us to our train with ten minutes to spare—and we left the limestone to dissolve away as it has done for ten thousand and more years past.

N. J. PAGE (AM 2).

KEEPING A DIARY

It is Christmas and parcels have just been opened. I look at my presents. A tie, a pair of braces, a book, some postal orders, and—a diary.

Thoughtfully I pick up the diary. It is a thick leatherbound book, embossed on the outside with the words "Diary for 1929" in gold letters. Being from Aunt May, I know it is one she has found in her store-cupboard, for all her gifts are old and come from her cupboard and are famed throughout the family. Opening the diary, I find that it contains none of the information which is found in the small pocket diary I am used to, but that it is just a notebook.

On looking up I find my father has also opened his parcel from Aunt May. Inside is a book, "The Diary of Samuel Pepys." Obviously a hint, I think, and therefore I vow that I will keep my diary up to date.

For six days the diary lay unopened, then on January 1st I made my first entry. "Snowing all day. Stayed at home." Then on the spur of the moment I added Samuel's words "And so to bed." It did not look right, but what did that matter to me, for I had already decided to become Samuel's rival?

Two months passed and I was still making regular entries. I had difficulty in keeping the volume out of my brother's hands and had to submit to the family's sallies of "Good morning, Samuel!" and "I trust your estate is in good order, Samuel?" For we had all read Aunt May's present and remarked on Pepys' regular remarks about his estate increasing to "£600, praise be the Lord."

July came and with it the holidays. We had planned to go on a cycle trip round the coast and I took my diary with me, noting where we went, what the country was like, and so on. The first few days were all right and I enjoyed it; but on the fourth day I was going to put it off "till tomorrow." Public opinion was against me, so, with great unwillingness, I wrote out half a page.

Keeping the diary became a job instead of a hobby, and as such I began to hate it. All my plans to get rid of the book failed, as my brother kept a close watch on me whenever I carried it.

Then one day my release came. I had found a cave in the cliffs near our camping site and, sitting there one day, I had written a few lines of the diary, when in came my brother. We began scrapping and I ran further into the cave, carrying the diary. Suddenly I tripped and the tome flew through the air, landing with a splash somewhere in front of me. We went forward slowly till we came to a pool; a few ripples showed the diary's last resting place.

Salvage attempts proved fruitless, for the pool was too deep. So I cycled on next day with a lighter heart and a lighter load.

G. BILSON (USB).

NORMANDY

It was on a rainy day at the beginning of August last year that I first caught a glimpse of the most famous of all French provinces. My visit was the result of a two-year correspondence with a friend living at Laigle in the departement of Orne, and so, after managing to find suitable accommodation at Paris, I set out for Normandy on my ninth day abroad. Train fares in France compare favourably with our own, my 86 mile journey costing just over £1 return.

I was met on arrival by my friend Michel and his father, and they proceeded to show me the most interesting parts of the old town of Laigle. It has a charming medieval church which miraculously escaped damage during the war, although many of the surrounding houses bore witness to the allied bombardment in June, 1944.

My friend's house lay a few kilometres outside the town, beside the main road leading to the sea. During the drive there, the land around became more and more reminiscent of the rolling countryside of Southern England, and the hedges surrounding the fields made it more familiar. Even the weather contributed to this effect, although the rain did eventually stop some time after mid-day.

This area is thickly wooded, and soon after arriving at their house, I went for a walk through the nearby forest, accompanied by my friends. Game is abundant; I was shown mounted heads of various kinds of deer and wild boar, trophies of successful hunting trips in the forest, for everyone in the neighbourhood who has the means possesses a gun, and game laws are lifted during parts of the year.

The forest glades were ankle-deep in the rust of German guns and light vehicles, for the woods proved an admirable hiding place for enemy stragglers during the last war, although the local Maquis was far from inactive. I was told that one day in September, 1944, German motor-cyclists, who had sheltered there from the advancing British troops, drove swiftly through the town, firing light machine guns through windows at townsfolk celebrating their release from Nazi terror. 150 people died within a few hours.

Back in the house, I was told over the supper table of present-day conditions in France. Food is considerably dearer than in Britain, although standards of hygiene, in Paris at least, are higher. Strangely enough, fruit and vegetables are transported straight to the capital, and then sold back to the country, thus raising the price, so that many people grow their own crops. Meat is expensive, and here most fish is obtained locally from the river Risle.

I sampled the celebrated Normandy cider, and found it, like other local wines, extremely palatable; all were home made. Cheese too is excellent, although slightly dearer than in Britain, and one kind, "Brie," which is strong and white, is made in thin, flat rounds, usually wrapped in tinfoil. The prices of milk and eggs are reasonable, but butter is the most costly of all farm products—a small pat may cost anything up to 4d. in a café. Tropical fruits such as oranges, bananas, and melons are, however, much cheaper than over here, and peaches may be had in season for as little as a penny each.

All good things must come to an end, and at last the time for my return journey drew near. I left Laigle on an evening train, my pockets filled with parting gifts, and I reached Paris better informed about French home affairs than hitherto. Of all my stay abroad, this was the most enjoyable day and I still bear with me the pleasant memory of a most hospitable and friendly Norman family. If more people from every country were able to visit each other in this way, I am sure international relations would be improved.

G. E. SILVERMAN.

ALONE

At last you are safe from all pursuers. There is no lonelier place in all the wide world than the great Australian desert at sundown. A solitary gum-tree like a thirsty, bleached skeleton waves its arm to tell the desert it has found a waterhole; sand like a solid sea with a gentle swell on it, sends up a fine spray of grit which blocks your nose and mouth; your fire, a prancing warrior, frightens away the enemies of darkness and cold.

A gloomy place, as lonely and as quiet as death itself! You hate solitude, but at the moment it is your best friend, shielding you from the police, who want you for murder and from Jim, who wants you for revenge.

Ever since you shot Jim's kid brother, George, you have been fleeing from some-one. First Jim, and then the police. You had not meant to kill George, but George was winning all your money at poker. Besides you had a gun and George did not. So in fear and anger you shot George and then ran away to Adelaide—as simple as that.

But then you heard that Jim was after you; Jim who had always terrified even the big boys back home in Sydney; Jim who had gone into the army, only to come back with three medals. Everyone respected Jim, and feared him. So the only thing to do was to vanish into the desert and lie low, as a rattle-snake must do.

But, when you were free of Jim and the police, came someone new, a more deadly and terrible pursuer, one who never left you—George: as you walked, you could hear George whispering in your ear: sometimes he would be raising the stakes as he played poker: sometimes he would be telling you all about Jim and how brave and strong and fierce he was. Again it might be just "Jim and I are buddies."

Occasionally you could hear George behind you, walking in your footsteps. You could hear him breathing and humming "Waltzing Matilda" in his own peculiar flat way. Then when you whipped round, George was gone, but you knew he was there all the time

Worst of all was the night, when you lay in your blankets and you could feel his eyes on you, never leaving you, as you tried to snatch some sleep.

Now that was all over. This morning you had turned round and shouted, "It's no good, George. You won't drive me back to Jim or the police!"

He had admitted defeat and left you. All through the long footsore day you had not heard or seen anything of him—had not even thought of him, till you were safe by your fire. Then he was something trivial in your past, like an hour spent stealing apples from a Sydney market fruit stall. He does not matter to you now; you can even sleep in peace for the first time since you killed him. You are brave and you are alone.

Stand up! Prove it! Look around you! How far can you see? Three miles? If anyone was coming, you could see him for an hour before he arrived, even in the dusk. The desert is so white that it is never really dark. But there is no-one. You are safe, alone.

The coffee is boiling. You sit down and take a long drink. "Ah, is that good!" you sigh, "It's gonna be a cold night to be alone on."

Then an icy hand comes over your shoulder and a voice—a toneless, flat voice, but George's voice—says

"Yes it's a cold night. Let's have a drink too."

Then you scream and all is blood and darkness.

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Editors

G. H. JONES
N. J. PAGE
E. R. OXBURGH

Sub-editors

R. C. WILSON
P. RITCHIE
C. G. DODD