

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXII

Number 1

JANUARY, 1954

Editors

{ P. L. TAYLOR
T. P. MATHESON



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SCHOOL CALENDAR

THE SCHOOL PLAY: "*She Stoops to Conquer*"—Feb. 10th, 11th, 12th & 13th.

MUSIC CLUB CONCERT—Friday, March 26th.

EASTER TERM ENDS—Monday, April 5th.

SUMMER TERM BEGINS—Monday, April 26th.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS—Saturday, May 15th.

EDITORIAL

Once more we find ourselves in a quandary. Editors, like after-dinner speakers, have been saying the same things from time immemorial, so what is left for us? The cliché tends to slip more smoothly from the nib and our very function is disadvantageous. We boast no large circulation and our competence to discuss affairs of national or international significance has yet to be proved.

Consequently the reader must reconcile himself to the commonplace in his Magazine Editorials. We may moralise or philosophise, but there we run the risk of pedantry, and who is more unsuited to such a task than the stolid Editor—of necessity a realist!

By tradition several courses are still left open to an Editor. He can praise, or he can censure; he may exhort, or he may encourage complacency. Every one of us, however, likes to feel that he is establishing a new "norm," so perhaps we shall be excused, if for once we do congratulate the latent literary talent of the School, which, after a lapse of several years, is again beginning to reveal itself. The Editor's only hope is that this spark may not be extinguished by the damning tones of faint praise, with the result that the unsuccessful contributor may be too discouraged to venture from the realm of obscurity a second time. After all, editors, being only human, are not infallible, and who can tell what masterpieces have been lost through the unnecessary severity of their criticism?

The persevering, and indeed exceptional, reader, who is now coming to the end of this Editorial, will probably have formed several conclusions of his own. The most obvious of these, no doubt, is that, despite an attempt at originality, we have only succeeded in conforming to that which it was our fondest hope to avoid—Tradition!

MR. LAWRENCE D. HOLT

The Holt family has been closely associated with the Liverpool Institute almost from its foundation in 1825.

Mr. Lawrence D. Holt, who has now left Liverpool, served the School devotedly for 40 years as Governor and for 17 years as Chairman. His many notable benefactions—the gymnasium, the library, the prefects' room, the organ, and the foreign travel fund—are a permanent testimony to his generosity, and they will enrich the life of the School for many generations to come.

Our debt to him would be great if we owed him no more than these splendid gifts; as it is, they fall short in expressing the total contribution he has made to the well-being of the School. Mr. Holt's high personal standards of unselfishness, uprightness and devotion to duty will long be an inspiration to us in days to come, as they have been over the many years of his association with us. He has given himself unstintingly to our interests and we are glad to think that by a generous gift his portrait in oils will soon be hung in the Board Room.

MR. BRIAN HEATHCOTE

We are happy to welcome Mr. Brian Heathcote as Chairman of the Governing Body in succession to Mr. Lawrence D. Holt. Mr. Heathcote, an Old Boy of the School, graduated with first class honours in Mathematics at the University of Liverpool and is a Director of the Blue Funnel Line. He has been a Governor of the School for many years and we are indebted to him for his wise counsel and his interest in the welfare of the School. We look forward with keen anticipation to an even closer association by virtue of his new office.

We welcome also as new members of the Governing Body Miss Brocklehurst, Mr. Julian Holt and Mr. A. Tunnington, J.P. Miss Brocklehurst comes of a family which has long been connected with the Liverpool Institute, and the election of Mr. Julian Holt will ensure the continued close association of the Holt family with the School. Mr. A. Tunnington, an Old Boy of the School, is Manager of the City Branch of Martins Bank, Liverpool.

We wish the new Chairman and the new Members of the Governing Body a long and happy association with the School.

RETROSPECTION

The years come, stay, go, and are forgotten—such is the pattern of history. But, as we look back over 1953, we feel that perhaps the rule has been broken; perhaps 1953 will not be forgotten quite so easily.

As the wintry Himalayan winds blew themselves to a standstill, two men fought their way to the summit of Everest. It was not an individual triumph, but the victory of two friends, working together in sympathetic harmony, supported by an able team of willing and unselfish mountaineers. Surely this was an instructive lesson to the petty self-sufficiency of men.

Close upon the conquest of Everest came the Coronation of our Queen, when she received the tribute of the world and the homage of the British Commonwealth of Nations. We, too, pledged our lives to her service with loyalty and love: we cannot lightly lay aside our oaths of fealty.

Moreover, men have seen the futility of war, and have arrived at a truce in Korea. Minor quarrels have been laid aside and a genuine solution to the world's problems has been sought.

Truly, we may look back on a great year of achievement: but it has had its darker phases. The widespread famine problems, the refugee question, the colour bar, the crime records of what are tritely called civilised nations—all these challenge our complacency. We are offered a choice: we may either watch the world go round, or we may make the world go round. We may avoid our responsibilities, or we may spend our lives in the service of God.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR

We congratulate the following on winning State Scholarships: A. Cross, B. M. Dobbie, C. G. Dodd, D. Evans, M. H. Lader, G. S. Makin, F. W. Michaelson, J. B. Owens, H. A. Shields and B. Wolfson.

We welcome Mr. R. A. Clark, D.P.E. (Carnegie), who succeeds Mr. White as Physical Training Instructor; Mr. A. Durband, B.A., of Downing College, Cambridge, who has been appointed to the English Department; and M. Bourdon (Lille), who will be with us until the end of the School year.

Before Christmas we said good-bye to Mr. Green, who leaves us to take up an appointment on the staff of a grammar school in Bradford. We wish him success and happiness in the future.

Miss Wilson, who will be remembered by some of the older boys, is leaving Liverpool to return to her native heath, and will reside at Peckles. We wish her many years of happiness.

Readers will be interested to hear that Mr. "Johnny" Owen, whose hundredth birthday was recorded in the Magazine twelve months ago, has recently celebrated his 101st.

We record with regret the deaths of two former Masters of the School: Mr. E. J. Brierley, who was Art Master from 1901 to 1932, and Mr. H. Engler, who was for a short time Music Master.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Webster on the birth of a second son. To Mr. and Mrs. Bowker, too, we extend our congratulations on the birth of a second son.

The sum of money allocated to the School at the time of the Coronation was not spent on festivities, but has been used for the purchase of wood—teak for the making of seats for the Field, and oak for the making of a Service table for the Hall. The constructional work, all of which will be done in the Handicraft Room, is now in hand.

During the first week in September the Annual Meeting of the British Association was held in Liverpool. Senior boys from the School attended several of the lectures arranged by the Association.

In October a party of boys from the Sixth Forms visited the Philharmonic Hall to hear a lecture on the Ascent of Mount Everest, which was given by Messrs. Bourdillon, Gregory and Band.

During the same month part of the Philharmonic Orchestra gave a concert in the School Hall. This concert was attended by the younger boys of the School, and we were pleased to welcome girls from several Liverpool Grammar Schools.

Sixth Formers also attended a student Christian Movement Conference at Holly Lodge High School, a performance of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, at the Royal Court Theatre, and Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, at the Playhouse Theatre.

We congratulate R. H. Leech upon his selection as captain of the Liverpool Grammar Schools' Football XI, which recently visited Cologne. Our congratulations, too, are offered to K. Ruffell, S. B. Tollett and H. Malabar, who were members of the touring side.

At the end of term W. R. Sefton left us to take up a career at Sandhurst. We wish him success and happiness, and take this opportunity of thanking him for the valuable help he gave us as Business Manager of the Magazine.

Several boys have responded to the appeal made for suitable words which could be set to music and used as a School Song. A decision is to be announced shortly.

We congratulate the following on their academic achievements:—

- A. Cross, an Exhibition in Mathematics at Queen's College, Cambridge.
R. H. Leech, an Exhibition in Geography at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

The Editors wish to acknowledge, with apologies for any omissions, the receipt of the following magazines:—

The Alsopian, Blackburne House Magazine, The Holt High School Magazine, Esmeduna, The Quarry, The Wallaseyan, The Warrior, Los Angeles, California.

NEWS OF OLD BOYS

On September 24th, 1953, we learned with regret of the death of Sir FREDERICK MORTON RADCLIFFE, K.C.V.O., LL.D. In 1882 Sir Frederick began to practise as a solicitor, and soon became one of the most eminent men in his profession. He is best known, however, for the part he took in the building of Liverpool Cathedral. In 1913 he became Chairman of the Cathedral Committee, a position which he held until 1934. Sir Frederick was President of the School in 1895, and in 1925 he presented two prizes to be awarded each year for elocution.

We have to record, too, the death of SIR EDMUND VESTEY at the age of 87. Sir Edmund took up shipping as a career and eventually shared with his brother the control of the Blue Star Line, which operated between London and South America. In 1934 the Vestey brothers generously provided for the erection of the great central tower of Liverpool Cathedral.

PROFESSOR T. M. KNOX (1914-19), who has occupied the Chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrew's University since 1936, has been appointed Principal of that university. From 1931 to 1933 Professor Knox was lecturer in Philosophy at Jesus College, Oxford, and later he became Fellow and Tutor. He also acted as university examiner, as Junior College Dean and as a member of Oxford University Appointments Committee. He is editor of the *Philosophical Quarterly*.

MR. J. D. EVANS (1938-43) is in charge of a survey on prehistoric times in Malta. In 1949 he gained first class honours with distinction in Archaeology, and in the following year graduated as M.A. After twelve months on research work at Cambridge, he went to Spain, Turkey and Jericho. Mr. Evans has been installed as Research Fellow at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

MR. BRIAN PATTINSON (1947-52), now with the British Forces in Iraq, writes: "The R.A.F. Station of Habbaniya is among the largest in the world, and is at least twenty-five square miles in area. Unlike the stations in the Zone, which are dry and sand-ridden, Habbaniya is a miniature Garden of Eden set in a sandy sea. It is said to occupy the original site of the Garden of Eden, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find the rumour true."

MR. R. N. DAILEY (1942-50) of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been awarded his half-blue for cross-country running.

MR. J. P. BARBER (1942-47) continues to play wing-half for the Falcons (Cambridge University 2nd XI) and is captain of the Pembroke College Soccer XI.

MR. T. SHAW (1944-51) of St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, was placed second in the two miles event of the Freshmen's Trials.

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held on Friday, December 11th, 1953, in the Philharmonic Hall, when the prizes were distributed by Lady Bragg, and the address was given by Sir Lawrence Bragg, O.B.E., M.C., M.A., F.R.S., Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Cambridge. After the traditional address of welcome, excellently delivered in Latin by J. B. Taylor, a Prefect of the School, the Headmaster presented his annual report.

After welcoming Mr. Brian Heathcote, the new Chairman of the Governing Body, and paying tribute to Mr. Lawrence Holt, who had given devoted service as a Governor for 40 years and as Chairman for the last 17 years, the Headmaster referred to the academic successes, which were up to the School's own high standards. There was a tendency in some educational circles to regard the passing of external examinations as something discreditable, something which implied neglect of the more important aspects of education. This was untrue; education of the mind and development of the character advanced together. Tests of attainment might not test character in the abstract any more than they tested religious belief or political persuasion, but they did test various important aspects of character—diligence, dependability, perseverance and the ability to cope.

In conclusion he paid tribute to the Governing Body, the Vice-Principal, the Staff and the Prefects.

After a musical interlude, during which the Senior Choir sang Kipling's songs, "Boots" and "The Road to Mandalay," the Chairman thanked the Headmaster for his words of welcome, and congratulated the School upon its academic record. He reminded the boys that they were the guardians of this great tradition, and stressed that nothing but the best in thought, word and deed was good enough for the Liverpool Institute.

The School then sang two selections from Edward German's *Merrie England*. "The Yeomen of England," and "Long Live Elizabeth," after which Lady Bragg distributed the prizes.

In his address Sir Lawrence Bragg stressed the importance of the grammar schools in the field of scientific research. While education fitted us for life today, science was planning our tomorrow, building up a reservoir of knowledge for the future. This knowledge could be applied to good or bad ends but the scientist had the responsibility of filling the reservoir, even if by doing so he was preparing the way for a potential evil. His own nuclear research could not stop because the atomic bomb was one of its results; science must march on, seeking more and better applications for nuclear energy. The rôle of the grammar schools was vital in training the pattern of thinking for the next generation, so that it might apply scientific discovery not for the evil but for the good of mankind.

A comprehensive Vote of Thanks was proposed by the Head Boy, R. H. Leech, and seconded by H. S. Magnay, Esq., M.A. This was followed by the Junior Choir's singing of the traditional "Twelve Days of Christmas," Drummond's "Gay Highway," and French's "Phil the Fluter's Ball."

Yet another memorable Speech Day was concluded with the singing of the School Hymn, "Lo! the Sound of Youthful Voices."

HOUSE NOTES

ALFRED HOLT

The House has been increasingly maligned in recent years, as victory in House competitions, be they athletic or academic, has eluded us, despite repeated attempts to amend this state of affairs. A third place in the House play competitions, however, and a narrow defeat at the hands of Philip Holt in the cricket competition indicated a promise and potentiality hitherto unfulfilled in School activities.

Ours is one of the smaller houses, but this should not deter us. Every member should rather be spurred on by these achievements, though not hair-raising in effect, to the realisation of his worth and responsibility to his fellows.

We shall not win every trophy, but must at least be regarded henceforth as formidable opposition in every contest. With enthusiastic participation in every event, this can be accomplished.

D. EVANS.

HUGHES

Yet again the record must, inevitably, be one of endeavour without a corresponding measure of success. Not one trophy has come the way of the House since the Magazine was last published, but, although this is disappointing, there are redeeming features.

When there are so few Hughes House boys in the Sixth Forms, we cannot expect to compete on level terms with larger houses, but, despite this, the House has acquitted itself reasonably well in recent events.

We can only praise these Senior boys for their enthusiasm, and hope that the younger members will follow their example. The Senior cricket team played well in defeat, but in the Sports and Swimming competitions the main reason for failure was the lack of sufficient entries.

There is plenty of talent in the House, but the concerted effort necessary to achieve success has so far been lacking.

It would be pleasing if the continued support and advice from our Housemaster, Mr. Bowker, could be rewarded with success in the future.

T. P. MATHESON.

DANSON

The record of Danson House last year was far from inspiring; indeed, for many years the House's fortunes have been disappointing. It is surely not too optimistic, however, to hope that things will soon be very different. The House welcomes Mr. Edge as its new Housemaster, and hopes to mark this welcome by success in the House Competitions.

Already the House has reason for pride, in the appointments of R. H. Leech as Captain of the School, and R. A. Hayes as a School Prefect. If this pride is backed by real efforts and enthusiasm from all the members of Danson, then the year is sure to be a successful one.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mr. Bentliff for all the efforts he has made as our Housemaster, and to wish him success with the rival House to which he has now departed.

R. H. LEECH.

PHILIP HOLT

Last year the House did not enjoy its usual number of successes, but since we have lost few members this year, we have an excellent opportunity of raising the House to pre-eminence in every competition.

We must congratulate our Junior Fives and Swimming teams on their success in their respective tournaments, and all Senior members of the House who entered for the Sports and won for us a resounding victory.

Next term sees the completion of many competitions, which a determined effort can win. If we enter these tournaments wholeheartedly and in the Philip Holt spirit, the result will be favourable.

Finally, a word of thanks to our Housemaster, Mr. Booth, who has done so much for the House

R. R. ARNO.

TATE

The House may be justly proud of its record of success. Indeed, our list of trophies for the School Year 1952-53, makes impressive reading: the Boswell Cup for Hockey, the Junior Sports Shield, the Paul Limerick Trophy for Chess, the Fives Shield, and the Whitehouse Cup for Junior Cricket. The House reached the finals in the Whitehouse Cup Competitions for Junior Football and Senior Cricket, and was the runner-up in the Senior Sports Competition.

The greatest disappointment of the year was our surrender of the Tiffen Cup for the first time in its history. The Tiffen Cup is awarded to the winning house in the Hobby Show Competition. Although we again won the dramatic section with "Campbell of Kilmohr," produced by Mr. Webster, the number of our exhibits in the other sections was far too small.

All the House Competitions, except possibly the Chess Competition, are won by the House which enters the greatest number of keen competitors. If the House realises this, and enters for everything and anything, we shall keep what we have won, and win more besides.

In conclusion, we welcome Mr. Bentliff as our new Housemaster, and look forward confidently to future successes.

P. BEST.

OWEN

The House has been very successful in recent events. The Senior Cricket team, under the captaincy of K. Ruffell, experienced little difficulty in winning the Whitehouse Cup: and, as a result of the versatility of a small group of members, Owen House once again won the Swimming Competition. We congratulate J. B. Owens on being Open Swimming Champion.

Although our achievements in sporting activities have been due to the fine efforts of our seniors, we are confident that the absence of successes in the junior sections is only temporary, and that in the coming year the high standards associated with Owen House will be maintained.

R. CORCORAN.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

A library is the sort of place a young man enters dark-eyed, fanatical, full of hopes and desires, and from which he emerges grey-headed and old, rather gentle and courteous, old-fashioned and left behind by time, the dust having settled on him and all his ways. This may be the fault of the cataloguing system!—but it may also be because libraries have a timeless air, which delicately marks all those who breathe it.

This is hardly noticeable yet among those who use the School Library, but many a far-away look and an abstracted air observed there at the close of the day suggest that surely, if imperceptibly, the spell is at work.

Now holding nearly 4,000 books, the Library has become a valuable, indeed an indispensable, part of the life of the Upper School. That this should be so is the result of the generosity and the hard work of many benefactors. We remember with gratitude the gifts, small and great, of friends of the School, many of them former pupils; and we remember, too, the pioneering work of Mr. Nolan. Above all, we pay tribute to the great talents the late Mr. Folland lavished on this Library, so dear to his heart, and perhaps his most fitting memorial.

Every day about 20 books are borrowed, and, at any given time, nearly 200 books are on loan. Throughout the day the Library is in constant use by casual readers or those looking up works of reference. The shelves are open, so that the success of the Library depends upon the absolute honesty and integrity of every single boy.

Any library reveals a fascinating cross-section of a community, and a sample of its interests. All great libraries have their famous "types." There is the old gentleman who spends his life doing research on the Falkland Islands; or the fierce old lady, all hat pins and feathers, who delves into the lore of magic and witchcraft, making hostile gesticulations at anyone she suspects of having the evil eye. Our own "habitués" are less eccentric, but no less recognisable. The classicists are there, encompassed about with great dictionaries, or volumes of the Cambridge Ancient History; the historians and geographers may be seen falling like vultures upon the one book indispensable for their next essay; the men of leisure find their researches bounded by the covers of the latest *Punch* or *London Illustrated*. This boy will borrow a novel by Wells; that one will avidly read through the works of Forester. Here is the chess enthusiast; there goes the aspiring mountaineer.

The Library tries to cater for as wide a variety of tastes and needs as possible—no easy task. In an age when the purchase of new books is beyond the means of most schoolboys, it seeks to provide for them sources of reference in their chosen fields of study, a sample of the best writing of their day, and a fund of cultural knowledge. More, it seeks to broaden their interests, that they may go out into the world equipped with receptive but discerning minds.

J. G. R.

1st XI CRICKET, 1953

The season opened well; three distinguished schools and three clubs were left with a healthy respect for Institute cricket. Liverpool C.C. alone emerged victorious, but they held a wilting palm, secured by their last pair in the last over against a declaration of 163 for 7.

Cowley were beaten on their own box of tricks; it was encouraging yet alarming to find our batsmen playing down the line when better judgment said nay. Birkenhead School outwitted our Captain, but found V. N. Cowan, in particular, at his best. In twenty overs, eleven of which were maidens, Cowan took 6 wickets for 17 runs. Sefton C.C. needed only four men to take up the gauntlet of 134 for 6, and have since shown a lively interest in some of our players. King's School, Chester, forced a draw on a blustering day, in spite of J. C. Mitchell's century not out. Liobians took their revenge after an excellent game, and the Masters overpowered the School with science—or perhaps with psychology.

The lull, however, was a temporary one. Only one of the remaining seven games was lost, and this with full honours. It seemed that the splendour of the new cricket cap and colours imposed a handicap of 50 runs on our opponents, and the season ended on the high note on which it had begun.

On two occasions only was the School dismissed for less than 100 runs; only two games were lost to other Schools; the nets were always well attended and the team spirit and discipline were well worthy of the game. 1953 was thus a successful season, thanks in part to Messrs. Wass, Webster and Brierley.

The Colts won all their 14 games and were not entirely without real opposition, notably the Parents' XI. Two or three members are strong candidates for 1st XI colours next season. The Under 13 XI acquitted itself well, but the 2nd XI was less successful. Much good work has been done by Messrs. Bowker, Rowell and Parker.

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI	19	8	5	6
2nd XI	12	3	2	7
Colts	14	14	0	0
Under 13 XI	7	5	0	2

CAMEOS

J. C. MITCHELL (*Captain*)—A first class batsman, who nearly broke the School record for runs scored in one season. Has bowled successfully at slow medium pace with a useful leg cutter. A keen in-fielder, who has kept the team on its toes.

K. RUFFELL (*Vice-Captain*)—A sound opening bat, who is worth many runs. Released from excellent wicket-keeping by injury, he proved to be a useful leg-spinner. Safe in the field.

J. C. MORRIS—A young batsman who has given some polished displays. An exceptionally good out-fielder. He promises to be a first class cricketer.

V. N. COWAN—An accurate fast medium seam bowler who has distinguished himself this season. There is much room for improvement in his fielding.

R. E. LEEING—A slow spin bowler who has deserved much more success. A good in-fielder. Lacks caution as a batsman, but has a powerful pull to the boundary.

E. RICHARDS—A medium paced swing bowler. He promised to be a sound batsman but he has been dogged by ill-luck. An excellent in-fielder.

S. B. TOLLET—A very promising wicket-keeper. With a little more confidence and patience he should become a stylish batsman.

N. H. ISBISTER—A promising batsman who has made rapid progress, particularly in cover driving. He has the makings of an opening batsman.

G. W. DAVIDSON—A batsman particularly fond of back play. Apart from a 44 not out, fortune deserted him this season. He must exert himself much more in the field.

FULL COLOURS.

Re-awards: J. C. Mitchell, K. Ruffell.

Awards: J. C. Morris, V. N. Cowan, S. B. Tollet.

HALF COLOURS.

Re-awards: E. J. Welton.

Awards: R. E. Leeming, N. H. Isbister, E. Richards, G. W. Davidson, P. Best, R. H. Leech.

BATTING AVERAGES, 1953.

	Innings	Times not out	Runs	Highest Score	Average
J. C. Mitchell	18	4	594	100*	42.43
J. C. Morris	19	5	348	73*	24.86
K. Ruffell	16	1	293	72*	19.53
R. E. Leeming	17	3	158	39	11.29
N. H. Isbister	15	3	115	33	9.58
E. Richards	18	2	130	31	8.25
S. B. Tollet	18	0	114	41	5.92

Also batted: Best, Cowan, Davidson, Grace, Hawkins, Jones, Leech, Rowan, Taylor, Whiting.

* Denotes "not out."

BOWLING AVERAGES, 1953.

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
V. N. Cowan	246.5	75	451	66	6.83
J. C. Mitchell	177.1	47	436	41	10.63
R. E. Leeming	81	12	228	17	13.41
K. Ruffell	62.4	9	176	11	16
E. Richards	76.2	22	187	9	20.78

Also bowled: Jones, Isbister, Whiting, Welton.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

The first part of the season has been marked by the enthusiasm shown by members of all the teams. Unfortunately this enthusiasm has not yet compensated for the lack of experience amongst the members of the "tail end" of the team. It is essential that this part of the team should run as a well-organised and reliable pack, ready to support the leaders.

The Senior team has shown a peculiar inconsistency, winning its first race against Chester College, but narrowly losing its next two races to St. Mary's College and Quarry Bank.

The Junior team must be congratulated on being placed fourth in the Booth Cup Championship. We must also congratulate V. N. Cowan, who gained two brilliant successes in the Junior Cumella and Booth Cup Championships. The Under 14 team has not yet won any of its runs; this is probably because it consists of runners who are two or three years younger than the age limit. Success will no doubt be gained next season, when the team will be older and more experienced.

Finally, we owe our thanks to Mr. Green for his assistance, to Mr. Wass for his advice, to K. Thomson, our Secretary, and also to the few stalwarts who have acted as stewards.

D. BURTON.

FIVES

For the first time last year a competition was held to decide the singles champion of the School, and W. R. Sefton received the cup, which had been presented to the School by a former Captain of Fives, E. Davies, at the end of the summer term.

Since then, improvements to the courts have enabled the number of fixtures to be increased, and already the team has played Hulme Hall, Manchester, twice, Wigan Grammar School and Manchester University II. The School has been very successful in all these matches, but the team, which has usually been composed of P. Best, R. R. Arno, W. R. Sefton, and R. Best, will be greatly weakened by the departure of Sefton.

The standard of the game in the School has improved considerably this year, and this can probably be attributed to the innovation of a Fives Ladder, which has aroused a great deal of interest and rivalry among boys who formerly took little part in any Fives competitions.

This is very encouraging because, of necessity, the School's Fives activities must, for the large part, be confined to internal competitions. To this end the number of these latter will be greatly increased with the introduction of both a Junior Singles and a Doubles Championship.

With the aid of these it should be possible for the School to produce a team worthy to compete with any other in the North of England.

P. BEST.

SWIMMING

The School Swimming Sports were held at Picton Road Baths on July 17th last year. The number of entries, although an improvement on the year before, was extremely low, compared with the number of boys in the School.

Owen House won the championship for the fourth year in succession. The results were:—

Senior: 1st, Owen; 2nd, Philip; 3rd, Tate.

Junior: 1st, Philip and Tate; 2nd, Owen.

Aggregate: 1st, Owen; 2nd, Philip.

Cochrane: Form 3B.

J. B. Owens of Owen House won the individual Senior Championship, and the Junior Champion was E. J. Wilson of Tate House.

The School was invited to enter a team for a Grammar Schools' Squadron Race at the Liverpool City Police Gala held at the Harold Davies Bath, Dovecot, on October 2nd. Unfortunately we could not repeat our success of last year, and were placed third. We should like to thank the Secretary of Swimming, Liverpool City Police, for his kind invitation.

The Inter-School Gala was held at the William Roberts Bath, Norris Green, on October 16th. We were placed sixth in the Senior Event, but, since the Juniors were unplaced, we came seventh in the aggregate. Individually, B. Gillbanks was second in the Senior Neat Dive.

In conclusion, we should like to thank those members of the staff, especially Mr. Forbes, who helped to ensure the success of the School Swimming Sports.

D. S. WHITING.

GYMNASTIC CLUB

The arrival of our new Physical Education Master, Mr. Clark, has seen the revival of gymnastics in the School. The Club has been formed to enable boys to reach a higher standard in the gymnasium. Although the membership at present is small, it is to be hoped that more enthusiasm for this type of work will be shown by boys of the Middle School, to whom membership is open. Members of the Sixth and Remove forms are also cordially invited to join the Club.

Meetings are held every Tuesday evening after school. Eventually, if a high enough standard is attained, we look forward to the re-introduction of the House Competition for the "Plevin-Grieve" Cup.

Finally, we should like to express our thanks to Mr. Clark for his invaluable instruction.

R. S. WHITING.

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES OVER THE SEA

"Where did you say you were going? West Africa? Oh, hard luck!" Try to explain that you have chosen Nigeria to work in of your own free will and your listener is firstly incredulous, then you see the look come into his eye as he tries to work out just why you are flying from justice, and finally his reaction is usually one of pity; the conversation dies as he murmurs something which sounds like "White Man's Grave," after which he goes home to cross your name out of his address book as a sort of bad debt.

All of which just goes to show the appalling ignorance of most people in Britain with regard to their largest colony. Contrary to expectations most of us are quite healthy, the towns all have electricity and piped water, and you will go a long way before you see a European wearing a sun-helmet. These are now the sign of respectability among the Africans. One Englishman recently did turn up immaculate in white and topped by a shining topee, only to be greeted by an awed voice, "Peter the Planter!"

Our home, Kano, seven hundred miles inland from Lagos, is a great city built entirely of mud, which used to be the Fortress of the North. The old city walls, some thirty feet high and twelve miles long, are still standing after fifty years of neglect, although their only purpose today is as a playground for goats and children. From this city trade is carried on as far afield as Timbuctoo and Morocco; Kano, indeed, is the true home of "Morocco" leather. The millions of tons of groundnuts (or peanuts) from here provide most of your margarine in Britain. Today, too, we are on several busy airlines. Our favourite Sunday morning outing is up to the airport to see the Aéromaritime Comet which refuels here on its way to Paris from somewhere in the depths of French Equatorial Africa. One enterprising African has two camels which he takes to the airport, where they pose for passengers to take photographs of "genuine African animals," while they wait for their plane to take off again, to be in Paris seven hours later.

Africa has its advantages. We can swim in our open-air swimming-pool and play tennis almost all the year round. Our houses have no fireplaces, though it is occasionally quite chilly on a December evening when the cold Harmattan wind blows down from the Sahara. Our rainfall is about the same as that of Liverpool, except that we have all ours in four months, and none at all from October to May. We are able to guarantee always that it will not rain on School Sports Day, on Field Days or on picnics!

The school hours here are just a little different from those at the Institute. We start at 7-15 in the morning, have breakfast from 9 until 10, then come back to finish our day by 1-45. By then it is growing much too hot to be able to work indoors. Friday and Sunday we have no school at all since Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath and almost all our boys are Muslims. Incidentally, instead of using a satchel or case, all our boys carry

their books on their heads. Everything is carried on the head here, from a single bottle of ink or milk, up to a trunk, a bedstead or an upturned table.

Most boys have one aim in life when they leave school, and that is to own a bicycle. Those lucky enough to have one usually keep it bound up with pieces of brown gummed paper so that the shiny paint cannot wear off or be damaged. Often, too, they keep their lamps wrapped up in a yellow duster. In Zaria they have their names or mottoes painted on the saddlebags, "Time Will Tell," "In God Our Trust," or just "George Abinakaye." During the marriage season the young men can often be seen riding madly round the town in great droves of forty or fifty, raising a cloud of dust that you can see for miles; they are simply showing off in front of their prospective wives, but the general impression is of a cycle club gone berserk.

Wild animals are not very obvious. Cows, donkeys, goats, vultures, lizards by the thousand and tens of thousands, but snakes are rare, although a friend of ours lives in a district where they had a plague of cobras recently. He killed one on his perch and then met one in his bathroom; fortunately he beat that one, too. Insects swarm by the million but there is not a leopard in sight although there are some somewhere about. This may sound very dull to you in England, where you expect Africa to be simply teeming with every species of savage beast, but once you live here, you view things in a somewhat different light. The only actual attack by an animal to occur recently was when an angry bull kicked an Education Officer's car, but that hardly counts as a big game story. I fear.

Life here has its lighter moments. In a town near here (about a hundred miles away to be exact) the hours are banded out by the local police using a hammer against an old iron railway sleeper. This is a method of checking that they are on the alert, which accounts for the fact that three o'clock struck at 3-25 the other day, and quite frequently they lose count of the number of strokes, so that we have one stroke too many or too few. It could never happen to Big Ben or the Greenwich pips; you could never hold a sweepstake on the probability of them going wrong! Where else, either, would you find a pair of hornets building a mud nest in your pyjamas as they hang over the end of your bed? Where else would a hawker peer in at your bedroom window and offer you a basket of eggs while you beat a hasty retreat under the bedclothes? Where else would a rain gauge turn up at a school the day after the last rain had fallen for six months to come? Where else would you be quite unsurprised to read a school rule: "No boy may wear shoes on the school premises?" No, life is not often dull, even though we have only one cinema, showing films of dubious quality and ancient vintage, though there is no theatre, no fish and chip shop, no New Brighton, no public art gallery or museum and no professional sports. We make our own entertainment to a large extent; we play tennis, hockey, cricket and soccer, we have dances, parties, picnics and outings. It's a welcome change from having everything "laid on" in England to have to exert ourselves for our relaxation—if you see what I mean. I suppose it is the Boy Scout in us.

"*Ex Africa semper aliquid novo*"—or so I rather think I learned once upon a time in Room 32. In this case the "*aliquid novo*" is merely this rambling account of some aspects of our life here, but I hope that they may prove of interest.

J. H. EEDLE (1938-1947).

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

The Contingent is progressing steadily, the strength being at the time of writing 193, of which number 33 belong to the R.A.F. section. More recruits are required, however, in order to reach full establishment of 238.

Since the last notes were written, the Contingent has taken part in many activities. In June, at the Coronation, the Sections were represented

by R.S.M. Gillberry and Sgt. Catt. On June 6th, the revived shooting team won the "S.Ra." Section Competitions at the County of Lancaster Rifle Association C.C.F. Meeting. Following this success, the team is now practising for next year's competitions on both miniature and open ranges.

During the summer holidays 44 Cadets attended Camp at Castlemartin, Pembrokeshire. The Contingent, finding the special train inconvenient, travelled by ordinary service, and after two changes, became the only one from the North West to arrive in Camp during daylight, thus having four hours more sleep than anyone else from this district.

Training consisted generally of half a day of field work and half a day spent watching a demonstration, usually by one of the technical corps of the Army. In addition there was a night exercise, perhaps best remembered for the attacking patrol led by C.S.M. Sykes, which nearly marched over Stack Rocks. Off duty, the Cadets were able to visit Pembroke, Tenby and the impressive Stack Rocks.

During the same holiday, a number of Cadets attended courses, the majority at the School of Signals, Catterick, one at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, and one, Lance/Corporal Richards, was awarded his "Crossed Swords," after completing a course at the Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot.

On Field Day last term, our forces were divided. A party of twenty Senior Cadets visited 21 Command Workshops, R.E.M.E., at Burscough, and spent the day touring the workshops, which repair everything from watches to Centurion tanks. The remainder went to 80 W.E.T.C. at Hightown, and spent the day on Field training.

At half term, a very successful cadre course was held at 80 W.E.T.C. for the Contingent's W.C.O.s. Another forty Cadets attended a short camp in the latter part of the holiday, the benefit of which was shown when those Cadets who had attended took the recent Certificate "A," Part I Examination.

In the near future we hope to re-introduce the Contingent's Band; we should be pleased to have a large number of the younger members learning to play the instruments, in order that a continuous flow of bandsmen may be assured.

Among the many ex-Cadets who have achieved military success, we note that a former C.Q.M.S. of the corps, W. J. Northey, was commissioned from Sandhurst into the R.E., and two others, ex-R.Q.M.S. Lunt and Cpl. Vickers, are at present at Eaton Hall O.C.S. We wish u/o W. R. Sefton every success in his military career, which has just commenced at Sandhurst.

Finally, on behalf of all members of the Contingent, I should like to thank the Sections' Officers—our Commanding Officer, Major Bowen, the Training Officer, Captain McDonald, Lieut. Schofield, and 2nd Lieut. Boote, and also the Unit Treasurer, Mr. Moy, for their unfailing interest throughout the past year.

G. K. GILLBERRY, R.S.M.

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

During the summer vacation several instructional courses were attended by our Cadets. Seven of our number visited R.A.F. Halton in two consecutive weeks, four one week and three the next. Three Cadets went to R.A.F. Locking, near Weston-super-Mare, where they were initiated into the mysteries of radio communication and radar detection. Another trio spent a week at a Royal Naval air station on the south coast, where they enjoyed some hours sailing in the Channel. Yet another three members of the unit obtained "B" gliding certificates after a week of strenuous training at R.A.F. Castle Bromwich.

We started the new term with only thirty members, our strength being severely depleted by the large number of people who left last year. Among those who remained, after new N.C.O.s had been promoted, there were only three proficient Cadets. Their number, however, was quickly made up to seven, when it was learned that all four Cadets who took the C.C.F. Proficiency Examinations last time, had passed. Another six Cadets are being entered for the next examination on December 7th, while Leading Cadet Wilson, A., is going to sit for the Advanced Proficiency Certificate at the same time.

Lunch-time lectures have been going forward steadily and have been supplemented by information and advice from Flight/Sergeant Pattenden, who comes all the way from R.A.F. Hawarden every fortnight to visit us on Wednesday afternoons.

Our Field Day this term was held at our Group H.Q., namely R.A.F. Hawarden, near Chester. Here, while some Cadets flew in Ansons, the rest visited a maintenance unit which deals with the packing of whole aircraft for shipping to distant lands. We were shown around the whole unit and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

During half-term nine Cadets spent a week at R.A.F. Halton, where they took a course of instruction on aircraft engines. At the same time Sergeant Rowland flew to Malta and spent five days there on a R.A.F. station. Six more Cadets are undergoing inoculations, which will enable them to participate in the overseas flying scheme in about three months' time. They will be flown by R.A.F. planes to some distant land, will spend a few days there and then return, again by R.A.F. transport.

By the time the next issue of the magazine is published we hope to have increased our numbers again, as several Cadets in the basic section of the C.C.F. are waiting to take Certificate A, Part I, before joining the unit.

W. FERDINAND, Flight/Sergeant.

C.C.F./R.A.F. SECTION—SUMMER CAMP, 1953

Despite the fact that the hour was midnight, the party assembled at Lime Street Station in high spirits. This was justifiable, for twenty-seven Cadets and four N.C.O.s were on their way to the wilds of north east Scotland for a week's camp at Inverness. Very few slept soundly on the journey to Glasgow, where we ate a hearty breakfast, kindly arranged by our C.O., in a central restaurant. We arrived at 3-30 in Inverness, with thoughts of the Loch Ness Monster and the Battle of Culloden seething in our somewhat befuddled heads. A R.A.F. lorry took us over the last nine miles to R.A.F. Dalcross, on the shores of the Moray Firth. Here we found roomy tents, five iron bedsteads in each, blankets, sheets, and best of all, tea.

The next morning, Saturday, was spent in organisation. In the afternoon our C.O. and Major Bowen, who was staying with us for two days, arranged a coach trip along the shores of Loch Ness to Fort Augustus at the entrance to the Caledonian Canal. We returned along the southern shore and visited en route the graves of the gallant Scotsmen who fought on Culloden Moor for Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Sunday morning after breakfast saw us in the homely little station church, after which we had lunch and enjoyed a free afternoon. In the evening a certain Cadet was quietly enjoying forty winks when some wit informed him that it was breakfast time and that he had better hurry and get up. Much to the amusement of the rest of the camp, the sleepy Cadet leapt from his bed and proceeded to dress in great haste!

During the week we divided into two flights for our interesting and varied programme. This included shooting, "link," or blind flying training, swimming at Inverness baths, where several Cadets successfully competed for the R.A.F. swimming certificate, and last, but by no means least, from two to three hours' flying in Oxford aircraft over the Moray Firth and the surrounding country.

A military tattoo was held in Inverness on Tuesday evening, and all who went found it extremely interesting and exciting, in spite of a slight drizzle and the fact that the lorry broke down afterwards. It should here be recorded that, with laudable efficiency, a tool kit had been taken in the lorry, but the driver had forgotten the key to the tool box!

Thursday afternoon found everyone feverishly but sorrowfully packing his case. Eventually we piled into the lorry and drove off, looking our farewells at the camp which had given us such a good week of training and holiday together.

At last we arrived in Inverness, snatched a hasty meal of fish and chips, and sank into our seats in the train. We set off at 5-15 for Carlisle after a thoroughly enjoyable week, made possible by the co-operation of the R.A.F. authorities and by the hard work of our officers, especially our C.O., Flight/Sergeant Watson. To all these we duly offer our grateful thanks.

W. F., J. J. and P. S.

SCOUT NOTES

Once again a very busy time has been experienced by the Troop. Two camps, two Field Days, and various journeys have all passed since the last edition of the Magazine. At the Liverpool County Coronation Whit Camp the Troop, in addition to its normal activities, executed a masterly exhibition of fire-fighting, which thrilled spectators and participants alike. At the Summer Camp the Troop's usual high standard of camping was maintained, the visit of John Sweet of "Scout" fame being somewhat overshadowed by the Seniors' expedition to Cader Idris, guided by A.S.M. Oxburgh.

The last two Field Days were spent at Hale and Thurstaston respectively. On the former excursion attention was focussed on trailing and tracking, while on the latter "Thurstasdorp" was successfully reached by a small band of "Boer commandos," in the face of strategical and efficient defence.

During the summer holidays, various members of the Troop acted in the capacity of messengers for the British Association during its residence in Liverpool.

On returning to School our meetings continued with renewed vigour, culminating in the triumphant re-winning of the coveted Behn colours. On September 19th the Troop was well represented at the Coronation service at the Cathedral, and in the subsequent march past.

Recently the Troop has lost three of its members, all of whom had given long and faithful service. They are A.S.M.s Edwards and Oxburgh, and P. L. Carter. The Troop wishes them well and gives its thanks for all their work.

Our thanks are also due to our G.S.M., Mr. Haig, our Treasurer, Mr. Smith, and all those others who have forwarded the Troop's interest in any way.

E. M. DARLING.

SCHOOL SCOUT TROOP—SUMMER CAMP, 1953

The annual Summer Camp of the School Scout Troop was held this year at Dyffryn, near Barmouth, North Wales. The weather was somewhat mixed, and several times we were uncomfortably aware that we were living under canvas, which was not always impervious to the heavy rain we experienced during our short sample of the changeable Welsh climate.

Among the usual highlights of the camp, the pride of place should, perhaps, go to the Cookery Competition, in which each Patrol was presented with a varied assortment of edible materials which it was required to transform into a hot, palatable meal. The brave examiner received the pleasant surprise of five comparatively enjoyable meals, and actually lived to award the points to the Patrols.

Second to the Cookery Competition came the Camp Sports. These were obviously enjoyed by everyone, and the teeming rain did not seem in any way to dampen the spirits of the participants. Those members who had arrived back late from a hike watched the proceedings from the friendly shelter of the Snipe's tent, but their leisure was unceremoniously interrupted when they were told to peel a quantity of vegetables for the following day's dinner.

Many hikes from camp were arranged, the longest and most arduous of these being the expedition to Cader Idris. A small party of Patrol leaders and officers started from Dolgelly, skirted Llyn Aran, and reached the summit ridge, to be rewarded for their efforts by the grand views of the cliffs and scree flanking the mountain. From this point, the route lay along the crest to the highest point, Pen y Gader, and then down the steep scree by Fox's Path. The route then became easier, and the party finally reached Barmouth, tired, but content.

The frequent visits to the nearby beaches of Cardigan Bay constituted another important feature of our camp life. The more timid of our number were slightly disconcerted by the cold and boisterous wind sweeping across the sandhills and whipping up heavy breakers, while the non-bathers quietly amused themselves by rolling each other playfully down the sandhills.

So ends this brief account of our activities at Camp. It is to be hoped that it will show how much we, who took part in it, enjoyed our short week's stay in the rugged mountain scenery of Merionethshire.

R. J. W.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Despite the fact that it is now in its 63rd year, our distinguished Society flourishes with unquenchable vigour. A notable feature of this season is the large influx of new members, who are determined to uphold the lofty traditions of oratory and debate and, at the same time, to take advantage of the opportunity, offered by the Society, to practise and to improve their ability in public speaking.

An outstanding diversion from our regular programme was the inter-School debate, held at the Alsop School, at the end of the summer term, which was attended by a substantial number of boys from the Institute. The motion was: "That a woman's place is in the home," proposed by a girl from the Queen Mary High School and seconded by an Alsop boy, and opposed by our then Secretary, P. Ritchie, who was seconded by another girl from the Queen Mary High School. The motion was carried by 96 votes to 57.

The 1953-4 debating season began on September 29th with a debate on the motion: "That ignorance is bliss." The meeting was well attended and a large company of Old Boys added distinction to the proceedings. M. P. Rowland proposed and J. H. Edwards opposed the motion, and a

startling feature of the debate was the mass confession of ignorance by a supposedly brilliant assembly. The result was an overwhelming victory for the proposition, the voting being: For, 26; Against, 3; Abstentions, 12.

In the second meeting, held on October 13th, the Society was faced with a more serious motion. It was: "That the British Empire was won chiefly by fraud and injustice," and it resolved into a lively and spirited debate. Historians played a prominent part in the debate, H. B. Jones proposing and P. L. Taylor opposing the motion which was defeated. The voting was: For, 6; Against, 18; Abstentions, 8.

The third debate was lighthearted in tone, the motion being: "That this House sees nothing in ghosts," proposed by J. B. Taylor and opposed by E. M. Darling. Despite the strange and wonderful happenings in the Board Room that night, the motion was carried by 14 votes to 12, with 8 abstentions.

The Society remains indebted to its Chairman, Mr. Moore, for his unflinching encouragement and guidance, to the Vice-Presidents, Mr. Bentliff and Mr. R. T. Jones for their continued help and participation, and also to Mr. Green and Mr. Durband for the welcome interest they have shown.

P. SMITH, H. B. JONES.

MACALISTER SOCIETY

At the first meeting of the Society, Mr. Brierley read a paper on "Geometry and Philosophy." Geometry, said Mr. Brierley, is a logical system developed from axioms, or initial postulates. In the Euclidean system, he explained, the concepts of "point," "line," and of "a point's being on a line," each had a definite physical significance.

"Geometry" literally means the measurement of the Earth, and Euclid's geometry was essentially a system allied to the physical world.

The speaker next mentioned a more recent "geometry," which differs from Euclidean geometry in having no unique interpretation. This is called Projective Geometry, and though its exponents use the words "point" and "line" and employ figures like those of Euclid, these are merely convenient symbols. No specific meaning is attributable to them. We may, Mr. Brierley explained, attribute to them any meaning consistent with the axioms.

To exemplify this, the speaker referred to a "simple" problem. One was required to determine from the rules of a hypothetical luncheon club how many members there were, how many attended each meeting, and how many meetings were held each season. Mr. Brierley solved the problem first by elementary logic. This solution required about five minutes to explain, and was tedious and inelegant. He then pointed out that if we understood "point" to mean "member," "line" to mean "luncheon," and "on" to mean "at," the axioms of Projective Geometry represented the club rules. Drawing an appropriate figure, he demonstrated a solution in less than one minute.

Pure mathematics, Mr. Brierley concluded, is pure thought. It treats of concepts, not objects.

The Society is confident that the late Sir Donald Macalister, himself a Senior Wrangler, would have delighted in the lecture.

The next paper, on "Greek Religion," was given by P. Best. He explained the diversity of faith, and local preferences for a particular god. The attitude of the Ancient Greeks towards the gods differed from the more spiritual approach of later religions, particularly in supposing them to be little better than mankind.

P. L. Taylor read a paper on "History and its Interpretation." He discussed the errors and temptations to which historians are prone, and the significance of bias in historical works.

G. W. Gill discussed the problem of "Atlantis, the Garden of Eden" and the programme for the term was concluded with W. R. Sefton's paper on "The Colour Problem."

P. BEST, J. d'A. JEFFERY.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

At the end of the summer term, the Society held its annual outing, and once again the members chose to explore the limestone country of the Ingleborough district.

We did not experience the same fine weather this year as last—in fact it rained continually. Our memories are of wet, glistening caves, and of trotting precariously over wooden planks with streams flowing beneath. In the afternoon the party walked across the limestone plateau, and it was both interesting and amusing to see the ingenious devices employed by various members to combat the rain. The trip was enjoyable if, at times, uncomfortable.

During last term several meetings of the Society were held, usually taking the form of film shows, and it is gratifying to see that these have been well attended. W. R. Sefton lectured to the Society on the "Development of the Arctic," and this was, in fact, a farewell lecture in his last term at School.

The Society's library contains numerous books, magazines, pamphlets and maps, which are available to all members, who would be well advised to take greater advantage of this valuable source of geographical information.

Finally, on behalf of the Society, the Secretaries would like to take this opportunity of thanking our Chairman, Mr. J. Edwards, for his greatly appreciated advice and support.

T. P. MATHESON, H. B. JONES.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the Annual General Meeting on September 15th the Society's new officers were elected, E. M. Darling and H. B. Jones (Joint Secretaries), and S. A. Munro (Treasurer).

A wide range of history has been covered during succeeding meetings. On September 22nd two films simply, but clearly, elucidating the main campaigns of the Civil War in England were shown.

At the next meeting, on October 6th, Mr. Edge led the Society through the tortuous maze of nineteenth-century American History. In a talk entitled: "John Brown's Body and Uncle Tom's Cabin," he gave a clear and interesting account of the causes of the American Civil War.

Films shown on October 20th, traced the History of Writing from its origins in the rusty realm of picture writing to the advent of the printing press in the fifteenth century.

The Society debated on November 3rd the motion: "That this House approves the execution of Charles I." H. B. Jones, supported by E. M. Darling, ably proposed the motion. Their arguments were no less ably countered by K. Thomson and V. N. Cowan. After a general debate, the Society revealed unsuspected Royalist tendencies by decisively defeating the motion.

At its next meeting on November 17th, the Society heard S. A. Munro speak about the "Aftermath of Three Royal Marriages," the marriages being those of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Our thanks are due to all those who have so regularly supported our meetings and to Messrs. Edge and Rogers for their invaluable services.

E. M. DARLING, H. B. JONES.

SIXTH FORM SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Society has been very active during the autumn term. The first lecture of the session, concerning "Some Recent Advances in Biochemistry," was delivered on October 2nd, by E. G. Brown, Esq., an Old Boy of the School, who aroused particular interest in his references to the applications of Chromotography, and the "tracer" techniques using radio-isotopes.

On October 16th S. Lipton, Esq., M.B., CH.B., D.A., another Old Boy, who is rapidly gaining prominence as a Consultant Anaesthetist, gave a brief discourse on "Some Aspects of Anaesthesia," in which he outlined the various methods used to induce anaesthesia, the condition somewhere between life and death, from which the patient must be brought back to normal. The talk was followed by a film, supplied by the British Oxygen Company, showing the applications of anaesthetics in dental practice.

Mr. E. L. Farrows, of British Paints Ltd., addressed the Society on November 6th on "Paint Products," and his résumé of the history of paint manufacture from ancient times to the present day was a most interesting and informative topic.

Our attention was soon turned from paints to "Research in High Speed Aerodynamics," when on November 10th Dr. G. Gadd, another Liobian, lectured to the Society on this widely publicised subject. Dr. Gadd, who is a research worker in the Aerodynamics Division of the National Physics Laboratory at Teddington, began by imparting to us his personal impressions of research as a career. It was, he said, laborious, and on occasions even tedious, but remuneration was adequate, if not large. Scientific research could not supply all one's requirements, for one must inevitably maintain an association with the humanities, but research was undoubtedly a most satisfying career. The major portion of Dr. Gadd's lecture, which was illustrated by slides, related to his own work at the National Physics Laboratory on air pressures during high speed flight.

The final lecture of the term, entitled "The War Against Tuberculosis," was given on December 4th by F. J. Welton, Esq., M.B., CH.B., D.P.H. This enlightening talk, illustrated by a film, dealt with the diagnosis and treatment of the bacterial disease, tuberculosis.

The lectures have been exceptionally well attended and the keen interest shown by the non-scientists, who constitute one-third of our membership, is most encouraging. Even the film show concerned with "High Octane Fuels," which had to compete with a University Open Night on November 20th, attracted a large audience.

During the afternoon of November 10th, a party visited the factory of Beck, Koller and Co. (England) Ltd., at Speke. This was an especially interesting visit, for many of the synthetic resins used in paint manufacture are produced at this factory. Our first visit to the Sheet Works of Pilkington Bros. Ltd., St. Helens, on December 2nd, was equally enjoyable, when members saw the processes entailed in the production of sheet glass.

Every effort is being made to arrange comprehensive meetings which all members will find interesting. During the year every member should have the opportunity to go on at least one visit, but naturally, preference will be given to those who have regularly attended the lectures.

R. CORCORAN.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Society's annual summer excursion took place on July 10th, when a party of seventy-eight travelled by coach to the village of Tyn-y-Groes in the Vale of Conway. Unfortunately we were not blessed with the fine weather we have enjoyed on previous excursions, but the walk over the Roman road from Tyn-y-Groes to Aber was very pleasant, although we are given to understand that some of the party found more Welsh bog

than Roman road. Rejoining the coaches at Aber, we returned via the Nant Francon Pass, Betws-y-Coed and Denbigh, and it was generally agreed that this, the first joint excursion with members of Blackburne House, had been most successful. For this we are much indebted to Mr. Walker, who planned the route and acted as our guide.

The end of the summer term, when many of our senior members leave school, is always a critical time for the Society, and this year was by no means an exception. We have, however, welcomed so many new members this term that our numbers have changed very little.

A full and varied programme of lectures and demonstrations has been arranged for this session, and already we have had a demonstration of Film Development by S. G. Norris, and a most enjoyable and informative lecture "Enlarging on Multigrade," by Mr. D. S. Moran, A.R.P.S., a member of the Council of the Royal Photographic Society. Those members of the Society who did not attend this lecture missed a most interesting and instructive hour. Among the meetings arranged for next term are two lectures by gentlemen very well known in the world of photography, Mr. Lancelot Vining, F.R.P.S., F.R.S.A., and Mr. Karl Pollak, F.R.P.S. It is hoped that all members will attend these lectures.

A tutorial class for beginners and less proficient members is held every Wednesday evening, and the Society's library is open during the lunch hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Members should make more use of these facilities, as success in photography comes only to those who earn it.

J. d'A. J., S. G. N.

MUSIC CLUB

During the first half of last term the Society enjoyed some excellent gramophone recitals of a miscellaneous nature presented by Mr. Noonan. The Gilbert and Sullivan song recital given by Mr. Hosker proved very popular, and a large audience heard jazz records played by R. A. F. Ellis.

Later in the term Mr. Durband, a new member of the Society, gave a lecture illustrated with gramophone records of music by Grieg and Sibelius.

The Society has made arrangements for a concert to be presented during March to members of the School, their parents and friends. It is hoped that enough money will be raised to enable the Society to purchase modern gramophone equipment.

It is encouraging to note that the Society's meetings have been well attended, particularly by members of the Lower School. However, if there are any boys interested in music who are not yet members of the Society, we should like to assure them that their support will always be welcomed.

R. BEST.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra continues to meet every Monday afternoon in the Music Room for rehearsals. At present the main work being studied is a little-known set of Country Dances by Mozart. Fortunately, Mr. Noonan has been able to obtain a recording of this work by the London Baroque Ensemble, and the orchestra now has a high standard towards which it must strive.

The orchestra is also studying an interesting set of traditional dances and songs specially arranged for small ensembles, such as the School orchestra.

Our membership grows steadily, and the string section in particular is flourishing, but though violin and cello classes are well supported, there is a dearth of brass and wood-wind.

Once more, thanks are due to Mr. Williams for his help and guidance.
J. R. PARRY.

CHESS CLUB

Both Senior and Junior Sections of the Club have met regularly this term, the former in Room 11 on Tuesdays, and the latter on Thursdays in Room 18. The meetings have been well attended, and any newcomers would be welcomed.

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Turner for his guidance of both the Senior members and the School team, and also to Mr. Willott for the supervision of the Juniors.

The School team, which last season won seven out of eight matches and was placed second in the competition for the Wright Challenge Shield, has again started the season well by winning both its matches to date. In spite of the loss of the four best members of last year's team, we have high hopes for the future. The team is: Morley, Goll, Canter, Siddall, P. Best, E. A. Morrell, and Kenworthy.

C. J. MORLEY.

ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORT SOCIETY

From the communications of Ancient Rome to the laying of railway track between Hull and Barnsley may be a long era in history, but papers have been read to the Society on these and other varied subjects of engineering and transport interest. A talk with local colour was given by Mr. N. N. Forbes on "Transport on Merseyside in the Early Years of this Century."

The Society's Library, which contains a good selection of literature concerning transport, is open twice a week during the dinner hour. Boys in the Fourth forms and above wishing to join the Society will be welcome at the Library, or at the weekly meetings.

The Secretaries are grateful to Mr. Hosker for presiding over the meetings, and to Mr. Hughes for kindly enabling us to hold film shows from time to time.

J. M. LEARMONT, P. L. TAYLOR.

MODELS SOCIETY

The Society enjoyed a most successful term, and its activities followed a familiar but popular pattern. A group of members led by Mr. Durband visited the Model Railway Exhibition at the Bluecoat Chambers, and later in the term a party spent an interesting morning at the Clarence Dock Power Station.

Lunch hour talks on a wide variety of topics have been delivered, and attendances have been most encouraging. The Society library continues to be popular, and lately many new volumes have been added to replace worn or out-dated texts. The Christmas Social fittingly concluded a most successful term's activities with tea followed by impromptu entertainment.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Thorpe, Tait, and Durband; we welcome the last-named to the Society as Treasurer. We should also like to express our appreciation to the Committee for all the time it has devoted to the Society, and for its assistance at meetings and outdoor activities.

This year members can look forward to various competitions, and to the Society coach trip at the beginning of the summer term.

H. W. MOORE.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The term has been extremely successful, excursions to Delamere Forest and to Hilbre Island being the most notable activities. At Delamere many interesting specimens of flora were collected, while at Hilbre we had the opportunity of observing the habits of migrating birds.

The Library is improving in both size and quality, and is open to members on Mondays and Wednesdays at lunch time.

Meetings were held regularly during the term and talks and discussions made these interesting and enjoyable.

We should like to thank Mr. Walker and Mr. Noonan for their continued interest and co-operation.

New members will be welcomed at any meetings.
C. A. QUINE.

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

Under the chairmanship of Mr. Lloyd, the Society continued to progress last term, but there was a noticeable absence of younger boys, and we hope that this will be remedied at future meetings.

There were three meetings during the Christmas term. The first took the form of a general discussion on philatelic subjects, the next was an auction of British Colonial stamps, and a quiz was given by L. Bivon.

The Library has been re-arranged since L. Bivon took over as librarian, and a system of fines has been introduced, the money being put towards the purchase of a much-needed catalogue.

Once again, the thanks of the Society are due to the Chairman for his assistance at all times.
G. E. GILROY.

CHRISTIAN UNION

The meetings, which were held both before school and in the lunch hour last term, proved very helpful indeed. We welcome to these any members of the Upper Fifth, Remove, and Sixth forms, and the Society will attempt to satisfy the tastes of everyone, while at the same time offering something of value to all.

In between lectures delivered by outside speakers, we have studied the Apostles' Creed, so that we might review our basic Christian beliefs, and the series, though difficult, has been both stimulating and interesting. Among the guest speakers who contributed to its success were the Rev. W. M. F. Scott, the Bishop of Warrington, and Mr. E. R. Taylor. The opening meeting was addressed by Bishop Gresford-Jones.

Before the series was resumed this term, we held a Christmas social, which was attended by several girls from Blackburne House, who formerly shared our meetings.

At present we are beginning to study a new topic, namely the relevance of Christianity today. In this, as in all other activities, the Society owes a great deal to the guidance given by Mr. Watson, and we take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of his efforts.
J. B. TAYLOR.

SHIP ADOPTION SOCIETY

The Society held its first meeting early last term, when officers for the year were elected. Our first visit was to the ship we have adopted, the s.s. *Ixion*, a Blue Funnel passenger-cargo vessel of 10,000 tons. A party of 30 boys, accompanied by Mr. F. J. Boote, were shown over the ship. We were very pleased to have with us Mr. Rogers and Miss Murphy. Many of our members were fascinated by the engine room, and all were delighted with the excellent tea on board. We hope to arrange more interesting visits to the docks and shipping during this year.
D. ENWRIGHT.

LIOBIANS A.F.C.

The 1953/54 season has opened on a satisfactory note, and our four teams have enjoyed a fair measure of success in league and cup competitions. We had an influx of very promising recruits from the School, all of whom are making satisfactory progress in their various spheres of the game, and whereas exceptional ability has never been a criterion of usefulness to the Club or a measure of the welcome which recruits may expect, nevertheless it is fitting that mention should be made of the success attendant upon Messrs. Pine, Hedges and J. B. Evans. Their first season with the Club shows that they are players of promise and ability, and once they have become accustomed to the more vigorous type of competition soccer, they should uphold the traditions of the School.

The First XI progressed very well in the Liverpool Amateur Cup Competition and were finally defeated, but certainly not disgraced, by Earle A.F.C. We are still making progress in the 1 Zingari Cup Competition, and have gone further in this particular competition than we have done for some years past. Our league position may not seem particularly inspiring at the moment, but a number of league games have had to be postponed in order to fulfil our Cup commitments. None of the remaining elevens has taken part in Cup games so far this season, but they have enjoyed a fair measure of success in league games.

We extend our hearty congratulations to all the players who took part in the James Deane Payne Memorial Trophy Competition in September, and particularly to the Trophy winners, the School Second XI. We wish them every success during the coming season, and feel sure that if they exhibit the spirit they showed throughout the Trophy Competition, they will become known and respected as a sporting and hard-fighting team.

We offer our best wishes to the School elevens and trust that this year they will acquit themselves well in the Junior and Senior Shield Competitions, and that in the weekly inter-School fixtures they will uphold the traditions of earlier elevens.

Once again we acknowledge our indebtedness to the Headmaster, who is also, of course, the President of our Club, for the co-operation which which we have at all times received from him, and for continuing to allow our use of the Mersey Road pitches.

W. FAIRCLOUGH, *Hon. Secretary.*

WILD ESK, RUN BRAVELY

Where hides the sun, that all the clouds are grey
Above the jagged, frowning pinnacles?
The driving rain describes an untracked way
To join the droplets from the icicles.
They meet and chatter down the stony scree,
Away from Mickledore towards Cam Spout;
The waters foam below the rowan tree
And tumble headlong with a joyous shout.
For they are free, and spread and broaden still
Across the valley's green and tranquil floor,
Through Eskdale Green and past swift Linbeck Gill.
Until they reach far Ravenglass's shore,
So every part must join within the whole;
And man must join with man to reach his goal.

P. L. T.

WHO IS IT?

Mr. "X" is known to all members of this School. He is dark and well-built and distinguishes himself by the use of "α β γ." He admires large numbers and is admired by large numbers.

His thoughts will sometimes spin in circles whilst at other times they will circle round spins. It is now possible, perhaps, to "sum" up the "identity" of this problematical being.

Powers of "deduction" should now be brought into full play on the matter. Introduction of the word "play" acts as an "overture" to the fact that he is "instrumental" in giving pleasure to those who take notice of his "notes." It is not intended to convey the impression that he gives himself "airs;" he rather graces the air with composure, with compositions of others. He is not unknown to Caledonia, and for some time he was at an ancient city and an edifice even older than the Liverpool Institute.

R. LEDGARD, Form L5B.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

Cambridge.

The Editor. The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Dear Sir,—So numerous are the Liobians now residing in Cambridge and so infinite is their variety, that it would be impossible, in the space of a short letter, to give a true picture of their activities or their abounding idiosyncrasies. Many of our numbers claim, with a hint of pathos in their voices, that they, who were once the pillars of your community, are long forgotten and their names stir no vague memories, even in the breasts of the oldest Sixth Formers. Perhaps the only solution for both of these problems would be to provide a "Cambridge Room" during the hobby show, where we could be shown to the world in general.

The room would, of course, be provided by Mr. Evans, for all Cambridge Liobians' meetings are held in Mr. Evans' rooms in Pembroke. Why? Nobody knows, not even Mr. Evans, but the unfailing regularity with which he is not at home on these occasions proves quite conclusively that he does know of their existence. A design for the room would be provided by our own architect, Mr. Smith, who would probably concentrate on creating the correct setting for one of his paintings. The latest was entitled "Springtime," but gave the same impression of an unbelievably violent thunderstorm or a conception of the second coming, as has been seen in Mr. Smith's earlier works. Another artist who would dearly like to display his work is Mr. Barber. In fact Mr. Barber is prepared to show his work to anybody at any time. This gentleman might also bring along, for the benefit of the third formers, a toy model of the plane that he is learning to fly.

The lighting and electrical equipment could be provided by Mr. Morris, who still lives in Clare, surrounded by broken valves and cathode ray tubes. He might also give an exhibition of bell ringing—he is particularly good on those provided by the Crosville Motor Bus Company.

The crowds could be encouraged to view our display by the appealing voice of Mr. Henry of Wesley House, who, in being granted an opportunity to appeal, would be gaining invaluable experience for the future, in addition to advertising our efforts.

As a rival to House plays we should have Mr. Wilkie, or perhaps it would be fairer to say one of the Mr. Wilkies, for he is a man of many parts. Among other accomplishments, he stands on his head, leads the Cambridge "Comedy Theatre Group" in numerous "gay romps" and can speak with an Irish-cum-Liverpool accent. Indeed, if all the Mr. Wilkies appeared, they would be a show by themselves.

Another great attraction would be "Mr. Magnay at work." There can be few finer sights than Mr. Magnay when he starts to work. He goes through all the classical motions. His coat comes off, his glasses go on; he opens every book in sight, and radiates such an air of concentration that even the most cynical bystander cannot fail to be impressed. We could all stand and watch Mr. Magnay for hours, but alas, like the rest of us, Mr. Magnay is weak and only puts on this show for visitors, as will readily be admitted by Mr. Dailey, with whom he shares rooms in St. John's. Mr. Dailey could be shrouded in a cloth of white and anæmic blue stripes and stood upon a pedestal inscribed with "Through plough and mud to glory."

For those who prefer to be uplifted rather than entertained, we could provide a theological corner of Mr. Leak and Mr. Marsden of Westminster, and Mr. Little of Westcot. These learned gentlemen could occasionally break their eremitic silences with such lively discussions as the influence of the Sophists, or St. Joan. Having introduced the spiritual plane, we could continue with Mr. King and Mr. Kirby, our ghosts from Caius. They must be ghosts, for few people hear of them and nobody sees them.

Musical entertainment could be provided by Mr. Waddington whose last attempt to whistle, hum or sing the National Anthem provided Bartok with enough themes for a whole symphony. He would be accompanied on the piano by his fellow researcher, Mr. Pugh of Pembroke, but perhaps the combination would be none too happy, for Mr. Pugh will insist upon playing the correct notes.

Mr. Hechle, who has been away teaching during the last term, should still retain enough of his nymph-like qualities to tiptoe through the exhibits and add a note of realism to an archæological display that would be provided by Mr. Hodson of Queen's. This gentleman, of a quiet patriarchal air, is preparing to dig up a large collection of broken down ruins, which he claims to have discovered some hundred miles west-south-west of Cambridge.

For the worried parents we could provide a family advice bureau in the persons of Mr. Perry from St. John's and Mr. Bootle, our comrade from Downing, and even if reassurance could not be gained from these men of the world, a glance at our newcomers in the figures of Mr. Michael Jacobs, clad in cloth cap, silk scarves and an air of sophistication, or the more naïve Mr. Bilson, who can be seen rolling Downing's lawns on most mornings with the ever present twinkle in his eye, would assure all parents that their future hopes should be centred in breeding boys who can taste the vitality that can only be achieved in the fen fogs of Cambridge, or the even more vital air that floats across the Mill Bridge.

This, then, plus a few pictures of the "backs" and of Cambridge winning last year's boat race—if only we could find one on which another boat could be seen—would be our Cambridge Room. Will this ever be? Alas, we fear not, for we must ever remain the vague ephemeral figures that inhabit the lofty towers and not so lofty "digs" that stand on the banks of the Cam.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

CANTABUS.

OXFORD LETTER

Oxford.

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Sir,—It would be difficult to count all the letters that have begun with a remark to the effect that Messrs. McKie and Kneale continue their donnish existence amid the grey stones of their respective colleges, but there is no disguising plain facts, and so I am left with no alternative—Messrs. McKie and Kneale continue their donnish existence amid the grey stones of their respective colleges. Their tranquillity presents a striking contrast to the hurry and bustle of undergraduate life, to which the comparatively old hands have this year welcomed, with a knowing smile, nine Old Boy freshmen.

These gentlemen—. But more of them in due course. You should know, Sir, that between the Cloudecuckooland of fellowship and the essentially practical world of the degree-hunter there lies a curious demi-monde, if I may be permitted the expression, which contains Mr. H. R. Dodd, Mr. MacDowall, and Mr. Bell. Mr. Dodd lives "somewhere up the Ifley Road," so I am told, and does whatever it is people do in Ifley Road, of respectable obscurity. Mr. MacDowall, on the other hand, is quite brazen about his activities, and is frequently to be seen around Oxford with grubby hands, fresh from his latest archæological exploit. As for Mr. Bell, can anything more be said in his favour than that he has so far matured as to be able to appreciate the fundamental distinction between "gentleman" and "Cambridge man?"

Not so much "out of this world" are the members of our undergraduate body, although it becomes increasingly difficult to believe in the existence of those senior gentlemen who have moved into lodgings. Among these is Mr. Roberts, now a fully-fledged "Greats" man, who lives in closer touch with civilisation than any of the others. He is said to be on friendly terms with one of his fellow-lodgers, but when approached by your correspondent he would not commit himself on the question of friendly vacations. His inscrutability on this matter rivals that of Mr. H. S. Dodd on any matter. This gentleman is as reserved as ever, which limits my ability to write about him. I can, however, say with certainty that, while he is Magdalen, he spends many of his nights in New College. Mr. Cashdan has been seen, and is therefore, though reluctantly, believed to exist. Mr. Thomas, at Queen's, and Mr. G. Jones, at B.N.C., are both in their "Schools" year. Mr. Jones' moustache is streaked with grey, and Mr. Thomas is no longer a carefree, happy-go-lucky, life-and-soul-of-the-party type of person. Mr. Wray at Keble is a mystery man—he might be in his last year and he might not. You never can tell with botanists or biologists, or whatever he is; some of them outlive generations of linguists like Mr. Owen, who is already in his second year at Jesus. When elected secretary of the Old Boys in Oxford, Mr. Owen expressed disappointment that there were no funds for him to handle, but ex-prefects do not fall into the same trap twice. Mr. Owen's only contemporary, Mr. B. L. Jones, is alarmed by this year's freshmen; no fewer than six of them are holders of Open Scholarships, and Mr. Jones feels that his second year exhibitionism affords but an inadequate protection against this intellectual onslaught.

At the moment, there is a depression centred over Mr. Jones which will move slowly but inexorably towards Messrs. Oxburgh, Barnes, Glover, Dodd, and Morris, and should reach them by early March, 1955, since they have all decided to continue their study of the Classics. Mr. Morris, at Lincoln, has made this decision after twelve months on an army Russian course, which has completely removed any Red tendencies he may have had. Instead, he is going to be a gentleman. The other four are going on to Mods, because they have come straight from school and have not really had time to think of any alternative.

Work apart, however, these gentlemen are making a determined effort to enjoy life in the University. Mr. Oxburgh and Mr. Cook are mountaineers, and ever since Mr. Oxburgh learnt that one of the Everest conquerors, an old University man, knew 573 ways into college, he has been sulking—he can only find 572! Mr. Cook is delighted with his college's system for purchasing the various staffs of life. He has a book of tickets which he exchanges in a shop for the required commodities. Next year, he hopes, he will be trusted with real money. Mr. Glover has taken to rowing. I think he was trying to keep it a secret, but the river is, after all, a public place, and with all the healthful exercise involved, Mr. Glover's cheeks have taken on a rosier hue than ever, with the result that he can be recognised through the thickest autumn mist. Mr. Barnes lives in a dungeon beneath Christ Church, which is euphemistically referred to as "a basement room." I am told he was put there by the Drag Hunt, when he remarked that actually he wasn't much good at games, but he thought that handling those whippets looked easy enough. Mr. C. G. Dodd is at Merton, striving to

emulate his elder brother's inscrutability. "Smooth" is the only word to describe this gentleman. Mr. Mackinnon is reading mathematics at Corpus; he says his arithmetic book is very interesting, but he finds the stories rather short. The other two freshmen, Mr. Case at New College and Mr. Shaw at St. Peter's Hall, have both satisfied the requirements of King, Queen, and Country before coming into residence. Mr. Case is endeavouring to get it all out of his system by means of self-administered hypnotic treatment, and so is seldom seen. Mr. Shaw is running it off; he is in the University 2nd Cross Country team, which probably entitles him to the fourteenth part of a Blue, or some such thing.

It now remains for me to tie up any loose ends, and this brings me to Mr. Rogers, who comes up every third week to take a degree. Our fashion correspondent reports that he now has a little blue riding-hood to go with his little red one, and with the cutest little ermine trimming that you ever did see. But enough of this frivolity!

I remain, Sir, yours, etc..

THE PREFECTS' LETTER

The Editor, The Liverpool Institute Magazine.

Dear Sir,—I obtained my General Certificate of Education in English Literature, and consequently was appointed Inspector of Schools. While conducting a survey into the standard of general reading matter of the students at the Liverpool Institute, my attention was attracted by certain emanations from the upper reaches of the ancient building. After a hasty perusal of Conan Doyle I managed to trace these strange sounds to one definite section of the top floor where I was assailed by the effluvia of chemical research, an aura of scholarly application, and an intermingled concoction of indescribable effusions. Bravely I opened the door of this forbidding recess and encountered a scene of such nightmarish horror as to dismay even a Dick Barton—the cavern known as Dicky's Den! This was the Prefects' Room.

Having now penetrated into the heart of this previously unexplored territory, I felt it incumbent on me to discover more of the way of life in this unique civilisation.

The High Priest of the community is Mr. Lecch, who, in his flowing black robes, forces miscreants to do penance before the altar of the wash-room and to seek forgiveness by cleansing the goblets of the mid-morning ritual. In his disguise of Dapper Dick, he struts through the realms of high society holding in his grasp many of the secrets of success. But how few realise that beneath the immaculate collar and tie, there lies a whitewashed chest. He has recently taken up the Thespian art and will be appearing shortly in the title role of "Call Me Madman."

A man of virtue, his only vice is Mr. Best. The School Orchestra was recently distressed to hear of this gentleman's departure to offer his services to the "Broadway Boogie Stompers": he now spends his evenings beating out the rhythm of "Mount St. Blues" on his cello. He is, however, still faithful to Fives, and, in his efforts to keep the game alive, he proposes the "hair-brained" idea of installing two slot-machines in the Fives courts to subsidise the expense of gloves, balls, and Saturday nights' out.

Treasurer of this financial enterprise and sleeping partner in a ship-building concern is Mr. Arno, an avid disciple of Hopalong Cassidy, whose one ambition is to inaugurate a rodéo at the School Sports. In preparation for this event he practises in the Prefects' Room, stalking to and fro in spurs and sombrero and fusing the lights with skilful bursts of water from his shooting irons.

Mr. Arno was gratified this year to be joined by Mr. Evans, who also believes that everything that is biggest, brightest and best comes from America. To test his "cahnstiooshun" he recently made a "cycle-bell" stop

tour of France, trailing a red banner bearing the legend "I Like Taff." Mr. Evans studies Modern Languages, but is a force to be reckoned with in the Classics, where his 6d. dead-cert outsiders, coupled with his skill as a welcher, earn him a comfortable living.

He was accompanied on his Continental tour by Mr. Hayes, who leads us to believe that in addition he cycled 208 metres to Luxembourg, for besides being one of the Ovaltines he is now a walking advertisement for Liquid Shampoo. His worried expression and nervous explosions indicate a lack of that really deep sleep which only malted milk can provide. Now if he were a member of the Dan Dare Space Club

Messrs. Evans and Hayes have a keen critic in Mr. Corcoran, their soccer skipper, who gives them constructive advice on becoming linesman and spectator respectively. Mr. Corcoran keeps fit close on the heels of Mr. Burton, who has been induced to abandon running shoes in favour of platform heels. The worried expression of the football captain is easily explained for he has made a chemical analysis of their home product "P.R. Koffee." He mixes his own special nightcap of mothballs dissolved in sulphuric acid.

Mr. Burton works hard at School, but during his leisure hours his phantom phigure phlits along the lanes of his "liberated" home estate near Warrington, as he haunts air-force policemen in his attempts to run a 4-minute mile. The phrase "Gone for a Burton" he attributes to his own alluring personality and not to the potency of his family beverage.

Mr. Ferdinand, the Prefects' Pan, is certainly not dead, and his mellow curses, when he finds his flute charred by constant use as a poker, are the envy and admiration of not a few connoisseurs in the P.R. He is ambitious of becoming a famous flautist, but is constantly frustrated by the jamming of his nose in one of the finger-holes. His improved form on cross-country runs is due to the recent introduction of red shorts for the School team, which cause him to react violently, although he insists that he has never seen the inside of a Spanish bull-ring.

All the Prefects are well-grounded but none more so than Mr. J. d'Ardern Jeffery, who is always found where the coffee cups lie thickest. The aristocrat of the P.R. drives to school in a taxi. His passengers complain bitterly outside the school windows all day.

Mr. Matheson flattens to deceive. He goes about giving people taps on their heads. At first, the Prefects thought him a water-diviner, but, they later discovered that he had been appointed Editor of the School Magazine. His loud assertions of Scottish ancestry reverberate through the School, as he rushes down the stairs to the Lower Yard, proclaiming: "Ach'n da thearnait!" which the most learned authorities translate as "Gerrinlinshurrupgerroutpickuppaper."

Mr. Cross is the Prefects' human adding machine and founder member of the Comptometer Club. He is known in soccer circles as "Cross-bar," the treble chance king of the "Daily Flutter." To advertise his talents he shouts: "I've got a perm; I've got a perm!"—though one look at his flaxen tresses tends to disprove this. He has recently tried to cultivate a tree with square roots from which he hopes to derive a new set of logs.

A great loss was sustained by the Prefects last Christmas when Mr. Sefton, their treasurer, left the School for Her Majesty's Forces—just how much has not yet been ascertained, but he has bought a commission in the Army with a sum of money, the source of which is entirely unknown. He denies that he has entered the Pay Corps, but nevertheless it is hoped that he will not be cashiered, as his physical appearance, his acting ability, and his Christian name would all qualify him as mascot for the Welsh Guards.

The Body of the Prefects is Mr. Molyneux, who has recently set up as a professional body-builder—unfortunately for his clients, however, his model is a 1922 Ford. In his quaint Old English dialect he assures us that he was not the inspiration for Stanley Holloway's "Albert and the Lion." Indeed his only appearance at Blackpool was with his tall shiner and ebony stick in the "South Shore Follies."

Mention must be made at this juncture of a new era in post-war history: the Prefects' Room has been blessed with twins. The old man of the two is Mr. J. B. Taylor; as a relief from Classics, J. B., as he is fondly called, or, even more fondly, Porky, studies the fauna of Middle Australia. He firmly believes that an actor should live his part only while the play is running; but the masters have been gravely disappointed by the deterioration of his work ever since he took the lead in Shaw's "Don Juan."

Mr. P. L. Taylor, the younger of the two by a photo-finish, is an imminent historian. A keen cricketer, he consistently finds the boundary twice in each innings—going in and coming out. He also tells us he is a bowler, but as yet no one knows whether he is a protégé of Sir Francis Drake or Alec Bedser.

Mr. Gee, the celebrated pyromaniac, lights the Prefects' fire in the truly traditional Scout manner, with firelighters and paraffin; over this he roasts rabbits and the occasional small boy. Rumour has it that he plays a drum in the Scout Band, but as all who know him are aware, the trumpet is his instrument. A fellow instrumentalist is Mr. Morrell who is fond of fiddling. He is training strenuously for his usual pantomime part by lapping milk from a saucer and by lying in wait for pigeons on the School roof. All this leads us to believe that "Moggy" is in some way descended from the feline virtuoso of "Hey, Diddle, Diddle" fame.

Mr. A. A. L. Rylance is aloof and plays hockey (yes, that is a "c"). He buys his own chewing-gum in mint condition, wears a distinctive gown round his waist, and gloats over his four initials. While cycling he looks like a daddy-longlegs working a mangle. He often plays table-tennis by himself. This is not due to his love of easy victory or to the desire for solitude, but to the early onset of senility and the poorness of his vision.

These are the results of my inspection, Sir, and I leave in your hands the fate of these conscientious administrators of School discipline. It is for you to decide whether their actions merit a fuller investigation by the Board of Un-Institutional Activities. Their own reactions do not concern me, for I must resume my itinerary of exploration and examination.

Yours faithfully,

S. E. N. MCKARTHY.

TIME

There are different types of time, you know,
So this is what I'll do;
I'll talk about the different times,
And tell them all to you.

There's half-time, full-time,
Daytime, night-time,
And time we spend for pre's;
Wrong-time, right-time,
Summer-time, winter-time,
And "Time, gentlemen, please!"

There's getting-up time, wash-time,
Breakfast-time, school-time;
Playtime, dinner-time,
Work-time, home-time,
Tea-time, OVERTIME;
T.V.-time (What's my line?),
Supper-time, bed-time,
Until the end of TIME.

D. C. KIBBLER, L5B.

MUTINY

I wonder what would happen,
If schoolboys just like me
Decided we would go on strike:
My!—What a fuss there'd be!

The Head and all the masters
Would be in such a stew;
Perhaps they would appreciate us
And think of all we do!

Who'd answer all their questions
That we are asked each day?
Who'd draw their maps, and do their sums
And lines of Shakespeare say?

Now, really, can you wonder
That we're inclined to shirk,
When grown-ups say "You're lucky,
Because we have to work?"

D. N. BATY 3E.

BOOK REVIEW

A new book by Baldur Dasch, the world-famous lecturer in Moronic Studies at the University of Elsinore, will always be welcomed by those of cultural interests, especially if they remember his previous work, "The Evolution of Neo-Baldekerism." In his latest publication, "The Truth About Ancient History" (Translated by Xanthia P. Schopenhauer, Fable and Fable. 25 gns.), he puts forward the interesting and novel hypothesis that the Greeks and Romans never, in fact, existed, and that they, their history, their languages, and their literatures, were invented by a somewhat eccentric Macedonian monk of the eleventh century A.D.

He argues that Greek and Latin could never possibly have been spoken by sane and reasonable people: they are obviously too complicated; and, secondly, that even to a superficial view, it is clear that their literatures must have been composed by someone who was, to say the least, slightly eccentric.

The text has been cut down to the minimum in order that we may enjoy to the full the many learned footnotes which adorn the pages.

Although we may disagree with Dr. Dasch's views, we cannot fail to be impressed by the scholarship and erudition which is shown in his work. The lengthy appendices especially are works of genius. Just as Darwin by one book influenced the whole of scientific thought, so will the Dasch theory caused a revolution in the thinking of all true scholars. EX LIBRIS.

A PHILOSOPHY OF MODERNISM

To the ordinary layman, modernism in all its relevant forms presents a complexity of abstraction, which will usually deter him from any further, more intensive study. Yet this need not be so; it is necessary to consider the modern mind.

Around us are to be found examples of an era of decadence represented by a puritanical Victorianism, which manifests its spirit by a definite attitude towards life, an attitude of an apparently stern morality. In Liverpool, to quote a local example, are to be found numerous representations of this age, which is usually thought of in terms of Sunday evenings spent in singing hymns round a piano, of the patriarch of the family reading from a voluminous Bible, and of antimacassars on staid armchairs, which apparently have no legs, or, if they have, they are hidden by a stiff brocade. This age gave us a particularly ugly form of architecture, one of the last few remaining, outward signs of Victorianism.

Yet the following period is a time of revolt, a revolt against decadence and a terrifying morality. This is typified by the products of art, literature,

and music, which have gone to the extreme of an almost complete disregard of convention. It is not to be thought all modernism is unconventional, but now a new convention is growing up and many are following it, some doing it blindly. In art, the revolution came when artists refused to paint what they saw, or thought they saw, and painted the impression they received. A rival school emerged, which was called the Expressionist School, one in which the artist paints the expression of his emotions about his subject. Another form of modernism is cubism, deriving its impetus from Cézanne, who conceived the theory that everything in nature is modelled on the sphere, the cone, and the cylinder. In cubism no attempt is made to give an exact reproduction of any objects visualised, but by means of portraying their colours and solidarity in his peculiar style to show the impression they make on the human mind. Matisse and Picasso are followers of this school of thought.

In the realm of literature a similar trend is to be found. Unfortunately, too many people imagine they are writing modern verse by merely being obscure. This is not so; there is very often more thought put into good, modern literature than is imagined. Similarly, one particular aspect of the modern novel is the emergence of the "stream of consciousness" method, in which a character's thoughts are written down. In "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" by James Joyce this passage occurs:

"He knelt in the silent gloom and raised his eyes to see the white crucifix suspended above him. God could see that he was sorry. He would tell all his sins. His confession would be long, long. Everybody in the chapel would know what a sinner he had been. Let them know! But God had promised to forgive him if he was sorry. He was sorry."

Music also presents its complexities. Those who have ever listened to Britten's "A Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra" will realise just how wonderful this piece can be. To those who have not heard this music, or who are unable to find any satisfaction in apparent nonsense, this can be said: music has two main forms, the impressionist and the expressionist. Both kinds are similar in thought to the two forms of modern art, though the thought is expressed in sound and not in colour. The modern tendency is towards atonality and greater polyphony. Debussy wrote his impressions of Nature in sound; Schoenberg expressed the feelings he experienced of a nightmare. Both composers, perhaps, represent the two extremes of musical thought. Hindemith turns to the writers of chromatic and fugue music, though even he turns the chromatic form to atonality.

Discord seems to be the key-note of the modern world. To the modern artist, and here the term is applied very widely, there appears no answer to the universe; there seems no peace, no rest. "Thoughts, whither will ye lead me?" is the tone of modernism. The revolt against convention, symbolised by the Victorian age, has begun, and new forms are springing up everywhere. Many are futile and of no value, but here and there the purest and best forms prevail.

How can we account for this general mood of melancholy and doubt? It seems that two world wars are responsible for this. Men are tired of war and strife, and this is reflected in the works they produce. These show us the trends of modern thought; that is the value of art.

An alarming factor is emerging. There is a trend towards amorality; people are beginning to reject the old ethical values that have existed, and this is reflected, not only in art-forms, but in the increase in crime, in the unwillingness to accept an ethical standard. Though there is gloom and doubt, there is also hope for the future.

It would seem that we are on the brink of an era.

P. F. FLEET, 6A.M.2.

THE ANGLER

It was his mother's fondest wish
That little Jimmy shouldn't fish;
And every day, when he went out,
She after him would always shout:

"Remember, Jimmy dear, you are
On no account to take a jar,
A piece of stick, a hook and string,
Or fish at all, for anything!
But little Jimmy didn't care;
He knew his Ma could never tear
Her Jim away from his best sport,
Whatever she or Father thought.

So through his life young Jimmy fished,
Had all the fun he could have wished,
Until that fateful day did dawn
When Jimmy, waking with a yawn,
Decided there and then to go
(Not letting his fond parents know)
And catch fish to his heart's content,
Though never dreaming he'd repent
His wasting all that cat-like stealth
Towards the ruin of his health—
For, from the river bank that day,
He, with a fish began to "play";
But this big fish, with happy grin,
Heaved hard, and pulled poor Jimmy in.
And afterwards, when he was found,
We saw that Jim had gone and drowned
And yet it really makes you laugh
To read this, Jimmy's epitaph:

"He angled in the purling brook
With all an angler's skill.
He lied about the fish he took,
And here he's lying—still!"

M. T. W.

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